

An Apple On A Bough

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Ginny Weasley is captured by Lucius Malfoy, but holding her hostage does not work out as either of them expect.

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 7

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A/N: A very special thank you goes to anogete for beta services. Not only did she help my writing, but she held my hand and put up with my procrastination too.

Lucius Malfoy sat in his study and stared impassively at the young witch, bound and gagged, who had been unceremoniously dumped before him. As he watched, she laboriously struggled into a sitting position and locked eyes with him. It was hard to tell what was dirt on her skin and what was bruising from the skirmish in which she'd been abducted. Her eyes above the gag narrowed. He sighed inwardly, but let no emotion show on his face. It would be too much to expect that a Weasley would know when to quit, wouldn't it? This petty rebellion needed to be quashed immediately. Lucius continued to regard the girl and waited.

Ginny valiantly attempted to return Lucius' cold gaze, but she felt her heart shrivel in her chest. She had always thought there was something laughable about Draco Malfoy, despite his arrogance. There was nothing laughable about his father. Ginny was glad that her mouth was gagged because, if it wasn't, she felt that she might have whimpered uncontrollably. Lucius Malfoy would destroy her without a thought if it suited his purposes, as she knew from personal experience, and Merlin only knew what his purpose in this twisted scheme was. Despite her best efforts, Ginny felt her eyes welling with tears.

Once the girl began to cry, Lucius stood and approached the fireplace. He then spoke. "Let me welcome you to my home, Miss Weasley," he began mockingly. "Note I did not say manor. Even if your little friends at the Order figure out what hit them, they still will have no easy time finding you, so do not allow yourself the luxury of hoping for rescue. Besides, you should find your stay here entertaining." Lucius paused and turned to look at Ginny speculatively. "And perhaps enlightening."

"But let me take up no more of your afternoon. As our honored guest, you will need time to prepare for dinner." Lucius smiled to himself at this last statement. Not even trying to make eye contact any longer, the girl stared at the floor. Satisfied, Lucius surveyed her a moment longer, then strode towards the door. This was but one small act in an elaborate three ring circus, no matter how powerful the impact her abduction may be on Potter, and there was much yet to do.

The Malfoy's salon was swathed in burgundy velvet and filled with elegantly robed Death Eaters. House-elves circulated unobtrusively as everyone mingled and drank before dinner. The room was tasteful, the atmosphere intimate, and a nude Ginny Weasley was laid out on cream velvet on a low table like an extremely unusual buffet.

Lucius observed the girl from across the room, idly swirling the drink remaining in his tumbler. Narcissa had honed her combination of potions and coercive spells to perfection on innumerable young ladies and gentlemen that had been guests at these little soirées. She managed to, at once, remove inhibitions and self-control without rendering her subjects lifeless. They retained a spark that made them so much more amusing to toy with, despite their complete compliance. Adding to their interest as well was the fact that when Narcissa removed her work, they would be able to remember all the events that had transpired and their enthusiastic participation therein.

His wife also had an excellent sense of presentation. The girl was stretched out on her side, all white skin and freckles on a throw of cream. Her eyes had been heavily lined with kohl, and Narcissa had placed a black collar around her neck. Surrounded by the warmth of a heating charm, she would intermittently open her eyes lazily and

gaze around slowly, perhaps yawning and stretching languidly. The entire effect was something like a cat.

Witches and wizards periodically stopped by the table. These little affairs had their own set of etiquette, and so guests understood that some handling of the creature was certainly permissible. The girl was completely at ease with this petting, slightly arching into caresses and sleepily murmuring and blinking her eyes as her pink nipples were rolled between fingertips.

Lucius found himself unaccountably drawn to the whole display, despite his dislike of the girl. He was not a man who had denied himself pleasure or experience, and, at this point in his life, his tastes were quite sophisticated. He hadn't felt interest in a writhing, inexperienced young girl within memory, especially one stuffed to the gills with potions and charms.

However, he made it a practice to avoid self-deception; his life was too dangerous for that luxury. He was as ruthless with himself as he was with the rest of the world. Therefore, he was able to admit that the Weasley girl's uninhibited reactions to his guests' ministrations were having an unexpected impact on him. He snorted internally at his delicate phrasing. He hadn't been this hard since a lovely young Narcissa Black had come to her marriage bed a blushing virgin.

Lucius could not fathom what the attraction was. The girl had enough magics on her that she'd fuck her own mother at this point. Thankfully, the thought of the Weasley matriarch and sex served to dampen Lucius' ardor.

Narcissa had appeared at the girl's side from the crowd to check her spells. She stayed close to the table, observing the girl, observing her guests and her husband's behavior. Seeing her looking at him expectantly, Lucius crossed the room to her side.

"Narcissa," he greeted her. As the Weasley girl heard the sound of Lucius' voice, her eyes abruptly opened. She stretched out from her curled position on her side and appeared to be attempting to focus her vague gaze. Several times, she shaped her pink lips as if preparing to speak and made a small, questioning noise. All of this took place in just a few brief moments before she sunk back into calm.

Narcissa was looking at her in mild surprise. She idly reached out and started stroking the girl's hair and addressed her husband. "Why, Lucius, I haven't seen her this lively all evening! You didn't tell me that you two were such good friends," she said chidingly. Narcissa was further intrigued when Lucius responded by downing the rest of his drink and making a noise low in his throat.

"Isn't it time for dinner?" he ground out. "Tell the house-elves to get this slut out of here and let us get this evening over with." Lucius inclined his head at Narcissa briefly and then abruptly left her side.

How uncharacteristic, Narcissa thought to herself as she continued distractedly running her fingers through the girl's hair. One did develop fondness for some of these creatures, after all, when one put so much effort into them. And how interesting, she mused further. How fraught with possibilities.

Mind racing, Narcissa turned to scan the crowd for a house-elf.

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 of 7

Ginny Weasley is captured by Lucius Malfoy, but holding her hostage does not work out as either of them expect.

Ginny was warm and content. She felt this without precisely thinking about it; it just was. Her skin buzzed lightly, some places more than others. Sometimes people touched her skin, and this somehow made the buzzing both better and worse. Sometimes she opened her eyes, but what she saw didn't seem like it had anything to do with her, so she closed them again. Sometimes she moved, and softness felt good against her humming skin.

