

An Ex-Convict

by HannahSmith

Hermione has a darker side...

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 2

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A/N: Many thanks to my beta, Soul Bound (any remaining shortcomings are mine, of course).

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'Hello, Mr. Malfoy,' said Hermione. She stepped in front of him and held out her hand.

Lucius Malfoy, former Death Eater just released from Azkaban, looked up. He overshadowed his eyes with his left hand, not yet used to the dazzling sunlight; Azkaban was generally dark. He stared at the young woman standing before him. He did not seem to recognize her, but after a year in prison with other Death Eaters and Dementors, his memory would not be exactly in perfect working condition; that was quite understandable.

'I'm sorry, but I don't think that I know who you are,' he said.

Hermione looked at him. She remembered him as the father of Draco, her former classmate; she remembered their first meeting at the bookshop when she was just starting her second year at Hogwarts; she remembered their encounter at the Quidditch World Cup and their meeting in the midst of the prophesies at the Ministry. After that, she had only heard about him. After Harry had killed Voldemort, there had been many changes at the Ministry. After the first battle against Voldemort, Malfoy had managed to manipulate (bribe? blackmail?) the Ministry into the official standpoint that he had not been Voldemort's right hand, that he had been deluded by the Dark Lord, that he had seen the error of his ways. But after the second battle, he could not wriggle his way out. He had been convicted, and after one year, he had been released because most of the things that had been laid to his charge could not be proved beyond reasonable doubt. Hermione thought that the man had to be very clever. He was not as handsome as he used to be, but he was still quite attractive, charismatic with a personality and a presence that could not be ignored. She had arranged her assignment to his case for a reason, and she decided that she had not changed her mind.

'Mr Malfoy, I'm Hermione Granger,' she said. 'I'm a representative of the Ministry. I've been assigned to you, so to speak. I have managed your financial and other administrative affairs while you have been in Azkaban, and now I'm supposed to assist you in your return to society.'

He kept staring at her, and at last she saw a vague recognition dawning in his incredibly grey eyes.

'The Muggle-born,' he said. 'Yes, I have seen you before. You were at Hogwarts with my son.'

'That's right, Mr. Malfoy,' she said. She dropped her hand to her side; he obviously was not going to take it. She wasn't sure if she was angry with him or not. Maybe he was only confused. Anyone just leaving Azkaban would be. She would give him some more time.

'There are several things we'll need to discuss, Mr. Malfoy,' she said. 'But first of all, you need some time to recover. Would you like to go with me to a restaurant, to my house, or to your own house? You're free now, so it's up to you to do as you please.'

The man in front of her closed his eyes for a long moment. She had just started to worry when he opened them again.

'To the Manor,' he said.

'Very well,' Hermione answered. 'To the Manor it is. Do you feel up to Apparating? Or shall I Apparate us both?'

'Please,' said Lucius.

'Please, what?'

'Please Apparate us both,' he said. 'I'm afraid that I would splinch myself in my present condition.'

'Better not take any risks,' Hermione agreed. She held out her hand again. He looked at her hand, then looked up into her eyes.

'I'm sorry, Mr. Malfoy,' Hermione said a little impatiently, 'but you'll really have to take my hand otherwise I cannot Apparate us.'

'I know,' said the man in a low and weary voice. 'But could you hold out your other hand, please? I cannot lift my right hand, you see.'

Hermione bit her lip. Of course many people leaving Azkaban were carrying injuries with them, of which the bodily ones were generally not the worst, so she shouldn't have been surprised. She was glad she hadn't shown any anger a moment ago.

She stepped closer to him and took both his cold hands in hers. She felt the strong grip of his left hand and the much weaker touch of his right one. She realized that she actually felt sorry for him. *After everything that he has done? You're crazy* she thought.

'Just a moment, Mr. Malfoy,' she said. 'Let me help you first. Of course you did not get any proper treatment.' She stepped back and tapped with her wand on his arm. The diagnostic spell revealed nothing serious, just a neglected fracture. She performed a few quick healing spells.

'Try again, Mr. Malfoy,' she said.

He lifted his right arm, held up his hand, and moved his fingers. 'Thank you, Miss Granger,' he said. 'I did not know you were a mediwitch, too.'

'In my line of business, it's handy to be well-rounded,' Hermione answered. She smiled at him carefully. He looked back at her rather blankly.

'Well, Mr. Malfoy, please take my hand,' said Hermione. And he did.

