

Met and Beset

by amsev

Mature audiences only, please. A while back, I challenged myself to write some smut with some sort of lemon in each chapter. This story is based loosely on the MLC and will eventually be a foursome of SS/HG/RH/LM. You have been warned...

Chapter 1 – In Which The Gentlemen Receive Correspondence

Chapter 1 of 3

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OOC Warning. I am taking liberties with Madam Hooch's presumed age in this story. She is young enough to wed Lucius and bear children just barely...

Thank you to the eagle-eyed Southerh_Witch_69 for betaing this chapter for me. My hat's off to you, lady!

Chapter 1 In Which The Gentlemen Receive Correspondence

"Shite!" The swear word echoed, bouncing off the high ceiling of the Malfoy library.

The cavernous room, with its many unlit sconces, was dimly illuminated by a single candelabrum standing on a table. On either side of the table were two leather, wing-backed chairs that currently held two gentlemen Death Eaters.

One of them was staring at the parchment in his hand, his face pale. The parchment trembled slightly. His other hand was caught up in his straight raven hair.

"Well, Severus," drawled his blond companion. "What did you receive? I would dearly like to know, as it will no doubt give me an idea of what I am to face upon opening my missive."

The men had been indulging in a fine brandy and cigars when a quivering elf had abased itself before its master, handing the two letters up, then quickly fleeing before Lucius, the lord of Malfoy manor, could visit any wickedness upon it.

One letter was addressed to Severus Snape, using his style inherited on the distaff side as the last surviving male relative of that line: Severus, Baron Prince. When he found that he had succeeded to this title by this default, he had let out a loud snort at the awkward combination.

The other was addressed to Lucius, Lord Malfoy.

"Well?" Malfoy prompted again. "Shall I fetch some smelling salts or perhaps burn some owl feathers under that beak of yours to bring you back to attentiveness?"

Snape shook his head, clearing it. "Of all the ludicrous, obnoxious..." He trailed off, rattling the offending parchment.

Lucius had had enough. He snatched the parchment out of his friend and sometimes lover's hand and quickly perused it. "Hermione Granger!" he exclaimed. "Certainly you don't object to wedding the Brains of Gryffindor, the much-lauded, brightest witch of her generation?"

"That's just it!" Snape exclaimed. "HER generation. The age difference is abominable. The girl is, was, my student. I am at least twice her age. What on earth was the Ministry thinking? It would be too much like paedophilia sleeping with the twelve-year-old I once taught."

"Surely, having a young, vivacious, ripe twenty-four-year-old scholar with ample breasts and hips at beck and call as your spouse cannot be that horrifying? In any case, this is what our Lord and Master desires."

"I wish that he had let me know... This Ministry document," he sneered, "is decidedly binding. I am saddled with a chit that has hair larger than herself... Shite, never mind. Open yours, Lucius. Let us see what our Lord has in store for YOU!"

Malfoy picked up his cigar from the large ashtray resting on the table and took a leisurely draw as he examined the exterior of his missive. He set the cigar back in the ashtray and broke the seal on the parchment. He unrolled and quickly read. Bursting into laughter, he cast the parchment down to the floor and picked up his glass of brandy. "Severus, my friend, as much as I thought I would never experience wedded bliss again after the... death of my dear, lamented Narcissa... Here's to our nuptials!" He raised his brandy glass in a toast to his friend.

"To whom are you to be wed, Lucius?"

"Madam Hooch, Rolanda, the Flight mistress of your esteemed school. And here I thought she was more interested in snatches, er, I mean Snitches than broomsticks."

"I don't believe that matters to the Ministry. The only prerequisite is that the woman be of Muggle or half-blood heritage and of childbearing age. Speaking of half-blood, I wonder what kind of hoops the Ministry had to leap through to match me with the Granger child."

"Baron Prince, as the only surviving heir to your line, distaff or not, I do believe they are considering you a pureblood. And she is hardly a child anymore, my dear." Lucius smirked. "Come now, let us drink to our impending marriages and then find something else with which to amuse ourselves."

The men mockingly raised their glasses to each other and quaffed the last of the brandy therein. Setting his glass down, Lucius stared at Snape for a long moment, then murmured under his breath, "And I think I do know just what will fit the bill." He picked up his cane and slammed the tip into the parquet floor, the noise making Snape jump.

"Severus. Stand up!" he ordered.

Snape looked at him, gauging his friend's mood. He slowly stood and smirked at his friend. "Why, just the thing, Lucius. A little buggery to celebrate..."

"Silence!"

Snape lost his smirk with some difficulty and stood slightly more at attention before his friend. He felt a stirring in his groin in response to the way his friend was looking at him. He could guess what was coming next.

Malfoy did not disappoint. "Strip," he commanded.

Severus slowly unbuttoned his frock coat with one pale hand and loosened his cravat with the other. He removed the coat and laid it on his chair. Removing the cravat, he threw it atop his coat. His heart began to pound in expectation.

"Take... your... time," Lucius ordered.

Slowly removing one cufflink, then the other, he tossed the set to the table. He languidly unbuttoned his pristine linen shirt, then moved his hands to his trousers, opening the buttons of the fly. Toeing off his boots and socks, he set those aside and pushed down his trousers, stepped out of them and kicked them aside.

