

Something Borrowed

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Something Borrowed

by [EndlessSupplication](#)

Summary

Hermione can't help that the object of her obsession is married, although, maybe she can.

Chapter 1

Hermione couldn't pinpoint when it had started. It was the awareness of him that caught her off guard. Her eyes would always seek him out no matter where they were. His cologne filled her senses and made her feel drunk, *he* made her feel drunk, constantly on edge. Like a moth to the flame, she would continually seek to hover in his presence. There was a heart-clenching agony of having him nearby but never actually having *him*.

Friday nights were the highlight of her week, it's when Harry, Ron and *he* would go out for drinks after work. She hadn't been invited at first, not being an Auror, but then she'd stumbled on them one night and after a very pleasant evening, she'd gotten a standing invitation to join them whenever she liked. And she'd never missed a night since.

Work kept her busy, but every second apart from him felt like a distraction. Having her own company was what she'd always dreamed of something she'd made from scratch. But now that she had it, she felt unfulfilled. Her company was at the forefront of potion making, creating several new potions with useful appliances every year. But she could never stop her thoughts from returning to *him*. She wondered what he was doing constantly, every time she left her house or her lab to venture out in public, she would be on edge, preparing to see him around every corner, hoping he would suddenly appear before her armed with his charming smile. Maybe he'd invite her to go somewhere, just the two of them. But it never happened. She never saw him outside of drinks.

Sometimes he sat next to her in the booth they normally occupied, and that was really the most exquisite torture. She was hyper-aware of her own body; his leg would bump into hers or his arm would brush hers accidentally and it would send a shiver down her spine. She couldn't bear to look at him when he was next to her, it felt too intimate, and that intimacy was not meant for her.

He never brought his wife to drinks, and he spoke about her infrequently. She could tell he was fond of her by the way he smiled when he spoke her name. It made her seethe with jealousy, even though she had no right to feel that way.

They always talked about their cases, and that's when she'd first caught on to her own feelings, when Harry and Ron had talked about how they'd confronted a vampire and all three of them had been injured. It was when she had felt the most worry for *him*, and not Harry and Ron that she'd realised she was in too deep.

The way he listened to her when she was talking about potion ingredients and brewing techniques was addictive, it was like she was the only person in the room. The way he teased her about her non-existent love life. Twice when he'd had too much to drink, he'd even given her a hug when they all parted for the night. She had relished it, trying to bribe him with more alcohol every time they were out, but normally he was sensible never going past three drinks.

She knew it wasn't love, it was an obsession. Hermione was an obsessive person, she couldn't have built her company without that particular trait, and now it seems to have transferred onto something else. On him.

Sometimes she'd dream about him, often they were nice, but sometimes she'd dream of him being cruel to her, taking on the form of her childhood bully.

"Don't you know I'm *married*, Granger? I'm not for you. But you still want me, don't you? You're so *filthy*." And then he would do the most unspeakable things to her, and she would wake up sweaty and *wet*. Though guilt seeped through her, she never failed to bring herself to completion after she'd dreamt of him.

Something in her was wary of him after she had those kinds of dreams, but he was unfailingly nice and attentive to her every time they met. Completely oblivious to her inner turmoil.

It was only a matter of time before the line she so carefully balanced would be thoroughly pulled from under her.

Like so many other Fridays she'd woken up from dreaming about him again. He'd been exceptionally crueling this time, calling her a filthy mudblood and pounded painfully into her from behind while grabbing her hair and forcing her to look at an audience of death eaters. She had the vague sensation that even Voldemort was there.

Waking, she was soaked through her panties, and before she could think, her fingers made the trail down her body they'd made so many times before. A few circles around her clit was all it took for her to clench up, and her body twitched as she came.

Guilt and self-disgust swirled around in her stomach. She wanted so desperately to stop thinking about him, this version of him she'd built in her head. She would tolerate any words if they were wrapped in his seductive voice. She would let him treat her like filth if his hands were on her. But it would never happen. Because he was married. Because he would never think about her in that way. The past year of Friday nights had shown him to be nothing more than polite and *friendly*.

This morning's dream had been the lowest her imagination had ever gone; it needed to stop *now*. Her obsession needed to die, she'd have to starve it out.

Owling Harry to let him know she couldn't make it to drinks was incredibly hard, but she didn't let herself think about it. Just a quick note saying she wouldn't be there, no other explanation.

When her owl left the windowsill, her note in its beak, she had the urge to jump after it and wrestle it into the ground. Instead, she turned on her heel and got dressed for work.

Having her own company had its perks, she could come into work whenever she wanted, work on whatever and with whoever she wanted. She'd been careful hiring only people she

knew she could get along with, and it left her options somewhat limited, but everyone she hired were exceptionally talented and passionate about their field.

She'd hired Neville Longbottom for Herbology Acquisitions, Hannah Abbot as head of Research and Development and Blaise Zabini as a Solicitor to be her legal department and then she'd hired five actual potions makers, a mix of previous students from Durmstrang, Beauxbatons and Hogwarts. If something was outside their normal needs, she would hire outside consultants. She was very proud of what she'd built, and the company had made enough money to keep itself running for twenty years even if they shut down sales today.

Her office was homely and cozy, pictures scattered all over the wall of her friends and employees with their families. A couch where she'd spent too many nights sleeping after brewing complex potions way too late stood near her medium-sized wooden desk. On the opposite wall to the door was a giant window overlooking the industrial sized potions lab. In a rare show of extravagance, Hermione had installed a private lift down to the potions lab straight from her office. She'd justified it in her mind by telling herself how much time she'd save going up and down the stairs.

Entering the glass lift, she spotted Neville on the floor. He was normally cooped up in his greenhouse next door to the lab, but since taking note of Hannah Abbot he'd been making any and all excuses to be close to her. Hermione cringed, that sounded too similar to her own situation which she'd expressly forbidden herself from thinking about.

Wasting no time exiting the lift when it hit the ground floor, she greeted Neville and Hannah jovially.

"Morning Hermione, my darling, how are you?" Hannah's clear voice could cut through glass.

"Good thanks, and you?" Hermione didn't even think about the lie, too accustomed to only answer this non-question in one way.

"Great actually, Neville has just asked me out on a date!" At this, Neville folded into himself.

"Oh, don't be like that Neville, I think that's the best news I've heard all day." Hermione smiled at him.

Neville's eyes narrowed. "It's only 8 in the morning."

Hermione waved him away. "Anyway, any news on the improved Wolfsbane potion?"

"We're making great progress, boss." At this, Hannah made a stiff salute. "We've managed to delay the effects of lycanthropy under a full moon; the change didn't occur until hours later. I've got the report ready for you on my desk if you want it."

"Thanks Hannah, I'll be in my office if anyone needs me."

"Oh, don't worry Big Brother, we know you're always watching." Hannah giggled.

“It’s too early for those kinds of references.” Hermione rolled her eyes good naturedly. She loved talking to Hannah, she always brought levity to any situation, no matter how tense. She remembered when they’d been neck-deep in Ministry grant applications that seemed to get more complex by the second, Hannah had always been able to make her laugh, made her take breaks and assured her it was all going to be ok.

Despite this, Hermione found it hard to open up about her personal situation, probably because it was all so downright embarrassing. Just thinking about talking to anyone about it made her want to crawl up in a hole and die.

Hermione made her way back to her office, she had plenty of paperwork to occupy her time, if she was lucky, she could make it last all day.

Luck was not on her side, and when she was finished triple checking everything by 1pm, she knew she would not get anything else done today. Her mind constantly tried to go back to *him*. Wondering if he’d ask about her tonight when she didn’t show up, if he would be concerned.

She slammed her desk in frustration when her mind for the millionth time tried to ask her another inane question about *him*, such as *‘I wonder what he’s wearing’*, *‘What’s he thinking about right now’* and *‘I hope that raid on Wednesday went okay’*.

“Fuck!”

She hadn’t meant to say it out loud, even if she was alone. She didn’t want anyone seeing her from the lab, slapping her desk, shouting in frustration, it was unbecoming of her. Carefully, she rose from her chair and peered down into the lab. Nobody was looking at her, nobody had noticed, even Hannah seemed occupied, standing over a cauldron pouring over her notes.

Hermione sighed, she was in no state to be in the office. At least if she went home, she could freak out in private. She decided to leave early, sending a quick message to Blaise saying she’d be working from home for the rest of the day and if anything came up to owl her.

At home, her thoughts were still going a million miles an hour. Shame you couldn’t escape your own head. She made the decision to write to her parents. Even though they still didn’t know who she was, she had convinced them she was a cousin of her mother’s that they’d lost contact with many years ago, and so she wrote about what had happened in her life recently (nothing of note) and who she was dating (no-one). But it was easy with her parents, she found a way to fill pages and pages of thoughts, hopes and aspirations. She signed off the email with love.

They normally replied within the day of receiving it, Hermione couldn’t help but see hope in that, they liked her, they wanted to talk to her. Maybe she could go for a visit again. The first time had been jarring, but now, with years of communication under their belt, perhaps it would be better. Or maybe it would be worse, a small part of her whispered.

She looked at the time, 5pm, this is when they normally met for drinks. She refused to think about it. She made a time-consuming meal for dinner, shutting down her brain every time it started up on him again.

'I wonder if he's thinking about me.'

She kneaded the dough by hand, probably for longer than she needed to. When it was time for the dough to rest for an hour, she started on the filling. Mindless work, just what she needed.

Two hours later she was full to the brim with pasta and wine and settled down on the couch to watch a movie. She never got to finish the movie as she fell asleep before 10 minutes had passed.

Saturday and Sunday passed by in a haze, she'd decided on redecorating her house, so she'd blasted music and got to work immediately after waking. Blue walls turned grey to reflect her mood. When she went to bed aching and stiff, she was too tired to think about anything.

The following week passed the same way as the Friday, she got home from work, made dinner, got drunk on wine and fell asleep watching a movie. And before she knew it, it was Friday again. She didn't even bother sending a note this time. She was too hungover from the night before. Getting drunk was the only way she could stop her infernal brain from churning.

After coming home from the office, she started on her new routine, making an elaborate, time consuming dinner while ingesting wine like there was no tomorrow. She was halfway through the bottle and dinner when her Floo came to life.

"Harry, Ron. What's up?" She couldn't stop her words from slurring slightly. They were here, did that mean he was going to show up too? She couldn't stomp hard enough on that flicker of hope.

"What's going on Hermione? You haven't shown up for drinks two weeks in a row, you didn't even send a note this time." Harry sounded concerned.

"Just didn't feel like it." Hermione shrugged, the wine already coursing through her veins, making her feel numb.

"Do you not want to hang out with us, or?" Ron took over the questioning this time.

"Nothing like that, I love hanging out with you. I just needed some time to myself." Hermione knew it sounded like a lie, but it was mostly the truth.

Harry walked over to her and placed his hand on her shoulder. "You know you can talk to us if anything is wrong, right 'Mione? And now we find you here, getting drunk on your own." His concern was starting to piss her off now, she'd only missed two Friday nights after all, and she was an adult for crying out loud, she could get drunk alone if she wanted to, and she intended to voice as much.

"Harry, honestly, I've only missed Friday drinks twice, I think you're both overreacting." She raised her eyebrow in what she hoped to be a scolding manner.

Harry smiled, obviously reassured by her lecturing. "Okay, just, let us know if anything is wrong?"

“You’ll be the first to know.” Lies, lies, lies. Fucking liar, she thought to herself.

“Okay, well, we came here to check on you, but also, I wanted to invite you to mine and Ginny’s anniversary celebration next week” Harry grinned.

Back on safe ground, she thought. “Oh, how lovely Harry, I’d love to come!” She made a sweeping gesture with her hands that drug her glass of wine straight off the counter.

Frowning, she looked at the shards of glass on her tiled kitchen floor. How had that happened? She wasn’t that drunk, was she?

Ron, ever the gentleman pulled out his wand and vanished the mess. He gave her a lopsided grin.

“Anyway, what I was saying- Draco has very generously offered to host us in his castle in the south of France.”

“Oh.” The sound forced its way out of her, like she’d been punched in the stomach.

How would she be able to back out now? “How lovely.” She managed to choke out. Lovely, twice in a row, great, now they’d absolutely know something was off.

But it seems it went right over their head, too busy barraging her with details of Malfoy’s *beautiful* manor and his *perfect* wife who had initially offered the space.

Hermione felt like she was suffocating.

Chapter 2

Malfoy's castle in the south of France was beautiful, just like Harry and Ron had said. She'd spent the week getting drunk every night to the point of passing out just to stop the thoughts that she'd be trapped in a castle with fucking Malfoy and his *wife*.

She hadn't been able to back out of the fucking event even if every fibre in her body was screaming at her that this was a bad idea.

When she'd casually mentioned to Ginny on Wednesday that she might be coming down with something, Ginny had showed up out of nowhere with soup, taken one look at her and cleared her fit for the weekend's celebration.