She Apparated them to Malfoy Manor. She knew the way there; she had spent quite some time in his study to sort out his paperwork and to arrange his affairs. But she let him show her the way to the large drawing room.

'Well, here we are, Miss Granger,' he said. 'Please sit down. Can I offer you a drink?'

Still the gentleman, Hermione thought. 'Tea would be delightful, Mr. Malfoy,' she said.

He hesitated. 'Are the house-elves still here?' he asked. She nodded, and he called a house-elf and ordered tea.

When they were sipping their tea, Hermione looked at Lucius Malfoy. He seemed a bit more relaxed and more himself now that he was back in his own house. Still, he looked very tired, shabbily dressed, not well-groomed, not well-fed, and rather confused.

'Mr. Malfoy,' she said, 'all of this must be very unsettling for you. Later, we will have to discuss your affairs before I hand everything over to you again, but that can wait until you feel better. Is there anything I can do for you now? Do you want to be alone these first few days, or do you want me to stay here?'

Lucius rubbed his face with his hands. 'Do I have a choice?' he asked without looking at her.

'Of course you do, Mr. Malfoy,' said Hermione. 'I do not want to intrude, but I do offer you my help, if you would wish it. That's for you to decide. If you need time to think about it, I can leave you now and do some work in the library until you're ready to tell me what you want.'

Lucius looked at her again, as if he now really saw her for the first time.

'You seem rather sympathetic for a Ministry representative who has been sent to act as a probation officer for an ex-convict,' he said a little ironically. 'Not to mention for a Muggle-born towards an ex-Death Eater.'

Well, that's straightforward at least Hermione thought. *But it's too early yet* 'I'm here to help, Mr. Malfoy,' she said again. 'Just let me know what kind of help you need.'

She became a little uneasy under his steady gaze, in which she recognized the old Lucius Malfoy and the way in which he used to look at women in the old days, no matter what their age or social status might be. But she also felt some excitement. She was glad that he was beginning to look less apathetic than before. Her plans for him did not include impassiveness on his side.

She rose from her chair.

'Here's my proposal, Mr. Malfoy,' she said. 'I'll leave you now for a while. In that time, I suggest you take a long, nice bath, change your clothes you will find that your house-elves kept everything in good order and have some rest. I'll ask the elves to serve a light dinner in the dining room, three hours from now. You can eat alone, or I can join you, whichever you prefer. After dinner you can let me know if you wish me to stay here, or to go home. The next three months I'll need to visit you often, to arrange everything. But I do not need to stay here if that is not convenient for you.'

He was again silent for a while, not like the old Lucius, who used to have his answers ready fast enough.

But at last he rose from his chair too. 'Thank you, Miss Granger. That's an excellent idea,' he said slowly. 'Of course we will dine together.' And he left the room.

While he was lying in his bath, Lucius tried to think coherently. It was still difficult, but not having any Dementors around certainly made it easier.

It was such a relief to be able to take a hot bath, to use expensive and luxurious bath oil and shampoo, to know that afterwards there would be warm and nice-looking clothes, a warm and comfortable bed and after that, a well prepared meal. He had done without these things long enough to get used to it, but not long enough not to miss them very much.

He tried not to relive the experiences of the past year. The horrors of Azkaban were not something that anyone would dwell upon willingly. He was lucky to have escaped so soon, much sooner than the other Death Eaters. In Azkaban, no one was at leisure to consider their past sins and repent of them in any other sense than as the cause of their ending up here. Azkaban was all about survival by any possible means. Many people were so overwhelmed by their abominable circumstances that they soon lost the ability to fight back, which meant they generally died quickly. It seemed that he was made of tougher material. He didn't know if he was glad of that.

Anyway, he was free now. Free to live in his own house again, to live in the Malfoy style again. He was not as rich as before the war, but still rich enough. His wife had died during the war, and he knew that his son was abroad; Draco had fled the country because he did not want to choose between becoming a Death Eater and fighting against

his father.

Lucius' thoughts went to the young woman downstairs in the library. So, she had managed his property for the past year, and now she was supposed to help him recover his life. A Muggle-born, his son's former classmate, hardly more than a girl. It was rather humiliating, but he found that he was too tired in body and mind to really care.

After half an hour, he rinsed himself with nice, warm water and stepped out of the bath. He wrapped himself in a large towel and went to the sink. He looked into the mirror. He saw his face, hollow-eyed, not well-shaven, the scars on the visible areas of skin. Not exactly the handsome man that every woman used to look at. But he was too tired to care about that as well.