Ginny was warm and content, and she heard something. This sound dropped into the pool of her contentment, sending out ripples in all directions. There was a thought here, somewhere in this warm darkness, if she could grasp it. It pushed painfully against her awareness but could not reach her, like a dull needle rubbing the skin over and over, ever increasing the pressure, but never breaking through the surface. Then, like a bubble, the thought burst, taking its sudden stress along with it. The ripples stilled, and Ginny once again relaxed.

Lucius gratefully entered the quiet of his bedchamber at the end of the evening. Unfortunately, in the case of some of his fellow Death Eaters, being united in the Dark Lord's cause did not make their company appreciably more tolerable. The capture of the Weasley girl and several key players for the other side should have produced in Lucius a victorious, rather than irritated mood.

Lucius mulled these thoughts over as he almost automatically went through the motions of removing his dress robes, considering the issue of the girl. He regarded the Weasley family with disgust; despite their bloodline, they were impoverished, Mudblood-loving trash who pumped out as many children as did native Muggle savages. He could feel his lip curling involuntarily. He would gladly strangle any of the pack of them, but he'd be hard-pressed at this point to decide whether he'd like to do that more to the girl than he'd like to fuck her.

He was slipping on a dressing gown when some small sound or movement caught his attention. His awareness shifted to the bed in the dimly lit, far corner of the bedroom, and his hand went automatically to his wand as he advanced towards the bed and muttered a spell under his breath to turn up the lamps.

On her stomach on his bed, and apparently asleep, lay the girl. One part of Lucius noted his lack of surprise that she should be there (Narcissa knew him very well), while the rest of him surveyed her coldly. The girl's hair lay tangled haphazardly across her back and the pillow. Her small breasts were flattened beneath her weight, one arm pulled in with hand next to her sleeping face, which was curled towards the end of the bed, while the other arm extended out above her head. Her legs were lax, showing delicate pink where her pert buttocks sloped down between them.

Narcissa and her meddling, thought Lucius. He was turning away when the girl's eyes opened, and he stopped short. They traveled vaguely around the room before lighting on Lucius, standing at the foot of the bed. She looked at him and opened and closed her mouth silently several times. Then she managed to produce a breathy "ah" or two before falling silent. Her eyes closed, but her hips began to move softly against the bed.

Lucius' irritation flowed into anger, and beyond to fury. With a hiss, he was on the bed behind the girl, on his knees between her spread legs. Throwing his robe to the floor, he leaned over the girl's back and hauled her to her knees against him with one hand buried in the hair at the nape of her neck, and the other arm around her waist. Her eyes remained closed, and she was still and compliant in his grasp. Twisting his fingers more firmly through her hair, he wrenched her head to the side so he could speak into her ear.

"It seems to me I have something you want very badly," he spat out as he pulled the curves of her ass against his swelling erection. "In fact," he continued as her eyes flew open, "I believe I could make you beg for it. Could I not?" With this, he deliberately moved his body away from hers, clutching her hair all the same, and letting out a low chuckle as she began futilely straining her hips back, making little mewling sounds.

"My goodness," he purred in her ear as he once again pulled her firmly against him. "I wonder if Potter knows what a little slut you are? But no matter. If you are willing to put forth the effort, I am willing to give you what you want." Maintaining his grip on her waist, Lucius forced her head down until her arms came out on her own accord to support her. Once the girl was firmly on all fours, Lucius unclasped her hair and none too gently grabbed her hipbones like handles, moving her back against him. She murmured nonsensically and let her weight drop to her forearms as she pushed backwards.

Tightening his grip on her hips and buttocks with one strong hand, Lucius placed the head of his erection right at the entrance of the girl's tight sheath and waited. She was doing her damndest to move her hips so he'd slip fully inside. Despite feeling a similar compulsion himself, Lucius held her firmly and spoke.

"I'm afraid I'm not sure I am sufficiently impressed with your enthusiasm," he said evenly. He moved the head of his penis slowly in a circular motion around her entrance. "Impress me."

The girl vainly redoubled her efforts to move her hips. She made a breathy exclamation and began babbling meaningless, pleading sounds. Satisfied, Lucius easily thrust himself into her to the hilt without further preamble. Although she was exquisitely tight, an evening of constant stroking by strangers also ensured that she was slick and wet.

Sighing softly at the pressure, Lucius again held himself still. He let his hands slide to his sides, lingering slightly over the curves of her backside, and waited to see how much his words had pierced the girl's fogged mind. If the little bitch wanted to get fucked, she was going to have to work for it.

Without further guidance, the girl pushed herself up on her hands and began thrusting backwards. Each thrust was accompanied by a small moan. Lucius watched her rut against him, her head hanging down, her face hidden by her sweaty hair. Her movements became more enthusiastic, and her moans louder and interspersed with more meaningless sounds.

Despite his vast experience, Lucius also felt himself being overcome by sensation. He was surprised to discover that this mix of attraction and detestation, wanting to both fuck and hurt this girl, was a heady mix with a sum larger than its parts. Pleasure in the pleasure of another, even when based partially in her debasement, was like a piquant spice, adding tang to a dish previously too bland and sweet. An unfamiliar sense of anticipation prickled his senses as he watched the girl's efforts.

The girl was very close. She was dripping sweat and moving her hips against him at a rapid pace. She had ceased making rhythmic noises and was now taking great hitching breaths that she held with tense muscles as she tried to reach completion. Periodically, she would groan out a distressed whimper from between her clenched teeth.

Taking pity on her, Lucius reached around her hip and began stroking her clitoris, beginning to move in and out of her steadily. After a few deft touches, the gasping girl began to climax. In between sobbing breaths, she tried to gasp something out. "Lucius," she finally managed to whisper, then more strongly, "Lucius!"

At the sound of his name, Lucius' control snapped. Shifting her hips, he pushed the girl down on the bed, falling heavily onto her, and began thrusting furiously. Through a haze of lust, he turned his head to see his long hair spread out with hers, and as he felt his own completion, heard the girl dreamily murmuring his name.

Ginny awoke in confusion, with her mind clouded and her muscles sore. She opened her eyes cautiously and peered around an empty, unfamiliar bedchamber. Seeing she was alone, she burrowed further down in the bed, feeling the luxurious sheets slide against her bare skin, and closed her eyes again, trying to collect her thoughts.

Lucius Malfoy. How in Merlin's name had this happened? And yet, how fitting that the man who handed a child a cursed book would also usher her into womanhood on her hands and knees. Ginny bit her lip as her mind shied away from the memories of her wanton behavior. Shame washed over her in a wave, even as the blood spiked hot between her legs, the embarrassment somehow heightening the tension between her thighs and making her almost squirm with an exquisite combination of agony and arousal.