When she'd said on Thursday that work might go over the weekend, Harry had appeared in her office and spoken to both Hannah and Neville who seemed confused as to why she'd have to do any work over the weekend. The accusatory look from Harry would be something she would never forget. She'd tried to make a weak excuse that Neville and Hannah didn't know what she was working on, but Harry had only said: "I expect you to be there this weekend for me and Ginny."

And that was that really, she had no response to that. She would have loved to be there for them, if it wasn't for her own damn obsession with *him*. Why did it have to be at his *castle*? In fucking France of all Gods damned places.

So, it was with a resigned attitude she'd packed her bag after work on Friday, and if she put a little more effort into her appearance than usual, well, that was just her own business. Her body was alight with nerves as she thought of seeing *him* again. Sliding her short, blue summer dress over her head, she took in her own appearance in the mirror.

3 weeks, and it still felt like yesterday where they'd sat in their customary booth at the Wand & Flute, their usual pub. He'd sat next to her that time. He'd teased her about her hair, which was having an unruly day. When he'd reached out to tuck a strand behind her ear, she thought she might die. His touch was so soft and careful, and she had to stop herself from violently shivering with pleasure when his fingers made contact with the side of her face. She hadn't been able to look at him, if she looked at him, he would *know*. Her emotions had surely been written all over her face. She'd slapped his hand playfully away, even if it was the last thing she'd wanted to do. When Harry had changed the topic to James upcoming 6th birthday party, she was so grateful she could kiss him.

Hermione arrived at the castle through the floo a little behind Harry and Ginny. They'd met up at 12 Grimmauld Place to go together. Stumbling a little, she brushed the soot off her dress. She immediately spotted *him*, her eyes drawn to him inevitably. He was walking towards them with his wife at his side to greet them.

Astoria Malfoy was ethereal. She was so fucking beautiful that Hermione didn't know where to look when she first laid eyes on her. No wonder Malfoy seemed to like her so much. How could she ever compare?

It was the first time Hermione had ever seen Mrs. Malfoy in real life. With long blonde hair, blue eyes, a cute button nose and lips that were pink and full, she looked like a movie star.

Standing next to Malfoy, they kind of looked like siblings, Hermione thought, spitefully, and then immediately chastened herself.

Mr. and Mrs. Malfoy greeted everyone in the most charming of ways, and a house elf brought them champagne. Evidently, Ginny already knew Astoria as she squealed when she saw her and ran to her for a hug.

Ron appeared from the floo next, then his wife, Lavender Brown. Astoria and Malfoy greeted them both warmly, each handed a glass of champagne.

"I think that's everyone. We've got rooms for all of you, no one will have to share if they don't want to." Malfoy said, a smile playing around his lips.

"Get me a single room, Draco. This one snores." Ginny slapped Harry's arm playfully and smiled to show she was joking. Harry just grinned down lovingly at her.

Hermione knew she would be the only one to come without a partner but seeing them all coupled up like this made her very aware of it.

Maybe she should have asked Blaise, he was recently single after a disastrous break up with a witch who had turned out to be a downright psychopath. They could have come as friends. It was too late now, however. Or maybe she could owl him right now.

She tried to look anywhere but *him*, pretending to study the room instead. The greeting hall was big and bright, with massive windows overlooking water. Were they on an island? She walked over to the windows to get a better view.

She was pretty sure they were on an island. Of course, Malfoy would have a castle on his own island, she huffed to herself.

She hadn't noticed the man himself making his way to her until he spoke.

"Admiring the view, Granger?" Malfoy's voice was smooth, seemingly politely disinterested.

"Are we on an island?"

Malfoy's eyebrow quirked upward in amusement. "Yes, we are in fact on an island, excellent skills of deduction."

Hermione chose not to respond, instead drinking in his appearance. He was taller than her by a head, his face the epitome of handsome aristocracy. She willed her eyes to pull away, but she couldn't. His blonde hair was shorter on the sides and longer on top and carefully messed up to make it look effortless. It looked so soft it made Hermione want to reach out to run her fingers through it.

Before she could make any more embarrassing observations about his appearance, Malfoy's house elf appeared by their side.

"If Miss would follow, please. Selene will take you to your room."

Looking around the hall, she realized she was the only one left, sans Malfoy. With a final glance at him, Hermione followed the little house elf. She was dressed in a cute pink dress that went all the way down to the floor. The hallways seemed like a maze, and Hermione desperately tried to remember the pattern to find her way back. The soft swish of Selene's dress against the floor echoed through the empty corridors. Finally, she stopped.

"This is the Masters chambers. You will be in the room next door." The house elf gestured to two sets of doors. They were seemingly the only ones in this hallway. Odd, Hermione thought.

"Only the Master sleeps here?"

"Oh yes, miss, Mistress has her own wing."

"What..." But Hermione didn't know how to ask the question, her mind racing a million miles an hour. What the hell does that mean? is the question she wanted to ask but couldn't formulate in a polite way. Instead, she followed the house elf into her room.

The white, golden adorned walls of the castle shone in the daylight from the gigantic French doors that led out to a balcony. The dark wooden floors were nearly covered by an intricate oriental rug. There was a door on the left that presumably led to a bathroom. Opening the wardrobe, she found her clothes already unpacked.

"If that will be all, Miss. Dinner will be served outside in an hour, please feel free to go wherever you want in the meantime." Then she seemingly hesitated. "Oh yes, and the Master asked me to say that Selene is being well compensated for her work."

At this, Hermione couldn't help but laugh, of course he would love to make that point to tease her and she dismissed the elf with a smile.

Her thought that the door led to a bathroom was correct, beautiful marble floors and walls greeted her. A massive claw-foot bathtub stood in the middle of the room. Even though the castle was obviously old, they'd seemingly modernised and a modern toilet, sink and even a shower was also placed in the room.

Hermione collapsed on the giant four poster bed in her bedroom. Why had Malfoy given her the bedroom beside his? Did he *know*? Was he teasing her? Panicking, she couldn't stop her mind from ruminating. She had tried so hard to get over him, and now it seemed like he was throwing himself in her face. She would have to persevere, it was only two nights, she could do it, she tried to assure herself.

It appeared Hermione was the last one to appear for dinner, everyone else was already seated.

“Granger, please sit down.” Malfoy, standing at the sight of her, gestured to the only chair left, right next to him. Astoria sat on his other side. Hermione sat down without incident, placing a napkin carefully in her lap.

Ginny and Harry, placed opposite, smiled at her.

“Did you like your room, Granger?” Hermione could feel the soft whisper of Malfoy’s voice on her cheek. His breath smelled like mint and whiskey.

“Yes, thank you Malfoy, it was adequate.” She refused to voice any questions regarding her placement but couldn’t help teasing him a little.

He smiled at her. “Adequate, huh, maybe I should give you my room? Your Highness.”

She knew her cheeks were burning red, and she refused to meet his eyes, instead pretending to study her hands in her lap. “No, that’s alright Malfoy, it’s really lovely.”

Obviously pleased, he gave a quick nod and returned to the conversation between the other guests.

“These are some beautiful grounds, Malfoy. Thank you for offering to host.” Ginny said with a smile on her face.

“That’s all down to my wife, I’m afraid, Astoria was itching for an excuse to make use of the castle.” He smiled fondly at Astoria and Hermione could feel her heart twisting in her chest. What the hell was she doing? What was she thinking? He was so obviously married. Why couldn’t she just get over this? Hermione couldn’t meet anyone’s eyes, still pretending to be fascinated with her hands.

“I just love it here. There are some perks of being married to a Malfoy.” Astoria said, obviously teasing him.

“I’m surprised there are any at all.” Ron couldn’t help but interject.

Malfoy laughed loudly. “No. She really is a saint.” At this, he took Astoria’s hand and kissed it gently.

Hermione had thought she couldn’t sink any lower into her self-disgust, but there it was. The obvious affection between the pair twisted the knife firmly into her chest.

The rest of dinner went by in a blur, Hermione spoke only when spoken to but tried her best to look attentive. It had only been a few hours into the weekend, but she already felt low, and it had been reflected in her drinking. She was already on her fifth glass of champagne. Feeling a bit unsteady as she rose with everyone else, she wobbled slightly.

Malfoy grabbed her arm gently. “Are you feeling ok, Granger?”

She waved him away. “Yes, yes, I’m perfectly fine. Stop mothering me.”

He smiled at her then, a full-on grin, and held his hands up in the air. "Alright then." He turned to the rest of his guests. "If you'd all like to join me in the lounge for drinks, please follow me."

Hermione didn't know if more drinking would be the best idea now, she felt like her self-control was paper-thin. She could possibly make a giant fool of herself. But she followed him alongside the rest of the guests anyway.

They entered a room with darkened walls and black and green furniture. Obviously, this room was designed to look more intimate than the rest of the castle. The seating arrangements in the lounge were cozy, arranged around the fireplace. Two dark green loveseats were promptly occupied by Harry and Ginny and Ron and Lavender, which left three comfortable looking armchairs for Hermione, Malfoy and Astoria. Their drinks were placed on a small coffee table in the middle.

Astoria wasted no time in getting to what she really wanted to know. "So, what's next for the Potters, any more children coming?"

Hermione hated this line of questioning, she knew where it would lead next.

"No, I think three is enough." Ginny said decisively. "Besides, I'd love to just focus on my career for a while." Ginny was a chaser for the Holyhead Harpies. Harry nodded in confirmation. "Anything Ginny wants, Ginny gets." He winked at her.

"And what about you Ron and Lavender? Planning on any siblings for Rose?" Astoria wasted no time turning her attention to the next couple.

"Maybe." Lavender gave a secret smile to Ron.

Astoria smiled, clearly happy with this answer. Hermione was on edge now, any second now it would turn to her. Hermione was rarely wrong, and she wasn't wrong this time either.

"And what about you Hermione? Are you dating anyone?" Astoria gave her an overbearing smile, like she suspected the answer would be no.

Hermione didn't want to respond; she didn't want to have this conversation at all. Her hands twisted in her lap while she tried to formulate a response.

"Granger is probably out enjoying her life." Malfoy interjected and gave a quick wink to Hermione.

"But don't you think she would be happier if she found someone?" Astoria insisted.

Hermione's silence filled the room that Astoria was eager to fill. "I just think, you would be happier if you settled down with someone, found someone to fill the void..." Astoria continued, unperturbed. Really, this was getting out of hand now, it was the first time they'd even met. Hermione was getting angrier by the second, and she was just about to speak up when Malfoy interrupted her. "Surely you can't be happy, being on your own, don't you want someone to come home to at night? Have children with?"

This poking felt unwarranted, what did she know anyway? But it grated on her, coming from the one woman who had everything Hermione wanted. *Him.*

“Astoria.” The warning tone in Draco’s voice was unmistakable.

Hermione was slightly taken aback by his intervention. He was the one who teased her the most about her single status when they went out for drinks after all. A memory of the first time he’d done so flashed in her mind.

“Are we going to get to meet your special someone anytime soon, Granger?” Malfoy’s smile was contagious.

“You know perfectly well there is no-one.”

“Oh, I don’t know, you seem happier recently.” His hand had accidentally brushed hers as he leaned in toward her over the table. At that point, it had been two weeks since she’d acknowledged her own feelings for him. It was because of him. But she couldn’t say that. Instead, she blushed and kept her mouth firmly shut.

“A-ha! So, there is someone.” He grinned at her.

“No, no, nothing like that.” And then, before she could stop the words from coming out of her mouth. “It’s just a crush, he doesn’t even know I like him.” Hermione wanted to curse herself, why the fuck had she said that.

“Well, then I think you should go for it, Granger. I’m pretty sure he’d want you too, any man that wouldn’t is an idiot.” At that, Hermione had just nodded, pretending to accept his words, like that was even an option. He was just being friendly.

“But Draco...” Astoria wouldn’t let up.

“Enough.” His tone made it clear it was the end of the conversation.

“Excuse me, I need some air.” Hermione stood from her chair. She needed to get out, now, otherwise she might cry from anger and frustration.

The heavy curtains leading to the balcony had been closed as soon as the night turned dark, but Hermione managed to fumble her way through, concerned eyes following.

Gently shutting the door behind her, she took a deep breath as she looked out across the vast expanse of water. She could not see anything past the black expanse of shoreline. Her hands were shaking, though not from cold as there seemed to be a warming charm around the whole castle. She took a deep breath, hoping to calm herself quickly so she could go back in and make sure everyone saw she was okay, even though she was anything but. She didn’t want Astoria to know she’d rattled her, even though she probably already knew.

She heard the door open and close behind her, she didn’t turn around, she knew who it was.

“Harry.”

“I’m sorry about Astoria, Hermione. I’m sure she meant well.”

“I don’t think so, Harry, she had that *tone*. She was pitying me.”

Harry sighed deeply. “You didn’t hear this from me, but apparently she’s been having some problems conceiving, and it’s making her... not herself.”

“Still, it doesn’t excuse...” She was cut off by the door opening and shutting again. She just wanted to be left alone, why couldn’t they just all leave her alone? But then *he* was there, and all thoughts left her. His cologne reached out to her, and she suddenly felt dazed.