He dried himself, he shaved, and then he went to lie down on his bed. His last thought before falling asleep was again about the young witch in his library. He knew he had lost much of his good looks in Azkaban, but it had been very clear that she found him attractive. Lucius Malfoy always knew when women found him attractive. But again, he found that he did not care. Maybe he would care when he had rested a little. She might be a Mudblood, but he knew she was magically talented; she had just proved it again in healing his arm. And she had a nice voice. He closed his eyes.

Hermione had spent three hours in the library trying to read, but she could not really concentrate. She had anticipated this moment ever since she had taken over Lucius' affairs. During the past year, she had often been at the Manor and seen the many paintings and pictures of the family. And she had developed a fascination for the man.

He was pretty evil, no doubt. He hated Muggles and Muggle-borns; he had bribed and blackmailed, and he had probably killed many people directly or indirectly. But she also knew how stunningly handsome he was and how charming he could be whenever he wanted. How was such a combination possible? She knew that Lucius Malfoy was a very wrong sort of man in many important ways, and yet she could not help fantasizing about him more and more. The magical pictures, which showed his graceful movements and his brilliant smiles, kept her awake at night. She wanted him to touch her, to feel his hands on her body. She tried to imagine what it would be like to be kissed by him, to be possessed by him. It became an obsession to her.

And then she heard that he would be released soon, that her present task was now finished, but that someone would be assigned to him during his transition from prison to normal society, and was she interested in taking on that job as well? She had accepted without thinking twice. She could not wait for the day when she would meet him in person when he would have to relate to her, talk to her, notice her somehow. And she had decided to shamelessly exploit his situation to get what she wanted from him. After a year in prison without any women around, it could not be too difficult to seduce him. She would offer herself to him in ways he would not be able to refuse.

Today, she had at last seen the man less handsome than she remembered him, but even more dark and inscrutable. How on earth did he manage to look helpless and arrogant at the same time? And he had invited her to stay for dinner. She had been afraid that he would send her away, but he had not at least not yet. She would have her chance.

TBC

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 of 2

Hermione has a darker side and she finds a way to fulfil her needs...

A/N: Many thanks to my beta, Soul Bound (any remaining shortcomings are mine, of course).

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Hermione closed her book and went to the dining room, which was still empty. She told herself not to be nervous; after all, she was a Gryffindor, wasn't she? She was not very skilled at the subtleties of flirtation, so she would play her own game: unobtrusive honesty. Then she heard footsteps in the hallway. The door opened and Lucius Malfoy came in.

'Good evening, Miss Granger,' he said, looking much more like his former self again. 'I have to thank you for your excellent schedule for this afternoon. I feel much better now.' He smiled at her.

Hermione smiled back at him. 'I'm very happy to hear it, Mr. Malfoy,' she said. 'But please, call me Hermione. We'll need to work closely the next few weeks.'

Lucius nodded. 'Very well, Hermione,' he said. 'But in that case I think you should call me Lucius. You're a grown woman now, not a child anymore.' He cast an approving look at her figure.

Hermione averted her eyes for a moment, a rush of excitement in the pit of her stomach. She wished she knew if this was just his normal charmer's routine or if he really admired her looks. Maybe, just maybe the course of things would run smoother than she had expected.

Lucius interrupted her thoughts. 'Please sit down, Hermione,' he said. He pulled back her chair, and she sat down, looking up into his eyes, smiling provocatively. Well, she was a Gryffindor, wasn't she?

Lucius smiled back at her. Well, well, the little witch wasn't being shy about it. He found that after his restful afternoon, he did indeed care again that this young and appealing woman was interested in him; in Azkaban, there were few pleasures of the flesh of any kind. He took the time to properly observe her. Large, dark eyes, soft skin, beautiful, dark-brown hair, small but firm breasts, nice curves in the right places, and a clinging dress that showed her nipples all too clearly. After a year of celibacy, this was certainly a very alluring sight, and he suddenly felt aroused. He lightly touched her shoulder before he went to sit down himself.

Hermione could not take her eyes off him. She had seen his appreciating look. This feathery touch already made her shiver all over. How would his embrace make her feel?

During dinner, they made small talk, mainly about the food, the Manor, the gardens, and the furniture. He explained something of its history. But underneath, the tension grew. He touched her hand and her arm every now and then, and halfway through dinner she felt his leg pressing against hers very lightly. She returned the pressure and was rewarded by another smile, and he casually laid his hand upon hers and left it there for a while, taking it away only when a house-elf came in to change the plates.