When he was clad only in his shirt and underpants, Malfoy ordered, "Stop. Not slowly enough. I will do the rest. Stand still and do not move."

Lucius watched him for a long moment and then stood, holding his cane. Using the steel tip, he parted Severus' shirt, first to one side and then the other. Running the tip down the clearly visible ribs, he made the other man shiver in response.

Lucius commented, "Living on nerves and black tea, again, I see, my dear double agent. I'll have to do something about that." He walked behind Snape. Pulling the dark hair to one side, he feathered a kiss on the man's pale, graceful neck. "It's a pity you weren't born female. I hear the Muggles have a fashion for tall, slender women. The waif look, I believe it is called."

Severus snorted at that. "And a nose that could crack a camera lens. I really don't believe that's in style with either wizards or Muggles."

"Silence," Malfoy reminded, a whispering breath on Severus' neck. "I happen to... admire your facial endowment. It's become quite the fetish with me, to see my cock buried in your mouth with that nose thrust into my pubic hair. There's really nothing quite like that sensation."

"It's a pity that Madam Hooch has a pert, up-turned nose then..."

"Shhhhh," breathed Lucius on the other side of Severus' neck, making the pale, dark-haired man shiver again. "It's us tonight, my dear, and I intend to enjoy what is before me."

He reached up and slid Snape's shirt off first one shoulder, then the other, running his warm hands over his friend's exposed shoulders. Finally, pulling the shirt all the way off, he paused for a moment to admire his friend's pale, scarred back, enjoying how the muscles played over each other as Snape began to fidget in the chilly room.

"Stand still," he reminded, and the other man ceased his restless movements. Lucius reached to the waistband of Severus' underpants and achingly, slowly eased them down his hips, exposing his growing erection.

Lucius knelt and had him lift first one leg, then the other, and tossed the underpants aside. He stood and walked around to face Severus. He knelt down on one knee and surveyed the stiff cock before him. Lucius bit his lower lip and smiled up at Severus, "Ah, but you are too beautifully male to ever be female." He ran one hand up between Severus' legs to gently fondle his balls, making his cock jump. "You have such lovely, large, pendulous balls; I would never want to replace them with a mere muff."

Severus smirked and said, "If I recall correctly, neither one of us is adverse to mere muffs. They are such lovely places to bury one's face and prick in."

"But neither are we adverse to others who have pricks instead, as well as burying them... elsewhere." Lucius smiled and stood. He leaned in and touched his lips to Severus' for a brief moment. Severus' lips parted, expecting more, but Lucius drew back and walked around to the back of his friend.

He put his hands on the pale shoulders before him and drew Severus back against his chest and groin. He ground his clothed erection against the other man's bare arse, murmuring, "And I know where I want my prick tonight."

Severus thrust back against his friend. Lucius responded by running one hand down and around to Severus' waist. His long fingers teased the trail of hair leading down to Severus' groin, making him sigh and try to lean back even further into his friend.

"Lucius, for the love of Merlin, stop teasing. It's bloody cold in here. I would like to go someplace a bit warmer in this huge pile."

"Are you cold, my friend? Perhaps I should do something to keep you warm." Lucius' hand slid further down and surrounded Severus' cock, slowly stroking it. "Perhaps I'll just bend you over that chair and take you. Would that keep you warm?" He stroked more firmly, making the other man shiver with need.

"Lucius, please..."

"For a half-blood you are most polite. What else can I do but oblige. Now kneel down and bend over that chair. That's good. Bury that lovely nose in the cushion and see if you can suss out who else may have sat there."

"Lucius!" exclaimed Snape, feeling his erection flag a bit at the thought and the chill of the room.

"Oh, never mind, I just wanted to see how sensitive that nose of yours is."

"That's revolting."

"Ah, well, another time, perhaps." Lucius walked up behind his kneeling partner and gently kicked his knees further apart. He knelt down between those legs and ran a hand over the other man's arse, squeezing one cheek, then the other. "Your butt cheeks are so lovely after I've spanked them. Just the perfect shade of rose against that white skin..." he murmured under his breath. Severus felt his erection recover from its earlier reticence, becoming harder than it had been before.

"But... we'll have to save that for another time as well. I'm feeling much too randy to do them justice. Are you ready for me, my dear?"

"Please, Lucius," Severus whispered. "Please..."

Malfoy pulled his wand out of the top of his cane and murmured a lubricating spell, pointing at the fingers of his right hand. He then opened his trouser fly, pulled out his cock and murmured the lubricating spell again. He pointed his wand at Severus' arse and murmured a cleansing spell.

Fondling one butt cheek with his left hand, he slid an exploratory finger of his right into the anus bared before him. Severus quivered and thrust back against the finger.

Lucius slowly slid the finger in and out a few times, testing his friend's readiness. He slid in another finger for a few strokes and then a third.

"Lucius!" Severus gasped. "Quit playing around back there. I want your..." He groaned as the other man quickened the pace of his hand, curling his fingers just so to brush at the sensitive prostate within.

"You want what?" Lucius said airily.

"Your cock. I want your cock. Please..."