“I am sorry, Granger.” Hermione had a sudden flashback to him apologising to her for his behaviour in school. He’d made a right mess of it, and at the end of it Hermione had thought that was the worst apology she’d ever gotten, but she’d forgiven him anyway.

“Astoria doesn’t... She... We’ve been having some problems.” This was the last thing Hermione needed to hear; she didn’t need any excuse to continue her obsession with him. If she knew they were having trouble, that would mean she could fantasise about wedging herself between them, making their problems *worse*. ‘No’, was the only thing she could think. She willed him to stop speaking.

Harry excused himself, sensing that this conversation might be better between them. Hermione cursed him and blessed him equally.

“I’m sorry, I don’t want to burden you with our problems.” *Our*, of course, because they were married, Hermione reminded herself for the millionth time. “I just want you to know that it was out of line, the way she questioned you and I wish you didn’t have to hear it.”

When he stood in front of her like this, looking so sincerely concerned for her, it made her want to throw herself at him. Her eyes briefly flickered down to his lips. He gave no indication he’d seen and continued.

“I just hope you’re not thinking of leaving, I’d really love you to stay.” He looked nervous, it was the first time she’d ever seen him like that, she found it adorable, and she could not refuse him.

“I... uh... Yes, I’ll stay. But I think I’ll go to bed for the night, I’m very tired.”

“Of course, let me walk you to your room.” His hand found the small of her back, she could feel the heat of it through her thin dress, and he guided her back into the lounge. She was so aware of his touch, it felt like his hand was burning her. The lounge was empty.

“They’ve gone to bed.” Malfoy whispered conspiratorially against her ear, she felt his breath ghost the shell and it made her shiver. She craved for him to lean into her and kiss her neck... No. No, she was not going down that road.

Guiding her through the hallways, his hand still on the small of her back, he didn’t speak and neither did she.

At her door, he finally let go of her. “Goodnight Granger.” He looked down at her.

She managed to mumble a quick goodnight before closing herself in her room, where she slumped against the door. Her hands covered her face. Gods, if this was what it was like to be touched by him, she could burn in hell for eternity for all she cared.

Her hand snaked behind her back to where he’d touched her, she could imagine the feel of his hand there still. Not daring to think, she pulled up her dress above her waist and let her other hand graze her panties that were already soaked through. “No, no, no, I shouldn’t.” But her body wouldn’t obey her head, her fingers had already pulled her panties to the side and traced around her clit.

A whimper escaped her lips at the contact, louder than she’d intended. She hoped (and didn’t) that Malfoy was already in his room. She couldn’t stop the self-loathing from seeping in, but it only seemed to intensify her orgasm, and she came with a loud moan. Still twitching as she gently rubbed her clit, coming down.

Only two more nights. And then she could stomp this out for good.

Chapter 3

The sun managed to sneak its way through a crack in the heavy grey curtains and shone directly into her face, efficiently waking her. She groaned. Another day of torture lay ahead. She rose and made her way to her en-suite.

Drying her hair with the towel after her quick shower, she stood in front of the mirror in the bathroom looking at her own reflection. She suddenly stilled; a noise was coming from the wall. She snuck over to the painting where she swore she'd heard the noise coming from. The painting was a still-life of a pear, she inspected it. Very strange for a pear to be talking, even a magic pear. She realised it was coming from behind the painting, so she grabbed it from the wall and set it carefully down on the floor.

There was a peephole, just behind the painting. Hermione felt confused. Was this the reason Malfoy had wanted her in this room? To spy on her? But it didn't make sense that the painting would be on her side, blocking the view. Grabbing her wand from the counter next to the sink, she cast a diagnostic spell, apparently it only went one way.

Carefully bringing her face forward until she could see through it. It had been magically enhanced to show the full layout of the room next door. Malfoy's bathroom.

His bathroom had a similar layout to hers, his bathtub in the middle of the room. She started as she realised he was right there, laying in his bathtub with his eyes closed.

She soaked in the sight of his completely relaxed face. After a while it became clear what the noise had been. He was moaning. She could see his arm carefully making its way up and down something that was hidden under the rim of the tub. Even though it was hidden from her view, it was clear what he was doing.

She knew he probably wouldn't want her watching him like this, in such an intimate moment. She needed to stop watching, now. But she couldn't look away, it was all her fantasies come true, finally. She bit her lip. A hot flash of desire lit up under her skin.

His shoulders were hunched and face screwed up in concentration. Another moan slipped from his lips. This was wrong, but her body was unwilling to move. Her skin felt too tight, and she was sweating despite just having come out of the shower.

Almost too silently for her to hear, he muttered "Oh fuck..." and his entire body clenched, which made his torso and hips escape the water, and she could finally see the tip of his cock. She had to put a hand over her mouth to keep her gasp of surprise from escaping. His hand gripped his shaft firmly, his signet ring glinting as it caught the light, and a loud groan filled her ears as she witnessed him cumming all over his torso. White, translucent droplets covered his chest. His eyes squeezed shut, lips slightly parted in ecstasy as his body convulsed in the afterglow. It was the single most erotic thing she'd ever seen.

She put her hand up to the wall to support her weakening legs, her own pants were the only thing she could hear as her fingers made their way straight to her core, and she got herself off

watching him slide his hands over his stomach to clean himself.

It seems like every day was just another time to hit a new low for Hermione. She had thought she'd done it yesterday, but it was one thing to fantasise about someone and quite another to spy on them while getting yourself off.

She was spinning rapidly out of control.

One more night, she thought to herself.

She'd only have to endure for one more night.

Ron and Harry were already lounging in the conservatory when she made her way down.

"Morning 'Mione. Did you sleep well?" Ron greeted her with a smile.

"Morning, yes, thank you, and you?" She'd gotten so used to this banal line of questioning; she didn't even care about getting a response.

"Wasn't much sleeping done." At this, he gave her a wink.

Hermione scrunched her face. "Ewww, gross, Ron. Don't say things like that, you know you're like my brother."

"We didn't get much sleep either." Harry winked at her.

Ron made a retching noise. "That's my sister you're talking about, Harry!"

"Don't dish it out if you can't take it." At this, he smiled conspiratorially at Hermione and Hermione couldn't help a giggle from escaping.

"Okay, fine, point taken! Just... Never do that again!" Ron sputtered.

"So, what does Malfoy have planned for today?" She fought to keep her voice light as her mouth choked out his name, thoughts rapidly spiralling to what she had witnessed just this morning.

"Still with the 'Malfoy', Hermione? I thought you'd be on a first name basis by now seeing as you've been with us at least once a week for the last year." Harry looked at her.

Hermione shrugged noncommittally, not knowing how to explain to Harry that she was trying to create as much distance from herself to Malfoy. She didn't think she had it in her to call him Draco. It felt too intimate. She never even called him that in her head.

Harry let it go and answered her original question. "I think he said something about going shopping, and then to the beach."

"Ugh, shopping." Was all that came from Ron as he laid down in an exaggerated way with his hands flopped over his face.

“Yes. Shopping. But if you’d prefer not to come, you don’t have to.” Came from the doorway. Malfoy had appeared.

She turned to face him instinctively and then promptly *remembered*. She fought to keep a blush off her face as shame crept in. She had just witnessed him doing... that. She shouldn’t ever be allowed to look at him again.

“You can go straight to the beach if you want.” Malfoy made a hand gesture to the beach that lay just beyond the castle walls.

“I think I will pass on the shopping as well.” She managed to mumble out staring intently out the window. She couldn’t face him more than necessary.

“Will you come to the beach with me, Hermione?” Ron asked. “I’m sure Lav will want to go shopping, it’d be fun to go together.”

At this, Hermione smiled. “Sure, Ron.”

“I think I will join you as well, it looks beautiful out.” Malfoy said smoothly.

No, no, no, no, no, no. Why did he insist on tormenting her with his presence? But a small part of her couldn’t help but jump up and down in glee internally. Another chance to ogle him.

“Astoria will want to go shopping. I’m in no mood to see just how much of the Malfoy fortune she’s able to spend today.”

Did he sound bitter? No. That was just her wishful thinking.

Ginny appeared in the doorway. “Let’s get some breakfast, I’m starving.”

Harry walked up next to Hermione and whispered. “She’s always hungry in the morning. Don’t talk to her until she’s had her food, I’ve made that mistake too many times.” He smiled.

Hermione just rolled her eyes at him.

“Please follow me, we’ll eat outside.” Malfoy gestured to the balcony off the conservatory.

By the time they made it outside, the table was already set. It offered a beautiful view of the beach below. The blue water glittered in the sunlight and the heavy smell of the ocean settled in Hermione’s nose.

Hermione sat down with a view of the ocean. Harry and Ron settled on both her sides. Perfect, no sitting next to Malfoy this time. But then he seated himself across from her, so she’d have no option but to look at him.

“Sleep well, Granger?” Malfoy quirked an eyebrow at her. His hair was glowing in the sunlight.

“Yes, thank you Malfoy.” Her stupid head brought up flashes from earlier, but she fought to keep her tone polite. “How did you sleep?”

“Very well, thank you.” He smirked at her. “I had an even better morning.”

Hermione nearly choked on a croissant, what the fuck?

Ginny, having tucked in immediately upon sitting, was now in a much better mood and interrupted Hermione’s train of thought. “I can’t wait to go shopping today. I want to look for some presents for the kids. There’s this new game that Albus has been nagging me for and I wanted to see if they’ve got it here.”

Malfoy nodded. “Astoria will take you as soon as she gets up.”

Lavender appeared and sat down next to Ron. “Morning all.” She greeted them brightly.

A chorus of good mornings made their way across the table, and everyone fell into companionable chatter even Hermione, Malfoy’s earlier comment forgotten.

Astoria finally appeared at the end of breakfast, a pleasant, serene smile on her face.

“Good morning, everyone.” She made her way to her husband and greeted him with a quick peck on his cheek. “Are we all ready to go shopping?”

“I’m afraid I won’t come, Tori. The water looks too tempting.”

If Astoria was disappointed that her husband wouldn’t join her, she didn’t let it show on her face. “Very well, Draco. Whoever wants to come shopping, please join me.”

As Harry, Ginny and Lavender rose from the table, Astoria glanced at Hermione who made no motion to move. She nodded nearly imperceptibly at her.

“Have a nice time at the beach. We’ll join you later.” Astoria turned and quickly walked toward the floo, ushering everyone in front of her.

“I better go change; I’ll meet you at the beach.” Hermione said to no-one in particular. She made her way toward her room.

Dressed in a forest green bikini, apparently Hermione was the first to arrive. She carefully placed her towel down and kicked off her sandals. Her feet sank and were caressed by the soft sand.

Drawn to the sparkling blue water, Hermione made her way to the shoreline. The water lapped at her feet, pleasantly warm, and she dove in without a second thought.

She felt weightless as her body was embraced by the water. She swam out a distance, and then she turned on her back and just floated with her arms out from her sides.

Like this, she could almost imagine she was only a drop in the ocean, all her earthly worries floating away with the current. The sun shone down pleasantly on her face, and she closed her eyes and just let herself be. She reached a meditative state where she was only aware of the sounds coming from the water below her. The water was so still.

She had no idea how long she'd laid there, but gradually, she became aware of waves caressing her face. Opening her eyes, she found Ron swimming next to her, grinning.

"Sorry 'Mione, didn't want to disturb you, you looked so peaceful."

"There's a whole sea to swim in and you decided to swim right next to me." Hermione accused him.

He splashed her with a bit of water, and she sputtered and splashed him back.

He was laughing as he swam away.

She looked over at the beach where she spotted Malfoy, he'd transfigured himself a cabana, because *of course he had*. Rolling her eyes, she let her head sink back, once again embraced by the water.

They let her be for a while after that. When she realised how thirsty she was, she slowly made her way back to the beach.

Malfoy was sprawled out on some pillows under the cabana, he was in black muggle bathing shorts, topless. She could see the muscles in his abdomen moving as he breathed evenly, observing her. She couldn't help her eyes from travelling down his torso to where it met the top of his shorts in a deep v. Fuck. He looked like sin.

"Is there anything to drink?"

"Selene." The house elf appeared with a crack.

"What would you like to drink, Granger?"

What she really wanted to say was 'You', but she bit that down firmly. "Water please, Selene."

"Whiskey for me please, Selene."

Another two quick cracks in succession and she had a glass of ice-cold water in her hand and Malfoy a whiskey. The house elf disappeared after Malfoy dismissed her.

"A little early to be drinking, isn't it, Malfoy?" Hermione raised an eyebrow at him.

"Ah, but what is an idle aristocrat like me supposed to do with his days other than drink, Granger?" He smiled openly at her.

She snorted into her water. "You're the least idle person I know." It was true, when he wasn't working at an Auror, she was constantly seeing articles of him attending fundraising galas

with his wife. She knew he worked hard as an Auror too, being teased constantly by Harry and Ron at their Friday night drinks about going home at a reasonable hour for once.

Hermione lounged on some pillows to his side, and they fell into a companionable silence watching Ron swim around.

Suddenly, Malfoy looked at her, a mischievous grin on his face. "I'll race you to the water." And then he was up before she could even blink.