When the meal was over, Hermione felt that her cheeks were glowing from the wine and from anticipation. Butterflies were swirling in her stomach, and she had trouble breathing evenly. She was very excited and very wet from just sitting next to him, seeing him smile at her and feeling his light touches. She wanted him. She wanted all of him.

Lucius rose from his chair. 'Would you like some coffee or tea, Hermione?' he asked. 'We can have it in my study; there's a nice fireplace there.' He reached out to stroke her cheek with the back of his hand. He said nothing about her flush, but just smiled and offered her his arm. She took it, and she swallowed when she felt the warmth of his body so close.

Hermione knew very well what his study looked like. After all, she'd spent hours there working. She knew there was a fireplace with a large sofa in front of it that was comfortable enough to lie down on with pillows and a nice soft rug. Again she shivered in anticipation.

'You're not cold, I hope?' he said. 'In the study we'll be warm I promise you.' He gave her a meaningful smile.

He opened the door and let her enter first. The coffee and tea were already there on a small table, but Hermione did not look at that. She looked at Lucius, who had closed the door and now leaned against it, arms folded, watching her with an expression on his face that she could not read. She decided to cut the social frippery and go straight for her aim.

'You know what I want, Lucius,' she said.

He did not move.

'Are you quite sure about what you want, Hermione?' he asked, arms still folded.

She looked at him, her eyes glittering with feverish desire.

'Yes, Lucius, I'm quite sure,' she said, her voice catching a bit. 'For months I have thought of you... of all the things I wanted you to do to me... I don't care if you hate Mudbloods... I want you now, and tomorrow you may forget about me if you wish...'

He still did not move, but she saw her own arousal reflected in his eyes. She stepped forward until she was very close to him.

'You want me, too, Lucius,' she said huskily. 'After all, I'm the first woman you've met after a full year in prison... and I'm a very willing woman, too...'

The next moment, he crushed her in his arms, his hands all over her body, touching her breasts, his mouth on her neck, kissing and licking her. She felt her knees going weak.

'Your last chance to change your mind, Hermione,' he whispered. 'Your last chance to run away from this prisoner... this dangerous Death Eater...'

'Kiss me, Lucius,' she whispered back, pressing her body against his, moving against his erection. 'I want you... I'm all wet for you... I want you to fuck me... hard and fast...'

He reached between her legs with his hand. 'Oh, I can feel it,' he said, breathing heavily. 'You are a very ready little witch, aren't you? You really, really want me, and you want me *now*, don't you...?'

He began to kiss her passionately, his hand inside her pants, rubbing her, touching her clitoris. She moved against his hand, pressing herself against him, making soft little cries, calling out when he inserted a finger into her.

'Stop, Lucius. Don't... I'm almost coming... I don't want to, not yet... not like this... I want to come with you deep inside me...'

He lifted her up in his arms and carried her to the sofa. He put her down, and with one flick of his wand, he removed their clothes; she took his hand and pulled him down on top of her, spreading her legs widely. 'Please, Lucius,' she moaned. 'Come into me... as deep as you can...'

He thrust into her as far as he could, and she gasped at how completely he filled her up. He began to move inside her while she pulled up her legs to make herself as accessible to him as possible. She grabbed his bottom and tried to pull him still deeper inside her.

'Oh, Hermione,' he whispered, panting, 'you're so wet... so eager... so open to me... I must have you...' He thrust faster and harder, a little roughly even, but from the sounds she made and from the way she squirmed under him, he knew that she liked it, that she loved it, that she wanted him to go on.

After a short while, his low moans mingling with her high cries, they came, almost together, in the most violent orgasm each of them had ever known, Hermione nearly losing consciousness while Lucius poured himself out into her womb.

Still breathing heavily, they lay in each other's arms, perspiration covering their bodies, still united, tired and satisfied. Lucius lifted his head to kiss Hermione's ear.

'That felt very good, my dear,' he said. 'Again, you knew exactly what I needed.'

She held him closer. 'I have my orders from the Ministry,' she said mischievously. 'I'm supposed to administer to your needs, and I'm known for my thoroughness in research and my perfectionism in performing all my duties.'

'Well, I have no complaints so far,' he said with a quick kiss on her lips. He pulled the rug over them, and they lay there for a while, each wrapped up in their own thoughts.

