

# A Memorable Afternoon

*by HannahSmith*

A LM/HG one-shot. From fluffy sentiment to romance to passion in 2000 words. No plot to speak of.

## One-shot Story

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Lucius was watching her, standing in the doorway, arms folded. She didn't notice anything; she was sitting at the table, crying with her head on her arms.

'Hermione,' he said, but she did not hear him.

He closed the door behind him and warded it; then he walked towards her and stood still behind her chair. He laid a hand on her shoulder. She started, but she did not lift her head. He began to stroke her shoulder and back until she stopped crying, her head still on her arms.

At last, he moved his hand to her face and tried to lift it, but she resisted.

'What is it, Hermione?' he said gently. 'Can't you tell me?'

She shook her head, still refusing to look at him. He softly took her by both arms and made her stand up, moving back her chair with his foot until she stood in front of him, her eyes downcast. Then he pulled her into his arms, her head resting against his shoulder.

'If you cannot tell me what's wrong, could you please tell me what I can do to help you?' he said in a concerned voice. 'It pains me to see you so sad.'

She shook her head again.

'Nothing,' she whispered. 'You can't do anything. Just hold me like this for a little longer...'

'Of course, my dear,' he answered. 'For as long as you wish.' He lifted her up and carried her to the couch, where he sat down with her on his lap, her head tucked beneath his chin. She sighed and seemed finally to relax in his arms.

They sat there for quite a while. Lucius wondered what could have upset her so much. He was quite worried. With the exception of Severus, Hermione had been the first to accept him within the Order, the first to greet him and talk to him like a normal human being instead of an evil psychopath, to smile at him and discuss things with him. He had been grateful for that, feeling that he did not really deserve it; he had grown quite fond of the girl. He had noticed that everyone else seemed fond of her, too. So why had she been crying?

He shifted a little on the couch, and she responded by nestling even closer, as if they were lovers, with her arms around his neck and her breasts pressed against him. It was only a second; she withdrew immediately and wrapped her arms around herself while he was still holding her. Lucius held his breath. What was she doing?

Hermione tried to hide her blush. She was completely embarrassed at what she had just done. It had been unintentional; she hadn't thought about it because she was in

such an emotional state. She prayed that Lucius hadn't noticed, but she knew that a man of his age and experience could hardly have missed a thing like that. *Please, let him at least pretend not to have noticed*, she thought.

She had hardly finished the thought when she felt Lucius' hand gliding up into her hair, his thumb tracing the line of her ear.

'Is that it, Hermione?' he whispered. 'Is that why you were crying?'

She did not answer him.

'Hermione,' he said, 'do you care about me?' She felt the tension of the muscles in his arms. Still hiding her face against his shoulder, she nodded. He pulled her closer.

'Why?' he said. 'I'm not an eligible candidate for you, not at all. My age, my past, my present position compared to yours.... Everyone would warn you against me. You don't really know me. You'd regret it within weeks.'

Hermione was listening intently. This did not sound like rejection, not even polite rejection. It sounded like he was trying to convince himself. For the first time since she had realized that she was in love with him, she dared to admit a slight hope. She sat upright and wiped the tears from her face. She looked at him and saw that his usually cool, grey eyes were now filled with anxiety.

'I expected you to tell me that you were very sorry and liked me very much but could not return my feelings,' she said. 'Why didn't you say that?'

'Because I'm not quite sure that I cannot,' he said slowly. He had not meant to say that, but he knew it was true.

They looked at each other for a very long moment.

Then he pulled her into his arms again, rubbing his cheek against hers.

'What am I to say to you now, Hermione?' he said into her ear. 'I cannot make you any promises. I cannot give you any guarantees. The future is too uncertain and these... these feelings between us are very immature and very uncertain, too. Shall we just pretend that it never happened?'

She made an involuntary movement. 'No,' she said. 'No, Lucius, please, not that.'

'Then what?' he said, tenderly brushing her hair aside.

'Can't we just try and become friends, get to know each other?' she said timidly. 'I won't be in your way, I won't claim you, I won't expect much. Can't we just keep talking, like we already do, share meals and cups of tea, go for walks to have some privacy, and find out where it leads to?'

He pulled her hair back from her face with two hands, holding it together and twisting it into a knot, then letting it cascade over her shoulders again. She saw him smile, a warm, sweet smile that made her heart suddenly beat much faster.

'You have thought of this before,' he said. 'I can hardly refuse a proposal like that. You realize that it can lead to a huge disappointment, don't you?'

She smiled back at him. 'Yes,' she said. 'But nothing ventured, nothing gained. If there is any chance for us at all, I'd like to try, Lucius.'

He continued to smile softly but said no more and wrapped his arms tightly around her. She closed her eyes when his lips touched hers in a feather-light kiss, moving to other parts of her face, caressing the soft skin and sending shiver after shiver along her spine. When he arrived at her throat, she pressed herself against him like she had done before, enjoying the feeling of his strong, muscled body and the love bites he was placing upon her skin, marking her for his own. He looked up at her and saw her flushed face, her glittering eyes and half-open lips. He began to kiss her again, not so gently any more, but with a passion that delighted her and to which she responded with a fervour that surprised him. He let his hands wander over her shoulders, her breasts, her waist. There he stopped, not sure if she would want him to go further. At that moment, they had to break the kiss to breathe again. They looked at each other, wondering, a little confused.

