

Blood Bound Prisoner

by MsPrinceMalfoy

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A/N: Thanks to my Beta Lupinswolfie!

The fog in his mind cleared; the feeling of a soft mattress beneath him was not soothing, no it caused panic. Lucius Malfoy was not one to despair easily, after all; he was only the second person known to escape Azkaban. Sure, he was weak when he escaped; his powers were not even up to a third of what he could easily wield. Still, he had been capable enough to Apparate short distances, hoping to soon get to the Unplottable estate in Rome.

He knew he had no family left. Draco was killed after he had failed his task to kill Dumbledore, and soon afterwards, Narcissa was found dead next to the Ministry. He had received letters with descriptions of their fates and he knew he was next. Now, he found himself captured again, and his chances to go into hiding were zero.

There were so many 'if only's'... The first thing he wanted to know was where he was and who had captured him. Then, he could start to make a plan to escape. He scowled when he looked at the cheap Muggle-made cotton bedding. Then again, he rather preferred this to the dirty rags he'd had in Azkaban. Tentatively, he moved his limbs, hoping not to strain the leg he'd broken. He gasped audibly when he felt only a light tingle and not the burning pain.

'Ah, Lucius, you've finally woken up. I almost thought that you were half-dead.'

A soft, purring female voice sounded from the corner of the room. He tried to see who the speaker was, but he could only see a silhouette of a woman in the light of the fireplace.

The woman moved closer to him, allowing him to see her in more detail. The outline of her curves and the inviting swing of her hips made his loins stir. It had been so long since he had had a woman. Suddenly, more lights went on in the room, and he had to hold his breath. She truly was a Slytherin's dream. The dark green dress wrapped around her curves so perfectly that his mind was filled with fantasies of how he'd open the ribbon on her side and get his hands on her full breasts, how he'd...

It was too much for him. He let his gaze move higher and admired her golden brown curls for a bit, then looked up to her sensuous lips...

He closed his eyes and turned his head away. *If I appear as if I'm asleep again, she'll go away*, he thought.

'Aww, the big bad Death Eater can't even look at me,' she cooed.

He felt soft fingers running over his jaw, making him turn his head towards her. The touch sent shivers all over his skin; it was like torture, even more debilitating than the Crucio, as it was giving him exactly what he had dreamed about in Azkaban a warm touch.

'I certainly can look at you!' he said, managing to get his voice to its usual discontent tone.

'Wonderful,' she sneered, 'is there anything you would like to tell me?' Her eyes bore into his and, for a moment, he thought he might just get lost in the beautiful brown orbs.

'Indeed, I would like to discuss my situation and options with you.' He hoped that it was polite enough.

'So, you're already negotiating? That's not fun.' Her hand was still lightly stroking his cheek, the feeling so unsettling to him that he wished to squirm.

'I think it is the only appropriate thing to do regarding my situation, Madam.'

He assumed that a woman as gorgeous as her must be married. He would never even let her stay in a room with another male *She's such a gorgeous little thing. Perfect for parading around and marking with family jewels.* Her laughter rang softly through the room. 'I am not married! Wherever did you get such an idea?'

'Well, if you would excuse my bluntness, I would say that it is obvious that such a gorgeous and gracious woman like yourself would not be left unmarried long. After all, many pureblood families would not let a chance slip to make their offspring perfect.' He was sure that if he'd play his cards right and play on the pureblood ideals he'd get far.

Her laughter became louder; she was almost close to crying. She had never thought that Lucius Malfoy would ever compare her to a pureblood.

'What do you associate with the name Hermione Granger?' she asked out of curiosity.

'Well, she's Weasel's little Mudblood. What can I say?'

Just as he uttered these words, he felt a nasty stinging going through his body. It felt very uncomfortable and made him squirm a little.

'Lord Malfoy, it is not becoming to call your hostess bad names,' she cooed and hit him with another variation of the previous hex.

'You are Hermione Granger? That can't be true... she was terribly bushy haired and just horrid, not like you, my lady. You are a rare beauty...' He was about to continue with his praises, but she interrupted him.

'Well, how ironic this situation is. I am Hermione Granger. And I am delighted that you are my prisoner, at my mercy... I could do anything to you. Is there any torture method you'd like suggest to me?'

He shuddered. *By Circe, I just called my captor a Mudblood... how could I be so stupid? Then again, if a Mudblood can become as stunning as her... I have to get back into her good graces... but I wouldn't be a Malfoy if I couldn't get out of any situation.*

'First, I would like to apologize; I am in no situation to even say a word without your permission. You have been too kind to me, and I have insulted you for no reason, so I am surely going to get punished.'

He put his sweetest tone into use, appearing submissive, if even for this briefest moment of despair. 'Wasn't she just a young, naïve girl with the luscious curves of a woman,' a little voice asked him.

'Oh, yes, you're right, but I won't tell you yet what your punishment will be... to keep the suspense up. But rest assured that I will have a lot of fun. Now, let's move on to more urgent matters.'

Suddenly, Lucius realized the duvet was pulled away, and his naked self was exposed to her piercing gaze. He tried to cover his half-erect member he was ashamed that she was going to see his weakness; after all, she hadn't done much more than sit on the bed and touch his face a little.

Her hands were at his feet, touching the spots where he had felt the sore tingle. Now, however, something else was added the electrifying feel of skin against skin. He tried to shift away from her touch, but kept still as he saw her scowl, not approving his attempts.

