Shame's Desire
by WildKitsune

Summary

After the death of Lord Malfoy’s wife it is his duty to take new bride. Lady Weasley’s family is on the verge of having to sell their ancestral home. Is she brave to defy her father and help her family?

Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!
“The guests are starting to arrive. It seems many of the Empire’s noble families have sent their daughters to catch your attention.” My son tells me as he works very hard to seem pleased for me.

“Draco my boy. I only need one.” I start and put a hand on his shoulder. “If there are any you feel worthy to bear the heir of Malfoy, she’ll be yours.” I see his mood brighten slightly at my words. “But this house needs a Lady, and I’m not ready to give up my position as Patriarch just yet.”

“I didn’t mean to seem displeased father. It’s just most of them are my age, if not younger. Do you really think it’s proper to marry one so innocent?” Draco asks as if I’m being a dirty old man.

“You would prefer I marry a used up window as cold as your late mother?” I ask just to hurt him for asking such a thing to his father and Lord. I see the flicker of pain, Draco loved his mother and the wound his still fresh for him.

“No father, I would never want such a fate for you.” He tells me obediently.

“Go greet the guests, I’ll be down soon.” I dismiss him turning to the mirror on my wall. He acts as if I’m an old man now that his mother is dead. I’m still in the prime of my life, and refuse to die along with my wife.

The Dark Emperor requires that all noble pureblood men try to have at least three sons. This is to help extend the numbers of wizarding kind and I’m a firm supporter in the law. I helped in its drafting when I was a younger man. It has been a stain on my honor that Narcissa had failed me in this way.

I look to a small painting of my wife. She’s as stiff and cold in the frame as she always was in life. She was an obedient wife, and loyal to her Malfoy name. But Draco’s birth had been hard on her body, and though she gave herself to me many times, she was unable to carry any more of my sons to term.

I look into the mirror one last time, checking my clothing for imperfections. The black leather waistcoat hugs my form giving me the look of a small waist and broad shoulders. The white cotton shirt is crisp as it defines my neck. When I finally pull on the midnight blue robe to complete the look, it makes me smile. The Dark Emperor calls me a peacock when we see one another, begrudgingly I must agree, my looks have always been very important to me.

When I enter the ballroom, many are already gathered into small groups. I quickly find my son talking to a girl with raven hair. She has an exotic look to her and the way her cheeks redden, I can see he’s doing well, so I decide to leave him to his fun.

I make my way to the throne on the raised platform and take a seat. As the Dark Emperor will not be attending the event, I sit above all others as Lord of this realm.

A house elf comes to bow at my side in case I’m in need of anything. “Has anyone of interest arrived?” I ask the creature. I’d already given it a list of those I was most interested in actually meeting.

“None on Master list, but Snerk feels he should let Master know Lady Lestrange is here.” It says lowly so only I can hear.
I sneer and look around at my sister-in-law. She hadn’t been invited, but I must at least be civil as she’s favored by the Emperor, and the wife of a friend and ally. I just hope she doesn’t try to speak to me this evening.

As new guests make their way into the ballroom Snerk tells me in a low voice who they are.

When he announces “Master and Miss Weasley.” I can’t help but look up. I wonder for a moment if the fool’s wife has come to beg for my help.

I’ve spent the last five years working to ruin the stubborn, muggle loving, imbecile. It started over a simple land dispute. I’ve been collecting taxes from the town of Hogsmeade for years. I’ve been the one to protect and take care of it, but five years ago, the imbecile comes with proof that my grandfather sold it to his.

I try to reason with the fool and pay him back for the price on the contract he holds, but he refused me. He dared to say I was not properly caring for the land and that he felt he needed to step in and protect the people.

Of course, that was when his dealings started to all go sour. I smirk at the thought. When I find the couple that Snerk announced I’m surprised to find it isn’t the round elder Lady with one of her sons, but a young nubile form with Weasley hair.

So he’s sent his daughter to tempt me. The man is more cunning than I thought.

“So, sit Miss Weasley next to me for dinner.”

**Ginny**

I can’t keep my hands from shaking as we make our way the distance to the Malfoy lands. It’s a twelve-hour ride by wagon, since I have not learned to Apparate properly yet. I look up to William, tempted to ask him to turn the wagon around and go home. I know he would too; none of my family is completely pleased with the idea of going behind father’s back.

Our house is in ruin, we all know how close the family is to having to sell our home and lands. Father still thinks he can turn things around that he’ll save us. When the note came announcing that Lord Malfoy was looking for a wife, mother hid it. She knew father would forbid us from acting upon it, forbid me from going to this event and offering myself to the Lord.

“More than likely this won’t even work.” William says kindly for the eleventh time since we left our home. “You’ll be fine Ginevra, just think, a few dances some dinner then we can go home.”

“I know Bill.” I say reaching over to squeeze his hand. I realize I need to start comforting him. I know this isn’t something any of us do lightly.

When we reach the large Manor House, I’m shown into a room with many other young women to fix my appearance from the road. I use a simple spell to shake off the dust and calm my hair. I notice many of the other girls don’t have their wands out and it makes me uncomfortable so I hide mine back up my sleeve.

Mother made the crimson dress I’m wearing. The bodice hugs and shapes my form, making my waist look small, my hips and breasts look larger than they normally would. I was shocked at how much skin mother was allowing me to show as the neckline of the dress shows my collarbone and almost my entire shoulder. As I look at the other girls, I realize I must have a very conservative view of what is proper.
I hold my breath as William escorts me into the large ballroom. I don’t think I’ve seen so many finely dressed people in my whole life. The room is amazing, decorated with the dragons of the House of Malfoy.

I glance to the Lord of the house sitting up on his throne looking away quickly as I realize he’s looking at me. Out of the corner of my eyes, I see him lean down to speak to a house elf kneeling next to him.

“This was not a good idea.” I say under my breath as I work very hard to calm my nerves.

The great Lord Malfoy ignores almost everyone as the party and dancing go on. The only one who approaches him is a tall dark haired woman, and he doesn’t seem pleased by this fact. I on the other hand, am greatly surprised as I’m asked to dance by many young men at the party.

By the time dinner is served most of my nerves have gone away and I actually smile as a dashing dark haired man escorts me into the dining call. “I’m sorry; I’ve been introduced to so many this evening…” I blush as I’ve forgotten the man’s name.

“Master Potter, but it would please me if you called me Harry.” The man says with a bow.

“Well Harry, you may call me Ginny.” I tell him happily.

We must part ways when we realize we have been seated apart and I find myself, with my brother to my left and the head of the table to my right.

“Why have we been seated here?” I ask William under my breath.

“I don’t know.” He tells me with a frown, taking my hand under the table.

Across from us is a boy around my age who looks so much like his father, no one could mistake him for anyone but the Malfoy heir, Draco. Next to him is the dark haired woman that had upset the Lord before.

Once everyone is seated, Lord Malfoy enters and stands next to his seat. “Welcome to my home honored guests. As you all know, we come together tonight so I may find what I’ve lost. It brings me great joy that so many of my friends have come to support me in this endeavor.” He goes on from there but I can’t seem to focus as his words become less and less meaningful.

When he finally does sit he turns directly to me and smiles. “Miss Weasley, I hope you don’t mind if I had your seat changed at the last moment.”

“Not at all, my Lord, we are honored.” William says for me and I place my hands in my lap.

“Of course you are.” The Lord says arrogantly. “Why has your father not come to present the young lady?” He asks my brother.

“He’s very busy with the estate my Lord. He sends his regrets, as does our mother.”

“Does he even know you’re here?” The Lord asks knowingly. I flush deeply and tell myself that I should keep quiet.

William sighs and looks down. “No my Lord, he’s unaware that we are here.”

“I see, and what was your plan if I did decide to choose your sister? I could never take a wife without her guardian’s permission.” He speaks down to my brother like he’s an idiot.
“It’s tradition in the Weasley line that guardianship of the daughter lays with her mother.” I snap a bit more rudely than I mean to, but I can’t seem to stop myself now. “My mother is well aware that I’m here.” I say before cringing, as the whole room seems silent. “My Lord.” I add after a beat of thought.

When I finally allow myself to look up to the Lord, he’s looking at me with darkening eyes. I’ve no idea what they mean, but I assume he’s angry. I cannot bring myself to apologize.

Lucius-

I watch as my guests enjoy themselves. I glance to the Weasley girl every so often finding her dancing with a new boy each time I notice. It amuses me that the Weasleys seem to know little about controlling their women. If she keeps up like this, she’ll be ruined before any husband can make her an offer.

When I realize she’s laughing with the heir of Potter longer than the rest, this makes me frown. The House of Potter could do little to help her family with their misfortune, there’s really no reason for her to waste her time.

I make sure Potter is seated at the other end of the table for supper as I wish to have her undivided attention as I speak with her brother. I wonder what their plan is, what they have that would get me to actually think of making her a Malfoy.

I bore myself as I speak to the guests, I couldn’t care less about. I find I’m looking forward to knowing more about this little redheaded creature that is seated to my left.

Once I’m seated comfortably, I turn smiling at the girl. “Miss Weasley, I hope you don’t mind if I had your seat changed at the last moment.”

“Not at all, my Lord, we are honored.” Her brother speaks for her.

“Of course you are.” I tell him dismissively, I wanted her to answer. “Why has your father not come to present the young lady?” I ask giving my attention to the boy now.

“He’s very busy with the estate my Lord. He sends his regrets, as does our mother.”

Too busy with a failing estate to come and sell off his daughter. My amusement rises as I realize the fool has no idea she’s even here. “Does he even know you’re here?” I ask to call him out on this deception. The girl’s cheeks redden and I know I have them.

If I’m honest with myself she has just become so much more tempting, I could take his daughter from him. I could tell him he wasn’t protecting her well enough.

The fool’s son sighs looking down. “No my Lord, he’s unaware that we are here.”

“I see, and what was your plan if I did decide to choose your sister? I could never take a wife without her guardian’s permission.” I point out to the idiot son of the foolish man. If it could work it would be so delicious, but I have little patience for being tempted and then not getting what I want.

“It’s tradition in the Weasley line that guardianship of the daughter lays with her mother.” The girl finally speaks and she’s obviously angry. “My mother is well aware that I’m here.” She almost growls at me making all other conversation in the hall stop. “My Lord.” She adds as an afterthought.

She’s a feisty little witch full of fire and passion. Not cold and obedient like my last wife, a
challenge to break and tame. She’s the daughter of one I wish to truly and utterly destroy and she could be all mine.

I find I have to resist the urge to pull her from the room and ruin her completely. Make her useless to any man after me. But if I did this, Weasley would be able to demand reparations for his daughter’s honor. Before I know I’ve made the decision, I’m taking her hand from her lap and kissing her fingers.

“Write to your mother.” I tell the boy without taking my eyes off my prey. “You both will stay here until agreements can be made.”
Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!

Lucius-

“Father?” Draco cuts in to ruin my fun. “May I speak to you in private?” He asks calmly. I wonder if I have stepped on his toes. I hadn’t seen him dance with her this evening so I didn’t think she had his eye.

“You’ll make yourselves comfortable in my home.” I tell the Weasleys before I lead my son from the room.

When we’re alone in my private study, I look to my son. “Really father? We’ve been working against her family for years. Why would you join our houses?” He asks confused.

I chuckle at my son as I pour us both a glass of amber liquid. “It couldn’t be more perfect if I’d planned every detail Draco.” I tell him as I hold a glass out to him. “I’ll demand that Hogsmeade be a part of her dowry, in exchange I’ll help them financially, and in the end I’ve taken something irreplaceable from him.”

Draco blinks at me and just holds his glass. “Unless you wanted her?” I ask curiously.

“No. She’s far from a proper lady father.” He informs me and I smile. Of course, he’s looking for a woman like his mother.

“Well then, do you have any other concerns about your father’s marriage?” I ask him in a tone that should make it quite clear he has no other concerns.

“No father. You’re brilliant as always.”

When we return to the hall, my bride choice has left with her brother to inform the mother of their good fortune via owl. It seems he won’t leave his sister alone in my house for even a moment. When the brother returns to my table, he informs me his sister has retired to one of my guest rooms.

I feel a temptation to go visit her when no one will see me, but I decide it’s best to wait until she’s well and truly mine.

Over the next few weeks, I negotiate with her parents over the marriage contract. As expected, Lord Weasley is furious over what has been done under his nose. I wonder if he understands that I’ll only enjoy her more with each complaint he makes. I’ve started keeping a record of each rude comment the fool makes so that I can take it out of her hide once I own her fully.

All the fool can do is delay the inevitable. He has no control over his daughter’s fate, but he does over Hogsmeade. So he uses the village to stall the negotiations. His wife is the only one with a
brain between the two of them. She sees that I’m keeping the negotiations open for as long as it takes him to give in.

I find myself hoping my bride has her mother’s brain. I would hate for my sons to inherit anything from the buffoon.

In the end, we find a compromise that works for him. Instead of signing the village back to my family, he’ll give it to his daughter. It means as it stands only her children will be able to inherit it, but after speaking with Draco, we find we can agree with the terms.

It’s silly really, once she submits to me completely I’ll just have her sign the village back over me and that will be the end of any real confusion.

Ginny-

It’s strange and scary to stay in the large richly adorned room. The Weasley line has never been on the very edge of poverty before now, but we also have never had wealth like that of the Malfoys. Everything in this house is expensive and well made. As I fall asleep that first night, I wonder if I’m the same.

My parents arrive at the Manor House the next day and my mother brings me clothes to wear while my father demands I return home with them instantly. William speaks for me because I cannot seem to find my voice once again. He tells my parents how I pleased the rich Lord, but he’s not sure how I won him over.

I sink further and further into my seat as my father tells me how I’ll be unhappy here, how I’ll just be another thing for Lord Malfoy to own. He reminds me how he wants more for me; he wants me to feel happy and loved all through my life. I break down into tears as he describes a suffocating horrible existence.

I finally yell at him. I make it clear it’s his fault, and that he’s less of a man to need his daughter to save his home and family. I see the hurt in his eyes when I say the foul words, but I can’t help being so angry with him. How dare he make this harder on me! How dare he act as if this isn’t our only choice!

He doesn’t come to see me again over the next few weeks I’m stuck in the castle. Each of my brothers visit me in turn, in the room I’m starting to think of as a prison. They try to keep my mood light, and entertain me as much as they can. As time goes on, I get more and more anxious about my future.

When my mother comes to tell me the contract is signed, I feel so sick I don’t understand her as she explains the details of my marriage. The wedding is set for a week from that day and I find my nervousness growing.

I’ve been given few choices in my own wedding. The Malfoy line seems to have very strict traditions on how a new bride joins their House. We are to use an ancient wizarding marriage right that I have little understanding of. I’m allowed to choose the design of my dress, but the color will be tradition crimson. I wonder now if my mother had made me the crimson ball gown to give the Lord an idea of marriage.

On the day of the wedding, I’m dressed and prepared by several house elves. They don’t speak to me. It’s traditional for a Malfoy bride to spend three days alone in silence before her wedding. The elves went so far as to cast a spell upon me so I couldn’t speak, even to myself.
I come from a large family. I have many brothers, cousins, aunts, uncles, nephews, nieces. I’m so unused to silence I spend those days weeping without a sound.

As the last touch, the elves place a veil upon my head. It covers my face and I know that I’ll be unable to speak until this veil is lifted. I’m then led to the garden and given a signal to stay in place until the drumming starts.

I can’t see anyone from where I am, and I wonder how much of my family has come to this overly pompous event. I want my family here; I want to see their faces to give me strength in this new life I’ve chosen, chosen for them. At the same time, I don’t want them here. I don’t want them to see me become another piece of fine furniture in this cold Lord’s home.

When the drumming starts, I walk a path of white rose petals that will lead to the altar. I feel the silky petals against my bare feet and all I can think is that I’d prefer them to be wild flowers.

When I turn a corner in the garden, I find my family has come to witness my future, as have many others I don’t know. I walk up an aisle between family and strangers. Standing at the altar is my soon to be husband as well as the wise man who will perform the rites of binding on the two of us.

I want to run and find a small place to hide as I did when I was a child. Looking at the perfectly collected man that will soon be bound to me, I know I cannot run. He’s a predator; if I run, I turn into his prey. My throat has gone dry at the thought. I try to swallow to relieve the discomfort as I reach the altar.

A new idea pops into my mind as Lord Malfoy lifts my veil. He’s still a predator, but I’m a lamb who has walked right into his lair.

Lucius-

I watch as the girl walks towards me. I settle a cold mask on my face so I don’t show my displeasure with the one choice I had given to the child. For that is what she looks like in my eyes. I decided to be a generous Lord, and let her choose her own dress. It had to be crimson, a symbol of the blood of her innocence, but I let her choose the design and she has failed me.

It’s long-sleeved and hangs loosely on her form. It makes her look so much younger than she had the night we met. Those witnessing this day will think I’ve truly chosen a child as my bride, as if she’s not yet able to conceive my sons.

I’d thought to hold off on giving her children for a few years. I would let myself enjoy her young body while it was still so pleasing. But those plans will have to change now; I cannot have my peers thinking she’s not yet a proper wife. I’ll not let the courts of England laugh at a Malfoy for taking a child to his bed.

When she stands next to me before the altar I lift the veil from her face and look down at her. I see tears wetting her eyes and I’ll have none of it. She came to me willingly and I’ll not have anyone think otherwise. As we both turn to the wise man, I shift my cane so that my wand comes loose and then with small precise movements and a few soft words I clean the tears from her eyes.

Placing my wand back in place I hold my left wrist out as the man asks. Our arms touch as she holds out her arm next to mine. I’m amused that she thinks beside me is her place. I move my wrist so that it’s over hers and wrap my larger hand around her tiny one to keep it still. Her place is below me, and she’ll learn this from the start.

A shining platinum chain is wrapped around our wrists to bind them together as the rite is performed.
I chose platinum so the binding would be strong, unbreakable by anyone but me. I let myself glance over to her once again as the ritual goes on. She is looking at our wrists as the chain starts to glow.

I find myself wondering if she understands how much of herself she’s giving to me in this moment. Our souls are being bound as one with each word. I’ll be able to use it against her if she displeases me, but unlike my first wife, I don’t think she understands how to do the same.

“Lucius Abraxas Malfoy.” The wise man addresses me. “You’ll repeat after me.” He instructs carefully. “Per hanc uxorem honestam hanc.”

“Per hanc uxorem honestam hanc.” I repeat grasping her hand a little more tightly.

He turns to the girl before speaking again. “Ginevra Molly Weasley.” He starts giving her a kind smile. I consider punishing him now for looking at my property in such a way, but I decided the man is no threat to me. “You’ll repeat after me.” He tells her letting her take a breath before he continues. “Ut arbitror, dicere.”

She bites her lower lip nodding before looking up to me. “Ut arbitror, dicere.” I let myself smile as she finishes the ritual.

When the chain tightens painfully around our wrists, I watch my little wife’s chest move rapidly while the magic swirls around us. I smile as I see the flush come to her cheeks when the chain seeps into our skin and the pain is relieved.

In front of all present, I turn to my new wife looking deeply into her eyes. She looks up at me with the innocence of a doe. I run my hand along her cheek, savoring the moment while I know her father is twisting in anger behind her. My hand moves along her jaw and slips into her hair at the back of her neck. I tilt her head up and lean down to give her a light, almost innocent kiss.

She looks confused by the gentle gesture making me smile all the more. “In time my dear, in time.” I say so only she can hear. I turn us both to face our guests before I pick up her small figure and carry her into the Ballroom, as is custom.

I sit down at the high table and settle the small thing into my lap. She’s stiff in my arms, obviously unsure of what to do with her hands or her body when sitting in a man’s embrace.

“Can’t I have my own chair?” She asks glancing to the many open chairs around us.
**The Feast**

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!

---

**Lucius**

“This is our wedding feast Lady Malfoy.” I smile as she blushes at her new name. “We will share everything; the chair, the plate, the cup. It’s a symbol of our union.” I explain to her as if she’s a child. “It will be more comfortable for both of us if you relax against my chest.” I add softly as the guests start to enter the hall.

She takes in a slow breath before letting herself rest against my form. When her father sits immediately to my left, her body stiffens once again. I’m torn between my annoyance that she’s stiff and my amusement at her father’s expression when looking at us.

“Must you truly follow all the old laws tonight?” Lord Weasley asked through gritted teeth.

My amusement wins out and I settle my hand on the inside of Ginevra’s knee just to bother him. “Unlike some, I’m proud of our great history.” I tell the man before leaning into his daughter’s cheek so I can whisper in her ear. “I will punish you if you don’t relax.” I tell her in a sensual tone just to make her blush.

She relaxes uneasily into my arms and avoids looking to her side of the family. I glance over to the Weasley side of the high table. I frown as I realize the man has six sons, six! Half of them married with sons of their own. It seems my wife is the youngest of the children, and I wonder if they stopped procreating simply because they had finally gotten a girl. I smile at that, such hard work to have her, and she now belongs to me.

Draco had sat down next to me and is obviously saying something. I look to him to listen. “…in the green dress.” He says motioning to one of the tables as if this is supposed to mean something to me.

I look to the table to pick out the same exotic looking one from a few weeks before. “Have you bedded her yet?” I ask as I realize he wishes for my approval over the girl. Ginevra shifts in my arms and I smirk as she’s obviously listening to the conversation.

“Not yet father, she isn’t my usual sort. I think her and her sister are actually pure.” Draco tells me with a smile of his own. I look back to the table and see another girl sitting next to the first with nearly the exact same face.

“Should I be contacting her father?” I ask with a slight smile on my lips. I know my son would not invite her to my wedding without a purpose.

“Yes.” Draco says with a sly smile.

My wife leans forward in my arms drawing my attention away from my son. When she reaches out
to take our goblet into her hand, I quickly take it away from her. “I’ll do that my sweet.” I tell her before bring the cup to her lips.

**Ginny-**

My heart is pounding in my chest as I feel the Lord’s hand moves down my cheek; and around to cup the back of my head. I know what’s to come next and I wonder what my first kiss will be like. He tilts my head up so I have to look into his darkening eyes. He moves in slowly before brushing his lips softly against mine.

I look up at him confused. I had been expecting him to ravage my mouth the way I’d seen my brothers kiss their wives on their wedding day. “In time my dear, in time.” He says softly which makes my stomach flip with anxiety. He stands and turns us to face the guest before he pulls me up into his arms carrying me back down between them.

He takes me to the Ballroom where our wedding feast will be, but before I can ask where I should sit he just settles himself down in a chair with me in his lap. I sit awkwardly, unsure of what to do as a grown woman sitting in a man’s lap.

“Can’t I have my own chair?” I ask him looking at the many chairs to our left and right.

“This is our wedding feast Lady Malfoy.” He smiles in a way that makes me blush. I had almost forgotten I was now his wife. I was now Lady Malfoy. “We will share everything; the chair, the plate, the cup. It’s a symbol of our union.” He talks down to me like I’m simple. “It will be more comfortable for both of us if you relax against my chest.” He adds under his breath while the guests start to enter the hall.

I calm myself with a simple breath before I let my body rest against his chest, but then I catch a glimpse of dad sitting down next to us and I can’t help but tense. I want to hide my face against the Lord’s chest but I know this will only make things worse, so I watch as people I don’t know come to sit down next to us.

“Must you truly follow all the old laws tonight?” Dad asks stiffly like he’s grinding his teeth.

To make things worse Lord Malfoy sets his hand on the inside of my knee. Is he trying to make my father angry? I realize that is exactly what he’s doing.

“Unlike some, I’m proud of our great history.” He says before he leans in close enough that I can feel his breath upon my neck. “I will punish you if you don’t relax.” He says in a soft voice like he would enjoy the act, and maybe so would I.

With another breath, I relax my muscles and watch his side of the table as it fills. A dark haired woman I remember from the ball sits a few seats away, and looks at me as if I have wronged her in some great way. I can’t stand her gaze long so I am relieved when Draco sits between us.

“I paid the wise man like you asked. He says the potions that you requested have been placed in your room.” Draco says, but I don’t think that his father is listening. “I invited a few guests if you don’t mind. I have some interest in the pretty one in the green dress.” He adds and motioning to one of the tables.

I see two women who look exactly the same sitting there, one in green and the other in blue. They look so elegant as they sit and talk to each other softly. I can see why a man would want to marry girls like them.

“Have you bedded her yet?” The Lord asks and I suddenly feel odd about being able to hear this
conversation. Those women didn’t seem like women of loose morals to me, and it seems wrong to talk about them in such a way.

“Not yet father, she isn’t my usual sort. I think her and her sister are actually pure.” Draco says as if he’s surprised by this fact.

“Should I be contacting her father?” He asks making me look over to the lady in green again. I wonder if we can be friends if she marries Draco. She’s my age, would that be odd?

“Soon.” Draco says sounding confident.

I decide to distract myself so I lean forward to get a sip of wine from our shared cup. Lord Malfoy takes it from me quickly, which makes me frown. Why did he need a drink the same time I did? “I’ll do that my sweet.” Understanding comes to me as he brings the cup to my lips so I can take a sip.

I turn my head. I can’t take this anymore. I growl and try to move off his lap. When he holds me more tightly, I take a deep breath. “I need to use the privy my Lord, unless you wish for me to wet your lap?” I ask so he’ll let me go. “Or do I need your help with that as well?”

He lets me slip off his lap at the threat of being soiled. “I’m sure you’re at least housebroken my sweet.” He says in a condescending tone waving his hand to dismiss me.

I flush in anger and embarrassment at his words, but I decide it’s best to walk away before I do something I’ll regret. Being away from him was what I wanted in the first place so I should take advantage of it.

Instead of going to the privy like I told him I needed, I walk out into the back of the manor. I take in a long breath of fresh air. I needed to cool off and give myself time to think. I’d been so focused on getting through the wedding, on saving my family from being out on the street that I hadn’t really thought about the things that happened after a wedding.

I’m married to a man I know so little about. The things I do know are from my father, who hates him. I’m not foolish enough to think he somehow fell in love with me. I don’t think he somehow decided to marry me so quickly because I’m some great beauty. Many of the girls at that party were more beautiful than me.

There is only one reason I can think of that he decided to agree to the match. He wanted to hurt my father. So now I’m married to a man that hates my father as much as my father hates him. What sort of husband could he be to me if our marriage is built upon desperation and hate?

I’m so lost in my thoughts that I jump when someone speaks from very close by. I hadn’t heard anyone sneak up on me. “Do you really think you’re suited to replace a Black?”

I turn to look at the person, and find it’s the dark haired woman, that had been sitting next to Draco. I look at her in confusion, before I realize whom she must be speaking of. The only person one could see me replacing is Lord Malfoy’s departed wife...

“I’m sure I am not replacing her, my Lady.” I say softly, I don’t wish to step on anyone’s toes.

“You have a very common appearance you know.” The woman says looking me over like I’m a bug on her shoe.

“I know my Lady.” I say looking away so I don’t have to watch her gaze.
“Weak.” She adds in disgust. “But he would choose a weakling after my sister. He obviously couldn’t handle a true witch.”

I bite my lip as I feel anger rising in me. She’s gone too far. I can agree that I’m no real Lady. I was raised around too many men to be a proper girl no matter how hard my mother tried. But I’m not weak. I draw my wand before I realize what I’m doing.

“You know nothing about me.” I snap at the woman. Her eyes gleam as if I’m suddenly something interesting to look at.

“What do you plan to do with that little girl?” She asks mockingly. “Wash dishes at me?” She draws her own wand and cackles gleefully. “Do you even know who I am?”

“The former Lady Malfoy’s sister obviously.” I tell her because it’s the only thing I know about her.

“I am Bellatrix Lestrange. Member of the Dark Emperor’s Inner Circle. Do you know what that means child?” She asks like she doubts that I do.

“It means you’re a very powerful witch who has gained our Emperor’s respect.” I answer, as my heart is suddenly hammering in my chest.

“Do you know how hard it is for a woman to gain the respect of the Dark Emperor?” She presses with a gleeful smile on her face.

“I would think very hard.” I answer lowering my wand.

“Yes, but you have pleased me little fox.” She says as she reaches out to touch my face. “I may have use for you yet. Now run along, back to your husband. We will talk in days to come.” She says motioning for me to go back to the party.

I clench the wand in my hand more tightly. I knew I was no match for the witch in front of me. Those favored by the Dark Emperor were legendary. I was a simple country witch taught just enough to keep myself safe from bandits. But I couldn’t just let her talk to me as if I was something to play with.

“Scat.” She demands with a wave of her wand sounding annoyed.

“Locomotor Mortis!” I call before I can stop myself. She’s so surprised when her knees lock together that she falls flat on her face.

“You little bitch!” She screams as she moves up to obviously curse me back. She seems to be having a problem being caught in her dress.

I realize immediately that I need to leave before she can curse me back. I run back to the house, thankful that I don’t have heels or anything to get in my way.

When I get back to the high table, I’m out of breath and my cheeks are flushed from the exercise. Lord Malfoy looks up at me with a questioning expression. His eyes run up and down my body before settling on my face. “Is something wrong my sweet?” He asks holding an arm out so I can climb back into his lap.

I bite my lower lip and look away from him for a moment. I’m about to tell him the trouble I got into when Bellatrix comes crashing into the room.

“YOUR LITTLE SLUT ATTACKED ME!” She screams so loud I flinch, and the room goes...
Silent.

Suddenly the room is filled with the sound of chairs being pushed out as all the Weasley men stand ready to defend my honor, but it’s my husband who speaks first. He moves so that he stands between the angry woman and me.

“Unprovoked?” He asks in calm, almost mocking tone.

**Lucius**

Ginevra comes running back into the room out of breath and I realize something is obviously wrong. I look her over to make sure she’s not injured or marked before looking at her face. “Is something wrong my sweet?” I ask and hold out my arm so she can take her rightful place in my lap.

She looks as if she’s thinking about what to tell me, she looks very guilty, very something, and I’m very curious to find out what she could have done in the ten minutes she was away. Before she can answer though my dear ex sister-in-law barrels into the room.

“YOUR LITTLE SLUT ATTACKED ME!” She screams at the top of her lungs, making all other conversation in the room stop. She always was overly dramatic. What could my wife have possibly done?

I get to my feet hearing all the men behind me do the same. But this is my fight now, she belongs to me, not them. So I step in front of my bride and face down one of my least favorite people in the world.

“Unprovoked?” I ask just to remind her of the conversation we had had with the Dark Emperor on this very subject.

“Of course unprovoked.” She snaps as she only now realizes the scene she’s making. This will get back to the Dark Emperor, even if I chose not to tell him. “I demand that she be punished.” She adds so she seems much more like a victim than I’m sure she is.

An amused smirk crosses my face as I hear the growls coming from the Weasley men. “If my slip of a wife did indeed get the drop on the great Lady Lestrange I’m sure we will find an appropriate punishment for her crime.” I say wondering if her punishment should be diamonds or pearls. “Do tell us, how she attacked you.” I say savoring Bella’s public humiliation at having to admit my sixteen-year-old wife successfully attacked her.

“Maybe we should discuss this in private.” She says as she wishes to save face.

“Oh I think you have already made this a public matter.” I tell her successfully keeping the amusement out of my voice. Diamonds, definitely diamonds.

“She cast a leg locking curse at me.” Bellatrix tells me through gritted teeth.

“Seems that is a rather defensive curse.” I say tapping my chin in thought. “But if it was unprovoked as you say I’ll still have to punish her.”

The dark woman smiles and crosses her arms as if she’s won something.

“In my time and in my way. She’s my responsibility and you’ll not interfere.” I say to wipe that smile off her face. “Now, I’ll get back to celebrating my wedding.” I add before moving back to my seat and pulling my wife tightly into my lap.
“It was unwise of you to make an enemy out of her so soon.” I whisper softly into Ginevra’s ear.

“She called me weak.” She answers looking away in shame. She was obviously upset she could not control her temper.

I chuckle; this is only good news for me really. If my wife is actually powerful enough to curse someone like Bella, then she’ll be able to give me very strong sons.

“You’re not mad?” She asks in a confused little voice.

“No.” I tell her pushing her hair aside so I can taste her neck. I want to take her to my rooms now and taste every bit of her. Knowing she actually has the fire to curse someone like Bella makes my blood run hot. She shivers in my arms as my teeth brush over her tender skin. I make my way up along her neck only stopping when I hear the annoying sound of someone clearing his throat.


“I need you to stop publicly molesting my daughter.” Weasley says stiffly.

I roll my eyes at him settling back into my chair. “Than you shouldn’t have sold her to me.” I say calmly as I pull her back against my chest. “You obviously…” I start and motion to all of his sons with my head. “…understand the basics to a marital relationship.”

That sent him into such a fury that his wife had to take him from the room. The rest of the evening went well enough. Ginevra spent the rest of the time on my lap, obviously not wishing to be caught alone with Bella another time that day. She was rather well behaved and I wonder if that stupid woman scared all her fire away. I was so looking forward to breaking her myself.

When it’s finally time for us to retire, she stiffens in my arms as I carry her to our marriage bed. The final act that will seal our marriage bond is for us to become man and wife with the stars as our witnesses.

Once all were settled at the party I had the elves bring down everything to make our evening more comfortable on the back lawn. My bed is set up with heating charms around it. They even remembered to bring down the potions I had asked the wise man for.

“Are you nervous my sweet?” I ask as I set her down on the bed.

She swallows hard looking to her knees. “Very.” She tells me softly. “I’ve been told there is pain the first time.” She admits softly. Oh, there will be pain for more than the first time. I think how I’ll enjoy making her scream, making her enjoy the pain I give her.

“You’ll learn that pain is not the enemy of pleasure.” I tell her casually as I pick up the two bottles.
Ginny-

“Are you nervous my sweet?” He asks in a curious way as he sets me down on the large bed.

I pull my knees to my chest looking at them before I answer. “Very.” I tell him. “I’ve been told there is pain the first time.” I explain with a slight embarrassment. I want him to comfort me, to tell me that the pain will be short lived, but that isn’t the type of man I’ve married.

“You’ll learn that pain is not the enemy of pleasure.” He says so casually that I have to look up. He has two bottles in his hands and I remember Draco saying something about the wise man leaving them.

“What are they for?” I ask motioning my head to the bottles.

“One is a fertility draft and the other…” He holds up the small bottle as if trying to remember what is inside it. “...will help.” He says with a slight smirk turning up the edge of his mouth.

“Help with what?” I ask, as I can’t look away from the small glass container.

“It will help you relax.” He says after a moment of hesitation. He holds the bottle out to me expectantly.

“You’re not going to drink any?” I ask as I take the bottle.

“I don’t need it.” He says as if it was obvious.

I look down at the potion in my hand chewing on my lower lip. I have no reason to deny him this. It’s our wedding night; being more relaxed will help maybe even make it better for me. I open the bottle and tip the contents into my mouth. It has an odd almost burning taste and I cough after I swallow the liquid.

“We’ll give it a few moments to work before you take the next one.” He says as he moves back around the bed towards me.

“The fertility draft.” I remind myself and look down at my stomach. He wants son so badly it worries me a little. ‘What if I have a girl?” I ask worried that I’ll anger him in the single thing he wants from me.

“Then we will try again.” He says simply not really answering what I want to know.

“What will happen to her?” I ask not being able to keep the fear from my voice.
His hand gently tips my chin up so I have to look at him. “She would be my daughter.” He says with as if this should mean something to me. “My blood. She would be treated as any Malfoy deserves.” This makes me feel better and I nod slowly. “You on the other hand you…” He continues, his hold on my chin becoming firmer. “Would be punished for your failure to your husband.”

My breath catches in my throat as I can see the pleasure in his eyes when he thinks of punishing me. I quickly move back away from him, slipping further onto the bed, which only seems to amuse him more.

“It’s time to drink the next potion I think.” He says as if he hadn’t just threatened me.

“I don’t want to.” I say because it would mean being closer to the time when we would have to be intimate. I don’t feel ready to lose that part of myself to him.

“You don’t want to?” He asks sounding amused. “I don’t remember giving you a choice. You will take this potion if I must force it down your throat.”

“Why are you in such a hurry?” I ask looking up at him. I’d been told we were supposed to make love until the sun rose in the sky to complete the ritual properly. We had so much time.

“Do you understand the power that is released when a witch’s maidenhood is broken?” He asks calmly then smirks when I shake my head.

I’m starting to feel somewhat light headed, and I wonder if it’s because of the potion he already had me drink.

“If we conceive our first tonight it will be a blessing on our line.” He says moving back towards me with the bottle in hand. “You will drink this.”

My skin is starting to feel warm even out in the night air. I glance to the warming charms wondering if they are malfunctioning. “I’m not ready.” I tell him as I move away from him moving to get off the other side of the bed.

“Oh I disagree.” He says with a slight growl. “You seem a bit flush to me my sweet, are you feeling alright?” He asks in a knowing way.

I look at him with widened eyes. What sort of potion had it been? I don’t feel more relaxed at all, if anything I feel more on edge. “What?” I start finding my voice unsteady. “What is happening?” I force myself to focus on the words.

“The potion you drank is starting to take effect.” He says suddenly seeming to be in no rush at all. “It may get a bit… uncomfortable soon.” He adds with an obviously pleased expression.

“What was it?” I ask as my legs start to feel unstable under me. I catch myself on the bed so I don’t fall

“You truly are an innocent if you haven’t figured it out my now.” He says unhelpfully.

I close my eyes as my nipples harden in excitement. The feeling of arousal slowly runs down my body, leaving a painful need in its path. “A lust potion.” I gasp biting my lip to keep from moaning.

“Very good my pet.” He says sounding pleased. “Now you will take this potion before I can relieve that aching need inside of you. You’ll do exactly as I say or I’ll leave you to suffer in your need.”
I look up at him and realize if I give in now it will always be this way for me, I’ll always have to give into his will. I shake my head. The need was growing, as was the ache of wanting, but I couldn’t give in.

“And I was worried your fire had already been broken.” He says with a chuckle. “You will submit to me in the end wife. Why suffer over things you have already sworn to me?”

“Wh...what?” I ask as I push myself back to a standing position.

“You agreed to our marriage contract. In it I am promised this.” He tells me holding up the potion. “Take it and I’ll be gentle with you, this time.” He leans forward dropping the bottle onto the center of the bed. “Or do you prefer to break your oath so soon in our marriage?” He asks with a sly smirk.

I know the consequences of breaking a marriage oath. A man could leave a woman who broke her marriage oath to him. It would leave me husbandless, and ruined for any future marriage. I knew he wanted sons, that he’d put it in our oath that I would give them to him. He was right, if I didn’t take the potion, and do everything in my power to live up to my end, he would have the right to leave me as an oath breaker.

Taking the potion didn’t mean I had to give myself to him before I was ready. So keeping my eyes on him, I lean forward to snatch the bottle from the bed. At the last moment, his hand darts out and grasp my wrist. He yanks me toward him in a swift move, pulling me back onto the bed.

“You’ll be an obedient wife.” He tells me firmly not letting go of the bruising hold he had on my wrist. “Now drink.”

“I was going to drink it.” I spit back trying to find some balance on the bed.

“You are going to drink it.” He answers with a growl.

I uncork the bottle pressing it to my lips. I hold the potion in my mouth this time as I consider spitting it in his face. I know it would be a breach of my oath so I force myself to swallow the sour liquid.

“I drank it now let me go!” I demand struggling away from his hold. Instead of complying, he pulls my arm with another strong tug, this time making be crash into his chest before he grabs my other wrist.

“I’m not ready.” I tell him trying to sound firm as my voice shakes. The smell of him surrounds me now that we are so close. I suddenly want to be closer; I want to taste his lips like he’d promised at the altar. I press my chest against his without thinking before I realized it must be the lust potions effect on me. I jerk away, but he holds me fast.

He chuckles and shakes his head. His long white hair catches the light of the troches that illuminate the area. I never really looked at him before this moment. He’s a beautiful man, with a strong firm face and penetrating silver eyes. “If you were more ready you would be humping my leg dear wife.”

I feel shame over his harsh words, like I’m some kind of wonton woman who usually finds herself in need of fulfillment. I have to remind myself it’s the potion that is pressing my needs, not my own desires. “You drugged me.” I try to defend my honor.

“So that you could enjoy this night. You’re thinking too much my little pet. You belong to me now. So give yourself over to the pleasure I can give you. Submit to me and I’ll show you the meaning of
I’m shaking in need now. All I want is to feel the aching emptiness inside me filled by him. Why am I fighting it, why am I torturing myself if he’s offering me release from this tension? “Please…” I start to beg as I press myself against him again.

“I’m going to let go of your wrists now, you will be good and use your hands to undress your husband. Do you understand?” He asks calmly.

“Yes.” I gasp and nod my head as I think of ways to get us closer than we are now. Removing our clothes is a good idea. The moment he lets go of my arms I grab my wand and use a simple spell to banish our outer layers away. I’m not sure where they go, and in this moment, I don’t care.

“You little witch!” He gasps before grabbing my wand hand. “Are we in a rush now?” He asks sounding more than a bit amused. “Drop it; you’ll not need that again tonight.” He adds more seriously as he shakes my hand. I drop my wand and use my free hand to try and push down his breeches, which doesn’t work very well.

When I realize his chest is bare to me I smile at the pale smooth skin of his chest and shoulders. He doesn’t seem to have any hair on his body and I find this excites me. Though I try to remind myself how easily excited I am while under the effects of the lust potion. Unable to resist I lean forward and taste that lovely hard smooth skin. I lean in wanting to taste more.

At some point while I’m distracted by licking his chest, he lets go of my wand hand and I settle my hands on his lean hips. He’s shaped like an upside down triangle, with broad strong shoulders and a thin waist. I find him to be the perfection of man, and I wish to explore every inch of his body with my mouth.

When my tongue runs over his nipple, he lets out a soft moan and I feel his hand tangle into my hair at the back of my head. Suddenly he jerks my head back from him and tilts it up so I must once again look him in the eyes. I moan at the sharp pain in my skull then whimper as I realize I’m no longer tasting him.

Lucius-

“You little witch!” I gasp as my outer clothes disappear with a banishment spell, I grab her hand, but I’m not able to contain my amusement. “Are we in a rush now?” I ask her tauntingly, but she seems too far-gone. I don’t want any more surprises from my lust drunk wife so I shake the wand from her hand, ordering her. “Drop it; you’ll not need that again tonight.”

She seems to suddenly realize she has more access to my skin as her free hand moves to my cotton pants trying to push them down as her eyes take in my chest. Suddenly he jerks my head back from him and tilts it up so I must once again look him in the eyes. I moan at the sharp pain in my skull then whimper as I realize I’m no longer tasting him.

Her hands settle at my waist as her mouth explores my chest. I can’t help but moan at the feel of her little tongue against my nipple. I feel myself harden with her attention and I know I can’t afford to lose control now.

Carefully I slip my fingers into her hair so that I have a good hold before I wrench her head back and make her look up at me. She moans at the action and that stuns me for a moment. The potion I’ve given her would not make her enjoy things that were not already pleasurable. My new wife seems to have darker desires than she probably knows. It’s something I’ll be able to use against her in the future.
“Do you want more my sweet? Do you want me to fill that void you’re feeling right about now?” I ask pushing her down on the bed more roughly just to see how she reacts. She gasps and rolls onto her back so she can watch me. She props herself up on her elbows and follows me as I get something from under my pillow.

When I pull the blade from its hiding place, she looks at me with fear and curiosity. “Let’s get that corset off of you my sweet; I want to see what I bought.” I tell her to make her feel like less of a human. She needs to understand to whom she belongs.

I look down at her form before I move over her. She’s still wearing the under-dress and corset from the day, she's actually much more covered than myself in this moment, but I can fix that simply.

I slowly cut a slit up the front of her dress, keeping my actions steady in order to tease the inside of her leg with the blade without actually cutting her. She’s trembling under me, and I wonder if I could make her climax simply by undressing her.

“Please?” She begs falling back on the bed, as she can't focus on holding herself up any longer.

“Please what my pet?” I ask as the blade reaches her core. I pull it away and set it aside as I carefully open the cut I’ve just made.

“I need… something inside.” She gasps rolling her hips.

“In time my sweet, in time.” I taunt her before picking the blade up again so I can cut the laces from her corset.

“Soon?” She asks in a meek voice that makes me smile.

“When I am ready.” I tell her simply with a smirk. She’s completely lost to the potion now so I’m sure this isn’t the last of the begging I’ll hear tonight.

Once I’ve freed her from the corset I lower my blade back to the cut in her dress I’d started before. I hook the blade into the cut and continue my way up her dress. I turn the blade, so the flat runs along her stomach and leave an ever so tiny cut on the underside of her right breast. She moans at the pain again and I smile down at my favorite new toy.

Once I’ve opened the front of her dress completely to me, the only thing left in my way is the knickers covering her sweet little cunt. I look between my knife and the offending clothes for a moment before I just reach down ripping them from her body.

I’m rewarded for my actions by another sweet moan from her beautiful lips, and a jerk that tells me she’s very close to her first peak of the night. I told her if she submitted I would teach her what ecstasy was, and I’m a man of my word.

The way she acts, the way she dresses, these things tell me that my sweet little wife doesn’t actually understand that she has a goddess’ body. I thought maybe there was something hidden that would make her doubt her perfection. But as I look down at the athletic form of my wife I know she deserves the name Malfoy.

“Please?” She begs desperately now. I lick my lips and lean down I want to make her come without really giving into her fully. So I kiss the inside of her knee. When my lips press against her skin, she gasps.

“Do you like that pet?” I ask kissing a bit further up her leg.
“Yes.” She moans arching her back. “More?” She asks with a whimper in her voice.

“More.” I answer kissing my way slowly up the inside of her thigh. She’s already shaking so badly from my attention that I know it will only be a moment before she screams. “Come.” I order her as I let my hot breath brush over her glistening sex.

I have to pull back as her body thrust her hips into the air. She screams as my word sends her over the edge into a pleasure she has never known before. Her first orgasm with me and I commanded her to have it. My own body hardens in need by the very thought of what she’s feeling.

“Such a good pet. You listen so well like this.” I tell her as I brush my hands up and down her thighs softly. “Maybe I should keep you on such potions, keep you ready, and wet for my commands.” I say thoughtfully as her body starts to cool.

“No please.” She whimpers her mind clearing a bit now that she has gotten some relief. “I’ll be good.” She promises softly.

I lick my lips as the trembling subsides and a new build of need starts within her. “You’ll be good?” I tease as I lower my pants to release my own painfully hard erection. “Somehow I feel your behavior will be short lived once the potion has run its course.” I tell her as I move over her body.

I look down at her frowning face. She has her eyes closed and her head turned to the side. “Look at me pet.” I order and push her chin so she’s facing my direction.

“Do you know the three parts of self?” I ask suddenly, wishing her to understand what I’m about to take from her.

“Umm…” She starts as if she’s trying to remember something very hard. “There is the body, the soul, and the core of magic.” She says and I find myself impressed that her parents actually taught her something correctly.

“Correct.” I say rewarding her by letting her feel the head of my shaft against her needful core. She gasps then whimpers as she remembers she shouldn’t want me inside of her. “When there is a magical marriage it’s the binding of one soul to another. In essence today you gave me your soul.” I tell her, though it’s not exactly true. The bond is mutual, but she doesn’t need to know that. “Now, when we finally consummate this marriage. When you’re filled to the brim with me…”

“You’ll own my body?” She asks tightly. I smile at the question.

“Only, because you are a maiden. If we were both virgins, than in turn you would own my body as well.” I let her know this so she understands how very one sided this will be. It was the reason both Narcissa and I slept with another before our marriage bed. Neither of us wished to give the other an upper hand.

“It’s only a matter of time my sweet, before I own all of you.” I tell her softly before I finally press into her tight body. I go slow, not wishing to damage her for my future pleasure.

She whimpers under me as my thick rod stretches her untouched core. “Shhh…” I say to comfort her. I cup her face gently leaning down to kiss her, to really kiss her for the first time. She presses her lips back against mine as if lips pressed to lips is what a kiss is. I run my tongue along her pouty lips to gain entrance to her mouth.

When her lips part for me, I push my tongue along hers with the same slow motion as my cock. I take her mouth as I take her core and she tastes so good. When I feel myself press against the last barrier between us, I jerk my hips to break through and make her truly mine.
She cries into my mouth as I sheath myself the rest of the way into her body. I can feel I’m too long for her small frame that I’ll more than likely bruise her womb whenever I take pleasure in her, and this pleases me.

Once I’m fully seated within her I still my hips and focus on owning her mouth while her body loosens around me. Soon she’s moaning into my lips, her hips trying to move against mine as her body begs for the friction only I can give her now.

I suck on her tongue lightly before pulling back so I can look deeply into her chocolate eyes. “You are mine.” I tell her firmly.

She bites her lip and looks away, but her body clenches around my rod, showing me how she likes my words, even if she doesn’t wish to admit it. I smile. “Say it.” I command her as I turn her chin back so she must face me again.

“You are mine.” She says with a smirk wickedly.

Inside I smirk, knowing how much I enjoy her spirit. On the outside, I growl and jerk my hips to send her a shot of discomfort. “What was that pet?” I ask in a dangerous low voice.

“I won’t say it.” She tells me swallowing hard. “I won’t.” She repeats shaking her head. “You can drug me, you can bind me, you can punish me, but I’ll never say those words. Not the way you want me to.”

I chuckle coldly as I start to move my hips for my own pleasure. “We will see pet, we will see.”
Lady Malfoy

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!

Ginny-

I wake with the smell of him surrounding me. I’m in a bed more comfortable than I’ve ever experienced in my life but I find it hard to enjoy as my whole body aches. I lost count of how many times he sated his lust with me before the sun rose. I’d been told that as men get older their desire lessens, the ability to perform their manly duty to their wives wanes, I don’t think this is true of my husband.

When I open my eyes, I realize I’m alone in the bed and I have to sit up slowly as my body protests. When I look at myself under the covers, I realize I’m still nude, and I see marks of the night forming shadows on my skin. Bruises from grasping fingers are forming on my wrists, thighs, and hips. I run my fingers over his marks and close my eyes as I remember enjoying each painful thrust and grip. I remind myself it was the lust potion that made me enjoy his rough treatment. My husband is the deviant that enjoys giving pain. I’m sure he even enjoyed making me like it as he did.

I would lie back down and try to sleep more if the need to use the privy didn’t suddenly overwhelm me. I look around the room I’m now in and find that it’s decorated in a very masculine style. All the furniture is made from a dark wood with carvings of dragons on the bed and wardrobe. All the textiles in the rooms are also very dark, giving the space a rich, but brooding feel to it. I’m not sure if I’ll be able to live in a room like this without having nightmares.

The head of the bed is pressed against a wall with two large windows that seem to show the gardens in the back where I had gotten married yesterday. The other three walls in the room have doors and I frown as I wonder which will get me to the privy.

Slowly I get out of bed to explore the room. I head directly to the door the bed is facing to see what is behind it. When I open the first room I find a hall, quickly closing it again as I have no coverings. I duck back into the dark room and blush deeply as I rest against the door. I frown at myself. This is my room, I will have to get used to that.

Next, I slowly move to the door to the left of the bed and open it a crack to peak before smilling and opening the door the rest of the way. On my second try, I’ve found a room with a large magical bath as well as a toilet, sink and mirror. My eyes widen at the large mirror above the sink and I walk over to it. We could never afford something so grand as this mirror back home.

I touch the glass lightly before I look passed my hand at my own reflection. My eyes widen as I notice the marks on my neck and shoulders for the first time. I press my small fingers to the marks on the larger ones and remember how he held me to make such bruises. A shudder goes down my spine and I shake my head reminding myself again that the pleasure came from the potion, not from
inside of me.

I’m pulling the last of the pins from my hair when the door slams open and I see my Lord’s reflection in the mirror. He looks annoyed if not fully angry with me. I look back at him meeting his gaze in the glass as I forget about my nakedness.

“I didn’t know where you were.” He says before stepping into the bathroom and looking over my body before a smile comes to his face.

I can’t help but cover my form with the way he’s looking at me now. It makes him chuckle and shake his head. “Did you draw this bath yourself my pet?” He asks his amusement seeming to shift his mood.

“Yes, how else would it get filled?” I ask looking around for something to hide behind, something to put between us.

“A Malfoy doesn’t bathe themself. I’ll send your house elf.” He says and shakes his head.

“I don’t need a house elf to bathe me.” I say turning around to face him fully blushing at the very idea. “I can wash myself.”

He chuckles and shakes his head. “You know so little; you don’t even know what you don’t know.” He says slowly moving to me so he can back me into the sink and press his clothed body into my nude form. He takes my chin and makes me look at him as he smirks at me. “You are no longer a Weasley. You are a Malfoy, which means you will act a certain way. You will dress, speak, and even smell the way I want you to. Do you understand pet?”

I bite my lower lip as I look back into his demanding gray eyes. “I just wanted to soothe the ache.” I tell him, not exactly agreeing to his demands.

He smiles at this. “Was I too rough with you last night pet? You seemed to enjoy it at the time.” He says with a knowing tone.

I flush and try to look away, but he doesn’t let me. “You drugged me.” I say with closed eyes.

“Is that what we are telling ourselves this morning?”

**Lucius—**

“I don’t need a house elf to bathe me.” She says turning around to face me fully blushing sweetly for me. “I can wash myself.”

I chuckle and shake my head. “You know so little; you don’t even know what you don’t know.” I tell her as I move her back against the sink. I press myself against her small form pinning her where I want her before taking her chin and making her look at me. “You are no longer a Weasley. You are a Malfoy, which means you will act a certain way. You will dress, speak, and even smell the way I want you to. Do you understand pet?”

She looks back at me nervously biting her lip. “I just wanted to soothe the ache.” She tells me with an oh so sweet meek expression.

I can’t help but smile. “Was I too rough with you last night pet? You seemed to enjoy it at the time.” I say as I remember how she moaned and came for me time and time again.

She gets a bit redder; and tried to look anywhere but back into my eyes. “You drugged me.” She
says closing her eyes so she can get away from having to see her lie in my expression.

“Is that what we are telling ourselves this morning?” I ask wondering if I should tell her, the potion had little to do with her reaction to my advances.

I shake my head and decide against it. If I tell her outright, she’ll dig her heels in and never let herself enjoy what I have to offer her. “When I send the house elf in here you will let her bathe you.” I tell her changing the subject. “After, she’ll take you to your room.”

“My room?” She asks sounding confused.

“It isn’t that far, don’t worry pet.” I tell her with a smirk as I let her go and leave to go about my work for the day.

I decide I’ll give her the day to explore her new domain under supervision of the house elf I’ve chosen to be her maid. She needs to feel comfortable in her new environment for me to be able to mold her into what I want her to be.

When I get to my office, I’m distracted enough by the mound of new scrolls on my desk that I miss the person sitting in shadow on my couch. I’m full seated at my desk before he decides to speak.

“Enjoying your honeymoon I see.” My dark haired friend says with an ironic tone in his voice.

I don’t react when I realize he’s there and just look up at the Empire’s Potion Master with a smirk on my lips. “More than you would think. My young bride needs a rest.”

“Rabastan said she was young.” Severus comments thoughtfully and I know what he’s asking. I was expecting this.

“She is a woman, not a child.” I say as I pull the first scroll towards me to see what is needed.

“I’m sorry I couldn’t attend the happy day myself.” He tells me and I know he’s watching me closely. “I had business with our Emperor. It seems some bandit has slain Nagini and he’s in desperate need of a new familiar.”

“How would you be helping him in this?” I ask curiously, wondering how a bandit had gotten so close to the Dark Emperor.

“He has me looking for one.” The dark man says without elaboration. “I heard Bella made a bit of a scene at the happy event.” He adds and I suddenly realize he’s here on an official visit for our Liege.

I sit back in my chair and look at him for a long moment before I speak. Severus Snape is a patent man; he would let me sit in silence for as long as I needed. “She made a fool of herself, yes.”

“Someone expressed that she accused your bride of attacking her?” My friend asks interestedly.

“She did and it seems the accusation was true.” I say knowing what he’d really been asking.

“And you have made an appropriate response?” He presses for the information he really wants.

“Not yet.” I say before I let the smirk slip to my lips. “The jeweler will be here tomorrow. I still haven’t decided if she should get a necklace or bracelet.”

“Lucius, I know you don’t like Lady Lestrange, but she is important to our Lord. Which means…” He starts and I hold up my hand to cut him off.
“The girl cast a simple leg locking hex. Bellatrix called her weak; my wife simply showed her the error in judgment.” I explain calmly.

“Your wife is very lucky she got back to you before that woman could undo such a simple curse.” Snape says but he can’t help the smirk forming on his own lips. “Do you think you may have found her replacement?” He asks curiously.