"Malfoy- what." She got up hurriedly, running to catch up to him.

When he saw she was following, a wild laugh erupted from him and Hermione's heart melted at the sound.

He won, of course. Reaching the water well before her.

"You cheated!" She accused him breathlessly as she swam to catch up with him.

"What a horrible accusation." He grinned.

She splashed him with water in frustration. He only laughed at her.

"Oh Granger, when will you learn? I never fight fair." His silver eyes locked onto hers, and he licked his lips.

Oh God, why did he have to tease her this way? All she could think about was kissing those beautiful lips.

"Hermione! Ron! Draco!" Ginny waved at them from the beach. Harry and Lavender had already seated themselves in the cabana. No sign of Astoria.

Ron quickly made his way back to the beach to greet his wife.

Hermione swallowed bitterly, she'd been happy, but now reality came crashing back into her.

"I think I'll stay out here for a bit longer." Hermione said, and Malfoy looked at her, assessing.

"I'll stay here too; you looked so peaceful earlier." And then he floated to the surface, his arms and legs sprawled out. His hand accidentally brushed her arm, and she could feel goosebumps forming where he'd touched.

Hermione's body also floated to the surface, her hand accidentally touching his when she extended her arms. She mumbled a quick apology.

"No need to apologise, Granger." She could practically feel the smirk in his voice.

Laying here in the water side by side felt so right, she didn't care if it probably looked ridiculous. She closed her eyes, letting the sun warm her face.

“I can see why you like this.” Malfoy’s voice was calm.

“It’s meant to be peaceful; you’ll ruin it with your talking.” Hermione teased.

He mumbled something in return that Hermione didn’t quite hear, only catching the word ‘ruin’.

They laid there in silence for a while.

Hermione’s thoughts went back to what he had said at breakfast, she couldn’t help but probe. “So, you had a good morning?”

She suddenly felt the full weight of his stare. “Caught that, did you?”

Fuck. She’d caught him in more ways than one and she blushed furiously at the thought turning over and disguising it by going momentarily under water.

“Draco! Come for lunch.” Astoria’s voice drifted over to them when Hermione emerged. Malfoy sighed, turning around effortlessly in the water.

He glanced over at Hermione. “Would you like some lunch?”

As if in answer to his question, her stomach growled. “I could eat.” She smiled at him.

They made their way back to the beach.

Lunch passed without incident. Ginny was very pleased with the amount of shopping she’d done; she managed to find the game she wanted alongside several other things. Harry was silent, only smiling lovingly at his wife.

Astoria had sat next to Malfoy and was stroking his arm as she nibbled on a sandwich. The sight made Hermione nauseous, and she couldn’t stomach more than a few bites of her own lunch as the guilt twisted in her stomach.

“I need a shower, wash all this saltwater off me.” She said after everyone was seemingly finished.

Astoria cast a quick look at her. “Could I please speak to you alone, Hermione?” Her eyes pleading.

Hermione just nodded and gestured vaguely to the house. “Yeah, sure, follow me to my room?” Her insides had turned to ice despite the warm summer day. Did she know that Hermione was hopelessly obsessed with her husband? Was that what she wanted? To tell her off?

Stiffly, Hermione made her way back to the house with Astoria following by her side.

“Can you stop for a moment please?” Astoria said as soon as they were out of earshot of the others. Hermione stopped abruptly alongside the other witch.

“I just wanted to apologise for last night.” The ice in Hermione's stomach slowly thawed. Oh, it was this kind of conversation, thank God.

“I was rude to you. It won't happen again. I'm sorry.” Astoria looked so genuine then, that Hermione couldn't help but forgive her. It was the least she could do. If she only knew that it was Hermione who needed *her* forgiveness.

“Don't worry Astoria, it's forgotten.” Astoria smiled at her, and Hermione only hoped that she was smiling back, and not making some awful grimace.

“Thanks Hermione. You're really nice.” Hermione's guilt clenched around her heart, no, she wasn't fucking nice.

Hermione left Astoria, walking quickly to her room, her heart pounding so hard against her chest it made it hard to breathe.

Stepping out of the shower, Hermione didn't feel clean, she doubted she would ever feel clean again.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for sticking with my story if you made it this far. I hope you'll enjoy my descent into madness.

Dinner was slated to be an elegant affair, they'd all been told to dress up in their most formal wear, and Hermione had found a deep purple, beautifully draped silk dress in her mothers old wardrobe. Taking one look at herself in the mirror before emerging for dinner, she'd been quite pleased with the way it accentuated her hips and cleavage. She might feel like a loser, but she was certainly not going to look like one.

Her heels clacked on the floor as she made her way down, meeting Ginny in the entrance hall.

"Hermione, you look beautiful." Ginny beamed at her, leaning forward to embrace her in a hug.

"So do you Ginny, I love this colour on you." Ginny was in an emerald green gown that looked flawless against her red hair. "Where's Harry?" Hermione disentangled herself from the hug.

"He's already inside, c'mon let's go in. We'll make an entrance." Ginny winked at her.

Her arm looped through Ginny's as they entered the ballroom. Hermione only had one word to describe it; grand. With windows going floor to ceiling and a beautifully mirrored marble floor, it was a room made for dancing, for grand balls. Their party looked small in comparison. Harry gleamed at the sight of his wife, and walked over to them, offering her his hand. Ginny briefly looked at Hermione who nodded her agreement, then carefully released Ginny so she could grab Harry's arm.

Hermione stood alone as Harry led Ginny away, she had never felt more painfully single than in that moment. She made her way gracefully to the rest of their gathering, noting everyone coupled up but her. Ron was caressing Lavender's arm gently as he made conversation with Malfoy and Astoria

"Tori, as Granger is unaccompanied, do you think it appropriate for me to host her properly for the evening?" Malfoy's tone was smooth, even.

"That would be wonderful, my love." Astoria looked at him as if she was overjoyed with his offer.

Hermione had no idea what to make of this, as Malfoy extended his arm to her.

"Granger, if you will." His eyes brokored no argument from her. She grabbed his arm as they were all led by Astoria to the adjourning room for dinner.

Being so close to him, touching him intentionally, she felt like she couldn't breathe. She could smell his cologne, and it was like an aphrodisiac to her at this point. She swore her Amortentia would smell just like him.

Dinner was elaborate, no less than seven courses of the finest french cuisine. The stilted smalltalk soon became more animated as the night wore on and everyone downed the drinks that seemed never-ending.

"...And then, he had the balls to make a lame joke as he was covered in troll snot." Ron was just finishing up a story about a previous Auror partner he'd had that Hermione had heard a thousand times before as she felt *his* knee brush against her. Malfoy was seated next to her, but this was the first time throughout dinner that he'd accidentally touched her. The champagne had made her relax, but now she felt a tenseness moving from the point they touched. She stilled, having previously been engaged in the conversation. Her hand caressed the stem of her champagne class, much like she wanted to caress him. His knee didn't move, it seemed to linger as he continued conversing effortlessly. He didn't look at her, and she didn't dare look at him.

Astoria was seated to his left, whispering conspiratorially with Ginny. She felt keenly the loss of warmth from his knee as he shifted away from her. Hermione nearly jumped out of her seat when she felt Malfoy's hand gently caress her knee. Definitely not an accident this time. Could it be possible he'd mistaken her for his wife? She couldn't help herself, she had to look at him. She hesitantly met his gaze and he smirked at her. Heat flooded her as she quickly looked away. She opened her mouth as if to speak, but no words came out as he patted her knee warningly.

Malfoy finally declared the dinner finished. His hand still on her knee, rubbing infuriatingly small circles with his fingers. As they all made to rise, he removed his hand from her. Hermione felt like she'd been in a trance, only with the loss of his hand she was quickly snapped out of it. She realised she'd gotten increasingly *wet*. Her damp knickers felt uncomfortable against her skin now that the source of the heat in her core was gone.

What the fuck was he doing? She couldn't wrap her head around his behaviour. Did this mean he wanted something more? She quickly shut down that line of questioning, he was married, even if he wanted her, she couldn't give in. Why hadn't she removed his hand? But she knew why, she wanted him so badly that it felt like a physical ache in her body. Would she even be able to refuse him if he offered himself?

They all retreated to the lounge, a tray of drinks already sat on the table. Hermione snatched one immediately and downed it in one go. It tasted sweet. The coolness of it burned through her throat and she revelled in the sensation. Another drink immediately found its way to her hand. She realised she was being watched.

"You alright there Hermione?" Ron looked mildly concerned.

"Yes, I'm fine, it's a celebration after all, right?" Her tone was icy, just like the drink, and she hoped that dissuaded him from any more questions.

He held up his hands. "Okay, okay, just a question."

She felt guilty now, he just cared about her. She smiled at him to show there were no hard feelings. He returned the smile, obviously convinced.

He walked closer to her. “Seriously though, if you ever need to talk to someone, I’m here for you.”

Their friendship had slowly become less intense over the years as he was wrapped up in his family and she was busy building her company. But it felt nice to know he was still there for her.

A genuine smile formed on her face. “Thanks, Ron.”

As the evening wore on, everyone got more and more inebriated.

“Draco, I want to dance in the ballroom! Harry! Join me for a dance!” Ginny’s words were slightly slurred, but she was radiating happiness. “You can’t just show off your ballroom like that and not let us dance in it!”

So it was a wobbly gathering that stumbled to the ballroom. Their spirits were high, Hermione felt happy for the first time since she’d arrived. The mood was so light, uplifting and she couldn’t help getting swept away by Ginny’s infectious joy.

She seated herself on a chair by the wall as music started playing. She was happy just watching her friends have fun, she tried to convince herself. Harry and Ginny looked lovingly into each other’s eyes as he led her in a waltz around the room. Ron and Lavender were happy just spinning around with their arms around each other. But what really took her breath away was Malfoy and Astoria, they looked so fucking good together it hurt. Both so incredibly beautiful and elegant as he spun her around the room with practiced ease.

She couldn’t watch anymore, no one noticed her leave. She made her way outside, sitting on the front steps of the castle listening to the ocean. Trying and failing to stop her tears from coming. She had no idea how long she sat there for, as she started shifting with discomfort, she decided it was time to make her way inside. The ballroom was quiet and dark, everyone must have gone to bed to *not* sleep, she thought bitterly. She wondered if Malfoy had joined his wife in bed, but slapped that thought away as soon as it appeared. Best not to go down that road.

She was regretting not bringing drinks outside as she could feel herself sobering up. What a fucking clichè she was, wanting to drink alone with a room full of friends on the other side of the wall.

She wandered the hallways, not sure where she was going. She knew she wouldn't be able to sleep yet, her thoughts churning away in her head. Just one more sleep, and then she'd be able to get out of this fucking castle. She'd stop going to Friday night drinks, she had to stop obsessing over a man she couldn't have. Her heart panged at the imagined loss of him.

Doors surrounded her every way she looked. How had she even gotten here? Where was she? So wrapped up in her own mind to take notice. She would do some exploring to keep her mind off him. And if he got angry at her for snooping through his rooms, well, then, tough. She wouldn't see him again after this anyway. A small part of her hoped to accidentally stumble upon him, but she refused to let herself think about that.

Grabbing a door handle at random, she peeked into a room that was obviously a cupboard. Nothing exciting here, she closed the door and moved on to the next one.

A bathroom, two empty bedrooms and a small potion making room later. She grabbed another door handle and opened the door wide. There was a candle flickering on a desk, but that's not what pulled her attention. He was here, not alone. Fuck. Leaning against the desk, his hand firmly wrapped through Astoria's blonde locks, she was on her knees in front of him. His eyes were closed much like they'd been when she'd seen him in the bathroom. He was roughly pushing and pulling at her head as she made muffled cries.

Hermione fought not to make a sound. She should leave. But she couldn't pull away from his handsome face. She imagined it was her, sitting in front of him, licking his shaft. Her hair firmly held by his long fingers, she could almost feel them on her scalp, feel the taste of him on her tongue. She needed to go, before- His eyes snapped open. A smirk spread across his face as he saw her. He only seemed to get rougher with Astoria now that he knew he had an audience. His speed doubled and she could see his fingers whitening with the tight grip of his fingers in her hair.

Hermione couldn't watch any longer. This was fucking sick. Jealousy and arousal swirled around in her stomach, as if often seemed to do when he was around. But the only thing she would let herself feel right now was disgust. Turning, she quietly closed the door behind her and started walking down the hallway, any hallway, she just needed to get away.

Stopping just for a second to get her breath under control, the tears came oh so easily. She started walking again. Tears were blinding her eyes as she stumbled down empty hallway after empty hallway. She was so stupid. How many times did she have to remind herself that he was married.

Taking no notice of her surroundings, she was suddenly stopped short by a quiet. "Hello Granger."

Looking up and down the hallway quickly, she couldn't see anyone, but she swore she'd heard his voice.

"I'm here." She followed the sound of his voice, and was faced with a giant portrait of Malfoy adorning the wall. No other portraits visible. She ignored him. Turning on her heel, but then she stopped herself.