Hermione mused on how this had been much better than she had even dared to imagine the passion, the naked want, the animal lust... She felt another shiver along her spine. This was what she had wanted all the time. Everyone always thought that she was nothing but a prude, only interested in books, but she wasn't. She was very interested in sex as well especially the kind she was now having with this very masculine, amazingly sexy man. Harry was sweet, he was her mate, and she loved him dearly, but he just had no idea.

Lucius wondered how he could have missed this girl's hot-blooded temperament before. He had never really looked at her, but today her vibes had been tingling in the air, and he had reacted to them in a very primitive way. He wanted more of it, much more. He wondered if she would be interested in alternating the necessary administrative sessions with erotic interludes such as this during the time she would have to spend here to hand his business back to him. Would she be interested in not just staying at the Manor during those months, but in sharing his bed, too?

He found that the very thought made him grow harder. He was still inside her, for he had not really become soft after their encounter. It seemed that his body was trying to make up for a year of involuntary chastity. He pulled back a little and then pushed into her. She responded immediately, pressing herself firmly against him.

'Again?' he whispered, nibbling at her ear.

'Oh, yes,' she breathed back, raising her hips, delighted to find him as eager as herself.

This time he moved inside her just as hard, just as deep, but a little slower and rather longer. He held back his own orgasm until she had had hers, then abandoned himself to his own pleasure while she urged him on, moving with him. Afterwards they relocated to his bedroom and fell asleep without any more talking, Hermione tired of the day's tension and its passionate culmination, Lucius exhausted from the day's unusual emotions and exertions on top of his release from Azkaban.

During the night, while she was lying with her back against him, his arms around her, she woke up to feel his hands on her body, stroking her hips, her waist and her breasts. She felt his lips on her neck and his erection pressing against her. She returned the pressure, lifting up one leg and guiding one of his hands to make him feel that

she, too, was ready again. She turned her head and immediately felt his lips on hers, kissing her deeply and passionately. He pulled her on top of him, and again they made love slowly, but very intensely. Afterwards she fell asleep lying on top of him, his arms around her.

Next morning she woke up in his arms.

'Good morning, Miss Granger,' he said softly into her ear, his hands stroking her back.

She smiled against his shoulder. 'Hermione,' she corrected him.

'Hermione,' he repeated. He passed his hand through her hair. 'Tell me, what exactly is your job description from the Ministry with regard to me, Hermione? I cannot rid myself of the impression that you have added a few touches of your own... literally, I mean...'

'I have,' she said, still hiding her face against his shoulder. 'I have added a few rather intimate touches... I've wanted you for my lover for quite some time now... Don't be afraid, I'm not talking commitment or love or anything like that, not for now and not for the future; I just want us to have sex a few more times like we did last night... It was so good...'

He thought of that for a few moments. 'I am glad to hear you say that, Hermione,' he finally answered. 'You know I never had much to offer in the way of affection; it's not in my nature. And I'm certainly not in a condition for any obligations at all right now. But I would appreciate it if you could help me with getting my life back together, and I have to admit that the extras you are offering me are very tempting in my present circumstances. I would like you to stay here during your assignment to me and to continue this... Would you be interested in spending every night like we did last night and maybe part of our days, too?' He pressed himself closely against her, and she felt that he was again as hard as she was wet. 'Could you live with that?'

Hermione turned onto her back, pulling him with her and cradling him between her legs. 'Oh, yes, I could, Lucius,' she replied. 'I was hoping you would ask me that... I'll need to keep a close eye on your recovery, you know, mental as well as physical; that *is* in my job description, and I mean to make absolutely sure that you're doing well in both departments...'

She felt him slide into her, tantalizingly slowly. 'You're doing very well there already...' she whispered. 'But I'll have to be really sure that you can keep it up before I can tell the Ministry that my task here is completed...'

Later that day, after they had finally managed to get out of bed and have a shower (and more sex while they were at it) and breakfast together, Hermione borrowed an owl from Lucius to send a message to her husband.

'It appears that my present assignment is even more demanding than I expected,' she wrote. 'It will require my full-time attention, so I intend to stay here until it's finished another three months, perhaps. And possibly a few short meetings after that. But you're due for another Quidditch Tournament and an Auror conference soon, so you will not miss me too much, I hope. And don't worry about my working too hard I'm staying at a nice place with every comfort I could wish for, and you know that I like a challenge. You can reach me by owl. I hope you'll be having a great time too. Love, Hermione.'

She smiled to herself when she saw the bird taking off with her note. Well, Harry played Quidditch for relaxation she could have her sportive diversion, too.

FINIS