Neither of us likes the only dark witch on the Emperor’s council. We had joked for years we would find a witch to replace her so we wouldn’t have to deal with the loon any longer. But this idea hadn’t even come to me before he mentioned it.

“That’s an idea my friend. But it would take _years_ to get her ready.” I tell him rubbing my chin.

“Then it’s a good thing she’s protected from anything Bellatrix wished to do to her replacement. At least until she gives you two more sons.” Severus says with a chuckle.

“Don’t get your hopes up my old friend. You must know who raised the girl?” I point out and shake the idea of having two council seats belonging to the Malfoys out of my head. Draco was just not interested in such things, and honestly, I hardly know my wife enough to know what she _was_ interested in.

“That’s an interesting point, care to tell me why you chose the daughter of that imbecile Weasley?” He asked curiously again.

In answer, I only let a wide smile spread across my face.

“Was that wise of you? We are speaking of the mother of your future sons. Do you really wish them to have anything related to those good for nothings?”

“There are some things I would not mind my sons inheriting from their mother.” I tell my friend thoughtfully.

“Oh? Do tell.” He says sounding very curious.

I lean forward on my desk to organize my thoughts on the subject. “Physically she’s perfection Severus.” I tell him in an almost dreamy tone. “But what is truly appealing is the fact her very soul seems to be made of fire.”

“Well, well, it seems my dear old friend has finally found his match.” The potions master says a bit too smugly for my taste.

“I own her soul and her body. She’ll be completely mine in time.” I tell him firmly.

Severus chuckles. “Lucius, you can tell the girl that if you wish, but we both know the truth about a wedding rite.”

_Ginny_

I’m more nervous about letting a house elf clean me than I was about letting my husband bed me the night before. Why does he have to make everything so hard? I quickly find a towel to wrap around my nakedness before the elf has time to get here.

When the elf enters the room, she bows her head so low her mouse like nose touches the ground. “Mistress Ginevra, I is being Heety. Heety is being Mistress’s elf. Master Lucius wants Heety to serve Mistress now.”
“Oh. Well Heety, you can call me Ginny.” I tell her I’ve never really talked much with the elves of the Manor before, but I don’t really recognize Heety either.

“Heety will drain this. Mistress Ginny didn’t fill the bath right.” The elf says and then flinches for a moment before looking up to me.

I sigh before taking a step back to give her room. “Fine, you win.” I tell her to show her I’m not mad.

“Heety can take Mistress Ginevra to her own bathroom.” The elf offered looking around for a moment. “Or would Mistress prefer to stay in Master Lucius’ bathroom?”

“I have my own bathroom?” I ask, pulling the towel more tightly around my body.

“Oh yes, Heety will take Mistress.” She says before taking my hand and leading me out into what I now assume is Lord Malfoy’s room. I wonder why we have separate rooms.

“Is it normal for Lord and…Lady Malfoy not to share a room?” I ask as the elf leads me to the door to the right of the bed.

“Mistress and Master do be sharing a room. Just not their bedrooms.” The elf says nodding so that its ears flapped a bit.

“Why?” I press looking around as we enter a lavishly decorated sitting room. This must be the room the Lord and I share. I see it’s a comfortable and causally seeming room, but I’m pulled to the next door too quickly to notice much more than that.

When Heety pulls me into the next room I’m so shocked by my surroundings I have no ideas what she’s saying. All the rooms I’ve seen in Malfoy Manor are lovely and decorated tastefully with a rich elegance. This room is the same, but everywhere I look is white; the bed, the walls, and the sheets. Every so often, there’s a hint of pale pink or purple, but it’s only there to make everything look more…white.

This is the room; I imagine a virginal princess trapped in a tower to live in. I don’t feel fit for a room so pure and clear, it makes me blush and remember how very not like a maiden I am any longer.

When I realize Heety is, still speaking I look to her to see if I can tell what I’ve missed. “...ace she is safe from everyones, even her husband.”

I nod like I have an idea of what she meant and look back around the room. “This is all for me?” I make sure that I haven’t gotten confused somehow.

“Master Lucius orders everything when he is deciding to take you as his new wife.” The elf tells me simply.

So he picked this room out specifically for me. “What kind of girl did he think I was?” I ask myself but it’s the elf that answers.

“Master Lucius thought Mistress Ginevra be…” She started and scrunched her face as if she was trying to remember exact words. “...a pretty little pet.”

“Of course he did. Well Heety, first off if you call me Ginevra again I will be upset with you.” I say turning my full attention back to the elf. “I already asked you to call me Ginny. Second, I would like you to draw me a bath, and show me what soap I should use, but I will not have you bathe me. I’m just not comfortable with the idea.”
“Heety will have to tell Master Lucius.” The elf said meekly.

“That’s fine; I understand you can’t keep secrets from him.” I tell her with a kind smile to try and make her feel better.

Lucius-

The next time I see my new wife we are both sitting down for dinner in the small dining room. I finished much of my work after Severus left. The only real disturbance of the day was the fact her elf had to come to me to tell me she was not following my orders.

I had been tempted to go to her immediately to correct her behavior, but I decided the offence would be better settled over food and wine.

She wore a long white bathrobe made of satin when she entered the room. It had been the only piece of clothing, which I’d left in her room. I smiled as she held her head up high when she entered the room. She said nothing as I pulled her chair out for her and pushed her in. She smelled of vanilla and a hint of cinnamon; the oils and soap the elf had provided her. I spent a moment leaning over so I could look down part of the robe and enjoy the look of her young breasts.

By the time I sat down at the head of the table the hunger in me had nothing to do with the food we were about to eat.

“Your elf tells me you would not be bathed properly.” I say as the soup course appears before us.

“I’m sorry if that bothers you my Lord, but I can wash myself.” She tells me with a steady voice.

“Do I not smell the way you wish?” She asks looking up to me like she’d made some great compromise.

I smile at her and look her over for a moment. It’s such a silly thing to fight over, and the idea that not even the elves get to really touch her, pleases me for some reason. “You do smell quite lovely my pet.”

“Could you, please stop calling me that my Lord?” She asks looking into my eyes.

“No. I like calling you pet. It’s what you are.” I tell her simply and go back to eating my soup.

“Than what should I call you my Lord?” She asks and I smile as I hear the stress in her voice.

“My Lord is fitting; you could also call me Master if you wish.” I say without looking at her this time.

“So you get to call me pet and you wish for me to call you Master.” She says and I have to keep my face straight as her temper is obviously heating up.

“I think the names show the position each of us hold in this marriage.” I tell her finally looking to see what her expression is.

If looks could kill, she would be a widow. Her spirit makes me want to prove to her my point right here on the table.

“So I’m your pet?” She snaps and drops her spoon; she doesn’t seem all that interested in eating at the moment.

I lean back in my chair and look her over as if I’m inspecting a thoroughbred I just bought. “What
did you think you were my sweet?” I ask smugly.

“Your wife.” She says frowning as she pulls the robe around her a bit more firmly.

I chuckle at that and push aside my soup; I find I’m no longer hungry for it either. “You are my wife. You’re also my pet.” I tell her and stand so I can move closer to her. She stills in her chair as she watches me pull it out from the table so that I can lean over her.

I love her small frame, how I can tower over her so very easily. “You belong to me the way my prize stallion belongs to me. I had to break him as well.” I tell her with a smile and run my fingers up her pale neck so I can tangle them into her hair.

I realize for the first time she must have healed the bruises I’d given her last night, well that can be easily corrected. I hold her firmly and make her look into my eyes as I speak. “Now that I think about it I’d already planned to punish you tonight.”

“For what?” She asks pulling against the hold I have on her hair. I wonder if she does it because she likes the small pain, it causes.

“A stripe for each time your father disrespected me during our negotiation.” I tell her, which only makes her frown. “It’s only fair. You’re already paying so much for his idiocy, why not pay for everything?”

She growls at me and the feral sound goes right to my manhood. I can’t decide what I want to do with her more in this moment, punish her or fuck her. “And you wonder why I call you a pet my dear?” I ask smirking as if I’ve won something. Before she can protest more, I lean forward and capture her lips in a heated kiss holding her hair tightly so that she can’t pull away.

I’m satisfied as her resistance breaks after a few moments against my demanding kiss. She wants to submit to me fully, I can tell, she just doesn’t know this yet. When I pull back from the kiss, I look at her with a knowing smirk before I let go of her hair.

The moment she’s released she looks away blushing as I watch her chest rise and fall quickly. Before she can react, I’m undoing the belt to her robe and pulling it apart so I can see what is mine more fully.

Her eyes shoot back up to me and she tries to pull the robe closed, but I grab her wrists before she can. “What’s wrong pet?” I ask with a smile. “Isn’t this why you only wore a robe to supper?” I ask her playfully.

She gives me that sweet blush of hers before she shakes her head. “I couldn’t find any of my clothes.” She says in a very small voice.

“You mean those rags you’ve been wearing around my house for the last few weeks?” I ask her with a sneer. “I had them thrown out.” I add before she can actually answer my question.

“You did what?” She asks her eyes wide with shock and anger.

“Lady Malfoy does not wear such trash.” I tell her simply. I see the anger in her rise all the more and I’m curious as to what she’ll do with it, so I let go of her wrists and stand up to my full height once again.

“My mother and I made me those clothes!” She snaps pushing my hip back from her so she can stand. She’s too angry to notice her robe is still hanging open I realize so I enjoy the show. “You had no right to throw them away! What about my other things? I haven’t seen a single thing of mine
since we got married.” She tells me with hands on her hips as she glares up in my direction.

When I answer her, I keep my eyes on her face so she doesn’t realize the view she’s giving just yet. “I put anything I did not deem as rubbish in storage, for you to go through after you’ve settled in.”

“How dare you! Who do you think you are throwing away my things?” She yells at me again and I see her hand twitch towards the pocket of her robe.

I can’t have the chit thinking she’s allowed to hex me, so I grab her wrists again and bring them together in front of her before looking down into her eyes to explain. “I’m your Master and Lord. Try to keep up pet; I thought we spoke of this only a few minutes ago.”

**Ginny**

“How dare you! Who do you think you are throwing away my things?” I scream at him and think of showing him just what I think is rubbish.

Suddenly I find my wrists locked in his grasp once again, like he could read my mind and knew exactly what I was planning to do. He holds my wrists out in front of him and I look up into his eyes as he starts speaking in his low arrogant voice. “I’m your Master and Lord. Try to keep up pet; I thought we spoke of this only a few minutes ago.”

I huff working to free my hands. I refuse to be treated as if I’m some kind of man’s property, even if I am rightfully married to him. When I realize getting out of his grasp is useless, I smirk before kicking at his legs. If I can just get a good angle at his knee maybe, he’ll let go.

“That’s quite enough pet.” His voice rumbles over me sending an involuntary shudder down my spine.

He swirls me around like I weigh nothing to him and I’m slightly dizzy as he bends me over the dinner table. I gasp as his full weight presses me down. He pushes my wrists up above my head and I feel something being tied around them. When I look up to see what he’s doing, I realize he has me tied with the belt to my robe.

My robe! I realize too late, how very vulnerable I am in this stupid satin number, and it had been hanging open the whole time I was yelling at him. He must be thinking I’m a brainless twit by now.

I hear another rumble as he casts a spell I don’t recognize, before his weight comes off me. I try to stand only to find that my wrists are stuck to the table as tightly as my feet are stuck to the floor.

“Let me up!” I yell and work very hard not to let my voice break.

“I think it’s time for your punishment dear wife.” The cold voice behind me says, before I feel the fabric of the robe being pushed off my arse and tucked around me so that my whole lower body is revealed to him. “Don’t go anywhere.” He adds with amusement now in his voice before he walks away.
First Punishment

Ginny-

“You’re not leaving me here like this!” I snap and try to turn my body in a way that will make the robe at least fall back into place. When I look around, I can just see the door to the room, which the bastard left open.

I’m struggling to get myself covered for I’m not sure how long. The moment I finally let out a sigh of relief as the robe slides back into place, I hear a chuckle from the door. I look up to see my monster of a husband standing there with a cold smirk on his lips and a small wooden paddle in his hand.

“I think for this first punishment is shall be a simple spanking my sweet.” He tells me smoothly as he makes his way back into the room.

“You left the door open.” I whimper because my brain is overloaded on all the things he’s done to me today.

“Don’t wish any of the help to see how bad you’re being?” He asks as he slowly walks closer to me gently tapping the paddle against a leather-clad hand.

“I didn’t do anything.” I whimper feeling powerless, as he obviously wants me to in this moment.

“Well any proper punishment starts with going over the sins.” He tells me and I can feel the heat of his body behind me before he pushes the robe back where it had been tucked under me before.

He pets his hand over the revealed skin making me whimper. Maybe if I play meek and stay very still he’ll stop feeling the need to punish me so badly.

“First there are the crimes of your father; I counted thirteen different counts of disrespect from him. As I said before you will receive one spank for each count.” He reminds me and I can hear the smirk in his voice, as he wants me to react.

“Next you embarrassed me at our wedding by choosing such a child like style of dress…” He continues but I try to cut him off.

“But they said it was my choice. I liked my dress!” I whimper. How could he punish me for something that was my choice, my only choice?

He ignored the interruption and continues the counting of my crimes. “People who matter witnessed this embarrassment so for it you will receive five spanks. Your punishment for the incident with Lady Lestrange will be coming at a later time.” He adds with something like affection.
in his voice, which confuses me all the more.

“You were generally insolent on our wedding night. Ten spanks. You were found in my private
bathroom. One spank. You would not let your elf properly groom you. Three spanks. And finally
you have been generally insolent with me since coming down for supper. Five spanks. Do you have
anything to say to any of that pet?” He asks and I can hear the smile in his voice.

My mouth starts working without my consent. “You drugged me on our wedding night, I didn’t
know it was your bathroom, I’m not letting some stranger bathe me, you’ve been acting like a bully
since I came down and you threw away my things without my consent. When do I get to punish
you?” I end with a growl as I count up the number of times he plans to hit me in my head.

“I didn’t think so.” He says as if I didn’t say anything at all. “Now, shall we begin?” He asks like I
have a choice in the mater.

I brace myself for the beating my husband plans to give me, and start to make plans to run away from
this place. I can’t stay, my parents would never want me to stay with a man that hit me, would they?

CRACK!

It’s the first time I’ve ever been spanked in my entire life and it feels more shocking than actually
painful. I brace myself, as I know the next strike is coming, but instead I feel the soft leather of my
husband’s glove as it runs across the mark he just made on my left cheek.

I look up confused as I hear him shuffle next to me and I realize he has set down the paddle so he
can remove his gloves. Noticing my shift, he smiles at me. “You’ll feel better once we’re done my
sweet.” He says almost kindly and brushes some hair from my face.

I look back down at the table and frown. I don’t understand what he means by ‘feel better’, and I’m
contemplating it when I hear the next strike coming.

CRACK!

It’s harder this time and I gasp as it lands directly on the crease between leg and thigh of my other
cheek. What’s more distracting than the pain though is the fact it seems to have sent a jolt of pleasure
to my very core.

His hand runs over the mark again and this time I feel his soft fingers against what I imagine is a red
welt. It takes all my focus not to push back against those fingers. What is wrong with me? How
can I be getting anything good out of being spanked like I’m an unruly child?

He’s soon done with rubbing the welt and then the strikes start to come in clusters.

CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK!

He’s moving the paddle around my bottom and thighs so that no place is untouched by the string of
its bite. It really hurts and I wiggle away from the paddles range, but at the same time, a throbbing of
need is building between my legs. This need is in no way helped by the fact he stops and rubs the
sore skin every so often, stimulating the itch that builds from the paddle.

CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK!

What’s wrong with me? I keep wondering as I feel my body’s movement as my head is dazed,
focused completely on his touch or the paddles. I want both, but at the same time, I need him to stop.
This is too much. I never realized how very broken I was until this moment. I don’t even have
being drugged, as an excuse this time.

CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK!

“PLEASE!” I finally scream, but I’m unsure what I’m screaming for. Parts of me want him in the same way and strength I’d wanted him the night before. Other parts of me just want to crawl in a hole and die of the embarrassment I’m causing myself.

“Did you need something pet?” He asks causally, his hand running over my now red arse.

I’m gasping for breath as I try to think how to answer him. “Please stop?” I ask because I know that’s what I should want.

“Your punishment isn’t over. Is there something you would like to offer your Master so he’ll forgive the rest of your crimes?” He asks in a smug voice. He must know what his punishment is doing to me; I can feel the wetness of my arousal on my upper thighs, something he has a perfect view of.

“How can you be so cruel?” I ask him meekly as I work to not let my eyes tear up.

“Oh my pet… I’m not being cruel; I’m actually being quite kind.” He tells me softly and runs a gentle hand down my back. “I’ll even offer you a deal. If you admit who you belong to, I’ll forgive the rest of your punishment.”

He wants me to say I belong to him. Something I told him I would never do, only yesterday. How weak would it make me to give in to this demand to get him to stop doing something that I don’t really want him to stop doing.

“I belong to myself.” I tell him as I get my voice under control.

His response to my words is another cluster of spanks. There are much more in this cluster and he doesn’t seem to be letting up until I start to whimper and tremble.

CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK! CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK! CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK!

I feel like my skin is on fire. I need the gentle strokes; I need something more that I can’t place for the life of me. I don’t know if I’ll ever be able to sit again or if I’ll have any skin left on my rear when he’s done with me. But suddenly it’s over, and there are no gentle touches, there’s only the cold loneliness of the room for what feels like too long.

I sniffle, only now realizing that I was crying before. “Please…” I say so softly I’m sure he won’t be able to hear me, and again I’m unsure what I want in that moment. Maybe I want to simply be touched.

“Such a good girl.” He says softly and I can feel his hands running gently over my scalp and neck. “You took your punishment quite well.” He adds sounding impressed and pleased. Why do I feel so bloody happy that he sounds pleased with me? What kind of sick person am I that I’m so ecstatic that I’ve impressed this devil?

“There will be bruises here…” He starts speaking again and running a hand lightly over my red skin. “If I find you have healed them I’ll have to put them back. Do you understand pet?” he asks in a soothing tone.

“Yes my Lord.” I say to the table, if I don’t heal my arse, I’m unsure how I’ll sit ever again.
I’m not sure how I could feel so good and so bad all at once. I was lost in a daze, not really thinking when his fingers moved from my thighs to the place between them. I gasped and blushed as he easily slid his middle finger all the way into my womanhood. I was so aroused that my body gives him no resistance at all.

He chuckles and I whimper as his finger starts to slowly move in and out of me. “I think my wife really enjoyed her punishment.” He says knowingly as his thumb moves down between my lips to find the little jewel that sends lightning bolts of pleasure through my system. “Do you need your husband’s more direct attention my pet?”

I whimper, as I don’t really wish to answer that question.

**Lucius-**

I can’t help but chuckle as I can so easily pump my finger into my wife’s sex. “I think my wife really enjoyed her punishment.” I tell her knowingly as I move my thumb to find her clit and send a few more jolts of pleasure through her. “Do you need your husband’s more direct attention my pet?”

When I hear her only whimper in response, I pull my hand away from her so I can taste her on my finger. I’ve been hard through most of her punishment. I couldn’t help but enjoy the way her body shifted and she gasped and whimpered and made little mewing sounds I’m sure even she wasn’t aware of.

Yes, my new wife is quite the find, she already enjoys a good spanking more than most women would, and now her body is nearly begging to be fucked just the way I wish to fuck her. I may have to train her to take harsher punishments, but that seems simple enough when she’s so very wet from this one.

“I’ll be a kind Master and take that as a yes…this time.” I tell her as I move to part my robes and unbutton my pants. “But in the future you will have to tell me when you want me after a punishment.”

She whimpers again and her body shifts slightly to push back towards me. Once I’ve freed my hardened rod I move my hands slowly up the curves of her reddened bottom to her sides. “This is going to hurt my pet.” I tell her softly as my hands make their way up her back and massage her shoulders lightly.

“When I take you, my body will rub against her punished arse with each thrust.” I say because I know anticipation of pleasure or pain can be more effective than the actual contact. ”But if I flipped you over and took you that way then you butt would rub against the table for the entire ride.” I explain as one of my hands works its way in her red locks.

“She gasps and I can hear the need in her quivering tone.

“It’s up to you my sweet. Do I take you like a wife, or like an animal?” I ask with a smirk on my lips. “Don’t worry; I plan to take you either way. I can see how much you need me.”

She stills under me as she tries to take control of her body. Now I can’t have that, so my now free hand slaps her arse lightly.

She gasps as her head moves back into my hand. I slap her again for good measure and her hips try to move back against my cock. “Is that your decision pet?” I ask licking my lips.

“Ummm…yes.” She says breathlessly.
“Then you need to say it.” I tell her as a let a smile spread across my lips.

“Say what?” She asks obviously confused.

“You need to ask me to take you like the animal you are my pet.” I tell her and tease her folds with my hardened weapon.

She whimpers under me but nods, as she understands what I’m asking. “Please take me like an animal.” She asks ever so softly.

I feel it’s the best I’m going to get so without hesitation I start to sheath myself inside of her. I know I still have to take it slow, as she’s so very new to this. She’s already whimpering under me as I make her feel each inch of my rod.

“Do you like that pet? Do you enjoy your Master’s cock?” I ask her teasingly as I grip her hair tightly.

I get little mewing sounds in response, which pleases me, more than words. Once I’m fully seated inside of her I twist my hips a bit so she has to feel my skin rubbing against her tortured arse.

The way she tightened around me tells me more than any words could say. I start to take her with long slow thrust and soon she’s working hard to push back against me the best she can. “Tell me what you want my sweet.” I say teasing her a bit and enjoying the sound of her frustrated whimpers.

“Harder?” She asks as if she’s scared of the request.

“Like this?” As a reward, I give her one quick and harsh thrust before stilling completely inside of her.

“Yes!” She moaned and then whimpers when I stop. “More?” She asks trying to look back at me but I hold her hair firmly.

“My sweet little deviant pet wishes for me to fuck her hard, after I just spanked her raw?” I ask wanting to enjoy her embarrassment with her own desires.

She whimpered again and takes in a staggered breath like she would cry soon.

“I would never leave a woman wanting.” I tell her before giving her a second harsh thrust. I don’t want her crying I want her moaning. I start to take her at the speed and level her body desires and I smile as she works her hips back against mine as best she can.

When I hear the first soft moan, I brush her back with my hand softly. “Good girl.” I moan deeply, wishing to reward the behavior that I desire. “That’s my good girl.” I press as I realize I’m nearing the edge of my control. “Now scream for me my pretty; let go and enjoy. Scream for me.” I say thrusting more harshly, my hand moves around under her to find the little button to send her over the edge.

Before I even touch her clit, she’s screaming under me, her small body locking onto my cock as she peaks from my thrusts alone.

“That’s my good girl.” I groan as I let go of my control.
The Golden Sapling is a private establishment for a very specific clientele. There are three things one must be if they wish to belong to the gentleman’s club. First, one must be male, obviously. Second, one must be a wizard, and third one must be disgustingly wealthy. Being a favored of the Dark Emperor didn’t hurt either.

This was one of the few places outside of the manor where I felt, well not exactly at ease, but comfortable. The pipes, drinks, and women were all very pleasing to pass the time, as was the conversation if one came when other worthwhile wizards were there.

Tonight was a monthly gathering of those I deemed it worthy to spend my time with. We usually played some sort of card game as we spoke about political and magical dealings of the day. Though I’m a newly married man, I decided to leave the manor and join the group.

When I pass through the dark wooden doors and feel the wards run over me as they identify that I belong I smile. It’s time to put on the mask I wear for those I call friend. I’m actually delighted to see Severus and both Lestrange brothers are already sitting at our usual table.

I walk over to them and they look up at me in slight surprise. “I didn’t think you’d be making it tonight.” Rodolphus says. “I figured your little wifey would have you all tied up by now.” He adds obviously getting his information from his harpy of a wife. Merlin I hate Bellatrix.

“I tired her out during supper, so I thought I’d see how the cards treat me tonight.” I tell him with a smug smirk. I enjoy the fact I can tire out a girl that’s less than half my age, it actually makes me feel powerful, and I wish for those around me to know my power.

Severus coughs into the drink that he was taking at the time I make the comment then looks at me. “During supper?” He asks with a raised eyebrow once he has his breathing under control. It’s moments like this, that I’m glad Severus is on my side. His comment is obviously a ploy to let me make my meaning perfectly clear to those around.

“She’s a young beautiful woman. Whenever she’s around I find I lack the control to keep my hands off her.” I tell my friend as I remember the sight of my pet begging me to take her.

“I heard it was a Weasley, seems like nearly commoner trash to me.” Rabastan says as he deals out a new hand.

I order myself an amber brandy before I look to the thinner of the two brothers in front of me. “She’s a Malfoy now.” I tell the man clearly.
“But she was a Weasley. I heard the Dark Emperor isn’t pleased with the girl’s father at the moment. He’s suspected of helping the Brotherhood of the Phoenix.” The man presses as we pick up our cards. I chuckle and shake my head at the idea, but I file away the information just in case it becomes useful later.

“Well if that’s true we’ll not be having trouble with them for much longer, the fool will bring them down for us.” I say with a shake of my head. I fold my cards, not liking the hand and not in the mood to bluff.

“You say that about your wife’s father.” Severus points out and ups his bid.

I roll my eyes. “I’ve already told you, she’s a Malfoy now. Weasleys were once fine stock, and as far as I can tell, there’s but one idiot among them. She’s already shown herself to be a powerful witch, isn’t that right Rodolphus?” I say smirking.

The man decides to only grunt in response and pretend to be paying more attention to his cards than to me. The question was a trap, so I don’t really blame him for not answering.

“There’s only one thing to do my friend. You must hold a dinner party so that your friends can truly meet your wife. That will put all our fears about your future happiness to rest.” Rabastan presses, his eyes alight with mischief.

Rabastan was Narcissa’s lover; he thinks I didn’t know this. I’m sure he also thinks he can gain the current Lady Malfoy’s attention as well. I never cared that Narcissa took a lover, as long as she stayed discreet about it and didn’t embarrass me. My new wife on the other hand is a different story. I could never own Draco’s mother the way I can own this girl and I’ll kill this man before I let him get in the way of that.

“Give her some time to settle into her new role. In a month I’ll gather all my closest friends to meet my new wife.” I say feeling I have some training to do before she’s ready for guests.

“That seems fair.” Severus speaks as he collects his winnings. He was always very good at bluffing. “Maybe I’ll be done with this headache by then.” He adds a moment later.

“The one from this afternoon?” I ask not wishing to let the Lestranges know any more information than the dark man is willing to give them.

“Yes, you wouldn’t believe how tedious it is. You know how much I love to read, but these are wild ideas we’re going after.” The Potion Master tells me.

“That seems fair.” Severus speaks as he collects his winnings. He was always very good at bluffing. “Maybe I’ll be done with this headache by then.” He adds a moment later.

“The one from this afternoon?” I ask not wishing to let the Lestranges know any more information than the dark man is willing to give them.

“Yes, you wouldn’t believe how tedious it is. You know how much I love to read, but these are wild ideas we’re going after.” The Potion Master tells me.

“Why is he having you do it anyway?” I ask with a frown. I would think the Dark Emperor would have asked Bella or myself to do such a job, as Severus’ expertise is brewing.

“What are we talking about?” Lord Black asks as he sits down at our table. Severus tenses in his chair as he always does around the charming Sirius.

“As you aren’t a member of the Dark Emperor’s Council you have no reason to be told.” My friend says tightly. “Are you here to lose more money?” He asks before glaring at the other man.

The man laughs easily and shakes his head. “No. Just waiting for James to show up.” He says casually. “You know how tight a hold Lady Potter has on her husband.” He adds and I know it’s meant to get under Severus’ skin even if others around us don’t understand.

“You know I saw their son at my party a few weeks ago.” I say drawing Sirius’ attention away from my friend. “He danced with my new wife.” I add casually.
“Harry? He’s my godson.” Lord Black says proudly. “I’m not sure who he danced with, but there was only one girl that seemed to make an impression on the kid.”

“Oh?” I ask as I wonder if I have something to stab back at Black with for making Severus so annoyed.

“Oh yes, wouldn’t stop talking about the Weasley girl. Honestly I didn’t know Arthur had a daughter, thought he had all sons.” Sirius says with a laugh and I smirk widely.

“Well you may wish to let your godson down gently.” Severus says and I’m pleased with the devious smirk on his face so I don’t take his fun away. “I know for a fact the girl is taken.”

“Oh really?” Black asks looking back at his childhood rival.

Severus motions with his head to me. “Lucius was just telling us how he wore her out at supper.”

Ginny-

I sleep on my stomach that night with no covers to hide my nude form. Honestly, with the soreness of my backside I don’t think I’d really want anything to cover it. He tells me that because I was a good pet he’s letting me sleep in my own room, but I get the idea he has something he’s doing tonight which is the real reason I was dismissed.

In my own bed, in my own room, I still can’t get away from him. I dream about his punishment; and what it did to me. My mind runs wild with ideas of all the things it thinks my husband will do to me, and in my dreams, I beg for every jolt of pain.

I wake in the middle of the night and realize how aroused I am from these wicked dreams. I weep because I know how broken I am now. People aren’t supposed to enjoy being hit and punished. I try to tell myself it’s something he’s done to me, but the more I think about it, the more I realize there have been other signs.

When I used to kiss, one of the servant boys there was nowhere near the excitement I feel when my husband kisses me. All the boys who’ve wanted to gain my attention in the past have been sweet, kind, and gentle, as if I’m made of glass, and this has always annoyed me more than anything.

Women are supposed to enjoy being cherished. I did enjoy the way Lucius cherished me after we rutted on the table, I remind myself to try and defend some last broken part of me. I enjoyed the way he stroked my back and told me how I had pleased him. Being honest with myself in that moment I know the only reason I enjoyed the sweet moment is because of the things he had just done to me.

I start to weep again as I feel my body clinch around nothing at the very thought of the things he had actually done to me in the dining hall. How am I ever supposed to eat in there again without blushing? How am I supposed to be in that room without getting aroused?

I shake all these useless thoughts away and try to go back to sleep. It’ll be another long day tomorrow and I need as much rest as I can get if my husband wishes to take me again in such a manner. When I close my eyes I realize how very worked up all these thoughts have made me, even my very shame over them has seemed to heighten my need.

The idea of going over to my husband’s room to beg him to satisfy this need crosses through my head and spikes the desire, but I quickly toss it away. I may enjoy his treatment of me for some broken reason, but I still have my pride. I least I do at the moment.

Knowing this need will not simply go away I roll over onto my back and moan as my sore arse slides
against the silk sheets. I lick my lips and wiggle my rear against the sheets while my hand moves down between my legs.

I move my fingers between my folds carefully as I search out that little bud of pleasure. I moan when my finger brushes against it. My legs spread further apart so I’m more open to my own attention. I’m panting already when I let my finger brush against it again lightly.

My free hand moves to my breast so I can run soft fingers over the excited little peak it finds there. I roll the nipple between my fingers as I let my other fingers brush my clit once again. All the while, I rub my backside against the sheets. I let out another moan, louder than the first as I start the slow climb to release.

I moan and whimper as my actions keep building the pleasure but don’t seem to be able to push myself over the edge that I really need. I decide without actual thought to add more pain to the mix and I pinch my nipple hard while my other hand rapidly flicks a finger against my bud. An image of him as he spanks me over the table flashes through my mind. I image it’s his fingers who are hurting and pleasuring my body.

I scream without meaning to while my own body jerks and tightens finally. I let myself go as the heated pleasure runs through every part of my body. When I fall back into a relaxed position, I quickly roll over onto my stomach and lay there panting feeling as if I don’t have a single bone in me.

I fall asleep again before I have any time to think.

The next morning I wake to a bony finger poking my cheek. I try to bat it away at first as I don’t feel the need to rise, but it seems very persistence.

“What?” I ask in a voice slurred with sleep.

“Mistress Ginny needs to get up and eat now.” Heety says in a cheerful voice. “Mistress Ginny has a very busy day.”

I blink a few times and find that I’m still on my stomach. My hand goes back to my rear and I find the sting is gone, but a slight ache remains when I touch the bruises. “What am I doing?” I ask slowly, not wishing to move from my position with the elf still in the room.

“After breakfast Mistress Ginny is meeting with the dressmaker, then the stylist, and then there is lunch with Master Lucius and Master Draco, then Mistress Ginny is being able to look though what the Master saved to choose what she would like in her room then she is to be going to dinner with the Master then and the Master told Heety Mistress best be ready to sleep in his chambers tonight.” The little elf says in one breath and I find myself blinking at her.

“When is the dressmaker getting here?” I ask as I pull the sheet around me when I realize the elf isn’t going anywhere.

“He is being here now Mistress, but he is waiting till Mistress is done with breakfast.” Heety tells me sounding worried.

“Oh, well I don’t want to keep people waiting. I can skip breakfast today Heety. Let me just freshen up a bit and find something to put on.” I tell her as I make my way to the bathroom.

“Mistress is forbidden to skip meals Mistress.” The elf tells me as she follows me from the chamber into the all white marble bathroom. “If Mistress carries Master’s baby, Mistress can’t take that risk.”
“He didn’t seem to mind that I didn’t eat much dinner.” I mumble under my breath.

“More reason Mistress Ginny can’t skip breakfast.” Heety tells me firmly before she starts to brush my hair for me.

“I can do that Heety.” I tell her and try to take the brush.

“This is Heety’s job Mistress.” She tells me firmly and bats my hand away.

“What am I supposed to wear while this dressmaker person is here? I assume they’ll be making new clothes for me?” I ask her as I let her take over.

“Heety cleaned Mistress’ robe.” The elf tells me and I sigh. “Does Lord Malfoy know this dressmaker is male?” I ask remembering Heety had called him he.

“Heety doesn’t know Mistress. Master told Heety to hire the same dressmaker Mistress Narcissa used.”

She finishes pulling up my hair quickly and I let her clean my face, but I draw the line at my teeth and take over washing up while she goes to get my white robe. I wonder why the Lord picked so much white when the rest of the house is decorated in much deeper colors.

Lucius-

I look over the pieces the jeweler has brought for me to choose from. The jeweler himself sits in the corner and waits for me to look over his wares. I’ve been buying from this wizard for some time, and he knows I don’t like to be hovered over while I look. Draco is sitting across from me, waiting for me to pick something so that the man will leave and he can talk more freely. My son looks bored as he taps his wand against the palm of his other hand.

“Something bothering your Draco?” I ask as I pick up a finely worked bracelet with small diamonds where the gold interlocked.

“You never took this long picking something for mother.” He snaps waving his hand dismissively at the table I’m looking over.

“I did once.” I tell him while ignoring his tone. “When we were courting, and we just got married. Before I knew her taste.” That seems to settle him a bit. I realize it’s hard for my son to think of me happy with anyone but his mother.

“Would you like to pick something for your new lady friend?” I ask pulling the subject away from his mother.

Draco perks up at the suggestion and actually takes an interest in what is on the table. “I would need two pieces.” He tells me cautiously.

This statement takes my attention completely away from the task at hand, and I look at my son. “Two pieces?” I ask, as I obviously need to know a bit more about what is going on in his life.

“I would prefer not to talk about it at the moment father.” He says and his eyes flick to the man. “But I would need two or none.”

I take in a slow breath as I think this over. “We’ll talk about this at tea. Choose two.” I tell him going back to pick my own selection.
“Why are you buying her anything at all?” Draco asks suddenly as he picks up a ring to look more closely at it. “She already belongs to you; you never had to charm her.”

“No, she was sold to me like cattle.” I say picking up a broach. “If I don’t charm her now, she’ll always feel like a victim. Even if she did sell herself.”

“And you care because?” My son asks setting the ring down.

I sigh, sitting back in the chair so I can give my full attention to my answer. “I care because I wish for her to truly be mine. I will not be able to fully enjoy her until she gives herself to me completely.”

“So you are manipulating her into becoming even more of a thing to own?” Draco asks looking up at me, the smirk he wears is glowing over his entire face.

“One could put it that way.” I say smiling back. I lean forward again to pick up a lovely choker with three strands of pearls. A charm in the shape of the profile of a roaring lion’s head hangs down from the center of lowest strand. The eye that is in view is made of black opal and shines menacingly. It reminds me of a finely made collar, intended for a very expensive pet. This is exactly what I want.

Draco picks out two pendants that looks exactly the same but for the gem in the center of them. The choice makes me all the more interested in what sort of game my son is playing.

Once our choices are made Draco sits in silence as I pay the jeweler and send him on his way. When I return to my study Draco is looking more closely at the pendants he’s chosen.

“Regretting the choice?” I ask giving him a bit of a start.

“No, trying to decide which will receive which.” He says putting the pendants in his pocket.

“Are you going to tell me why you feel the need to give them matching gifts?” I ask as I take the seat across from my son once again.

Draco sighs lightly looking at me. He seems as if he’s making a decision to let me in on some great secret. “I want them both father.” He says after a long while.

“Obviously. But you must know you can’t keep them both?” I ask looking over the boy as he frowns.

“They want to stay together. They’re very close sisters father. I think they would prefer sharing one man instead of having to live apart from one another.” Draco told me with a smile of his own. “Not that they know this is what they want, but I will show them.”

I can’t help but chuckle at how very sure my son is. Well a determined Malfoy is only rarely disappointed. “As long as you honor the family name I will not get in your way.”
Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!

Ginny-

I ate breakfast as quickly as I could not wishing to make someone wait longer than they had to. With my robe pulled tightly around my form I told Heety to let the man in. He was younger than I’d have thought. For some reason I was imagining a man older than my husband, but the man who entered was at least ten years his junior.

The moment he enters the room he shows me a wide flashy smile. I think I can count his perfectly straight white teeth from my seat if I wished to. He’s actually a rather handsome man, with wavy golden hair and happy blue eyes.

“Ah the beautiful new Lady Malfoy.” He says moving to one knee in front of my chair so that he can take my hand and brush his lips against my knuckles.

His posture and grace simply oozes charm and sexual energy. I suddenly feel very uncomfortable sitting in the room alone with him. As if just by letting him this close to me, I’m somehow betraying my husband.

“I’m sorry, but I didn’t get your name.” I say removing my hand from his grasp as politely as possible.

“Gilderoy.” He tells me before standing and bowing in my direction once again. “Gilderoy Lockhart at your service, my lady. I know how honored you must be.” He says waving off adoration; I wasn’t actually giving him. I had no idea who he was, but he seemed to think I should.

“Heety said you are the dressmaker?” I ask trying to move to the subject at hand.

“I prefer designer of wearable art.” Gilderoy says before finding the large trunk Heety had moved into the room after him. “I was contacted by your elf telling me the new Lady Malfoy was in dire need of my designs.” He explains as he opens the trunk with a flick of his wand before flamboyantly turning back to face me. His eyes run from my neck to my feet and back again before he smiles more broadly, which I hadn’t thought was possible.

“Yes, my husband wishes for me to have a completely new wardrobe.” I tell him trying to overlook his behavior and just get this over with.

“What a canvas you’ll make for my designs.” He exclaimed as he moves back to me quickly to pull me into a standing position. “I’ll be proud to dress you my dear.” He adds stepping closer to me than I find comfortable.

Taking a deep breath, I move back, taking care not to hit the chair, I’d been sitting in. “Yes that will
be wonderful. How do we start?” I ask trying to move to see what he has in the trunk.

The moment I turn my back on him his hands are on my hips. “I must experience your body fully.” He says letting hot breath glide along my neck.

Suddenly I feel very much in need of a bath. “What?” I ask stepping out of his grasp and turning on him so I can see any further invasion coming.

“It’s the only way I’ll be able to dress you properly my sweet.” He says as if it was common sense. I decide that maybe I misheard him, or the phrase doesn’t mean what I think it means.

“By experience my body you mean what exactly?” I ask putting a bit of distance between us.

“I must feel and taste every inch of your skin.” He says and takes a step forward. “I’m sure your husband couldn’t satisfy the needs of such a young and lively thing as yourself. You’ll enjoy this.”

Pulling my wand from my pocket as he tries to take a step closer to me, I force a smile on my face. “I think there’s been a misunderstanding. My husband is paying you to make me clothes.”

He only smirks at the wand as if it’s cute that I even have one. “Your husband doesn’t have to know about the rest, but it’s how all my clients pay for the truly divine clothes I provide them with. Without experiencing you, how am I to make sure they’re the perfect fit?”

“I’m pretty sure most people just use a measuring tape…” I tell him taking another step back as he steps forward.

“An imperfect system, let me show you what true pleasure is.”

Lucius-

Draco and I settle into the small dining room for lunch. We spent the rest of the morning discussing business for the estate and plans for Hogsmeade now that we have back control of the town.

“Though it’s going to be troublesome getting her to sign off on everything we wish to do there.” Draco says as we wait for Ginevra to join us.

“I don’t think that will be a true problem. Ginevra seems smart enough to know that we are only taking care of the land and its people.” I tell him and watch with a smirk as he rolls his eyes.

“I haven’t really witnessed any sign of intelligence from the girl.” He says just as she walks into the room.

By the flush on her cheeks; she obviously heard his words and realizes we’re talking about her. “My dear, you look lovely.” I tell her getting to my feet so I can pull the chair next to me out for her.

She’s wearing a deep blue dress with a tight fitted bodice. Her hair falls in silky waves down her back. It seems the money I spent on her appointments today were both well worth the cost.

“Thank you my Lord.” She says forcing a smile in Draco’s direction uncomfortably. “Draco.” She says nervously as she takes a seat.

“What should I call you?” Draco starts with a cruel smile on his lips. “Stepmother maybe? That seems odd because I’m older than you are. Maybe Lady Malfoy? That seems a bit formal, but it could work…”

“Please, just call me Ginny.” She says trying to make peace with him. “My family calls me Ginny.”
She adds looking to me as well.

“But Ginevra is such a beautiful name.” I tell her as I take my own seat.

Draco just rolled his eyes and huffed as lunch appeared on the table in front of each of us.

“It’s just a bit of a mouthful. I feel more comfortable with Ginny.” She tells me obviously unsure of what to do with Draco.

“I think Ginny suits her well actually.” He says suddenly with a grin. “It sounds so very common.” He adds snidely.

My young wife narrows her eyes at Draco and I can see her defiant little temper starting to build. I sit back in my chair to enjoy the show.

“Is there something you’d like to say to me Draco?” She asks completely ignoring her food for now.

“Not really.” He answers taking a bite of his lunch as if he had just dismissed her.

“Coward.” She snapped directly her attention to her own lunch.

“Why you little…” Draco growls pulling his wand from the sheath on his arm.

She looks up at him setting down her fork and daring him with her eyes to hex her. “If you can’t say what you think of someone to their face it makes you a coward.” She tells him coldly.

“You want to know what I really think of you?” He asks his wand twitching in his hand. “I think you’re a common little harlot that has two purposes in this house. Neither of which require you to be outside his bed chambers.”

Ginny is on her feet in a flash with her wand out as well. “You’re a spoiled little brat that has no idea what the real world is like.”

“THAT IS ENOUGH!” I yell to get both of their attention. “You’ll both kindly put your wands away. Draco, you are not to threaten the woman that may be carrying your sibling. Pet, you are not to threaten my heir. Do I make myself clear?” I say looking back and forth between the two of them.

**Ginny**

The rest of lunch was eaten in silence and as soon as it was proper, I left. I spent the rest of the day digging through the trunks my family had sent over with my belongings. I wondered if he actually did toss anything out because my mother seemed to have packed everything I’d ever handled back home, and it all still seemed to be here. I wouldn’t have put it past her to have sent my trash as well, maybe he had thrown that away.

After I was done, I took another bath to get the dust and grime off before I’d have to see him again. I let Heety do my hair with the new potions the stylist had suggested for me. I even let her rub the new lotion into my back, but I drew the line there and did my chest, arms, and legs myself. I put back on the blue dress after Heety had cleaned it.

Now I’m standing at the door to what I’ve learned is called the ‘small dining room’. Heety told me it’s only used for family dinners. I wonder if Draco will be joining us again. Part of me hopes he is, with him there the head of the house seems to keep his hands to himself. Another part of me hopes I never have to see the snobbish brat again. Then there is yet another secret part of me, which hopes...
Draco isn’t there because, with him there my husband seems to keep his hands to himself.

Pushing that need, even more deeply down, so I don’t have to think about it. I open the door and smile pleasantly to Lord Malfoy. It seems we’re eating dinner alone. My heart drops into my stomach as I make my way to the table. I take the same seat next to him as I had last time.

“I saw Master Lockhart leaving earlier. Is there something you wish to tell me sweet wife?” He asks sounding truly curious. I bet the lech was still limping from my hexes.

“We had a slight disagreement.” I say as the soup course appeared in front of each of us.

“Ah, and a slight disagreement with you ends with a man unable to stand straight?” He asks sounding amused now.

“When said man presses the issue.” I reply trying to focus on my meal.

My husband sighs and shakes his head. “Do you wish to tell me what happened willingly or will I be forced to punish it out of you?”

I swallow the bite of soup in my mouth and turn to look at him. “I don’t like the way he conducts his business.” I tell the Lord honestly.

“You don’t really think I’m going to take that for an answer do you? He was Narcissa’s clothier for years, why is her choice not good enough for you?” He asks sounding angry now.

“I wasn’t willing to pay his price in full and I made that perfectly clear to him.” I snap, angry that he’s angry with me for not giving into the man and also that he’s making me say these things out loud.

“His…” There’s a long pause as the Lord mulls my words over his in his head. “Price in full? Ginevra you’ll tell me exactly what happened this instant.” He demands with a growl.

I throw the spoon down and turn to look into his eyes. “He came onto me! He made advances and wouldn’t take any sort of no for an answer. So I hexed him until he couldn’t walk. I wanted to wear more than my robe for the rest of my life so I made him hand over what he brought with him and had Heety help me size them. Then I kicked him out and told him we would no longer require his services. Are you happy now?”

A calculated smile and a deadly cold mask looks back at my from my husband’s face. “How far did that fop get before you stopped him?” He asks in a cold tone.

“Nothing happened.” I told him firmly.

“Did he touch you?” He asks still cold.

“Why does that matter? He didn…”

“I need to know exactly what body parts I’ll be needing to retrieve from Mr. Lockhart.”

“I took care of it; there’s no reason to cut anything off of him.” I say. Not that I like Lockhart, but wasn’t about to condone dismembering someone for having grabby hands.

My husband watches me silently for some time before his body seems to relax. “Fine.” he agrees. “But only because he looked very uncomfortable when I saw him last.”

“Thank you.” I say before I turn back to focus on my soup. “How was your day?” I ask as I wish
to lighten the mood in the room.

“\text{It was fine. I finally found the proper punishment for your disagreement with Lady Lestrange.}” \text{He says in a casual tone as he eats his own soup.}

\text{I blush at his words unable to stop myself from thinking of his last punishment. “Oh?” I force myself to use the same relaxed tone that he is.}

\text{Instead of answering my question, he slips a black velvet box toward my bowl. When I look at him confused he motions for me to open it. Setting my bowl aside, I open the box slowly, thinking it was going to be something awful or scary.}

\text{The pearl necklace I find inside makes me frown in even more confusion. “This is a punishment?” I ask looking back to the quite lovely necklace. I carefully run my fingers over the right facing profile of the golden lion’s head.}

“\text{Punishment, reward, I only promised you would get what you deserved.” He said with amusement now in his voice.}

\text{I look up and see the pleasure in his eyes as well. “It’s beautiful.” I tell him. I’ve never before received something so lovely, something picked out just for me. I blush as I realize how much this gift means to me. Am I that shallow?}

“\text{Let me put it on you.” He says rising to his feet before I can agree. I feel him push my hair aside, and then lift the necklace from the box. “Everything you’ve done since we met has been for others.” He continues as I lift my hair fully for him. “Enjoy this as it is meant to be enjoyed. A showing of my care for you.”}

\text{When he latches the fine piece of jewelry around my neck then brushes my skin lightly before pulling away I realize that’s exactly how the necklace makes me feel; cared for. I realize then I’ll allow myself to treasure this necklace, and the moment my husband gave it to me.}
Lucius-

After I’m done with my work for the day, I head back to my private rooms to find my sweet young wife in our common room. She’s sitting on the little loveseat with her legs pulled under her. She looks rather comfortable as she reads one of the books from my shelves in the room. She’s dressed for bed with a simple white cotton nightgown and her hair braided to keep it from her face, but she still wears the choker I gave her at dinner.

I watch her for a moment and I’m struck by how innocent she still looks. I wonder if I will ever break that sweet light of goodness around her. I find myself hoping I don’t, that she will hold onto this simple grace. It’s just so much more satisfying to see the pain and pleasure reflected in those innocent eyes.

“What are you reading?” I ask to let her know I’ve entered the room.

She looks up with a start and blushes as she set the book aside. “It was on the shelf, I didn’t think you would mind.” She says seeming embarrassed that she was caught reading at all.

“I don’t mind, you may use any item in this room you like. It is a shared room between us.” I tell her, curious about her reaction. “What did you pick?” I press, moving to her so I can pick up the book she had put down. I smile when I read the title, *Shadows of Shadows: A Guide to the Workings of the Dark Council*.

“I was just curious.” She says standing up and taking a step away from me as if she still thinks I’ll be mad.

“There is nothing wrong with you reading this. If you’re interested in politics I could get you a more basic book to start with.” I offer as I set the book down.

“My dad always talked about the Emperor and the Dark Council as if they were ghosts and phantoms that would come and steal me in the night.” She says blushing slightly.

I smile at her words chuckling at how right he ended up being. “One could say that, but I remember him selling you to me, I didn’t steal a thing.”

She frowns at that and then her eyes widen as she realizes what my words mean. “You belong to the Council.” She says blushing all the more.

“The Malfoy’s have had a seat for seven generations.” I tell her as I take a step closer to her. “Are you interested in politics?” I ask again.
“You don’t wish to keep me ignorant?” She counters with a confused frown on her face; it’s rather adorable how this subject is keeping her so off balance.

“Why would I wish my wife to be ignorant of my career?” I ask and then smile. “It would actually be nice to have an interest in common. Well besides the obvious.” I add taking another step before I reach to untie the lace of her dress.

“Politics aren’t a proper interest for a woman.” She says before her hand moves to block the lace from opening too much.

“Who told you that?” I ask curiously, as I push her hand aside and loosen the dress enough that I can easily push it off her shoulders.

She looked around as if someone could see what I was doing and swallowed hard. “I-I don’t know. It’s just something…”

“Which means it comes from your parents.” I tell her before taking her chin to look into her pretty eyes. “You must like my gift.” I comment, running the fingers of my other hand over the necklace. “It suits you well.” I say before pushing the gown off her shoulders so it puddles at her feet.

“I’ve never owned something so fine.” She admits trying to look away. She seems embarrassed by the pleasure she takes from it.

“You belong to me now; you will always have fine things.” I tell her as I lean down and take her lips in a lingering kiss. Once she’s focused on the taste of me, I let my hands fall to her sides. The sweet thing is no longer nervous about her wifely duties, though she still seems embarrassed by how much she likes them.

When I pull away she’s breathless and blushing, and I can’t seem to control how much it makes me smile to see her like this.

“You enjoy belonging to me, don’t you pet?” I ask just to push her embarrassment. “You even like your pretty collar.” I tease brushing my fingers along the necklace.

She whimpers putting her hand on top of mine, she suddenly looks as if she’s about to cry for some reason. I enjoy her shame about her desires, but sadness is not an emotion I wish to provoke in her.

“What’s wrong?” I ask her coldly, upset that she had to ruin this moment for me.

She pulls away from me and narrows her eyes; I see the mix of anger now pushing at the sadness that was there before. “I hate being referred to as a pet.” She snaps trying to pull up her nightgown. “And I refuse to wear a collar.” She adds giving up on the dress and trying to work at the clasp of her necklace as she puts more distance between us.

“You liked that necklace not five minutes ago.” I snap annoyed all the more by her childish behavior.

“You ruined it!” She yells giving up on the necklace and turning her back to me. It is then I realize she’s heading to her room.

I catch up to her in three long strides before she can make it out of my reach. Taking her braid in my hand, I use it as a lead to pull her back into the center of the room with her fighting my hold the entire time.

“You are staying in my bed tonight. You were told this.” I growl at her as I force her to her knees.
“I’m your wife, not your slave!” She yells as she tries to claw at my hand to free herself from my grasp.

“You have still not learned your place as my wife.” I tell her yanking her hair back. It not only forces her to look up at me, but her whole back arches like a bow. “You’re here for my pleasure. You should feel lucky that you enjoy it so very much, but no. Instead, you fight me and your own desires. Why?”

“I don’t!” She screams with tears in her eyes. “I don’t like it!” She adds as she keeps fighting my hold, only bringing herself more pain.

I look down at her body and I can see the signs of desire in her. Her nipples harden to small points; I can even smell her arousal at our little fight.

“I must punish you again tonight it seems. I think I should introduce you to the flogger this time.” I tell her, smiling as I see her body shiver.

“What did I do?” She asks seeming slightly calmer for now.

“Lying, talking back, and allowing another man to touch you. You don’t think they deserve punishment?”

Ginny-

He stands towering over me. “I must punish you again tonight it seems. I think I should introduce you to the flogger this time.” I shiver at his words as I try to ignore the mix of fear and excitement the word provokes in me.

“What did I do?” I ask as I try to calm down.

“Lying, talking back, and allowing another man to touch you. You don’t think they deserve punishment?”

I look up at him shaking my head. “I stopped him from touching me more!” I snap feeling it’s not a just thing for me to be punished.

“You will not let me punish him, so I’ll have to punish you instead. Unless you’ve changed your mind about that?” He asks with a knowing smile.

“Are you going to cut off pieces of me?” I ask my eyes widening as I remember the punishment he’d intended for Mr. Lockhart.

“Oh no, I like you the way you are. I’ll just be taking it out on your sweet skin. Now, you will crawl into my bedchambers my sweet beast.” He orders coldly, pointing a wand to his door so that it opens on its own.

“Or what?” I ask still not in the mood to play his pet. I remember the necklace again in that moment and start to fiddle with the clasp.

“Stop!” He growls and I feel something hard rap my fingers. I pull my hands away and look up to see that he hit them with his wand.

“You will leave it on and you will crawl to my room.” He ordered again. “Or I’ll drag you down to the village so that the common folk can see how much you enjoy your beating. I’m sure your father would love hearing how much of a deviant his little girl is.”
I study his eyes for a moment as I try to decide if he would really do it. I shiver in what I force myself to believe is fear as I see no hesitation in his demeanor. Not wishing to learn if he’s bluffing or not, I start to crawl to the now open door.

“That’s a good girl.” He purrs as I feel his eyes on me.

When I enter the room, I kneel by the door and look around for a moment as he follows me in and closes the door. I hear the clicking sound of a lock being put into place and I frown up at him. Realizing my anger has only made things worse, I try to use another tactic.

“My Lord, can we please stop these games. I hate them. They make me feel dirty and used. Please…” My voice cracks as I watch him move around the room. I have no idea what he’s doing but he seems to be gathering items.

He stops and looks at me for a moment as if he’s giving something a great amount of thought. After a moment, he walks towards me crouching down so he can run his fingers over the necklace once again.

“I got this for you as a kindness.” He tells me seriously. “It gave me pleasure that you enjoyed it.”

“I did love it.” I tell him more calmly this time. “Until, you turned it into a collar.”

He sighs shaking his head. “Do you know how much it pleased me when I realized how much you enjoy being my play thing?”

“I don’t enjoy it my Lord.” I tell him trying to suppress the excitement his words send through my body.

“You do.” He tells me firmly as his finger trails down and brushes over a nipple. I hadn’t realized how hard they’d become until he brought my attention to one. “You enjoy being my pet. You enjoy my punishments. It pleases me greatly that you do.”

“I don’t.” I gasp shaking my head as he started to play with the other nipple making them both painfully erect.

Lord Malfoy pinches the sensitive nub painfully before growling. “What doesn’t please me is when you lie to me and yourself about this pleasure. You may feel shame over how much your body loves the treatment your husband gives it. I enjoy your shame. But I refuse to let you hide behind it. You need to face what you are and accept it.”

When he pulls away standing once again I fall onto my hands so I can catch my breath. His words and actions confuse and excite me and I hate it. Why do I take pleasure in the awful things he does to me? Was I made this way, or was the defect formed over time?

“Tonight we’ll see how much of a pain beast you really are my pet.” He says in his cold detached tone once again.

I look up at him as he towers over me, my breath still too quick to speak comfortably. So I just watch him as he moves away to prepare a space for this beating he plans to give me.