Just a portrait, she thought, her eyes trailing over his form until they met his gaze. His silver eyes held hers. Her head swam with alcohol and she felt like she was standing on the precipice of something.

No, she shouldn't. She licked her lips as she assessed him.

Stepping up to the portrait, she dragged her finger down the smooth surface of his face. If she couldn't have the real thing, maybe this would do. Carefully, she lifted her lips to his, still stroking the surface of the painting.

"Why did it have to be you?" She groaned at it. Other than raising an eyebrow at her, it had the good sense to keep still. She gave it a gentle kiss on its flat lips.

Stepping back, her eyes still on the painting, she let her hands slide up her thighs, bringing her dress with them. Her back hit the wall and she used it to support herself. His portrait was quiet, only observing her dispassionately. With one hand, she stroked her bare thigh close to her panties, her other hand travelled up her dress to rest on her breast. She pinched her nipple and twisted it in her fingers through the fabric. She could feel her panties soaking as her arousal built looking at him.

She shouldn't be doing this, the portrait could talk, maybe it would even tell *him* . But she couldn't bring herself to care anymore. If this was the last time she saw him, let her go out with a fucking bang. Writhing on the wall, she finally let her hand graze her clit through her panties. Rubbing herself slowly while meeting the portrait's eyes. It looked cold, calculating, and she found that drove her even further. She tugged at the hem of her underwear and let it slide down her legs. A shiver ran through her as she was fully revealed to him, finally, even if it was just a copy.

“Touch yourself.” She was shaken, having been lulled into a false sense of security by his silence. But she could not deny his command. She pushed a finger inside herself, feeling just how easily it slid in through her moisture. Her tongue ran over her lips as she imagined it was really him watching her with this intensity. Their eyes met as she pushed another finger inside. The only noise filling the hallway was the squelching of her fingers as they pushed in and out of her. She bit her lip to keep from moaning. She ground the heel of her hand against her clit while her fingers pushed against her inner walls. She imagined it was his fingers driving into her, and increased her speed. Her head fell back against the wall as she kept staring at the painting.

“Why did it have to be you?” She asked herself again. The portrait made no reply, only watched her.

She was getting so close, it felt intense like this, his eyes locked on her cunt as she kept driving her fingers in and out. Her other hand slid down the cleavage of her dress and touched her bare nipple. She grabbed it with two fingers and squeezed tightly. Her head was swimming, she could feel herself clenching all over, so close to cumming. Looking at his portrait, she could almost imagine his smell. Her heavy pants joined the sound of her fingers driving into her. Malfoy's portrait licked its lips and that undid her, imagining his tongue on her, in her, she came with a shrill cry as she fought to keep her eyes open to keep watching him. She felt like she was outside her own body as she slid her fingers out. She shouldn't have done that. Shame filled her and she let her eyes drop from the portrait to the floor where her discarded panties lay, her breathing slowing.

“That was quite the show, Granger.” She cast an irritated glance at the portrait, but it just shook its head at her and smirked, looking to her right. Her insides froze, she felt like the world moved in slow-motion as she turned her head. He was here, in the flesh, and he'd *seen* .

No time to think, she let her dress fall to the floor and ran from him. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Her heels clacked frantically on the floor as she ran down three hallways. Where the hell was she?

She had to find her room, *now* . She saw a hallway that looked mildly familiar and wasted no time running through it. Finally, she recognised her surroundings and rushed the path to her room. She could hear nothing over the sound of her heartbeat and the blood rushing through her ears.

Gasping for breath, she crashed through the door to her room and locked it. “Fuck!” She screamed into the empty room. Rushing over to her wardrobe, she began tossing clothes into her bag. She had to get out. She would never live down this humiliation. Maybe she could start over with her parents in Australia.

She could hear footsteps outside her door and then abruptly stop. “Granger.”

Dropping the bikini she was about to toss into her bag, she backed up slowly to the opposite side of the room. Her back hit the wall, she was forcing her breath to calm, hoping beyond all hope that he didn’t know she was here.

A singular knock. She closed her eyes, willing him to go away. She couldn’t face him, not now. She was so deeply ashamed of herself she thought she might burst.

Another knock, louder this time. She shook her head, eyes still shut.

She could hear the door open. Her eyes opened in shock and she could see in awful clarity as Malfoy stepped in the room, slammed the door shut and locked it.

“You think you can shut me out, in my own castle?” His calm voice made her shiver. She felt eerily like prey. And now she was locked in, trapped. His face was expressionless. She wished she could melt into the floor from humiliation, but fear kept her still.

“I...” Her voice was too loud, too shrill, his eyes flashed warningly as if he didn’t want her to talk.

“You disappear before I can offer you a dance.” He held up a long finger.

“You left before I could cum.” Another finger, Hermione blanched.

“You run away from me after I find you getting off.” Yet another finger.

“You tried to lock me out.” Four fingers were now raised, she could see his signet ring glinting in the light.

“Look at that, nearly a full house.” He shook his head at her. “What is a man supposed to think about that, Granger?”

Not waiting for a reply from her, he moved to her bed and seated himself elegantly so he could have a clear line of vision to her.

“Did it turn you on, seeing my cock in my wife’s mouth?” She felt like she was going to be sick, being called out so callously. She shook her head frantically. “Liar.” Her hands clenched with the insult, but what could she say? He was right.

“I’m not available to you, Granger.” She had known it was coming, but his rejection still felt like a slap to the face. Tears welled in her eyes. “Does that turn you on, knowing I’m not available? That it would be wrong?” His eyes were hard, unmoving, she felt like she was spinning, her nails dug into the flesh of her hand to keep her grounded.

“The truth, Granger.” She shut her eyes, unable to face him, and nodded once. She couldn’t deny that the fact that he was forbidden, made it all the more tempting.

“Did you like showing off to my portrait? To let him watch you come?” She inhaled loudly, trying to catch her breath. His continuing questioning made her feel like she was in freefall, she wished he would just tell her off and leave her alone with her shame. She nodded again.

He said nothing as he rose from the bed. She couldn’t help but flinch as he moved towards her. This was it, he was going to eviscerate her, either her feelings or her life. She hoped it was her life, she didn’t think she could keep living with this terrible shame for much longer.

Moving towards her, he spoke again; “Do you know how long I’ve waited for you to catch on?” Words failed her as her mouth opened in shock, she could only shake her head. Tendrils of hope snaked their way through her chest but she fought hard to suppress them.

“I told you, ages ago, that you should go for it.” He’d reached her now, crowding her. She was shivering in anticipation. “Do you remember?” Her eyes were anywhere but his face.

His hand grabbed her jaw, forcing her to meet his eyes. “I asked you a question. Do you remember me saying that you should fucking go for it?”

“Y-yes.” Her knees felt like they were failing her, she desperately wanted to sink down to the floor, but his grip was so hard.

“But you wanted to fight it, didn’t you? You wanted to fight *me* ?” He sighed, as if she were the most difficult witch in the world. “I always get what I fucking want, *Hermione* .” His cold stare was pinning her in place, she felt too breathless to respond, her insides twisting at the sound of her name coming from his mouth.

“I am a patient man, but you’ve stretched that patience so fucking thin.” His hand was caressing her face now, his thumb rubbing her lower lip gently. His body was still keeping its distance, she wanted him closer, but his hand kept her in place.

Hermione felt like she was in a dream, was this finally happening? Humiliation spread through her, no, she couldn’t do this, she couldn’t be his mistress.

“Open.” As if her body had not heard her brain thoroughly rejecting him, it obeyed his command immediately, opening her lips for him. “Good.” He shoved two thick fingers into her mouth, she couldn’t help but let her tongue slide up them. “How long were you going to play hard to get?”

Her only response was closing her lips and letting her tongue caress and suck on his fingers while meeting his eyes. She had so many things she wanted to say, questions she wanted to ask, but at the moment, she couldn’t voice any of them. She wanted him so badly her body shook with the force of it.

“If you wanted to be *mine* , all you had to do was fucking *say it* .” At this, he forced his fingers down her throat, choking her while resting his thumb on her jaw. His eyes were on her mouth, on his fingers, he seemed hypnotised by the sight.

She could only groan against his finger's continuing onslaught. Without warning, he ripped them from her mouth.

"Please Malfoy, can I touch you?" Her own needy voice could hide nothing from him.

"No." He assessed her coldly as his words hit her. She felt uncertainty coil around her gut. But then he spoke again.

"First you'll show me exactly what you did in front of my portrait."

"I, uh..." Hermione was suddenly filled with apprehension, her mouth dry.

"If you don't touch yourself in the next five seconds, I will walk out of here and you will never see me again. I won't be disobeyed."

Her insides twisted at the thought of never seeing him again, not daring to think, she made her move. Letting her hands slide up her legs, bringing her dress with it. It felt at the same time an eternity and too quickly, the time it took for her to bare herself to him. His eyes immediately fell to her cunt, she was struck by how similar the action was to his portrait.

She was still wet from her earlier actions, or if it was from his closeness, she didn't know. She seemed to be in a constant state of arousal when he was close. She let her finger slip inside herself and she could hear the heavy exhale that came from him, the only sign he was affected by her. It was as if that one breath conveyed everything she wanted to hear, and she quickly let another finger join the first inside her. Sliding her fingers in and out of herself, the sound of it was obscene in the quiet room. She once again ground her palm against her clit. His portrait could not compare to the real thing. Not when she could hear his heavy breathing and smell his musky cologne. It drove her to the edge surprisingly quickly.

"I'm close." She managed to force out through her pants.

"Then come for me, Granger." His eyes snapped up to meet hers, and she felt her core tightening until it finally snapped and she came with a loud moan, holding his gray eyes in hers.

Finally, he stepped toward her. Letting his hand snake behind her neck and bringing her lips to his own for a bruising kiss. His tongue stroked her lips asking for entrance. She gave it to him when she moaned at the sensation. Letting his tongue roam wildly in her mouth and meeting her own at a breathtaking pace. Her fingers slipped out of her and she used both her hands to grab him everywhere. His face, his back, his bum. She grabbed firmly on to the latter to force him closer to her. She groaned as their bodies met, and it was all too much but not enough at the same time. Her mind whirled at a breakneck speed, she shouldn't be doing this, but she wanted it so badly. The war inside her head was cut short.

He broke off their kiss. His face was slightly flushed, but otherwise, Hermione had no clue what he was thinking.

“How long have you wanted me?”

“I.. uh, I don't know exactly. 6 months maybe?” She was lying, just like she had been lying to herself, she'd wanted him the moment she'd come across him in that bar with Harry and Ron that very first night. The next week she'd started dreaming about him.

He raised an eyebrow at her. “I think...” he put his knee firmly between her legs. “You've wanted me to *fuck* you for longer than that.”

She made no reply.

He grabbed her hair by the root and yanked her head to the side so he could access her neck. Licking his way from her clavicle to her ear, she couldn't help a moan from escaping her lips, and even though she'd just come, she felt like her heat was building back up.

“Should I mark you, Granger?” He let his teeth rest on her neck. “Are you mine?”

“Yes.” It came out breathless, more of a plea than a response.

“Good.” He murmured against her neck, and then he bit down sharply. She never knew her neck could be so *sensitive*. A whine came from her. His bite went straight to her core, and

she could feel her arousal dripping down her legs onto his knee as she ground her core against him, seeking friction. He licked and sucked on her neck between his teeth, it felt like forever and Hermione was utterly glassy eyed as he stepped back to admire his handiwork.

He smiled then, the first smile she'd seen from him since he stepped into her room.

"You look good with my mark on you." To her great irritation, the compliment settled in her stomach and she could feel a blush creeping up her cheeks. Of all the things that had happened tonight, this is what makes her blush?

"Come, Granger." He held out his hand to her.

"Wha-"

"You're mine." He grabbed her hand firmly. "I just wonder how far you're willing to go to claim *me* ." The smirk that twisted his face made him look malicious as he marched them through the corridors.

"Where are we going?" Hermione couldn't help but ask, panic flooding her, she had a bad feeling about this.

"I'm going to fuck you on my wife's bed."

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“I’m going to fuck you on my wife’s bed.”

Hermione immediately stopped. “Malfoy, I can’t do that.”

“Oh?” He raised an eyebrow at her. “You don’t want to fuck me?”

She had no warning before he slammed her against the wall. She winced in pain. His hand found its way to her throat and squeezed down hard. “You’re mine now. And I will do whatever the fuck I please with you. Do you understand?” His eyes searching hers, he apparently found the answer he was looking for as he smirked at her, his grip loosened. “Besides, wouldn’t it be horrible if you didn’t claim me and I would still be able to fuck my wife as often as I pleased?”

Gone was the polite and teasing Malfoy, and Hermione found a dark part of her that hungered for this. She wanted him to be like in her depraved dreams, craved for him to degrade and humiliate her but still want her desperately.

“I didn’t know... That’s what that meant.” Guilt ran through her spine. Would she really be able to go through with this? If she took *him* from her, would she be able to live with herself? But then, did she really want him having sex with his wife if she was going to be doing the same thing? Hermione felt so fucking confused as her head swam with his proximity.

He tutted at her. “I thought you were meant to be smart.” He said in his most condescending voice.