"Well, since you are asking so nicely..." Lucius quickly removed his fingers and slammed his large cock halfway into Severus' anus in one smooth stroke.

"AH, GODS," the other man shouted.

Pausing for a long moment to allow his friend to adjust to the intrusion, Lucius reached around and stroked Severus' not inconsiderable cock to further hardness. The other man sighed and flexed his hips back, trying to get Lucius to move. Lucius pulled back and thrust his cock in again, this time to the hilt.

Severus moaned at the sensations. "Lucius, please... take me," he said, gasping.

Malfoy removed his hand from the other man's cock. He bent over, raised the other man's long hair and whispered, "Severus. I'm going to take you hard. I want you to pleasure yourself as I do so. I will not stop until I have come. I want to see my seed dribbling out of your arse. I want to remember you bent over this chair. I want the image to stay with me as I bed my new wife. I'm sure she has a lovely muff and strong legs to clasp me with, but your arse..." He sighed and thrust heavily into the other man. Severus thrust back in response.

Lucius grabbed the other man's hips firmly and began hammering his cock into Severus. Both men gasped at the increasing sensation, Severus' hand was stroking his own cock in time. What Lucius was doing was bordering on the painful, but Severus found a little pain, a mere soupçon, would make him come that much harder.

Both men moved, their bodies slamming together, Lucius' balls slapping at the back of Severus' thighs. Harder and harder, Lucius thrust his cock until he could feel Severus' sphincter begin to tighten, signaling the other man's impending climax. He leaned over and thrust three more times as hard as he could, then fiercely pulled the other man's hips and arse back against his groin as he came. Severus came shortly there after, and both collapsed, gasping, onto the chair.

A few quiet moments later, Lucius murmured in his friend's ear, "Are you warm enough now?"

TBC...

A/N Hope you have enjoyed thus far. Next up: Hermione...

In Which We Meet One of Our Heroines.

Chapter 2 of 3

Hermione receives some mail and has a lovely little fantasy.

A/N: Thank you to AngelMischa for helping me beat my commas into shape on this chapter!

Chapter 2 In Which We Meet One of Our Heroines

Hermione Granger was an inveterate fixer. She adored solving problems and enjoyed flexing her intellect towards those solutions. Thus, being in the somewhat lowly position of lab assistant in the Research and Development Department of the Ministry did not bother her too much. The Ministry gave her plenty of problems to solve.

At the moment, she was up to her elbows in Doxy dung. She had donned the requisite Bubble-Head Charm to keep the smell from knocking her over. She had also donned

latex prophylactics on her hands and arms to protect those parts of her. She found that in some ways, some muggle accessories were better, more tactile than the corresponding bubble protection charm for parts of the body.

Digging through the dung, she sifted out any stray impurities (branches, twigs, curtain fabric, etc.), prepping the dung for further testing. She had been tasked with creating a potion that would neutralise the toxins in the dung so it could be used as a low-cost fertilizer.

Sighing with relief, she pulled her hands and arms out, not having found anything big in the dung. She could now filter it through various grades of sieves. She drew off her latex hand and arm protectors and Evanescio'd them away.

Once the dung was processing through the sieves, it was safe to remove the Bubble-Head Charm. She loved the convenience of the spell, but it tended to get a little warm within the bubble.

Pushing some stray curls that had escaped from her tight bun out of her face, she gingerly opened the Petri dish containing the purified dung sample. She grabbed the vial with her latest version of detoxifying potion and measured out a millilitre of it. Dripping it on the dung, she watched the slow reaction. A smell of dung and freesia wafted up.

"Shite!" Hermione muttered. If the potion had worked, there should not have been any smell coming off the dung, dung or freesia. She glanced up at the lab window and noticed that the sun was rather low in the western sky. It was quitting time. She had done all she could for the day. She made sure everything was secure, that the dung was processing correctly, hung up her lab coat and went to the Apparition Station of the Ministry to Apparate home.

Only when she got home did she begin to feel discouraged. Doxy dung and other problems aside, unless she murdered a senior co-worker, there was no opportunity for rising in the organization in sight.

She realized it was Friday to boot. Another long, empty weekend stretched out before her.

At her tiny apartment, Hermione let out a long sigh and poured herself a glass of wine. She shook her head at the self-pity she was feeling in disgust. She certainly had the wherewithal (and toys) to make it a pleasurable Friday evening alone. She could always go book shopping tomorrow for additional kicks.

Sipping the cabernet in her glass, she plotted out her evening. First a shower, and then on to other things...

In the shower, with just the perfect water temperature, she ran a languid hand down her body, starting at the neck. She touched one breast and gently stroked the nipple, bringing it to attention. Slowly, she ran her hand down over her tummy and slid a finger into the slit at the crux of her legs. She lightly touched her sensitive clitoris and withdrew her hand a small tease that sent a shiver up her spine.

She grinned. Just a touch and she was already "hard" thinking about the evening's pleasure to come. So to speak. She wiggled her hips, pushing her thighs together, putting pressure on the spot between her legs and idly wondered if it were possible for her to come that way. Feeling too lazy to try that, she rinsed off and grabbed a large fluffy towel. Wrapping her hair up and spelling it into place with her towel turban, she took another towel and started a leisurely process of drying off in the warm bathroom.