“What am I?” I ask when I find that I can sit up again. “What do I need to accept?”

He walks back over to me in three long strikes before grasping my hair and pulling me to my feet. “I will show you.” He says as he takes my wrists into his and starts to wrap them in soft green rope.
I can’t help but watch in fascination as he skillfully ties my wrists together with intercut knots. Once they’re bound tightly together, he hovers the long end of the rope to a hook in the ceiling and pulls so my arms are stretched above my head.

“Close your eyes pet.” He says in a soothing voice. I do as he asks not thinking I can stop, and wishing to know what he plans to show me. “How do you feel right now?” He asks in the same calm voice.

I feel the heat of his body shift around me, and the soft touch of his hands on my back. I find my throat thick with emotion and I have to swallow before I can answer.

“I feel breathless and nervous.” I tell him feeling the answer is stupid.

“Are you afraid of me?” He asks, his hands exploring my arms, shoulders, and back, as he speaks.

“No.” I say before I realize it’s true. With all he’s done, he’s never given me a reason to fear him. I always feel better when he’s done, not worse.

“Very good pet.” He purrs and I can’t help but feel nice at his praise. “Do you like the necklace I gave you? Do you think it’s pretty?”

I frown at this question and shake my head. I don’t know how to answer it. I liked it before I had to think of it as some fancy collar around my neck. But now I can’t get that image out of my head.

He slaps my outer thigh sharply. “You will answer me verbally and only the truth my pet.” He commands firmly.

“I liked it my Lord.”

“But now you don’t because you think of it as a mark of your submission?” He asks running soft hands over my skin again.

“Yes my Lord.”

“Call me Master.” He corrects me with a firm grasp to my butt.

I swallow hard and shake my head. “You’re my husband.” I remind him meekly.

“That’s true, but when you’re bound and at my mercy you will call me Master.” He tells me and I can’t help the twitch of pleasure that comment sends between my legs.

“Yes Master.” I try it out breathlessly.

“Good girl.” He praises, his hands moving to my stomach. “Do you see how much you like submitting to my will? Be honest with yourself, have you felt anything but pleasure since I tied you here?”

I lick my lips as I think about his questions. I shake my head and sigh. “No Master. But why am I like this?” I ask in a small voice.

He laughs and moves away from me. I want to open my eyes to see where he’s gone, but I decide against it. I hear him shifting things around in a drawer and by the time he comes back, I’m shivering in anticipation.
Satisfaction

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!

Lucius-

“But now you don’t because you think of it as a mark of your submission?” I ask as I run my hands slowly over her skin. I enjoy watching as goose-bumps rise on milky white flesh.

“Yes my Lord.” She admits, but it still makes me frown

“Call me Master.” I snap grasping her butt so she knows I’m serious.

I can see her struggle with my demand. “You’re my husband.” She says ever so softly.

“That’s true, but when you’re bound and at my mercy you will call me Master.” I say and watch the little twitch of pleasure that makes her shift positions.

“Yes Master.” She gasps, giving into me.

“Good girl.” I purr, and then move my hands to her stomach. “Do you see how much you like submitting to my will? Be honest with yourself, have you felt anything but pleasure since I tied you here?”

I can almost see the gears at work in her little mind as she tries to find the answer to my question, tries to tell herself I’m not right. “No Master. But why am I like this?” She asks, sounding like a wounded little creature.

I laugh moving away from her to go get some new toys. I watch her struggle with my absence, glancing over to see her eyes still closed.

Once I’ve collected all I will need I turn back to see her nearly shaking for me. I can't really say how much it pleases me. I set the rest of the toys on the bed taking out the softest flogger I own.

The treated rabbit hide won’t leave a mark on her, but it’s a nice place to start. I run the soft tails over her back and watch her shiver. “Would you prefer I put a blindfold on you?” I whisper in her ear. “Take away your choice on whether you should look or not?”

She pulls in a staggered breath before shaking her head. “I want to know.” She says as she opens her eyes turning to look at me.

“You want to know why you’re a pretty little pain slut?” I ask her before whipping the flogger against her outer thigh; it would give her just a slight sting. I’m pretty sure it will only end up frustrating her after a while, but for now she gasps.
“Yes.” She breathes arching her back a little, so I’m not sure if it is an answer to the question or just the strike.

“Why bother with the why, isn’t it enough that is what you are?” I ask as I let another strike fall.

She shifts against her bonds shaking her head. “I don’t understand what is wrong with me.” She says in soft tone. “I don’t want to be like this.”

“I want you like this.” I growl against her ear. I press my clothed form against her nude body so she can feel my power. “You’re my perfect little wife, why would you want to change?”

She shook her head pressing back against me. “I just want to understand.” She breathes.

“Some people are made with deviant appetites. There is no why.” I tell her and pull myself away so I can strike her back a few times in quick succession. “You should just feel lucky our desires match so well my pet.”

She shifts with each strike to her back and I can tell there is a building of desire as her skin feels the lash. When her back and arse are a nice pink color, I set the rabbit hide aside and move to deerskin.

Ginny-

“Some people are made with deviant appetites. There is no why.” He says before pulling away and striking my back with the soft leather. “You should just feel lucky our desires match so well my pet.” He adds and I can imagine that he is smiling.

There is a pulse starting that feels as if each time he strikes it goes right to the core of my womanhood. After a while, the pain feels duller, not nearly as good as when he spanked me. He stops for a little while and I can hear him move away and return to me.

When he returns a soft hand runs light fingers down my back. “That was a warming. It helps prevent any permanent damage. Are you ready for your real testing my pet?” My husband asks in a cool tone.

“Yes.” I tell him finally and bite my lip as I wait for the first real strike of this game we are playing tonight.

When the pain blooms on the back of my shoulder, I feel glad that my wrists are bound above my head. I let out a long moan, the kind of sound I didn’t know I could make, as my knees shake.

“You liked that.” Lord Malfoy says sounding very pleased with himself. “Such a good little pet.” He purrs running a finger down the welt. “Would you like another?”

My whole body shakes at the question and I find myself nodding before I can really think about what is being asked. I’m rewarded with another strip, this one across my lower back. It feels just as wonderful as the first. The pain is sharp and it makes me feel as if I’m floating just a little.

“Would you like another my pet?” He asks as he runs his thumb along the welt he just made.

“Yes, please.” I tell him shaking with anticipation for the next blow.

“Good girl.” He coos before landing his third stripe across my untouched shoulder.

“Oh.” I breathe as I feel like some sort of wonderful drug is through my whole body. “More please?” I ask not really thinking about what I’m saying.
“As you wish.” The Lord says right before he starts to whip my back in earnest.

Stripe after stripe lands on my unscarred back so that it feels like the hum of keen fire. My mind and body react in ways I couldn’t really explain. It felt like flying, but with my feet planted firmly on the ground. There’s a hazy moment right before he stops where I think, how I’ll beg for this in the future.

“Is my pet well satisfied?” He asks pressing his body again to mine. Last time his clothes felt soft against my back, and now they feel rough, almost abrasive. I wonder if he cast some kind of spell.

“That was amazing.” I tell him because I can’t think of a reason to lie in this moment.

“I’m glad you are pleased my sweet.” He says in an almost loving tone. “It is time to please me.” The Lord adds before untying the rope from my limbs.

I’m glad when he is there to catch me as I don’t think I can stand on my own. I finally open my eyes and look up into his silver ones. He’s looking at me with the oddest expression and I have no idea what to make of it.

When he sets me down on his bed the fire on my back blooms anew, making me moan with the pleasure of it. I watch as he undresses himself with careful grace, setting each item aside as he eyes burn into mine. When he gets to his britches, he revealed his hardened manhood, running his hand down the length before moving over me on the bed.

“Tonight I’m going to fuck you until you black out.” He promised as he settled between my legs.

“Please…” I beg as I realize the amount of unsatisfied heat that has built up between my legs.

He only smirks down at me before driving his holy rod into my waiting form. It feels like heaven as the room goes white for a moment. As he starts to pound into my soaking body, I hear a woman screaming with the most unlady like pleas of satisfaction. It’s a full minute until I realize the sounds are actually coming from me.

It isn’t long before I break apart for him. My body tightening to the very last fiber then breaking like a snapped rubber band. When the wonder flows down through me, I realize he is still hammering away, already building to the next tight bundle.

“Lucius!” I scream because it’s the first thing that comes to my head. “Please!” I moan unsure if I want more or if it’s all just too much.

“Oh Ginevra.” I can hear him moan as he thrusts become more pointed once again. I wrap my legs around him and try to roll with his every move, laughing as I realize I want more of him.

Lucius-

She tightens around me like a vice, for a moment it becomes almost painful to keep taking her, but it’s the kind of pain that only makes me want to take her more. Her sweet screams only making me want to take her more roughly.

“Lucius!” She cries suddenly. “Please!” My pet adds a moan and I’m unsure if she actually wants more or not. She looks so worn under me, but I can’t stop yet.

“Oh Ginevra.” I moan thrusting sharply into her again and again. I decide I like my name on her lips when she’s like this. When she wraps her legs around my back to pull me closer I can’t help but smile.
I force climax after climax out of her tired body, she screams my name almost constantly and I can’t help but enjoy each syllable. I think that maybe I will not be able to keep my promise when she screams for me one last time, her body falling back onto my bed. I let myself go once I’m sure she’s finished and it feels like pure bliss after holding back for so very long.

I hover above her form for a bit panting from my own work. Petting the side of her face, I kiss my beautiful wife before slipping out of her. As I don’t have the physical strength left, I take my wand from the nightstand and set her on her side of the bed, covering her and making sure she is comfortable before I wrap a robe around my own body.

I take in a slow breath before heading out to our common room to find the book she’d been reading. I collect it from where she had left it, flipping through it with a smile. I can’t help but be pleased with my day, the only black spot being the Lockhart mess.

I think about what can be done to punish the fool as I head back into my bedroom, placing the book on the nightstand next to her. When I look at her peaceful face, I can’t really decide what to do about the man. I shake my head and wave the thoughts away for now.

Moving to my own side of the bed, I hang up the robe and settle into my usual spot. I glance to my wife smiling as I remember our night of fun. Who knew this girl would be such a perfect match for me?

As I close my eyes, I feel her warm body roll to snuggle against mine, her head moving to rest on my chest. I’ve never snuggled with anyone before, but I decide quickly that I enjoy feeling her small frame against mine.
The Healer

Ginny-

I slept in my husband’s bed every night for the rest of the week after that first intense night. He didn’t play with me in the same way each night, but he always left me feeling tired and satisfied.

During the days he left to do his business and I slowly started to make my way through the books in our common room. The house elves didn’t really need my help in the running of the household, but Heety helped me to learn about the things that would soon be expected of me.

We had no visitors as Lucius was obviously giving me time to get used to my new life before he really challenged what I was capable of. So when I went into one of my favorite sitting rooms to read one morning I was surprised to find Lucius and a witch I didn’t know sitting and looking as if they were waiting for me.

“Poppy, may I introduce you to my lovely young bride Ginevra.” Lucius says motioning for me to come forward.

When I move to his side he pulls me down into his lap. Still very confused about what was going on I look between my husband and the woman. “I didn’t know we had a guest.” I tell him softly.

“I’m not a guest dear, I’m a healer.” The woman says giving my husband a dirty look. “The Lord asked me to stop by when I had time so there would have been no announcement.” She explains as she turns back to speak to me.


“No my sweet, she is here for you.” He says brushing hair back from my face.

I blush at this and look between the two of them. “I’m fine.” I tell them shaking my head.

“It is still a bit early for any outward signs.” Poppy says as she gets to her feet. “Your husband isn’t exactly a patient man.” She explains giving him another dirty look.

“Only because Narcissa had such trouble with it all.” He says actually sounding a bit worried.

I look at him before I realize what this is all about and my hands move to my stomach. “It’s only been a week since our wedding night.” I tell him shaking my head. I also knew how rare it was to get pregnant the first time one tried.

“A week is all some spells need.” The healer tells me as she takes my hand and guides me to stand,
“very intrusive spells.” She adds darkly to Lucius. “I think we could go to your room to talk about this in private.

I swallow hard looking back to my husband. He was trying to look offended by the scolding, but I could still see that dark worry in his eyes. I lead the woman back to my room not really listening to what she was saying as we walk.

Once we get to my door I look up at her with as much strength as I can. “Can you really tell so soon?” I ask not really understanding how this could be.

“Most people don’t bother with such magic, but your husband is anxious to see if your child was conceived in the wedding bed.” She explains as I open my door and we step inside.

“And you can only tell that if you use the most precise spells at the limit of their capability?” I ask not really sure what to do with myself now.

“That is exactly it.” The healer says sounding a bit impressed. “That and I think he worries you will have the same problems as his late wife. A man gets used to a certain way and thinks that all things are that way.”

I remember the worry in Lucius’ eyes and look to the ground. “What are the chances I will?” I ask her softly.

“Well that depends. How many siblings do you have?” She asks motioning us to a small sitting area.

I can’t help but laugh at this. “I have six brothers ma’am.” I tell her feeling that it has to be a sign I will be safe.

“And do you know if your mother had any problems with any of the births?” She asks as she sits down herself.

“Not that I know, but I am the youngest of the seven.” I tell her with a shrug.

“I would hope she would warn you about such things if it were a problem.” The woman says nodding to herself. “I don’t think you will have nearly the same issues as his late wife, but if we do discover you are with child today than we will take precautions anyway. It’s always best to stay healthy no matter what.”

I nod my agreement and swallow a thick lump in my throat. “So how are these spells done?” I ask my own anxiety on the rise as the word intrusive repeats itself over and over in my head.

“There are three spells I am going to perform. The first is simple enough. It is a basic birth detector, the kind I’m sure your mother used. If nothing shows on that we will move to the second. This one will require you to disrobe and lay down on your back as I cast the spell thoroughly over your form. Then you will need to drink a potion that I have with me before I perform the last spell directly on your womb.”

“So you’re going to put your wand where exactly?” I ask making a face that makes her laugh.

“Exactly where you’re thinking.” She says before leaning forward and patting my hand. “I will make it as quick as I can, I promise.” She says trying to comfort me.

“Can we get it over with?” I ask standing up again. I don’t want to think about this any longer than I have to.
“Of course.” She says getting to her own feet. “Now just stand in this open area and hope this is the only spell we need.” She adds with a wink.

I move to the open area between chairs and bed and stand as she directs. I focus with all my will on making this spell work and I feel the cool wash of magic over my skin.

Opening one eye as I didn’t realize I had closed them I look at her. The healer frowns shaking her head.

“I’m sorry dear, nothing to be seen.” She says sounding truly sorry.

“It was a long shot right?” I ask trying to take a calming breath as I disrobe. She was a healer and it wasn’t that odd to have to be naked in front of her. “If I am pregnant, will you be performing the birth as well?” I ask curiously.

My mother had a midwife for all of us kids, not a full healer and I wondered if it was different for the wealthy.

“Yes my dear. I will be here for you every step of the way. Lord Malfoy only hires the best.” She told me with a bow of her head.

I give her an uneasy smile as I set my clothes neatly aside. She helps me with my stays and soon I am lying on my back as she described.

She chants something under her breath as she seems to slowly cover my form in a green light. Every inch of my body is covered by the light and there is a strange tingle to the air around me. Once I am covered from head to toe, she holds a green bottle to my lips and helps me to drink without having to move.

It feels like I can feel the potion running through my blood and suddenly I find it very hot in the room even without my clothes on.

“Okay dear, now I need you to spread your legs a little more.” She tells me as kindly as she can and positions herself to cast the spell.

I close my eyes tightly as I open myself to her. I can feel the tip of the wand as she does a quick movement inside of me. I gasp, my back arching on its own as the magic floods me with heat and desire I hadn’t been expecting.

“It’s all done Lady Malfoy.” She says patting my hand.

I flush looking up into her face as my entire body screams for attention.

“There may be a few minor side effects to the spell.” She says and I shake my head in disbelief.

“Minor?” I ask with a whimper. I hadn’t felt like this since our wedding night when Lucius had drugged me.

“Sometimes it will reignite the feelings one had just before conception. It is a minor thing.” She told me and patted my hand.

“What if I had taken a lust potion that night?” I ask sitting up and pulling a robe on so I didn’t have to lay nude and in dire need while this woman looked at me dumbly.

“Oh.” She says a deep frown crossing her face. “Well then I wish Lord Malfoy would have told
me.” She adds sounding angry once again. “I suggest you take out such feelings with someone that isn’t your husband.”

I look up at her with wide eyes. The healer was really suggesting I cheat on him?

“He would deserve it.” She tells me with a nod. “As you may have guessed Lady Malfoy, I can understand you are distracted right now. But you are pregnant. Your child is strong and it seems steady. I will be back tomorrow so we can talk about what this means.”

“Tomorrow?” I ask running my hand up and down my thigh to try and resist the urge to touch myself in front of this woman.

“I think you need some space.” She adds kindly. “Would you like me to send you a servant?”

“No.” I say shocked. “No, we don’t even have male servants.” I tell her slowly getting to my feet. “I will see my husband.”

“If there's nothing better.” She says with a sigh.

**Lucius-**

I pace the sitting room while I wait for the blasted woman to be done with my wife. My mind is running through all the things that could go right and wrong if she is pregnant with my child. To have another son would be a blessing, and to have a Malfoy conceived in the conditions I set up for our wedding night would mean so much more.

When I hear the door open I don’t turn to look up at the temperamental healer. “Tell me.” I order as I continue to pace.

“Tell you what?” Ginny asks, her voice sounding husky to my ears.

I look back to the door and find her kneeling there without a thread of clothing on.

“What do you think you are doing?” I ask her as she smiles and moves down on all fours so she can crawl over to me.

I have to admit I find the sight highly erotic and I’m distracted from my original worry for a time. I sit down in my favorite chair as she comes close.

“I’m enjoying myself.” She tells me as she starts to unlace my boots. “I need you Master.” She says knowing exactly which buttons to push.

“Is that so my pet?” I ask with amusement. “What has brought on such a need?” I ask grabbing a fist full of her hair and making her look up at me. She moans from the pain and as I look down at her it seems like she is on something.

“Do you remember that potion from our wedding night?” She asks pulling her head away from my hand to make more pain for herself.

“I do.” I say a slow smirk forming on my lips.

“The spells she used. They seem to make that happen again.” She tells me as her hands move up my leg in search of the parts she really wants from me.

“So my little beast needs her tamer?” I ask with amusement clear in my voice.
“Please?” She pouts as I pull her further from her goal.

“Tell me what happened with the healer.” I order making her look into my eyes so she can focus on more than her desire.

“I’m pregnant.” She gasps struggling against my hold. “She’ll be back tomorrow. Now please fuck me?” She asks with a slight pout on her lips.

“Haven’t we become a bit forward pet?” I tell her unable to keep amusement and joy from my voice.

She blushes but keeps eye contact. “There is a fire of need that only you can satisfy. I think I’ll die if you don’t take me.” She says pressing her pert little breasts against my knee.

“I guess I should reward you.” I tell her as I loosen my hold on her hair and brush my fingers down the back of her neck.

She smiles up at me looking around for a moment before getting to her feet. “Do you really mean that?” She asks brushing the bright red curls from her face.

“I do. What did you have in mind?” I ask curiously.

“I want to be on top.” She tells me a bit shyly, even with the need driving most of her actions.

“I see.” Is all I can think to say as I look up at her beautiful young body. “I think we can try it that way once.”

She rewards me with a smile before kneeling down between my legs in a fluid move. Her hands went directly to the buttons of my slacks and I let her undo the fastenings herself. If she wished to be the one in control, I would make her do the work.

Pushing my pants aside her small hands wrap around my half hard cock and fondle it in an oh so careful way.

“What are you planning to do with that my pet?” I ask amused as she looks up at me somewhat shocked to still find me in the room.

“I was thinking about licking it.” She says then leans forward doing just that before I can even respond.

I clear my throat as my member starts to come to life with this very new sort of attention. Once I know what she is doing I sit back again, watching her movements with heavy lidded eyes.

She has no idea what she is doing when it comes to this act, but between her attention and the idea of her trying it without being asked, I am more than ready for her a few short minutes later.

My pet moves onto my lap carefully. She straddles my legs so she can face me while she satisfies our needs. She is already shaking as she works to get herself in the best position to take me inside of her.

“Such a smart little pet.” I say keeping my own hands on the armrests to give her the illusion of control. “It’s been a week and you’re already learning your place quite nicely.” I tease her before she lowers herself onto me.

I let out a low groan as her heat surrounds me from this new rather wonderful angle.
“Please…” She moans her hips starting to move against me in a slow rhythm as her wetness gets used to my intrusion.

“Please what pet?” I ask watching her face as she works to satisfy herself with my body.

“Touch me, hurt me?” She begs knowing what she likes now and it has given her the power to ask for it.

“But you wanted control; you wanted to be on top.” I remind her so I can tease her with it just a little longer.

“Master please?” She whimpers moving faster against me now, her hair falling into her face as she tries to fuck herself with my prick.

I grin at her only a moment more before I move my hands to her waist and jerk her against me the way she really wants.

She lets out a high moan and relents to my control so I can use her body in the violent way that she really likes.

“Is this what you want my pet?” I ask before leaning forward and taking one of her nipples between my teeth.

Her screams are music to me as I bike hard enough to bring the pain that gives her all the more pleasure. Before long she is quivering in my arms. Her body milking me, wanting me to come down into bliss with her, but I’m not quite done with her yet.

“Was that nice my little fuck toy? Did you enjoy your climax?” I ask holding her still against me as my cock is fully seated inside of her body.

“Yes.” She gasps still shaking in her own pleasure.

“Do you want more my greedy little pet?” I ask and she nods quickly in response. I lift my hand and smack her thigh as hard as I can. “Verbal responses only.” I remind her making her gasp.

“Yes please!” She moans making me smile all the more.

“No one else will ever be able to please you like I can.” I tell her as I run my hand over the mark I just made. I can feel her shiver in response and wonder how long I can keep her going like this.
Trouble in the Village

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!

Ginny-

I shift on the sofa in Lucius’ office to get a bit more comfortable with my book. I can feel his eyes on me again, assessing if I need anything before he turns back to his own work. For the last week he has hardly let me out of his site. In some ways it is sweet as I know he truly worries for my health now that I am carrying his child, but at times it becomes a bit suffocating.

On the other side of this new life is the fact I’ve never had so much interesting material to read. Lucius lets me look at anything in his collection and we’ve even been able to discuss magic on a level that I could never even think before I had access to such a library.

I thought when I came to be Lady Malfoy that I would somehow become less than I was. I thought that I would simply be another object Lord Malfoy owned. There are times when that is true, when I know myself to just be his property as all wives are. But surprisingly Lucius Malfoy values me. He wishes for me to rise in value and I can’t help but be grateful for the opportunity.

“Is something wrong my dear?” He asks startling me out of my own musings.

“Hum?” I respond before shaking my head. “No, why would you think that my Lord?”

“You have been on that same page for the last twenty minutes. Do you not care for the book?” He asks setting his own work aside.

I smile at him shaking my head. “I do. Herbology is fascinating.” I tell him closing the book and holding it to my chest. “I’m just a bit distracted is all.”

“Is there anything you need? I know that healer said it was too early to make much of a fuss, but I want you to be comfortable my dear.” He says while his eyes look over me for any sort of need I may not be expressing.

“Maybe for you to make less of a fuss.” I tell him as I get to my feet to stretch. I’ve also been allowed to dress down since the news of the pregnancy came. My dresses are no longer so very elaborate or restricting. It is nice, but not very necessary at this stage. “I’m not going to break.” I add looking back at him.

“You won’t?” He asks with a dark amusement flashing in his eyes. “Than come here.” He adds patting the spot on the desk in front of him.

Blushing a bit I move around the desk letting him help me to prop myself up on the area and smiled down at him. I don’t know if it is imagined or not, but I feel as if my sexual drive has also risen since I found out about the baby.
Standing up he smiles down at me and starts to unlace the front of my dress. “If you are not so very fragile than I think it is about time I had use of you.” He says in the dark way that makes my body come to life now. I can already feel my heart speeding up.

“What did you have in mind Master?” I ask flushing at how easily I have fallen into this game with him, how much I let myself enjoy it.

“First I plan to punish that little bum of yours. I’ll make it cherry red, just because it will please me.” He says pulling off my outer dress.

“But I haven’t done anything wrong.” I point out trying to keep my pout to myself.

“It is true you have been a good girl this week.” He agreed with a slight frown on his lips. “So you will be punished for not giving your Master anything to punish you for. It was very thoughtless of you.”

I whimper as he rips the bust of my underdress. Leaning down Lucius bites my nipple just hard enough to make me gasp in pain before licking it into erections. Once it’s at full attention he bites it again and I can’t help but cry out from the pain.

As my attention is focused on the tortures of his mouth, I suddenly realize his hands have been pulling off the pieces of my dress, so I am only left in my loose corset.

“Master” I moan before he shifts me onto my stomach with my arse completely revealed to await its punishment.

I feel my tortured nipples being pressed painfully against the hardwood of his desk. Everything he does makes me feel the lack of him between my legs. I feel as if a void opens between them that can only be filled by him, and I bite my own lip to stop myself from begging for his shaft.

I feel his firm hand hold my neck to keep me in place as the other hand gently explores my exposed bum.

“Do you still feel I have been too gentle with you this last week?” He coos leaning down to whisper in my ear. “Have I not been keeping my little beast satisfied?”

Knowing he expects an answer I swallow slowly trying to clear my thoughts. “Please Master.” Is all that forms on my lips and I shake my head trying to think of something better.

He chuckles over me, giving me one firm swat as if he is trying to help me clear my head. “Answer me pet. Have I not satisfied your needs?” He asks more firmly spanking me again before I can think of an answer.

“No.” I finally gasp right before the third and hardest strike lands on my behind.

“What was that?” He asks his hand now landing a barrage of spanks over the warming flesh of my bottom.

“No Master.” I whimper before realizing I’m pushing myself against the offending hand.

“Well then I must apologize to my little beast.” He says as he continues to bruise my bum. “I didn’t realize how much you needed my discipline.” He adds and I can hear the smile in his voice.

Right before I hit the point where I can’t take any more he stops the strikes and smooths his hand over the pins and needles of my arse. I moan at the feeling and wiggle my bottom trying to tell him
how much I need him without having to say the words.

I feel his hand move towards the inferno between my legs and part them as much as I can. My only thoughts on what I need from him next. His fingers barely even brush where I need him the most before there is a firm knock on the door.

“Go away.” he growls but pulls his hand away from me on instinct.

“Lucius we need to talk, it’s important.” A deep voice commands making me whimper as I look back at my husband.

Lucius sighs and fixes his hair before frowning down at me for a moment.

“Please?” I whimper wiggling again in hopes I can tempt him to finish what he started.

“Severus doesn’t use the word important lightly my beast.” he said running a gentle hand down my back.

Looking up at the door he waves his wand to unlock it. I hadn’t noticed that he had locked it before, but it is nice to know he wasn’t planning on being walked in on.

“Come in old friend.” He says sitting down in his chair.

Realizing he wasn’t planning to give me time to get presentable; I try and move off the desk, but find myself stuck there by some kind of spell I hadn't felt him cast.

“My Lord?” I whimper as the other man opens the door.

“I’m not done with you yet my pet, I wouldn’t want you running off.” He says in an amused tone before I feel the light drape of cloth settle over my behind.

Lucius-

Looking down at the woman’s perfectly red arse and I’m just about to tease her over the edge of climax when there is a firm knock at my study door

“Go away.” I growl moving away slightly as my concentration is lost

“Lucius we need to talk, it’s important.” Severus says through the thick wood of the door.

I sigh and straighten myself. It wouldn’t do to let even my friends see me in anything but my perfect condition.

“Please?” The little sex beast on my desk whimpers needfully.

“Severus doesn’t use the word important lightly my beast.” I tell her gently stroking her form as I fix her to the desk with a simple spell.

Wand in hand I unlock the door. “Come in old friend.” I call before taking a seat in my chair.

I smile in amusement as Ginevra struggles on the desk to free herself “My Lord?” She whimpers as Severus opens the door and moves inside.

“I’m not done with you yet my pet, I wouldn’t want you running off.” I tell her as I cover her bottom with the remnants of her dress. I don’t think I need to hide any of the other exposed skin from my friend. It is the first time he is seeing my new wife after all, I would like it if he was at least
a bit jealous.

Severus raised an eyebrow at the girl and my smile only brightens.

“I’m being rude.” I say waving my hand at my wife. “Severus, this is my new wife Lady Ginevra Malfoy. My love, this is my oldest friend in the world, and the Dark Emperor's personal Potions Master, Severus Snape.

Ginny only whimpers and tries to hide her face.

“It’s a pleasure Lady Malfoy I am sure. Why not let your wife tidy herself up while we discuss business.” Severus says always the more chivalrous of the two of us.

“Thank you Master Snape.” She says unable to look at him from her position on my desk.

“That doesn’t sound at all fun for me.” I tell the two of them before giving my full attention to Severus. “What was so important?”

The darker man sighs knowing me too well to try anything before he gets comfortable in the chair across my desk. From this new position I note my wife can actually look at him if she wishes.

“I was just in a small muggle village…” He starts but I feel the need to cut him off there

“Why?” I ask letting my confusion and disgust seep into my voice.

“Well I told you about our Lord’s needs for his new familiar?” He reminds me, but I am unsure what this would have to do with some muggle village. “Well, let’s just say he has been looking for a very special creature.”

“One you will find with muggles?” I ask wondering what kind of magical creature would ever be found with the likes of simple muggles.

“One that can only be found with muggles.” He says with a mysterious and dark smile. “That is not the issue I have come to discuss though.” He adds quickly glancing down to my wife as she seems to be studying his face.

“This town is only a few nights ride from Hogsmeade. As the town now belongs to your wife I felt it important for you to know they are having trouble with a rather large werewolf pack.” He says much more grimly. “From what I heard they have lost many sheep to the pack as well as a few children and a group of farmers that went out after the wolves.”

“And you think Hogsmeade is in danger?” I ask leading forward and running my fingers over Ginny’s inner thigh where Severus could not see the action.

“I do, and what information I can gather tells me they are large enough that you will have to think of something very cunning to be able to cull their number.” He says as his eyes drift to my pet’s face as she tries not to make a sound.

“Did you have any ideas you would like to share?” I ask moving my hand a little upwards to tease her a bit more.

“Actually I did, but it would require some irresistible bait.” He said looking between my wife and myself.

“What kind of bait?” I ask my fingers moving between her legs under the fabric of her dress.
“Virgin bait, but I think we can discuss this when you aren’t so busy.” he said suddenly standing as Ginevra lets out a moan she can no longer hold in.

“I’ll come by your office tomorrow, the sooner we form a plan the better it will be for my people in the village.” I tell him with a straight face as I sink my middle finger inside my wife.

“Indeed.” He said giving Ginny a small and awkward bow before turning and leaving without so much as a goodbye for me.

Once the door slams closed she tries to turn to glare back at me. “You’re a bastard.” She gasps all the while working to push back against my hand.

“Is that any way for a good pet to speak to her Master?” I ask her, opening a drawer next to her as I tease her little cunny with my fingers.

“Why doesn’t the muggle village matter?” She asks instead of answering my question.

I smile down at her still reddened arse before pulling my fingers away from her. She speaks as if she’s annoyed with me, but her womanhood is still more than slick with need. “Because their muggles.” I answer retrieving a few supplies from my drawer and setting them on the desk where she can see them perfectly well.

Ginny-

I whimper as his finger pulls away from me once again and my breathing stops as he sets the large wooden paddle on the desk well within my view. Next to it he places an unmarked potion, but I know whatever he has planned will not be exactly pleasant for me.

“Master?” I try to make my voice sound as meek as possible as I truly don’t know if I could handle being paddled after the spanking he gave me not long ago.

“Am I frightening you my pet?” He asks running a more than gentle hand down my back as if I was a spooked animal.

“Yes Master.” I tell him honestly my eyes unable to move away from the smooth dark wood of the implement.

“Have I ever hurt you in a way you didn’t actually enjoy my sweet?” He asks as he picks up the paddle and takes it out of my view.

“No Master.” I answer trying to remind myself of the same. “But I still…” I start but am cut off by a firm swat from the paddle. I scream more in surprise than actual pain.

“Are you allowed to say ‘but’ to me?” He asks smoothing the new stripe with his hand.

It takes me a moment to catch my breath before I can even think to answer him. “Yes.” I tell him suddenly not in the mood to be his little lamb.

“That’s a good girl.” He says before bringing the paddle down on my rear again with a hard smack.

“No more!” I gasp as my arse is on fire.

I feel his fingers in my hair and know what is coming before I feel the hard wonderful tug at my scalp. “I was wondering where my little fire creature had gone.” He hissed moving to lean over me.

I could feel every scrape of the rough fabric of his pants brush against my now purple bum. “I
thought you wanted me to be good.” I whimper not understanding what was going on exactly.

“No my sweet, I want to punish you for being bad.” He whispered against my neck before biting the skin hard in that spot.

“So I should be bad?” I ask as all of these rough and painful actions stoke the fire of need inside of me.

“I do want to tame my little fire creature.” He explains licking the bite mark. “I was just a bit disappointed it was so easy.”

“You were right.” I try to explain as my heart hammers in my chest. “I like the pain, so I give into it.”

“So you are a quick study.” Lucius says nipping at my ear as he grinds his pants covered member against my abused behind.

“Yes.” I gasp pressing back into the pain. “But I know when it is too much.” I add trying to show my will was in no way broken.

“No my beast, you don’t.” He says so softly I almost don’t hear. He moved back again, standing and letting go of my hair to press the gold wood of the paddle against my red skin.

“Three more strikes and then I will fuck you until you pass out. After I am going to rub this potion into the skin of your behind.” He explained in a detached tone.

“Why?” I ask wanting to know everything before he starts.

“It will help to keep your skin soft for my pleasure. But it has an added side effect with bruised skin.” He says and I can hear his own desire bleeding into his words. “You’re going to feel this punishment for the next week or so. Every time you sit down you will be reminded of your Master’s discipline. Then we will see if you remain dissatisfied with the pleasure he grants.”

Without any more room for questions the paddle strikes come without mercy. Three hard smacks to my already hurting arse. With the last, little white stars float in my vision. I can’t catch my breath as he slams the paddle on the desk next to my head.

Suddenly Lucius pulls me up into a standing position by my hair and I feel light headed with the quickness and brutality of his actions. Before I know it he has me seated on his desk. New white-hot pain thrums from my bum as it takes my weight on the hard surface.

My legs open for him without resistance and soon he is seated inside me where he belongs. I’m not sure when his pants came off and I don’t really care as he drives into me. I ride the cusp of heaven and hell as he rides me harder than I can remember. All the while grinding my bottom into the hard surface of the desk. Each time we fuck it all seems new.

I try to reach out and grab his shoulders to steady myself but before I can he pushes me back onto the desk to take me from a slightly different angle. I whimper as I want to touch him, to have more than just the cock inside of me but he slaps my hands away with a stinging smack.

“No touching beast.” He growls making me whimper as I feel lost and ungrounded somehow.

The feeling becomes too much and I hear myself whimpering as my body still tries its best to meet his every thrust.
He slows his actions making me whimper with the loss of his thrusts before I feel him pull me up into a sitting position once again.

“You need your Master.” Lucius says looking into my eyes a moment before starting his quick pace once again.

“Yes.” I gasp so relieved to be able to wrap my arms against his shoulders I don’t realize how hard I’m kissing him until I taste the metal tang of his blood on my lips.
Lucius-

I slip out of bed very careful not to disturb her slumber. Knowing she is carrying something very special to me has become an odd and jarring feeling these days. She is far from showing her state, but there is still a new shine about her that seems to make her even more beautiful than she was before.

With a show of pure willpower, I pull myself away from her and move to get ready for my day. If there really are werewolves coming close to Hogsmeade I will have to take action as soon as I can to protect the returned asset. If they fear for their lives the peasants will have a much harder time making enough gold to pay their taxes.

I’m very curious what kind of trap Severus has in mind for the beasts. I must admit in some areas my friend’s intellect exceeds my own, but I make up for it in my understanding of people.

Maybe when I visit him today I will push for more information on the Dark Emperor's new familiar. Familiar magic can be very powerful, and if our ruler is looking to expand in power through some new kind of familiar, than it will only pay to know about it.

I arrive at the Potion Master’s lab while he is breaking his fast over a group of papers. Before he has time to react I pluck the top most off the stack and look it over.

“A muggle marriage contract? You have got to be kidding me Severus. Surely we can find you one of our kind to marry if you are looking for a wife.”

Severus just rolls his eyes at me and snatches the paper back. “This isn’t for me.” He said vanishing the notes from the table and giving me his full attention.

“Than who are Miss Granger and Mr. Piers?” I ask not to be deterred from finding out what my friend is up to.

“Mr. Piers is a recently dead muggle.” He says before taking off a rather large piece of toast to give himself time to think on what he wishes to tell me exactly.

“So Miss Granger is important to who?” I ask wondering what this could have to do with his mission for our Lord.

Severus wipes his lips once he finishes with his bite, and then takes a long sip of tea before looking at me with his usual blank expression. “I can’t tell you that Lucius. You already know the answer as there is only one man either of us actually answers to, but I can’t give you details at this time.”
“Well you’re no fun at all.” I tell him as I take the seat next to him and start to serve myself from his breakfast platter. “So than tell me what you have in mind to rid me of a werewolf problem.”

“I have a new invention.” He says smiling now as he gets to talk about his favorite subject, his own brilliance. “You know what wolfs bane potion does?” He asks only because he wants to tell me.

“That is the one that helps to calm werewolves yes?” I ask sitting back in the chair to get comfortable.

“It subdues the wolf’s mind and lets the human think even during the full moon. Though it doesn’t change the wolf’s form.”

“I see, and if they are just as disagreeable in their human form?” I ask trying to sound interested in how it all works.

“I’ve made a variant of the potion. I think I’m going to call it Blackbane. Ingested it will kill any werewolf I am sure of it.”

“Have you tested it?” I ask leaning forward a bit, though I still have no idea how we are supposed to poison a pack of wolves.

“Not yet, this will be its first test, but what do you have to lose?” He asks a bit defensively.

“So, how do we get them to drink it?” I ask knowing he won’t be as helpful if I question him further on effectiveness.

“Well there is the problem. It won’t harm any non werewolf, so what we really need is some tempting bait. We feed the potion to the bait and then leave them out for the wolves. They take even a lick of blood tainted with my potion and they are dead.”

I tap my fingers against his table in thought. “So I only need to choose some person we sacrifice to the beasts?”

“Someone truly tempting. A virgin girl would probably work best; you know what kind of animals these are.” Severus points out.

“And it would obviously have to be done during the full moon.” I say with a frown as I wonder when the next one is.

“True, because we have no idea if they eat human flesh in human form. The potion will also only stay in the bait’s system for around twelve hours.”

“That should be plenty of time if we get the right night.” I say still tapping as I think. “When is the next full moon?”

“We have two days to find someone and put them in the path of the wolves.”

“Only two days to find someone that I don’t mind killing?” I sigh getting to my feet. “I better get to work.”

Ginny-

This is the first day since we found out about the baby that I haven’t spent at Lucius’ side. I woke this morning alone in his bed. Over breakfast I try not to dwell on the odd feeling of loss and focus on my own busy day.
“Mistress has the carpenter at ten and the draper at one.” Heety explains as I nibble on some toast.

“Are you sure I’m supposed to be doing this all myself. I’ve never decorated a room before.” I tell her thinking even my own room was designed by someone else.

“This Mistress’ job. Mistress need start doing her job.” The elf tells me in the kindest voice she can.

“But what if he hates it?” I ask setting the toast down.

Everything in our marriage so far has been so very controlled by my husband that the idea of doing something real on my own makes me nervous. I try to shake this off. I’m stronger than this and I can do things without his direction.

“Than Mistress be punished?” Heety suggests honestly.

My breath catches at this suggestion and the image of me making it ugly on purpose flashes briefly through my mind. I shake this off but I can’t keep the blush from my cheeks. “What am I turning into?” I murmur softly.

“Perfect wife for Master.” Heety answers with a smile.

I fidget as I think of how right she really is. With him being around so often it has been hard to really think of how he affects me, but this morning I have time to mull over how much he treats me like an object. I can dwell on the fact he makes me enjoy the treatment.

“He’s turning you into a play thing for his own enjoyment.” A snide voice says from the doorway echoing my own fears.

Looking up I see Draco there with a mean smile on his face. “I heard the happy news.” He says moving into the dining room looking me up and down as if he could already tell. “I’m glad all his expensive charms and potions worked at least.”

“Draco.” I greet him trying for a friendly smile that feels a bit tight on my face. “I haven’t seen you around recently.”

“I’ve been working to stay out of father’s way. I hear he left you alone today so I’ve come to keep you company.” He says as he sits down next to me at the table.

As soon as he settles himself another plate a food appears along with his morning tea.

“So Lucius is making you keep an eye on me.” I conclude watching him closely as I lose my appetite completely.

“Well we wouldn’t want anything to happen to my little brother.” He says starting in on his own breakfast.

“It could be a sister.” I point out putting a hand on my stomach as I once again think about the small life now inside me. It is so strange to think that I’m not alone in my own body any longer.

“Oh you better hope not. I think my father would beat you senseless if you didn’t give him the son he wants.” Draco points out casually as he pops a piece of sausage into his mouth.

“I have no control over what sex the child is. Your father is an educated man and would know that.” I defend with a frown. The smile that spreads across Draco’s face makes me doubt my own words.

“You keep thinking that, but don’t come to me if he doesn’t get what he wants.” He says obviously
enjoying my distress.

“I think I’m done here.” I tell him standing suddenly. I want more than anything to be away from his cruel smile.

“Sit down girl.” He orders pointing to the chair. “Do you think my father would thank me if I let you starve yourself. You’ve hardly touched your plate.”

“Don’t call me girl. I’m Ginny or Lady Malfoy, and you have no control over me.” I tell him standing straighter trying to seem more in control than I really felt.

“Listen to me girl.” He says getting up from his seat in a slow menacing pace. “You are my father’s property. You are a thing he is using for his amusement and give me the brothers our laws require. I will call you whatever I like and you will do as you are told. Now sit.” He finished with a hiss as he jabbed a finger at my vacant chair.

I glare at him my fingers itching to pull my wand on him, but Lucius has reprimanded me for that before. Draco is his beloved first son and the heir of Malfoy.

“I am your father’s wife, which means under the law I am his property in many respects.” I agree trying to keep my voice calm and my chin high. “But it is Lord Malfoy who is my husband, not the brat prince. So you can just go and sod off.”

With that I turn on my heels with a flitter of green silk and head towards the door. When I feel the spell fly past me I freeze in shock. I didn’t think he would dare even try to curse me now that I was definitely with child. I turn slowly back towards him. I find my wand is already in my hand but I have no real memory of retrieving it from my pocket. When I see the smug grin on his face, so arrogant, so sure of himself, my wand is up and ready before I speak.

“How dare you!” I growl as my ears ring with the pure fury I feel in the moment. “IC-tus!” I cast before I give him any time to respond.

The stinging hex lands on his shoulder as he tried to move out of its way at the last moment. “You crazy bitch!” He yells back pressing his off hand against the wound.

“You tried to curse me!” I say before casting the same hex again. This time he was ready and blocked it with a simple defensive spell.

“How dumb do you think I am?” He asked before he returned a spell of his own. “ex-pel-ee-AR-mus!”

When my wand flies from my hand I decide it’s better to take him down with my bare hands. I lunge over the table and try to tackle him to the ground. Unfortunately, he seems to expect this and before I know it, I have Draco pinning me to the ground and holding my wrists to keep my nails from his face.

“I wasn’t trying to curse you. All I did was lock the door. Now calm down.” He says squeezing my wrists just to hurt me. I see his own anger boiling in his eyes as he works not to take that anger out on me.

Without a wand, I’m weak and we both know it. But that knowledge does nothing to abate my rage. “You had no right to cast any spells in my direction.” I growl still struggling under him.

“I have every right to protect a woman of my family. You belong to the house of Malfoy. You will respect me girl.” He says in a low dangerous voice leaning down over me.
“Get off of me!” I scream in his face.

Moving both wrists to one hand he places the other over my mouth and presses down to keep me from screaming more. I bite his hand as hard as I can and he backhands me hard across the face.

“You will learn respect!” He growls again holding my wrists more tightly. “I thought my father would have taught you at least a bit by now.”

Being hit does nothing to calm my fury and I rage against him trying everything I can think of to kick him off of me. “You hit me!” I scream trying to throw him off.

“Do you want me to do it again!” Draco yells back working to hold me in place as his free hand goes to my neck.

“Do you really think daddy is going to be happy that you hit me!?” I ask gasping for air as I wear myself out.

“In self-defense?” He asks with a knowing smirk. “You threw the first spell little slut.” He reminds me and grins as he shows me the teeth mark I left on his hand. “I think he’ll thank me for putting you in your place. Now are you going to be a good girl and eat?”

I spit in his face as I’m not in any sort of mood to give into this bully's demands. “Let me go!” I snap as if he didn’t already get my point.

He studies me for a long moment before drawing out his wand, a truly cruel smile forms on his lips. “im-PEER-ee-oh.”

A wave of haze fills my mind and I feel all the anger and frustration from the fight just flow out of my body. Far away someone is telling me to sit at the table and finish my breakfast. Suddenly it seems like the most natural thing to be doing in that moment.

There is a slight nagging voice at the back of my mind telling me I don’t want this, but without the worries of my day I find I actually am rather ravenous. As I eat the person keeps talking to me. He explains that he is only using magic on me for my own good, and the good of my child.

I nod my agreement to everything he says. The voice just seems so logical and right. He explains that I’m not even the most valuable thing his father owns. He explains that once I’m done helping to continue the Malfoy line that his father will start selling me like the whore I am. He makes me agree that this will make me happy.

When the mist finally clears I have a hard time remembering exactly what was said and what I did, but I find that Draco and I are standing in the nursery. I have a lasting feeling of embarrassment and Draco is grinning like he has something on me.

“What did you do to me? What was that spell?” I ask pulling back from him and putting my hand on my stomach.

“Nothing that will hurt the baby.” He says rolling his eyes. “But if you ever disrespect me again I will show father the memory of you begging me to fuck you.”

“I’ll tell him what you did to me.” I say blushing as images of kneeling at his feet flash in my mind.

“What did I do to you?” He asks his face the picture of innocence.

“This is going to backfire on you; I don’t even know how to lie to your father.”
“I would never ask you to lie.” Draco says mockingly shocked by my statement. “What kind of man do you think I am?”

“You don’t want the answer to that.” I tell him looking around the room. “I can do this alone.” I add after a moment.

He smirks shaking his head. “It’s my job to watch you today. Now be a good girl and sit down before someone important gets here.”

**Lucius-**

When I finally get home that night I find no sign of Ginevra. I’ve missed dinner at the manor but somehow I was expecting to find her in our common room waiting for me. When she isn’t there, I look in my office, and then the nursery to see if she is still working.

There are lots of samples of fabrics and sketches laying around, but no Ginevra. Annoyed by the complete disappearance of my wife I call for her house elf. “Heety.” I snap making my way back towards my room.

“Heety is here Master.” The little elf says as she appears behind me.

“Where is my wife?” I ask making the elf keep up with me.

“Mistress in her room Master. Mistress tell Heety to tell Master she has headache.” The little elf squeaks.

I turn on the elf as I get to my door and narrow my eyes. “She what?”

“Mistress tell Heety to tell Master she has headache. She not come out.” The elf adds trying to look smaller.

“Why is my wife hiding in her room?” I ask leaning over to intimidate the elf all the more.

“Mistress not tell Heety. But Mistress very upset with Master Draco today.” It adds in an even higher pitch.

“Do you know what happened?” I ask wondering which of them I need to take over my knee now. I just don’t understand why they can’t get along.

“Master Draco tell Heety to go away.” The little thing says making me roll my eyes. “Heety not see anything.”

I shake my head and decide it is better to head to my son’s room first. If he sent the elf away more than likely he is the cause of whatever happened today. I don’t bother knocking as I am in no mood for delays. With a flick of my wand, his doors fly open. I found Draco sitting at his desk writing a letter.

“You shouldn’t believe anything that slut told you father.” He says getting up as soon as he sees me.

“Which slut would that be Draco?” I ask already knowing I have the right target.

“I didn’t do anything to her. She is the one that attacked me!” He says getting agitated.

“Start at the beginning.” I say lowering my wand on him. I wouldn’t actually harm my son, well nothing permanent anyway.
“She was disrespecting this family. She hexed me and when I simply disarmed her she tried to scratch my eyes out.” Draco says holding his head high. “She went absolutely crazy because I told her she had to finish her breakfast.”

“You had a fight with my pregnant wife over breakfast?” I ask starting to get to the bottom of things. “And that is why she has locked herself in her room?”

“She was out of control.” He held his ground. “And I only did what was best for this family.”

I lower my wand looking my son in the eyes. “If something ever happens with her again, you are not to take care of anything yourself. Send her to my room and inform me. Do I make myself clear?”

Draco rolls his eyes shaking his head. “Yes father.’ He says taking a seat at his desk once again. “But I did handle things just fine without you.”

“And that is why she has locked herself in her room.” I tell him shaking my own head as I head towards the door.

“She is a brat is why she locked herself in her room.” Draco says to his paper.

“Ah yes, but she is my brat.” I remind him before heading back to my room. I’ll give her the night to cool off.
The Moon Girl

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!

Lucius-

That night I decide to give her some time to cool off. It isn’t good for her or my unborn son for her to be so upset, and I have learned over my life that women do best if you give them space. The next morning I got up and dressed early. There was so much to get down today and to add to everything else I’ll need to soothe my wife.

Heading into our common room I walk straight across to knock on her door. “Ginevra my dear, it is time for breakfast.” I say in the most pleasant tone I can muster. “Ginevra?”

“I’m on a hunger strike.” I hear her whimper from just beyond the door.

“My pet, you know that isn’t something I would tolerate.” I say with a sigh. I was really hoping not to have to play these games this morning. “Are you going to come out and tell me your side of what happened yesterday?” I ask in what I hope is a patient tone.

“You son used dark magic on me!” She yelled and I could her a fist slam against the door before she screamed in pain.

“Darling are you okay?” I ask trying the doorknob to see if maybe she left it unlocked, she hadn’t.

“No I’m not okay! Draco and I got into a fight yesterday because he is a little controlling prick just like his father! And then he used some dark spell on me to make me do things he wanted! And now I think I’ve broken my hand!” She screams at the other side of the door in anger and pain.

“Ginevra let me in.” I command firmly as I pull on the door again trying to get to her. Between hearing the pain and anguish in her voice I can’t help myself from panicking just a little for her safety.

“Stop ordering me around.” She yells back and I can hear the thump of something else being thrown against the door.

I take in a slow deep breath and promise myself here and now that I will never leave Draco alone with my wife ever again.

Trying very hard to speak in a more friendly tone I take a few more breaths to get it right. “My dear I just want to check your well being. I’m worried for you, please let me in.”

There are a few moments of silence from the other side of the door before the lock clicks. Pushing the door open as soon as I can I find my wife standing only a foot from it and I almost knock into her in my rush.
“Let me see your hand.” I say trying to keep my voice sounding soft and worried so I don’t frighten her more than she already is.

She holds the hand out to me timidly and looks away as her cheeks burn with embarrassment.

Ginny-

“No I’m not okay! Draco and I got into a fight yesterday because he is a little controlling prick just like his father! And then he used some dark spell on me to make me do things he wanted! And now I think I’ve broken my hand!” I yell at the door as I resist the urge to kick it.

I’ve been awake most of the night worrying about the things Draco may have made me do under that sick spell. I expected Lucius to come to see if I was okay when he got home, but he never came and as the hours went on my fear turned to anger.

“Ginevra let me in.” He orders like he always does. I see the door shake a bit as he tries to get in without my permission, and I am glad that this room at least is all mine.

“Stop ordering me around.” I scream picking up one of the slippers nearby and throwing it at the door with my good hand. The thump sound it makes isn’t very satisfying so I start to look around for something that will shatter.

“My dear I just want to check your well being. I’m worried for you, please let me in.” Lucius says in a much calmer tone than he had used a moment ago.

I look between the little porcelain woman in my hand and the door. My emotions start to shift back towards needing his comfort. Setting the object down I walk over and unlock the door quickly stepping back as he opens it in a rush. I work very hard not to cry over the fact he was so worried for me.

“Let me see your hand.” He says and I can tell how hard he is working on keeping his voice level.

I hold the aching wrist out to him, but I can’t watch as he examines it. I feel like if I see any compassion in his face I will start crying. I can feel heat coming to my face as I don’t want to cry in front of him.

“It isn’t too bad.” He says as he delicately strokes the fingers. “I can heal it myself.” He adds pulling out his wand and casting an odd cooling spell on my bruised hand.

The pain disappeared immediately and I can’t seem to stop myself from rushing against his chest. “Don’t leave.” I whimper as I feel his arms settle awkwardly on my back.

“There are important things I must do today my dear.” He says sounding regretful. “But we can sit down to a civil meal first.” He continues as he slowly guides me to the small table in our shared common room. He gently helps me to sit, then crouches down in front of me so he can look into my puffy eyes.

“It’s normal at this stage to be a bit more ruled by your emotions.” He says pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket and drying my eyes. “But I do need for you to tell me what happened yesterday with Draco.”

I swallow looking back into his eyes as he seems to be studying me. “We had a fight. With wands.” I start looking to my lap. “He was being a prat, and I tried to leave, but I hadn’t eaten any breakfast really. I think he felt it was his duty to make me eat somehow and it just turned into an all out fight. But then he cast this spell…” I pause as I try to remember the incantation and Lucius settles his
hand on my knee. “Impefio? Maybe?” I say looking up at him for some kind of confirmation.

The hand on my knee tightens slightly and I can see his eyes narrow ever so slightly. “Then what happened?” He asks his voice still calm, but more strained.

“It was like I was in a haze, and I don’t really know.” I tell him looking back to my knees. “But I think he made me do things, and he said that if I disrespect him any more he will show you memories of me begging him for…” I shake my head not wanting to say it aloud. “I know I’m supposed to be good to him, but my Lord, I don’t think I can handle being left with him again.”

I can’t look at him any more because of the new wave of emotion that is threatening to drown me. I’m afraid of Draco now, and that makes me angry and ashamed that I let him intimidate me. I’m also mad at Lucius for even putting me in that position, and at myself for letting it get so out of hand.

“No. I will not be letting my son anywhere near you unsupervised again.” He says firmly before kissing the top of my head. “And I also think that maybe it would be best if we found you a tutor. They could expand your knowledge of magic, and help you transition to the Great Lady I expect my wife to be.” He adds thoughtfully.

If I had heard any mark of pity or superiority in his tone I think I would have blown up with my own anger. But he spoke the words with thoughtful kindness. Like he just wants to help me fulfill a vision that he can already see inside of me.

I swallow back the tightening in my throat and take a long steadying breath. “What about Draco?” I find myself asking calmly.

Lucius stands with a sigh. He walks around the table and sits, but I can tell he is only considering the options and not actually ignoring me. It is only then I notice our breakfast has been laid out on the small table.

I blush looking down at my nightgown for the first time. I didn’t even have my dressing gown on. Trying to make the best of things, I turn to face the table and pour each of us a cup of tea then busy myself with putting some butter and preserve on my toast.

“I will speak with Draco later today.” He says finally before taking a sip of his tea. “I will think of a project to take him out of the Manor for a little while to give you two space from each other. If you are looking for me to punish him more than that you overestimate your position here.”

“Because all I am in this house is breeding stock for your sons and a plaything for your bed.” I say as I grasp my spoon tightly, resisting the impulse to throw it at his head.

“Show me your value outside of my bed and then we will talk about you becoming something more than… breeding stock.” He says with a cruel smile. I have to look down again at the expression or I know I will burst into tears or jump over the table and try clawing his eyes out. “I am giving you the avenue to do exactly that Ginevra, so do not act as if I’m a villain here.”

I take in a slow breath deciding it is best to change the subject. “We had to reschedule several of the meetings yesterday, as I was not up for them. Do you think I can at least do them alone today?” I ask without emotion.

“Oh of course. We will have Heety there if you need anything. I will take Draco with me today.”

“Thank you.” I say before we eat the rest of the meal in silence.

Lucius-
My mind was still on Ginevra as I walked with my son into the town of Hogsmeade. There is a tension between us as he is obviously trying to decipher my mood.