“In or out, Granger?” He stepped back and held his hand out to her again.

Feeling like she was on the verge of tears, she shakily took his hand, there was no other option for her. She couldn't refuse him. He could drag her through hell, and she would take it if meant he had the chance to finally be with him.

He smiled at her. “Good.”

Feeling like she was being marched to her own execution, she followed him anyway.

Astoria’s room was blessedly empty, Hermione didn’t know what she would have done if she had to face the witch. She had no time to take in her surroundings as Malfoy slipped behind her, carefully threading his hands through her hair. She mewled at the contact, his careful and gentle touch driving her insane. With Astoria nowhere in sight, she could almost pretend she didn’t exist... Almost.

He leaned forward to whisper in her ear. “Undress yourself.” Hermione didn’t dare reject his command, his earlier warning still heavy in her mind, she slipped her dress off, her bra went next.

He spun her to face him. His eyes were intense. He leaned into her neck where he’d placed his mark and licked it softly. “You smell fucking incredible.” He groaned against her neck. “You drive me fucking insane.”

His hands went everywhere but where she wanted them the most.

“The feeling is mutual.” Hermione was surprised she had the wherewithal to even speak full sentences, she felt like her brain was mush with his undivided attention. How many times had she dreamt about him like this? Countless. Now that he was finally giving her exactly what she wanted, it still felt like a dream.

He smirked at her. “Well, let’s not waste any more time. On the bed.”

As she climbed up on the bed, she could smell Astoria’s scent lingering on the bed, it made her cringe slightly, but then he was on her. Forcing her to lay flat on her stomach, shifting her legs so he could fit between them.

“Can you smell my wife on the covers?” She flinched, it’s as if he’d read her thoughts. “You are nothing but my pretty little whore.” She hated herself for getting so ridiculously turned on by his words.

She could feel his hardness through his clothes pressing against her bare bum, the weight of him crushing her into the bed. He groaned as he thrust against her. She could feel her own arousal pooling on the bed.

Suddenly his weight was lifted off her. She could hear the sound of his belt clicking open and the soft sound of clothes rustling as he pulled his pants down. She tried to shift her head so she could see him, but it was too hard from this angle, only catching a glimpse of him at the corner of her eye.

“Don’t move.” He warned her. His weight crushed her again, and it felt delicious. His belt buckle was cold against her leg. She could feel his cock nudging against her clit, and she couldn’t help the moan that escaped her. He dragged it up and down a few times before slowly pushing into her.

She could feel her cunt clenching, as if begging him to go deeper. In one firm move, he filled her. She moaned; it was fucking perfect. His hands carefully moved her hair away from her face as he let his head fall toward her neck. His mark on proud display for him to see. He seemingly couldn’t get enough of it, licking and touching it obsessively. He twisted her hair around his hand, holding it in a vice-like grip.

“Malfoy, please.” His cock lay full and still inside of her, and she wanted him to *move*.

“Oh no darling, if you want me to be yours, you’ll have to call me by my proper name.”

“Draco, please.” He groaned as he pulled out of her and then shoved himself back in.

“Fuck, it sounds so good when you say it. Again.”

“Draco, please fuck me.”

It seemed he would not deny her as he roughly pulled himself in and out of her. Her cheeks were bouncing against his stomach, and as her abdomen pushed further into the bed it did something delicious to her core as if she was being forced into orgasm by the mere *pressure*. He managed to force his hand underneath her, finding her clit, languidly stroking around it.

The pressure of his arm against her abdomen, the feel of his cock hammering into her and the stimulation on her clit were all proving to be too much. She gasped for air as she came, clenching around his cock.

“Fuck Hermione, you really are the most well-behaved slut.” If she hadn’t just come, she thought that would be her undoing, her name on his lips, his filthy words. His relentless pace never faltered. He snaked his hand away from her clit, moving it to her knee to push it up and it pulled him deeper into her. She moaned at the sensation.

He slowed, his cock dragging through her cunt, she could feel every bit of him, every bit of movement. His thickness filling her to the brim. He captured the shell of her ear in between his lips and as his tongue reached out to lick it, it sent a rush of heat to her core.

She felt the breath of his words as he whispered in her ear. “Turn over. I want to see your face when I fill you with my cum.”

As he slipped out of her, she grimaced at the loss. But as soon as she laid on her back, he was back inside instantly. She could finally see his face, and she couldn’t help her hands from caressing it, bringing him down to her for a kiss. His pace slower now, it felt more intimate, like he was making love to her. She felt every vein, every ridge of his cock when he pushed down on her abdomen with his hand as he slowly, tortuously slid in and out of her.

He grabbed her bottom lip with his teeth and bit down hard. She moaned into his mouth. With her response he increased the pace.

“You love it when I’m rough with you, don’t you?” It wasn’t posed as a question, he already knew the answer. He grabbed her knees and pushed them up so he could go deeper. He pulled his face away from her.

His face was tinted pink in exertion, wisps his hair falling down into his face. She’d never seen him anything less than composed and it felt like she was intruding on something intimate, like this was a sight not meant for her.

His hand reached down to touch her chin, letting his thumb play roughly with her plump lips.

He looked desperate, his eyes completely dark as he kept pounding into her.

With no warning he shoved his thumb into her mouth, hooking it to stay open.

She had no warning as he spit into her mouth. The wetness sliding down her throat before she had the chance to react.

“Fucking swallow it.” He growled at her.

She hesitantly closed her mouth and swallowed. Licking his lips, eyes locked on her face, his breathing got erratic as he got closer and closer to his climax.

He reached between them to grab her breasts, and then leaning down he took one nipple into his mouth and bit down. The pain was exquisite, and Hermione instinctively arched her back to bring herself closer to him. He gently soothed her by drawing circles with his tongue around her nipple.

“Gonna cum inside you Hermione.” He murmured against her wet skin. She let out a deep whine from the back of her throat; his words awoke something in her that felt *feral*. She locked his hips in by crossing her legs behind his back. Her eyes drifted close with pleasure.

“Fucking look at me when I cum in you like a... good... little... whore.” His words accentuated with his pounding, she fell off the edge with his words, screaming her orgasm. Her eyes met his, and she could feel his cock twitching inside her, spurting cum as he groaned so deeply her bones rattled with it.

He sank down on top of her, and she caressed his shoulders softly, her legs still resting against his back.

“Now, I’m yours.” His breath was hot against her neck. If she died then, she would die the happiest she’d ever been.

Draco had apparated them back to her room soon after they were done. She lay in his arms now, rubbing lazy circles over his chest as sleep failed to find her. His words swirled around in her mind; he’d called her *his*. She had so many questions she wanted to ask; What does this mean? How is this going to work? Are you going to divorce your wife? But she couldn’t find it in herself to ask any of it, because she didn’t want to know the answer. If she only had tonight with him, that’s all she would take.

“Stop thinking, Granger. Go to sleep.” Draco murmured at her, his own eyes closed, breath calm.

There is no way I’ll be able to sleep, she scoffed privately. But then, as if her body had been trained to obey him, she slipped into a dreamless sleep.

Hermione awoke alone in her bed. The space next to her was cold, it seemed Draco had been gone for a while. She could hear the shower running from her bathroom. She threw the covers off herself, desperate to see him, to find out if it had all been a dream. She was still naked from the night before and with a smirk to rival Draco’s, she decided to keep it that way to surprise him.

The bathroom was filled with steam as she entered, she could barely see. “Draco?” She called out to him softly. There was no response. Walking over to where she knew the shower was,

she was surprised to find it empty.

A hand circled around her neck, her scream of surprise muffled by another hand over her mouth.

“Surprise darling.” His voice calmed her instantly. He pushed her against the wall. He was completely naked, and Hermione let her eyes drift down greedily as she took in his lithe form. His cock was already hard, standing proudly out toward her. His hand removed itself from her mouth and he smiled at her as he took in her face.

“You look beautifully fucked.”

“I wonder why.” Hermione rolled her eyes at him. He smiled at her in return.

“Did you like the present I left for you?”

“What present, Draco?” Hermione was puzzled.

His sly eyes moved to the wall next to her, to the painting of the pear. She froze, her head spinning with the implication.

His hand caressed her throat as his words danced on her skin. “Did you see me in the bathtub?”

“I should have known it was intentional.” Hermione pinned him with her stare, pretending dismay.

“Did you like it?” His grin was downright devilish then; he was toying with her.

“Yes, Draco. I liked it.”

As if he hadn’t expected her to respond, he paused momentarily. “Did you make yourself come while watching me?” His eyes were intense now.

“Yes.”

“My good little whore.” And damn her, if those words didn’t do something for her, she let out a heavy breath. At this, Draco abruptly grabbed her thighs with his hands and lifted her onto him. His length lay heavy on her clit, and he made deliberate thrusts with his hip that dragged it through her folds.

“Fuck me, I could watch you like this all day.” His voice gravelly.

“Do you want me inside you, Hermione?” She whimpered her response, meeting his eyes. “You want my hard cock inside you?” He licked his lips, taking in her face. She was only able to choke out her breathless consent.

“Say my name.” He whispered, his voice heavy with desperation.

“Draco.” She could feel his cock twitching against her, and it spurred more words from her mouth. “Draco, please fuck me, plea...” She was halfway through her second please as he filled her in one quick thrust. “Fuck.” She didn’t know who had said it, or if they’d both said it at the same time. He was inside her, and it felt *right*.

He fucked her roughly against the wall and she whimpered at the sensation; she was still sore from yesterday. But soon, the soreness turned into pleasure as his torso hit her clit in the perfect place with every thrust.

“I can’t fucking get enough of you.” He growled at her.

“T-the feeling is mutual.” She managed to gasp out breathlessly.

“Come for me, Hermione.” As if her body was made for nothing more than to obey his command, she screamed his name when she clenched around him, her cunt milking him. He muffled her with his lips, his tongue taking advantage of her open mouth and entered immediately. His tongue twisted deliciously around hers as he emptied himself inside her with a moan. He placed his forehead on hers as they both tried to calm their breaths.

Carefully placing her feet back down on the floor, he observed her.

“It was all for you, you know. In the bathtub, I thought about crying out your name when I came, but that might have been too obvious.” He smirked at her. Caressing the painting with one long finger, he said. “It tells me when someone is watching.”

“Done that before, have you?” Hermione didn’t want to know the answer, but the question had slipped from her lips before she could stop it.

“No, you were my guinea pig.” He grinned at her.

“Come now, my sweet, let’s get ready for breakfast.” She had been in her own bubble of bliss, but with his words, reality came crashing down on her. She’d have to see Astoria. She couldn’t face the witch now, not ever again.

She must have made a face, because he spoke. “Don’t worry, Astoria always takes her breakfast in bed. You won’t see her.” Draco caressed her face softly with his thumb.

“Are you reading my mind or something?” Hermione looked at him sceptically.

“You’re very easy to read, Granger.” He smirked again. “I’ll go to my room to get dressed, I’ll see you downstairs.” He gave her a soft kiss on his mark on her neck before he walked out into the hallway completely stark naked.

If someone had told Hermione two years ago she would have spent a night getting thoroughly railed by Draco Malfoy, she would have laughed at them, probably hexed them for good measure too. But ever since that night they’d met for the first time again, her mind had been completely and utterly occupied by him. There were days when she wouldn’t eat because she had gotten lost daydreaming about him. She was thoroughly and entirely fucking obsessed with him.

She knew it wasn't healthy, but she was unable to stop herself. It was spinning out of control now, she was feeling equally guilty and ecstatic at the same time. It seemed like two emotions were always warring inside her, it was fucking exhausting.

Looking at herself in the bathroom mirror, she gasped as she finally saw the mark he'd left on her. A giant bruise painted with blue and purple, and she swore she could see indentations from his teeth around the edge. It looked sick, infected. It looked exactly how she felt.

Quickly making the trip to her bedroom to get her wand, she once again placed herself in front of the bathroom mirror.

It wouldn't fucking go away. She felt like she was going to throw up. She had cast every possible spell she could think of to heal it or cover it up, but it was still shining smugly against her skin. She was going to cry, she couldn't let her friends see, fuck, if Astoria saw... What the fuck could she do?

Her bag, still halfway packed from last night, lay haphazardly on the floor, clothes surrounding it. She would have to leave. She could make any excuses to Harry and Ginny after she'd gone; she just couldn't let them see her like this.

Hurriedly packing the rest of her belongings after quickly getting dressed, Hermione slowly made her way outside her room. Casting a detection charm before entering every hallway proved a time-consuming task, but necessary for her own fucking *survival*.

Her body was so tense, her nerves on fire when she finally made it to the floo that she was shaking. Grabbing the floo powder, she accidentally spilled some on the floor before she could step into the fireplace and call out her address.

She cried in relief as she finally stepped into her own living room. Her head fell into her arms as she sank down on the floor, the weight of what she had done finally hitting her. Relief wasn't the reason for the loud sobs that wrecked her body.

The weeks passed in a daze; she distracted herself as much as she could with work. Hermione had exclusively worn turtlenecks to cover her branding. The mark seemed to resist healing, but oh so slowly it was beginning to fade.