A sudden awareness stilled her. She lay quietly with closed eyes, breathing regularly. A cool voice to the left of the high bed said, "You can stop pretending to be asleep now."

There Lucius stood, an impeccably attired amoral killer old enough to be her father. In an instant of looking at his aristocratic face, Ginny perceived the difference between will and desire and understood that something could be both what you desired and against your will. She felt her nipples peak and the throb between her thighs redouble. "Lucius," she breathed, before she could stop herself.

He stepped closer to the head of the bed and said blandly, "I don't recall giving you leave to use my first name, Miss Weasley," and ran a hand over her breasts beneath the sheets and down her abdomen. "However," he continued, "since we are now such intimate acquaintances, I suppose it is quite permissible, Ginevra." As he said her name, he abruptly pinched her thigh, and she inhaled sharply. She was completely bewildered, lying with a mouth dry as paper, breathing quickly. She tried to open her mouth to speak, to say something, and Lucius' hand flashed out and covered her lips. He brought his face close to hers.

"Ginevra, you ably demonstrated last evening that you are able to communicate what I am interested in without a word," he said softly. "Hush." He gazed steadily into Ginny's eyes until she slowly nodded her head, and then he removed his hand from the lower part of her face and stood once more.

Lucius muttered something and flicked his hand. The bed coverings whisked to the floor, and he surveyed Ginny as she lay frozen. It was disconcerting to be naked in front of him for the first time with all her wits about her, and the fact that he was completely dressed made it doubly distressing. His face remained unreadable as he began to run his hands over her body. A rational part of her mind tried to control her heated reaction, but as his fingers squeezed the plump tops of her thighs and skimmed her breasts, she was his.

Her excitement and pleasure built rapidly, a fire fanned by the shame of it, how she must look to him, red faced and sweating with her hips rolling, and him standing calmly, not a silvery hair out of place, skillfully moving his hands here, then there, then there, observing inscrutably her desperation and desire, and heightening and soothing it with each pinch and stroke.

Teetering on the brink, Ginny whimpered as his hands slowed. One remained lazily petting between her legs, and the other turned her face to him. She closed her eyes, and Lucius asked sharply, "What do you want?" Ginny blinked confusedly.

"I was wrong," he purred in a faux solemn tone. His hand drifted from her face to her breasts, stroking them lightly, slowing the motion of the other hand even further. "I do need you to tell me what you want, Ginevra. It's not quite clear to me." He slowly and firmly pinched the lips of her sex between his fingers, causing her to buck her hips, and then, just as slowly, released them. His fingers continued to prod and torment her as he went on.

"Perhaps you would like for me to stop," he said and made as if to remove his hands from her body. She moaned and managed to choke out a no.

All humor gone from his voice, he continued. "Then what, Ginevra? Look at me and tell me what you want," he growled.

Swallowing, she said hoarsely, "Make me come," hearing her voice from a distance, not believing she was even saying such a thing. For a moment, she and Lucius merely looked at each other in silence. She thought she saw a glint of something in his eyes, but then his hands were moving once more, and she was lost sensation, muttering his name and gasping out her orgasm.

Chapter 3

Chapter 3 of 7

Ginny Weasley is captured by Lucius Malfoy, but holding her hostage does not work out as either of them expect.

The only sound in Lucius' study was quill on parchment. Seated at his desk, he did not look up as there was a scratching on the door and Narcissa entered. She took several steps into the room and waited. Lucius' quill continued its scribbling.

Narcissa calmly bided her time until Lucius was finally forced to acknowledge her. "Narcissa," he said briefly, only glancing up through his reading glasses and continuing to read over documents and make notes.

"I was curious. How is everything progressing?" Narcissa queried.

Continuing what Narcissa judged to be a carefully calculated air of distraction, Lucius scratched away while answering, "All is progressing smoothly."

"Oh," Narcissa responded, drawing out the single syllable somewhat exaggeratedly, eliciting only a vaguely affirmative murmur from her husband.

"I was also curious," she began in the same coy tone, but she was interrupted as Lucius finally set his quill down.

Looking at her stonily, he said, "You are ever curious, Narcissa."

Narcissa dropped a bit of her pretense and said, "I was wondering about the girl."

"The girl?" Calmly, Lucius picked up his quill and resumed writing. Watching the top of his head, Narcissa narrowed her eyes speculatively. "What about the girl?" he continued.

"Well, she is not in the chamber that I designated for her. . ." Narcissa allowed her voice to trail off questioningly.

"She is in my room," Lucius replied neutrally, leafing through a stack of parchment.

This prompted another lengthy "oh" on Narcissa's part. "I know that the doors are warded, and she has no wand, and I am sure that some of my work is still in place, but are you confident it is wise to leave her unsupervised?"

Removing his glasses, Lucius stood. "Narcissa, I am certain you are aware that she is currently, shall we say, exhausted from certain exertions and therefore hardly presents a threat at this time. Is there anything else that you need to ask me about?"

Considering his deceptively cordial tone, Narcissa decided she would be wise not to press the issue. "No, you've assuaged my fears," she said brightly as they both moved towards the door. "Would you care to join me for a late breakfast?"

Ginny awoke in the same chamber and stared at the ceiling for a long time, thinking of nothing in particular and waiting to see if she was truly alone before she decided to venture out of the bed. She vaguely remembered Lucius casting Scourgify after at least one of their encounters, but she was a firm believer in soap and water. She wrapped a smooth, white sheet around her and slid out of the bed. After tentatively trying all the large room's many doors and peeking in the ones that opened, trailing the huge sheet being her like a train, she found the bathroom and was sure that this chamber was Lucius'.

The bathroom put Hogwarts' legendary prefects' bathroom to shame. Ginny consciously tried not to compare it to her bathroom at The Burrow, not that there really was any comparison. She stood on the cool, marble floor in front of a large mirror, searching her face for some difference, much as she imagined all girls did after... whatever you wanted to call it. Terms swirled in her mind, from technical and lifeless to unutterably lame to vulgar slang, and she couldn't personally identify her experience with any of them.