“What are we doing here exactly?” He finally asks as we make our way into the main square.

It seems it is market day for the village as many people gather to sell and buy wares from one another. I look around thoughtfully as my eyes move from girl to girl. The villagers are watching us uncomfortably, obviously knowing I am once again their liege.

“This village is in danger.” I tell him without breaking my focus. “We need a sacrifice to save it, so what better place to get one than the town itself?” I ask finally looking at my son.

“What sort of sacrifice?” Draco asks now openly frowning as he too looks around us.

“A girl, someone pure. The beasts that hunt in the forest always prefer the pure.” I say casually then shake my head. “You have made my dealings with my wife very difficult Draco.” I say turning to the subject that really concerns us both as we walk down the street.

Draco sighs shaking his head. “Father. I am so...” He starts, but I cut him off.

“Save your false apology. I do not need it. What I do need is for you to stop stressing her while she is pregnant with my child.” I snap turning to him fully. “That spell you used on her. What did you do? Tell me exactly.” I hiss low enough that only he can hear me.

Draco laughs and shakes his head at this. “She actually told you?” He seems more amused than afraid. “I did nothing. Not really. I made her beg, and get on her knees in front of me. But I would not touch your wife father.” He says with a dismissive wave of his hand.

“You realize how much stress you put on her?” I ask narrowing my eyes. “And stress is not good for the child.”

“I stick by my words that she is a little brat that needs to be taught her place.” He says putting up his hands as he sees my anger. “But I will leave that to you from now on father.”

“Yes you will.” I say firmly before summoning one of the town’s guards to me. “I want every virginal girl over the age of twelve lined up in the main square by the time we are finished with our tea.” I command him sending him off at a run before entering the Three Broomsticks, one of the local public houses.

“You know making demands like that is going to get back to Weasley.” Draco says as we take our seats at a private table. “Do you really want him turning up on our doorstep asking if your wife really agreed to such a thing?”

“I will deal with Weasley. There is a large pack of werewolves heading this way. I can either let them destroy this village, or I can sacrifice one useless girl to take the pack out completely.”

“What are you going to do?” Draco asks leaning in with interest.

“There is a way of poisoning the girl’s blood so that when they bite and claw at her they will be killing themselves as well.”

“That sounds like Uncle Severus has something to do with it.” He says trying to wheedle out as much information as he can.

“Does it?” I ask curiously.
An hour later Draco and I are standing in the town square with four young girls in a line before us. There is a crowd of course as the parents and other villagers want to know the fate of these girls.

“How would you choose?” I ask my son as we look over the dirt smudged girls.

Draco looks from one to the next shaking his head as he obviously has no idea how to choose our sacrifice. “What do werewolves care about in a victim?” He asks frowning.

I sigh shaking my head as I move to the first girl in the line. “Who is your family child?” I ask looking down at the small girl.

Her eyes go wide as she looks back up at me before swallowing very thickly. “M-my family are millers my Lord. W-we run the mill.”

I roll my eyes and move to the next girl. Each girl in turn tells me of the importance of their family. I frown as I will have to choose from the daughter of a miller, a baker, a guard, and a weaver. These are all somewhat important positions within the village so it will be a much harder choice than I thought.

As I am looking over the girls, all much closer to twelve then twenty I hear a scuffle off to one side of the clearing. Glancing over I see a guard having a hard time moving another girl. She seems to have gone completely limp in his hands and now he is struggling to carry her over.

I walk over to the mess in two strides and take the girl by the arm. “What is the meaning of this?” I ask looking between the two of them.

I can’t help but notice how stunningly odd the girl looks with her large pale blue eyes. She is cleaner than most of the commoners I’ve seen, but her clothes have been patched many times. Her long white blond hair whips freely in the wind.

When I look down at her she stands again and gives me a misty smile. “Well if he would have said he was taking me to you I wouldn’t have put up such a fess.” She says as if this was a simple fact.

“I told the girl Lord Malfoy wished to collect all unmarried girls of her age in the town square.” The man snarls.

“Oh, you’re Lord Malfoy. How odd.” She says looking between me and the guard. “Are we going now?”

“You want to come with me girl?” I ask unsure how to handle such a strange creature. “Who is your father?”

“They work a small piece of land outside the village sir. He’s no one important. Almost beggars, them.” The guard answers for her.

“We like the quiet. People can be so distracting.” She says pleasantly in return. “Are we going now?”

“I think we are.” I say wondering why this perfect little sacrifice is so calm in the face of everything that could be happening to her.
Lucius-

Ginevra was waiting for us when we arrived home with our prize. She was fully dressed and well put together. I find myself admiring her grace as she moves across the room to greet us.

“My Lord, you didn’t tell me you would be bringing a guest?” She asked as her eyes ran over the other girl’s common clothes.

The blonde smiled in her dazed way at my wife. “I think he thought he would have to chain me up to do what he wanted with me.” The girl said easily and I couldn’t help see Ginny stiffen with her words.

“What?” She asked looking between the girl and myself. I could see she was about to explode and I was thankful when Draco agreed to show the girl to a room.

“It isn’t what it sounds like. She is a very odd girl.” I tell her as I rest my hands on her arms. “She has been saying strange things like that since we retrieved her from the village.”

“Why did you retrieve her at all?” She asks obviously still suspicious. “The project for Draco?” She added looking around to find them gone. She turned to follow, but I took her wrist.

“You don’t need to become attached to the girl.” I tell her seriously making her turn back to face me.

“What are you planning to do with her?” She asks again and I can tell her temper is on the rise.

“You look good enough to eat.” I tell her pulling my wife close and working to distract her.

“Maybe I should have my dinner early.”

I can tell she is affected by our closeness but she takes a deep breath and tries to pull away. She wants to clear her head and I won’t have any of it. I hold her fast and run my fingers down the buttons on her spine.

“Lucius…” She gasps still trying to wiggle herself free.

“Call me Master.” I tell her ever so softly as I undo the top most button of her dress.

“We’re in the front hall.” She gasps in shock, though I can hear the tiniest bit of lust in her words as well.

“And I haven’t had you here yet have I?” I ask undoing a few more buttons as I speak in low sinful tones.
“The girl.” She states firmly. “You’re not going to distract me like this.” She adds breathing hard.

I undo a few more buttons on her back before pulling her towards a small table that holds messages and a vase of flowers. Without any thought for my things I sweep them to the floor and force her to sit on the table.

“Lucius!” She snaps trying to keep control while I am working to make her lose it. “What do you want with the girl?” She asks breathlessly as I push her dress down in the front so her perfect little breasts are on display just for me.

“Call me Master.” I command again pinching one of her nipples as punishment for her disobedience.

She gasps, letting her head fall back against the mirror on the wall behind her.

“Fine.” She says panting as I push up her skirts. “Master? What do you want with that girl?” She asks not dropping the subject like I would prefer.

“Do you think I want to fuck her?” I ask as my hand finds the wetness between her legs. I lean down and take her nipple between my lips, sucking for a moment before I go on. “Do you think I need some common girl when I have such a willing slut at home?” I press as my thumb makes circles around her excited clit.

“I think you are working very hard not to answer my question Master.” She counters with more thought than she looked like she was capable of in that moment.

“So you admit you are my sweet little whore?” I ask pushing my middle finger inside of her and bending it in time with the movement of my thumb.

“Yes.” She gasps trying to press herself against my hand. “But I still…”

“Spread your legs wider.” I command pushing her knees apart with my free hand. “That girl is going to help me with the werewolf problem approaching your village.” I finally tell her as I see the glassy look to her eyes.

“She’ll be killed!” My pet gasps but is a bit too far gone to try and pull away from my attention any longer.

“And everyone else will be saved.” I agree pushing a second finger inside of her as I work to push her towards bliss.

“You can’t!” She gasps and I can tell she is very close now.

“I can and I must.” I say firmly. “And you haven’t been calling me Master, slut.” I add leaning down and biting her breast hard enough to leave teeth marks.

She screams as she comes for me and as she does there is a pounding on our front door. I keep her screaming wanting to milk every last bit of pleasure out of her before I sink my own hardened need inside of her.

The elf responsible for answering the door looks between us and the door with worry. My bride is much too far gone to realize anyone is even knocking, but I have an idea of who it might be. When she stops shaking against my hand I turn her around quickly and force her to lean over the table. She willingly spreads herself wide for me and I smirk as I watch her face in the mirror flutter in bliss as I finally thrust into her willing quim.
There was more banging on the door and this time my little pet actually heard it. She tried to push me off, but I held firm as I lock eyes with her in the mirror.

“Lucius Malfoy I know you’re in there!” A familiar voice yelled through the door. His angered tone only made me smirk as I plunged again into his daughter. “Is that the girl you got from the village?! You are a disgusting piece of slime!”

“Let him in.” I said to the elf as I enjoyed the welcoming feeling of warmth wrapped tightly around my cock.

“No!” She gasped looking back at me in the mirror as she pressed her palms against it.

“He already heard you my little slut.” I tell her with satisfaction as the elf does as I’ve ordered.

“What do you think you ar-” Lord Weasley walks in stopping the moment he sees the two of us enjoying each other.

“I think I’m a bit busy pleasing my wife to talk to you at the moment Lord Weasley.” I say thrusting in just the right way to force her to moan for me.

“You fucking bastard!” The man screams and I can see him charging towards us.

I turned the two of us quickly so that my back was against the wall and his daughter was my human shield. Unfortunately the change of position made me slip out of her.

“Did you need something Lord Weasley?” I ask innocently as Ginevra worked to fix her dress.

Ginny-

“Let him in.” Lucius said moving inside of me in the most pleasant way.

“No!” I whimper trying to plead with him in our reflection.

“He already heard you my little slut.” He tells me sounding very pleased with himself as I hear the door open and he makes no move to stop our connection.

“What do you think you ar-” Dad says as he moves into the house. He stops the moment he sees us, but I can’t tell what he is doing from my position.

“I think I’m a bit busy pleasing my wife to talk to you at the moment Lord Weasley.” Lucius says thrusting deeply and forcing a moan from my lips.

“You fucking bastard!” Dad screams and suddenly I’m pulled around so that I’m between Malfoy and my father.

I can’t help but regret the loss of his cock as the new position parts us. But I use the bit of freedom to at least pull my dress up to hide my breasts from my father’s eyes.

“Did you need something Lord Weasley?” Lord Malfoy asks innocently as if he wasn’t just fucking me in our front hall.

“I’m taking my daughter home you filthy perverted monster!” Dad screams, his face going red at the sight of me. “And that girl you stole from the village too!”

“What happens with my wife or her village is none of your concern Lord Weasley.” He says pushing my top back down so dad could get a good view of the bite mark on my breast.
“Please?” I whimper as this is just too much for me. I know I enjoy many of the things my husband does to me, even what we were just doing. But I did not want to flaunt my desires to my father.

“Let her go now Malfoy.” Dad orders in a darker tone than I have ever heard him use. He draws his wand and points it at the two of us.

“How dare you threaten me in my own home!” Lucius explodes and before I know it I’ve been shoved behind him. “I will not stand for you aiming a wand at my pregnant wife!”

Dad seems to falter at this and half lowers the wand. “S-she’s pregnant?” He asks lowering it the rest of the way.

“Yes.” My husband says coldly but reaches back to run a comforting hand down my side.

“Than she is definitely coming with me.” Dad says with renewed force in his tone.

“No.” Lucius counters firmly. “She and the child belong to me. Go home before I am forced to file complaints against my father-in-law.”

Making sure my dress is righted once more I move out from behind my husband. “Father.” I say trying to look as grown up as I can. “I’m fine.” I tell him in a clear voice. “You just came in at an unfortunate moment.”

He narrowed his eyes at me for a long moment then turned back to Lucius. “What are you doing with that girl from Hogsmeade?”

“That is none of your concern. I suggest you leave before my good temper runs out.”

I watch as my father’s jaw twitches as he takes in what he is trying to do versus how successful he would be at removing me if I don’t want to leave.

“Fine. But this isn’t the end.” He says without acknowledging me as he leaves.

“You’re a bastard.” I snap as soon as the door closes and turn to head to my room. I need some space from him. “I want to meet the girl if I am to sign off on her slaughter.” I add a moment later as I reach the bottom step.

“Sign off?” Lucius asks in an amused tone.

I turn to face him with my own cold expression. “As you clearly know Hogsmeade is mine. After this little stunt my father will most definitely be investigating your actions. It would be better in the eyes of any inquest if I have officially signed off on the action.” I tell him remembering a few things from the books I’ve read over my time here.

He looks at me blankly for a long moment before a smile cracks his lips. “I’ll have her sent to your rooms in say, an hour?”

“I will be dining in my rooms tonight.” I tell him firmly before turning away.

He doesn’t come after me as I make my way back up to my room. Part of me is glad because I think if I see his arrogant face right now I will put my fist through it. But there is another part of me that wishes he would have come after me and forced me to bend to him once again. With a shake of my head I dismiss this, I already know how sick it is.

Once I get to my room I let Heety help me fix my appearance. I don’t want this girl coming into my
home and thinking things about me that my father now knows to be true. I blush as I think about his expression as he looked at me. What must he think of me now?

To pass the time and to get my brain to stop dwelling on my family I make myself comfortable on the small sofa in my room and read another book from my husband’s collection. I get lost in it after a while and before I know it there is a small knock at my door.

If it was the door that led to the common room I shared with Lucius I would have ignored it, but it was the door to the hall. I set the book aside and moved to open the door.

The girl that stood there next to my elf couldn’t have been much younger than myself. She had silver blond hair like my husband, but where his always looked perfectly manicured and disciplined, hers hung around her face in a wild wispy way.

“My Lady.” She says curtsying low to me before looking up with wide innocent eyes.

“You can call me Ginny.” I say before turning to invite her into my room. She nods to herself as she steps into my room.

I watch her for a moment as she looks around at the luxurious surroundings. “You have a very pretty cage.” She says in a dreamy tone.

I stiffen midway through closing the door and just look at her. “Who have you been talking to?” I ask wondering what Draco said to her.

“I don’t think I could really call what Master Malfoy wished to do with me talking.” She says turning back to focus on me. “You want to know if I am really willing to follow your husband’s plan?”

I frown slightly and close the door. “You are very odd.” I tell her and she only smiles in response. “People do say that.” She agrees looking to the table. “May I sit down?”

“Of course.” I tell her and we each take a seat at the table. “Do you even know what my husband plans to do with you?” I ask as I’m not exactly sure how this girl’s sacrifice will save the village.

“Something about poisoning my blood so that when the beasts eat me then they will be no more.” She says without fear. “But they won’t eat me.”

“Why do you say that?” I ask seeing that she was only volunteering because she was delusional.

“I’ve seen it. But don’t worry, I don’t see them attacking the town either.” She says trying to comfort me.

“But you do understand that even if you somehow survive…” I start unsure how to make the magnitude of her actions clear to such a dreamy soul.

“My life will be different. I think I will continue living with them. But I will be happy. I will be more free than you.” She says without shame.

“You sound like you actually want this?” I ask though I knew it was only because she thought it was somehow safe.

“I’ve seen it, so it will come to pass. I’ve learned not to fight it.” She tells me in a calm voice.

Lucius-
I drum my fingers on my desk as I think about what happened between Ginevra and me in the front hall yesterday. Was it worth the look on Weasley’s face to risk what affection I know she had for me? I smile to myself thinking of the outrage in his eyes as I enjoyed his daughter. Before I can truly enjoy the moment my mind moves on to the coldness in her after her father left.

I’m too distracted by my thoughts to do much real work today and before I know it there is a small knock on my door. With a frown I get up to see who it is and find that small blonde from the village waiting for me in the hall.

Looking out the window I wonder where the day had gone as the sun is already setting.

“You wished to see me my Lord.” She said in that unfocused voice of hers.

“It is almost time. We should get ready to ride.” I tell her knowing my men would already be gathering outside.

“I’m ready.” She tells me as if this night wasn’t going to end in her death.

“I will take care of your father.” I say feeling she had to be expecting something for her willing sacrifice.

“You are kind my Lord.” She says before turning to head down towards the main hall.

I follow the strange girl and soon we are on our way into the darkest part of the woods.

“My Lord I think this should be far enough.” My lead hunter says after we have been on the road for several hours.

“Find a good place for her.” I tell them as I help the peasant girl off her horse. “Are you ready my dear?” I ask her again and she just nods this time. “We are going to tie you up. It will seem like we are trying to appease the beasts.”

“I know.” She says in such a way that makes me again wonder at her bravery.

“You just drink this.” I tell her as I pull out the green vial Severus had delivered to my home. “All of it.” I add as I open it and hold it out to her. It has a foul sort of smell.

She wrinkles her nose at the smell as well but downs the potion in two gulps. I offer her water that she takes greedily to get whatever taste the potion had out of her mouth.

“We are ready for her my Lord.” One of my men calls.

I lead the girl over to the tree they found to bind her and watch as they secure her arms and legs to it tightly. Once everything is done the rest of the men move away, finding places to watch her so that they can attack once the beasts are weakened.

“I need to cut you. The blood will bring them to you.” I tell her pushing a sleeve of her homespun dress down her arm.

“They won’t smell the poison?” She asks as I run the sharp blade down her arm. She makes a face at the pain and I shake my head.

“No. Severus promised me they won’t know until it is too late for them.” I promise her and cup her cheek with my hand. “Such a brave girl.” I tell her finding it hard to just leave the odd girl here.

“My Lord you must go, they will be on the hunt!” I hear my men and sigh.
“Thank you.” I tell her taking a step back.

“Thank you.” She says with an unreadable expression before I Apparate away.
Partners

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!

Ginny-

“No bodies! What do you mean no bodies!?”

I’m on my way to the library for another book when I hear my husband yelling at someone in the front hall. Moving towards the stairs I try to get a better look at who he is yelling at and why.

“We searched the area; we found no blood, only tracks leading away from the village.”

There was a group of men standing in the front hall. By the look of their clothes, they were commoners, and probably worked for my husband in some way. I blink down at them because they must be talking about the trap Lucius had set for the werewolves.

“What about the girl?” He asks as if he wasn’t taking in exactly what they were saying.

I’m looking down at them from the shadows on the stairwell as if I was a child trying to eavesdrop on my parents. When I realize what I’m doing, I frown and step forward. No one is ever going to take me seriously if I don’t start acting like a woman instead of a child.

I push myself to walk down the stairs with as much grace and nobility as I can muster with an upset stomach that doesn’t want to go away. The men notice me first, taking their hats off and bowing their heads, which makes my husband turn to look at me.

“Ginevra, there is no reason for you to be here.” He tells me shortly.

“I heard the yelling.” I tell him as I make my way over to stand next to him. “What is going on?” I ask trying to make my voice steady as if I have every right to know.

“Nothing that a Lady needs to worry about Miss.” The spokesman says without lifting his eyes from the ground. I wonder then if they’re afraid to look at me for some reason.

“It sounded like you were discussing last night’s events.” I say giving my husband what I hope is a stern look. By the little flash of amusement, I think I see in his expression it isn’t as stern as I would hope.

“That may be true, but it is nothing you need to worry about.” Lucius says keeping his focus on me, as the others seem to shift uncomfortably.

“Well I will worry about it whether you feel I need to or not. So you should just tell me now before I spend the next week worrying about it in my room alone later.” I tell him only blushing slightly at the threat I was making.
The men seemed to shift, as everyone in the room knew that my husband and I were having a battle of wills just now.

“Not if I tie you to my bed.” He remarked as if we were alone.

I narrow my eyes at him and put my hands on my hips. “You wouldn’t dare.” I tell him feeling a bit emboldened because we were in fact not alone.

“Should we go my Lord?” The spokesman asks as he can feel the tension in the room rise the longer my husband and I glare at each other.

“Yes.”

“No.”

Lucius and I speak at the same time as I need their backup and he needs privacy.

I turn to them as they step back uncomfortably. “Tell me…” I hesitate, as I don’t know the man’s name. I take a better look at him and find he couldn’t be much older than me.

“Oliver, my Lady, Oliver Wood.” He says bowing his head all the more.

“Well Mr. Wood, does your news have anything to do with the village of Hogsmeade?” I ask ignoring my husband and trying to impress my authority upon the man in front of me.

“Y-yes my Lady.” He says very uneasily as his eyes flash between Lucius and me.

“That is enough.” My husband breaks in grabbing my arm as he uses what I have come to think of as his Lord of the World voice. “We will speak about this later I do not wish to worry my wife with such matters. In the meantime keep looking.” He says before pulling me towards the hall to his personal study.

“I have every right to hear what happened last night.” I tell him as he grabs my arm with bruising force and pushes me into his study before slamming the door.

I stumbled a little but caught myself before actually falling on my arse. Once the door is locked with a very loud click, he turns on me once again. He has a flush on his cheeks as he grabs me by the hair and pulls me towards his desk. I struggle wildly under the treatment hating myself that a large part of me was savoring the pain.

He pushes everything off the desk and I hear many papers and other things clatter to the ground before he bends me over the dark wood. I’m still struggling but he is just so much stronger than I am and he holds me in place by my neck with one hand as the other moves to push up my skirts.

“What are you doing?” I finally bite out, as I don’t think he should be so rough with me.

“Teaching my brat of a wife a lesson in respect.” He growls.

I try to dig my nails into the hand holding my neck before he gets my free hand and then the other to somehow stick to the desk. Once I am unable to do any more injury to his hand, he goes back to my skirts. He rips my undergarments and lets them fall around my knees before his hand comes down hard on my bare arse.

I cry out in surprise and pain as he continues to spank me with what must be his full strength. I whimper under him unable to find words for my pain and humiliation.
“You will not talk to me like that in front of anyone.” He growls against my ear as he spanks me like some petulant child. “I am your husband and your Lord and you will treat me with respect.”

“I wanted to know!” I gasp trying and failing to free myself from the flurry of smacks. “Hogsmeade is mine!” I remind him but unlike my demand this morning and even yesterday, I sound much more like the child he is treating me like.

“And you are mine.” He growls his hand moving around my butt and thighs to light my whole backside on fire. “Say it.” He adds when I only whimper in response. “Scream it.”

To my shame, the spanking is having more than one effect on me. I hurt and I want it to stop, but at the same time, I can feel every stroke go right to my core, and I start to clinch wantonly as he punishes me. “Please.” I finally beg and it sounds much more like a moan than I wanted it to.

“Say it. Say you are mine.” He demands again as he continues to rain fire on my arse.

“I’m yours Master!” I finally scream, as I just can’t handle any more. I feel my body shaking on the edge of desire, as I know he must have bruised me with how hard he had been hitting me.

“Good girl.” He coos and the spanking stops as suddenly as it started. I feel his hand stroke my rear-end and it is like needles against my tortured skin. “You made me hurt myself.” He says offhandedly as he moves away but leaves me trapped and exposed on his desk. “Do you know how much it hurts to give a bare handed spanking?” He asks as if he was the main victim here.

“I’m sorry Master.” I say because I know if I’m antagonistic, it will only make things worse.

He moves around his desk and I can hear him open his drawer before closing it again. “If you truly feel that way you could be a good pet and thank your Master for your punishment.” He tells me as I feel my hands release from the spell.

I push myself up to stand slowly once I can do so and look at him as he moves back around the desk. “Thank you Master.” I say still shaking in the aftermath of the spanking. I want him to take me right there as sick as that is and I wonder if I could get him to.

“There are better ways to thank someone than with words.” He says with a little smirk playing over his lips as he looks down from his taller height. “But it still requires the use of your mouth.”

“What?” I ask looking up at him with wide eyes as he pushes my shoulder down so that I am kneeling in front of him.

“I’m going to teach you how to pleasure me with your mouth.” He says in a satisfied tone.

Licking my lips, I frown up at him as he starts to undo his slacks. “But I need you Master.” I tell him biting my lower lip as I shift around the wetness between my thighs.

“Well then you are going to have to do something to earn what you want.” He tells me as his fingers pass through my already messed hair.

His cock is at eye level now and exposed in all its engorged glory. I look at it before looking back up into his eyes. “You were apologizing remember.” He adds with a knowing smile. “I want you to lick the underside then wrap those pretty little lips around the head.”

I lick my lips again and lean forward to do as he asked. It is odd as I run my tongue along his length. It is hard as a metal rod covered by the softest leather. Wrapping my lips around the end as he said I run my tongue along the surface, exploring this new sensation.
He tastes like I imagine musk to taste like and with his urging I take more of him into my mouth. I’m painfully turned on now and doing this for him is only making things worse for me. “What a good girl.” He coos as his hand tightens a little in my hair. “Now suck on me like I am the most delicious treat you will ever have.” He adds in a darker voice as he tries to push my head a bit more onto his shaft.

My hand moves to the part of his length I can’t take into my mouth and I hold him still as I suck and lick at his manhood. I start to pull back a bit then take more of him into my mouth because it just seems right and he moans in reward for my actions.

I want to please him. I want him to fuck me so desperately that I feel like I would do anything for him in this moment. “What a good little slut.” He moans enjoying my actions and helping me to find the best ways to please him.

I feel his whole body tense and I know he is ready to come when he pulls suddenly back out of my mouth and looks down at me. I must look like a wanton harlot as I lick my swollen lips and press my body against his legs.

“Please Master?” I ask needing him right now as I need air.

**Lucius-**

“Please Master?” She whimpers up at me as if I am the only one who can help her.

I smile down at her as I draw my wand and banish her fine dress back to her room. She doesn’t even seem to notice as she is nearly humping my leg. Still holding onto her hair, I back us both towards my sofa and I sit down on it before pulling her up onto my lap.

“Is this what you want pet?” I ask her as I have her straddle my lap so she can still feel my hardness against her slick cunt.

“Yes.” She moans trying to press herself onto me before she has my full permission.

“Tell me what you want.” I order holding her away so she can only tease herself against me.

“You Master.” She said looking into my eyes.

“Do you want me to fuck you Ginevra?” I ask using her real name so she can’t distance herself from the pain slut that she is.

“Yes.” She gasps trying to push back against me.

“Then tell me what you want and tell me who you belong to.” I tell her still needing her to understand the point of today’s punishment.

“I want you to fuck me Master.” She says swallowing hard before adding. “I’m yours.”

“All you ever have to do is ask.” I tell her before pulling her down roughly onto my waiting rod. She feels so good around my cock that I almost come much too soon. I use her body to fuck my cock with little regard to what would actually feel good to her. But honestly, the way she moves back against me and moans as I make her ride me, I don’t think I will be getting any complaints any time soon.

I hold out for as long as I can, but when I think, I am going to lose it before she does I just pinch her nipple as hard as I can. She screams and her body tightens around mine and I know there is no
going back as my peak hits me with an amazing force. I make her body milk every last bit of pleasure from my cock before I pull her off me and push her to the ground while I catch my breath.

She whimpers at the loss of me because I know she really hasn’t climaxed yet.

“Master?” She pouts panting at my feet.

I don’t look at her I just shake my head and smile. “What a little pain whore you are.”

“Please Master, I’m not done.” She says and I can hear the begging in her voice.

“Maybe next time you will listen to your husband when he tells you to leave.” I remind her as I tuck myself away and fix my clothes.

“W-what?” She asks as if my words were not penetrating the lust fog she was in at that moment.

“I have to go finish talking to those men now.” I tell her looking down at her beautiful submissive form. “You stay here and think about what you’ve done.” I tell her leaning down and brushing her cheek. “And no touching yourself. I’ll know.” I add for good measure.

With that, I leave my still dazed wife in the study alone. I lock the door so she can’t leave even if she got the courage to walk the halls of Malfoy Manor completely naked and I go to look for Wood to get the full report of what happened in the forest.

When I find the men, I had used the night before; they are standing by my stables looking uncomfortable. The other men look to Wood to speak for them in all things and he steps forward as they notice my approach.

“Is she alright?” The younger man asks in the most show of backbone I think I have ever seen directed at me.

“Who?” I ask because I am sure he wouldn’t be referring to Lady Malfoy in such casual a reference. I let my contempt show in my posture so he knows what thin ice the question has put him on.

“Ginny.” Another younger man says and I don’t think I know his name, but by the dirt under his nails and on his clothes, I can rightfully assume he is a gardener. “They said you were abusing her.” He adds and I can tell that this confrontation is taking all the courage the boy has.

“And you are?” I ask my eyes running up and then down his form as I wait for him to answer.

“Dean Thomas.” He says before swallowing at the glare I am giving him. “I w-work for you.” He adds as if I couldn’t have figured this out on my own.

“Well Mr. Thomas why do you think you have a right to speak of my wife so casually?” I ask him because I couldn’t think of how many of my employees would even know her by that name.

“I know her.” He says standing a bit straighter. “We were friends before she came here. When my father worked at the Weasley estate.”

“Well, since you are old friends …” I start in a mocking tone. “Then I will tell you that my wife and the Lady of the Manor is in good health.” I say wanting to know everything. I can about this Dean Thomas before I actually take action against him. “Now.” I turn my attention to Wood. “Tell me what happened.”

“We tracked them north my Lord.” The young man says with a frown. “They seem to be staying
away from civilization, but I can’t find any trace of the...bait.” He ends not wishing to admit he was part of leaving a girl in the woods to die in front of his new friend.

“I see. Double check the woods to make sure they don’t double back, but if they stay clear of my lands, than I have no reason to take any further action.” I tell him making sure the boy understands my orders before heading back to my wife to ask about Dean Thomas.

Ginny-

When I get enough energy to move again I climb up on the couch and curl up as I think over the last half an hour of my life. I feel dirty and all I really want to do is shower, but Lucius left me with no clothes, and orders to stay where I was. I’ve learned my life seems to go better when I listen to him, so I just sit and try to calm my need for my husband. I’m sick. How is it possible that I need him to touch me even now? How could the burn on my arse really be keeping me so turned on it was hard to think straight.

When I feel like I almost have enough energy to stand the door swings open and slams against the wall as a fuming Lord stands in the doorframe.

“Why does our gardener think it is alright to call you Ginny?” He asks as if I’ve done something wrong, but I don’t think I’ve even met the gardener.

“I don’t know.” I say hating the meek sound of my voice. One punishment is enough to make me feel weak for at least the rest of the day.

“He is new and his name is Dean Thomas.” He says still glaring daggers at me.

“Dean works here?” I ask because just the name answers all the questions about why he would think it was okay.

Dean and I have been friends since we could walk. We used to follow his father around the small working gardens at the Weasley estate and fight in the mud. We got into all sorts of trouble together when we were young, and my family didn’t really see the point of titles on the estate.

“So do you know him?” Lucius asks taking a step closer to me.

“We grew up together.” I tell him honestly.

“And what exactly was the nature of your relationship?” He asks with a coldness in his voice that I didn’t usually hear when we were alone.

I shake my head and look at my knees. “We were friends.” I tell him though I can’t help thinking of kissing him a few times when we were older. There was a whole week we fancied ourselves in love, but we both decided it was silly.

Lucius grabs my chin and makes me look into his eyes. I didn’t even realize he was so close so I jerk when he touches me and try to pull away.

“Just friends?” He asks narrowing his eyes down at me.

“What do you want to know exactly?” I ask because I don’t think it matters what I did with some boy before I even knew who Lucius Malfoy was.

“Did you like how he touched you?” He asks in a quiet but deadly tone. How did we jump from friends to touching? I glare back at him because I know he has no right to be angry with me about
this right now.

“You already punished me today.” I tell him feeling a bit bold. “You are supposed to forgive after the punishment. That is what the punishment is for.” I tell him feeling like a child having to say these things to him.

I see his coldness break slightly as he looks down at me. “This isn’t about before.” He says thoughtfully.

“Then why did you leave me here?” I ask and I feel tears coming from some unknown place. “Alone and cold and hurt.” I tell him as my voice shakes.

He looks down at me for a very long time before sitting down on the couch next to me and pulling me gently into his lap.

“I just want to be something.” I add when he doesn’t speak. “I don’t want to be a sex doll.” I tell him tucking my head into the crook of his neck. Is it all the more sad that I need his comfort after he was the one who hurt me?

“You need to learn the game first my sweet.” He says after a moment. “One of your jobs as my wife is to make me look stronger, not weaker.” He explains running a hand down my back. “I don’t want a sex doll.” He adds after a moment leaning back he tilts my chin up so I am looking in his eyes. “I can see potential, a great partnership between us. One that might even surpasses my last marriage.”

I frown at him because I don’t think that is the way he treats me at all. I feel like a concubine most of the time, but nowhere near a partner.

“You have a lot of work to do before that can happen though.” He explains moving messed hair out of my face. “And maybe you are ready to take a few more steps towards that goal.” He adds hesitantly.

“What kind of steps?” I ask biting my lower lip because I want nothing more than to better myself.

“First you need to tell me about Mr. Thomas.” He says more firmly than he had a moment before. “I need to know how much he has seen of my wife.”

I sigh and look back at him. “You have seen a lot more of me than he has.” I tell him looking back into his eyes.

“He seemed very attached to you.” Lucius countered as if he didn’t believe me.

“How long did you talk to the gardener about me?” I quip back feeling this conversation was odd.

“Long enough for him to question my care of you.” He states coldly.

“He was a good friend and the first boy I ever kissed.” I tell him in a soft voice. “But we never really did anything more than kiss, and we both decided we were better friends than anything else.”

His hand moved into my hair and he tightened his hold on my locks, as he looked me in the eyes. “You are not permitted to have any lovers.” He tells me seriously as if I was considering such a thing.

“He is a boy I kissed a few times, I hardly consider him a lover.” I tell him with a frown. “We didn’t even use tongues.” I add trying my best not to blush.
“So I assume you don’t wish for me to fire him.” He says keeping eye contact with me.

“No. He probably needs this job.” I tell him with a frown.

“Than two things will have to happen.” Lucius starts thoughtfully. “First, you will never let any of the male staff touch you.” He continues and runs his hands down my arms to make his point. “Second you will go speak with this boy and make it perfectly clear he is never to speak to me as he did this afternoon again. If he so much as speaks without being asked a direct question in my presence than I will not only dismiss him, but I will make sure he never works anywhere ever again.”

“I’ll tell him.” I agree kissing Lucius’ lips softly before curling into him because I still need him close. Merlin I am sick.
Ginny-

I haven’t actually spent much time walking out in the gardens of the Manor. They just feel too much like my predecessor's domain and I hardly have a green thumb or any desire to plant useless flowers in the earth. So when a very surprised head gardener explains where he had sent Dean to work today I get a little lost in the winding paths.

I agreed to speak with Dean about being respectful to Lucius if he wanted to keep his job, and I am a little worried that Dean will be blamed if I get lost and die on these paths as no one could ever find anything in this maze of a garden.

Just when I hit the point where real panic is starting to take seed I see someone kneeling in one of the many flower beds.

I smile because he looks so much like his father that I’m amazed at how much he seems to have grown up since I last saw him. It hasn’t been three months since I left my family home and Dean went ahead and grew into a man in that short time.

“How long have you been working here?” I ask making him stop and look back at me. His face is covered in sweat and his clothes in dirt. I feel jealous for a brief moment as I look down at my perfectly manicured appearance. I remember how I used to run through the woods with him in my bare feet and come home with sticks tangled in my hair.

“I didn’t tell them I knew you.” He admits as he looks everywhere but at me now. “I thought it might be better if no one knew our connection.” He adds nodding as he looks at his feet.
“What? Why would you think…” I stop and take a sudden step back from him. “Did my father ask you to come work here?” I ask suddenly as I realize why I got such a close inspection when he first saw me. “Are you spying on me?”

“N—not exactly my Lady.” He says glancing up for a moment before looking back at his shoes. The title seems odd coming from him, and I frown as he uses it.

“Your father just wanted you to have an ally here if you needed help.” He admits timidly looking up at me. “I didn’t expect for you to be so different.” He adds under his breath.

“I haven’t changed.” I snap crossing my arms in front of me.

“You have.” He says still speaking softly. “I almost wouldn’t know you Gin.” He motions to me. “It isn’t just the clothes either, you hold yourself differently. More like a lady.”

I frown as I look down at myself. I really didn’t think about how I stand and I have nothing to say to his accusation so I just glare at him.

“Honestly it agrees with you Gin.” He adds, as he knows he has upset me. “I never really thought of you as an actual Lady before now.”

“What are you working on?” I ask because I don’t want to talk about this any more and I have to think about what he’s said.

“Just making sure the flower beds are weeded and such.” He says dismissively. “We won’t really start working on things for the ball for a couple of weeks at least.”

Ball? I have no idea what he is talking about so I just glare at him for another moment. I don’t want to admit I have no idea about half the things that go on in a home that is supposed to be mine.

“I see.” I say shifting to another foot, as I know I need to mention what I actually came to talk to him about. “Well walk me out so I don’t get lost again.” I tell him motioning around at the maze of a garden.

“Again?” He asks smiling for the first time.

“This place is a maze.” I huff stomping my foot once.

“You haven’t been out much.” He says as he sets his tools down so he can come back to work after. “I thought I would be able to see you more.”

“It feels weird to be out here.” I tell him as we start to walk. “Lady Malfoy… I mean his first wife… I’m obviously Lady Malfoy now… The garden was sort of her thing.” I tell him in such an elegant way that he actually laughs. I smile glad he’s stopped acting weird.

“Well you know you could make it your thing. This is your home now.” He points out. “This garden has none of you in it. It’s so ordered.” He tells me sadly. “I could help you make it into something really beautiful.”

I smile at him because he knows none of this is to my taste and I think of what I would actually want to see in these gardens. “I don’t think Lord Malfoy would be interested in changing it now.” I tell him softly. “And I don’t want Draco to resent me any more than he already does.”

Dean frowns at this and looks at me oddly again.
“I mean I am Lady of the Manor for now, but Draco is the heir and his wife will have this place much longer than I ever will.”

“I see. So what do you do with your time?” He asks as he is now obviously trying to get a better picture of my life. I wonder if he will report back to my father.

I think about the way Lucius bent me over his desk and spanked me the day before and I try very hard to not let color come to my cheeks. “I spend a lot of time reading actually.” I tell him because it is true.

“You always liked books.” He says with a nod, as he had never understood my fascination. My mother had made sure all the children living near our estate learned to at least read, but not everyone was excited about the written word as me. Not even all my other siblings enjoyed our small collection back at the Burrow.

“Lucius has an amazing library.” I tell him with a smile.

He frowns at the mention of my husband and I stop our walk by placing my hand on his arm. “Dean you can’t talk to him like you did yesterday.” I tell him seriously, as I look up into his eyes. “Lucius is the Lord of this Manor and your boss. He wanted to dismiss you without reference, but I convinced him to give you a second chance.”

He looks at the hand I have resting on his arm for a long moment before nodding. “Just tell me he doesn’t hurt you.” He says instead of answering me. “If he hurts you Gin we can leave, I can take you away right now.”

I blush at this and take a step back from him as I think about all the wonderful ways Lucius hurts me. I don’t have the words to tell him what my relationship is so I shake my head instead. “No. He doesn’t hurt me.

“Oliver said he dragged you from the room yesterday like he was going to murder you.” Dean says obviously not convinced.

I remember meeting Oliver yesterday and I look away as I’m embarrassed that people are talking about me. “He obviously didn’t murder me.” I tell him with a sigh.

“There is talk among the servants Gin.” Dean keeps pressing. “They say Lord Malfoy is into some pretty sick stuff.” He tells me and I take a step back from him because he is getting more animated as he speaks. “There is a rumor that he is sharing you with his son. They say you are some kind of…” he trails off, as he obviously can’t bring himself to go into detail about what the servants have to say about me. “One of the maids swears she heard you screaming in pain.”

My face feels hot with humiliation as I think of all the rumors and gossip the human servants here have to say about me. One of the good things about elf servants is that they don’t speak in such ways about their masters.

“That is servant gossip and I hope you told these people saying these things that I am not that sort of person.” I say angry as I think about the very idea of Lucius letting Draco do anything to me.

“I have and they counter with how little of a choice you have with him.” Dean says still sounding worried.

“Dean Thomas I am not going to talk about my marital bed with you. The only thing I will say is that it includes only two people, as it should and the rest is no one’s business but my husband’s and mine. Really not even that is anyone’s business and it is disgusting that anyone would talk about me
like that.” I snap and I can’t even look at him now as I think about what he must think of me.

“If he’s hurting you Gin I can help.” Dean presses again.

“Stop.” I tell him finally looking up at him with a frown. “No one is hurting me Dean.” I say taking a breath because I want him to believe me. “I know everyone back at the Burrow is worried about me, but this is my home now, and I have found a bit of happiness here. I’m not being hurt so you should stop worrying about that. I know Lucius seems like a hard man, but he is actually quite sweet to me in his own way. And as your Lord, you need to treat him with the respect that title deserves. Do you understand what I am saying?” I ask as he just looks at me.

“Yes.” Is all he says for a long time.

When I start to walk away, he walks beside me. We spend a few more minutes in silence before he shows me toward the back terrace. I turn to make my way into the house when he puts his hand on my arm.

“I’ll do it for you Gin.” He says making me turn to face him. “Just know my loyalty is with you.”

“Thank you Dean.” I tell him as I lean in carefully to kiss his cheek before I head inside.

**Lucius**

One of the elves alert me as soon as the two of them come out of the garden and I look out my study window to see him touching her arm. I can’t really see expressions from this distance but it is hard to miss when she leans in and kisses him. My hand goes to the wand at my side as I watch the boy head back into the garden as my wife heads towards the house.

I could follow the boy and kill him for even thinking he had any right to touch my wife. But before I can follow the impulse, I remind myself that I don’t know exactly what his story is. She said they had kissed before and I am the one who ordered her to go speak with him.

Before I know what I am doing, I make my way towards the back of the house to find her. By the time I get there, she is turning towards the south wing of the Manor. I assume the library. I look over her clothes to see if she looks as if she did more than kiss him, and I see a smudge of dirt on her sleeve where he had touched her.

She stops in her tracks when she sees me. She reminds me of a young dear freezing at the sight of a predator and I have a sudden urge to throw her against the wall and fuck her as if I need to claim her all over again.

“How did your little *private* conversation go?” I ask as I let venom fill my tone. I am in no mood to play any sort of games with her.

“You told me to speak to him.” She reminds me taking a step back. “And he has agreed to show you all due respect in the future.” She adds quickly before I can interrupt her.

“I didn’t tell you to let him *touch* you.” I remind her darkly as I slowly move towards her as she backs away from me. “I told you no male staff was allowed to touch you.” I add clutching my wand. “You are *mine*.” I can feel the blood pumping in my ears as images of them rolling around in the dirt come unbidden to my mind. I take a few swift steps towards her and in her rush to back away she trips on a rug and falls to the ground at my feet.

“I forgot.” She says and I notice she has her own wand out.
Leaning down over her, I narrow my eyes. “You forgot you belong to me?” I ask in a deadly soft whisper.

She shakes her head quickly. “I’m yours.” She agrees as she keeps shaking her head. “I forgot about the touching. I’m so used to…” She starts and I cut her off by trying to bind her hands. The little brat actually deflects my spell and I find myself struggling between being impressed and all the more angry.

“I could kill him you know.” I tell her darkly so she doesn’t get too comfortable. “He is a common half blood and I could murder him and no one in this empire would care.”

“M-my father would care.” She says moving away from me so she can get back to her feet.

“Is the boy your father’s spy then?” I ask amused as things make a bit more since now. “Does he think he can somehow steal you away?”

“No.” She says but I can see that she is lying to me. When I narrow my eyes at her, she looks away. “He is just worried about me.” She says shaking her head. “But I would never leave you.” She adds and looks at me with such innocent honestly that I find I can’t hold myself back any longer.

I have her pressed against the wall faster than I knew I could move. I take her lips in a bruising kiss as I claim them back from the gardener. I move a hand into her hair and I grasp it hard enough to be painful.

I could fuck her right here in this hall knowing that anyone could come along and see us, but I hold myself back only because of how easily her body submits to mine. I do need to mark her as mine though so my lips move to her neck and meet her pearl collar. I yank them off her neck, not caring about the symbol for the moment so I can taste her skin.

As I suck and bite at the sensitive skin there, she makes a soft keening sound. Her hands move to my shoulders and I hear her breathy voice. “I love you.” She says and I don’t thinks she is aware enough to know that little gem just passed her lips.

I stop as I try to process these words and their meaning. Pulling back, I look into her eyes. She is looking away from me now as she realizes what she let slip.

She licks her lips before speaking. “Aren’t I supposed to?” She asks but makes no question of if I should love her in return.

I look at her for a long time before I speak. “My last wife never did. I don’t even think she ever claimed to.” I don’t know why I am telling her that as I try to think if Narcissa ever said those words in that way during her life.

“I have a feeling I’m not as smart as your last wife.” Ginevra says as she looks down the hall instead of at me. “But I think I do even if you are evil.”

“Evil?” I ask with amusement at the quaint term.

“You just threatened to murder my childhood friend before practically mauling me in this hall.” She says licking her lips. “I think that counts.”

With my hand still in her mane of red hair, I force her to look at me. “I know your family doesn’t respect their own place in this world. They treat commoners as if they were equals or some nonsense. But that isn’t the way of the world and both you and that boy need to understand that you hold a higher place, a place out of his reach. Even if you weren’t mine, he should be beaten for
touching a woman above his station.” I tell her because I am not going to argue with this evil nonsense.

“The fact that you are mine only makes his crime worse.” I add once I know she understands me.
“What would you suggest as his punishment?”

“I touched him first. I gave him the wrong idea.” She admits looking at me with worried eyes.

I run my fingers over the marks I’ve already left on her slim neck as I think about her words and their merits. “You will never place yourself in a situation where you are alone with any male servant again. Do you understand?” I ask still petting her neck.

“I’ll bring Heety with me from now on.” She says quickly in response.

“I like that.” I agree running my finger down her neck and over the small mound of her breast that is showing over the cleavage of her gown. I’m not sure, if they are larger already or if it is just my imagination. I remember pregnancy had rounded out Narcissa’s small chest a bit. “But I still think it is best if I talk to the boy.”

“Don’t be mean.” She whimpers and I look up to see worry in her eyes. “I just convinced him you don’t hurt me.” She adds with a blush.

I smile at this and tighten my hold of her hair again so that I know I’m hurting her. She gasps and I can see the effect it has. “You don’t want him to know how much you beg me to?” I ask making her flush again. “You don’t want him to know how much of a pain slut you are? Or how bruised I left your arse yesterday?”

Her breath is shallow as she shakes her head. “No. Please don’t make that sort of trouble?” She has a begging tone in her voice.

“What will you do for me not to?” I ask as the hand not holding her hair plays with the cleavage of her gown.

She licks her lips as I see her mind working behind her eyes. I watch her try to look up and down the hall with her eyes as I keep her head positioned to my liking. “What would you like Master?” She asks softly.

I smile as she uses the name without me having to tell her. I let my fingers dip into her gown pulling it and the under-gown off her round breast. Her nipple is the peak of hardness and I can't help but pinch it until she gasps.

“Think about that for the rest of today.” I tell her before stepping back and leaving her exposed. “Tonight you will warm my bed. I have some new toys you can look forward to playing with.”
Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- So the next few weeks will be Shame’s Desire, and I am hoping to finish it soon so more than likely you will get only posts to this story until it is done. Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!

Lucius-

I can’t help but smile to myself as I think about how worked up my wife is when I leave her in the hall. I’m twice her age and I can still more than satisfy her without issue. I have a hard time focusing on my work as I think about all the deviant things that I am going to do to her body tonight.

When someone knocks at my door, I don’t even look up before telling them to enter. I know who it is, because only one person was invited to speak with me in my office. When I hear the door open then close again, I wait a few minutes before looking up to him. I’m only pretending to work at this point, but he needs to understand whose time is more valuable.

When I finally do decide to look up at him I can tell he tried to clean up a bit before coming inside. His shoes are worn, but have no dirt. He looks overly shabby but decently clean. Looking into his face, I try to determine if he is good looking, but I have never been a good judge of male beauty.

“You wanted to see me my Lord?” He asks to break the silence between us.

“You started working for me under false pretenses.” I tell him setting some papers aside and giving him my full and weighted attention.

“Did... did Gin tell you that?” He asks and I can’t help but sneer at the common thing he makes of my wife’s beautiful name.

“Not in so many words but I am not a stupid man.” I tell him reading his expression as I never let him up from under my gaze. “You are Arthur Weasley’s spy.”

He looks away from me nervously. I note his hand move off his hat and I assume he is getting it closer to his wand. “I should dismiss you and bring up charges against Lord Weasley for this little game.” I tell him as I motion to him.

“It was my idea Sir.” He tells me as he steps towards my desk. “Lord Weasley had no idea I applied here.”

“And you have had no contact with him since your arrival?” I am amused that the boy thinks I would let this drop so easily.

“I go home on my days off to visit my father.” He admits clearing his throat. “Sometimes I see the Lord when I am there.”
“I do feel as if we can remedy this situation without much fuss, but honestly my next steps are up to you boy.” I tell him leaning back. “Where is your loyalty? Is it with Lord Weasley, or is it with Lady Malfoy?” I ask behind a mask of complete disregard for either outcome.

He opens his mouth to speak but he has no idea what to say now so he just shakes his head.

“If this spying business is out of a loyalty to protect my wife, than we may be able to come to an arrangement. But if it is because you wish to stay loyal to my father-in-law than I have no use for you here.”

“I care about what happens to Gin.” He says looking me in the eyes once again.

“Are you in love with her?” I ask without feeling so that I don’t frighten the boy with my fury.

He looks down and it is all the answer I need. “There will be ground rules if you wish to keep your position on the estate. First and most importantly you are never to touch my wife in any way ever again.” I tell him letting the venom drip into my words so that he knows I am a deadly man. “The second is that she is Lady Malfoy, or your Lady, but she is never Gin to you ever again. She is not your equal and deserves the same respect that I do in this household.”

“I’m sorry my Lord.” He says and he actually has the intelligence to look shamefaced at his infractions. “None of that will ever happen again.”

I watch him for a long moment before licking my lips. “Tell me about her.” I order finally.

“What?” He asks looking up at me with confusion and shock.

“Tell me about my wife’s life before I knew her.” I repeat and he is still looking back at me as if I suddenly grew an extra head. “Do you really think I would keep you without my own reasons? Tell me what she liked, who were her friends, if there were any other boys she kissed before me.”

He swallows thickly and I think my question has finally broken through to his brain. “She was…” He starts looking around as if he would get inspiration from the room. “A force of nature. You must know she has six older brothers, but she never let any of them get away with anything. She loves living things and plants but hates gardens.” He explains as he motions to the highly manicured lands of the Manor. “She used to be so wild, and her laugh was like music…”

He would continue but I stop him with a wave of my hand, as I can’t remember ever hearing her laugh. “You are describing some fairy child.” I tell him without amusement.

“Have you ever heard her sing my Lord?” He asks and when I shake my head, he smiles. “She would never do it at parties like you know some ladies are asked, but when we were in the forest, she would sing to the wild things. What I am trying to tell you is that before she came here… she was a fairy child.”

I narrow my eyes at him for a moment as I think he may be mocking me somehow. “You may go back to your regular duties, but we will be speaking again in the future Dean.” I say so he knows I know exactly who he is.

**Ginny-**

I ate supper alone because Lucius sent a note saying he had to go do something, but he would be back in time for bed. I feel like it might be more of a mind game as he makes me wait even longer before seeing him again. When it is time for me to retire for the night, I have a fleeting thought to find my own room instead of listening to his declaration from this afternoon.
I wonder if he would tell Dean about all the horribly wonderful things we do together. After a while, I decide after the way he let my father walk in on us in the front hall I can't really put anything past him.

To show I really want to buy his silence tonight I decide to wait for him in his bed. I even let Heety help me get a bit dressed up for his pleasure. I have her do my hair in pinned curls and tie me into a violet corset with nothing under it. I repaired the necklace he broke this afternoon and I place it carefully around my neck.

I add a bit of color to my lips and charcoal to my eyes so that I will look perfectly put together for my husband. I know how much he likes everything in order, and I hope he enjoys all the work I’ve done to make myself more womanly for him.

I position myself on his bed so I am perfectly on display when he comes in. I end up waiting like that for an hour before he opens the door and walks into his room. He doesn’t look to the bed so I get a couple of minutes of him undressing for the day.

“Heety.” He calls making me frown as I lay in silence. When the elf appears, she glances between us nervously. “Tell your Lady I’ve decided to sleep alone after all.” He says dismissively.

“Why?” I ask stopping him in his tracks as he looks down to the elf as if she was the one who spoke. “I thought you wanted me…” I say sitting up as I feel like an idiot now for all the work I put into this.

He turns to face me slowly, his eyes darkening as they run over my body. “Leave.” He orders the elf without taking his gaze off me.

We stay like that for a long moment before I open my mouth to ask again and he shakes his head. “Do you feel sexy?” He asks as his eyes move to my exposed breasts.

“I thought you would like it.” I tell him now wishing I had some way to cover myself.

“I don’t.” He tells me with a frown and a shake of his head.

I blush embarrassed, as I don’t understand what I did wrong. I’ve seen the picture books he has. I don’t think I look much worse than the nude witches I’ve found in their pages. Feeling on the verge of tears, I quickly get off the bed. He had said he didn’t want me tonight. There was no reason for me to stay. I didn’t need to show him how he hurt me.

Before I can get to the door, I feel his hand around my arm as he keeps me from going anywhere. I don’t look at him because I know my tears are only going to make my coal smear and run.

“I need you to learn to be a proper Lady.” He says and I look down at myself wondering what I had done wrong. “But not here.” He tells me firmly pulling me so I have to face him. I left my wand on the nightstand and I glance to his wistfully because I really just want to curse him.

“Ginevra look at me.” He orders firmly so I will give him my full attention.

When I look at him, I can see a dark heat burning behind his eyes. “No masks here my pet.” Lucius growls fisting my hair so he can pull pins from the carefully styled locks. It hurts as he pulls just as much hair as pins. “Stop hiding from me.”

“What?” I ask feeling dumb as hair falls into my face and I know I look like a complete mess.

“I don’t want a fucking Lady in my bed.” He says meanly before tossing me exactly there, in his
bed. “I want the wild creature I met on my wedding night.”

“I was drugged on our wedding night.” I point out as I move back from him. “I don’t please you anymore?” I ask meekly feeling ashamed that he tired of me so quickly.

He laughs as he looks down at me and it isn’t a nice sound. “You were a force of nature. Have I really broken you so easily?” He asks and I have no idea what this is about.

“I was just trying to please you.” I say backing up from him as he climbs onto the bed after me. “Why are you mad about this?”

Instead of answering me, he pounces before I can get myself back to my wand. He pins me to the bed with his larger form and holds my neck tightly as he aims his wand at my face. I scream because I’ve never been so afraid of him and he still hasn’t told me what I did wrong.

I feel a cool feeling across my face before I open my eyes again to look up at him. He is still holding my neck but he’s tossed his wand aside and I have no idea what he did.

“You said you loved me.” He says looking down at me with intense eyes. “Now you want to please me? Where is the fight? Why are you so weak?” He growls.

I struggle under him angrily. If he wants a fight, I can give him one. I try to kick him as I drive my nails into his hand. He only tightens his hold on my neck, which makes me see little spots floating in my vision.

“You stunned Bellatrix at our wedding.” He tells me. The more he goes on the more confused I get. “Where is your fire now?”

“What is wrong with you?” I growl trying to pull at his hand more. “Why are you so mad?” I ask gasping for air.

“Because!” He tightens his hold a bit more. “I want her!” He growls before suddenly pulling back and letting me breathe. I cough a few times before I can sit up and look at him. “I saw her that night when she interrupted me in front of a whole room of guests! I saw her when she actually stunned one of the most feared witches in the world! And she fucks like a lion, takes pain, and asks for more. The woman that was made to be mine! Now where is she?” He asks motioning to me in disgust as he waves his hand at me.

There is a beat of silence before I grab my wand off the nightstand and point it at him. I’m so confused by this rant I don’t even know where to begin. But my mouth starts talking without my consent. “Do you mean the woman that had an all-out brawl with your son last week? Or the one that you fucking beat yesterday for talking back to you in front of the servants?” I snap. “I have no idea what my place is here! Half the time I feel like a sex toy and the other half I feel like a doll! But I know I want you, and I know I want to please you, and it’s all because you leave your mark on me every time we come together.”

He blinks at me a few times looking between my wand and me before he narrows his eyes as if he is looking at me very closely.

“You told me yesterday that you were mine. Today you said you loved me.” He says and I shake my head because I know all of this. “You are bound to me so tightly and I find I don’t want it to be just a spell.”