She had written to Harry and Ginny to thank them for a lovely weekend and apologized for disappearing so abruptly. She'd blamed work, and by the time she got a letter back from them saying they were happy she'd come and not to worry, she was ready to fall apart with nerves.

Draco had blessedly not contacted her, and with her determination to evade Friday night drinks, she had not seen him since France.

She would be lying if she said she didn't want him to show up at her house, all fury and indignation for leaving him. When her mind went down that road, it always devolved into how he would punish her, and she would touch herself imagining it until she'd come with a quiet whimper. She really was sick.

Chapter End Notes

Hoping everyone enjoyed this latest chapter!

I really appreciate everyone who had made it all the way here, thank you 💖

Next, I thought I should take a very small detour to get some insight into Draco and Astoria's marriage, but we'll see, I'm just writing as we go along 😊

Chapter 6: Astoria

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Astoria Greengrass had always known she would become a Malfoy. It was set in stone from the day she was born.

Even though they'd met a million times through different events, Draco had always remained distant but polite to her. So when Draco's parents died after he'd turned 19 within months of each other, she'd thought there was no way he would marry her now with no-one to push him.

But then, shortly after she turned 18, he'd come for a visit with her parents. The Draco she'd seen then was like nothing she'd ever experienced. He was openly flirting with her, so attentive to her every word. Touching her constantly. He'd demanded from her parents that she marry him.

Her parents were overjoyed, like her, they'd started losing hope that it would ever happen.

Astoria's happiest day was her wedding day. She had floated on that high for weeks afterward. Draco had been such a gentleman. Really, if she admitted it to herself, the man of her dreams, and she couldn't believe she'd gotten so *lucky*.

She had spent seven years being treated like a treasure in his collection, when he touched her, it was always so reverently, gently, like he was polishing a prized gem.

There were certain expectations that came with being a pure-blood wife, but when she'd failed to get pregnant throughout the years, she found herself not too terribly disappointed.

She could tell something shifted in him as soon as he'd come home from his first Friday night drinks with Harry and Ron. She knew her husband well enough to know when he was scheming, and she had the definitive feeling that's what he was doing now. But she didn't

pry, whatever he was doing was his own business. She had been raised too well, her husband would tell her what she needed to know.

It was eight years of marriage before Astoria found out about the power he held over her. Really, she was lucky to have gotten that. He had come home from Friday night drinks that time looking so smug that she knew something was up.

“Did you have a nice time, Draco?” She tried gently inquiring.

“Don’t speak to me.”

And she found she couldn’t, she couldn’t physically get any words out.

It was three weeks of silence between them the first time. It made it awkward going to events, where she found the rules still applied, she could speak to everyone *but* her husband.

Despairingly, when she tried to tell her sister and parents what he’d done, she couldn’t get those words out either.

He was perfectly polite to her during that time, talking to her while she sat mute. He completely stopped coming to her bed at night. Astoria had never thought of herself as a sexual person, but she missed her husband’s touch, even if he was being a complete *twat*. Astoria chided herself for the language, she’d been raised better than that, but it seemed no other words would do.

When he finally broke her compulsion of silence toward him, she told him exactly what she thought of his behaviour, and he sat there in silence listening with rapt attention that reminded her of when they were first married. When she finally finished, her face red in indignation, he only said; “I’m sorry Astoria, you didn’t deserve that.” Afterwards, she felt embarrassed about her outburst, a wife shouldn’t speak that way to her husband.

Despite her pleading, he made no promises not to do it again.

The next time he'd issued her a command, she'd been getting ready to go to Ginny's house for dinner, a girls night. They generally made the point of having a meal together at least once every fortnight. Astoria had found a great friend in Ginny, she was always a ray of sunshine in Astoria's life. Even when her fiery temper got the best of her, it was never directed at Astoria. She'd just been getting ready to go through the floo, as Draco appeared.

"Astoria." She stilled at the sound of her name. He made his way over to her. Taking her hand gently. Naively, she thought he was about to show her affection.

"You will tell Ginny we've been trying to get pregnant." Astoria stuttered. "You will tell her you are heartbroken that we have been unable to conceive." He dropped her hand gently, and then left her.

So when Ginny had asked about what was going on in her life, she'd talked at length about a grief and distress she didn't feel.

When he'd come to her room in France after arriving at the castle, before their guests arrived, she had foolishly thought he was there for sex. She should have known better, it had been more than a year since he'd touched her like that.

"You'll be rude to Granger in the lounge tonight." Astoria started, this went against her every instinct as a host.

"Draco... what?" Astoria's heart sank.

"You'll be rude to Granger. In the lounge. After dinner." And with that, he had turned and walked out without another word.

So in the lounge, she'd found herself compelled to point out the only obvious flaw of Hermione Granger, she was single.

When Draco had interrupted her the first time, it was with the wrong words, *not* words to end both *her* and Hermione's misery. "Granger is probably out enjoying her life."

But it wasn't a command to stop, so Astoria's mouth pressed on, seemingly oblivious to her brain screaming at her to stop. She couldn't believe the words that were coming out of her mouth, she would never dream of saying such things to a guest.

When Malfoy issued her name as a warning, that had *finally* been the command to stop, compulsion finally lifted. Astoria took a deep breath as Hermione stepped out on the balcony. Draco had stepped toward Astoria and rubbed his hand soothingly against the back of her neck, the other guests oblivious to the gesture. She wanted to cry, she'd never meant to hurt Hermione, but with her husband's touch she found herself strangely calm.

She wanted to apologise straight away, but she couldn't find the words, she was frozen on her chair, and when Draco left the room to join Harry and Hermione, she made her excuses and went to bed.

When Astoria had joined everyone on the beach the next day, all she wanted was to get Hermione alone, to apologise. But she sat through lunch anyway, trying to find comfort in her husband as her nerves became more frayed by the second. When Hermione finally said she was going to her room, Astoria jumped at the opportunity. She didn't know if her husband would command her not to apologise, but she intended to leave before she could find out. She hadn't even dared look back at him as she followed Hermione, too scared that if he even mouthed the words she'd be compelled to obey.

Hermione had forgiven her, thank Salazar. As the weight of guilt finally lifted off of her, she finally let herself wonder why Draco had wanted her to be rude to Hermione. Probably some sort of power play, she thought, and left it at that, knowing better than to question him.

Draco was exceedingly kind to her, to everyone, that evening. He'd been such a gentlemanly host, and she felt her mood lift as he twirled her around in a dance. She felt even more overjoyed as her husband had leaned down toward her ear and suggested in a low whisper they go to his study, alone, she giggled and blushed.

Astoria couldn't remember the last time she'd had sex with her husband, had it been a year, or more?

When they were finally in the study, he'd kissed her reverently, and to her own surprise, she had made the first move.

"Let me make you feel good, Draco." And she'd sunk to her knees. She could count on one hand how many times she'd done this, he never asked for it, and she was normally too shy to offer, but the extended break between them had made her daring. She knew when something changed, she could feel the energy in the room shifting, his grip became harder, when it was normally so soft and tender. Her shout of surprise was muffled by her full mouth.

He pulled her away by her hair, not finishing. Astoria looked at him hesitantly.

"Stay in this room." She could hear the command clear in his voice. So she stayed in the study, curling up on the couch feeling confused and rejected until morning when he finally returned and told her she could leave.

Astoria, feeling crestfallen and hurt, had returned to her room alone.

She had stayed in her room that entire day, her own little act of rebellion. When her husband had gently knocked on her door to tell her it was time to leave, he had been oh so gentle with her, kissing her softly. But no matter how soft his kisses were, she felt herself growing immune to them.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this little insight into Draco and Astoria's dynamic.

I know I've said it nearly every chapter, but I really appreciate every single one of you that's sticking with this fic. I've been writing obsessively to process some personal shit I've been going through and it's really nice that so many of you seem to like my story.

On the other hand since my reading now mainly consists of Dramione fics, my book goal on Goodreads is severely lacking for the year, which feels strange because I'm

reading more than I have in years. 🤔

I'm posting these chapters as soon as I can write them, and I've already started on chapter 7 which will go to the aftermath of Hermione leaving.

Finally, I want to mention the song that semi-inspired this fic in case you're interested:

Sal3m - Limbo

<https://open.spotify.com/album/6TBufwAIDZXwWJxWQpvFRR>

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hermione got used to her new routine, going to work, going home and spending her nights in solitary misery, desperately trying to not think about *him* , avoiding Friday night drinks like the plague.

Curiously, neither Ron nor Harry had reached out to her in a stark contrast to what she'd experienced before going to France. Too wrapped up in her own thoughts about *him* , she found she was grateful for the reprieve. They were too involved with *him* , his *wife* , and if she heard from them, it would only make her crave the opportunity to meet him again, not that she wasn't currently desperate to see him.

She had taken to wandering the little village where her house was located. No chance of running into him here, he didn't know where she lived. She found several new walking trails she'd never noticed before, even though she'd lived here for five years. The leaves painted red and orange as September turned to October, but everything was muted for Hermione, her surroundings looked as bleak and pale as she felt.

The mark that Malfoy had left on her neck had finally, blissfully, healed, it was nothing more than a patch slightly darker than her skin-tone now.

Going to work felt like an exercise in futility, she couldn't stop her mind from wandering back to him. It was worse, now that she knew what he felt like inside her. Looking at paperwork, she ground into her chair in a weak imitation of the feelings he'd brought out in her.

Making her way into the potions lab, she was greeted with a sight that was all too familiar recently, Hannah and Neville kissing.

“Oi, you two, not on company time.” She’d intended it as a joke, but her words came out spiteful and bitter, Hermione winced immediately. They quickly parted, Neville looking abashed.

“Hermione, don’t you take that tone with me!” Hannah scolded her.

“Sorry Hannah, just got some personal stuff going on.” The excuse forced its way out before she could stop it.

Hannah softened immediately, bless her. “You’re coming with me for drinks tonight.” She used her mothering voice, the one that Hermione could never argue with, so she didn’t.

As they entered Hermione’s local pub, Hannah immediately ordered two tequila shots each for them both. Hermione made to speak, but Hannah interrupted her by holding one finger up in the air and motioned to the drinks.

Hannah finally got to the point after they’d both downed the two shots.

“What the hell is going on with you Hermione? You seem like you’re walking around in a daze recently… Well, for quite some time now actually. Months.”

“I don’t really know where to begin.” Hermione grimaced, the taste of tequila still strong in her mouth, could she really talk about this? For a year she’d gone with this terrible feeling of isolation. Alone in her obsession, unable to talk about it with anyone because it was *him*, and because she’d felt so pathetic.

“Begin wherever you want, but you’re telling me what’s going on. Right now.”

“There’s someone I’ve been-” What? Obsessing over? Thinking about constantly? Imagining him bending her over his knee and... No. “It’s hard to explain.”

Hannah nodded and it was as if she’d read her mind. “You know, I’ve had my share of infatuations over the years, especially in Hogwarts. They’re not always... rational.”

Hannah ordered them two more shots each. After downing one, she continued. “So, what happened?” Hannah’s gentle prodding and the tequila shots were warming Hermione in a way she hadn’t felt in a long time, and she felt like she could open up a little.

“He and I crossed a line that should have never been crossed.” Hermione said vaguely.

“He’s married?” Damn the witch, her deduction was flawless like always.

“Yes.”

“Did he initiate, or...?”

Hermione’s throat felt dry, so she downed another shot of tequila, not that it helped any. “It’s complicated. I... have no idea really. It kind of just happened.” Between him catching her getting off to his painting, him kissing her, it was all too tangled in her head.

“Will you tell me who it is?” Hannah’s voice was so soft now, her eyes saying it was okay if she didn’t.

“No, I-I want to keep it private.” She couldn’t bring herself to say his name.

“Okay.” Hannah let it go. “You know, I know you feel bad about it, and I’m not saying you shouldn’t, but he should feel worse, he’s the married one after all.” Hannah stated as a matter of fact. “Unless, of course, you’ve gotten married recently.” Her eyes twinkled with humour. Hermione couldn’t help a small smile at Hannah’s attempt at levity.

It was nice, Hermione thought, to have someone on her side. Hannah had no connection to Malfoy, they'd never spoken in school and even now, with house loyalties long gone, they didn't know each other other than by name alone.

The mood lifted quickly as the night went on, Hermione had needed this, to get out of the house, out of her thoughts, and she wondered why she hadn't done this sooner.

The chat, as it had sometimes done before when they'd had too much to drink, turned sexual.

"Neville is *amazing* in bed, he can go down on me for hours." Hannah giggled.

Hermione wrinkled her nose. "Doesn't he get all... Pruney?" Hermione shot her a mischievous smile to let her know she was joking. Hannah couldn't stop laughing at the image of Neville with a wrinkly face from eating her out.

"So how's your mystery man?" Hannah giggled.

Hermione didn't know if it was the drinks or the company that made her all loose lipped, but she sighed in contemplation before saying. "Too fucking good."

Hannah's eyebrows raised. "Damn, I know it takes a lot to impress you. What grade would you give him?"