The face that looked at her was the same. The same brown eyes, one a bit larger than the other. The same freckles. The lips that now couldn't stop whining Lucius' name looked the same as they had before they became so traitorous. Ginny stared at her expressionless face and wondered what would become of her. She had a vague idea that the Death Eaters had plans to ransom her, but her capture was hazy in her mind.

She knew there was the possibility that she would never leave here. This included the chance of death, but that was not the only possible outcome nor, in fact, the worst she could think of. She smiled bitterly at herself. After all, she knew Tom Riddle a little. Ginny didn't like to think about Tom, or his book, or anything that had happened that first year at Hogwarts. When asked, she always said that she couldn't remember details, and that was mostly true, but sometimes she had the idea that she could remember if she tried hard enough.

But, part of herself knew this was a terrible idea, and since this was the part of her that she had disregarded as the diary seduced her, she firmly avoided all thought of that time of her life, and if sometimes she seemed to dream of lying cold and still on the floor of the Chamber of Secrets, well, one couldn't take Dreamless Sleep forever.

She turned away from the mirror, unable to continue looking at her own face, and leaned against a marble counter, wrapping the voluminous sheet around herself tightly as she shuddered involuntarily. Despite the cold stone around her, she felt her skin grow hot, and something like defiance flared in her chest.

She could be dead, insane, or worse by the end of the day. There wasn't precisely a future to live for right now. Now, there was just the moment, and the moment was filled with longing for Lucius Malfoy, and it was not as if he was unaware of that fact. Why was she fighting this desire? She wouldn't save any face in the end, even if she went free. What, would she explain the fine points? Yes, I did beg Lucius Malfoy to make me come, but I made him ask me twice before I answered, she thought wryly.

Anger animating her again, she threw off her sheet and crossed the chamber to draw a bath.

Lucius had finished the day's tasks and stood in front of the fireplace in his study, idly swirling the drink in his tumbler and looking at the flames. Despite his forceful assurances to Narcissa, events were not unfolding as optimally as he had anticipated. The situation was still in hand, but an unusually weary part of him preferred things be as effortless as possible.

He had also not anticipated that he would be so... diverted by young Miss Weasley. The animosity he felt towards her was still there, but the quality had changed. No longer the diffuse hatred of the Weasleys in general, Lucius was now focused on the girl herself. Despite her inability to master her desire for him, he inexplicably felt as if she was still out of his control. His wife's ill-disguised amusement at the liaison served to further salt the wound.

These issues, however, had no effect on his desire for her, except perhaps to exacerbate it. This thought was much more pleasant than what his mind had been dwelling

on, so he set aside his discontentment, put down his glass, and left the study.

Chapter 4

Chapter 4 of 7

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Ginny stood with her forehead resting on the window glass, looking at the swirling, gray fog that obscured whatever lay outside. She believed there must be some kind of magic to the fog, which was always there, curtaining the house away from the world and making the sunlight gray and otherworldly. She shivered a little and pulled her green robe more tightly around her.

After bathing, Ginny had discovered that the only item of clothing that appeared to be for her use was a robe that was hanging in the bathroom. Just the robe, not even a pair of knickers. The idea of touching Lucius' clothes was out of the question. So, Ginny had floated aimlessly about the chamber in her robe, flitting to the shelved books that she hesitated to browse, eating the food that the house-elves silently brought that was almost certainly drugged somehow, running her fingertips over the thick parchment in the desk drawers, composing ridiculous letters to her friends and family in her head ("Dear Mum, don't worry about me. Mr Malfoy has been most hospitable.") and staring at the fog.

What she was really doing, underneath all these things, behind these pretenses, was waiting. The fog outside that pressed on the panes of the window seemed to fill her head as well, making her thoughts as gray and otherworldly as the light. So, she filled the stretches of time with things designed to kill them and ignored her clouded thoughts and waited.

When Lucius entered his bedchamber, the girl was leaning on the large window to the left of the bed. Arms crossed to hug herself and head turned to rest on the glass, she appeared to be lost in contemplation of the fog outside. Lucius leisurely approached her across the room before he came to stand behind her. Taking a strand of her long, red hair between his fingers and twisting it idly, he said mockingly, "Were you waiting for me, Ginevra?" Biting her lower lip between her teeth, the girl took a deep breath and whispered yes.

"Hmnm?" he responded in a low, silky voice, full of cajoling, not letting go of the strand in his fingers but threading his entire hand into her hair and twisting it around his hand. Turning her to face him, her back against the window, he continued. "I thought you said something, Ginevra, but I couldn't quite make it out."

Color flaming hot in her face, the girl avoided his eyes and said in a small voice, "I was waiting for you, Lucius." Lucius made a sound of assent and pulled Ginevra's head back to keep her face towards his as he crowded her against the window with his body, undoing the sash of her robe with his free hand.

"Ginevra, Ginevra," he murmured with insincere inflection, relishing the game between them. He ran his free hand up the bare curves of her body underneath the garment, watching carefully as her jaw clenched and relaxed as she tried to control her breathing. He let her hair fall free and circled his hands around her waist and then down to her naked bottom. "Always so accommodating." He pulled her against his body. "So obliging." Clenching her more firmly against his erection, he continued to study her face before letting his hands skim over her again.

"I can't imagine the... hospitality you must extend under typical circumstances," he purred. He saw confusion flit across her features. "If this is the favor that an enemy receives, dear Ginevra, what succor must you offer a friend?" Lucius was pleased to see his barb hitting home as the girl's brow knit in consternation. Leaning in close to her, resting his face in her hair and speaking into her ear, he elaborated, baiting the trap. "If you beg me to make you come, what in the world must you ask of Mr Potter?"

He felt the tension enter her frame as he carefully schooled his features to a mask of mocking wonderment before drawing back to look at her again. Her brown eyes gazed unwaveringly at him, and she wore an expression of mingled fear and defiance. "I never let him fuck me," she said flatly, unhappily, pursing her lips together and worrying the bottom one, as he was discovering was a habit, but determinedly not averting her face.

Abandoning his jovial pretense, Lucius gazed back. She had stepped neatly into his snare, and he tingled with anticipation as the stakes of the game were raised. "Is that so, Ginevra?" he replied blandly. "In that case, I am going to take advantage of your special attention."

Ginny had tried very hard to keep her thoughts in order once Lucius entered the room, but she felt that she was failing rather spectacularly. She had no doubt that even on her most cunning day, she'd offer him little competition, but when his hands were in her hair, on her breasts, on her ass, there was no chance at all. She felt like she was trying to solve advanced Arithmancy after downing a generous portion of firewhisky.