Hermione dried her legs, starting with the toes, then gently ran the towel between her legs. The texture of the towel on her clit made her jump a little. Oooh, that was just a bit too much sensation. She dried her torso and stroked her breasts, first one, then the other with the towel, lingering at the nipples.

Grabbing a bottle of juniper-scented lotion, she slathered her body with it, avoiding the sensitive area between her legs. She had other, special lubrication just for that area and didn't like the slight stinging sensation that her body lotion caused there. Wrapping herself in a fluffy white bathrobe, she grabbed the glass from the edge of the sink and drank the last of the wine in it. Time for a refill.

Wandering first into her bedroom, she retrieved the lube and her favorite toy a flesh-tone vibrator that looked like a lovely cock complete with bluish veins standing out. It was about average sized, and she checked the battery with a flick of her fingers. The cock buzzed to life. Good. She didn't have to go digging for batteries; it buzzed like it still had plenty of juice in it.

Hermione snickered at her own unintentional vibrator double-entendre and took it and her glass out to the kitchen. The floor felt smooth under her feet, and she enjoyed the sensations of the cold tile. Hermione was just a bit of a masochist, and the temperature of the tile made her think of certain fantasies she had of a certain dungeon dweller. She thought back to a time when she had shivered, naked, on her kitchen floor.

She had had just one candle lit and had used her wand to create an illusion of being in a room built of cold stone. The floor she had left as it was, not being so much of a masochist that would enjoy stone burn from writhing on rock. She had played with her slit, imagining a long, slender-fingered masculine hand in its place, teasing her to madness, but not touching her otherwise other than the occasional suckle on her nipples.

Who would have thought that the dungeon bat of her childhood would become such an interesting fantasy companion now that she was an adult? She thought about enacting her dungeon fantasy again, but didn't want to go through the effort of transfiguring her kitchen. She refilled her glass of wine and wandered out to her living room to see what could be used there instead. It felt like a lovely evening for a bit of fantasy Severus.

Hermione considered her recliner and retrieved her wand from the bathroom with a quick Accio. With a flick of her wand, she changed the fabric covering of the recliner to black leather. She ran her hand over the surface and imagined being enfolded by its cool embrace. Severus was so pale that, even though she knew his body must be warm, she could only imagine his touch as being cool. She put a charm on the leather so it would remain at room temperature no matter how long she sat on it.

Shrugging off her robe, Hermione let it slide to the floor to pool around her feet. Surely Severus would demand that she come to him wearing nothing but her skin. He would remain fully dressed, of course. Of course. She snickered to herself and thought that, if for some strange reason they did ever become intimate, he would be the one spending equal time naked before her hungry eyes. But, for tonight, she would be naked and submissive before his demanding, black eyes.

Her train of fantasy was interrupted by a tapping sound at her kitchen window. She walked quickly to the kitchen to behold an owl perched on the branch outside her window. 'Who on earth would be sending correspondence this time of night,' she wondered. She opened the window to let the regal bird in.

It flew in and perched on the back of her kitchen chair. From the band on its leg, she could see it was a Ministry owl. What on earth...?

The bird haughtily extended the leg with a parchment bound to it. She quickly removed it and offered the owl some roast beef. It quickly ate its treat, appeared to bow to her, and flew out the still open window. What a polite bird!

Hermione closed the window and eyed the rolled up parchment with some misgiving. It wasn't edged in black, the traditional harbinger of death and disaster used by the Ministry. She cracked the seal on the missive, quickly read and sat down abruptly.

"Oh gods," she moaned under her breath. By Ministry decree, she was betrothed to one Severus Tobias Snape, Baron Prince. She read it again and grinned at the man's title.

Her smile faded. Dammit, she wanted in the man's pants, but this wasn't exactly how she had planned to go about it. She wanted his love and respect. This arrangement would probably only bring about his angered bare-tolerance of her.

Putting the parchment on the table, she shook her head vigorously. The towel fell free, and her damp hair fell about her shoulders. 'Better dry that mess first before it frizzes out of control,' she thought and then tried to recapture the nascent fantasy she had begun a few minutes ago.

Hermione was nothing if not a determined young woman who had early on tamed any wandering her mind might do. She could set aside thoughts about situations and occurrences that she could do nothing about and think only of those things that she could control. This evening she would use her mental discipline to its utmost, she thought to herself as she walked back to the living room.

That thought made her a bit sad. Snape had been such a wonderful fantasy lover. Encountering and living with the real, finicking, crabby man would put paid to that illusion. She sighed and picked her wand up off the floor where it had fallen by her robe. With a flick, her hair was dry and soft around her shoulders.

She still perceived her hair as an unruly bush, but in fact, it had grown, and the sheer weight of it had tamed it somewhat into a beautiful, curly, chestnut-colored wealth. She was a pretty woman, but her beautiful hair, when down like this, about her shoulders and draped over her full breasts, made her a sensuous vision to behold.

She slowly shook her head back and forth, the tendrils of her hair tickling and stimulating her breasts and nipples. Picking up the vibrator, she gingerly sat on the cool leather recliner. Her fantasy Snape inexorably pushed her back onto the black leather. Her back arched off the chair in a mix of response to the cold and desire. The contrast made her shiver, a small pre-orgasm throbbing in her clit.