'You had a broken ankle, and your leg was broken in two other spots as well. I have never seen such terrible bone damage. I presume your ankle was bitten by a wolf?' she asked as she examined the now perfect limb.

'The damn creature came out of nowhere! I tried to hit it with a stick, but it wasn't scared of me. It jumped to my leg and bit it, and then I picked up a stone and hit it hard on the head. I managed to run away, but then I tripped over some fallen trees. Bloody forest with stupid hungry wolves! If only I had my wand or if I had been strong enough to Apparate longer distances...' He sighed deeply, feeling like there was still so much to say.

Like how scared he was when he fell into the snow, just feeling the pain from his injuries. How ashamed he was that he was being weak, that he couldn't do anything as there was no one there to tend to his injuries. Voldemort had tortured him as well, but at least then he had a wand to heal the cuts, and he could find Severus and get some pain relief potions. But that night, lying in the snow, he felt as helpless as ever. He had never been afraid of death; no, he had wanted to die with honour, not as a weak almost-Muggle in the darkness of a forest god-knows-where.

'So the bite was from a wolf. I've heard that the wolves are pretty hungry this winter so the authorities are planning on putting some feeding spots for them. They don't, after all, want to have their Wildlife Re-establishing Project flop over the fact that this area is not good for a wolf's natural habitat.' Her speech was calm, and for a moment Lucius felt at ease.

When she stepped away from him to get a salve, he missed her touch.

'This one will help to heal the rest of the damage. If Poppy hears what a complex fracture I managed to heal...' she mused quietly as she began to apply the salve to his leg.

From time to time she stole a glance at him, a smug smile on her face. Lucius didn't dare to say a word; after all, it wouldn't take a lot for her to break his bones. He was sure she knew a few nasty spells, so he didn't want to try her patience.

'So, your snakey bastard has taught his servants to be quiet... well, at least that is one good thing he did.' She snickered at Lucius.

'I wish to object to that. It was not my wrongfully chosen ex-master who taught me to be careful with words. Every properly bred pureblood knows that it is not good manners to speak if not asked to do so.' He left out the part about the Weasleys being the exception of pureblood tradition.

'That's so noble,' she chuckled, 'but it's no fun at all. I thought I'd have a complaining and writhing bad boy here, whom I'd need to tie up to the bed... but instead I have an obedient servant.' Hermione smirked at the idea of having the once so mighty Lucius at her mercy

Her tone was sickeningly sweet, but he felt more humiliated by that. A servant? Malfoys have never been servants. *That is not true... I did kiss the soles of a half-blood who promised pureblood utopia... so becoming a Mudblood's servant isn't half as bad. After all, she didn't torture me nor have I had to kiss her soles... though I'd kiss something else... hmm.* His mind conjured more explicit images of what he'd do to her if only he could... without the danger of getting hexed.

He realized that her gaze was slowly going over every inch of his body. For a moment, he felt self-conscious, knowing that he was a far cry from the man he used to be. The extreme thinness and paleness of his skin, messy hair—all courtesy of Azkaban, were not making him attractive. The only very attention grabbing part was his cock, which he tried to cover with his hands. He didn't want to appear needy; that would just lower his already weak position. If things were different, he would not have hesitated

a second to pursue her. It was a well-hidden truth that he used to choose women for his illicit affairs only by looks and not heritage. This Miss Granger, however, seemed to be one of the so rarely seen naturally attractive women, one who didn't need to have a gallon of perfume and half a ton of make up on to look gorgeous. At this very moment she seemed like the most amazing female he'd ever seen.

*And it's not only because I'm starved for sex. If I was still in my old status, she'd be in my bed in no time*le smiled as he remembered his wooing tactics. It had been so easy for him to get any woman. Would it be easy now? He didn't want to contemplate on that now. It was better to rest on the memories of women fighting over his attentions. Well, he did always look great back then...

'What are you smiling about?' she asked him, a bit of suspicion in her voice before it turned harsher. 'Are you thinking back to your Death Eater days?'

'Oh, no, not at all. I must say I am not proud of what I have done whilst being in that organization. Being in Azkaban helped me to rethink my goals in life.' He tried to sound remorseful as he did think that being a Death Eater had been a terrible a mistake.

However, he had realized that only after none of his pals even tried the slightest to get him out of prison. Not a noble reason to change one's beliefs, but still... could he really tell her that he was thinking about how to get her into his bed? Not yet, but once he was physically better and acquired some clothes, he'd turn up his charm and he'd get her. Then she'd not punish him, and he'd maybe get some other benefits out of it. He loved being a Slytherin.

He had been so lost in his thoughts that he hadn't realised the duvet had been pulled back over him, or that she had stepped back from the bed and was now placing some vials on the nightstand.

'You take these when you're ready to go to bed again. As you're not an infant, I don't need to clean after you; the bathroom is behind the white door. It has everything you might need. The windows in this room are warded, as is the door. The wards can not be broken without a wand, as you'd soon find out. Even if the unthinkable would happen and you'd get out, it would be a sight to see you running around naked in the cold, as the next village is a good ten miles away.'

She said everything with a victorious smirk; he could clearly feel that she enjoyed being superior.

'Good night, Lucius,' she purred as she leaned closer, letting her hot breath caress his cheek and her soft lips lightly kiss his. He was so surprised by her actions that he didn't realize she had left the room until he felt the light swirl of magic activating the wards. Yes, he had a lot to think about now...