I try to relax my jaw, as he seems to be talking more calmly now. “You think I said that because of some spell?” I ask still not really understanding.
“Our wedding rites bind you to me body and magic. There are things I can do to gain your heart and soul as well.” He says seriously. “You admitting that you belong to me helps that along.”

I try to take a deep breath to give myself time to think, but the corset is tight, so tight I can’t really fill my lungs. “I don’t feel any different.” I tell him and swallow. “Right now I have half a mind to hex you.” I tell him firmly as I wave my wand.

“Interesting” is all he says before turning his back on me so he can continue to undress.

When his back is turned, I take another shallow breath and move around the bed so I can go back to my room. This has been a very weird night and I don’t really know what to think about the binding he was talking about. As I put my hand on the door to open it, I feel his arm slip around my waist.

“I spoke to the Thomas boy about you today.” He says softly in my ear making me still as I feel his fingers loosening the corset. “I asked him what you used to be like.” He continues kissing the rim of my ear. “The boy is still in love with you, in case you had any doubt.”

“I don’t love him like that.” I tell him because I think that must be the reason behind all of this.

“Maybe not.” He agrees turning me slowly so I would face him once again. “But it made me realize how much you must pretend around me.” He said pulling the corset off so that I’m left only wearing his necklace.

“I don’t pretend around you.” I tell him as I look into his eyes with a frown.

“Then what is this?” He asked motioning to the corset.

“I wanted to be sexy for you. I didn’t want to feel powerless for once.” I say looking away from him. “But you ruined it.”

“You are powerful Ginevra. I wouldn’t have bothered with you if you weren’t.” He tells me brushing hair out of my face. “But you need to learn to use your power, not try to pretend you have some other kind.” He explains but I don’t really understand.

He runs his fingers over the bruises on my thigh as I feel his eyes on my face. I’m still looking away because I don’t know what to say to him. “This is a power you have over me. This perfect body and its need for my pain.” He explains pinching the bruise so I gasp.

“I don’t understand.” I tell him and swallow before looking up into his eyes once more. “That doesn’t make me feel powerful; it just makes me feel good.”

He smiles at me, licking his lips in thought. “And if it wasn’t making you feel good my sweet, it wouldn’t make me half as hard as it does.”

I frowned at this but he just shakes his head in amusement. “We are holding a ball here in about a month. It will be your real introduction into society and I want you to sing to open it.” He says making me frown.

“Dean told you…” I say flushing and shaking my head. “I don’t sing for people.” I tell him softly.

“I’ve already arranged for you to start working with a tutor. You will start taking lessons in singing, history, and manners.” He says playing with my hair.

“I don’t sing for people.” I repeat and he just shakes his head.
“If the tutor says you are no good than we will come up with something else. But if I don’t think you are trying your hardest in all of these lessons you will spend your days kneeling under my desk.” He tells me darkly. “You feel like a sex toy and a doll… then that is exactly what you will be if I am disappointed.”

My breath catches at his words and I look away as I’m embarrassed that I could find something so horrible sexy.

“I’ll try.” I say trying to cover the breathy sound to my own voice.

A slow smile spreads across his lips before Lucius leans down and takes one of my nipples between his teeth. I get a bit light headed as he scrapes them against my skin.

“Kneel on the bed.” He orders after he laps the nipple once and moves away from me. I suddenly remember him saying something about new toys. “Face the wall.” He adds as I crawl onto his bed.

I know he is going over to the chest that keeps his toys and I can’t keep myself from wondering what sort of new device he would have possibly come up with. There is a nervous excitement in my stomach as I feel him move up behind me.

“This is an old friend.” He whispers in my ear before slipping the blindfold over my eyes. “But I know how much you enjoy the anticipation.” He licks my neck before tying it on snuggly.

Next, he takes my arms smoothly lifting them above my head before securing them together with soft cuffs. I feel him lift them up and I know I’m bound to the ceiling as I feel on the pull.

“I could keep you like this and fuck you any time I wanted.” He tells me as his hands run the length of my body.

“You can do that anytime you want.” I remind him breathlessly.

“Say the word pet.” He commands as his sinful fingers make their way lazily between my legs.

“You can fuck me any time you want Master.” I say flushing as I speak dirty just for him.

“Such a good little pet.” He purrs as his thumb presses hard on my clit making me gasp at the overwhelming sensation. “Do you want me to use the new toys on you?” He asks as if I have a choice.

“Yes Master.” I say because I can’t really say anything else when he is making me feel this good. His fingers are sticky with my pleasure when he brings them up to my nipple once again. Pulling a bit he plays with it until it is hard peak. He likes to keep them so excited it hurts, and today seems no exception.

“This is called a dragon.” He whispers and I scream as it feels like something just bit my nipple. I can still feel the teeth against the sensitive skin as the cold thing curls against my areola.

It takes me a moment to catch my breath and get used to the pain to enjoy the constant sting. When he attaches the second one, I only gasp, as I know what to expect this time.

“These are very expensive, and I bought you three. Can you guess where the third goes?” He asks me in an amused tone as I start shaking just from the thoughts of where the third could go.

“Please no?” I whimper shaking my head. “I can’t take that.” I tell him as I’m already trembling
from constant sharp pressure on my nipples.

“No doesn’t help you here.” He tells me as he nips at my neck. “But if you really want to stop, you can say Draco and I will stop. But know if you use my son’s name, it means no one touches you for the rest of the night. I will bind your hands and make you lay in need. Do you want the third dragon, or do you want it all to stop?” He asks as his cunning fingers move back down my stomach.

I think about what he is about to do and I shake my head. I need this; I need him to keep going even if it is too much for me.

“Good girl.” He purrs and I feel the metal of his toy before the sharp pain in the single most sensitive spot on any woman’s body.

My vision turns white behind the blindfold and to my shame, I’m actually shaking in orgasm more than anything else.

“You were made for me my sweet.” He says in an almost loving voice as I feel soft hands petting up and down my form.

This one doesn’t seem to curl like the other two and I can feel it settle along the length of my slit before curling inside of me.

Lucius pets me gently as he waits for me to settle from what the new toys have already done to me. “You’re so beautiful.” He whispers kissing my ear as he patiently soothes my body.

When I finally find the focus to settle he moves away and I know he is undressing as I am forced to kneel on his bed.

“So beautiful.” He says again climbing on from the side this time so he can arrange himself to lie between my legs. “How do they feel my sweet?” He asks his hands running up my sides as he shifts my hips to rub against his already hardened member.

“They hurt Master.” I tell him honestly, as I feel a smirk on his lips, even if I can’t see him at all.

“But you just climaxed from me putting them on you.” He says as his fingers tug at the ones on my nipples.

“They hurt good?” I ask because that is the only way I can think to describe what I am feeling.

He chuckles as he lets his hands fall away and it takes me a moment before I realize I’m the one rubbing myself against him.

“That isn’t all they do.” He tells me as I feel his finger press against the dragon on my clit. I whimper, as it seems to come to life and start to hum against the sensitive nub.

“Too much, too much, too much!” I gasp before the other two come alive with his touch as well. It sends me over the edge once again and I think I might actually pass out from the pleasure and pain of these little things vibrating against me.

Instead of backing down and leaving me room to catch my breath, Lucius pulls me suddenly against him and growls as he drives himself forcefully into me, with as much force as he can get from his position. After a few wonderful thrusts it really does become too much as the world goes white and I lose touch with all reality.
Ginny-

When I wake the next morning, I find that I’m wrapped in the warmness of my husband’s arms. Parts of my body still burn a bit with overuse and it takes me a moment to realize he left the new toys in place after I passed out. Now that I am able to see, I realize why they are called dragons.

Each little silver device looks more like jewelry adorning my nude body than what I had expected. They are in the shape of dragons that are biting my nipples than curling around themselves to stay flush with my body.

“I’m thinking about leaving them on all day.” Lucius’ voice is filled with sleep. Looking up at him, I see his eyes are closed and I find myself snuggling against his side.

“They would be very distracting.” I tell him lightly as I wonder how one even takes them off.

“True. I need to be able to focus today, not just think about how many times I can make you come.” He says and I can hear the humor in his voice.

“How do I take them off?” I ask as I pluck at one on my nipple. The little teeth tighten on me and I can’t help but gasp at the shock of renewed pain.

“You don’t.” He says petting my arm before he sits up and rolls on top of me. “You can’t.” He adds before leaning down and kissing me gently. His long white blond hair brushes against the side of my face and I can’t help but enjoy the softness of it in contrast to the games we play so often.

He is still kissing me when I feel his hand move to my breast and a lovely release as he somehow unclasps the thing. He rubs the nipple to release the tension it’s been under all night before going to the other to do the same. I lean against his lips glad to have the weight off my chest.

When his hand dips between my legs, I spread them widely for him so he can remove the last of the torture devices. I can’t help but press my hips against his hand as he fondles my overly excited body.

I don’t realize what’s going on until I feel him inside of me. He takes things slow this morning and I am thankful for it. This is more like I’ve always imagined making love to be and I push back against him so he knows how much I like this too.

His lips part from mine and he moves back a little so he can look into my eyes while we connect in this sensual way.

“I want you all to myself.” He tells me in a whisper. “I will have you all to myself.” He tells me before kissing me again. I wonder for a moment if that is how he says he loves me, but I dismiss the
idea as soon as it comes. It will be better for me if I don’t have such fantasies.

When he parts from my lips again, I reach up and run my fingers down his face. “Does that mean I get you all to myself?” I ask a bit breathless from our lovemaking.

He smiles down at me, and it is a devilish smile that makes my body clench around him. “This is the only place in the world where I let the mask fall.” He tells me and I don’t really understand but it sounds important so I smile back before leaning up and kissing him.

Lucius-

I don’t know what got into me this morning but I feel energized after the little tryst with my wife. I let her go off to read as I settle into my business for the day. I find my good mood continues into the morning and I actually smile when the house elf appears in front of me.

“Someone here to see Master.” The thing says as he bowed lowly. “Master Blaise Zabini.” He adds and I nod because I am expecting the other man.

Setting my things aside so I can give him my full attention I instantly find I am frowning once again as the young and beautiful man enters my office. He was obviously a dandy and I take an instant dislike to the idea of him being in my home.

“My Lord.” He says bowing low to me with perfect etiquette.

“Master Zabini.” I acknowledge him and motion for him to sit.

“You come highly recommended as a tutor in the classics. I wish for my wife to learn dance, singing, and poetry.” I tell him because I can’t very well send him away now that I have already invited him. Not with the kind of recommendations, he had.

“Of course.” He says bowing his head. “No other literature or artistry?” He asks curiously.

“If she shows an interest than we will discuss it at that time. But more importantly I need her not to embarrass me at the Ball we will be throwing in a month’s time.”

“Where do you feel her current level of skill is at?” He asks with a slight frown.

“I have no clue.” I tell him with a sigh. “You will have to ascertain that for yourself if I choose to hire you.” I say just to let him know I still have the upper hand here.

He smiles at me with knowing charm and grace. I hate him all the more for it. “I am the best. As I have heard it, Malfoys always get the best my Lord.” He tells me with confidence. “The Lady will impress you at the ball if she is put under my tutelage. Women such as your wife are my specialty.”

“We will see.” I tell him coldly as I get to my feet. Looking at the clock on the mantle, I guess she is still in the library and direct him to follow me. We walk in silence as I can’t help but take in the way the boy carries himself. I remind myself that he is a dancer, and grace will be important to teach Ginevra.

Opening the library door I smile again as I see my lovely sitting comfortably on a couch with a thick volume settled in her lap. Looking to Master Zabini I find him looking everywhere in the room, but at my wife.

“Is she in another room mayhap my Lord?” He asks looking back at me curiously.
I sneer at him as I realize he must think Ginevra my daughter and not my wife. With the sound of the man’s voice, my pet looks up from her book. She smiles at me before even noticing the peacock beside me and that pleases me greatly.

“Ginevra, this is Master Zabini.” I said motioning to the young man next to me to bring her attention to him. “He is the tutor I told you about.”

She set the book aside and got to her feet so she could give our guest a proper greeting. “Welcome to our home Master Zabini.” She said calmly with a nod of her head.

The boy looks between the two of us for a long moment before nodding to himself. “I’m sorry. Thank you my Lady.” He says bowing deeply to her.

“I will leave you two to arrange things.” I say my jaw clenching as I don’t want to say the next words, but I have to because she won’t learn enough if I don’t. “My dear Master Zabini may touch you, but only as it is helpful in your lessons.” I finish without showing my frustration.

“Of course my Lord.” She says bowing her head to me. “And don’t worry about sending Snerk to attend us. I’ll keep Heety with me in case we need anything.” She says and I know it is only to make me feel better about the situation.

With a stiff nod, I leave the rake with my wife and my good mood dies as I try not to focus on reasons to dismiss him sooner rather than later.

**Ginny-**

When Lucius closes the door, I give Zabini my full questioning attention. He was a striking young man that couldn’t have been much older than me and I had to wonder why Lucius would hire someone that was much more beautiful than Dean. Maybe it was the simple fact that he was probably out of my league.

He licked his lip and I couldn’t help but watch the pink tongue against his dark skin. “Do you have any training at all my Lady?” He asked getting straight to work. “Your…” he starts but gets an odd look on his face as he looks me over again and seems to lose his train of thought.

“Would you like a drink?” I ask before calling for my house elf. It will make Lucius feel much better if I’m not alone with this man.

“Thank you.” He says taking the cold cider Heety brought us to enjoy. “I’m used to having older students.” He admits after a moment. “Bored women who want a tutor because their husbands are much too busy to entertain them.”

“Why does my age matter?” I ask curiously looking him over again.

“It doesn’t.” He says quickly and shakes his head. “Your husband wishes for me to teach you dancing, singing and poetry. Have you had any previous lessons in any of these areas?”

I shake my head. “Not really. I’ve read poetry to myself, as well as other literature. I’ve danced as well, but I don’t think it will be the same here.”

“What village do you come from?” He asks taking in once again.

“I come from the Burrow estate.” I tell him with a slight frown on my lips. “We never had fancy parties like those they throw here.”
He licked his lips as his eyes traveled the length of me in the most uncomfortable way. “I don’t know anything about that place.” He says as he looks back at her. “What was it like? What did you actually do there?” He asks in a way that makes me frown.

“I…” I start before I realize exactly what is off. “You think I was a servant.” I say laughing. “I’m the youngest child of Baron Weasley.” I tell him shaking my head.

He didn’t look the least bit ashamed by his previous thoughts. “You don’t hold yourself like a peer of the realm.” Mr. Zabini says looking me over once again.

“Acting like I am superior to hard working people was not a value I was ever taught.” I say a bit stiffly.

He smiles at me with something in his eye I really do not like, but gives me an odd flit in my stomach. “Well than I guess that is why I am here. We should move to the ballroom and start with dancing, as it is the most vital skill you will need.” He points out as he offers his arm.

I shake my head and let my hands settle behind me. “I’ll show you the way.” I say before leading him from the room. We walk next to one another but I made sure we do not touch.

“Your husband is a jealous man?” He asks as if it wasn’t obvious.

“You heard him.” I point out as we walk. “Things that have to do with the lesson are fine, but casual touch isn’t something he permits.”

“And a strict man.” He nods as if he is thinking about these ideas as we walk.

As the silence gets to be too much for me I break it because I feel weird just walking with someone without speaking. “You’re awfully young to be a tutor aren’t you?” I ask as I search for something to talk about.

“Not for this sort of thing.” He said with a simple wave of his hand. “Though I think it will be an interesting job.” He adds thoughtfully.

“Why?” I ask him and he smirks down at me in a way that makes me blush.

“Because I’m usually hired by the wife to be her lover.” He says with such a casual tone that I miss my step and trip from the shock.

Stumbling forward I look back at him, only once I’ve caught myself. “Well I’m not that kind of woman.” I tell him firmly my eyes moving to Heety following shortly behind us.

The man looks in the same direction. A smile spreads across his lips when he looks back at me making me regret looking at all. “Of course not.” He says evenly but there is something pleased in his eyes that makes me feel a bit warm.

“That is why this job is going to be so interesting. We can focus on the work and not the way my tongue feels against your more intimate parts.”

“You shouldn’t talk to me that way.” I snap as his words bring a very clear image of his tongue doing some unspeakable things.

“Of course my Lady. That was rude.” He says bowing deeply before I show him to the ballroom.

He is a perfect gentleman to me after that. First, we go through dances that will be expected of me
during the ball and he is a graceful partner. I’m nervous about touching him at first, my eyes finding Heety every few moments, but he keeps his hands were he should and I start to feel comfortable in his arms.

“That is good; I think we can make a real dancer out of you after all.” He says smiling at me and I let myself smile back feeling much more at ease with him now that he has stopped making lewd remarks. “We should move on to singing before we run out of time for the day.” He adds looking me over once again. “Do you know any songs?”

I feel my face go pink as I think of the kind of songs I do know. “Nothing very sophisticated.” I tell him honestly. “Mostly those sounds people sing in the fields and around the hearth.

“Let me hear one of them.” He says summoning himself a chair so he can focus completely on me. It makes me feel shy so I turn my back on him as I think about what I could sing.

I lick my lips before starting with the first song that comes to mind. “In the morning mist when the sky is gray that is when they come out to play…” I let the last note linger before swallowing and continuing the song. “Hold your breath don’t make a sound just listen for them play-ing…” I wasn’t one for singing in front of anyone, and knowing that he, was there made my heart beat quickly in my chest. “If you hear them run away they do not play nice today… If you hear them hide away they do not play nice today…”

“Stop.” His commanding tone brings me up short and I don’t feel like I can face the tutor that I have completely embarrassed myself in front of with the silly song.

“I should dress for dinner.” I say quickly because I need an excuse to run away that doesn’t seem too cowardly. I see nothing as I rush from the room and hope I can talk Lucius out of the silly thought of me learning to sing.

Lucius-

I ignore the fact that I am taking a very long route from my office to the stables. I refuse to acknowledge the fact that this very long route goes past the ballroom where Ginevra and her tutor are working. Glancing at the door, I consider forbidding myself to look in when I hear the voice.

“In the morning mist when the sky is gray that is when they come out to play…” I can’t help but move closer to the door as I start to understand what the Thomas boy was talking about. “Hold your breath don’t make a sound just listen for them play-ing…” Peeking through the crack in the door, I find her standing with her back to her tutor as she sings. “If you hear them run away they do not play nice today… If you hear them hide away they do not play nice today…”

“Stop.” He says the work firmly making me really look at him for the first time. I really don’t like the way he is looking at her, but she doesn’t even turn to see.

“I should dress for dinner.” She says and I know she is coming for the door so I find myself backing up so that I’m not caught watching them. She rushes down the hall after bursting from the room; it has me curious about what is going through her mind.

“It seems a bit early for that.” I hear Master Zabini say in an amused tone.

“Heety must go help her Mistress.” The elf responds before I hear the pop of her leaving as well.

Feeling the need to check in I straighten my posture and walk into the room. “What was that about?” I ask as if he had done something to make her almost run down the hall.
“Your wife has a lovely voice.” Zabini says respectfully. “I could train it to be something remarkable, but we will have to work on her shyness about it.”

I nod slowly in agreement with his assessment. “I was told she doesn’t like to sing for people.” I admit making the young man nod.

“It would seem that way, but I think I can break her of it.” He says and a smile I do not like lightens his face.

“I’m not above killing you.” I tell him plainly before leaving him to think about that.
Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!

Lucius-

Over the next few weeks, I received reports from both Mr. Zabini and Heety at the end of each day. Zabini reported my wife’s improvement in each area that I wished for her to study. Dancing she did very well in, though he had noticed she would get tired more easily as time went on. She did well in poetry as well; he told me she had a strong voice and a good feel for the rhythm of most anything he gave her.

Singing on the other hand was a completely different matter. Most days she refused to participate at all in the lesson as she had a shyness about doing it in front of him. I could tell it agitated him as much as it did me. We had both heard her that first day, and she had a lovely voice. The shyness about it seemed so odd and uncharacteristic of her. It had to have a root in something unknown, but there just wasn’t enough time to figure out the cause before the ball. So for now I let this slide.

Heety’s reports became increasingly troublesome as time went on. They would both act perfectly respectable in front of her. Though she did say that Ginevra was becoming comfortable with her handsome tutor. The troublesome part was that the boy seemed to come up with all sorts of legitimate reasons for Heety to leave them for longer and longer periods of time.

The only thing that had kept him from confronting the boy about it was the fact that each night his wife still sought out his attention. If she were being satisfied during the day, then she wouldn’t need him so desperately at night... right?

“Master?” Snerk pulls me from my thoughts with his usual dull tone. “Master Draco is being here with two young Misses.”

“Draco’s home?” I ask getting to my feet because I need a distraction from my wayward thoughts anyway.

“Snirk left thems in the front hall Master.” The elf says following me out as I head down to greet my son and his guests.

When I spot the three of them laughing together I can’t help but feel a lightened heart that my son is doing well with his own plans.

“Father.” Draco greets me with a smile, and one would never know he had left on bad terms. “These lovely women are the friends I was telling you of. May I introduce Ladies Padma and Parvati Patil. Padma, Parvati, this is my father Duke Lucius Malfoy.”

Both girls curtsey to me with bright eyes and smiles. They are enjoying my son’s company and I
feel suddenly like I am intruding.

“It is wonderful to meet such lovely ladies.” I tell him giving them my own smile. I can’t help but think that one of them will carry the Malfoy heir, and be pleased with the idea. “I hope you enjoy your stay in the Manor. My wife is currently detained, but after her meeting I am sure she would be delighted to take tea with you both.”

“That would be lovely my Lord.” One of them says with ease and grace, though if I am honest I have no idea, which is which.

“Until then, I am sure Draco is more than prepared to help you both settle into your rooms.”

The girls look at each other for a moment and then the one who hadn’t spoken yet smiles. “We didn’t wish to be too much trouble, I am sure we could share a room.” She said reaching out and taking her sister’s hand.

With one glance to Draco’s face, I can tell this isn’t a part of his plan. I give them a warm smile and shake my head. “I wouldn’t hear of it. Our home is large and we have plenty of space so that you don’t have to do that. In fact you are my honored guests.” I tell them getting a wonderful idea. “Draco I think Miss Padma would find the blue suite comfortable and her sister Parvati should go in the red suite. They are my second best guest quarters.” I tell them honestly and then take the girl who spoke’s hand to calm her concerns. “I would put one of you in the gold suite but the Emperor is staying a few days for the ball as well. He is the only one who could push you from my best rooms.”

Another glance to Draco tells me he is very pleased with the arrangements. The two suites I am putting them in are a hall’s length apart from one another. So if he plans to do things behind the other’s back, than he had the space to do so.

“You are too kind my Lord.” They say bowing to me again.

“Don’t worry yourself about it. I just hope you have a wonderful time during your stay.” I tell them looking to each girl. “But I think I should leave your further care to my capable son.” With a bow and a smile for Draco and headed off to see how Ginevra’s last lesson before the ball was going.

They always leave the ballroom door open when they have lessons, which in fact always makes me feel better about having the snake in my home. Today the lesson is all the more public as I have workmen and elves moving in and out of the ballroom as they set up for the event tomorrow night.

I watch Ginny smile as she moves gracefully from one-step to the next. I enjoy watching as she blooms into a woman worthy of the name Malfoy. When the two of them notice me, Ginevra pulls away without a backward glance to her tutor and smiles brightly as if she is glad to see me.

“I think I won’t make a fool of myself tomorrow.” She says and I nod in agreement.

“Your wife is a fast learner my Lord.” Mr. Zabini says with a bow.

“Yes she is.” I agree as I pull my arm around her waist to claim her purposefully in front of everyone here. “I think she is ready, you may have the rest of the week off Master Zabini.” I tell him wishing to have a break of my own.

“We should invite him my Lord.” Ginevra looks up at me as if she was just wondering why I hadn’t already done just that.

Licking my lips, I don’t let myself frown. “Of course, you are already well connected with many of
those coming. I don’t see why you couldn’t attend.”

“That is very kind of you my Lord.” He says trying to act humble, but I catch the smirk on his lips.

Ginny-

I smile as I let Lucius lead me away from the ballroom. “Thank you.” I say leaning into him slightly as we walk.

“What are you wearing tonight?” He asks moving on from Blaise to something he has probably been worrying about for days.

“Heety set out something. I didn’t really look.” I tell him with a wave of my hand.

“Women should care about their clothes. Do I need to get you a tutor for that as well?” He asks but I can tell he’s teasing.

“I’ve been fitted for the plum gown I will be wearing tomorrow night three times.” I tell him trying to impress. “What is so important about tonight’s dinner?”

“It is a more private gathering of my friends and their wives. The Dark Emperor will be there with a guest as well.” He tells me making me swallow. “This is your first real introduction into society.” He says patting my hand. “I want them to see how well I chose.”

I blush and smile up at him. “Now you’ve made me nervous. Maybe I should go start getting ready?” I tell him thinking maybe that wouldn’t be a bad idea.

“Not quite yet. I’ve told Draco’s guests you would have tea with them once they’ve settled in.” He says as if it shouldn’t be a big deal.

“Draco’s here?” I ask glancing around as if he would jump out at us.

“Yes, and he has brought two lovely women to keep himself busy with. He tells me he is interested in proposing to one of them, so be kind to both.”

“Are they the sisters from our wedding?” I ask because I remember Draco pointing them out that day.

“Yes, and they seem like sweet girls. They are staying for the rest of the summer and I want them to feel welcome here.” He tells me squeezing my waist a little. “They seem to make him happy, and a happy Draco is better for everyone.”

I bit my lip and try not to frown as I think about my last confrontation with Draco. I have to wonder what he has told these women about his step mother.

“Maybe they could get ready in my rooms?” I offer with a smile. “It will be nice to have company for the summer. I’d like to be friendly.”

“That sounds lovely.” Lucius says parting from me so he can look down into my eyes. “Draco is settling them into the red and blue suites. Do you remember where those are?” He asks as he pulls out a pocket watch to check the time.

“In the guest wing.” I tell him with a bow of my head. I’ve been living in the Manor for over two months now. I’ve had plenty of time to explore and learn my way around the large house.

“The Emperor and his guests are not arriving until later, but I have a lot to get done before then. I
trust you to do your part.” He said brushing his hand over the side of my face before kissing my head.

“Of course. I will see you at dinner.” I tell him with a smile before letting him head off towards his business.

When I get to the blue suite, the door is partly open. I go to knock anyway when I hear a heated sound that makes me blush.

“Draco…” A woman gasps making me step back from the door quickly. I really don’t want to be caught spying on them but I’m not sure how else to handle things as I am supposed to be inviting them to tea in my rooms.

I’m still fidgeting when the door slams shut as two bodies move against it. Thinking of what they had to be doing in the room reminds me of our fight and I almost step forward to make sure the girl is okay when I hear a giggle from the room.

Worrying my lower lip between my teeth, I glance down the hall to the other girl’s room only to find her smiling back at me. With a new flood of heat to my face, I rush towards the girl standing just outside her own room.

“I was just going to…” I motion back behind me unable to come up with words.

“He thinks he is a sly boy.” The girl says looking past me down the hall.

“What?” I ask unsure of how to actually respond to any of this.

“Draco.” She says motioning to her sister’s door. “He thinks he is being sly. For some reason he has it in his head that we won’t talk. You are Lady Malfoy.” She adds her eyes widening and looking a bit embarrassed. “We were at your wedding, I should have remembered.”

“Yes. I remember Draco mentioning you.” I tell her trying not to fidget. “I came to invite you two to get ready for dinner in my room. We could have tea.” I say trying very hard not to sound awkward.

“Maybe we should sit in my room until they are done?” The woman offers holding her hand out to me.

“Yes I think that is a good idea.” I agree walking with her to the red suite. “So has he chosen your sister to purpose to?” I ask feeling odd and wanting to understand the situation.

She sighs and shakes her head. “He has hinted at offers to both of us. I think he is still trying to make the final decision.”

“But they’re…” I start blushing as if I’ve never had sex before. Well at least I waited for my wedding night for such things.

“Both my sister and I have enjoyed moments with your son-in-law.” She says a bit awkwardly. “I don’t want you to think her easy or me for that matter. But he is very skilled in such areas.”

I make a face and she actually laughs. “Well I am glad to know you’re not further competition.”

“I’m married to his father.” I snap before shaking my head. “Sorry. I didn’t mean to be rude.” Was I being rude?
“No no, I understand.” She says opening the door for me. “We just want to stay together.” She says softly as she closes the door. “We decided if we can both seduce Draco, then maybe he can make that happen for us.”

“Oh.” Is all I can think to say as I look around the room. “Are you finding your rooms comfortable?” I ask falling back on being a good hostess.

“Very, thank you.” She says respectfully sitting on the lush couch in her sitting room.

I sit across from her and look around the room for something else to say and then I realize I really know nothing about her. “I’m sorry; Lucius didn’t tell me who was who.” I tell her blushing.

“Oh.” She giggles and shakes her own head “Of course, their actions have thrown all proper etiquette out the window. Lady Malfoy, I’m Parvati Patil.” She says with a bow of her head.

“My friends call me Ginny.” I tell her with a smile. “You’ll be staying all summer; I think we can drop the lady business.” I tell her with a wave of my hand.

“That is very kind of you. Honestly, I wasn’t sure how long I was going to be able to keep that up. You must be my age.” She says looking me up and down.

“I’m seventeen.” I tell her and she actually laughs.

“You’re younger than Padma and I.” She says shaking her head. “I’m sorry, I’m being rude, but if one of us does marry Draco this will be a bit awkward.”

I smile at her and nod. “Yes, I think it is already a bit awkward.” I tell her laughing too. “But don’t worry Ginny, neither Padma or I would let Draco kick you out after his father dies.”

I blink at her, not really sure what to say to that.

Lucius-

The elf is tying back my hair in a black ribbon when there is a knock on my door. They would have announced anyone they weren’t used to seeing around, so I assume it has to be either Draco or Ginevra.

“Enter.” I say looking at myself as the elf finishes his work. The black robes and jacket aren’t nearly as fine as what I have planned for tomorrow but they are better than my usual dinner dress, and that is what is important.

“The Dark Emperor will be here very soon, and you are still primping?” The sarcastic baritone makes me smirk before looking over at Severus.

“Well one doesn’t like to look anything but their best when welcoming such an honored guest into their home.” I remind him with as much snark in my own voice.

The Potion Master is wearing his best I assume, not nearly as fine as my own clothes, but he is a self-made man, and his fortune doesn’t equal my own.

“To what do I owe this early warning?” I ask curiously motioning for him to sit down if he wished.

He shakes his head and looks around the room for a moment. “Doesn’t seem to have any more of a woman’s touch than when Narcissa lived here.”

“I’ve put her in Narcissa’s old room. It’s only proper that she have her own space Severus.” I tell
him taking a seat for my own comfort. The elves will tell me when the Dark Emperor's carriage is on the drive.

“How are your plans going with that one?” He asks walking around slowly as he picks things up before looking at them and replacing them exactly where they have been.

“Very well. She knows who she belongs to. Now all I have to do is wait for my son and the binding will be unbreakable.” I tell him with a smirk, but I soon let it fall. “Have you heard anything new on the werewolf pack?” I ask darkly.

“Nothing. They seem to have disappeared, but don’t worry we will find them in the end.” He says with a glance back to me.

“And your mission for the Dark Emperor?” I ask curiously. “How is that going?”

“That is why I am here.” He says turning to face me once again. “It is going well, but I need to know if you have any of a certain kind of ward in place around the Manor or estate.”

“What kind of ward?” I ask only more interested by the question.

“A blood ward. Something that would harm, singe, or effect mudbloods?” He asks and it only makes me all the more curious about his mission.

“The Dark Emperor wishes to bring a mudblood to Malfoy Manor?” I ask both confused and disgusted by the idea.

“He also would prefer if you and your wife didn’t use that term while he is visiting this time.” He says and I think it would be less odd if he grew a second head.

“You are going to have to tell me why Severus.” I get to my feet and start to pace as I think of the thing dirtying my halls.

“I can’t tell you the exact reason. All I can say is that he has a new pet and she is a mudblood. He needs her to open up to him, to trust him, for the rite he has in mind to work.” Severus explains gently.

“We have a pain blood ward for mudbloods.” I tell him with a sigh. “Is the Dark Emperor offering me anything to allow this defilement?” I better be getting something out of this.

“He told me to tell you that he always rewards those who help him in his plans. The two of you can discuss it further tonight after dinner.” Severus says the words as if they would both know my reaction to such a request.

“This rite he needs her for, it will make our nation stronger?” I ask watching for any signs of deception.

“It will.” He agrees honestly.

“Then I will alter the wards for the next few days. Give me an hour to get it done.” I tell him with a bow of my head.

“You have our Emperor’s thanks.” Severus says bowing to me before he leaves to deliver the message.

With a sigh, I go to Ginevra’s room and knock. I know she has Draco’s twins in there, and I need to
tell all three of them something about the guests.

“Come in.” Comes the voice of my bride, which lowers her wards and allows me to open the door.

I see the twins first, giggling behind their hands as they sit on the small couch together. They both smile brightly up at me and I can’t help but compliment my son’s taste. They are in matching dresses of indigo. The bright color making their dark skin almost glow by comparison. If these were the dresses they are wearing for the dinner, I would have to say their dowries would be nothing to sneeze at. But how could we have them both?

I’m distracted from the scheming thoughts by the image of grace moving in front of the mirror. Tonight she wears a stunning dress of cocoa. It is made of satin and lace, and hugs her form without giving away the small curve of my child inside her stomach. The elves have pulled her hair up into an elegant mass of waves, and I am not ashamed to admit, at least to myself, that it makes my breath stop for a moment when she smiles at me.

“Lucius? Is it time to go down?” She asks stepping off a stool and moving towards me.

I don’t speak until she gets to me and I lean down as if I am kissing her cheek before whispering hotly in her ear. “I’m going to rip you out of that dress tonight.” I say and smile as her cream skin turns pink.

“It is almost time.” I tell her as I pull back. “I have to go check on something, but if you three are ready you can head down to the main hall. I am sure the Dark Emperor would enjoy being greeted by such beauty.

The two on the couch giggle again and my pet just smiles shyly. “I do have a favor to ask of the three of you. The Dark Emperor’s guest is very sensitive about certain political views. It would be best of we didn’t use any derogatory terms for muggle-borns while they are visiting.”

“Of course.” Ginevra says shaking her head. I doubt she would use them anyway with her upbringing, but I don’t know the other two’s politics.

“Good. Then I will see you in a bit down in the main hall.” I tell her kissing her cheek again before going to lower the blood wards.

Ginny-

I’m about ready to kill Lucius. We headed down to the main hall after he left and now it has been almost an hour of waiting for him. Every time I look over at Draco talking to the Patil sisters, I think about the moan I heard before, or the images of kneeling to him when he cursed me.

He isn’t helping the situation at all either. I can feel his eyes on me and when I do catch him looking, he acts as if he is undressing me with his eyes. It has to be a tactic to unsettle me, but it is doing a very good job.

“They’re heading up the drive now.” Lucius says from behind me and I am just glad he has finally deemed it possible to join us. I give him a big smile and decide if he wants to rip my dress off tonight, he is going to have to work for it.

“Are you ready to meet our noble leader?” He asks as he wraps an arm around my waist.

“How does one get ready for such an event?” I ask lightly and he just grins down at me. “You’ll do fine.” He said kissing the top of my head before we move out to the front of the house.
The carriage is very fine. It looks large enough to fit at least six comfortably inside. It is black with silver and green snakes detailing the sides and the royal coat of arms, a silver skull with a green snake coming from the mouth, on the door.

Several footmen in royal livery step off the back of the carriage and start to unload trunks as one moves to the door to open it and put the step in place.

I never expected the Dark Emperor to look so young. He looks to be in his middle years, maybe a bit older than Lucius, but the way my father always spoke about him, I thought he would be a walking skeleton, more like a lich. In fact, he cuts quite a dashing figure with short-cropped hair that is only starting to go gray on the sides.

His clothes are actually finer than my husband’s, which is saying a lot since I know Lucius doesn’t skimp on his wardrobe. The black robes and jacket hang around him perfectly, showing off a figure he has not let go to seed in his age. I find myself blushing just a bit as I think I am getting a crush on him just with one look.

He turns without addressing anyone and helps a girl from the carriage next. She is a lovely creature, with silky chestnut hair that falls loosely around her shoulders. Her gown is the palest pink, which gives her a very innocent look next to the Emperor.

Only once she is on stable ground does he turn to us, and I get a view of bright red eyes. I can’t help but swallow as it gives his handsome face a very sinister look. It’s like looking at a devil that wishes to seduce instead of frighten.

He smiles to Lucius as he leads the girl towards us. “Lucius my friend, thank you for welcoming us into your home. I would like to introduce you to a special friend of mine. Miss Hermione Granger.”

We all bow to him as he speaks, and I keep my head down waiting for my own introduction. “Welcome your Majesty.” Lucius says in a pleased tone. “Miss Granger.” He adds after only a moment’s hesitation. “It is a pleasure to meet you.”

“This must be your wife? They were not joking when they said she was young.” He says and I assume he is motioning to me, but I am still looking at his shoes.

“Yes your Majesty, this is Lady Ginevra Malfoy my lovely wife.” He introduces and it is my time to look up to face the Emperor directly. He gives me an appraising smile as he takes my hand and kisses my wrist.

I can’t seem to take my eyes off him as he does and my thoughts turn to the fact that I am pretty sure Lucius would challenge any other man who was so forward with me. His smile widens as if he can read my thoughts and he still hasn’t let go of my hand.

The girl next to him clears her throat which draws his attention away, but his hand still grasps mine in a way that would be rude for me to pull away first.

She glares at him in a way that I would never dare, but he only smiles and drops my hand. “It is lovely to meet you Lady Malfoy. Lucius is a dear friend, and I do hope we can get to know each other better.

“That is kind of you your Majesty.”

“Very.”

“And of course you know my son, but have you met Ladies Padma and Parvati Patil?” Lucius says.
trying to get the attention off me.

Without the Emperor’s focus on me, I look to the woman at his side and smile to her as she smiles back. She steps up to me and takes my hand as well. “I’m not really used to any of this fancy stuff yet.” She says squeezing my hand. “You look like a friendly face I can count on for help?”

“Of course Miss Granger.” I tell her as I am taking an instant liking to the other girl. Glancing to Lucius for a moment and seeing him occupied with walking the Emperor I offer my arm to the woman.”

“Call me Hermione please.” She says quickly as we walk.

“Then you may call me Ginny.” I tell her glad there is someone in the group I feel comfortable with.

“My sister would be spinning in her grave.” I hear an all too familiar voice behind me and I turn to see Lady Bellatrix Lestrange waiting by the carriage. “To see what you do with her legacy.” She adds once she knows she has my attention.

“Lady Lestrange, I didn’t realize you were with the Emperor’s party.” I say turning Hermione and I back to face the woman. I glance over my shoulder but Lucius is already inside. There are two men beside her and I can only assume one is her husband.

“Well, it isn’t my fault you are an ill-informed country bumpkin.” She says with a sneer. “Not even pretty.” She adds looking to the men to agree with her. “I really just don’t know what Lucius was thinking. You might as well be…” She starts but her eyes move to Hermione before a grimace appears on her face. “Come Rodolphus, we should catch up with the important people.” She changes her words moving past us and bumping into me as she goes.

The man who doesn't hurry after her smiles a slow smile to me and bows his head without lowering his eyes. “Lady Malfoy, I am Master Rabastan Lestrange.” I don’t like the way he is looking at me but I give him a greeting nonetheless.

“Welcome to Malfoy Manor, Master Lestrange.” I say bowing my own head before turning to Hermione. “We should all catch up.” I say turning us back towards the house.

The man moves to walk on the other side of me when a shrill “Rabastan!” Makes him bow his head and move quickly to join the group.

“She was not pleasant company on the trip here.” Hermione tells me as she shakes her head. “But why does she seem to hate you so much?”

“Well it is a bit of a long story.” I tell her trying hard not to bite my lip. “But I think mostly it is the fact that I am Lord Malfoy’s second wife. His first was Lady Lestrange’s younger sister.”
Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!

Lucius-

It is considered proper decorum for the hosts of a dinner to be spread out so that they can help to entertain all the guests equally. I’ve never had reason to dislike this arrangement when I shared the responsibility of host with Narcissa. She was a skilled hostess I could trust her to keep our goals in mind, but more than that, I didn’t care about any dalliances she might have as long as she kept it out of public eye.

Watching as Ginevra takes her seat next to our Dark Emperor I feel a cold stone drop into my stomach. I can’t help but remember how he had looked at her only a few minutes ago and wonder if he will ask for a night with her. He is the one man I could not refuse such a thing to, but my mind is already working on how I could do so politely.

It isn’t helping my mood that Rabastan is sitting on the other side of her, and appears for all the world to be innocent, but I know him too well to think he would leave her alone.

I am so wrapped up in what is going on at the other end of the table I miss that someone is speaking to me.

“Lucius.” Bellatrix snaps and I don’t think it is the first time she has said my name.

“Yes my dear?” I ask trying to put on a polite expression of interest as I keep track of my wife out of the corner of my eye.

“I was just saying that your little chit seems to have had the good taste not to change any of the household from what Narcissa did with it.” She said in a polite tone as if she was giving an actual compliment.

“My wife doesn’t seem to be that interested in how the manor is decorated.” I say lightly looking down to Ginny, who seems to be speaking to the mudblood girl sitting across from her as the Dark Lord looks on in amusement. “Though the new nursery is coming along nicely.” I add after a moment.

Bella has had an even harder time conceiving than Narcissa did, and knowing that we have a duty to pass on our magical heritage I like to rub in the fact she has failed so miserably in this way.

“She’s already breeding?” The woman asks coldly and I know I’ve hit the spot.

“The Healer is nearly sure it happened on our wedding night.” I say in a pleasant tone of a proud expecting father.
“Well the Weasley clan has always been known to breed like rabbits.” Bellatrix answers coldly as she looks down to my wife as well.

“Did you hear what happened to Antonin?” Rodolphus asks to distract me from his wife’s rudeness. He is always buffering his wife from the consequences of her behavior.

**Ginny-**

“I’m pleased that we will have some time to be among friends before the ball tomorrow.” The Dark Emperor says before patting my hand lightly. “Severus has told me so much about you I was eager to see for myself.”

I flush as I think about some things Lord Snape has seen. “You are too kind your Majesty.” I say unable to think of a better response.

“You know Severus?” Hermione asks seeming pleased with the idea of that. “Is he going to be at the ball?” She asks eagerly.

“I don’t know why he isn’t here tonight; he is one of Lucius’ closest friends.” I say noting the fact my sovereign still hasn’t taken his hand off mine. In fact, he is ever so subtly stroking the back of it as if it is simply a thoughtful gesture.

“He had some duties to do tonight in the service of the Empire.” Our Lord says distractedly. “But he should be finished in time for the ball tomorrow my dear.” He says turning to Hermione with a charming smile.

Hermione’s face lights up at the thought and I try to casually pull my hand into my lap. His hand slips off mine easily and I try not to sigh or look at Lucius.

“So you know Lord Snape?” I ask trying to keep the conversation going.

“Oh yes, he actually found me and brought me to the palace to learn. He’s very smart and I think a very good man.” She says flushing slightly as she speaks.

I glance between her and the Dark Emperor to find he seems on edge about the way his guest thinks of his Potions Master. She doesn’t seem to notice anything.

“What are you learning at the palace?” I ask wondering how to get the conversation away from Severus.

“So much about this world and our magic. There is so much and I feel so behind, but Severus and His Majesty are such wonderful teachers.” She says smiling to the Dark Emperor.

She is talking like she has never been around magic before and I suddenly have a much better idea why Lucius came to speak with the Patil sister and me earlier. The Malfoy family is not known to be tolerant of muggle-borns and neither is the Emperor for that matter. It makes me wonder what is really going on with her. It makes me a bit afraid for her.

“I think I know how you feel. Before coming to the Manor I had very little knowledge about how our country is actually run, but Lucius has been such a fine teacher.”

“Lucius is teaching you about politics?” The Dark Emperor asks interestedly before looking across the table at my husband.

“He says he doesn’t want an ignorant wife and I am happy to learn. It is such an interesting world
we live in.” I say not understanding the tone in his voice.

**Lucius**

Seeing the Dark Emperor look up at me, I lift my head seeing my wife is saying something and I smile curiously.

“You’re lovely wife was just telling me how you are schooling her in our country’s politics.” He says with an amused smirk.

“It is my work your Majesty and I like her to understand what I do with my days.” I say already very aware Bellatrix is in the room.

“Well isn’t that sweet.” The cow cuts in just then looking over to Ginny with a viper’s gaze. “Tell me dear, as most of us here are members of the Dark Council. How does it feel to know how useless you are? How does it feel to be in a room full of superior wizards?”

“Do you really think political power is the same as magical skill?” Ginevra asks innocently. “It goes without saying that our Great Emperor is the most powerful wizard in the empire.” She adds bowing her head to him in respect. “But his power is legendary, where I have heard nothing of yours, and what I have seen has been…” She pauses to consider her words. “...underwhelming. I mean… I’m the one who walked away from our duel.”

“You little-” Bella started getting to her feet but Ginny actually had her wand out first.

I considered stopping this but seeing how entertained the Dark Emperor seemed I decide to see where this goes first.

“You have been in my home twice now since I came into this family and you have shown me nothing but disrespect. Why should I stand for such things in my own home?”

“This is not your home you little chit. You are just a pretty little slag Lucius bought to warm his bed after my sister’s death. The cauldron doesn’t own the lab because it gets used there.”

“I am Lady Ginevra Malfoy and you have no-” She is starting to work herself up into a frenzy but before she can actually hurt anyone the Dark Emperor takes the wrist of her wand hand and forces her to lower it.

“She’s right Bella. You have no right to call her such things in her own home.” Our Lord says in a menacing tone. “I think you should leave. If you are not going to add pleasantness to the party than I have no need of you here.”

“But my Lord...” Bellatrix starts her voice turning with a sultry air. “We have a meeting after this.”

It was common knowledge that Bella was his mistress, but for her to be so open and vulgar about it makes me a bit disgusted.

“Lucius can show you out I am sure. It is a long walk up the drive.” He says waving his hand at her.

“Of course your Majesty.” I say getting to my feet. I’m torn between being pleased to think Bellatrix won’t be attending my ball, and nervous about leaving Ginevra in his care, but I can’t deny a direct order.

She leaves in a huff in front of me and only turns on me once the door is closed. “You are going to
pay for this Lucius.” She growls and just smiles with a wild look in her eyes. “I don’t even have to do anything. The Dark Emperor will do it all for me. What an honor it must be to be cuckolded by our wonderful leader.”

“I’ll have to ask Rodolphus all about that.” I say coldly as I walk behind her.

“Rodolphus knew what he was getting into when we married. I had my place at court by then if you remember.”

“I’m not sure if I do, it was such a long time ago.” I say to cover my own worry.

“He’s going to break that little wife of yours, she isn’t strong enough for his attention.” She says still amused.

“You assume everyone is like you Bella, you weren’t strong enough to deny his attention. You thought he would make you his Queen, and all he did was pass you off to another.”

Ginny-

With both Lucius and Bellatrix out of the room I feel a sort of empty feeling. No rage or desire to keep me warm. Looking down I see my wand is still in my hand, the Dark Emperor still holding my wrist.

“I’m sorry for my outburst your Majesty.” I say unsure what to do now.

“She really is an awful woman.” Hermione says frowning as she looks around the room.

“But powerful in her own right.” Our Lord explains finally dropping my hand and motioning for me to sit.

“My Lord I should go with her.” Rodolphus says suddenly as if he has just remembered she is his wife.

“Well yes you should.” He responds waving the man off and shaking his head as if he was an idiot. “I would like to hear more about this duel you had with her though.” He adds turning his attention back on me.

“It was nothing. She tried to attack me on my wedding day and I stopped her. I was boasting over very little.” I tell him shaking my head. “I just couldn’t stand listening to the way she was talking about me.”

“She called you a piece of property. You’re reaction is understandable.” Hermione presses frowning at the Dark Emperor as if he should be saying it himself.

“Lady Malfoy here knows she is a piece of property.” The Dark Emperor says instead as he reaches out and lifts my chin as if to inspect me. “From the stories you sold yourself to Lucius to save your family home. Out from under your father’s wishes I might add.”

I close my eyes so I don’t have to see how he is looking at me. “I did what was best for my family, but now I am Lady of this Manor, so I have no reason to complain.”

“You sold yourself?” Hermione asks the disgust clear in her voice.

“It isn’t that uncommon for women of noble birth.” One of the Patil sisters says from beside Hermione. “Not that it’s usually in our own hands, but we are a way of connecting a family.”
“We are a means to share in power and wealth.” The other sister adds shyly. “It’s what we are raised for.”

“But the way Lady Lestrange said it, it made Ginny seem…” Hermione looks back to me and notes the Dark Emperor is now stroking my jaw with open interest. “She’s not Lord Malfoy’s prostitute.” She snaps bringing his full attention on her, he even drops his hand.

The Patil sisters seem embarrassed by the claim and I wonder what Draco has told them about me. Rabastan actually snorts at the statement and Draco smirks with amusement.

“You are of course correct my dear. She is his wife, and I think we have spent long enough embarrassing her for tonight.” The Dark Emperor says. “You see Lady Malfoy has something that most noble women do not have. She owns land in her own right. Which means something in my Empire. My Lady, your husband has had you studying politics, do you know what advantage this gives you?”

“I have the right to request a voice on the Dark Council.” I tell him because it was one of the first things I read.

“Correct. This doesn’t guarantee that you would gain a seat, but unlike any of the other women now at the table, you have the right to ask. Will you be asking some day my dear?”

I frown at the forward question and shrug. “I don’t know your Majesty. I am certainly not ready to ask yet.”

“And if I said I would grant you a seat right now if you were to agree to be mine tonight?” He asks sounding perfectly serious.

I swallow thickly licking dry lips before I find my voice. “I would politely point out that you said you had embarrassed me enough for tonight. I would be more than flattered, but I believe I owe my husband my complete loyalty.”

Lucius-

“I would politely point out that you said you had embarrassed me enough for tonight. I would be more than flattered, but I believe I owe my husband my complete loyalty.” I hear Ginevra say as I enter the room.

The Dark Emperor’s eyes flick up to mine, and I know he is pleased about something. “You have found yourself a very good woman this time Lucius.” He says inclining his head to me slightly.

“Thank you your Majesty.” I say bowing formally before I take my seat.

The rest of the night goes with little event. The Dark Emperor, Draco and I speak about affairs of the Empire while Ginevra and the Emperor’s pet listen interestedly, and my son’s twins look a bit bored.

The moment we are alone in our common room I pull Ginevra into my arms and kiss her soundly on the lips. I want to take her breath away. I want to remind her whom she belongs to after hours of dealing with the Emperor’s soft touches.

I sink my fingers into the mass of her hair and pull her against me. I enjoy how her body melts into mine without hesitation.

“You did well.” I tell her softly as I draw my wand. I cast a simple spell to make the tip blue hot
before kissing her away. “I’m pleased with you my pet.” I say before jerking her head back with the hair that is still in my hand.

“Thank you Master.” She moans exposing her neck to me easily. She is wearing the pearls of course and I think about breaking the strands again, but decide against it.

Instead I slowly run the tip of my wand down the corset of her dress. The dress falls away as if it was made of spider silk, and I can see her skin beneath turn a pink color from the heat. She purrs as I use the wand to cut her out of her gown, moaning every so often as the tip gets too close to her skin.

“I’m going to leave our play time up to you my sweet. Would you like the dragons, the whip, or simple spellwork?” I ask amused that her eyes already seem a bit dazed with pleasure.

“Spellwork.” She gasps without much hesitation.

“Such a good girl.” I cooed as I held the wand so she could see the tip. “But this is a bit hot for even your flesh.” I admit blowing on the tip to cool off the spell. “Do you want to watch as I play with your body? Or be surprised my pet?” I ask blowing on the wand again before bringing it close to the line of her neck.

“I want to see tonight.” She said breathlessly. “Please don’t bind me?” She asked in such a sweet tone that I thought about granting her wish.

“Do you think you can take it without pulling away?” I ask curiously.

“Yes, I promise.” She says trying to look me in the eyes. “Please?”

I smile, using my free hand to cup her cheek. She really is such a perfect creature. The more she is trained, the more enjoyable she becomes. “We will try it your way, but if you flinch away, I’ll have to punish you.” I say and she nods her agreement. “Fine. Remove the rest of your clothes and go kneel at the end of my bed.” I tell her kissing her once again before I let her rush off in front of me.

I follow at a slow pace to give her the time to get into position. I get the spell on my wand off completely and cast a new one, which also makes the tip of my wand blue. She will be expecting heat it will be fun to see how she reacts to the cold.

When I enter the room, she is kneeling in place with her legs spread widely. I lick my lips as I realize that with much practice she can now get them even wider apart than when I first had her kneel this way.

“Are you ready to play my pet?” I ask lifting her chin so she has to look up at me. I enjoy the flush she gets when she is confronted with her own desire.

“Yes Master.” She says wetting her lips as she anticipates what I am going to do to her.

“Yes Master.” She says capturing my thumb between her teeth and running her tongue over the pad.

I push my thumb deeper into her mouth and she starts to suck without being asked. “Such a good little pet.” I purr as I imagine what else she will be sucking tonight. “Do you remember back to your first punishment? You were so angry with me, but you still wanted me to fuck you like the little animal you are.”
She whimpers doing her best to treat my thumb as if it was a cock. “Now you don’t even have to be tied up, you know your true place is at my feet.” I tell her pulling my hand away before brushing the ice cold tip of my wand over her already excited little nipple.

She gasps her eyes going wide as the bud hardens to a painful point. I give the other the same treatment and watch her swallow hard.

“We haven’t done much with dark magic just yet.” I say brushing my fingers along her neck. “I have some very enjoyable dark spells I could cast on you.

“Dark magic?” She asks sounding afraid. Her hand moves to the small curve of her stomach and I smile that she wishes to protect my child, even with a head clouded by lust.

“It wouldn’t hurt him.” I promise her as I lean down and place my hand over hers. “But I think you need to start understanding the true scope of magic, dark and light.”

She swallows hard again looking up into my eyes, she is still so innocent it surprises me sometimes.

“Do you trust me?” I ask carefully, looking into my wife’s doe eyes.

She searches my face for a long moment before she nods very slowly. “You’ve never lied to me Master.” She says her breathing still so shallow.

“Good girl.” I tell her kissing the top of her head before I move my wand to just inside her knee. “Keep eye contact with me.” I tell her simply because I want to see her reaction to what I am about to do.

“Yes Master.” She nods watching my eyes as I silently cast the Sensitivity spell. I run my wand up the inside of her thigh ever so slowly. Her eyes widens slightly as I am sure she will start to even feel the air movement in the room against her skin.

When I reach the folds of her womanhood I slip my wand between them. I know when I’ve made contact with the pearl of her pleasure when she reaches out grabbing my shoulders to keep herself steady, to keep looking into my eyes.

“This is dark magic?” She asks tightly as I hold on her clit before running my wand down and inside of her.

“Only a little.” I whisper withdrawing my wand from her and running the tip down the other thigh. “Do you like it?” I ask before setting my wand aside and running my hand up the skin I just made extra sensitive.

She is a shaking mess, but she works hard to keep eye contact.

“Yes.” She swallows.

“Good, I’ll have to use it before your next spanking.” I say making her pale just a little.

I smile playing with her body for a bit. My fingers easily slip against her already slick folds. My thumb rubbing ever so slightly against her overexposed bundle of nerves.

She makes a whimpering sound and I see her whole body tense, as she is already ready to climax. “Cum for me pet.” I command as I reach for my wand once again.

Her hands tighten on my shoulders and I cast another dark spell as her peak crests. She had been so
good until then, watching me as she was ordered, but the new spell was too much, and she fell forward to hold herself against me.

“What?” She gasps as if she can’t get enough air.

“Oh, that was another dark spell my sweet.” I tell her as she trembles nonstop against me. “It will keep you at the highest peak of your climax for as long as I wish it.” I explain as she falls apart with little mewling sounds I am quite enjoying. “You know how I so easily turn pain into pleasure for you my pet? Well before long this spell is going to turn that pleasure into pain. We are going to have those two things so mixed up in your head before long that you’ll be begging for the whip. Would you like that?” I ask as my hand slips back between her legs.

“Yes.” She gasps holding onto me for dear life.

I tsk shaking my head as I lift her from the floor. “You didn’t call me Master.” I point out easily bending her over the bed. “What are we going to do about that?” I ask moving up behind her shaking form so that the rough wool of my pants rubs against her hypersensitive skin.