Pushing the chair into its furthest reclining position, she was almost horizontal to the floor. She imagined that it was an examination table that Severus had purchased with her in mind. In her fantasy, Snape put her feet firmly on the arms of the chair, now stirrups so that he could have an unobstructed view of her femininity.

Hermione tentatively ran her middle finger through her pubic hair and into her slit, imagining that Snape would lightly slap her hand away for the insolence of obstructing his view. She could feel herself getting wetter and beginning to leak juices under his hard, obsidian gaze. She was naked and vulnerable before this powerful wizard, and the thought was enormously erotic.

She ran her hand into her slit, imaging his slender, pale fingers parting her petalled, nether lips to get an even closer look at her. The thought made her writhe. She felt like she could come under that scrutiny alone.

Of course he would allow her no such respite. She would have to wait until he gave her permission to come. He made her suffer in silence, the occasional whimper escaping her lips as she writhed on the cold leather, trying to control her rising desire.

Almost clinically, his cool fingers would stroke first one nipple, then the other. He would walk around to the back of the examining table behind her and stroke both nipples at once, teasing and taunting with his fingers until she would start to plead for more of his touch. He would punish her speaking out loud with a sharp pinch on both nipples, just to the edge of too much pain, and then would step back to observe her reactions once more.

Turning on her vibrator, she imagined Snape taking out his wand, murmuring a spell to set it vibrating and placing it between her legs, to lie on her slit. He would warn her not to move too much, because if it fell away from her slit, she would be very sorry indeed.

Hermione held herself as still as she could as fantasy Snape walked all around the table and observed her with cold detachment. She knew that that cold detachment would eventually disappear into hot lust and gentleness, but for now, he was the strict scientist observing her reactions to his experimenting.

A shiver ran through her at the thought of his clinical gaze seemingly indifferent upon her. She felt herself blush with mild humiliation at the thought of being stripped so naked before his eyes. This thought made an especially strong shudder run through her body in response, and the wand/vibrator rolled off her slit.

"That will never do," fantasy Snape would hiss at her vehemently. He would pickup the wand/vibrator and abruptly shove it into her vagina instead. In her mind, she shrieked at the sudden invasion, her hands busily shoving the vibrator into her waiting cunt. She was so slick with desire that she didn't even need her special lube. She moaned at the touch of the pulsing intruder in her vagina.

Vibrator in place, she cranked it up to high and took her hands off it, imagining Snape observing his wand vibrating merrily away, sticking out of her exposed cunt. He would then extend slender fingers and gently open her further, accidentally touching her clit in the process. He would then notice her abundant wetness and comment dryly about this situation seemed to be turning her on, a surprising reaction considering she was naked and at his mercy.

She grinned at her own train of thought. Snape, fully clothed, her naked on black leather; what wasn't exciting about that scenario? He, of course, would warn her again not to even think about coming.

Her hands and the vibrator in her twat were about enough to bring her off right then and there, but she waited on Snape to make his move. He would firmly grasp the wand and slide it in and out of her, angling it just so to hit her g-spot.

She slid the vibrator in and out of herself, not touching anything else, and fought the incredible urge to close her legs and stroke herself into oblivion. Snape would most certainly not allow that during his experiment.

After long moments of further testing, tweaking and examining, where she would alternately blush with humiliation and throb with desire, he would finally take mercy on her. He would climb up on the table and remove his wand from her twat. He would pass the wand under his nose, sniffing her essence and sticking out his tongue to sample the quality of her juices.

Slowly, oh, so slowly, he would undo the fly of his trousers and pull out his rock-hard penis. The tip would be glistening with the evidence of his desire.

"You want this, don't you?" he would ask with a superior gleam in his eye as he slowly stroked his erection. "You may speak now, if you wish. In fact I want you to beg for my cock. If you beg nicely enough, I may just give it to you."

She spent long moments mentally pleading for his cock to fill the emptiness his wand had left behind. Finally with a smirk, he would lie down on top of her with his full weight and slam his hard prick into her.

She gasped at the sudden, imaginary filling of her cunt. She imagined him slamming into her as hard as he could over and over again as the fingers of one hand danced over her clit, the other hand pistoning the vibrator in and out of her vagina.

He would slam into her, filling her viciously, one last time. She could almost feel his hot sperm pumping out and filling her. With this fantasy spurting, she let out a shriek and came hard, writhing and shuddering uncontrollably on her recliner.

'He would leave because he's not a cuddly sort,' she drowsily thought as she fell asleep, naked and sated.

Of Men And Squid

Lucius has a close encounter with a cephalopod. No cephalopods were hurt or harrassed in the writing of this chapter.
(No squick of that nature, either!)

A/N: A huge thank-you to Angel Mischa for helping me whack this chapter into shape. My hat's off to you!

A/N2: Canon's up for grabs when it comes to Madam Hooch's first name. I've seen both Rolanda and Xiomara. I rather like Xiomara as it sounds more exotic, so I went with that first name.

Chapter 3: Of Men and Squid

Lucius Malfoy decided it was time visit his ministerially betrothed.