'It would seem that we have more in common than I thought, my dear,' said Lucius, running a finger along Hermione's lips.

She smiled at him and held his hand against her cheek. 'Yes, it would,' she said. She leaned over and started to kiss him again. She caught his hands and placed one on her breast, one on her thigh, letting him know that he was welcome to touch her wherever he wished. He pushed her blouse aside, holding her breast in his hand, kissing and suckling, while he slowly slid his other hand underneath her skirt, his fingers gliding along her inner thigh, touching her and carefully feeling his way inside her.

'You've done this before, Lucius,' she whispered. 'Such coordination... only a very experienced man could do that....'

'And you can't wait for me to do it, Hermione,' he whispered back. 'Such wetness... only a very greedy woman could be so wet so soon....'

She let herself fall back on the couch, pulling him with her and holding his hands in place. 'I want you, Lucius,' she said. 'I want to feel you against me, I want you to come into me and to fuck me... and then do it again... and again....'

She heard his breathing become heavy and irregular. 'If that's what you want, my dear, you shall have it,' he whispered. With a few confident movements, he disposed of the clothes she was still wearing; she unbuttoned his shirt while he got rid of his pants.

They were both naked now; they took some time to kiss and stroke each other's body before, at last, Hermione spread her legs and pulled up her knees in a silent invitation. With a soft groan he thrust forward; her cry of pleasure excited him even more. Then he held still, lifting his head to look into her unfocused eyes.

'You feel absolutely marvellous, Hermione,' he said, his voice thick with passion. 'Right now I can think of no place I would rather be than just here... buried deep inside you....'

He began to move slowly, pulling back and pushing in again, gradually quickening his pace; she moved with him, meeting each of his thrusts by pushing forward and spreading her legs still farther. 'Oh, Lucius...' she panted. 'Please don't stop... deeper... harder....'

He began pounding faster and deeper, fighting for a last fragment of control, biting his lips to keep from coming, until he heard her high cry of ecstasy and felt her violent contractions around him. A few more strokes and he spilled into her, tightening his arms around her and holding her while they both caught their breath again.

Hermione kept her eyes closed. She had fantasized about this so often. She had pictured them together and had fancied them exactly as passionate and hungry for each other's touch as they had, in fact, been. But the orgasms she had experienced during her fantasies were nothing like the one she'd had just now. In her fantasy, Lucius had rolled over and moved away from her soon after the act, like Ron had usually done. But the real Lucius didn't. He was still lying on top of her, leaning on his elbows so he wouldn't crush her; he kissed her cheek and her ear and buried his head in her neck. And he was still inside her. She clenched her walls to make sure that he was, and he responded by a twitch. She giggled.

'What?' he said in an amused tone.

'You're moving...'

'Of course I am! How can I not be moving when I'm inside such a wonderful witch?'

He lifted himself on his hands so she could see the upper part of his body. He pushed into her, and she felt that he was growing hard again. She opened her eyes widely at

the triumphant look on his handsome face.

'Now, whose merit would this be?' she mused. 'Is it your stamina, or is it my ability to inspire you to such endurance?'

'How about a joint effort?' he said with a quick kiss on her lips. 'It seems that, at least in this respect, we make a good combination.'

She stretched out her arms. 'Come here,' she said. 'I want you again.'

'I thought we were going to get to know each other first,' he said with a grin. 'Talk to one another, share meals and cups of tea, go for walks....'

'Sure,' she said. 'We're going to do all that, too. But I'm learning a lot about you right now. It's very useful information. Don't you think?'

He laughed. 'Right,' he said, lowering himself. 'And there's much more to discover....' He pushed into her with a fast, deep thrust under a different angle.

She gasped. 'Do that again,' she said, pulling him closer. 'Ah....'

Some time later, they exchanged the couch in the small sitting room for Lucius' double bed. They were wrapped around each other, and Lucius' head was resting on Hermione's breast. She was playing with his hair his ribbon had not survived two sessions of intense lovemaking. She listened to his even breathing; she knew he was not asleep.

'What are you thinking, Lucius? Are you still afraid that this will end in a big disappointment?' she asked.

'Yes,' he said. He raised his head, and the serious look on his face told her that he meant what he said.

'Great sex is not a matter of course, Hermione, and it's certainly nice to know that the two of us can have it; but it's no guarantee at all. You may be young, but you're not a child. You know that I'm right.'

'Yes, I do know that,' she answered. 'But I would like to believe that there will be much more.'

Their eyes met. He read a quiet determination in hers; she read a sincere willingness in his.

'Let's try,' she said hopefully.

He softly kissed the tip of her nose. 'We shall,' he answered.

FINIS

A/N: Many many thanks to my beta, sshg316, who is very fast and very accurate. Where would we, poor foreigners, be without such wonderful betas? We'd never get posted!