When her mind finally processed the fact that Lucius was talking about Harry, she knew she should be very careful, but the exquisite tension she felt running and rippling over her skin like scalding water made her reckless. The real question he was asking was: Are you a whore, or are you my whore? And the possible answers to this potentially life-altering riddle seemed to break like a wave in her thought and drown her in memories as she sought to find the correct answer.

She remembered Lucius, towering over her small self in Flourish and Blotts, and her baby-fat fingers, smeared with chicken blood, writing in Tom's diary by wandlight, and Harry. Sweet Harry, with his fumbling embraces, and she, underneath whatever pleasure she might feel, unwilling to let herself go, to let herself be taken. Dear as he may be, how could he ever possess her with his guileless combination of dumb luck and good friends sailing him through the seas of his storied existence?

These forever thoughts were over in an instant as she looked at Lucius, still taller than she, but not quite as much. She recalled a funny saying from Muggle Studies: Tell the truth and shame the devil, and with no further hesitation, she did.

Part of Ginny wanted to think and examine the ramifications of the exchange that had just occurred. This part was overwhelmed by the rest of her, which was perfectly content, thrilled even, to find herself stark naked and perched in his lap. She sensed somehow that Lucius was pleased. Although he still tormented her unmercifully, making her baldly state her desires over and over again, the hard edge was gone from his teasing. Indeed, he seemed sardonically amused at the intensifying effect uttering filthy phrases had on her physical reaction. She offered her capitulation and her body to him giddily, and he accepted it as a matter of course, and she came shuddering and shaking in his lap.

Lucius knew exactly when the afterglow faded and the girl started thinking again. Her lax body, which was sprawled wildly across him, one leg tucked underneath her, one leg over the armrest and off the side of the chair, began to tense. With a hand on her chin, he prompted her to raise her head from where it slumped on his shoulder, and her face was nearly as red as her hair.

He found himself amused by this reaction rather than irritated or contemptuous. "There isn't much use in being embarrassed now, Ginevra. Perhaps next time you might

take care not to shout so loudly that you'd like me to--" He pointedly broke off as her blush, which had been subsiding, flamed anew. "At any rate, I'm sure you recall what you said."

Lucius took Ginevra's hand and placed it squarely on the bulge in his lap. "I'm sure, as well, that you remember certain enthusiastic offers that you made that I generously offered to oblige."

Ginny's limited experience with the young wizards of Hogwarts certainly provided no clue as to why she had asked ('Pleaded,' a small inner voice suggested. 'Perhaps even begged?') Lucius to let her... And there, her lips clamped firmly between her teeth, her thoughts stalled until again that tiny voice helpfully spoke up, 'Begged to let you suck his cock?' Ginny squirmed in mortification even at the memory.

Indeed, this was what she had pleaded with Lucius to do, much to his startlement, and his wry amusement had only grown as he further prompted her to explain her lack of experience in such activities. And then, he had her elaborate on exactly how badly she wanted to, um, change that lack of experience.

And so, she found herself on her knees before Lucius in his chair, nearly quaking with an ecstatic combination of nervousness bordering on terror and molten sexual excitement, trying to remember anything she had read in Hermione's dog-eared copy of "Changing Bodies, Changing Selves."

A dry description of mechanics could never have prepared her for this. Her understanding of this act, with the performer in control and the recipient being controlled, had nothing to do with this reality. Lucius took her as surely and as effortlessly as he always had, holding her chin, grasping her hair, encircling her neck, and all the while telling her tersely what to do and how to do it.

Naive Ginevra Weasley, on her knees with the taste and feel of Lucius' skin on her tongue and the weight of him in her mouth, was experiencing yet another revelation. She abandoned herself to this, spit sliding down her chin, extending her tongue to lick delicately before Lucius slid to fill her mouth again, muffling her groans, relaxing her throat as Lucius slid to her gagging point.

While she was doing all this, she felt him watching her, observing her eagerness and excitement at being controlled, her shamelessness. When he started talking to her, telling her that he knew all of this...that she wanted it, she loved it, that she was a filthy little girl...she nearly died of the pleasure. He told her to touch herself, and she climaxed almost immediately.

Somehow, in her languor, he brought her to the bed and, on her side, boneless and sleepy, with him behind her, she absently enjoyed his grip on her hips and his thrusting until he came, cruelly sinking his hands into her flesh, causing her to surface briefly from the pool of sleep to gasp. She sunk down again, listening to him breathe heavily behind her.

She was gone by the time he extracted himself and stood by the bed, looking expressionlessly down on her as he pulled a sheet over her sweat-sheened body, and then left her alone.

Chapter 5

Chapter 5 of 7

Ginny Weasley is captured by Lucius Malfoy, but holding her hostage does not work out as either of them expect.

Wearing only Lucius' too-large dress shirt and pigtails, Ginny sat cross-legged in the middle of the bed and attempted to play Exploding Snap by herself. The game was not turning out to be a success. Not only was it spectacularly boring, but her mind was on other things to start with.

The door was opened, and Narcissa was in the room before Ginny even noticed. She tried to mask her surprise while she grasped for something even vaguely appropriate to say.

Narcissa stood at the foot of the bed. "You look well... if not well-rested," she said archly. Ginny kept her face impassive, and Narcissa laughed. "No blush? How you've grown in just a short while, Miss Weasley!"

She sat on the bed and assumed a more serious expression. "All joking aside, I came to see exactly how you are faring." With this brisk statement, Narcissa's features sharpened in concentration as she focused on Ginny. Ginny felt Narcissa flip lightly through her thoughts, like one would skim a book, and she started violently.

Narcissa raised both hands placatingly. "Now, now. I suspected that you have had little Legilimency or Occlumency training..." She trailed off questioningly, and Ginny set her jaw and shook her head.

"I also suspected that you are not finding your stay here as unpleasant as you first imagined?" she further queried. Ginny shook her head again, but this shake was accompanied by a faint blush, and Ginny began to worry her bottom lip between her teeth.

Narcissa chuckled at this. "Valiant effort, but you're starting to slip a bit. You have some natural talent at deception, but you definitely need instruction." She stood and looked at Ginny appraisingly. "Some proper clothes, too. Lucius may enjoy keeping you mostly unclad, but I myself have other tastes."

Ginny was staring at Narcissa with open puzzlement. Breaking her silence, she asked, "Why are you doing this?"