He dressed with extra care, wearing a brand-new frock coat of midnight blue. The corresponding brocade around the cuffs, buttons and lapel had silvery gold thread that matched his hair. Looking at his reflection in the cheval mirror in his dressing room, he smiled at the perfection that was himself. Picking up his cane and dropping the wards surrounding his mansion for a moment, he Apparated to Hogwarts.

It was a lovely, sunny day on the grounds of Hogwarts, somewhat unusual in the usual mists of Scotland, particularly considering those mists that seemed to be drawn to the castle. Admiring the unusual sunshine, Lucius decided to go for a walk before attempting to locate the half-blood Flying teacher.

As he neared the mirror-still lake, he noticed the occasional ripple of bubbles breaking the surface. "Twould be a lovely, peaceful day for fishing," he thought. "Too bad I didn't have the foresight to bring my gear." Not that Lucius would ever touch a live, wriggling fish. That, after all, was one of the many reasons he kept house-elves. He breathed deeply the calm air and coolness surrounding the lake.

Suddenly, an obscenely large tentacle violently broke the surface of the still water and flew towards him...

Madam Xiomara Hooch circled the school's Quidditch pitch on her trusty Nimbus 3000. She loved the feel of the wind on her face. It was an unusually calm and humid day at Hogwarts, and she missed the cool breeze.

"Thunderstorm, soon, for sure," she thought to herself and wheeled about to face to the west. As she had suspected, clouds were boiling up on the horizon. She frowned. They were coming up rather quickly, and she had no desire to be electrocuted by lightning.

Hovering in mid-air, she thought she heard a desperate yell from the direction of the lake. Miffed at both the storm and this interruption of her flying time, she turned and sped towards the body of water. Squinting her golden eyes, she could just make out a tentacle flailing about above the surface of the previously quiet water. No, wait, it wasn't just a tentacle; the tentacle was grasping something. She heard another near-inhuman shriek and doubled her speed.

Coasting to a halt on the path next to the lake, she was horrified to see a body in the grip of one of the tentacles of the lake's Giant Squid. Normally a calm beast, it seemed to be wrathfully trying to drown someone. She remounted her broom, kicked off and sped towards the frightening scene.

Waiting until the tentacle was at the highest point in its arc from water to water, she whipped out her wand and shouted, "*Petrificus Totalus*." The tentacle, with its captive, froze in mid-flight and slowly started to sink like a capsized ship.

Urging her broom to greater speed, she flew out to hover next to the tentacle. She gasped and fought down an unholy urge to burst into laughter at the sight. A frozen, half-drowned Lucius Malfoy was being held aloft by the sinking, frozen squid.

Xiomara shook her head in amazement. She would have never thought that Lord Malfoy would be so... brash... so *kinky* as to approach the cephalopod. She shuddered and swooped her broom closer, gently prying the man out of the squid's grip and hauling him aboard her broom. She knew that, even with her sporting strength, she wouldn't be able to hold on to him long, so she flew like mad for the shore.

Laying him down on the ground, she noticed he wasn't breathing. She exhaled in fearful exasperation. Grabbing both his ankles, she hauled his body up off the ground with the help of her broom and watched as water was expelled from the man's lungs by the power of gravity. She waited a moment longer to see if he would reflexively retch up any more water and then slowly glided down, gently laying him back on the ground.

She ripped off the bedraggled cravat from Lucius' neck and slid her strong hand under it, propping his head at the angle necessary for CPR. She pulled on his chin, opening his mouth and took a deep breath, puffing the air back into his lungs twice. Her fingers slid to his jugular and felt no pulse. Adding insult to sartorial injury, she ripped open his shirt and found the base of his sternum. Measuring two finger widths up, she clasped her hands together and began the external massaging of his heart.

"Dammit... Lucius... Malfoy... You... Will... (puff, puff) Not... Escape... Matrimony... So... Damn... (puff, puff) Easily... As... Much... As... I... Do... (puff, puff) Not... Wish... To... Be... Married (puff, puff) Especially... To... A... Snobby... Prat... (puff, puff) Like... You..." She paused in her exertions as the man before her gasped and coughed harshly. She knelt back on her feet and shot off her Patronus, a Norwegian Horntail dragon, in the direction of the castle with instructions for Madame Pomfrey to hurry. She rolled Lucius on his side to help his coughing get whatever water remained in his lungs out.

"Xiomara, what on earth have you done to Lord Malfoy?" sternly asked the Mediwitch upon seeing her prospective patient lying on the ground looking like a drowned rat.

"Nothing, Poppy. I'm not really sure WHAT happened, but he was, er, in the clutches of the Giant Squid."

Poppy's eyes widened in conjecture at Xiomara's bald statement. "Surely even HIS sex habits wouldn't be that... strange?" she gasped.

They both looked at the coughing Malfoy, who, between hacks, was now glaring at them. "No... squids," he flinchingly managed to bark out between coughs. The women continued to stare at him in amazement.

Poppy quickly recalled her reason for being there and waved her wand over Lucius' chest. She made an elegant motion, and suddenly, Lucius felt like he was breathing air again instead of water. His ribs, however, hurt like the blazes on each breath.