“Master please!” She begs and I don’t think she even knows what she is begging for. I lick my lips smiling as I undo my pants, letting her feel each movement.

“Have you ever wondered what it was like to have two orgasms at the same time?” I ask softly, letting my breath run along her neck. “Let’s find out.” I say before thrusting my painfully hard shaft inside her waiting body.

Tightened by her continuous orgasm it takes great force of will on my part not to just succumb to my own pleasure. My greatest joy in the world is to make my wife blackout with ecstasy, and I will be damned if I come before she does.
The Malfoy Ball

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!

Lucius-

The morning of the ball I decide to enjoy breakfast in bed so I can luxuriate next to the nimble creature that brings me so much pleasure. I look over at her still sleeping form and smile at her disheveled appearance. Her hair fans out over her pillow in a mass of waves and tangles. She is beautiful in a wild way I didn’t even know I would enjoy. If I am honest with myself there are many things I didn’t know I would enjoy about my new wife.

When our food arrives I wake her and watch as she looks around blinking sleepily. When her eyes fall on me, she smiles and sits up in bed letting the covers fall from her form. She does nothing to recover herself as she looks at our breakfast tray and starts to pour us both some tea.

“Breakfast in bed?” She asks holding my cup out to me.

I take it and smile my thanks sipping from it before I answer. “We won’t have a lot of quality time today, I thought it would be nice.”

She nods in agreement as she starts to eat from her plate. After a few bites her expression turns serious.

“Our Lord offered me a seat on the dark council if I...” She starts looking down at her cup as she thinks how to end this statement. “If I chose to be his, last night.”

“What?” I ask setting down my tea to give her my full attention. I’m amazed the Dark Emperor would move this quickly. He didn’t seem displeased when I came back from escorting Bellatrix but I have to wonder if I’m in for a deal of trouble today.

“I don’t think he really meant it. I think he was just testing how far he could push me or something.” She says getting a pretty blush that makes me want to smile.

“What did you say, it is very hard to tell the Dark Emperor no in any matter.” I wonder aloud.

“I turned him down as politely as I could.” She bites her lower lip in thought. “Lucius do you want me to have a seat on the dark council?” She asks after a moment.

“It was an idea I have been playing with.” I admit before taking a sip of my tea and starting my breakfast.

“Could it be that his offer last night was just a way of telling you the price?” She asks looking very unsure of herself.
“Maybe.” I agree cupping her cheek and giving her a reassuring smile. “Don’t worry about it today. I will speak to him. Today you should focus on living up to your role as Lady Malfoy.” I remind her trying not to have her worry.

**Ginny**

I look into the mirrors set up in my room so that I can see myself from every angle. The purple gown is cut perfectly to my body. It’s made in such a way to hide the small bump of my stomach under a strategically placed gathering of fabric. The straps lay just beyond my shoulders and are decorated with deep green fabric leaves and bunches of black pearls to look like grape vines growing along the top of my dress. They grow down the middle of my back and end in a bunch at the top of the bustle.

I’ve never had anything so fine, even the other gowns Lucius has gotten me are nothing compared to the piece of art I am wearing for this ball. I am rather sure the pearls alone account for more than my parent’s yearly income.

The long satin gloves that go with the dress are black and have tiny black crystals along the outside seam. Heety’s pulled my hair up into a perfectly styled mass of braids and curls, accented by more bunches of pearls to match the dress.

Taking it all in I don’t really recognize myself. I remember the red dress mom made me to impress Lucius and I feel as if those were rags compared to what I am wearing now. It was less than three months ago and now the woman looking back at me from the mirror could actually be the Lady of a great house.

Sounds behind me pull my attention away from the mirror and I smile as Padma and Parvati sit casually waiting for me to be finished. I turn away from the reflection and moved toward the twins.

They look lovely in their matching gowns of pale green, and they look as if they were always made for this life of fine people.

“Is everything alright Ginny?” Parvati asks, I’ve already gotten the trick of telling the two apart. The way they express their feelings are so very different, that I doubt they ever get confused.

“Just my first real ball, I’m a bit nervous.” I tell them taking in a slow breath to calm my nerves.

“Well you look amazing.” Padma says coming over to take my hand.

“I have a feeling it is going to be a long night.” I tell them looking at the clock by my bed and frowning. “I need to head down, guests will start arriving and I am supposed to be with Lucius to meet them.”

“We’ll be down soon. Draco is going to escort us.”

I smile with a nod and squeeze Padma’s hand one last time for courage before I head to the main hall. I find Lucius easily at the foot of the main stairs. When he looks up at me his eyes widen a bit in wonder and I can’t help the smile of pleasure that spreads across my face.

Taking my hand, he kisses my wrist the way the Dark Emperor had then pulls me in closer so he can speak in my ear.

“You look simply delicious my love.” He says softly even though we are alone so far. “All the realm will be jealous of me tonight.”

“You are very sweet my Lord.” I tell him taking a small step back. “I feel as if I am going to mess
something up.” I tell him honestly.

I almost jump as Snerk’s voice booms throughout the lower level of the house. “Lord and Lady Weasley.” He announces making my eyes go wide in panic as I look at my husband.

“It would have been rude not to invite your family.” He says easily as he takes my hand and leads me toward my parents as the elf vanishes their cloaks.

They are dressed in their finest robes and they still look so shabby in their surroundings. I hold my head high and smile as pleasantly as I can as Snerk’s voice booms once again.

“Masters Weasley, Weasley, Weasley and Weasley.” He says as four of my brothers enter just after my parents.

“All of my family?” I question in a low tone.

“Yes.” Lucius says simply before giving my father a condescending smile. “Lord Weasley I am glad you could make it now that you were actually invited to my home.”

My father’s nostrils flair and I see my mother’s hold on his arm tighten.

“We would not miss a chance to see how you are treating our daughter.” He says with a forced smile as if he had practiced the line.

I move forward and take my mother’s hands so I can kiss her on the cheek. “It is lovely seeing you all.” I tell her and wonder if I will have a chance to hear about what is happening with her.

“You look lovely tonight dear.” My mother says as she looks into my eyes and I can see the worry she has for me.

I turn to my father and kiss his cheek as well, but his eyes look as if he is sure I have some curse upon me. After that, I smile to the four brothers who were able to attend tonight. Bill, Fred, George, and Ronald all look back at me as if they’re not sure who I am.

“No hug for your sister?” I ask trying to keep my tone light and ignore the tension between father and Lucius.

Bill moves forward first and hugs a bit more carefully than normal. I wonder if it’s because of the dress or if dad told them about the child. Next, the twins descend on me hugging me tightly before looking around.

“Where would you say the best place to set up a…” Fred starts in a low tone.

“...surprise for the host?” George finishes with a mischievous smirk on his lips.

“No surprises.” I say punching them each in the arm hard enough to make them wince.

“Ginevra?” Lucius calls bringing my attention back to him before Ron even gets the courage up to really step through the threshold.

“You should all go have fun.” I say as I move back to Lucius’ side. “I am sure other guests will arrive soon.

They nod and move into the great hall before Lucius frowns down at me. “Don’t look at me like that.” I say straightening my back. “The last time my dad was here you were molesting me over there, what did you expect from him?”
“You shouldn’t be so familiar with them.” He says stiffly.

“They’re my family.” I remind him just as coldly.

“I’m your family now.”

I roll my eyes sighing as I look up at him. “It isn’t one or the other. I know you like to think I’m pure Malfoy now, with no Weasley left, but that is silly.”

He takes his own calming breath. “Your father is a ridiculous man, but you are right in that I know very little about the rest of the Weasley clan. You turned out to be a fine creature at least.” He says as his hand slips around to the small of my back. “I’m just not used to so much… touching.” He adds with a sour face.

I can’t help but giggle at the expression before moving up onto my toes so I can kiss him on the cheek. He gives me a small smile at the gesture but doesn’t say anything before our next guests are announced.

We stand at the door greeting people for an hour and my feet are already starting to hurt when the front hall is filled with the sound of magical trumpets. Lucius turns towards the stairs so I do the same. A strong human voice calls everyone to attention.

“Our Lord Emperor Thomas Riddle and Miss Hermione Granger.” The same man announces as the Emperor and guest descends the stairs.

He starts calling names of other guests as Lucius moves us forward to greet the Emperor.

“You look even more lovely tonight Lady Malfoy.” He says as he takes my hand once again this time kissing my fingers lightly before letting go.

“That is very kind of you your Majesty.” I tell him which seems to amuse him for some reason.

“Lucius, walk with me. We need to talk.” He says as he turns to my husband.

Hermione moves in close to me so we can follow behind the men. She is wearing a lovely blue gown with her curls freely hanging down her back. “Do you think our Lord will be up to actually dancing, or am I going to be stuck smiling at his side all night?” She asks playfully.

“If his Majesty doesn’t wish to dance I am sure we can find you a proper partner.” I tell her easily.

“This is nothing like the dances we had back in my village.” She says as her eyes widen when we enter the great hall.

“It is all new to me as well.” I admit shyly. “This is Lucius’ way of presenting me to society.”

“Well you look stunning.” She says looking down at my gown then up into my eyes. “It seems like you were made to be here, I on the other hand feel like some kind of imposter.” She said a bit nervously.

“You look lovely tonight Hermione. If I’ve learned anything from Lucius, it is that everyone here is some kind of imposter.” I say squeezing her hand.

**Lucius**

“They seem to be getting along well. Maybe I should have you come visit the palace. Hermione could use a friend.” The Emperor says as he takes his seat on the dais I had set up for the evening.
“If your Majesty wishes.” I say tightly to let him know I don’t very much like the idea. “But it would make me feel better if I knew what this is about. Certainly you’re not courting the girl?” I ask unable to keep the disgust out of my tone.

“Certainly not.” He echoes my words and something in me eases. “All you need know is that Miss Granger will bring me power in her own very special way. But until I have everything ready I need her to believe that I’m interested in her as a person.”

“Of course your Majesty.” I say bowing my head as the girls join us on the dais. Ginevra gives me a searching look as if she can see my discomfort plainly on my face. I force a pleasant smile to cover anything she may have seen. “Have you ladies been planning something?” I ask just to distract her.

“We were just wondering how full our dance cards will be tonight.” My wife says gracefully.

“I do not think the two loveliest women in the room will have lack of willing partners.” The Emperor says easily smiling at each of them. “I assume the hosts will open the first dance, but I would like you to save a dance for me as well Lady Malfoy.”

Ginevra blushes prettily for his flirting and nods her head. “I would be honored your Majesty.” She says before turning to me. “Shall we?” She asks a bit more shyly than she is when we are alone.

I bow my head to the Emperor before taking her hand and leading her out onto the floor to open the ball properly.

Once we are out of earshot her expression turns a bit more serious. “What does he want with her?” She asks with a slight frown.

“You don’t think he may just enjoy her company?” I offer knowing she has a fondness for the lower classes.

“It doesn’t seem very likely.” She says once again showing her brilliant mind at work.

“What does she think?” I ask as I easily lead her around the floor in a simple waltz. Others join us soon after and I note the Dark Emperor actually dancing with the girl in question. “He seems interested to me.” I add motioning towards the couple.

“She hasn’t really said, but she doesn’t seem to have any delusions that they are courting.”

“Sometimes the company of the right woman can change a man.” I point out still not giving away the small part I know.

She sucks on her lower lip as she looks over to the other couple once again. “Is he going to hurt her?” She asks a bit worriedly.

“I honestly don’t know luv.” I say trying to soothe her since ignoring her questions doesn’t seem to distract her. “It doesn’t seem like she is in any immediate danger. In fact, his Majesty has invited us to the palace so you could spend more time with Miss Granger. Would you like that?” I ask smiling as if the idea didn’t bother me.

She smiles up at me as the song ends. “It would be smart politically right?” She asks taking my arm as I lead her off the dance floor.
“It would.” I agree watching her closely as she thinks.

She nods mostly to herself before she looks around at our guests. “So would us dancing with others.” She says as she looks back at me.

“Very good.” I tell her showing my pride by running my knuckles along her cheek. “Go make new friends, almost everyone here is worthy of your attention.” I tell her as my eye catches on the back of someone with bright red hair.

The sigh I hear from her tells me she sees exactly who I am looking at. “I thought you liked William.” She says shaking her head.

Looking back at her, I see the concern in her eyes. “Am I really never going to be able to have a relationship with them again?” She asks sounding so distressed that I have to fight the urge to pull her into my arms to protect her from the pain.

“Don’t worry about such things tonight my pet.” I tell her as I hold her eyes with my own. “Have fun, just be mindful that you play the role of Lady Malfoy now. My biggest issue with your family, and your father in particular, is that they do not know how to play their roles in society. Maybe you can guide them.” I say cupping her cheek for one last bit of comfort.

“This is not the time for that conversation.” She says and I know she is holding something back. “But I will think about your words.”

“Such a perfectly political answer.” I tease before kissing her hand and heading back towards the dais.

When I look back, she is already speaking to a guest as if nothing in the world was weighing on her mind.

“Bella is going to have to watch out for that one.” The Emperor says seeming amused. “You’ve only had what? Three months to train her, and she is already playing the game rather well.”

I smile nodding my head in pleasure. “Surprisingly with her background there was still a lot of untapped potential.”

“It doesn’t hurt that she is actually kind, that she isn’t only pretending to be so.” He says in a dismissive way. “It will help her gain friends at first, but when it comes to it how cutthroat can she be?”

“Only time will tell.” I say before pulling my eyes away from my wife. “But it is only Bella that is making her an enemy. She’s never liked me, and now she has it in for my wife.”

“Maybe. But as you asked I have given your wife my protection until you have your sons, Bella won’t touch her.”

“And I thank you for that my Lord.” I say bowing my head. “But I’ve already paid for that favor, can we discuss these new issues?” I ask looking to the mudblood who now seems to be dancing with young Master Potter.

“Did you already have payment in mind Lucius?” He asks and I can tell by his tone I should be careful.

“Other sorts of protection for my wife spring to mind.” I say without a hint of bitterness. “She told me of your offer.”
“She quite skillfully turned me down. But those protections are not up for negotiation.” He says ending on a firm note.

“Your Majesty I think the favor is quite clear then.” I say pivoting as smoothly as always. “For my help tonight, and further help in the future, I only require the whole truth of the situation.” I tell him plainly.

He studies my face for a long moment before the sly smirk slips onto his lips. “Leave it to you, my friend, to know exactly what a thing is worth.”

**Ginny**

After Lucius leaves my side, the night continues in a blur of vapid conversations and dancing with important men who all want a way into my husband’s dealings. It’s funny to think that many of them only dance with me to get alone time with him. After being on my feet for hours, all I want is a private place to rest, but before I can make it into the hall, Rabastan bows deeply to me.

“May I have this dance?” He asks leading me out onto the dancefloor before I can respond. “I’ve been watching you all night. You’re a fresh little flower in a garden of ageing fruit.”

“Master Lestrange that is kind of you to say.” I respond not liking how close he pulls me. He moves me easily around the dancefloor and I have to admit he has nearly as much grace as Lucius himself.

“It is only the truth my little flower.” He says as his eyes move down from my eyes to the collar of my dress and below.

“I’m not your anything Master Lestrange.” I say in as pleasant a tone as I can.

“Call me Rabastan.” He says chuckling as he pulls me a bit closer.

“I don’t think that would be wise. You already have false ideas about our acquaintance, I would not like to encourage you.” I tell him a bit more firmly as the song ends and I wait for him to let me go.

He only chuckles and keeps ahold of me for the next dance as well. “I can do many things for you little flower. No one here could match what I have to offer.”

I frown at him now as he is going much too far with this flirtation. “My husband might disagree with you there.” I point out firmly.

He laughs again. “Don’t tell me a young thing like you could ever be satisfied by only one man? Narcissa was nearly twice your age and she needed my company quite often.”

I can’t help the blush that comes to my face as I think about what this vile man just admitted to me. “You were Narcissa’s lover.” I shake my head and try to pull out of his grasp. “Well I need no such attention.”

His hand moves down my side and I finally have the leverage to push him away. “You go too far.” I tell him trying to keep my tone low so I don’t make a scene.

I don’t chance a look around as I don’t want to know if anyone saw his forward behavior or my rebuke of him. Once I’m free, I head straight to find some privacy and a seat. I head straight to a small sitting room close to the ball and find two middle aged women already occupying the space.

They look up as I enter and huff in a way that makes me think maybe they had been talking about me. I realize they are around the late Lady Malfoy’s age, and more than likely had been her friends.
Nervously I bow my head in way of greeting and make my way over to a small bookshelf.

By the time I’ve found a book to read I turn to see the women making their way out of the room. One gives me a final glare as if I had kicked them out of the space before nearly slamming the door behind her.

“Well they were never going to like me, were they?” I ask no one before turning back to my book. As I sit on the couch they had just left, I can’t help the sigh of relief as the pressure is taken off my aching feet. I push off my slippers to my further pleasure, hiding my feet and shoes under the skirt of my dress.

When I hear the door open again I look up thinking one of them came back to tell me off properly. I freeze to my spot as I see Rabastan has actually followed me here.

“You need to leave.” I say as my hand moves to the small pocket my wand is kept in. But my panic doesn’t really start until I find it empty. I think about the brush of his hand along my side as he pulls my wand from his sleeve.
A Dangerous Flirtation

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!

Lucius-

I find myself watching the young mudblood as she moves around the ball making conversation with my guests.

“That is something…” I say in response to what the Emperor has told me about her. “You really think it’s possible?” I ask, curious about the magic involved in what he is trying to do.

“Only if the girl trusts me completely.” He replies sounding distracted as well. “Which is why I need your young wife’s help in making her feel…” He pauses looking for the right word “…respected.”

I glance around the room to find Ginevra talking to one of the many important wives and I can’t help but smile to myself. “You know I am at your service your Majesty.” I say turning back to him and bowing my head in respect.

“I know it is a hard thing I ask of you but just know if my plan succeeds I will make sure to remember all who helped me in this.” He says before turning his attention to a couple approaching the dais. I frown with a bad taste in my mouth as I register the red hair and second rate robes.

“Your Majesty this is Lord and Lady Weasley, my wife’s parents.” I introduce them only because it is the proper etiquette in this situation. I can’t help but feel some relief as the two bow properly to our great leader.

“Ah, Weasley is not a name I have heard in some time. Your daughter is a credit to your name.” The Emperor says to make polite conversation with two nobles that were far below his notice.

“Thank you, your Majesty. We are very proud of her.” The woman says, as Lord Weasley looks as if he’s about to eat a lemon.

“We have some concerns about her treatment in this household.” Arthur blurs out, as his wife turns a bit red. At least she knew better than to bring up such things when the Emperor was here to enjoy himself.

“Concerns?” Our Lord asks sounding politely interested in his words. “You feel Duke Malfoy is mistreating his young wife?” The Emperor asks reminding Weasley which one of us holds the higher title.

“When I came to check on my daughter I found him attacking her in the front hall.” Weasley said, as he wouldn’t be deterred in his complaint.
“Attacking?” I have to give my Dark Lord credit for keeping a straight face as he looks to me questioningly.

“My young wife fills me with a vigor I have not known in years my Lord. I was hardly attacking her. With so many children of his own I would assume Baron Weasley knows the difference between violence and coupling.”

“In the front hall?!” Weasley snaps as if this alone should be a crime.

“It isn’t my fault if the Baron has no imagination for such things.” I say with a shrug of disinterest.

“Would you like me to question Lady Malfoy on these topics?” Emperor Voldemort asks Weasley with a serious expression. I barely contain my growl as my Lord tries to manipulate the stupid man into handing my wife over to him.

“My Lord?” I catch myself and glare at Weasley before he can answer. “Baron Weasley has no domain over his daughter’s well-being any longer. Our marriage contract clearly states that I’m now charged with her protection.”

“But who is going to protect her from you?” Weasley shrugs off his wife’s hold to point at me. “Who is going to protect her child?” His voice is loud enough that it is a wonder the whole party hasn’t stopped to watch us.

“Are you accusing Duke Malfoy of putting his own bloodline in danger?” Our Lord asked seeming tired of the man’s accusations. “Do you come with any sort of proof?” He asked shaking his head. “I’ve spoken to your daughter and she seems to be a lovely young woman, and I have seen no signs of harm to her or her future child.”

I take in a soothing breath and look around for Ginevra so maybe she can help to end this ridiculous conversation. I frown, as she doesn’t seem to be in sight any longer.

“I saw the way he was treating her with my own eyes what more proof do I need? She isn’t even permitted to talk with her friend even though he works here on the grounds.”

I roll my eyes at this and keep searching the room for my wife as I respond. “Sex with my wife is not a crime and I have allowed her to have conversations with the gardener you sent here to spy on me.”

“A spy?” The Dark Emperor asked sounding amused. “I think I’ve heard enough. If you wish to make a formal complaint than come to London to do so when I am holding audiences. For now you seem to have no real proof and I am here to enjoy myself.”

“But…” Weasley starts before his wife pulls him away.

“Thank you your Majesty.” She says before giving her husband a subduing look and retreating from the dais.

“She just saved him from a very grave misstep.” The Dark Emperor says thoughtfully. “Must be where your wife gets her wit, hopefully not her figure.” He adds seeming amused again as he comments on the older woman’s dumpy form.

I chuckle at the joke and shake my head. “Hopefully not.” I agree before letting myself breathe again. “Will you excuse me your Majesty? I seem to have misplaced my wife in all the fuss.”

Ginny-
“Funny running into you again so soon my dear.” He says inspecting my wand as if he had no idea what it was.

“You found my wand.” I say trying to slip my shoes back on only to push them under the couch.

“I did. Is there a reward for its return?” He asks as if we both don’t know he stole it from me.

“I’m sure my husband could find a generous reward.” I say wondering where Lucius is and if he will be cross with me for getting into this situation.

“Oh I don’t want Lucius’ money.” He says as he takes a step closer to me. I stand quickly to step back from him.

“We have art and books as well.” I point out pretending not to understand the way he is looking at me.

“The only thing Lucius has that I want is his wife.” Rabastan stated plainly taking another step forward.

“I think you will find that my wand isn’t worth that much.” I say moving to put an armchair between us. If I could only maneuver myself towards the door.

“Oh I think you’ll find you don’t really have a choice in the matter.” He says before rushing towards me.

I scream in surprise as I move around the room trying to make it to the door before he can catch me. A moment of relief floods me as I grasp the knob only to have his full weight press me hard against the door.

“Don’t be a tease…” He breathes into my ear as I feel his hands move down my arm. I turn the handle as hard as I can figuring I’ll have a better chance if I can just get out of this room. The moment the latch releases the both of us go tumbling into the hall. The breath is knocked from my lungs as his heavy form lands on top of me.

“Didn’t think that through bitch.” He growls grabbing my hair to pull me back into the study.

I can’t even scream as I try to regain the air that was lost. But struggle against his hold kicking back at him with my foot as best I can.

“Stop it.” He groans as my foot connects with him. “You’re going to like this if you would just relax!” He says as his free hand grabs my foot.

“NO!” I finally scream struggling not to give him an inch, my fingers claw against the stone floor of the hall.

His hand moves from my hair to cover my mouth. “Do you really need everyone to see you like this sweet?” He asks darkly. “They might question your virtue.” He adds darkly as he rolls me over so he can look down into my eyes. “I think you need to be taught a little respect. Seems Lucius has been too lax with a spitfire like you.” He pulls his hand back and strikes me hard across the face. “Now you are coming back into this room and you are going to be the sweet thing I know you are. Got it girl?”

“I don’t think the Lady is interested in your company.” A new voice says making Rabastan tense on top of me.
“This isn’t any of your business boy, walk away.” He says as his focus moves to whoever has come upon us.

With his attention distracted, I bring my knee up as hard as I can and move out from under him as he groans in pain. I move as far away from the man as I can without looking back. I can feel his hands on the skirt of my dress and I hear a seam rip but don’t really care in my rush to try to get some distance.

“Stupefy!” I hear the young voice cast and Rabastan falls heavily on my legs.

“Ah!” I yell as I fight to free myself of the dead weight. When someone moves to grab my arm, I swing and punch as hard as I can.

“OW!” The man yells moving back as I connect with his nose.

Only once I’ve freed myself do I realize what I just did. I look back to see a dark haired young man with a bloody nose. More so, I realize I know him.

“M-master Potter.” I stumble over my words, as I can’t seem to stop myself from shaking. “I’m so sorry.” I say moving away from Rabastan’s limp form and putting my back to the wall. My heart is still going so fast I can hardly hear anything else.

“No, no... I shouldn’t have touched you without your permission.” He says as he wipes up the blood with a handkerchief.

I look back and forth between the man on the floor and the one who saved me from him. “He has my wand.” I explain, still shaking and hating how weak I feel in the moment.

“I’ll get it.” He assures me after doing a quick spell to heal his nose. “You know I didn’t expect a Lady to be able to throw such a good punch.” He says as he searches the man for my wand.

“Six brothers…” I explain, still shaking and hating how weak I feel in the moment.

“Here we go, which is yours?” He asks holding up two wands for me to see.

“The darker one.” I say before forcing myself to stand.

He smiles dropping the second next to its master’s form and holding mine out to me. “Thank you for your help.” I say unsure of what to do just now. “I must look a mess.” I tell him, wondering why my hand won’t stop trembling.

“You look beautiful.” He says in a strange tone, which makes me a bit nervous. “Any good wizard would have done the same in my place.” He says making me look up at him again.

“Yes, well I am sure my husband will be more than grateful for your aid.” I say making a dark expression cross his face.

“I heard you married him after his ball.” He says sounding awkward. “I guess I should congratulate you.” He adds sounding very unsure of that.

“Yes, thank you.” I tell him nodding in agreement. “I should umm…” I start trying to think of what I should be doing bright now. “Get fixed up.” I settle on taking a step only to have my ankle give out and trip right into his grasp.

“Shit!” I say making him chuckle.
“You don’t sound like much of a Lady either.” He says seeming amused with this fact. When I look up into his eyes that seem to sparkle with admiration. “Do you need help to your rooms M’Lady?” He asks as he helps me to stand this time.

I shake my head quickly as I panic at the idea of going somewhere alone with a man I don’t know that well. “No. No thank you Master Potter.”

“Well isn’t this sweet.” The cold voice of my husband both fills me with a feeling of both safety and fear.

Lucius-

“...thank you Master Potter.” I find my wife saying to a young man as I turn down the hall to an out of the way study.  

“Call me Harry.” The boys says in the tone of a lovesick dog.

Her hair his completely messed and she is standing close enough that the boy is actually touching her arm. I note her skirt is also ripped before speaking.

“Well isn’t this sweet.” I say to get their attention. The boy looks up with a glare as he meets my eyes as if I’m the one in the wrong in this moment.  

“Lucius!” Ginevra’s call throws me off by the relief in her voice. I take another look at her only to notice what is lying on the ground in the study doorway.  

“What is going on here?” I ask in a detached tone as I watch as my wife takes a limping step toward me.

“I came upon the Lady being attacked by Master Lestrange.” The boy says in a cold tone obviously meant for me.

I narrow my eyes looking between the two of them again to get confirmation.

“I…” Her voice trembled as she took another limping step toward me. Suddenly my feelings turn from anger to rage. I turn to Rabastan’s prone body and my wand is out before I know what I am doing.

I’ve moved half way to Rabastan before Ginevra’s whimper distracts me from my vengeance. I turn to her and see her step back from my glare. Forcibly calming myself, I move toward her frail seeming form.

“It’s alright my pet.” I say trying to calm her, as she seems on the verge of tears. “You may go Master Potter. I have her now.” I add to the boy, as he seems to still be hovering nearby.

“Maybe I should get her mother?” He asks, making me roll my eyes.

“I assure you we are fine on our own.” I tell him turning back to my wife to make sure she agrees. She nods making me smile before I turn back to him. “I owe you a debt for her safety. Don’t ruin it by bringing gawkers on her pain.”

“M’Lady? Would you like me to get someone for you?” He asks in an attempt to go against my request.
“No thank you.” Ginevra says as she moves a bit closer to me. “I’ll be fine.” She adds nodding as she shakes slightly in my arms.

“But…” The boy starts but this time I cut him off.

“She said she will be fine, now leave us.” I snap shooing him away with one hand.

His frown tightens before giving us a jerky nod and heading back down the hall. “Heety Snerk!” I call our personal elves who appear an instant later.

“Yes Master.” They bow together before looking around for what I might need from them.

“Snerk take Master Lestrange downstairs for me, I will deal with him soon. Heety take Ginevra to her room and make sure she doesn’t have any lasting harm.”

“Don’t leave.” My wife says in a panicked tone and she moves more tightly against me.

“You’ll be safe with Heety in your warded room.” I remind her looking down at her with a frown.

“There is a difference between a handsy clothier and being attacked at our ball.” I tell her firmly.

“I shouldn’t have let myself be cornered.” She says as her eyes start to glaze over.

Noticing her cheek for the first time, I turn her chin to get a better look at the bruise forming there.

“You should have an expectation of safety in your own home.” I tell her as I run my thumb over the swollen cheek. She puts her hand over mine only for me to find she has bruises on her knuckles as well. “Did you hit him back?” I ask pleased that she fought back so hard.

“No... I mean I kicked him plenty.” She says looking away from me. “I hit Master Potter when he startled me.” She admits shyly.

I can’t help but chuckle. “Well at least one of us got to tonight.” I admit before taking her hand to kiss the knuckles. “Now I have to deal with your attacker.” I tell her firmly. “Go with Heety and wash up. No need to come back to the party. Just stay in your room until I come for you.”

She nods reluctantly before parting from me and letting the elf magic them both away.

Snerk has already taken the bastard to my dungeon, but with the Lestranges being so powerful, I know I can’t just go torture him. I’ll have to ask… permission.
Lucius-

When I make my way back to the ball I find the Emperor talking with his mudblood guest. I watch them as I approach the dais and can’t help but be amazed at how charming he can be with her. It’s as if he can actually pretend she is a real person.

“Your Majesty I’m sorry to interrupt, but there has been a pressing development.” I say as I bow to him.

When I look up again I find the girl watching with as much attention as he is. “What’s wrong?” The mudblood asks and I suppress my shiver as best I can.

“May we move to someplace more private, it is a delicate matter.” I ask the Dark Emperor without responding to the creature’s question.

“Go find Lady Malfoy my dear and…” The Emperor starts before I interrupt him.

“I’m sorry, your Majesty but this has to do with her and she is indisposed.” I say hoping he forgives the interruption.

“Is Ginny alright?” The girl asks making me cringe that she is already on such familiar terms with my wife. She takes a step towards me and I shake my head.

“No madam she is not, but the situation is delicate as I said.” I tell her with as much respect as I can muster for someone so low born.

The Emperor looks between us for a long moment before giving a firm nod and rising to his feet. “Would your wife find Miss Granger’s company a comfort?” He asks as he takes the girl’s hand and leads her off the dais.

About to refuse the idea completely I see the look in my Lord’s eye and find myself giving a swift nod. “Yes, she might.” I say thinking about it further and I’m sure Ginny might actually find the mudblood’s company comforting.

I can feel guests watching as we make our way out of the room but there is no help for it. I am the host and he is the Emperor, our movement will be noted no matter what. I make conversation about unimportant things until we are clear of most of the guests.

“Heety.” I snap not wishing to take the Granger girl any further. It takes a moment for the elf to appear, more than likely because she is hesitant about leaving Ginevra completely alone.
“Master Heety must get back to Mistress.” The little elf says as she appears.

“Take Miss Granger with you.” I order the elf making it even more confused.

“Master, Mistress being upset.” She tells me making me narrow my eyes.

“Are you questioning an order?” I ask making the little elf hit her head against the wall.

“Oh gosh!” The mudblood exclaims taking a step toward it.

“Heety sorrys Master.” The elf says taking the girl’s hand and disappears with a pop.

I let out a slow breath as I am rid of the girl for a little while at least, then turned to the Emperor and bow my head. “Your Majesty my wife was attacked, which is clearly against your orders.” I say getting ready for somewhat of a battle over the aggressor's punishment.

“It is very bold to attack a Lady in her own home, but why does this concern me?” He asks looking a bit bored.

“Master Rabastan Lestrange is the offender. He tried to force himself on her, causing unknown stress to my unborn child.”

The Dark Emperor looks at me for a long moment as he thinks over what should be done next. “Where do you have him now?” He asks much more interested than he was a moment ago.

“In my dungeon, but I have not touched him myself.” I tell him as he turns to head in that direction.

“You haven’t touched him yourself? So, who has touched him?” He asks wanting all the information.

“I think he was knocked out by young Master Potter, but I admit I do not have the full story yet. She did mention kicking him.” I add after thinking over everything she said when I found her.

Once we are down in the dungeon we find Snerk standing outside of one of the cells with a wand in his hand. As we approach, he gives it to me and disappears. Looking down I realize it must be Rabastan’s, and fight the urge to break it in half.

When we enter the rough stone room, the Emperor conjures himself a chair and gets comfortable before motioning to me to wake up the libertine. When I revive him he looks up at me confused for a moment then realizes exactly where he is and jumps to his feet.

“I don’t know what that harlot told you but she was begging for it Lucius!” He says as he feels for his wand before realizing that I have it.

“I haven’t actually gotten the full story from my wife just yet. But it seems Master Potter witnessed quite a bit.” I bluff not really knowing what the boy found, but it had been enough that he stunned Rabastan.

“The boy yeah that is why she started to act like she didn’t want it. She set me up…” He says still sounding confident.

“What reason would Lady Malfoy have to set you up in such a way?” The Emperor asks startling Rabastan. He had been so focused on me he did not even realize his Majesty was in the room.

He turns and kneels deeply to our lord. “I’m not sure your Majesty. It could have been on Lucius’ request for all I know.” He says without looking up.
I narrow my eyes at the man who I had not had a real issue with before this night. What does he think he is playing at? Is this one of Bellatrix's games to try to discredit me?

"Your Majesty he is simply trying to further tarnish my wife's honor." I say to try to cut this foolishness off. "My wife nor I had any issues with Master Lestrange before this evening. She met him for the first-time last night with you as a witness."

"The Lady did not seem acquainted with you Master Lestrange." The Emperor agrees as he looks at the man at my feet.

"That is why I think it must have been Lucius behind it your Majesty. He sent the girl after me to seduce me for some reason. You have seen her my Lord. I’m not that strong of a man to turn down something so lovely when it is offered so freely."

"If she was offering herself so freely, how do you explain the bruise across her face?" I ask as I tighten my grip around my wand. "Please your Majesty, all I require is permission to treat him like the villain he is. I will get the truth out of him."

"Your Majesty I worry this is what he wanted from the start. You see I was the late Lady Malfoy’s lover, and I fear he is trying to take his revenge now by setting me up in this fashion."

"Your story gets more and more detailed as time goes on. It is as if you thought about this all beforehand." The Emperor says dryly.

Ginny-

"Don’t leave." I whimper. I was only just starting to feel safe again wrapped in his arms.

"You’ll be safe with Heety in your warded room." He tells me poignantly as he looks down at me with a frown. "There is a difference between a handsy clothier and being attacked at our ball." He says in a dark tone.

"I shouldn’t have let myself be cornered." I whimper trying to hold in stupid weak tears.

He lifts my chin as he takes a good look at my face. I can’t even imagine how horrible I look.

"You should have an expectation of safety in your own home." He says as he runs a thumb over my aching cheek. I place a hand on top of his, as I just want to feel close to him, I want to feel safe. "Did you hit him back?" He asks sounding pleased with the idea of it.

"No... I mean I kicked him plenty." I say not wanting to look him in the eyes. I didn’t do enough on my own. "I hit Master Potter when he startled me." I admit softly.

He chuckles. "Well at least one of us got to tonight." He says as he takes my hand and kisses the bruised knuckle. "Now I have to deal with your attacker. Go with Heety and wash up. No need to come back to the party. Just stay in your room until I come for you."

I agree after a moment and finally let Heety take me to my room. We are there after a pop of magic and I feel a little sick as if I was just sucked through a pipe much too small for me.

I feel a bit numb as Heety starts to take the pins out of my hair. I just let myself space out as the elf unfastens my gown and peels it from my form. She hangs it up nicely before moving back to me to start in on my corset when she stops.

"Heety being summoned by Master, Mistress. Heety be back quick Mistress." The elf says leaving
be alone in my room.

I walk over to where she hung my once fine gown. It’s ripped in a few places and I notice a few clusters of pearls have come apart. I wonder how many precious pearls litter the study and hall down stairs. I look down and remember for the first time that my shoes are still sitting under the couch in that awful room. For some reason that I don’t understand this simple fact finally, makes the tears burst from me like some horrible spell.

I crumble to the floor and cover my mouth, as I can’t seem to stop crying. What would have happened if Harry hadn’t found me when he did? How can I be so weak and stupid that I got myself in that vile situation in the first place? Why can’t I just be strong?

I can’t even seem to stop when Heety comes back and rests a hand on my shoulder. My eyes are shut tight but I can’t seem to stop the tears.

“It’s okay now Ginny.” A comforting voice says and I suddenly realize it isn’t Heety touching me. The shock of it makes me sit up and look at the chestnut-haired woman kneeling next to me. I swallow a sob only to start hiccupping.

“Hermione? What are you doing here?” I quickly try to wipe the tears from my face. I must look a true mess at this point.

“To… The Emperor and your husband thought you might need some company.” She says softly then frowns a little. “And they wanted to get rid of me I think.” She adds with a frown. “What happened?” She asks kindly.

I swallow as I look into her kind eyes. Hermione is a reminder of my old life. She is kind, soft, and rough, and I find that I feel comfortable around her.

“I…” I start when my jaw starts to tremble and my throat closes. My hands move to the small round bulge of my stomach and I wonder if I should call for the Healer to make sure, the child is all right.

“It’s alright, you’re not alone.” Hermione says as she settles so we are sitting next to each other on the floor.

“Heety must make sure Mistress not hurt. Heety need Mistress tos gets up.” I nod swallowing again before I let Hermione help me to my feet.

The other witch turns her back so that Heety can help me undress the rest of the way and slip into my dressing gown. When I notice her, she is looking at the once fine dress and frowning.

“Did you fall, or did someone…” She starts looking back to me as I move to stand beside her.

“Someone…” I start again before my throat tightens.

“Heety wills gets Mistress tea?” The elf asks and I nod in agreement.

When the elf is gone, I make my way over so I can sit on the couch just in case I have a weak spell again. I rest my hands on my stomach and sit back. I wonder if I should have Heety collect my shoes and anything else that may have fallen in the room.

“Do they know who attacked you?” Hermione asks as she sits next to me.

I nod not trusting my voice right now. Why am I being so weak? It isn’t as if he actually succeeded
in his attack. I still only belong to Lucius.

“I’m so sorry Ginny. Is there anything I can do?” She asks resting a hand on top of mine.

I clear my throat and shake my head. “Can we talk about something else?” I ask trying to give her a smile. “It really wasn’t that big of a deal.”

“Okay… How far along are you?” She asks, as the bump is clearly visible in my robe.

“Nearly three months.” I tell her as I smile down at my stomach. He is something much nicer to think about than what happened with Master Lestrange.

“Weren’t you just married around three months ago?” Hermione asks curiously. “It took my parents forever to get pregnant with me.” She tells me thoughtfully.

“Lucius’ last wife had trouble as well. I think it’s one of the reasons he takes such care with me. He is very worried something will go wrong.” I explain. “I have six older brothers, so you can understand my parents had little issue.”

“Six?” She asks with disbelief.

“A few of them are here tonight with my parents. If you saw any redheads more than likely they are related to me.” I explain and she smiles.

“I danced with a young man with red hair. I think is name was Ronald?” She says thoughtfully.

“He is the youngest of my brothers. He is a bit over a year older than I am.” I tell her smiling as I think of my family.

“Would you like me to go get someone? A brother or maybe your mother?” Hermione asks trying to be helpful.

I shake my head and frown as I look at my stomach again. “No, thank you.” I tell her biting my lower lip. “They don’t really understand me anymore.” I explain with a pang of regret. “I’m a Malfoy now you see, and the Weasleys and the Malfoys have never really gotten along.”

“So then how did you become a Malfoy?” She asks curiously. “Since you had to have once been a Weasley.”

“You heard most of the story last night. Weasley is a noble line, but they are not nearly as wealthy as the Malfoys. My father fell on particularly hard times and we were running the risk of losing our ancestral home. My mother knew Lord Malfoy was looking for a wife, and sent me to try and catch his interest.”

“But your happy here, being a Malfoy?” She asks not unkindly.

I smile as I think of the struggles I’ve had in the last three months. “I think I am.” I tell her with a slight smile. “I think I’m actually falling in love with my husband.” I tell her as if I’m surprised by the development. “And I think he has a growing fondness for me as well”
Reconnecting

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- First as always huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!

Ginny-

Since the night of the ball Lucius has been even more careful with me. I enjoy sleeping in his arms and feel safe with the smell of him surrounding me each night. Yet I want more than a gentle caress. I want his beautiful pain to erase what another man did to me in anger. I just don’t know how to ask.

It isn’t even a week after the party when I wake to find chaos in Lucius’ room. Elves are dashing every which way and I frown as I look around for my husband. I think it is a testament to how settled I have become in this new life that I don’t hide under the covers.

“Where is Lord Malfoy?” I ask an elf as I summon my dressing gown.

“Master is bathing.” The elf says as he organizes cufflinks in a felt box.

I nod to it and wrap the robe around me as I get a wicked idea. Dodging busy elves, I quietly walk over to the bathing room and open the door as soundlessly as I can. Lucius is laying back in the bath as an elf washes his hair. His eyes are closed as he enjoys the tiny fingers massaging his scalp.

Not as shy as I once was I quietly slip out of my dressing robe and hang it on the door before kneeling down next to the elf. I motion for it to leave before I take over washing my husband’s hair. There is a soft sigh as I knead his scalp.

I enjoy watching him so very relaxed and unguarded. He doesn’t have to worry about a thing as he lets the servants do their work. After a little while I carefully rinse the suds from his locks and oil my hands before running them through the soft blond strands.

“Do you know how to shave a man?” He asks finally opening one eye and looking up at me without surprise.

I smile down at him and shake my head. “My father always used a charm.”

“It’s never as smooth as what you get with a razor. I’ll have to get Tutty to show you.” He says with a small smile. He then reaches up and wraps a wet hand around the back of my neck so he can pull me down into a soft kiss.

I luxuriate in the moment, closing my eyes as I take the pleasant smell of him in. When he pulls away, I sigh in disappointment and his smile grows a bit.

“Did you need something my pet?” He asks sitting up a bit in the bath. I move around so I can sit on the side of the tub and face him.
“There is an army of elves invading your room.” I tell him as if he didn’t know.

“We are going to the palace for a while. The Emperor himself has invited us to stay for a bit.” He says resting a wet hand on my knee. “Heety is collecting some things for you as well.” He adds after a moment.

“That is kind of him.” I say wondering how I could show my husband why I am really here.

“Yes, well it serves his purposes. He took an immense liking to you.” Lucius points out making me frown.

“Do you think he would try….” I start, my throat tightening, as I don’t think I could handle any more unwanted advances.

“No. I think he is tactful enough to let you stew on what he has already offered. We don’t have to think about that at all for a long while.” He says seriously.

I relax at his words. I know he wouldn’t lie to me about such a thing, so I know I will be safe there, at least for now.

“I think it is more the budding friendship with his…” He starts making a face as if he can’t even bring himself to think of her.

“Hermione?” I ask seeing if maybe, I can get myself punished.

“Yes that.” He agrees waving his free hand.

“She has been very kind to me.” I tell him more seriously.

He sighs and closes his eyes as if he is asking his ancestors to give him patients.

“Master?” I ask pushing myself to just go out and say it. I blush crimson as his eyes pop open with just one word. “Do you not want me anymore?” I ask in a very soft voice, hardly able to get out the words.

He looks up at me for a long moment. He looked shocks as if I’ve slapped him across the face. I’m about ready to leave in complete embarrassment when his hand snakes up to my waist and pulls me into the bath with him, nightgown and all.

“I always want you my pet.” He says as I look up at him in shock. “I was just trying to give you some time.” He continues as he helps me move into a more comfortable position straddling his waist.

“I don’t want time. I want you.” I tell him feeling a bit more confident now even with my gown sticking to my flesh. “I always want you.” I tell him as he gathers the gown around my waist.

He smiles slightly and shakes his head. “I think I remember something different a couple of months ago.” He pointed out as his hands grasped my rear so he could pull me closer.

I can feel my heart start to race, I’m so close to what I’ve needed for the past week I can taste it. “I’ve always wanted you Master. I just didn’t know that it was proper.” I tell him as I start to roll my hips. I can feel his shaft hardening against my stomach so I go for broke and reach down to grasp his length.

“Oh, it’s not my little vixen. You are anything but proper.” He says smiling as I run a still oily hand
up and down his length. “You’re my little sex beast. Deviant to your core.”

I bite my lower lip unsure of how to respond to his teasing. My hand loosens around his rod and he wraps his hand around mine.

“You finish what you start my pet.” He says making me look up into his eyes. “Do you want this, or not?” He asks with a very serious tone.

“I do.” I agree nodding quickly and tightening my hold on him once again. “I need this.” I admit keeping eye contact with him.

“You’re my good girl.” He tells me brushing wild locks from my face. “Now I want you to turn around and hold onto the far side of the bath.” He says helping me into the new position.

As I grasp the edge I can feel that he is moving to kneel behind me. He pushes my legs apart as he positions himself between them. I feel the head of his cock rub against my slit in the most delicious way and I let out a soft moan to show my approval.

He leans over me so his chest is against my back and his hands cover mine on the tub. I feel his lips a whisper away from my ear and his breath feels cold on my wet skin.

“You’re such a dirty girl, I’m going to need another bath after I’m done with you.” He says in a deep whisper.

Without any more warning than that I feel his fill me with one thrust. I let out a gasp of air and push back against him. He presses his weight now on my hands, keeping me pinned under him as we rut like some kind of beasts.

I feel this tight ball of tension ease in me for the first time since the ball. I needed him so much and it feel so wonderful to finally be connected with him once more. I start to do the most ridiculous thing without warning, crying even as I moan for him.

When I start to hiccup before the contrasting phenomenon, he slows his pace kissing my neck gently. “Is it too much?” He asks in a kind tone I have never heard him use with anyone else.

“No.” I say trying to get control of myself. “It’s wonderful.” I tell him pushing back against his form.

“It was wrong of me to keep this from you my pet.” He says as he makes long sure thrusts into my waiting form. “I should have known better. Once we get settled in tonight I’ll give you a good spanking and everything will be alright.” He promised making me shiver under him.

“Yes. That.” I pant not really able to think of anything better to say.

He chuckles against my skin before letting go of my hands so he can grasp the back of my hair. He pulls my head back sharply angling my neck into his eager mouth. He starts to slam into my form as his mouth bites and sucks on the pulse point of my neck.

“Master!” I scream as he sends me over a beautiful edge of pleasure.

“Good girl.” He growls and I know this won’t stop until he finds his own peak.

**Lucius-**

I smile down at my sweet little dove as she kneels on the floor of the carriage. She has her cheek
resting against my knee and I think she may actually be napping as if this position is restful for her.

I feel like a fool for not realizing how much she would need a firm hand after what happened at the ball. How could I have ever thought this lioness would be comforted by gentleness? She should never have had to ask for my attention. I should’ve known what she needed the moment I saw her.

It’s a long carriage ride to the capital so I don’t see the harm and letting her be truly comfortable in her submission for most of the journey. Her hair is pulled up into elaborate curls, which exposes her neck.

I can’t help but admire the dark bruise my lips left on her during our time in the bath. I run my fingers along the blemish knowing I should heal it before we get to the palace.

With the touch, she glances up at me with sleepy eyes and I know she had actually been napping. She smiles and blinks a few times as if she is trying to remember where she is exactly.

“We’re not there yet.” I tell her cupping her cheek with my hand. “How are you feeling?” I ask as she presses against my touch.

“Better.” She says taking in a deep breath. “I don’t know why I’m so tired.” She adds and her hands naturally settle on the little bump on her stomach.

“You are making a person, it can be very tiring I hear.” I say smiling at her openly.

She smiles back before arching her back to stretch a bit. The action puts her perfect breasts on display for me, but I know it is meant to release tension in her own form. That doesn’t mean I don’t take full advantage of the view.

“How much longer to the palace?” She asks not noticing my devious survey of her form.

Looking out the window I frown. I don’t really know the landmarks along the way so I have very little way to tell. “I usually Apparate to the palace and have the elves bring my things.” I admit looking back down at her.

“You could have sent me in the carriage alone?” She offered looking around the small space. “You still could.” She pointed out as she looked back at me.

“I could but I don’t think that is the best idea.” I say not wishing to explain myself further I add. “But if you feel bad about it you could make it up to me from that position.” I tell her with a smirk.

Her eyes flick to my crotch, then back up to my eyes. A slow smirk spreads across her lips. “I don’t really think I feel that bad about it.” She says with a mischievous glint in her eye.

Reaching down I lift her chin so she has to look me in the eye. “Did you want me to take you over my knee right here in the carriage my little vixen?” I ask amused.

“You’ll mess up my hair and dress. We are dining with the Emperor when we get there.” She reminds me with wide eyes. “It took Heety an hour to do my hair.”

I sigh as I do want her to be presentable for the Emperor. I don’t need him seeing her tousled and giving him ideas. “That is why you are going to be a good girl so I won’t have to pull on your hair while you are enjoying my cock.” I say as I move back to my original idea.

She moves so that she is kneeling between my legs and looking up at me with her pouty full lips. “How am I going to be able to look Hermione in the eyes with the taste of your cum on my lips?”
I chuckle as I run gentle fingers down the side of her face. “Maybe you just need to get used to it? We should start every day with your lips around my shaft.” I say bringing a dusting of pink to her cheeks, she likes the idea.

I unlace my breeches for her as she keeps eye contact with me. I can see the pulse in her neck racing as the anticipation rises for both of us. She wets her lips and moves closer to me as I open my legs to allow her access to what we both want.

When I release my hardened shaft from its constraints she shifts forward keeping eye contact as her tongue playfully laps at the head of my rod. I hold my breath as I watch her wrap her lips around me running her tongue in a swirling motion that feels divine.

As her mouth starts to suck we both feel the carriage movement shift as we move from dirt to cobblestone roads. Ginevra freezes her actions, unsure of where we are or what is going on.

“We’ve just entered London my Lord. We should be to Hyde Park in few minutes.” The driver calls a warning making my pet pull away.

It is almost worth the discomfort of unfinished actions to watch how flustered she is. She looks at me with big eyes unsure if she should continue or get ready to be received by the Emperor.

I fix my pants with a wave of my wand and pull her up into the seat next to me. “It will be fine my sweet. We will finish this once we are released to our rooms” I tell her wrapping my arm around her to sooth her nerves.

“Are you alright?” She asks as she leans forward to look out the window.

We are soon swallowed by the city and I realize she had probably never seen anything like it. The biggest place she has probably ever visited was Hogsmeade, which is tiny by comparison to the metropolis that is London.

Her breath catches even as her face scrunches with the smell of so many living in close quarters to each other.

“Have you ever even seen a muggle before?” I ask her as she slowly moves closer to the window to take everything in.

“No…” She admits with a distracted voice. “It’s so devoid of color.”

“This area is mostly workshops and the like. They do not have the magic to see the air fresh and the streets clean.” I explain wondering if I can get her to see what sort of beasts, muggles really are.

“But they do seem to get along still in their lives without magic.” She says sitting back in her seat next to me. “That seems admirable in its way?” I am amused as I feel she is trying to do the same to me.

“Should we then admire the beasts who survive in the wild?” I ask shaking my head. “They are below us, just the same.”

“But what about muggleborns like Hermione? You can’t really say they are below us, they have magic like us. They can be taught to use it just the same as any of us.” She says making me roll my eyes.

“They learn magic as a dog learns tricks. They could make proper pets or work animals if well trained, but that is the extent of their use.”
“Is that the way you think of me, when you call me pet and beast?” She asks turning away from me once more.

We are getting near the park the palace resides in away from muggle eyes. The view starts to turn colorful and clean as we enter a wealthier neighborhood, but I do not think that is why she is looking.

“Oh, my dear if the only use I had for you was to fulfill my carnal desire, then such of thing would be true. But I chose you to bare my children, and you have pleased me with your wit and power. None of these things could be accomplished by a common mare.”

“So why is the Emperor working so hard to please Hermione?” She asks without looking at me.

I sigh moving against her so she can’t escape my presence. “Because he wants a well-trained beast, and with her it means making her feel comfortable so she doesn’t spook.” I whisper in her ear.

“Shall I tell him you do not wish to do your part for the Empire?” I ask as I move my hand from the bulge of her stomach to the swell of her breast.

“He would not be pleased with me.” She says in a husky voice as my mere presence affects her.

“He would require compensation for the slight.” I tell her honestly as I pull the fabric of her dress down running my nails over her skin as I reveal more of her breast. I hear her breath catch as her imagination fills in everything our Emperor would want from her.

I notice then the carriage has turned into Hyde Park and is nearing the gate to the palace. To the muggles, this gate seems as if it leads to a service area. But to anyone who can really see, it opens up into the beautiful and lush palace grounds.

“Time to decide my sweet.” I tell her fixing the dress and sitting back in my seat.
The Palace

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- I would like to thank Eclectic Pet my awesomely awesome beta for helping me to revise this story!

Ginny-

When Lucius helps me from the carriage I am a little overwhelmed by our welcome. The Emperor stands front and center of course, but there are so many people around to attend to his every need. It is a bit confusing to sort out servant from noble for a moment before I note that each has its own kind of uniform.

As propriety dictates we move to be greeted by the Emperor first, I curtsy to him as is expected wondering if I am in any way messed by my husband’s forward actions.

“It is lovely to see you again so soon Lady Malfoy.” He says making me look up so I can address him properly.

“It is very kind of you to invite us your Majesty.” I say giving him a soft smile that I know isn’t reaching my eyes.

When the Emperor reaches out and touches the skin of my neck, I can feel my eyes go wide as I hold my breath. Why is he touching me so intimately in front of so many of the peers?

“It seems you have a bruise Lady Malfoy.” He says rubbing his thumb across the hickey Lucius must have made this morning.

“So I your Majesty?” I ask unsure of what else to say.

I feel a slight warmth in my neck making me look up at him once more. He has no wand out, how could he be doing magic without a wand?

“There, all fixed.” He says as his fingers curl under the pearls of my necklace following them down to the lion hanging from the strand. “This is lovely.” He adds finally dropping his hand to his side.

“Thank you your Majesty.” Lucius finally speaks, as I have no voice at the moment. “We are tired from the trip, and were hoping to relax before dinner.” He adds taking my hand firmly in his own.

“Of course, I am told your apartments have been made ready.” He says dismissing us with a wave of his hand. “Dinner will be a small event this evening, just the three of us.” He adds with a predatory smile.

“We are honored your Majesty.” Lucius says with a bow and he leads me off into an entrance hall that dwarfs the one in Malfoy Manor.
When we are out of sight of the comers and goers, he pulls me unexpectedly into a shadowy alcove. His hands roughly tilt my head away from him so he can get a better look at the spot the Emperor healed.

“What’s wrong?” I ask as his actions make me anxious. “How did he cast magic without a wand?”

“The Emperor is in fact the most powerful wizard in the Empire, maybe even in the world.” Lucius says as he brushes his fingers over the spot on my neck. I jerk not expecting the jolt of pain the touch causes.

“What did he do?” I ask in a panic trying to pull myself away from Lucius’ grasp.

“Nothing as serious as he could have.” He says sounding relieved. “It’s a simple pain mark. It won’t have any lasting damage.”

“Why did he do that?” I ask looking up at my husband as he finally lets me go.

“For fun.” He responds with a sigh as he takes my arm more gently this time. “If you think I am a sadist, you would not believe the pain our Emperor revels in.”

“You said he wouldn’t try anything for a long while.” I point out swallowing hard.

“I still don’t think he will. I think he was just testing your boundaries.” He says obviously trying to calm me down. “You’ll feel better after we have had a chance to freshen up.” He adds with a playful smile.

“I’m not sure I’m in the mood.” Lifting my hand to lightly touch the mark on my neck. Even with being ready for it, I still jerk in pain as even the light brush feels as if someone is burning me.

Lucius-

“I’m not sure I’m in the mood.” She says and I watch her touch her neck from the corner of my eye. She jerks in pain and I wonder how strong he made the mark.

I am fuming under the surface but I work very hard not to show Ginevra how upset I am with the Emperor. Why does he always have to push? I am his loyal man, why does he have to seek out what is mine?