This prompted a genuine laugh from Narcissa. "Because, darling," she said with fake hauteur, "I bore easily, and I love to play games. I rather think we should start at the beginning."

Ginny awoke and blinked at the ceiling as she lay unmoving. She wondered if it was possible to bruise one's brain. Despite her nap, she was still tired. You're pathetic, Weasley, she scolded herself. All you do is sleep and fuck.

A rustling of paper caused her to sit up in the bed. Lucius sat on one of the room's small couches, reading *The Daily Prophet*. He flicked her a glance over the top of the paper before returning his attention to it. "Good afternoon, Ginevra," he said smoothly.

She responded in kind, trying not to be distracted by the front page before her. Next to the headline 'STILL MISSING,' her photograph was gesturing wildly over her shoulder to Lucius and making a shocking variety of lascivious gestures. "Oh, for Merlin's sake, stop!" she exclaimed without thinking and then bit her lip in consternation.

Lowering the paper, Lucius looked at her in mystification before seeing the direction of her scowl. His lips twitched ever so slightly, as if suppressing a smirk. "Ah, yes. Quite one of the most interesting articles I have read in this pathetic rag," he said.

With that, he began folding the pathetic rag in question. "You must write a letter to your mother," he said without preamble.

No matter her morning's instruction with Narcissa, Ginny felt her jaw drop and her mouth actually fall open. "My mother?" she repeated disbelievingly.

Lucius regarded her levelly. "Ransom negotiations generally progress more smoothly when it can be assured that the hostage is, shall we say, in one piece."

Ginny, trying to make sense of her whirling thoughts, absently repeated in a slow voice, "Hostage."

Standing and approaching the bed, Lucius told her, "Hostage, yes."

Ginny felt dull and mesmerized, and she heard herself say thickly, "Do you fuck all your hostages?"

"If it pleases me," he said easily, throwing back the bedclothes. Taking in her Muggle t-shirt and sweatpants, he paused and raised an eyebrow at her.

"Narcissa came by to talk to me," she said guilelessly. "She seemed to prefer that I be dressed."

"To talk to you," Lucius said in a tone of voice that made it clear his thoughts on that phrase's veracity. Ginny merely smiled and, dragging her towards the edge of the bed, Lucius dropped the subject.

Following the prompting of his pushing and pulling, Ginny found herself bent over the edge of the bed, her upper body resting on the mattress. Standing behind her, Lucius slid the waistband of her pants down past her buttocks, stopping to remark on her bare skin. "No knickers, Ginevra?"

"Didn't ask for any," she said in a muffled voice, as her face was rather pressed into the bed.

"I cannot say that I am surprised, Miss Weasley," he replied, running his hands over her exposed flesh. Pressing her into the bed with his hips and leaning over her, crushing her with his weight, he asked her, "Would you like me to fuck you, hostage?"

She was already squirming her hips against him. "Fuck me, Lucius."

Lucius was amused by Ginevra's obvious struggle to remain awake after they had finished. Standing by the bed, he was adjusting his robes and hair when she laboriously sat up. She wearily pawed her tangled mess of red hair back from her face and said softly, "A letter."

"Indeed," responded Lucius.

Unexpectedly, her freckled face crumpled. "Whatever will I say to her?" she asked in a small, quivering voice.

Lucius was taken aback and did not immediately respond. He found that he was not happy that she was upset. Not that he really felt sympathy, but the idea of sparring with and fucking a weepy, melancholy Ginevra held no appeal. He was also irritated that despite her unabashed enthusiasm in coupling with him, the imagined censure of her mother would cause her distress. He would prefer that it were not so, and the idea of her attempting to dismiss him from her mind increased his disturbance.

Lucius sat down near the bed. "Come here, Ginevra," he said. She did so slowly, not quite weeping but leaking a few tears from her eyes. She perched on his knees when he tugged her down, pulling her t-shirt down to cover her bare bottom.

He looked at her and said seriously, "You will write to her whatever you wish, Ginevra. The letter will be owled, and then you will continue to do whatever you wish. Yes?"

She looked back at him gravely and said, "Yes, Lucius." He let the silence linger a moment longer and then grabbed her up and put her over his knees, bare ass on display.

"I have some very strong suspicions about the things you wish," he said in a low voice, running his hands over her skin. "In fact," he continued, stroking the insides of her thighs, "I believe I know exactly what you want, little girl." He waited until she was wriggling and breathing hard before he paused his fingers.

"But, Ginevra, you must write a letter," he reminded her. He smacked her ass smartly several times, being sure to angle his hand to catch the pink folds of her sex with each hit. When he raised her up and stood himself, he paused for a moment to admire the flush of her cheeks. "Quill and parchment are in the desk," he said, and he left her to it.

Chapter 6

Chapter 6 of 7

Ginny Weasley is captured by Lucius Malfoy, but holding her hostage does not work out as either of them expect.

Ginny floated in the bubbly sea of the bathtub and reflected on her current situation. Over the past several days she had come to feel less like a prisoner and more like a pupil in some kind of bizarre Slytherin finishing school. Narcissa visited Ginny each day, and Ginny was becoming convinced that Narcissa should have had a daughter because it seemed like her goal was to mold Ginny in her likeness. Or at least as much like Narcissa Malfoy as a poor, red-headed Gryffindor could be.

Ginny entered into many confusing, philosophical arguments with Narcissa, who always ended them decisively. "Nothing I'm telling you is wrong," she'd emphasize, gesturing expressively from her seat on the couch opposite Ginny. "You must stand for your own principles, even if that principle is to have none. You can use whatever tools I give you to whatever ends you wish. Be that as it may, it may be that these tools will help you choose that end more freely."

These declarations seemed to rub off some of the polish from Narcissa's brilliant exterior, giving Ginny a brief glimpse of what the witch might actually be like if she was not, as she put it, "playing the game." However, most of Ginny believed Narcissa was always playing the game, and while she grudgingly accepted Narcissa's explanation that knowing how to play was not inherently evil, it seemed like such a loss of self must be something to guard against.

Then Narcissa would rally by declaring melodramatically that since Ginny was so frightfully good at all this, she must learn in any case, closing discussion and turning matters once more to magic--and manners. Although Narcissa did drill Ginny in magic, and claimed she was doing quite well at it ("You can hold your own against me,

darling, and although I am not the best, I'm not the worst either."), Narcissa concentrated on what Ginny thought of as deportment lessons.