Shaking her head, Poppy scolded the Flying teacher, "You were a bit rough with him, and he's a few cracked ribs."

Xiomara blushed in mortification and whispered back, "Better alive with that than dead and intact." Poppy waved her wand again, conjuring a stretcher to carry the ailing Lord Malfoy back to the castle's infirmary.

After having fed Lucius a minute dose of Skele-Gro and strapping his ribs, Madame Pomfrey put her hands on her hips and glared at the hovering Flying teacher. "Xio, I have to go to the Potions laboratory to make up some potions lacking in my inventory. Can I trust you to stay with this man without further injuring him?" Pomfrey fought down a grin. "After all, isn't he to be your husband soon? If you manage to kill him before the nuptials, you may be landed with someone less pretty to bed."

Lucius, flat on the bed, turned to glare at the two ladies and harrumphed.

Xio sputtered into speech. "Oh, gods, Lord Malfoy, I wasn't trying to kill you." She felt some trepidation at having wounded the powerful Lordling.

"What the hell was that... that... whatever the hell it was you were doing to me?" he asked, his voice still hoarse from having expelled water from his lungs.

"Muggle CPR," volunteered Madame Pomfrey. "And you're lucky Xio's trained in it; you'd have probably had brain damage by the time I got to you from lack of oxygen. A few cracked ribs are the least of it, My Lord. Now if you'll excuse me.... Xio, where are you going? You are *going* to stay and keep an eye on Lord Malfoy whilst I make my potions."

Madam Hooch met Lucius' eyes, blushed, and quickly looked at her feet.

"Sit down, Xio," Poppy ordered, waving her wand to bring a chair next to Lucius' bed. "I don't think he'll have any sort of relapse, but you can never say for sure in cases like this. Anyway, you know to send your Patronus for me should he take a turn for the worse. What this world is coming to with men and squid..." Her bluster faded away as she exited the infirmary.

Xio sat. She looked at Lucius and murmured, "Hi..."

He looked back at the repentant golden eyes meeting his and decided that this marriage nonsense wouldn't be so bad after all. He would have a wife who wasn't a useless ornament like Narcissa had been. Madame Hooch was pretty in a wild sort of way with her unusual eyes and wind-whipped hair. "Would you help me sit up?" he queried gently.

"Sure, ah, sure." Xio hastened to his side and helped him sit, propping pillows up behind his back. Her mouth quivered.

Lucius noticed the quiver and hoped she wasn't about to burst into tears over what had transpired. He was astounded when she sat, buried her face in her hands... her shoulders shaking with laughter she was fighting a losing battle to suppress.

He bit his lower lip, fighting back sympathetic laughter, her chuckling was so contagious. "Xio...? Xio... Ah, good, you *can* look at me without laughing; that's always promising considering we are to be wed." He coughed and braced one arm against the bed to minimize the motion of his torso. "I would like to clear up a small misapprehension, however."

Tilting his head, he peered at Madame Hooch until she looked up to meet his eyes. A rueful smile hovered on his lips. "The squid attacked me, not vice-versa."

This statement set Xio off into another gale of laughter. "Squid... sex???" she gasped. "Oh, my gods!"

"Just so," murmured Lord Malfoy. "Although my repertoire in the amorous arts is very, shall we say, broad, it does, now listen carefully, Madame Hooch, it most emphatically does NOT contain any bestiality."

Hooch had calmed herself to the occasional giggle and was wiping her eyes. "Of course not, Lord Malfoy. Squids are just too... too passé." She buried her face in her hands, shoulders shaking.

"Madam Hooch. Xiomara. Yes, good, please continue to look at me without laughing, good girl."

She bit her lip to stop any other laughter or giggling from emerging and glared at his appellation "girl."

He looked at her for a long moment as if daring her to laugh again and then held out his hand. She placed hers in it.

The next morning found Lord Malfoy still a guest at Hogwarts Castle. The house-elves had done what they could to restore his clothing to its former glory, but it sat rather limply on his frame. Madame Hooch felt a pang at this, imagining what he must have looked like before the squid got to him.

She smiled at him as they strolled the castle halls hand-in-hand. "That shade of blue is very flattering to you, Lord Malfoy," she murmured demurely. "It's a shame it was damaged by water."

He met her admiring eyes. Pulling her close to him, he placed a chaste kiss on her lips. 'Much, much superior to Narcissa,' he thought ruefully. 'Narcissa would have been in hysterics were she to see me this way.'

Xio stayed close and returned his kiss with one not so chaste. Suddenly, she found herself pulled into his arms as the kiss deepened. She moaned in pleasure and pulled back.

Lucius looked at her, mildly alarmed that he has frightened her into drawing back. Surely at her age she was no pure, virginal thing that would be frightened by a little dalliance.

She smiled seductively at his questioning look. "Perhaps it's time that I gave you a tour of the castle."

"Madam, I have seen all the nooks and crannies of this pile..."

"You haven't seen my rooms." She grinned and pulled his hand, leading him unresistingly towards the teachers' quarters.

Once inside her quarters, they could wait no longer to satisfy the burning urges that had been growing between them. He kissed her lips and her chin, his skillful hands unbuttoning her blouse.