I have lied to her a few times now. I’m decently sure he will be all over her while we are here, but I don’t want her to worry about that just now. He isn’t one to pass up an opportunity when someone is weak and out of sorts. But there is simply no way she would be able to handle his focused attention while she is with child.

“You’re distracted.” She says as she places her hand over mine. I look to her and find worry for me in her eyes.

“You know how much I worry.” I tell her as I pat her hand with my free hand. “I don’t like things upsetting you right now.”

“So you won’t mind once I’m no longer breeding?” She asks a bit coldly for her and I look at her once again.

“Once you have my child I will trust in your strength to carry you through any disruption.” I say smoothly and she blushes a bit at my words, and graces me with a smile.
I open the door to our suite for her and follow her in without much thought. She’s stopped in the middle of the doorway and I bump her, as I wasn’t expecting the obstacle.

“What’s...?” I start but I can easily see past her to the three half-naked women lounging around the couch of our sitting room.

I can’t help but enjoy the sight of them for a moment. They are dressed up in deep green stockings and lingerie with ruffles and gems. The Emperor knows just what I like, and usually I am thankful for his little gifts, but flaunting these girls in front of my wife isn’t exactly something I am keen to do.

“Ladies, we will not be needing your services tonight.” I say as I move around Ginevra and head towards the bedroom without giving the girls a second thought.

It is a few minutes before she enters the room after me, and I can feel the huff she is in before she even speaks.

“What was that?” She asks and it is cute that she is trying to control her temper for now.

“That was a few whores that work here at the palace.” I say as I continue to change out of my travel clothes.

“Why were they here?” She asks and her voice is just a bit higher with this question. Merlin I hope she doesn’t start crying.

I sigh and turn to face her so she can see the honesty in my eyes. “Because they are something I used to dalliance in before we were married. The Emperor seems to be enjoying a little game with us.”

“Did you cheat on Narcissa?” She asks frowning because she is worried and feeling insecure. I admit those women were quite delicious looking, but it amazes me that Ginevra doesn’t know how much more lovely she is. How could she grow up around all that family and not know she is divine?

“Yes.” I tell her because it is true. “We allowed each other affairs as long as we were discreet about them. But that is not how I want this relationship to be.” I finish sitting down on the bed and patting the space next to me in hopes, she will come sit.

She shakes her head still frowning at me before starting to pace back and forth. “If that is all behind you then why were they here at all?” She asks not willing to be distracted. “You came here for business a while back, after we were married.” She says and I can tell her brain is going to all sorts of bad places.

“I have in fact been true to you Ginevra.” I say as I rub my temple. “The Dark Lord is playing games with us and I would prefer we don’t fall into every trap. He realizes what kind of woman you are and knows how to push buttons that should be left alone.

“There is no separate room for me here.” She says as if she didn’t hear a thing I just said.

“No. If you truly want your own room, I can make that arrangement. But it would mean sleeping alone, without my warmth or comfort in this unfamiliar place.” And without my protection if the Emperor decided to stop by her room.

“I am going to get cleaned up. Will you make those arrangements for me while I am doing that?” She asks as she moves towards the bathroom.

I let a low growl out as I think about what she is asking for. Sometimes she can be so simple.
“I’m not saying I will use them, but I feel I need the option right now.” She says as she pauses in the doorway.

“Fine.” I snap getting to my feet. “I will make your arrangements after I dress, but you will not leave this suite until I return.” I order before I go back to changing.

“Yes Sir.” She says softly as she closes the door to the bath.

Once I am fully changed for dinner I visit the master of the house to gain a nearby room for Ginevra’s use. With that chore out of the way, I go in search of Severus so I can vent my annoyance at someone other than my wife.

As most times when he is in the Palace, I find him in his lab playing with his potions. What I do not expect is to find the mudblood in there as well. She isn’t nearly as finely dressed as she was for her visit to my estate. She wears clothes more fit for a servant than the Emperor’s favorite.

“I did not realize you had company.” I say shortly because I still need to vent.

The bitch gives me a cold look and rolls her eyes. She had been sitting quite casually on one of Severus’ worktables and now slipped off with a shrug.

“Should I go?” She asks looking to Severus with an expression of fondness that nearly makes me laugh.

“He seems to be in a mood, we can finish this conversation tomorrow.” He offers and she smiles at him before pushing past me to leave the room.

“She seems very friendly.” I comment once the door is closed. “Does the Emperor know you are fiddling with his pet?”

“I’m not fiddling with her. She has a curious mind and it is my job to make her feel welcome and useful when the Emperor doesn’t require her attention.” He says dryly as he heads over to sit behind his desk. “Why are you here, I thought for sure you would be fiddling with your wife.”

I sigh and huff as I now start to pace. “She is being a shrew.” I state so he can feel sympathy for me. “Everything was going well and we were just starting to reconnect after that pesky Ball business, and now suddenly she is being a shrew.”

Severus raises an eyebrow at me as if he knows there is more to the story than I am telling. He knows me too well to just give me sympathy when I ask for it.

“I had her rather excited in the carriage ride up here. I was so ready to have some fun before dinner.” I tell him finally sitting down across from him as I huff with frustration. “It was going to be exciting fucking her here, playing with her in the gardens, having her in every dark corner of the palace.”

“So what do you need to apologize for?” He asks and I glare at him.

“I’ve done nothing at all.” I snap shaking my head. “No, it started to go downhill the moment we were greeted by his Majesty and he decided to lay a pain mark upon her neck in the guise of healing a blemish I may have left there playfully. Then I almost have her relaxed again when we get to our rooms only to find he’s left three tarts there for me to play with.”

“He does seem to be having fun with you.” Severus comments unhelpfully.

“He only wants a taste of her because she is good and pure and young and mine.” I growl
slamming my hand down on the arm of the chair.

“Those are the exact reasons he wants a taste of her. But I want to warn you, if he likes that taste. He is getting quite bored with Bella.” Severus says making me feel worse, not better.

“What about the mudblood? I thought for sure he was entertaining himself with her virtue.” I say looking up at my friend with a frown.

“He is corrupting her for his own purposes, and maybe eventually there will be more, but not until the time is right.”

I rub my face with my hands and shake my head. “His little game has made her ask for her own room. What do you think will happen when she is alone at night?”

“I can see the problem. Doesn’t she have a personal elf? Set the thing to guard her and get you if anyone comes to visit.”

**Ginny-**

Once Lucius leaves, I come out of the bathroom I’ve been hiding in and find the dress Heety has already started to lay out for me. I’m still not exactly used to having so many different dresses to wear, and we’ve only brought the best for my time here at the Palace.

“Heety?” I call as I try to loosen my own bodice and I soon feel her nimble fingers on the lace. I relax when she frees me from my travel clothes and sit down wearing only my stockings and underthings.

The white stockings make me think of the girls in green. My underthings aren’t nearly as ruffled and pretty, and I find myself wondering why Lucius would even want me at all.

“Heety not know why Mistress sad?” The elf says as she places a hand on mine.

“I know I’m a conquest Heety.” I tell her as I lick my lips. “What happens when he feels he finally has conquered all of me? I thought I was being so smart this morning in the bath, but how much longer until he doesn’t…” I bite my lower lip.

“Master not marry conquest.” She says so firmly that I have to look up at her. “If Master only want prove him better, he not keep you.”

I take in a deep breath and shake my head in disbelief. “Why was his first marriage so cold? You don’t think it was just time? You don’t think he will want those women because he is tired of me?”

“Heety think Mistress not know last Mistress.” Heety says softly. “Heety hear stories. Heety know not the same.”

I sigh giving the elf a half smile. “I should be ready by the time he returns.” I say getting to my feet because I don’t want to think about it anymore.

Once I’m dressed in the satin peach creation, I walk out into the sitting room only to think how I don’t wish to sit in it.

“Is there someplace nearby to walk Heety?” I ask even though I know it will tire me out.

“There a courtyard Heety could show Mistress.” She offers and I nod.

“There is still time before dinner?” I ask and the elf nods in response.
The garden courtyard is the size of a large room. I walk over and sit on one of the beautifully crafted stone benches. This is a place I can sit and enjoy. We obviously have a large garden back at the Manor, but it is so constrained and formulated that it doesn’t give me the feeling of being near the earth. But here in this courtyard with the garden seeming wild and free relaxes me more than home.

I start humming to myself without much thought, and before I know it, I’m singing softly because I feel like the last person in this world. For some reason I’m finding it very nice to just be alone.

“I didn’t know you had such a lovely voice Lady Malfoy.” The smooth voice of the Emperor interrupted my musing.

I stand quickly and curtsy to him, keeping my eyes down so I do not have to look into his face. “I don’t sing in front of people, your Majesty.” I tell him wishing now that I had stayed in my room.

“Are you out here because Lucius is enjoying my gift?” He asks without shame.

“No my Lord. He thanks you for the thought, but with me here he didn’t require the company.” I say trying to be diplomatic.

He moves around me and sits on the bench I just rose from. With a quick glance around, I realize he doesn’t have anyone with him. We are alone and now I must wonder how he just happened upon me here.

“I should head back to my room your Majesty.” I say but I know that I can’t actually leave until he says so.

“Stay, I want to sit with you for a while.” He says motioning to the place I had just been sitting.

“You honor me your Majesty, but Lucius will be wondering where I’ve gotten off to.”

“Sit Ginevra, I wish to talk to you.” He says a bit more firmly and I know I must sit or risk his anger. I swallow and take the seat beside him trying not to panic. Lucius said he wouldn’t be after me like that, that he would give me time to recover.

“Did you have someone watching me your Majesty?” I ask because I feel it is the only way he would be here right now.

“Lucius is right. You do have a cunning mind.” He says sounding amused. “It’s just hiding under all that meekness.” He says lightly tilting my chin so I must look up at him.

“You are the great leader of the Empire in which I live.” I lick my lips before continuing. “It is only proper to show you respect, your Majesty.”

“I guess it is.” He agrees as he smiles down at me.

“But maybe it is not proper for you to be touching me with such familiarity your Majesty?” I ask feeling like a cornered rabbit.

“No, it isn’t really proper at all.” He says with a smile before he now gets to his feet. “You are such a curious thing. I’m going to enjoy when you give into me. What Master Lestrange tried to do to you is abhorrent. Nothing like that should ever happen to a Lady of the realm. But you should know that I will have you, you will ask me to take you to bed.”

I know I am flushing crimson with how forward he is being. “I am true to my husband your
Majesty.” I tell him feeling a bit breathless.

“For now, but a month changes many things.” He says simply.

“A month your Majesty?” I ask because I hadn’t known we were staying so long. Lucius had said ‘for a bit’ is that really a whole month.

“Yes. I’ve just decided Hermione will need a companion for a while.” He says and I can feel his eyes on me as I try not to frown.

“That is so kind of you your Majesty.” I tell him as I try not to fidget. “But you must also remember that I am with child. What you are asking isn’t exactly…” I don’t know how to word what I am trying to say.

He reaches out and brushes his fingers over the pain mark on my neck. I can’t help but whimper as I bite my lip harder.

“Is that so? Does that mean I should send Lucius back my gift so that he has something for stress relief while you are occupied?” He asks before pushing hard on the spot making my vision go white with pain.

“Ahh!” I can’t help the scream that springs from me as I fall off the bench to my knees. “Please your Majesty?” I beg, wanting him to stop.

“Was that a yes?” He asks as he pulls his hand away and the pain disappears so quickly it is as if it was never there. The magic of that simple release makes me a bit lightheaded.

“No your Majesty. But I worry that you may not be as careful around my child as Lucius is.” I say because I need to be honest with this man if I am going to get him to understand anything.

He sits back on the bench without a word, but I stay kneeling in the grass, keeping the mark on the side away from the Emperor.

“That may be a valid worry.” He agrees after a moment. “It is something I will think on.” He adds after a moment then gets to his feet once again. “I am happy for Lucius. He does deserve to have more children.” He says as he uses light fingers to make me look up at him once more. “And I see in you a fit companion for his desires. I only slightly regret not finding you first. You would have made me a fine wife.” He pats my cheek gently before turning and walking away.

When I make it back to the room Lucius is there pacing and glares at me the moment I open the door.

“What happened to staying here while I was gone?” He snaps obviously angry with me still. He thinks I am being stupid about the girls I just know it.

“I couldn’t sit in here.” I say as I motion to the couch.

“And why are there grass stains on your dress?” He asks motioning to the two spots where my knees dug into the grass.

“I can fix that.” I tell him because cleaning spells were something my mother taught me well.

“That isn’t the point and you know it. You are not as stupid as you’re acting today.” He growls as he moves towards me so fiercely that I take a few steps away from him. He grabs my arm and pulls me with him to the couch before dumping me roughly over his lap.
“Get off me!” I yell as I try to push back against him.

He holds my back in place with one hand as he pushes my skirt up with the other. “You will take your punishment for disobeying me.” He says firmly before pulling down my knickers and bringing down a swift spank right on my bottom.

The first sting makes me gasp and all the fight leaves me. His assault on my arse with a firm hand.

“Tell me who you were kneeling to.” He commands as he continues the punishment.

“I fell.” I whimper honestly, because I don’t really have the focus to tell anything longer than that.

“Was anyone with you when you fell?” He asks snidely as the spanks get harder.

“The Emperor.” I gasp putting my head down as I imagine my butt being lit on fire.

“Did you really go fuck him after I just said I have been true to you?” He growls pushing me from his lap and standing swiftly. “Do you really want so badly to be his whore like Bellatrix?”

“No!” I gasp hating the fact that being spanked always seemed to make me cry like a child. “I didn’t fuck him.” I say trying to wipe my face because I’m mad too. “I fell from the bench because he… he… used the pain mark.”

All I can hear now is my own sniffling and I imagine that I look like a complete mess now. “He told me that he wouldn’t force me into his bed. That I’ll have to ask for his attention like that.” I explain even though I feel like I shouldn’t have to. Only silence meets me so I continue. “I told him no. I told him I was true to you.”

I hear his sigh above me and watch as he sits back on the couch. He pulls me up into his lap again, but to cradle me, not punish me. I don’t know why I’m going to him so easily now, I can only think how I need the comfort he is offering.

“I’m sorry.” He says finally and the words sound strained. “Not for punishing you, but for losing my temper. You agreed to stay here and then left.” He points out as he carefully holds me so that my bottom doesn’t press against anything.

“I’m sorry.” I say leaning my head against his chest. “I don’t want to share you and I don’t want to be shared.” I tell him softly.

“I think we can still hold him off for a while, but you should sleep with me while we are here.” He tells me and I nod in agreement.

“He is keeping us for a month.” I say because I am not sure if Lucius knows.

“He is keeping us for as long as he wishes. That may be a month or that may be a year.” He tells me honestly. “Did he say anything else?”

“That he regrets not finding me first, but only slightly.” I say biting my lip as I frown at the next part. “That I would have made him a fine wife.”

He sighs nodding in agreement. “You would have.” He says making me wrinkle my nose. “A beautiful, young, and fertile masochist is not easy to come by.”
Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!

Ginny-

Heety helps me fix my hair and clothes before we go to dinner with the Emperor. We are still a bit late now and as I step into the private dining room, I can feel his eyes on me.

“We are sorry for being late your Majesty. There were some last minute details we needed to take care of.” Lucius says easily as he leads me over to the large table.

It is made of beautiful dark shining wood that reflects the candles in the room. It could seat twenty easily, but only three places on one end are set for dining. The Emperor sits at the end of the table, seeming comfortable and powerful in his place.

It seems we are both to sit across from one another beside him. Lucius helps me to my seat and pushes it in for me, before going around the long way to get to his seat. I guess it isn’t proper to walk behind the Emperor. I would feel more comfortable if he was sitting next to me, but that is not within my power.

The Emperor doesn’t speak until Lucius is sitting, and then he looks to my husband with an amused light in his eyes.

“I am sure your young wife has told you of our conversation in the courtyard.” He says again having no shame over his plans for me.

“Yes your Majesty.” My husband starts before the Emperor interrupts him.

“Lucius this is a gathering of friends, let us not stand on formality, you know you can call me Voldemort.” He says as if he is giving a great gift.

“Thank you Voldemort.” He says with a bow of his head. “Ginevra doesn’t keep things from me. She is of course honored by your kind words.”

“Of course she is, and she told you then how eager I am to feel her gratitude personally.” He says and I think the Emperor is trying to make me blush.

“I told him everything your Majesty.” I say because I don’t want them to continue to have this conversation as if I’m not in the room.

“You, my sweet, little thing may call me Tom.” He says as his fingers brush against my cheek. I send Lucius a panicked look not sure how to respond for a moment.

“She is honored again Voldemort.” He says the name our Emperor takes in battle, and I wonder
what underlining meaning these honors really are.

“I’m sure she is.” He says as his fingers travel down to my neck. I realize too late that my seat gives him the perfect access to the mark.

I let out a gasp and move away from his hand when the digits brush over my skin.

“I thought you liked pain my dear?” The Emperor asks sounding curious as he looks to Lucius. Did he really tell the Emperor about the things we do in bed? I blush at the thought and look to my husband as well.

“She enjoys it immensely, but I think the mark you so thoughtfully placed on her neck frightens her too much to be a source of pleasure.” Lucius explains and I can’t help but hide my face now behind my hands.

“You don’t like to be a little frightened Ginevra?” The Emperor asks forcing me to look at him once more.

“I don’t know your Majesty.” I tell him honestly.

“Tom.” He insists again before servants start to enter with the first course and wine. I take water with my meal, which seems to amuse him all the more.

“My healer says it is better for the child.” I explain trying to act as if we are more familiar.

“We’re going to be great friends Ginevra, you must see that.” He says giving me a dark smile.

“Is Miss Hermione not joining us tonight?” I ask instead of answering his question

“Yes, I thought you would be seeing a great deal of your newest companion?” Lucius chimes in obviously approving of the subject change.

“You will be of course, but I wished for this supper to just be us so we can all understand each other.” The Emperor says carefully. “I must ask you a favor in regards to Miss Granger.” He says turning to me. He makes favor sound like a threat.

“Whatsoever you need Tom.” I say trying not to seem intimidated.

“Good. I think it would just distress her to know of our little flirtations, and I would rather not distress her.” He says and I understand perfectly what he is asking.

“I understand.” I tell him with a nod. “It is none of her concern.” I say lightly.

“I am glad we understand each other, hopefully soon we will have a more intimate understanding.” He says ending in a slightly husky voice.

“Are you sure it wouldn’t be better to focus on understanding Miss Granger?” Lucius comments lightly.

The Emperor chuckles and shakes his head. “Miss Granger will never be my Mistress and obviously not my wife. Fortunately I can focus on several things at once.”

“But I thought Lady Lestrange was your Mistress?” It was very common knowledge in the empire.

“She was for some time, but I have decided I need a new distraction as she grows more and more tiresome.”
“A wife can be very distracting.” Lucius says easily as he smiles at me.

“Your wife is very distracting.” The Emperor counters. “If they all could be so it would be a much easier life. No I don’t think I’ll ever be taking a wife, unless I find myself in need of a political alliance.”

“What about your heirs?” I ask because I’ve read the law, and it doesn’t seem the Emperor is exempt from having three sons if he can.

“Yet another reason to find a more fertile Mistress.” He says with a smirk for me.

“What?” I ask like a stupid person and shoot a panicked look to Lucius.

“I’ve been bedding Bella for years with no happy outcome. I think it is time to try something new.” He says as he reaches out to touch my cheek. “It would be a great honor to be mother to my heir.

“Yes, any woman would be more than honored, but you know taking a virgin can lead to powerful children.” Lucius says and I blush as I look down at my stomach.

“That kind of rite requires the marrying of said virgin.” The Emperor counters as he drops his hand from me again. “Did you invoke such magics on your wedding night Lucius?” He asks curiously and I think back to all the ritual around our first coupling.

“Yes my Lord, we married under the Liga Magia rite.” He explains something I don’t understand.

“Did you?” He asks sounding impressed. “She was powerful enough to participate in that rite?” He asks smiling at me.

“She is powerful in her own right.” Lucius agrees with pride in his voice, and I have to wonder how he knew I was powerful before our wedding.

“Look at me, my dear.” The Emperor commands as he moves my chin to face him. “Do you know what you’ve promised your husband?” He asks with a smile that makes me frown.

“No.” I say looking to my husband out of the corner of my eye.

“He doesn’t want you to know his plans for you. But there are benefits to keeping my interest.” He says with a cruel smile.

“Your Majesty!” Lucius tries to interrupt but the Emperor just waves him off.

“No.” I say looking to my husband out of the corner of my eye.

“He doesn’t want you to know his plans for you. But there are benefits to keeping my interest.” He says with a cruel smile.

“Your Majesty she won’t understand, please stop. I will tell her when she is ready.” My husband says sounding panicked.

“There are three kinds of binding in our world Ginevra.” The Emperor continues as he ignores Lucius. “The binding of the mind, the body, and the core of magic. The Liga Magia rite has those to be wed, sort of promise to be bonded to their partner in all ways.”

“That doesn’t sound so bad.” I say, wondering what has Lucius so upset. “Isn’t that what marriage is supposed to be?”

Lucius-

“Look at me my dear.” The Emperor commands taking Ginevra’s face in hand. I wish he would stop touching her so freely. “Do you know what you’ve promised your husband?”
“Your Majesty!” I gasp putting up my hand before he ruins my plans for my wife. He waves his hand to try and silence my protests.

“No.” She says glancing in my direction. She is worried, she doesn’t want any of this anymore than I do.

“He doesn’t want you to know his plans for you. But there are benefits to keeping my interest.” The Emperor coos as he works to seduce my wife right in front of me.

“Your Majesty she won’t understand, please stop. I will tell her when she is ready.” I ask because there is nothing else I can do now.

“There are three kinds of binding in our world Ginevra.” The Emperor continues ignoring me. “The binding of the mind, the body, and the core of magic. The Liga Magia rite has those to be wed, sort of promise to be bonded to their partner in all ways.”

“That doesn’t sound so bad. Isn’t that what marriage is supposed to be?” She asks a bit shyly as she knows she is obviously missing something.

He actually runs his thumb over her lips then and smiles at her as if he’s caught her in a trap.

“Your body already belongs to him, as his belongs to you. That promise was fulfilled when you two consummated your marriage. If your child was in fact conceived as the promise was fulfilled it will be quite talented in the magical arts.”

She places her hand on her stomach as she thinks about our child growing inside of her.

“That is enough, please your Majesty.” I try once again and at least he finally drops his hand from her chin.

“You two have more control over each other’s bodies than you would think. This is probably adding to how very fit you are for one another.” The Emperor explains and I never really thought of that connection before.

She blushes again and frowns as she is obviously trying to decide if that is true.

“Tell me Ginevra, did you enjoy a good spanking growing up?” He asks amused as he thinks it is the marriage rite that turned my wife into a masochist.

Her breath catches in just the right way to tell me exactly what she is thinking. The Emperor’s smile grows into a delighted grin, as he too understands her reaction.

“You did in a way didn’t you?” He asks happily. “You are a divine little creature Ginevra.” He says as she looks away embarrassed.

“Next there is the binding of the mind.” The Emperor starts and I wish he would just drop this.

“Tell me Ginevra, did you enjoy a good spanking growing up?” He asks amused as he thinks it is the marriage rite that turned my wife into a masochist.

Her breath catches in just the right way to tell me exactly what she is thinking. The Emperor’s smile grows into a delighted grin, as he too understands her reaction.

“You did in a way didn’t you?” He asks happily. “You are a divine little creature Ginevra.” He says as she looks away embarrassed.

“Next there is the binding of the mind.” The Emperor starts and I wish he would just drop this.

“Your Majesty…” I interrupt again making him finally look over at me with a glare.

“Hold your tongue Lord Malfoy before I hold it for you.” He growls because I keep interrupting his fun. I wonder if this is how Lord Lestrange felt when the Emperor was courting his betrothed.

“Where was I? Oh, yes the binding of the mind. I’m nearly sure you have already fulfilled that promise as well, if Lucius is half as smart as I think he is. Have you ever given over to his control completely surrendering yourself to him?”
Ginevra looks between the two of us obviously remembering doing just that to me several times in our short marriage.

“I thought so. But he has never given himself back, and I am absolutely sure he never will. The effect of this is not mind control such as the Imperious. No, this control will let your thoughts be your own, they will just lean ever so gracefully towards his benefit. What do you think of that my dear? I am sure you are finding yourself being more and more fond of your husband as time goes by.”

She blinks at the question and I notice there is a glassy look to her eyes. If she starts crying in front of the Emperor there will be no stopping his amusement.

“I am very fond of Lucius.” She says tightly as she works to control her own emotions. I reach my foot out under the table to tap hers and give my support in the only way I can just now. “But he is also very fond of me. Have you not noticed how he is true to me as I am to him?” She asks the Emperor boldly.

“I have noticed.” The Emperor smirks. “Maybe he fulfilled the promise accidentally.” He muses looking over to me with interest. “You’re not usually so careless though.”

“I seem to have walked into this conversation blindly your Majesty.” I say trying to keep my voice calm as well.

“That only leaves the magical binding, where you will be able to tap into each other’s magical cores to supplement your own power. Would you like to know how that promise is fulfilled?”

“I assume I must give over in some magical way? Let my husband control my core willingly for some greater purpose that will arise.” She guesses pulling her foot away from my touch.

“Exactly. I’m always pleased when quick minds are found in such pretty packaging.” The Emperor says before taking a bite from his dinner.

“I will be sure to watch out for such things.” She says and gives me a smile that doesn’t quite reach her eyes.

My wife is smart enough to know that the Emperor is trying to create a wedge between us. So she is not about to show him that he is, in fact succeeding.

We spend the rest of dinner talking about the political landscape. Ginevra says little, but watches us with curious eyes as she is taking in everything we say. Every so often, she will make an insightful comment on the subject and I can’t help but feel pride that she is mine.

When we finally retire for the night I take her arm, but she feels a bit stiff against my side. She is silent for the walk back to our room, not looking at or even acknowledging that I am there. I leave her to her own musings for now. It isn’t truly safe to speak in the halls anyway.

Once we are alone in our rooms though she quickly turns on me with a scowl. “Are you really trying to control my every emotion?” She asks crossing her arms over her chest.

“I started to believe you wanted me for something more than a breeding mare.” She says looking away. “But you’ve always treated me like a pet more than a wife.” She says throwing my name for her back at me.
“And you enjoy it!” I point out as I stomp my foot. “You want to be owned, why can’t you just admit that and be done with it!” I say taking two strides towards her so I can grab her arm and shake some sense into her. “Stop letting what you think you are supposed to be or have and enjoy what you actually want.”

“You’re using magic against me!” She yells trying to pull away from me, but I will not let her go. “How do I even know what I want?”

“As you pointed out yourself I am just as vulnerable to the magic you little brat! No matter what I originally planned I belong to you!” I admit what I now know to be true. “Somewhere along the way I gave myself to you.”

She looks up at me with wide eyes, searching my expression for the truth and shakes her head, as she doesn’t want to believe what I am saying. “I don’t believe you. Why would you do this to me in the first place if you didn’t just want to use me?” She asks pulling away and this time I let her go.

“In the first place? You know perfectly well why I married you in the first place.” I tell her coldly. “I still get much enjoyment from owning you and flaunting it in your father’s face. I’ve never hidden that from you.”

“Then why did you hide this magic from me?” She asks blushing because she knows I’m right.

I sigh looking down at her as I try to control my temper once more. “I want to own you completely. If you knew about my plans you would be more guarded against them.” I tell her honestly.

I watch as her jaw shifts while she tries to think of how to respond, but I beat her to it. “I should have told you about my plans as soon as I realized that you wanted to be owned.”

She looks away from me now frowning. “What happens if all promises are fulfilled?” She asks softly taking another step away from me.

“The rite will empower the one who has fulfilled the promises.” I tell her simply. “It doesn’t grant the kind of control that you think. You or I would never be an unthinking slave or anything of that sort.”

“But you would be able to use this power as well.” She says looking up at me. “You would be able to stop me from using my own power.” She says as her fast little mind works on the problem.

“Yes.” I agree because it is true.

“Is there any way to undo the rite?” She asks shaking her head.

“You could kill me.” I offer and she snaps her eyes to look up at me. “But you would never do that. Not because I have somehow enchanted you, but because you care for me.”

“You tried to stop the Emperor from telling me because you were planning to trick me into giving you everything that I am.” She tells me coldly. “How could I ever care about you?” She asks before turning her back and heading into the bedroom where she slams the door.

I walk over to the small bar in my sitting room and pour myself some cognac. She needs time to cool off, and I need a drink. I bring the bottle with me over to a comfortable chair and place it next to me before summoning a book.

Only once I am comfortable do I hear a knock at the door. I am in no mood to deal with anything else, but if it is the Emperor, it isn’t as if I can deny him.
“Come in.” I call because I do not wish to get out of my spot.

“We need to talk.” Severus says looking around the room for a moment before I motion to the bedroom door.

I pull out my wand pointing toward the door so we can talk without my wife overhearing.

“I don’t know why you’re in a huff. You didn’t just have dinner with the Emperor.” I tell him frowning about my plight. “Do you think he ever bedded Narcissa, or is this because my wife is young and beautiful? I would like to think it is about her, and not about ruining my day.”

“You should keep a close eye on her while she is at the palace.” He says getting a glass himself before pouring some cognac from my bottle and making himself comfortable.

“So why do we need to talk?” I ask him because I’m really in no mood for company.

“The Emperor isn’t the only one you need to worry about. The Potters and their dog are visiting the palace as well.” Severus says with a sneer. “I’ve heard their brat talking about kindling a friendship with your poor wife.”

“They never come to the palace.” I say sitting up as I remember how that teen was looking at my wife at the ball.

“They are here for the same reason you’re here, Hermione.” He says shaking his head. “His Majesty is determined to make her feel like she is one of us.”

“Well I can’t very well keep an eye on her with the fight we’re having.” I snap in frustration. “She will need some major release to calm down after tonight.” I say getting up and pacing with my glass still in my hand.

“Fight?” Severus asks curiously.

“Please tell me you’re not here to report to him, I can’t deal with that right now.” I say glaring back at Severus. “He is being relentless in his advances on her. I didn’t think it would be this bad or I would postponed our trip here.”

“What happened?”

“He told her the details of our wedding rite!” I growl throwing the drink at the ground as I get worked up once again. “How am I supposed to smooth that over with someone like her?”

“Finish the ritual.” Severus says as if it is just so simple.

“She would never finish it.” I tell him as if he is insane.

Severus sighs and looks at me as if I’m being thick. “You’ve already given her body and mind Lucius, give her your magic.”

“You don’t know that!” I snap because that is an even crazier idea.

“I know you Lucius. I know how she enthralls you. If you freely give her your magic than she can trust you won’t take advantage of her. With as good and in love as she is, she may simply return the favor and the rite can be completed as it was always supposed to be. That rite isn’t about domination. If you don’t believe me show her the original script, tell me how she sees those words.”

“If I show her, she will see how much I wanted to own her.” I remind him and he just shakes his
“Show her tonight Lucius, or risk her being taken away.” He says getting to his feet.

**Ginny**

After I slam the door and lock it so that he won’t come after me, I sit exactly where I was standing by the door and pull my knees to my chest as best as I can. I start to tremble before the tears actually come, and it is a blessing I held them back before any of the others could see my weakness.

I’m not sure how long I sit like that, cold and thinking about nothing at all. When I hear a knock on the outer door. A moment later, I hear Lucius telling the person to come in.

“We need to talk.” Master Snape says and I find myself moving closer to the door. There is nothing for a long time after that, before I realize they must have put a silencing spell up on the door.

Licking my lips, I pull out my wand. I am in no mood to be a good girl right now so I start casting dispelling charms until I can hear them again. After the third spell I hear Lucius, I smile to myself and move even closer to the door.

“They never come to the palace.” He says and I wonder whom they are talking about.

“They are here for the same reason you’re here, Hermione. His Majesty is determined to make her feel like she is one of us.”

“Well I can’t very well keep an eye on her with the fight we’re having.” Lucius snaps harshly as if it is my fault. “She will need some major release to calm down after tonight.”

“Fight?”

“Please tell me you’re not here to report to him, I can’t deal with that right now. He is being relentless in his advances on her. I didn’t think it would be this bad or I would postponed our trip here.”

“What happened?”

“He told her the details of our wedding rite!” He yells and I hear something glass shatter. “How am I supposed to smooth that over with someone like her?” Lucius says and I wonder what he means, someone like me? What is someone like me?

“Finish the ritual.” Severus answers simply and I made a face at the door.

“She would never finish it.” My husband says and I have to agree with him.

I hear a heavy sigh before Snape speaks again. “You’ve already given her body and mind Lucius, give her your magic.”

“You don’t know that!” Lucius snaps and I widen my eyes at the very idea. He would never do that.

“I know you Lucius. I know how she entralls you. If you freely give her your magic than she can trust you won’t take advantage of her. With as good and in love she is, she may simply return the favor and the rite can be completed as it was always supposed to be. That rite isn’t about domination. If you don’t believe me show her the original script, tell me how she sees those words.”

“If I show her, she will see how much I wanted to own her.” Lucius says and now I am truly
confused.

“Show her tonight Lucius, or risk her being taken away.” Snape warns ominously.

Me being taken away from Lucius? My first impulse is to be frightened of the idea, but is that just the rite taking effect on me? I am kneeling at the door thinking things over. I’m so distracted in my own mind I don’t hear Lucius unlock the door and when he opens it he startles me. I think I started him as well with my proximity to the door.

“How much did you hear?” He asks and when I look up at him, he has a frown on his lips and a very old scroll in his hand.

“Who are you worried about coming to the palace?” I ask because I’m pretty sure that answers his question too.

“Master Potter.” He says in actual honesty. “He is taken with you and made a good impression on your family at the ball.”

“But I already belong to you.” I point out tilting my head.

“Do you?” He asks smirking.

“We’re married, and I am having your child.” I point out not liking that look.

“Come sit with me.” He says helping me to my feet so we can both sit on the bed. I am too confused to be angry with him still, but I know that feeling may return. “Your family is working to get our marriage contract voided at least. It cannot undo our marriage rite, but it would mean legally you belong to them again.”

“I didn’t know.” I say frowning a bit, as I look down at my hands. It is weird to think my family has been taking action.

“If they were to succeed before you had our child he would be a Weasley and not a Malfoy under the law. Your father would acknowledge him, and I would be forbidden from doing so.”

“How could my father acknowledge my son?” I ask frowning because that isn’t the way things work.

“He would adopt him as a son.” He says as if it’s all so simple.

I crinkle my nose. “But I can’t share a son with my father.” I say wondering why they are trying to make such a thing happen.

“Under the law you wouldn’t be. He would be considered your brother. You would have no rights to him as a mother either.”

I shake my head as I put my hands over our child. Why would my parents do such a thing to me?

“For the future they want, it would be the best option. You could then be remarried without shame.”

“When did this all happen?” I ask wondering why he is telling me now.

“They started the true legal complaints just after the ball. I believe the Potters are helping them with the process. Their boy has an eye for you, and they are wealthy enough to help your family the way I thought I already had. Of course they would owe me the bride price back if they took you from me.”
“Is this all true, or are you trying to manipulate me some more?” I ask frowning at him. “Why tell me now?”

He sighs and shakes his head. “I can show you the documents I’ve received. I was trying to protect you from this scandal. But I see now that I can’t do that.” He says and reaches his hand up to touch my face before pulling it away in second thought.

“I don’t know what I want.” I tell him as I look away quickly.

“Severus thinks you will see different meaning in the description of our marriage rite than I do. He thinks if I show you this, and fulfill the last promise that things can heal between us.”

“I don’t see how when you’ve kept this from me, and manipulated me from the start.”

“In my defense it is something you enjoy about me. But I will leave you with this text and sleep on the couch this evening. I know you are angry with me, but you truly cannot leave this room without me during our stay here.”

“Okay.” I agree and he gets to his feet leaving the scroll on the bed as he makes his way to the door.

“After all of this. I guess I have to admit that I actually love you Ginevra.” He says then closes the door leaving me alone in the room.

I glance at the scroll and shake my head at it. What if it’s just another manipulation? I turn my back on it and call Heety to actually go through the work of getting ready for bed. I don’t even look at the scroll again until I pull back the covers on my side and it falls to the ground.

With a sigh, I pick it up and sit down on the bed once more. I unroll it because even if it is a manipulation I do want to know more about our wedding rite. Skimming it I see he is right, this was the exact ritual we performed, down to the description of how the magic would feel.

I find the description of what the ritual is supposed to do exactly and read the words carefully.

To bind in marriage with a promise of ownership.

Three promises are made: Body, Mind, Magic.

Promises may go unfulfilled, but the power is held with strength.

I blink at the simple words and frown as I look at the door. He thought this ritual would give him power over me. I look down at the words once again chewing on my bottom lip.

Setting the scroll down I walk to the door to find Lucius laying on the couch as if he was actually planning to sleep there.

“Promises may go unfulfilled, but the power is held with strength.” I say making him look up at me. “Have you ever seen that ritual performed before you decided upon it?” I ask making my way over to him in my nightgown.

“No. It is too risky of a ritual to do with someone who knows what it is.” He says sleepily as he watches me suspiciously. I kneel down by him so I can look into his eyes. “It’s very powerful magic Ginevra.”

“It’s love magic Lucius. Promises may go unfulfilled, BUT power is held with strength. I never feel stronger than when I surrender myself to you.” I try to explain. “It is a ritual not to go into lightly,
but you were giving me all the power from the start.

“This is what Severus thought you would see in those words.” He says brushing hair from my face. “And you don’t think that maybe this is another trick?”

“I love you Lucius.” I admit and straighten my back. “I am adjusting to your world, and I know love is not a strength here. But in my world it is.” I put my hand over the spot I always imagine my magic flowing and try to surrender it into my hand.

“I know the Emperor told me all of this so I will be parted from you and more vulnerable to his advances.” I say as a light forms in my hand. “But until I read that I couldn’t trust my own feelings for you. The magic doesn’t make feelings; it strengthens them. I give myself to you completely, because I am already strong.” I tell him as I pass the light to him. I know it is the ritual that is helping me keep this promise, and I am glad for it, because I want it all out of the way.

“You actually trust me with this power?” He asks as he looks down at the light in his hand.

“You may use it against me, but if experience says anything, only in the most delicious ways.” I say feeling a bit bold, but blushing nonetheless.

Lucius sits up and closes his hand around the light until it disappears completely. “You are mine completely and always.” He says as he is still looking down into my eyes.

I smile sadly at him, but nod my head as I wonder what he will do now.

“I don’t think I have ever been so trusted by anyone in my entire life.” He says cupping my cheek as he studies me for a long time. “Severus says I could give you mine, complete the ritual.” He adds something we both already know.

“It would make us stronger together.” I tell him but I don’t expect him to be able to make such a surrender, even if he does care for me.

“But a Master never surrenders in the same way as his pet.” He says after a long silence.
Lucius-

“But a Master never surrenders in the same way as his pet.” I say as I look into her wide eyes. How could she just surrender everything to me after she knew and understood what that would mean?

If I’m honest I am buying myself time while I figure out this new power she has given me. I can feel her core as if it is an extension of my own, and I know I could draw magic from it if I needed to. I’ve always thought she was powerful, but I had no idea of the holocaust raging inside of her.

“Are you alright?” She asks as she looks at me with now worried eyes. I am having trouble controlling my expression and my emotions now. Holding onto this power for myself, not sharing it with her like I’ve promised, it’s quickly becoming too much for me.

“I need a moment.” I tell her keeping my hands clasped together so she doesn’t see them shake. “I want you to go lay down, with none of this in my way.” I order her nodding to her nightgown.

She frowns slightly at this tilting her head. “Lucius, I don’t know if I forgive you yet.” She says and I have to look at her in complete bewilderment.

“I see what the ritual is, but that doesn’t change the fact of what you tried to make it. I will forgive you in time, but loving you and forgiving you are not the same thing.”

I narrow my eyes at her and get to my feet, because I need her to submit to me. I need her to submit so that I can at the very least get some release. The more time I spend holding on to our power myself the more I question if I can even hold onto it safely.

“You will submit to me tonight pet.” I say working to act strong as I feel like I’m vibrating. “I will consider giving you time to forgive me after tonight. But you will submit to now.” I stand over her thinking I may need to use this new power to make her obey. If I tell her that I am suffering it is showing weakness, and I show weakness to no one.

“If you make me submit right now I may never forgive you.” She says stubbornly so I grab her by the hair and try not to shake as I lean over her and force her to look me in the eyes.

“You will submit to me tonight and you will thank me for it after I am done with you. When did you get this idea that I wasn’t the one still in control?” I growl as I study her eyes.

She whimpers as she bites her lower lip. “Why can’t you give me this after I just gave you my trust?” She asks as she works hard not to fight my hold.

I take a deep breath because I need her to be calm for the games I wish to play tonight. I don’t want
to have to punish her. “Because I can’t give you space tonight. Not after what you have done. I need you to submit my pet.” I explain and that is the closest I will ever get to admitting anything.

She closes her eyes as she decides if she is going to fight me, or submit. We both know I can and will make her bend to my will, but I would prefer that tonight not be one of those nights.

Opening her eyes again she studies me for a moment longer. She tilts her head so that the grasp I have on her hair will sting her scalp, but her hands move to the ribbon holding her nightgown closed.

I watch as she unlaced the front and pulls it down over her body, revealing first her sweet breasts, then the rest of her form.

“Can we please stay in here?” She asks in a soft voice. I don’t really understand the request because it would be a lot more comfortable in our bed, but this is something I can give her, so I do.

“Yes.” I say as I let go of her hair and stand to my full height once more. I glance around for a good place to start our games and I decide the couch would be best for now. “Sit here.” I order pointing to the middle of the couch before I head off to collect some things from our room.

Once I have everything I need I walk back into the sitting room to find my sweet, sitting where she was told with her head down fidgeting with her fingers.

“Just this morning you asked to be my pet. You told me in the way you asked, that you needed it to feel safe and loved. AM I wrong?” I ask as I move behind her and the couch.

“No Master.” She says looking up to watch me. “That is the way I felt before I knew what you wanted me for.”

I roll my eyes as I take one of the coils of silk rope I had collected and tie one of her wrists securely. Without saying a word, I stretch her arm out along the back of the couch and tie the free end of the rope to a wooden finial that decorates the corner of the piece.

“I’ve never lied about what I wanted from you my pet.” I point out as I do the same to the other arm. “I may not have told you the whole truth, but you have always known my desires.”

With her arms stretched out like this her back arches a little, pressing her swelling breasts into the air for me. I can’t help but reach down and circle one of her nipples with my finger just to make her gasp. I will be gentle with her tonight.

“Do I really scare you now?” I ask because I want her to ask herself that question as I move around to stand in front of her. Her knees are together, and her ankles crossed. That will change soon.

“Only in the way that I like.” She admits shyly as I kneel down in front so I can uncross her ankles and tie one as I did to her wrists.

“So, then you can still feel the same with me, you can still need me even if you are upset right now.” I point out pulling her leg and tying it to the foot of the couch. I leave a bit more lead in this rope, because I don’t want to hurt her hips.

I feel her eyes on me as I start on the other ankle.

“Yes Master.” She says after a few moments of silence.

Once she is all done up and spread out for me I stand to enjoy the sight of her. She watches me as I enjoy the beauty she always has when bound.
“We both know you always enjoy the things I do to you.” I point out as I walk around her once more. She keeps her eyes on me because I haven’t bound her head in any way. “I am willing to bet the rest of the night’s fun that you are already wet.” I crouch down behind her. “Willing to take that bet to gain your night off?” I ask whispering in her ear.

“And if you win?” She asks in a slightly breathless tone.

“Than you won’t be allowed knickers for the rest of our time in the palace so that I can pull you into any dark corner and have you any time I wish.” I explain as I nip gently at her ear. I feel a shiver move through her at my words, but she shakes her head knowing her own body well enough not to risk it.

I reach over her shoulder, sliding my hand down her form until I can slip them between her folds and find her already excited womanhood. She whimpers shifting her hips to allow my fingers free reign of her nether region. I play with her like this for a short time before removing my hand and wiping my fingers on the couch.

“One last thing my sweet.” I whisper standing up and pulling the last two items from my pocket. I pull her hair back out of my way then slip her pearl necklace around her smooth neck. Once that is clasped I wrap a dark scarf around her eyes to cut off her vision. I chose the scarf for a reason and I smile down as she breathes it in.

“Oh.” She whimpers licking her lips.

“Now you are completely at my mercy.” I tell her moving around to the front once more. This is going to be fun.

“Always.” She says taking in a deep breath as she tries to ready herself for what comes next.

Ginny-

“One last thing my sweet.” He whispers as I feel the coldness as he moves away from me. I feel stretched over the couch so I really don’t know what else he can do to me. I turn my head trying to look at what he is messing with when he pulls my hair gently out of his way and slips a familiar necklace around my neck. I wear it now most days, but I had taken it off to sleep. I guess he wants the collar around my neck for the games he needs to play.

Soon a soft scarf is wrapped over my eyes leaving me in darkness and surrounding me with the smell of him. This wasn’t playing fair, but he never really does. I remember being mad, needing space from him only a few moments ago, but now I can’t think of anything but my need for him to touch me.

“Oh.” I whimper trying to wet my lips that have suddenly gone dry.

“Now you are completely at my mercy.” He says in a voice he only uses when he is going to do wicked things to me.

“Always.” I tell him as I try to steady my breath. Me now being tied in place, craving his attention is a testament to my word.

He chuckles and I feel his hand brush against my cheek so I press my face into the touch.

“Would you like to stop now?” He asks as his fingers move down to cup my breast testing the weight of it. “Have your space as you forgive me.” He offers like he really means it.
“No Master.” I whimper and he knew that would be my answer. “Please?” I ask but I don’t really know what I am asking for.

“You are such a good little pet, my sweet.” He says moving away and making me take in a quick breath so I won’t completely start begging. “Do you know how sexy you look right now? Shaking with desire for me.” He asks and shake my head, as I don’t trust my voice.

I feel his hands on the inside of my thighs and I realize he must be kneeling down in front of me. “Tonight, I make pleasure my weapon of choice.” He says softly and I can feel his breath so close to my core that I shiver and try to move my hips closer to him.

“Please.” I gasp and this time I know exactly what I am begging for. I want to feel his lips and tongue against my more intimate parts.

He chuckles again, pleased with my begging as his breath gets closer until I feel his tongue against me in the best kind of way.

“Oh Master!” I moan because it just feels so overwhelmingly good as he tastes every inch of my womanhood. He kisses it driving his tongue inside of me and I had forgotten something could feel so good. “Please!”

His only response to my needful moans are the continued assault on my core. It is quickly becoming too much and I can feel my body tightening with the tension that is building from his actions.

“Oh, oh, oh, oh…” I start to whimper as my toes curl and my body presses against his lips as hard as it can. “Yes!” I cry out as I climax with every muscle in my body pulling against the bonds he’s trapped me in.

He continues to lick throughout my orgasm only pushing me to a state of lightheaded bliss. When I start to fall back to breathe, my body turning useless and limp as his lips move to just inside of my thigh.

“Tell me how that feels pet.” He orders in a soft voice as his lips start to move over my pelvis to my stomach.

“That was too much Master.” I start because I am still shaking with the afterglow of his powerful lips.

“And I’m not even done yet.” He murmurs against my skin as he moves up my form to my overly sensitive breast and nipple. “That is just the start of what I have planned for you.”

“I’m going to pass out if you continue like that Master.” I say because I am pretty sure it’s true.

“If you do, I’ll leave you like this, so the servants can find you in the morning and see how wanton Lady Malfoy really is.” He warns and because I am that kind of freak I moan at the threat.

When I feel his lips against my neck and press my chest against his, finding that he is also naked. I wish I could see him, he looks so beautiful, and I want to touch him.

I feel his hardness against my core and I don’t know if I can take it if he decides to fuck me right now. Everything is ablaze with need, but it’s just so much that I can’t decide if I want to be touched or not.

“Don’t worry my pet, it’s too soon for the main event.” he promises before taking my lips with his own and kissing the last of my breath away.
He pulls away and stands a moment later, leaving me cold and alone.

“What else can you do to me?” I ask as I hear a glass clinking from the side of the room.

“Many many things.” He says before I hear steps coming back towards me. “I could use your mouth for my pleasure.” He adds his thumb over my lips. “I could taste every inch of your body and make you beg for me to fuck you.” He notes as his hand moves down to my chest. “You should never question my creativity.”

“Please Master?” I ask because I need him closer than he is.

“Do you want me to fuck you already my sweet?” He asks and I can hear the smirk in his voice.

“Anything, I just need you.” I admit with a whimper.

“What a good girl.” He says as he shifts to kneel between my legs once more.

Without a word, I hear another clinking sound, closer now, and I feel something very cold and wet run up from my navel to just between my breasts. I gasp and shiver at the ice before it circle around one breast and then the other.

“Cold.” I gasp like a stupid person while I actually press against the sensation. He runs a spiral around my breast. He slides closer and closer to the nipple before brushing over it and chuckling as my body jerks.

“What a good girl.” He says as he shifts to kneel between my legs once more.

Without a word, I hear another clinking sound, closer now, and I feel something very cold and wet run up from my navel to just between my breasts. I gasp and shiver at the ice before it circle around one breast and then the other.

“Um…” I say because I really don’t know if I like it or not. It’s so intense that I know it is too much, but at the same time too much is seeming to be just right tonight.

He holds the ice cube to my nipple for a long moment before switching it back to the first. Without a pause, he leans down and sucks on the nipple he froze. The heat of his mouth and tongue make me whimper in pleasure so acute it’s painful.

“Your weapon is pleasure.” I gasp only now understanding his words.

He smiles around my breast before pulling back and laughing in such a delighted way.

“You are something so very special.” He tells me before he switches the ice back to the nipple he was just sucking and now warms the new frozen one.

As he continues this treatment over and over again for uncountable times I can’t really think clearly. I keen and moan in the most animalistic way as if he has broken down the thing that makes me human. I am nothing but sex and desire and pleasure and pain. I float on a cloud of it and I never want it to stop.

At some point, his lips move back between my legs and they force another climax from me, which only sends me further into the sky of this new state of being. He pets me gently as I bask it something beyond an afterglow.

“Such a good girl.” He whispers and I understand the meaning more than the words. “Tell me you’re my good girl.” He orders and I nod moaning as I don’t have to try to form the words.

“I’m your good girl.” I say because it is the natural order of things. He commands and I follow and
I don’t have to worry about anything but pleasing him and the way he makes me feel so good.

“You are just so perfect.” He breathes making me smile because I know I have pleased him.

When I feel him finally thrust inside of me it is like coming home and I move myself back against him because I want more, I want nothing but this closeness to me. As the friction builds between us I moan knowing that this time I will float off and never return to anything but this perfect peace.

I feel breath against my ear as he takes me and we rush together towards the peak of pleasure. When I start screaming his name the thrusts are hard and wonderful and they make me fall into oblivion, pushing be over the edge of pleasure and consciousness. But before I lose everything my body fills with something completely new. I feel the universe shift, connecting us in both a very primal and very enlightened way.

I am his and he is mine. We are one, as we were always supposed to be.

“That is how a Master surrenders.” he whispers in my ear before I completely pass out.
When I wake after our first night in the palace, I feel both bleary eyed and energized. My body aches, but my soul somehow feels filled with new life. Opening one eye, I find that I am in the bed, even though I don’t remember anything after passing out. I rub my wrists as I remember the rope and I see they have left a mark on my skin.

I smile at it before sitting up to see if Lucius is still in the room. I frown noting I am alone. I need to talk to him after last night, so I gingerly slip out of bed and wrap myself in my dressing gown before I see if he is out in our sitting room.

The last thing I expect to find is my husband sitting pleasantly with Hermione and Harry of all people. My eyes widen as I look at the scene where everyone seems to be being perfectly pleasant to one another.

“Darling you’re awake.” Lucius gets to his feet to greet me with a kiss on my cheek. “I told them how you needed sleep in your condition.” He explains smoothly. “But Master Potter insisted that they wait for you to rise.”

“Oh. Then I should clean up and dress.” I say because I’m not even wearing anything under my dressing gown.

“No, no, you need your energy.” He waves my comment away with a mischievous look in his eyes. I can tell he knows exactly what I am wearing, and he is having fun with this game too. “Come sit by me, my dear.” He adds leading me over to the table so that I can’t get away from him.

I can’t help but blush as I take my seat, and I definitely can’t look at either of them.

“How was dinner last night? The Emperor said you were very pleasant company.” Hermione starts and Master Potter coughs as if that is news to him.

“It was fine. He is very kind to welcome us personally.” I say giving Lucius a glance and he returns a pleased smile.

“In fact I should be off. I have a more formal meeting with his Majesty very soon.” He says taking one last sip of tea before kissing my cheek again and rising from the table. “Now that you are here to entertain our guests, I feel they are in good hands.”

“I wanted to talk to you.” I tell him when I realize he is about to leave me here with them.

“I told you I would be busy while we’re here.” He reminds me as he leans down for another kiss,
this one was a little obscene and I can hear Hermione sort of giggle as Harry growls. “I’ll be back
tonight.”

I look around wondering what I am supposed to do all day. He said I can’t leave the room without
him, but I don’t know if maybe I can with Hermione.

“You have fun. I am sure you are in good hands with these two.” He says giving me a last smile
before he heads out the door.

I sigh and look at the toast in front of me before I remember I have guests. They are both now
looking at me with a sort of worry look in their eyes.

“How are you feeling?” Hermione asks awkwardly.

“Actually much better since the ball, thank you.” I say giving her a smile to try and put her at ease.

“I shouldn’t have left you with him.” Potter suddenly blurts out and Hermione and I both look at
him. “Lord Malfoy. I should have found some way to stay, you were obviously in shock and I’m
sorry for abandoning you.” He continues in a rush.

“What are you talking about?” I ask frowning from him to Hermione to see if she knows.

“Ron told me everything.” Harry adds as if that should mean something.

When I realize my family must have convinced him that I am some sort of… I don’t know. I roll my
eyes, shake my head, and stand because I can’t have breakfast with someone who thinks I need to be
saved.

“I don’t know what Ronald told you. I do thank you for your help at the ball, but my husband took
care of me after you left. If you think he is some kind of villain in my life than you should not be
sitting at this table.”

“You should both calm down.” Hermione says as she puts a hand on mine, and shoots Harry a look
cutting off whatever stupid thing he was about to say next.

“Harry didn’t mean it that way. He was just worried is all.” Hermione speaks for him making him
frown. “It is so nice to have company here at the palace, let’s not ruin the day?”

“I need to get dressed.” I say pulling my hand away from hers. “This is inappropriate.” I add
pulling the robe around me more tightly before heading to my room to wash up.

Heety helps me dress in a soft blue casual day gown, because it is the only thing I have that covers
the rope burns from last night. I don’t want to heal them, because I don’t want Potter taking away
everything I enjoy. I let her fix my hair in a tight bun that I think gives me a very mature look.
People need to obviously stop seeing me as a child. It is a little odd I consider this outfit casual
when once it would have been the nicest thing I owned.

When I finally return to the sitting room, breakfast has been cleared and Potter has left. Hermione
sits on the same couch from last night reading. She looks up and gives me a grimace as she hears me
enter.

“I thought it best if I visit with Harry tomorrow.” She says patting the seat next to her. “I had no
idea he was going to be like that. He was so keen to see you this morning.” She says as I sit down
next to her.
“Is he courting you?” I ask because I don’t really know why he is at the palace at all. Giving her as a mistress to a Potter may be a good political move for the Emperor.

“Oh no.” She says with an embarrassed laugh. “He told me he is not interested in such things at the moment. The only woman that he considered courting was married this year.” She says with a shrug.

“That is sad for him.” I say because he hadn’t mentioned any of that to me. “Do you know what my brother told him?” I ask with my own grimace. I really don’t like the idea of my family spreading rumors about me.

Her frown deepens as she thinks and she nods without saying anything. “Do you know your family is trying to…”

“invalidate my wedding contract. Yes. They want to steal my child and sell me off to someone they like a little better.” I tell her trying not to get emotional.

“That is one point of view.” Hermione says carefully. “Another is that they are worried that you are being abused and that Lord Malfoy can’t protect you properly.”

“They’re wrong Hermione.” I say because the idea of it panics me a bit. “I wish they would just let me live my life. I did my duty and I’m thriving in my new situation.” I take in a quick breath so I can force myself not to cry. “It isn’t like any of them have even written me or anything, asking me how I feel about any of this.”