"Self-possession! Sangroid! Intrigue is ninety-eight percent appearances. Look at me. Have you any real idea how powerful a witch I am?" Ginny shook her head no. "Exactly. I could be teetering on the brink of Squib! However, do you think anyone believes that?"

Burning in Ginny's mind was the small, cramped bathroom at the Burrow. "But you're rich!" she blurted out, startling Narcissa into genuine peals of laughter.

"Ginevra Weasley, has it not occurred to you that you yourself have captured the attentions of a wizard who is very, very, rich?"

Ginny opened her mouth with the intention of saying something, only to find that she had no reply. She tried to skirt any conversation of Lucius with the witch, who was, after all, his wife. However, she felt a distinct twinge of satisfaction at Narcissa's assessment, despite her desperate avoidance of logical examination of what was happening between her and Lucius.

Narcissa reached across the low table between them and patted Ginny's hand. "That's not quite the expression I am endeavoring to get you to show when you hear something unexpected.

"I realize that you feel awkward discussing Lucius with me, but you must remember that our marriage has always been an amicable arrangement, not some grand love affair." Ginny had schooled her features by this time, gaining an approving glance from Narcissa as she went on. "However, I shall not lead you falsely as far as my husband is concerned. Capturing his attention is not a euphemism for roses and romance."

Narcissa shot a glance at Ginny as she nodded her understanding. "I feel that you know this already, and perhaps that is the reason that you two get on so splendidly." Ginny blushed furiously at Narcissa's emphasis on the word 'splendidly.' "I am not sure if Lucius really loves anything, Ginny," Narcissa continued delicately, "but he is capable of... cherishing something that belongs to him."

With that final comment, Narcissa began abruptly trying to get into Ginny's thoughts, and lessons were on again.

Trying to escape from the memory of this conversation, Ginny sighed and slid under the bath water, but following her down, she heard the phrase over and over again, like a song, a promise, or a warning: something that belongs to him.

Time ground on, and Ginny continued to avoid thinking of the consequences of this strange interlude in her life. Her desire for Lucius was as uncontrolled as ever, and his interest in her did not seem to wane. Often now, she would wake to find him in the room, working at his desk or reading. She tried to ruthlessly crush the small secret warmth this caused her, but she found it impossible.

Once, after he had brought her nearly sobbing to climax and finished himself, she found her hand stealing out to touch his long silver hair as they lay sweaty on the huge bed. Closing her eyes, she could only think that it was as silky and soft as she had imagined. When she opened her eyes to look at him, expecting him perhaps to be angry, the possessive contentment she read on his face filled her heart with something she couldn't quite identify. She floated down into a deep, dreamless sleep, her hand still tingling from his lingering squeeze.

Lucius had found his attentions increasingly drawn away from his current tribulations by Ginevra. Whatever scheme Narcissa thought she was carrying off, the results were quite enchanting. He enjoyed Ginevra's newfound poise, but even more than that, he relished the fact that she was utterly unable to maintain it with him. A few well-chosen words, a significant glance, and Ginevra's cool facade was gone, leaving him with a shameless girl.

His girl for now, but there was the rub. His girl was also his hostage, an important piece in a game where everything was at stake. Lucius was unaccustomed to disclaiming something that he desired, and equally unused to taking unnecessary risks. Both attitudes had served him well until now, when a cheeky, freckled slip of a witch presented him with a conundrum.

He could not quite decide if placing Ginevra in his bedchamber that night merited Narcissa a thank-you or a hex. All his careful planning, his dispassionate logic, and here he was, in bed with Arthur Weasley's daughter.

Lucius was preparing to rouse himself from that bed when a small hand crept tentatively over his arm to softly stroke his hair. He allowed his expression to soften at both the small gesture and the sentiment behind it, confirmation he had indeed captivated Ginevra. He placed his hand over hers and squeezed it lightly, then left her for his study and his thoughts.

Narcissa watched her son as he petulantly stuffed his dinner into his mouth. She did love him (as much as she loved anything), but that did not stop her from acknowledging the truth about Draco. Her and Lucius' son was an unfortunate combination of both their dazzling good looks and their respective faults.

As Draco began his whinging anew, Narcissa shook off her reverie and brought her attention back to him. "I still believe that I am old enough to participate, and it's intolerable that Father hasn't even spoken to me this visit," he said in what Narcissa imagined he thought was a bold, decisive tone.

Sighing inwardly, Narcissa thought that perhaps all the accusations Lucius had made over the years about spoiling were spot on. She then spoke easily, but with the undercurrent of steel that made all but Lucius sit up and pay attention.

"Draco, please pull your head out of your arse and pay attention." She carefully kept her face severe as Draco's sullen look of reproach caused laughter to well up inside her. "You should be well aware that your father is busy. You should also know that the whole situation has not proceeded as expected and is, in fact, quite volatile." She paused, and Draco nodded grudgingly.

"Now, think like the Malfoy you are instead of a spoiled brat," Narcissa continued. "Where do your loyalties lie?" She waited, but Draco remained silent and puzzled. As that silence increased, she did permit herself a small sigh. "Should your loyalty remain with a losing side, due to ideals, like an imbecilic Gryffindor? Or should a Slytherin, perchance, be prepared for all outcomes?"

Draco formed a small, soundless O with his mouth. "Oh, indeed," said Narcissa, picking up her fork and allowing her son to digest all the things she had not said.

Lucius did not pause in his eating when Narcissa unceremoniously seated herself across the table from him, nor when she said in an uncharacteristically blunt way, "You haven't told her."

Wiping his mouth with a napkin, he said, "As that is a statement and not a question, I am unsure as to how you would want me to respond."

Narcissa actually rolled her eyes. Lucius couldn't recall the last time that he had seen Narcissa Malfoy roll her eyes, although Narcissa Black had been exceptionally fond of the gesture. "You're being obtuse, and it's not flattering on someone as clever as you...as if I don't know that you have everything in your life calculated down to the smallest impossibility," she replied disgustedly.

"Narcissa, I have no idea what you think to accomplish by these histrionics," Lucius said, still calm, as he continued to eat his breakfast gracefully.

"That is perfectly fair, Lucius, as I have no idea what you think to accomplish with your pretended indifference," she responded acerbically, and left him to his meal.

Chapter 7

Chapter 7 of 7

Ginny Weasley is captured by Lucius Malfoy, but holding her hostage does not work out as either of them expect.