She ran her fingers into his hair, drawing him closer as she moaned in response to his questing mouth. He nibbled her earlobe, and she gasped in pleasure. Not bothering to remove her blouse, his hands slid down to her bra-covered breasts and played with the nipples hidden therein. She sighed and pulled him towards her bed, her hand sliding down to cup the hardness in his trousers. His hips instinctively bucked in response.

They sat on her bed, his hands pushing her blouse off her shoulders. He pulled out his wand and Vanished her bra. She inhaled sharply in surprise, the cool air of the castle causing her nipples to crinkle and become erect.

Lucius pushed her gently down onto the bed and began feasting on her pert breasts. They were not large...having been involved in sports most her life, she was on the slim side, but still curvy enough not to be mistaken for a man. His fingers teased the underside of one breast while his mouth suckled on the nipple of the other. Opening his mouth wide, he took as much of her breast as he could into her mouth, letting her feel the lash of his tongue on her nipple and the gentle scrape of his teeth on her flesh.

He urged her to scoot further onto the bed and undid the button and fly of her trousers. Sliding his hand into her pants, he cupped her mound, fondling and pressing the plump flesh. Her senses were reeling as she gasped and thrashed under his ministrations. He slipped off her shoes and socks and then slid off her trousers and pants together.

Stopping for a moment, he admired the wanton body of his future wife before him, dressed only in a silk blouse that hid nothing. The light from the frosted window next to the bed illuminated and silvered her skin. He paused to savor the moment.

Leaning over her, he suckled the nipple he had been neglecting and skimmed his tongue along the underside of that breast. She shivered with pleasure at the heat of his mouth and the coolness of the air around them. His hand on her mound parted her nether lips and slid within, finding her engorged clitoris. She shrieked at the sudden,

overwhelming sensation.

Lucius nibbled at her ribs. He kissed and licked his way down her belly and to her mound. Spreading her labia with his fingers, he licked her crevasse from perineum to clitoris, his long blond hair sweeping across her thighs. She bucked under his questing mouth and moaned in pleasure.

He looked up at her, one side of his mouth curling up lasciviously. Her glazed eyes implored him to continue, to continue, to do whatever the hell he was doing, but for gods' sake continue... He slid his ring finger through her moisture and brought it up to his nose, inhaling her musk. He put the finger in his mouth and licked it, adding his own spit to the moisture. Showing her his thumb, he gave it the same treatment.

His hand found her quim, and the spit and female-liquid-covered ring finger eased into her anus. She looked up at him in surprise and alarm. He looked back her with a calm, half-lidded stare. His thumb found her other opening and his mouth found her clitoris. He moved his hand, gently penetrating one hole, then the other. He licked her clit more firmly and faster. She moaned and gasped as he brought her over the top, his tongue catching all the fluid she gave forth...

Long moments later, a voice murmured in her ear, "Ambrosia."

"Hmmm?" she queried sleepily.

"Nectar of the goddess," a sexy voice rasped in her ear.

"Oh, my gods, Lucius," she breathed, turning to look at him. His silvery blonde hair was gilded in the light of the afternoon sun, and he looked like the cat that had found the whole damn creamery. She pushed him back onto the bed, noticing that, after all that wonderful cunnilingus, he was still fully dressed.

Finding her strength, she grasped his shirt and ripped it open. Buttons flew everywhere. Malfoy looked at her, mildly surprised and aroused at this bit of aggressiveness. Xio bent her head and laved first one of his nipples and then the other. He sighed in pleasure. She undid the buttons of his old-fashioned trousers. Gently but swiftly pulling down both trousers and pants, she admired his exposed erection.

Like most wizards, he was uncircumcised, the mushroom head of his glans peeking out from the foreskin. She wrapped her hand around his penis and slowly slid the skin back. Her head dipped, and her tongue lapped at the pre-cum on the tip.

Xio looked back up at him, admiring his pale, golden-toned chest. Her eyes slowly wandered down over his belly and back down to his penis and the blond pubic hair surrounding it and covering his scrotum. She smiled. "So you really are a blond."

"Whatever would make you think otherwise, Madam?" he asked, slightly offended.

"Nothing, nothing," she grinned at him, her turn to be rueful. "You are far too beautiful for the muddy likes of me. Ah, well..." Her mouth descended onto his erection, sucking and laving. He groaned in pleasure, then tipped a finger under her chin, pulling her mouth off his penis.

"What?" she asked.

"What I want is to be in you."

Xio lay back on the bed and opened her arms. "You are quite welcome, My Lord."

He rolled on top off her, his mouth meeting hers in a deep kiss. One of her hands grasped his cock and guided him to her opening. He slid in up to the root of his penis and sighed in pleasure, feeling her vaginal walls grasping him firmly.

Slowly, they began to move, feeling out each other's sexual selves. They thrust and parried, his thrusts become hastier and she urged him on. He felt her walls begin to quiver in response and, grasping her legs under her knees, propped them over his shoulders to deepen his thrusts.

Xio keened in response to this invasion, feeling him plunging as deeply as possible into her. Her vision shattered into a million stars as he pounded her over the edge. Lucius came, shouting her name as her cunt milked him over and over again.

A/N: Next up: Severus and Hermione...