“Are you sure?” She asks carefully. I sit back and frown looking down at my hands, because I honestly wouldn’t put it past Lucius to keep my mail from me, especially if it was upsetting questions from my family.

“No.” I admit before looking up at her. “Did someone mention something to you?” I ask but she just shakes her head. I sigh and cover my face with my hands. “I’m being selfish. What is happening with you? How do you like the palace?”

She gives me one last worried look before smiling. “Don’t tell, but I sort of love it here.” She says as if it should be a secret. “I love learning and the library is big and Severus and I have the most interesting conversations. I feel challenged here like I never was before entering your world.”

“What about the Emperor?” I ask because I don’t really know what that relationship is like.

She sighs setting her book to the side. I glance at it and note it is a book on transfiguration.

“That relationship is very complicated. I just can’t figure him out exactly.” She starts and I signal for her to continue. “He’s my benefactor here, and he encourages me to learn and experience everything this world has to offer.”

“That sounds nice.” I say because it does, even though I know there must be a ‘but’ coming.

“But he is very hard to understand. I’m not exactly sure what he wants from me in return.” She blushes and looks away. “When I first got here I accused him of wanting to court me or something. I thought he wanted a wife that was somehow outside of the political families.”

“The Emperor can’t marry you.” I explain delicately because I’m not sure how to explain our laws.

“He actually laughed at me, and explained in great detail on how the heirs to the Empire of Magic are made. I’ve heard others, servants and other peers of the realm, talk about blood purity and how
those like me are…”

“That is complete nonsense that those who cannot move forward into the modern day hold onto. The heirs to the great houses must be pure only because that is how blood magic works.” I tell her uncomfortably. “It’s ancient magic that would have dire consequences if fought against. My eldest brother also must marry pure, and my family is as liberal as they get.”

“But you asked me if Harry was courting me.” She says with a frown.

“Well, when boys are young they think they can get away with more. I was going to warn you against believing such promises if you had said yes.” I look around the room for a moment as I work to get the courage to say what I want to say next.

“But you don’t think I’m dirty then, you’re not just pretending to be my friend?” She asks and my eyes snap to hers as I’m shocked by the question.

“You seem to be quite brilliant and kind.” I tell her as I reach forward to pick up her book so I can look more closely at it.

“I don’t think your husband likes me.” Hermione points out and I grimace.

I sigh looking up to her. “No he doesn’t. The only reason he is allowing our friendship is because you are the Emperor’s favorite. The Malfoys have always believed deeply in pureblood superiority. But my husband’s opinions are not mine, even if he would prefer it otherwise.”

“Harry doesn’t think you stand up to him. He sees how controlling your Lord is and he worries about you.” She says softly.

I take a breath before forcing the question from my lips. “But he doesn’t worry about you?” I ask straightening my back.

“Why would he worry about me? I’m not married.” She laughs not understanding.

“That’s one of my concerns.” It is my turn to blurt things out. “You’re brilliant Hermione.” I say holding up the advanced book as evidence. “You must know the Emperor is also a blood purest, most of court is. It’s why the Weasleys and the Potters are only ever welcome here when the crown needs something.”

“You’re very brave. No one has said that directly to me since I got here.” She said smiling at me. “But you know Severus isn’t like that. I have plenty of safety here at court.”

“You like him?” I give her a knowing smile. “You know he is someone you would be permitted to marry if the Emperor agrees.” I say because I really can’t complain about an age difference.

“I’ve thought about that.” She tells me shyly. “But he gives me very mixed signals in that regard. Sometimes he treats me like I’m some kind of exotic dessert that he wants to try, but is worried that the cook will discover if he does.”

“In translation the Emperor has made you off limits.” I say and she nods in agreement.

“But I don’t really understand why. Not to say the Emperor isn’t trying to seduce me in his way…”

“Has he touched you?” I ask interrupting her.

“You look so worried.” She says rolling her eyes at me. “He barely touches me, but he is very good
at making me want to touch him.”

“He can’t marry you, but he could keep you as a kind of mistress.” I tell her wanting her to have all the facts.

“If he wants me as a mistress why isn’t he trying harder?” She snaps making me frown at her.

“You would accept such a position? With someone that thinks you are lesser?” I ask not understanding her at all. “I thought you said you liked Master Snape.”

Now she looks embarrassed. “The Emperor is a very physically attractive man, you must have noticed, and he provides me with all these ways to learn.”

“You would be willing to be with someone that at best sees you as some kind of pet?” I ask her then blush as that question hits a little too close to home. “Or-or is that the appeal?” I ask because maybe she is someone I can actually talk to about my feelings.

“What?” Hermione asks and she blushes too.

It is a promising reaction as I look around the room as if someone is going to walk in on us. “Some people find it stimulating to be treated…” I try to find the right word that doesn’t make either of us sound like complete flakes or weaklings. “...roughly.” I end awkwardly.

“Oh.” She says looking away from me.

“I wouldn’t judge you I’m just trying to understand how best to support you as your friend.” I tell her quickly. “I can see now that you obviously have some kind of feelings for both Master Snape and the Emperor. I just want to know what you want from them.”

“Can we please stop talking about them formally if we are going to talk about this at all?” Hermione asks fidgeting a little. My stomach decides to growl just then and she looks at me with wide eyes. “It’s nearly ten you must be starving!” She says getting to her feet and holding her hand out to help me up. “I was so distracted by the fight I forgot you hadn’t eaten. We should go find you something.”

“Calm down, I’m fine and I’m a Lady so I don’t have to go anywhere.” I tell her with a smile as I sit back down. “Heety.” I call and the elf arrives a moment later.

“Heety is heres Mistress.” The elf says looking back and forth between Hermione and me.

“Would you go get me something to eat? I seem to have missed breakfast.” I tell her and her large eyes go wide with worry.

“Bad Mistress!” She wags her finger at me before disappearing.

“That is such an odd creature.” Hermione comments as she sits back down.

“She cares about me in her own way.” I say with a shrug as the coffee table moves closer to us on its own then rises to be at a comfortable height in comparison to the couch.

“Okay so I will ask you again. I do want to understand your feelings for Severus and Tom.” I say feeling very weird about using their first names.

First herbal tea, then some sandwiches, and other food started to appear on the table as I waited for the answer. I sipped the tea feeling better to have something in my stomach, then pick up one of the
sandwiches.

“They’re both very intense.” Hermione starts haltingly. “They are both very intelligent and challenge me with their minds at every turn. Tom is very handsome and can be very very charming. But Severus…” She bites her lip as if she doesn’t want to say it.

“What?” I push.

“He is very caring when you understand him. I can hardly understand Tom at all. I know I was brought here for a reason, that they are both planning something, but I have no idea how I could be of value to the Empire. If I was a bed warmer or something like that you would think they would both be pushing me more on those kinds of things.”

“Virginty is a powerful thing. Maybe they are working to not waste yours.” I say making an assumption about her because she does seem proper to me. She frowns at this, but I can see the understanding there that tells me I was right.

“It could be that I guess.” She says thinking it over. “They both hint about some potential I have, but they say I need to start with the basics to be ready.”

“Well then you should know they mean serious business with whatever they want from you. If they just wanted a virgin they wouldn’t be spending so much time and energy making you feel at home here.”

“I’ve thought of that. Severus acts like he wants me but can’t have me, where Tom acts like he is biding his time, but will eventually have me.” She tells me carefully.

“Which do you like better?” I ask her because I’m a bit confused.

She blushes a bit and looks around. “Would you blame me if I told you I wanted both of them?” She asks before looking back into my eyes checking to see if I am judging her.

I smile and shake my head. “No.” I admit even though I don’t know Snape very well and the Emperor scares me.

“But it sounds like you know Severus better than Tom. So why do you like them the same?” I ask wondering if I am being helpful. “Especially when Tom is so dangerous.”

“I’ve witnessed the way he gets.” She says softly. “He scares me a great deal actually.”

“Then why do you like him the same as a man you called caring?” I ask wondering if she has asked herself these questions.

“I’m drawn to him.” She breathes leaning closer to me. “When he is giving me his full attention, it’s sort of amazing.”

“In what way?” I ask and she doesn’t seem to mind how much I am pushing.

“Go back to your room and touch yourself amazing.” She says then giggles as she covers her mouth as if even she is surprised she said that.

“Do you fantasize about Severus?” I ask moving a bit closer to her so we can speak in low voices.

“Only when I’m with him. I find myself daydreaming about how it would feel if he actually touched me.” She admits looking to the door and back to me.
“You know Lucius has told me something about Tom’s desires.” I say carefully trying to keep my promise because I don’t want to be punished by Lucius or especially the Emperor.

“Do you know what a sadist is?” I ask touching my head to hers as we move closer and closer.

She pulls back blushing crimson. “He likes to inflict pain.” She asks meekly.

“If that scares you, Tom is not the one for you.” I tell her seriously. “Lucius says Tom makes him look gentle.” I say before I am the one blushing, as I was so excited to find a kindred soul I let that slip before I was sure.

“Lucius is a sadist?” Hermione asks with wide eyes giving me a whole new look of worry.

“He is, but I’m okay with it. I shouldn’t have said anything.” I tell her quickly because I really don’t want her to tell Harry or anyone in my family.

“He hits you and it’s okay?” Hermione asks frowning.

“It isn’t like that.” I say because she makes it sound very bad. “I enjoy everything he does to me. He has this way of making pain the best thing ever.” I admit so she can understand.

“Sometimes I have dreams.” Hermione whispers and that is not the response I was expecting. “Tom is doing the most awful things to me.” She admits before swallowing. “And it hurts and embarrasses me, but I want more.”

“Do you like those dreams?” I ask carefully.

She nods because she can’t say the words aloud. I lean in and hug her because I’m so happy to be able to really talk to her about all of this.

Lucius-

After the long day I’ve had all I want to do is climb into bed with my wife and push the world away for a night of rest. It is well past dinnertime and I had a working meal as the council talked about how to deal with a group of criminals that has been inciting rebellion in the commoners.

When I get to our rooms, I find Ginevra already in bed. The room is dark, but I work not to wake her as I undress and get ready for sleep. I would have been worried about her if it wasn’t for the fact that the Emperor was with me all day, and that Potter boy has no idea how to woo my wife.

When I slip into bed beside her, it is like coming home and I bury my nose in her hair so I can breathe in her scent.

“Lucius?” She asks sleepily as she snuggles back against me.

“Who else would it be?” I ask as I kiss her neck and wrap my arm around her still decently slight form. My hand rests on the little bump of her stomach and I smile to myself as I think of my child growing inside of her.

“Mmm no one.” She says with a pleased tone in her voice. “I thought you would be back for dinner.” She pouts softly.

“I wish I could have been my sweet. The meeting ran all day.” I tell her as I kiss her neck and shoulder.

She takes in a deep breath and I can tell she is waking up a little, but she doesn’t move from me, only
presses into the soft kissing I am laying upon her skin. “I wanted to talk to you about last night.” She says as I move my hand up to the ribbon of her gown. I want to taste her skin and this dress is getting in my way.

“What about it my sweet?” I ask untying the lace with one hand before loosening the top so I can expose her breasts and shoulders for my touch.

“It was wonderful, but I woke up feeling so odd.” She says as I softly nibble on her shoulder. Since she is awake anyway, I plan to taste her fully. “Did you give me your magic?” She asks straight as my hand warms her breast.

“Yes.” I tell her because what else can I say. “I completed the ritual while I fucked you into oblivion.” I admit liking the way my words make her shiver. “Did you enjoy your time in subspace?” I ask curiously.

“Subspace?” She asks turning her head to look back at me.

“You’ve reached the edges of it before, but I pushed you all the way last night. It was gorgeous.” I tell her and I can tell she is thinking about it carefully. While she is distracted, I start to push up the hem of her gown to get at other parts of her body.

“That did feel very good.” She admits and as my hand reaches her flower, she opens her legs for me to do as I please.

“I’m sure we could arrange another visit tonight.” I whisper as I start to elicit the best little sounds from her.

“You’re distracting me.” She moans pushing herself against my hand. “I want to talk about this.” She says breathily. “Unless I really am just a sex object to you?” She asks making me actually stop playing with her.

“You’re not.” I tell her seriously and move her up onto my arm so I can look into her eyes. She rolls onto her back to look up at me, and she is the very picture of beauty with her wild blood colored hair splayed across the pillow. “You have never been just a sex object to me. I have plans for you Ginevra, but that doesn’t mean I don’t enjoy your body immensely.”

“Why did you leave me with Master Potter this morning?” She asks as she looks up into my eyes. I think of this finalized connection we have now and I wonder if I can lie to her.

“I wasn’t worried with Miss Granger as a chaperone.” I say because that is part of the truth. When she doesn’t look like she believes me I sigh, “I’ve left you with more dashing men than Master Potter. Your tutor comes to mind, which you should probably get back to while here at the castle.” I say getting distracted by my own plans.

“But Master Zabini is different. He works for you.” She says tilting her head.

“You know Master Potter is infatuated with you?” I ask and she gives me a little frown. “He is, and with the way he was acting I knew the best way to get rid of him was to have you crush his little hopes.”

“How were you so sure I would crush his hopes?” She asks seeming amused and I wonder what happened today.

“With the way he was acting this morning it was only a matter of time before he said something rude and you put him in his place. I know that fire in you very well by now my sweet.” I tell her and I
am pleased when she blushes slightly turning her head. Something obviously did happen today.

“I spent most of the day alone with Hermione.” She admits softly. “Master Potter said something I didn’t like the moment you left. He felt the need to apologize for leaving me with my husband.” She explains before leaning up and giving me a soft kiss.

“What did you and Miss Granger talk about?” I ask and she looks a bit shy as if she doesn't want to answer.

“A lot of things.” She finally says with a shrug.

“What don’t you want to tell me?” I ask because I know there is something.

“Has my family ever written me?” She asks out of nowhere and I shake my head. Of course, if they had I would have read it and tossed it, if it said anything I didn’t want her to know, but they had never actually sent anything.

“Do you think I would have risked inviting them to the ball if I was hiding communication from them?” I ask and she shakes her head. “No they have chosen to spy and drop in uninvited. Honestly sometimes, I think they treat you more like an object than I do. But you are trying to distract me. What did you talk about with Granger that I should know?”

“She’s very smart Lucius. She knows something is going on, that she isn’t just here to learn.” She tells me with a frown. “The Emperor treats her like he is trying to seduce her, but makes no moves to actually do so. She is suspicious of this.”

“I am sure you helped her be less suspicious.” I say with a smirk.

“I did no such thing.” She says pouting up at me. “But I think I did help her start to figure out what she wants.” She says a little too casually.

“What do you think that is?” I ask as I care very little for the mudblood’s desires.

“That’s private, but I will say that I don’t think the Emperor will be completely displeased whenever he plans to take her.” She says mysteriously.

“Do you really think he plans on fucking her?” I ask because this is her friend we are talking about, even if she is a mudblood.

“We're both convinced of it. My guess is he is planning to use her virginity in some kind of dark magic. But please tell me he won’t kill her after?” She asks with worry in her eyes.

I sigh and shake my head. “After he has done what he plans to do she will be one of the safest things in the Empire.”

She sighs in relief so I lean down to take her lips in a kiss. I think we are done with this conversation so it is time to satisfy more carnal desires.

When I let the kiss go on long enough to make her breathless, she pushes me away so she can once again look into my eyes.

“We’re not going to talk about how you actually gave me your magic and how we are bond in…” I lean down and kiss her to cut her off. There is simply nothing to talk about. It is done and I will enjoy the fruits of being so close to her.
Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!

Lucius-

It’s been three months since we came to court, and the Emperor has decided to extend our stay a while longer. He claims he needs me on hand as these ruffians in the countryside seem more and more organized.

He also claims that he must give the Weasley petition a proper amount of attention so he doesn’t seem like a biased judge. He has told the brood that he will keep my wife and I here until the matter is settled. The idiots thanked him of course, because they don’t see his real reasons the way I do.

He will side with me in the end for many reasons, not the least of which is the fact he wouldn’t be able to bed her himself if she becomes promised to someone they deem deserving.

I pace the floor of the court as I wait for the head idiot himself to arrive and make yet another case his Majesty will have to ‘consider’.

The redheaded moron walks into the room and I sneer at him because my need to kill something grows with each passing day. Maybe I will suggest a hunt for the court’s entertainment soon.

“Do you really think quantity over quality will ever do you any good?” I ask hatefully as we now wait for the Emperor. “As far as I can tell you have one quality child as well.”

“You’re not going to intimidate me Malfoy!” He growls back waving some scroll at me. “I have proof of what kind of man you are.”

The Emperor enters just then so we both bow lowly to him in respect. I decide to start so maybe we can get this over with quickly and I can get back to what my wife was doing to me this morning. The thought of her lips wrapped around my member calms me a bit.

“Our Majesty I must protest. He has already put in no less than fifteen claims against me in the past four months. If there was so much wrongdoing to find out about me why didn’t he find all this out before signing the wedding contract?”

“If you see here your Majesty that is exactly what I wanted to bring to your attention today. I never actually signed the wedding contract.” He says stepping forward and handing a footman the scroll in his hand.

“First of all your Majesty I have seen the ancient bond laws of the Weasley line. There is a reason Lady Weasley signed instead of the Lord. It is the woman of the house that manages her daughter’s marriages. He is blatantly trying to manipulate this petition.” I say and my words are easily provable so I don’t know what Weasley is trying.
“Do you have proof of your words?” The Emperor asks because I knew he would.

“The records of such things can be found in the palace archive. I can have them sent to you tonight.”

“Good. Is there anything else you wish to add Lord Weasley?” He asks turning to the other man politely.

“Is that really all the consideration you are giving to the fact I didn’t even sign the contract? We are talking about the law of the land your Majesty. Surely if my family does have some odd, very old tradition it cannot overpower the law of the Empire?”

“I said I would give this matter review, he does get to present evidence as well, and he is a peer after all. As for family law versus Empire law, in matters of marital bonding the tradition of bloodlines must be respected, or there can be great consequences to that line. Now is there any other matter that needs my attention, because you are keeping me from lunch with a beautiful woman.”

“Beautiful woman your Majesty?” I ask because that could very well be my wife and I really don’t need him to start making plans without telling me.

“Miss Granger.” He says giving me a knowing smile before giving Weasley is attention once more.

“Nothing I can think of at this time your Majesty.” He says bowing and looking rather nervous.

“Lucius, will you walk with me, before going to the archives.” The Emperor asks and I bow my head while Weasley leaves. I frown at his back because there is something very off about this new petition.

“Of course your Majesty, how may I serve you?” I ask as I fall into the space next to him as he heads towards his private section of the palace.

“I wanted to know how Ginevra is doing here at the palace.” He says and I know he uses her first name because he likes to see me react.

“She is doing well your Majesty.” I tell him with a smile. “I think she enjoys having your pet as a companion.” I admit pleasantly.

“Yes, Hermione is happy to have someone around her age to talk to.” The Emperor agrees. “Your wife is doing me a valuable service in being her friend.”

“Did you say you were having lunch with the girl?” I ask because I refuse to say its name.

“Yes, that is where I am going. Why do you ask?”

“I thought she was having lunch with my wife.” I tell him with a frown. “Ginevra has no other friends here.”

“It was planned to be a private lunch, but you know I would always welcome your wife into my private rooms.”

“Of course your Majesty, you are too kind. May I check if she is with your girl? With how quick that petition went maybe I could actually eat with my wife for once.”

“He really is getting desperate if he is bringing such things to my attention. If you can prove his lie as easily as you say, than this one is a non-matter.” He says with a wave of his hand.

“Yes I found it odd that he would even bring this up. Maybe he was expecting you to support
national law over family tradition?” I offer as it makes me uncomfortable to think about for some reason.

“Maybe, but why then did he push to waste more of my time. Do you think he feels insulted that I do not give worthless claims so much of my time?”

“I don’t know what goes on in that man’s mind. He makes all this fuss, but they have made no move to try and actually speak with their daughter to see what she wants.”

“He’s told me privately that they are worried you have her under some kind of spell that would make that encounter unpleasant.”

I sigh and shake my head. “Honestly I wanted to part her from them as much as I could, but I know it saddens her to feel like such an outsider now.”

When we enter the Emperor’s private dining room I find the mudblood sitting alone with her nose stuck in a book.

“Darling Hermione.” He greets as he shifts into full seduction mode. “Lucius wanted to know if you had plans with his wife this afternoon?” He asks and walks over and barely brushes her face with his hand. He needs her to want him for his plan to work.

“After lunch we were thinking of a walk in the gardens.” She says giving me a pleasant smile. “I’m not sure what she’s doing now.” She adds with a shrug.

“Thank you Miss Granger, I will go find her.” I say with a bow to the Emperor so I can leave him to his own distractions.

As I walk back to my own rooms I start to fantasize about how I am going to make it very hard for her to take that walk later.

Ginny-

The Emperor keeps extending our stay here in the palace and I don’t quite know if it is a blessing or a curse. On one hand, it is nice to be around other people, and not be trapped with only Lucius as company. On the other hand, the Emperor keeps pursuing me, even now that I have started to feel like a whale. I have had to get several new dresses, while here, as my bump all too quickly has developed to a large bulge.

Lucius is rather good at making me feel sexy, and if I must admit it, the Emperor’s advances have helped in that regard. However, when I am alone, with my feet swelling and generally just feeling uncomfortable in my own skin, I feel like a cow.

Hermione is going to have lunch with the Emperor this afternoon and I am actually rather looking forward to laying comfortable on the couch with tea, cake, and a new book Lucius has gotten me.

As I settle in to try and get comfortable for a few hours there is a knock at the door. I wasn’t really planning to have guests, even though I may have told Lucius I was having lunch with a friend so he wouldn’t bother me either. My books can be friends.

With a frown, I try to decide if I could get up or just unlock the door with my wand. “Who’s there?” I call because I honestly don’t wish to be bothered, but if it is Hermione of course I would let her in.

“Master Potter.” Harry says and I grimace. He’s been trying to talk to me since that breakfast and I really have been avoiding him. Lucius doesn’t like him, and he’s been siding with my family in this
whole dispute. “Lady Malfoy, I am here to apologize.” He announces with a sigh.

With a huff, I tuck my book into my shirt and pick up my wand. Because there is no way, I will be getting up for Master Potter. With a simple spell the door unlocks and opens for my guest.

“Thank you m’Lady.” He says bowing his head before stepping into our rooms. “I was very rude last time we saw each other. Miss Granger has thoroughly convinced me that my actions were in poor taste and my assumptions are really none of my business.” He says, and it is a good start.

“You may sit.” I say motioning to a chair Hermione usually takes in the afternoon.

“I’ve brought a gift for you and one for your husband.” He says holding out a bottle in one hand and a box in the other.

“That is unnecessary.” I tell him because I don’t really care what he thinks he can buy me with.

“Please…” He starts as he sets the bottle on the table then moves to put the small box in front of me. “My mother says this helped her greatly when she was carrying me.” He says opening the box he shows me four dark brown treats that actually smell quite good.

Very little has smelled good to me recently, so I give him a smile and pick up one of the treats. “Thank you.” I say before taking a bite, and I must say they are as good as they smell.

“I feel like I put my foot completely into my mouth the last time we saw each other.” He says as he sits back in the chair I directed before. “Your brother has become a good friend of mine, and I see that maybe it would be best if you and your family were to reconcile.”

“I do wish for that Master Potter, but I’m not going to leave my husband because they have found a better choice. One that would let them keep control of Hogsmeade.”

“I wish they would come talk to you, that isn’t what they are thinking at all.” He says with a sigh as I take another of the sweets from the box.

“They don’t care what I am feeling in all of this.” I tell him sharply as I place my hand on my stomach. “Do you know if it is true that they plan to adopt my child?” I ask narrowing my eyes, because I know I can’t take everything Lucius says as law.

“Your eldest brother Bill and his wife wish to take the child in if they can…” Harry answers uncomfortably.

“So that I can be considered for a proper marriage of my parents’ choice. That is the most awful part of all of this.” I say because how could they want to take me from my child?

“But then you can have a happy life with someone that truly loves you.” He says and I narrow my eyes at him. I take a third sweet from the box so that I don’t yell at him.

Once I have control over my voice I swallow the treat. “My husband cares greatly for me. If you don’t think so why are you even here?” I ask because I see now this apology was only a trick to get me to talk to him. “What do you think this would get you?”

“I’m sorry.” He says with a sigh and shakes his head. “I’m trying not to takes sides as Hermione told me. But it is so hard when they are all so worried about you.” He says carefully.

“You don’t think my husband is worried sick about everything my family is pushing? Right now he is off to defend against some new petition.” I tell Harry as I pop the last sweet into my mouth and sit
back as I savor the taste.

“I’m pretty sure that one won’t go anywhere. He is trying to dispute the fact your mother signed the marriage contract instead of him.” He explains with a shrug.

I swallow the bite and shake my head. “That is silly, that is Weasley tradition. Why would father even try such a tactic. He knows perfectly well the Emperor wouldn’t go against a bloodline tradition.”

“Honestly we needed a distraction to make sure your husband wasn’t here.” He says as he gets up.

“What?” I ask reaching for my wand as I really don’t like where this conversation is going.

As I point it at Harry I suddenly feel very lightheaded, and my vision doubles as if I am going to pass out.

“You poisoned me!” I gasp having a hard time aiming at the two Harry’s in front of me.

“You’ll be find Ginevra, we are taking you to safety.” He says as I lose my grip on my wand.

“You’ll thank us for this.” He adds picking up my wand and turning to someone I can’t see. “Take her. I’ll meet you once I’ve established my alibi.”

After that, everything goes dark as I slip off into oblivion.

**Lucius**

When I make it to our shared room it is oddly silent and a bit too clean. Don’t misunderstand, the servants at the palace added to my own keep my rooms immaculate, but my wife has a tendency to leave books about here and there so she always has something on hand to read now that it is getting harder for her to get around. The elves learned the hard way that putting these leavings away gains the wrath of a very short-tempered redhead.

As I look around now I don’t notice any of her books sitting around. With growing unease, I head towards the bedroom, wondering if she has made a nest for herself there, only to find it empty and clean as well.

There is a sinking feeling in my stomach that pulls me towards her wardrobe. When I open it, I have to hold the handle tightly as it is the only thing keeping me standing. The cabinet is empty and it takes me a moment to notice the note hanging on the door.

It only takes a glance to know this is a forgery. Whoever took her are sloppy and obviously didn’t know that she has been practicing her penmanship. These scribbles are not nearly as neat as Ginevra’s hand now.

I don’t even read the text as it doesn’t matter. Suddenly I find myself rushing back towards the Emperor’s private rooms. I just knew there was something off about Weasley’s complaint this morning. Now I know it was a simple distraction so he could steal my wife from me!

When I make it to the first guard he can see by my face that I am not to be questioned. He opens the door without a word, but when I get to the Emperor’s private dining room the guard isn’t so smart.

“He Majesty does not wish to be distur…” He starts to bar my way so I simply use my wand to knock him out of my way.

I find the mudblood sitting in the Emperor’s lap as he feeds her a grape. I do not have time to
imagine what I am interrupting exactly.

“This better be good Lord Malfoy!” The Emperor snaps as he keeps the girl from wiggling out of his lap.

“Ginevra’s gone.” I tell him thrusting the note at him because I need him to understand quickly. “This was not written by my wife…” I start but he lets his pet stand so he can as well.

“I know.” He says darkly and looks between the girl and myself. “Do you know what this is about?” He asks thrusting it to her.

She looks confused, but I don’t care if she is the Emperor’s favorite, I will kill her if she had anything to do with this.

“It’s the Weasley’s your Majesty.” I say because it really couldn’t be anything else. “They’ve taken her because they know you will side with the law and myself in the end. Today was obviously a distraction. Please stop them before she gets too far.” I beg because I have no pride when my wife and child are in danger.

“Of course. GUARDS!” Once the Emperor is in action I find that I don’t have the energy to stand.

The mudblood picks up the note the Emperor dropped and looks over it reading it softly to herself. I don’t want to hear the words these people put in her mouth, but the girl makes me listen to every word.

“My, Lord…” She starts glancing to me. “Does she ever call you that in private?” She asks making me shake my head. “I can no longer live like this. For the sake of my child I must escape your corrupting influence. Please do not look for us, if you ever loved me even a little, you would let us go. Ginny.”

Forgetting that I am supposed to be kind to this one I sneer at her. “Do you really think I needed to hear the words?” I snap.

Instead of pulling away in fear or hurt she leans forward and actually places her hand on top of mine. “Yes.” She says looking into my eyes with her big brown innocent ones. “Because if you listen you would know the truth like I do.”

“What truth is that?” I spit as I resist the urge to strike this thing across the face.

“That none of it could have ever come from Lady Malfoy’s heart. Not only is this not her hand, but it is not her mind. She didn’t run away.”

I think over the girl’s words for a long moment and nod as something, ever so small, loosens within me.
Separation

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta!

Ginny-

When I wake, I am hit by a massive headache. I curl into a ball and whimper, hoping Lucius will wrap his arms around me to make me feel better. The power that we have shared since our bonding ritual was buzzing in me like ants crawling around with nowhere to go.

I sit up with a start as I remember the last thing that happened before I blacked out. Harry drugged me! I look around to see where I am. I’m in a dark room I don’t recognize without windows or really anything in the way of furniture. The bed I was laying on, a door, and a small candle lantern are the only things in this new space. The lantern is hanging from the ceiling out of my reach.

How could Potter actually drug me? My head starts to feel worse as I feel like I am about to lose it. I put my hands on my stomach and try to take a few breaths. My Healer is always saying stress is bad for my child. So I let numbness take me as I try to figure out what I will do next.

I slowly get to my feet so I can at least try the door. It’s locked of course so I start to pace back and forth. My body feels like I haven’t moved in forever and I wonder how long I was under that potion. I’m starving and I taste the thick residue of nourishment potions. Well at least my captors want me alive.

Before today I wouldn’t think for a moment that Master Potter would want me dead, but I can’t trust anything now that I find myself in this strange room.

When the door finally opens a young man, I don’t know looks at me with pity in his blue eyes.

“Lady Malfoy.” He says before stepping into the room with a tray of food.

“How long have I been out?” I ask not sure if I can trust any food these people offer me.

“About a week. It was important that you didn’t wake until we had you settled here.” He says setting the tray beside me on the bed.

“Why?” I gasp trying very hard to hold back tears. I’m alone again without my wand to defend myself, how pathetic is that?

“I think it’s best if we wait for Harry.” He says in a comforting way and I shoot to my feet with more ferocity than I knew I had left.

“If he steps foot in here I will make him bleed!” I growl making the man back up a few steps. “Tell me why you brought me here!”
“To save you and your child.” He answers calmly. “Dark magic has corrupted you and swayed your mind.” He says and I shake my head as this is all so stupid. “We’ve checked my Lady; you’ve had several dark spells used on you, including the Imperious. And we don’t know the extent your marriage rite has on your mind. No one’s dared use a binding so dark in ages.”

“You have no right to keep me here. I want to go home now.” I tell him because everything that comes out of his mouth sounds stupid.

“We’re going to take you home my Lady. Once we have stripped away the darkness he used on you. Once you're ready to go back to your family.” The man says and I can’t help but sneer.

“Did my father hire you?!” I ask taking a step back and turning to protect my child from him.

“Your family asked for our help. My name is Neville, can I call you Ginny?” he asks carefully.

“No.” I stop, narrowing my eyes. “Only my friends get to call me that.”

“I want to be your friend Lady Malfoy.” He says putting his hands up like I have nothing to fear from him.

“If you wanted to be my friend you would take me back to my husband where I belong.” I tell him wondering if I could push him out of the way to get to the door.

“Your husband is a very evil man, and your family regrets the part they played in…”

“Selling me to him?” I sneer. “It is the best thing that has ever happened to me, and you need to take me home before he finds this place and kills everyone here.” I say trying to act stronger than I feel.

“He won’t find you here my Lady. You are in the haven of Longbottom; no dark magic will reach you here.”

I bite my lip as I realize who I am talking to. I shake my head and give him a forced smile. “Master Neville Longbottom, heir to your line? Do you really think you have any right to take me away from my child’s father?”

“Your child will be a Weasley like you, because by the time he's born, you will no longer be a Malfoy. That is our promise to you my Lady.” he says stepping back.

When he opens the door again I rush forward to try and catch him off guard. I break through to see the hall of a modest house before he pulls me back into my prison. He tosses me onto the bed before quickly leaving and locking the door behind him.

I look to the food he brought and burst into tears as I find my mother’s shepherd’s pie. How can my family do this to me?

Lucius-

I am going out of my mind. Ginevra was taken over a week ago and we have found no trace of how they even got her out of the palace. They won’t let me help with finding her but Severus gives me daily reports on their progress. Which is to say they haven’t made any.

They’ve raided the Weasley estate, if one can call it that, once already and there was no trace of her there. But tonight, after so long they are actually letting me go with them to look around again. I am not allowed to carry my wand as the Emperor thinks I will unnecessarily harm things and people on
the estate. If I am honest, he’s probably right.

The only reason I am getting to go this time, is because I know my wife better than anyone. Maybe I can pick up on some trace of her that the other wizards wouldn’t be able to do. I am waiting for Severus to come and collect me, as I am not permitted off palace grounds without a chaperone. All to protect the Malfoy line of course.

I can feel our power buzzing inside of me like an angry nest of bees. We finished the rite just in time for them to harm us with it. No one that had been bonded like my wife and I should be separated for so long.

I know the side effects will only grow and I wonder if they are trying to kill her or me. When the door opens, I snap to attention, using all my will to control my posture and expression.

“Is it time?” I ask trying to sound bored. Severus gives me a knowing look before nodding and leading me out into an Apparition safe zone within the palace ground.

“Do they know we are coming this time?” I ask trying to seem like someone of use to this mission.

“No. They shouldn’t know that we are coming. The only ones who know of this raid are trusted members of the Dark Council.”

“Good. They need to learn not to take what isn’t theirs.” I say and he looks to me.

“We have no actual proof they took her you know.” He says seriously.

“But you also have no other leads.” I remind him as my hand tightens into a fist. “Who else would take her?” I ask as we approach the fence that surrounds our destination.

“You have other enemies Lucius.” He says opening the gate for me and leading me inside. “I have been keeping a close eye on Bellatrix as well.” He adds making me stop as I suddenly hope it is the Weasley’s who have her.

When he Apparates us to the Burrow I can’t help but sneer at the poor surroundings. I’ve never actually been to the Weasley estate, and now that I have seen it I wonder how any place so common could have produced my wife.

Four council members arrived here before us, and rounded up the family and servants so we could search unimpeded. I count give redheads and a beautiful young woman with silver hair holding a bundle. I know the size of Ginevra’s family so I stop and frown.

“There’s some missing.” I tell Severus as I glance over where the few servants are standing to see if I’ve missed anyone.

“What?” He asks looking over the group as well. “There seems to be a swarm of them.” He says but I shake my head.

“She had six brothers and I only count three.” I tell him, though it isn’t like I could tell one from the other.

Severus leads me over to Lord Weasley so he can question the patriarch of the brood.

“Where are your missing sons?” He asks and I stand behind him looking as menacing as I can.

“You have no right to treat us like this.” He answers fuming as well.
“A man’s wife is missing, one that is carrying a pureblood noble of the realm. We have every right to see to her safety.” Severus explains calmly. “Where are your missing sons?”

“Two have opened a shop in London, and the third is visiting a friend.” He answers as he stands straighter, trying to stare us down.

“What friend?” Severus asks the question I wish to.

“Harry Potter. They have gone on a hunting trip.”

“A child you claim to love is missing and your son goes away on holiday?!” I spit wanting to strangle the man.

“This happened because we left her in your protection!” Weasley spits back and his biggest son puts a hand on his arm. “After we are cleared we will see what the Emperor has to say about that!”

“Lady Malfoy went missing while under the Emperor’s protection. He takes this case very seriously, and I would discourage you from bringing this up to him at all.” Severus says before leading me away before I get in a muggle fight with the old man.

“We'll check the shop, and we will see if we can get clearance to check the Potter estate.” Severus says trying to calm me.

“Severus I am worried about her. The longer this takes the more danger our bonding puts her and the child in.” I say under my breath. “We finished it. I surrendered my power to her. But now it may kill her.”

“Than go home. Go back to Malfoy Manor and find a way of protecting them while I keep searching. “I won’t stop old friend. And maybe I can be this one’s godfather as well.” He says in a rare showing of comfort.

“I know you won’t.” I agree and let him lead me back to the palace.

**Ginny-**

“Ginny it’s time to wake up.” I hear a soft voice say and I try and curl myself up into a tighter ball, but I’m so huge now I can’t really curl much at all. I have no idea how long I’ve been here but it has been hell.

Someone comes every day and wakes me, then makes me eat something I know my mother has made for me. I haven’t seen any of my family yet, but I can feel their presence in every word these people say to me.

I think I’ve hardly said two words in I don’t know how many days. I tried at first to yell and scream and tell them they need to take me back to my husband. As time has gone on all I can feel is my need for him. I’m not supposed to be away from him and the magic we are bond with has become a living agony.

“Come on Ginnybean, time to wake up.” The voice says again and I try to pull away because now the person is touching me.

“How long has she been like this?” Another voice asks and I sob because I want them to go away. “You said you could help her.” The voice sounds mad. Nobody here ever sounds mad with me. Even when I hit and kick and spit at them they are always calm and pitying.
“There is nothing physically wrong with her.” Neville says. He comes often to check on me and talk to me about how all they want is to save me from what Lucius has done. “The magic he used on her is complicated, I don’t think we will make any real headway until after the child is born.”

I whimper again as the person next to me seems to be petting my hair like my mother used to. “We need to take her home Arthur.” She says and I perk up at the word home.

“I can go home now?” I ask opening my eyes and working to sit up. “You’ll let me go home? I need to see him. Please let me see him?” I beg before I realize I’m actually talking to my mother and father. “NOOO!” I scream moving away from my mother’s touch as fast as my massive body will move. “No, no, no!” I scream more and they look at me with shock like I am acting crazy.

“It’s us darling.” My mother says moving a bit closer like she thinks I don’t recognize her.

“I know who you are!” I scream I can’t seem to control the volume of my voice. “This is all your fault! Take me home! I need to go home!” I beg because I want them to actually understand. “We need to go home!” This is the most I’ve said in a while and I find that they are all looking at me like I’m crazy.

“What’s wrong with her?” My mother asks like I’m not even here.

“I NEED TO GO HOME!” I scream because they are being thick. Why can’t they understand that I need Lucius, that they are torturing me by keeping me away from him so long?

“We are taking you home dear.” My mother tries to step forward again. “Please calm down, it isn’t good for you or the baby.”

“You’re taking me home?” I ask more softly because I am starting to feel calmer. “Really?” I ask, it’s been so long since I’ve had hope of seeing him again.

“Yes darling.” She says moving closer to me and wrapping an arm around me. “We are taking you home right now.” She says soothingly.

My father moves forward and helps me to my feet before looking back to Neville. “We’re going to talk about this later.” He says but I don’t care because they are taking me home.

All I can think of is how wonderful it will be to have his arms around me. I know he will need to see me as much as I need to see him, but then I start to worry about how I look.

I haven’t seen myself in a mirror since I was taken from the palace, and even though they make me bathe regularly, I don’t put any energy into the task. They feed me every day, but I hardly have the focus to eat much of anything.

“Do I look okay?” I ask my mother because I don’t want him to be disgusted with me.

“You look like a woman about to give birth my darling.” She says patting the side of my face carefully. “You’re glowing. When we get home we’ll get a nice hot meal into you.”

“What?” I ask because I don’t understand for a moment. “No.” I say but I can’t find the energy to scream any more. “No. Mom. I need to go home.” I tell her as they lead me out of the building and towards a covered wagon.

“We’re taking you home honey.” My father says and I look back at him and I see the same pity in his eyes as I always see in the people here.
“I need to go to my home dad.” I tell him as they help me into the back of the wagon. There is a pile of blankets and pillows to make me comfortable. Mom climbs into the back of the wagon with me so I look to her for an answer. “Why are you doing this to me?”

Once my father has moved out of sight my mother moves so she can help me get comfortable in the back.

“We are trying to undo a wrong darling.” She says and she looks so sad. “I’m so sorry that I let you go with that man.” She adds and she looks like she’s about to cry.

“So you’ll take me to my home now?” I ask because I can’t keep things straight in my head and everything is so confusing.

“Everything is going to be okay baby.” She says and pulls me close. I don’t believe her because she is a liar and it is her fault I’m not home right now.

“Why do you hate me?” I whimper and she just shushes me and starts to sing a lullaby she used to sing me when I was young.
Chapter 32

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

A/N- Huge thanks to Eclectic Pet for being an awesome beta! So we are at the final chapter of this story, and I think it has been quite a ride! These characters will be back in future stories in this little AU world of mine, but for now, I will be working on some of my other unfinished work! Enjoy!

Lucius-

I am in a dungeon of my own making. After weeks of research and study, I built this room to try to save my wife. All I can think of is giving Severus more time. He comes by once a week to tell me of the happenings in the kingdom. What leads have led to more dead ends. I know it has been more than three months since Ginevra was taken, and if I had not made this cell we would both be dead.

The darkness and magic of this place dulls our connection to something tolerable. I want her back so much sometimes I weep in this place where no one can hear me. Draco visits me as well to tell me of the Malfoy estate as I have given him the power to run finances while I am stuck here. Sometimes I think this will be my life from now on, but I know that not even this measure will keep us alive for another year. At least Draco has a good head on his shoulders and will carry on the Malfoy legacy.

“Lucius.” I hear Severus standing outside my door. I think I open my eyes, but there is no way to be sure in this dark cell.

“Is it already Friday?” I ask because it seems he was here only a few days ago. Not that there is much way to tell time in this magical prison.

“No my friend. But I have news and we need your help.” He says and I can hear the locks of my door clinking.

“I must protect her Severus.” I snap as I relock the door with a wave of my wand.

“I know my friend.” He calls me that a lot now and I wonder if it is because I am going mad. “But we know where she is. And we both know the closer we can get you to her the better.”

“How do you know where she is?” I ask as I feel my heart start to speed up with the idea of finding her after all this time.

“Miss Granger has been helping perfect new ways of scrying. She has been very interested in helping with our search.” He says and I frown, as I don’t know if I can trust anything, some mudblood has done. “She is actually quite brilliant.” He adds as if he can read my mind.

“If I go with you, and that girl is wrong. It could kill us both.” I remind him what is at stake.

“If she is right your magical connection will not only help us find her, but you can cure both of you sooner rather than later. I am sure this has all put stress on the child.” He says and his reasons are
good. “Lucius we traced her back to the Weasley estate. We think with the child so close they have finally brought her home.

“She isn’t home!” I snap because Malfoy Manor is my wife’s home.

“You know what I mean Lucius.” He says tiredly and I nod even though he can’t see me. “Will you let me open the door so we can go get your wife?”

My hand twitches, and I start to unlock the door myself. The child has to be coming soon, and if we do not reconnect, I really doubt Ginevra will survive even with this precaution. I have to try to grasp at this ray of hope, or I don’t know if anything else will ever come again.

When the door opens, I am sure I look like a skeleton, but I don’t really care. “You’re not taking my wand.” I tell him as we set off towards those I will bring ruin upon.

“I wouldn’t consider it for the world.” Severus says as he follows me.

Ginny-

They’ve set me up in my old room and I haven’t had the energy to talk since we got back here. I lay on the bed and sleep. Sometimes my captors wake me and force a nutrient potion down my throat because I don’t have the will to eat. They talk in hushed voices as if I’m already dead.

Sometimes I dream when I’m sleeping. I am in the nursery at Malfoy Manor. It’s perfectly set up exactly how I wanted. I am holding my child and telling them soft stories as they sleep in my arms. They always look different, but they are always my child and always a perfect little creature in my arms.

I haven’t really been able to sleep for the last few days though. I can’t get comfortable and there is a growing pain every so often. From the way my Healer described it so long ago I think I may be in labor, but for some reason I just don’t tell anyone. The pain has been growing and I don’t even know how to yell. Do I even want them to know that my child is coming into the world? What if they take it away?

I don’t really know how long it is before I start whimpering. Whimpering feels good, as it feels like my body is cramping. I don’t know if I can breathe when the pain comes and I find myself holding my breath.

I take in gasps of air when it recedes like I’ve been drowning, and that is how my mother finds me. She drops the potion bottle and rushes to my side.

“Oh baby, how long has this been going on?” She asks trying to help me onto my back.

Most of the time I don’t really know how to talk to her when she speaks to me, but for some reason, it is like the last wave of pain has woken me up.

“I don’t know.” I say in a scratchy voice.

“It’s going to be okay baby.” She says before rushing to the door. “MARTHA! IT’S TIME!” She yells to our old housekeeper.

There is a new wave of pain and this time I have the voice to really cry out. A moment later, my mother is at my side. “Breathe baby, you need to breathe.” She says as she holds my hand tightly. “They are very close together.” She says sounding worried. “We’re not quite ready yet.”
“I want Lucius.” I whimper as I try to breathe this time, forcing my lungs to take in and push out air. “Why did you take him from me?” I cry and she just holds my hand more tightly.

“You’ll see it was for the best darling.” She whispers as the pain subsides again.

Soon Martha joins us and I know she was my mother’s midwife, so at least maybe my child will survive this. “You need to give him to his father.” I tell my mother who hasn’t left my side. “It isn’t right to keep him.”

“It’s okay dear, everything will be okay.” My mother says trying to sooth me as the pain fills me again. “Arthur get out of here!” My mother snaps and I have no idea why my father would even come.

“Can she be moved?” He asks sounding worried enough to make me look at him.

“Lucius?” I ask hopefully trying to sit up even though I feel like every muscle is locked in place.

“He’s here?” My mother sounds much less hopeful than I do.

“Somehow they must have detected her through our obscurments” He says looking to me. “Lock yourselves in. The boys and I will hold them off.” He says and he closes the door before running off.

“It’s going to be okay baby.” Mom says as she leaves me so she can put some warding on the room.

“Please just bring me Lucius?” I beg when she comes back to my side.

“We won’t let him get you.” She answers as if I had asked for something completely different. This must be why I am feeling more. The closer my husband gets the better chance of our bond healing.

“I think it’s time to start pushing.” Martha says trying to sound brave and encouraging.

“No.” I snap because I know I need to reconnect with Lucius before I do this.

Lucius-

“I feel her.” I say as we stand outside of their puny gate. They’ve actually raised their wards this time, so something has obviously changed.

“Hopefully she can feel you.” Severus says while we wait for the front guard to take down the barrier.

“I am going to torture them slowly for what they’ve done.” I growl thinking of all those Weasley faces.

“You may wish to remember they are still her blood.” My friend tries to keep me focused.

I should not be thinking of revenge now anyway. Now is the time to focus on getting to Ginevra. I need to find her before it is too late.

When the gate bursts open three redheads come rushing out of the main house as we come marching in. It’s the Lord and his two eldest sons. I go right for my wife’s father as the men take on the others. I will not kill any of them, but I do not think they have the same reservations for us.

“You know she did all this to save you from losing everything.” I call out to Arthur Weasley. “How can you betray her so completely?”
“Don’t act like you know anything about loyalty Malfoy!” He calls back as we exchange curses.

Really all I want is an opening at the door. I know we brought enough backup that I don’t even have to take down this man, even though it would be greatly satisfying to do just that.

“How can you talk of loyalty when you take what isn’t yours any longer!?” I yell back working to drive him away from the door.

“My daughter isn’t a thing!” He yells trying to rush me.

It is the opening I need and I turn quickly out of his way before bolting for the door with Severus on my heels. We soon discover there are more men here than just the Weasley clan. But I don’t really have the spare thought to consider what that could mean.

“It’s a trap.” Severus growls as we have been cut off from the rest of our group.

“We can take them. I need to get to Ginevra.” I tell him and there is no hesitation as we take down who we can and move as best we can in cramped quarters.

“Give us a direction Lucius.” He yells as we fight off those who seem little older than teens.

“In here!” I call pulling us both into some kind of sitting room and using the force of my magic to toss a large clock to bar the door.

“Now you’ve trapped us in here.” Severus says as he looks for an exit.

“She is up there.” I say because my mind only has one thought. My wife is directly above my head.

I hear a scream that makes my blood run cold. That is my wife and they are killing her! Without thought to what could happen I blast a hole in the ceiling away from where I know my wife is.

Ginny-

I know holding back like I am can’t exactly be good for me or the baby, but I also know if I don’t hold off as long as I can I will have failed my child before it is even born. I scream as the pain becomes too much and my mother is breaking her voice begging me to listen to Martha.

“I can’t!” I whimper because she will never understand what she has done to me.

Before she can answer though the far corner of the room seems to actually explode in a cloud of dust and debris. My mother puts herself between the corner and me as I hear shuffling and groaning.

“You need to push Miss Weasley.” Martha pleads while my mother is too busy watching for trouble.

“That is Lady Malfoy to you.” A distinctly male voice says and I get my first vision of Lucius. He doesn’t look very good actually, as if he had been sick for a long time, and I know I must look very similar.

“Stay away from my daughter!” My mother yells in her shrill voice as she points her wand directly at my husband.

“Please?” I whimper trying to reach out for him. I just need him to touch me and everything will feel better, I know it.

“Get out of my way woman! Don’t you see she needs me?” Lucius growls and I can see the fire in
his eyes.

“Please mom!” I beg and there is pain again so I scream and bend forward because that is what my body wants from me.

I can’t tell what is going on and I can’t hear anything but my own cries. Before the pain is over I feel a large hand on my back and the relief is so profound that I almost stop breathing all together. When the pain slows, I look and find my sickly husband covered in blood and dirt kneeling at my side and looking at me as if I am the only thing in the world.

“You made it.” I tell him before falling back because I really don’t have the strength to hold myself up.

“She really needs to start pushing when I say.” Martha tells my husband because she has no one else she can give this command to.

“I think you need to listen to her.” He says as he holds my hand with one hand and wipes hair that is stuck to my face away with the other.

I nod because I know it’s actually time now and I start to really fight for the first time since Harry drugged me so long ago.

When the child finally comes it starts to cry almost right away, and Martha tells us that is a good sign.

“It’s a girl.” She says as she starts to wrap up my daughter in a blanket. I’m happy, but I know how much Lucius was counting on a boy.

“I’m sorry.” I tell him, even though I just want to hold her, and I still feel the pain as if I’ll be in labor forever.

“She’s beautiful, she’s so small.” He says next to my ear, and I really don’t know what to say when there is the full pain of something again and I cry out. “What’s wrong with her?” He asks and Martha quickly hands my daughter to him as she moves back between my legs.

“It looks like she isn’t alone.” She says and I widen my eyes and I don’t know how I am going to do this all over again.

Lucius holds our daughter with one hand and me with the other and I have to push another life from my body. This was not an idea I was ready for, but I know with him at my side I can do it.

“Another girl.” She says with a smile and I don’t have time to even look at my husband, as I know something is still wrong with me.

“I’m going to die.” I gasp as she quickly wraps her up and sets a second crying baby down in the little bassinet my mother had ready for her.

“It’s going to be alright my love.” Lucius says kissing the side of my face.

“No, no, no.” I whimper and Martha gasps.

“She is having another.” She says and I know this has to be some kind of dream, as I have to go through this all over again.

“I’m never going to be done!” I cry out and even Lucius looks worried, but all the same, he keeps me close and helps me keep going. When the third human is finally pushed from my loins, I take in
a gasp of air as I finally feel some relief.

Martha doesn’t move away this time as she cares for the child and wraps it in her apron because I think she may have run out of blankets.

“It’s all over now.” She says after a few moments and I let myself lay back. I still feel cramps but it is nothing like it was before so I think I may actually believe her.

“And the child?” Lucius asks trying to see the child as I realize I haven’t heard it cry.

There is a long moment before it lets its lungs loose and I relax as if that is a musical sound.

“It’s a little boy.” Martha says after a moment. She sounds very nervous all of a sudden, and it is only now that I actually hear the pounding on my door.

Lucius hands me our first daughter and walks over to the door with purpose in his step and his wand out and ready.

He lowers the ward on it that my mother had put in place making Harry and Ron come tumbling in. I wonder how long they had been slamming themselves against the door.

“Step away from her!” Harry manages an angry growl before he comes face to face with my husband’s wand.

“Please?” I gasp and swallow hard as I look down at the child in my arms. I feel so tired and I don’t want to deal with all this fuss. “I need rest.” I add as best I can. “Everyone go away.” I say and I know I’ve gone too far as the darkness swallows me up.

I wake still feeling so tired, and there is someone humming by my bed that definitely isn’t my mother. When I open my eyes, I find that I am still in my old room at the Burrow. Healer Pomfrey is sitting by my bed and I can’t help but smile at her.

“You’re awake. I was worried there for a little while after all this stress.” She says coming over to me with a cool cloth.

“What happened?” I ask feeling more like myself than I have in months.

“I’m not sure of everything.” She starts as she helps me to sit up and get comfortable in the new position. “But there was a fight while you were in labor. A woman named Martha says you wouldn’t push until Lord Malfoy blew a hole…”

I shake my head. “I know all of that.” I interrupt her. “Where is Lucius, and my children?”

“The babies are right over here and all doing very well. They could do with a feeding if you think you are up to it.” She says as she goes to pick up a small bundle from one of the bassinets. It seems there are now three and I have to wonder when that happened. “Lord Malfoy slept with you for a while to help heal your bond. But he had to leave an hour ago to speak with the Emperor about everything that has happened here.”

“Why am I still here?” I ask as I take the girl from her arms and smile down at her perfect little face.

“I wanted you to recover a bit before we move you. Having triplets is dangerous in the best of times dear. If you had been under my care I would have known and we would have prepared you.” She says sounding angry. “I hope those rebels get what’s coming for how they endangered you and your children.”
I swallow hard at her words as I remember the time spent at the Longbottom estate. She shows me how to hold my girl so she can feed and I bite my lip at the odd and somewhat painful sensation.

“But they’re alright?” I ask looking up to her with worry.

“Yes dear you did wonderful.” She says and I finally let myself really relax.

Lucius-

That mad healer makes my wife and children stay at the Weasley estate for over a month! We have her moved to the larger room Lord and Lady Weasley used to use as their own. We didn’t capture all of those who were at the Burrow, but at least we have Lord Weasley in the palace dungeons.

I’ve visited her every day as often as I can. Though Draco refuses to set foot on the traitor’s land, even to see his new siblings. We keep putting off naming them. We never really talked about it before, and even if we had, there are three to figure out.

I never really knew I wanted a daughter until I saw our first child born and looked at her tiny red face. When the second was born, all I could think was how I was twice blessed. And then as my second son came into this world I thought I would probably pass out.

I don’t think I have truly relaxed yet since finding Ginevra and I am glad that today they will all be coming home. I’m sitting in the front study waiting for the carriage to arrive, and Draco sits with me reading some letter with a serious expression.

“I’m glad to have this all over with so you can take over running the estate again.” He says shaking his head. “I enjoyed my limited duties before.”

“Haven’t had much time with your own twins?” I ask and he smiles up at me.

“I’ve made time.” He says seeming pleased with himself. “I wish to make them an offer father.” He says setting down his papers so he can look at me seriously.

“Which one?” I ask unable to help smiling at the idea of my son getting married.

“Both.” He says as if that should be plain.

“You can only legally marry one my boy.” I remind him amused by his plans.

“We’ll pay both bride prices and tell their father that we will take care of arranging the sister’s marriage when she is ready.” He says very seriously.

“If that is really what you want. It sounds as if you will have your hands full.” I say as I hear commotion in the front all.

“This will be a very full house.” I add and he smiles.

“We have the room.” He says as we both go out to greet Ginevra and the children.

She looks much recovered from how I found her in that house, and I probably look better myself. She comes right for me so that I can encircle her in an embrace while servants carry her things in.

There is a lot of commotion to get the children properly into their nursery and I am glad Draco takes an interest in his new siblings as they are settled in. Ginevra fusses over them for a while before I can pull her away and finally have a private moment with my wife for the first time in forever.
“We should name them now that they are home.” She says looking up to me with a tired smile.

“We should.” I agree nodding as I help her out of her cloak. “But first I need something from my pet.” I tell her in a breathy voice as I lead her to my room.

She trembles slightly in my arms, and I enjoy the flush on her cheeks. “I’m a mother now…” She says as if that stops her from being a sexual creature.

“I asked your healer if it was alright.” I tell her as I start to unlace her dress. “She says a hard cock is exactly what you need right now.” I tell her making her blush even more deeply.

“Master please?” She gasps making me all the more eager to take what is mine.

The End.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!