Ginny couldn't quite put her finger on it, but Narcissa's mood seemed different today. The older witch was almost grave, a dramatic contrast to her usual exaggerated superciliousness. After a few cursory attempts at their normal exercises, Narcissa gave up.

"Ginevra, darling, I think that I have imparted to you all the knowledge I can," she said with a sparkle of her customary ostentation. "In truth," she continued, "I believe the time draws nigh for you to play your own game."

Narcissa favored Ginny with a sincere smile, and Ginny was reminded of how beautiful Narcissa really was, even as she couldn't help but laugh. "You sound like fortune teller from a Muggle movie!" Ginny told her.

"Well, darling, after your instruction at Hogwarts from Professor Trelawney, I am sure there's nothing I can teach you on that subject," Narcissa rejoined airily.

And with this, the lesson ended, but Ginny remembered Narcissa's comment. She was indeed an attentive student, and she knew full well that it was a notice.

Ginny was startled that evening when Lucius swept into the room. She turned from the bookcase that she was half-heartedly perusing at the sound of the door closing heavily, and the expression on Lucius' face immediately alerted her that his mood was dark indeed.

As he strode towards her, she took a moment to be thankful that although he was angry, he apparently was not angry at her. He was intimidating anyhow, but she simply waited calmly to see what would happen.

Stopping in front of her, Lucius studied her intently, finally raising his fingers to trace lightly over her face, and she couldn't help but close her eyes and sigh softly. And then, just as intently, he moved even closer, backing her up to the wall, his fingers sliding down through her robe to pinch her breasts and skim down her stomach, and all the while her soft sighs continued, increasing to breathy murmurings. When his fingers easily slid right into the sticky dampness at the center of her, she actually squealed a little, and his answering growl made her knees weaken terribly.

Emboldened by his odd mood, Ginny let her hands roam over Lucius as he continued to toy with her, filling her fingers with his hair, stroking the bulge at the front of his velvety soft robes. Between both their distracted attempts, they managed to get his clothing sufficiently out of the way, and without further preliminaries, she found herself hoisted up against the wall.

Everything from there was a frantic blur, a confused jumble of Lucius thrusting almost violently into her, his teeth biting almost painfully into her throat and shoulders. She was near to coming, but something about the angle kept prolonging the pleasure while bringing her no closer, and she was squirming against him, and her moans were almost sobs.

Lucius ceased long enough to push her up against the wall more securely and spoke into her ear as she let her head slump onto his shoulders, hanging onto him for dear life. Punctuating each word with a thrust, he snarled, "You are mine, Ginevra Weasley," to which she could only assent, pressing tiny kisses on his neck and shoulders as she cried his name out and came.

In the grip of dissatisfaction, Lucius gorged himself on Ginevra's flesh—against the wall, over the chair, on her knees on the floor. The more he took from her, the more she gave. The harder he pushed her, the more she yielded. Finally, they ended in the bed.

He laid back and watched her astride him, her eyes closed in concentration, breasts shining with sweat and bouncing with her efforts. As he gripped her hips and pulled her down sharply, she hissed slightly at the almost painful pressure, and a half-smile broke over her face as she arched the column of her neck back wantonly, her hair falling behind her to drag on his legs.

Here it was then, the crux of what was between them, something both simpler and more complex than mere sentiment: his desire to master and her yearning to be mastered. He had no use for love, but he may well have had use for this, if only the game he and Ginevra played had been just between the two of them.

There was no more time for thinking as Ginevra moaned softly and slumped down on him, exhausted. Wrapping her to him tightly, he continued to drive into her until his own exhaled hiss, and then, for the first time, he fell into sleep with her in his big bed.

Ginny sat composed as Narcissa entered the room. Her hair was braided sleekly, and she wore smart new black robes. Her expression was bland, but her pallor showed somewhat as her freckles were more prominent than usual. Still, Narcissa thought, good game face.

"I take it he did not tell you?" she inquired gently.

"No, the house-elf told me. I am ready to leave," Ginny replied without inflection. Narcissa felt a small twinge of pride. It would take a most astute observer to recognize that tone as despair and not snobbery.

"This is what shall occur--I myself will Apparate you to a secure location. Once you are left there, you may use a Portkey, which will take you back to your family."

Ginny nodded slowly as Narcissa went on. "I must also tell you that we have a bit before we depart, and I must prepare. However, there may be someone that you would wish to see on the last door to your right, and I am sometimes forgetful about warding this door." And, opening the door in question, Narcissa left.

Ginny could actually hear her blood roaring in her ears as she turned the knob of the last door on the right, opening it to reveal Lucius' study, just as it had been the first day of her capture.

He stood in front of the fireplace, and at her small hitch of breath, he turned and began to icily reprimand the intruder. "I believe I made it quite clear," he began, only to stop at the sight of her. "Ginevra," he said simply.

Without consideration or forethought, Ginny rushed across the room. Once in Lucius' arms, her mind filled with thoughts from the bathroom, seemingly so long ago now. This could be the end. Then, she was concerned with her life. Now, she was worried about something else, and since it was the end, she disregarded the consequences, pressing her lips to Lucius' and burying her fingers in his silvery hair as she pulled his face to hers.

At the slight sound, Lucius turned angrily. Narcissa or house-elf, he wanted no part of them at the moment, but when he turned, he instead found Ginevra. This was a tranquil, serene little thing, neatly braided and dressed, quite unlike his knickerless, squealing little witch. Before he could speak, he found himself with an armful of the girl he was familiar with, a Ginevra kissing him with abandon and whispering, "Goodbye, Lucius. Oh, goodbye."

He assumed it was the surprise that caused him to kiss her back greedily, and as she sighed goodbye, he growled, "For now, Ginevra." When he let her go, she took a deep breath and smoothed her hair and robes, suddenly that placid creature again. Then she flashed him a wicked smile.

"For now, Lucius," she said, and then she was gone.

I'm just like an apple on a bough

And you're gonna shake me down somehow.

So, what's the use, you've cooked my goose

'Cause you took advantage of me!

I'm so hot and bothered that I don't

Know my elbow from my ear.

I suffer something awful each time you go

And much worse when you're near.

Here I am with all my bridges burned,

Just a babe in arms where you're concerned.

So lock the doors and call me yours

'Cause you took advantage of me.

- Lorenz Hart & Richard Rogers, "You Took Advantage of Me"