"E, his face didn't get pruned." Hermione and Hannah were laughing so loudly it was heard over the normal chatter of the pub, she could feel people looking at them, but she didn't care. She felt reckless and light, like she had dropped a giant boulder she'd been holding onto.

"Who do you think has the wildest sex from our year in Hogwarts?" Hermione was treading dangerous territory now, but she couldn't help herself, she wanted to bring the topic back to

him, she wanted nothing but to talk about him for hours. A part of her wanted Hannah to guess who she'd slept with so they could talk about it openly.

"I think Harry and Ginny get up to some freaky shit, I mean, they've got like a million children."

"Three." Hermione corrected her.

Hannah waved her away. "Whatever." Then she took a moment to think. "Honestly, the Slytherins must be having some really nasty sex. I heard rumours, you know, when we went back for 8th year, that they used to have bondage parties and orgies."

"Who on earth did you hear that from?"

"Theo Nott."

"So not a rumour then, since he actually was a Slytherin." Hermione rolled her eyes.

"He invited me." Hannah's grin reminded Hermione of the Cheshire cat.

"Oh my God Hannah, you've never told me this! Did you go?"

"No, honestly at that time, I was too infatuated with Malfoy, he was so fucking fit then." And there it was, his name, mentioned so casually from someone who had no idea about their connection. Hermione's insides clenched. She wanted nothing more but to rip that name from Hannah's lips and claim it for herself. Her mouth opened and closed, she couldn't get any words out.

Hannah took no notice, and surged on. "And then of course, there was Dean Thomas." She let out a low whistle. "Damn, that man really had sex appeal."

Hermione tuned her out as Hannah proceeded to name at least 3 other boys from their year. Why the fuck had she gone down this road? She knew it would only end up like this. Of course it would, Malfoy was so ridiculously attractive, any witch in their year would have connected him to mind-blowing sex, obviously. But it had felt nice, for a second, to pick at the scab.

Hannah was still going strong when Hermione stood up and said she'd had too much to drink and needed to go home urgently. Hannah smiled at her, sensing nothing amiss and bid her goodnight with a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

“This was nice Hermione, let's do it again.” Hermione agreed, but had no intention of keeping her word, she couldn't risk this again, she'd wanted Hannah to *know* .

Knuckles rapped on her office door. “Come in.”

Blaise Zabini stepped in. “Morning boss.” He grinned at her, she grinned back, it was impossible not to, he was too charming.

“So I know this is a bit last minute, me and Aurora are having a dinner party on Friday, would you like to come?”

Blaise knew Malfoy, he'd probably be there with his wife... “Who will be there?” She asked hesitantly.

“Harry and Ginny, Neville and Hannah, that you know. It's all couples, that's why you weren't invited initially, but then Aurora's cousin wanted to come on his own and Draco and Astoria dropped out, so we have an available seat. If you want?”

Sighing in relief, she said. "I'd love to come." She smiled at him. A dinner party sounded so tempting, the drinks with Hannah had made her realise how isolated she'd made herself.

It had been a while since she'd gotten ready for anything on a Friday night, and the act of preparing to go out made her feel nostalgic. Knowing Blaise, his dinner parties were always *fancy*, so she'd splurged on a new red dress that wrapped around her like silk, clinging to her curves. Donning black heels, she took in her appearance in the mirror. She matched her lips to her dress and went for mascara on her eyelashes, but otherwise her face was unpainted. It felt good to be going out for something for once, to look sexy, if she said so herself. Mostly, she just wore her leggings at home and any old t-shirt she had laying around.

Her nerves were slightly alight at the thought of interaction with other people from the months of her seclusion. Work was one thing, a party was another. But she calmed herself with a glass of white wine before leaving her house through the floo.

She'd been to Blaise's a few times before, like a lot of other pure-blood heirs he, of course, also lived in a mansion. Although his was not as big as the Malfoy mansion, Hermione's only other point of reference, it was still grand.

A house elf stood by the floo, a tray of champagne in his hand. "Drink, miss?"

"Yes, thank you...?"

"Paisano, miss."

"Thank you Paisano."

She left the welcoming chamber and stepped into a grand foyer. The room was lit with floating candles whose light was swallowed by the dark wooden walls and floor. It looked romantic, Hermione could find no other word for it.

“Hermione! How lovely you could make it.” Blaise came out of a room Hermione only caught a glimpse of behind giant doors.

He kissed her cheeks once on each side. “You look stunning.”

“Thank you Blaise.” Hermione blushed despite herself as Blaise offered her his elbow.

“Come with me, mitica.” Hermione carefully latched on to his arm as he escorted her through the doors. She’d been to Blaise’s mansion before, but it was always decorated differently, his decor changing with his mood. Apparently the mood he was feeling currently was romantic, as the theme from the foyer continued into the formal dining room.

Beautifully detailed tapestry hung on the walls illuminated only by candlelight. The table was decorated expertly, with rose-petals scattered all over a dark grey runner that nearly hid a mahogany table beneath. Silver cutlery shone from the candles placed on the table.

“This really is a beautiful room, Blaise.” The compliment slipped out effortlessly.

“Thank you, Hermione.” His smile became even broader as he spotted Aurora standing among a group of people in front of a bar. “Let’s go say hello.” He led her toward the gathering.

No one had noticed them yet, she could see Ginny and Hannah in animated conversation while Harry and Neville did their best to keep up. She grinned at the sight.

His smell hit her before the sight of him did, and even before Harry shifted slightly to reveal him, she knew in her gut he was here. On full alert, she took in Malfoy’s blonde hair, his side profile and immaculate posture unmistakable. Unaware that she had stopped in her tracks as her stomach dropped.

“I thought you said Malfoy wouldn’t be here.” She tried to stop her voice from rising to a panicked level. His mere presence was enough to feel like the air had been sucked out of her lungs, she tried her hardest to catch her breath.

“They changed their minds, is something wrong, mitica?”

‘They’, of course, now that she was looking she spotted Astoria immediately, how could she have missed that long blonde hair before? It was too bloody dark in here, people blending into the dim shadows cast by the candles.

She felt like she’d been tricked into coming under false pretenses, but all she could say to Blaise was a stiff “No, of course not.” They once again moved toward the ensemble, dread firmly lodged in her core as her eyes were locked on Malfoy.

“Hello.” She tried to sound unbothered, brave, but she could only manage a weak imitation. Malfoy didn’t even look in her direction. Her heart stung with the realisation that he meant to ignore her. With her attention so focused on him, she didn’t even acknowledge anyone else greeting her.

She had wanted to be punished by him, but she had wanted it to be with his closeness, not distance. She could feel her insides tighten and her eyes water with the rejection while she continued to stare at him.

“Hermione, this is my beautiful Aurora. Aurora, this is the legendary Hermione Granger.” At this, Malfoy shot her one single icy glance, his eyes quickly going down to her unmarked throat, and sneered at her. If Hermione had blinked, she would have missed the entire thing, and she almost wished she had. Trepidation shot through her. The entire group had noticed her now, Harry shot her a quick smile, but it didn’t quite reach his eyes. Ginny shot her a glare. Very odd. Only Hannah, Neville and Astoria smiled genuinely at her.

“Granger, how nice to finally meet you.” Before Hermione could ponder on Harry and Ginny’s behaviour, Aurora spoke. She truly was beautiful, long black hair resting gently over her shoulders down to the small of her back and green eyes that reminded Hermione of a forest in the dark lighting.

She finally gathered herself enough to acknowledge the woman Blaise had spoken about at length for months. She could see why he was besotted with her. “So great to finally meet you, Blaise has told me so much about you.” Hermione smiled at her which was quickly returned.

The door to the dining hall opened again as a black-haired young man walked in.

“Sorry I’m late everyone.” Smiling seemed to come easy to him. “Traffic was just awful.” He laughed at his own joke.

“Ah, everyone, this is Aurora's cousin, Lorenzo.” Blaise took Aurora’s hand and walked to greet him.

With Blaise gone, Hermione was left alone. Hannah walked straight over to her and grabbed her hands in her own. “I’m so happy you’re here.” And then she whispered. “Are you okay?” Hannah always had a way to read her moods, and she looked intensely at her now, as if trying to read her mind.

Hermione knew it would do no good to lie to her. So she quickly shook her head. “We’ll talk later.” She promised.

Blaise announced that dinner would begin *pronto*, and everyone should seat themselves.

Hermione thanked the Gods she was seated as far away from Malfoy as possible, Hannah was to her left, Aurora’s cousin Lorenzo was seated to her right and Neville opposite her.

Lorenzo was *cheesy*, Hermione had no other word for it, he would tell a joke and then immediately laughed at it himself, even if no one else found it funny, which was most of the time. But at least he kept the conversation going between them as she found herself too busy trying to ignore Malfoy. She would have done it too, if he wasn’t making it so damn difficult.

He was seated next to Aurora, and he seemed so effortlessly charming with her, his compliments just on the border of being flirty, and Hermione could feel her heart clench in

jealousy as Aurora giggled at him and touched his hand on the table whenever he pleased her. She could feel her throat constricting as she tried her hardest not to cry, digging her fingernails into the flesh of her hand to focus on anything else other than the ice cold sensation filling her body.

This was his punishment for leaving, she knew. *'Look at what you can't have.'* And Hermione could feel herself on the verge of having a panic attack with the casual cruelty of it.

Dinner moved at a glacial pace, and Hermione became more and more subdued as it went on. By the time they'd finished dessert she had entirely stopped speaking, her attention fully locked onto Malfoy, not even bothering to hide it. When he would smile she screamed at him internally to look at her, but he never did. As Blaise rose to declare the end of dinner, she even wished Malfoy would sneer at her again, anything, she would kill for a miniscule scrap of attention.

Blaise had spoken, Hermione had no idea what was going on as everyone moved out of the room.

She moved to follow, but Harry held Hermione back with a gentle touch on her arm and shifted uncomfortably on his feet. "Hermione, can I talk to you?" Ginny held back from the group too, and walked toward them.

Her mind spinning from Malfoy's continued disregard, it took her a second to realise what he was asking. "Yes, of course Harry."

"Draco told us you made a pass at him when you were in France." Harry said, straightforward like always. "Is that why you left early? Because he rejected you?"

Hermione could feel her stomach dropping. Oh.

She could almost imagine him, despairing, head in his hands sitting before Harry and Ginny. *"Hermione tried to seduce me."* Panic made way for pure unadulterated rage. His continued behaviour throughout dinner, the lie he'd told Harry and Ginny and God knows who else.

Ginny's words muffled as she imagined the thousands of ways she could choke him out.

"You know she's been trying to get pregnant, Hermione! How could you?" Ginny's voice finally reached her.

She was so angry she could barely see straight, red forming at the corners of her eyes. "That's not what fucking happened." Hermione spat out at them.

Harry looked taken aback, Ginny still seething with indignation.

"In France, that's not what happened. I never came on to Malfoy."

Harry looked pleadingly at her. "Then what did happen, Hermione? I know you didn't have to work like you said, I spoke to Neville and Hannah, and even Blaise." Hermione blanched, she hadn't expected him to double-check her excuse.

"I-I just had to go." Hermione couldn't tell them the truth, that Malfoy had left a giant bruise on her that would have made it clear just what she had been up to, and with only married couples in the castle... It would have been a fucking shitshow.

"Buy why?" Ginny demanded.

"I..." She frantically searched for an explanation, any explanation that would get her out of this, but her mind was cursedly blank. She'd been ambushed, and it made her even more furious.

"If you can't explain it to us Hermione, then at least tell us if anything happened between you and Draco?" Harry was clutching at straws now.

Hermione's eyes filled with tears of anger, she couldn't outright lie to him. The truth was not an option because it was so much *worse*. She wanted so desperately to tell him what had happened, to set them straight. But they would never forgive her for that. If she admitted to having slept with him, there was no way. Even with her deepest desire to burn him to cinders with her words, she would only get burned by the same flames.

Having nothing to say, no way to defend herself. She turned, fury boiling in her blood, despair clutching at her bones, and left Harry and Ginny without a word.

She ran into Malfoy as soon as she exited the room, because of course he'd wanted to hear what his little scheme had amounted to. She shot him a furious glare as he smirked at her.

"Not ignoring me anymore?" She was surprised at how calm she sounded, she wanted to rip him to shreds, wanted to claw that smirk right off his face. How dare he lie about her to Harry and Ginny, sabotaging their friendship. He would regret this.

"I could say the same, Granger."

"What are you talking about? I'm not the one who's been ignoring you all night."

"You left me, remember? I've not heard fuck all from you for *months* ." Well, she supposed, he got her there. "And then I hear you're meant to be here, do you know how hard it was to convince Astoria to come after we were meant to go to Iceland for the week?"

So, he'd come, after he heard she'd be here. He'd had to convince his wife. He'd come, for her, and it made her breathless for a moment. "Well, you needn't have bothered. I'm leaving." She said more firmly than she felt. She couldn't resist throwing one last barb his way. "Wouldn't want to accidentally flirt with you or something." Bitterness seeped from her voice as she brushed past him.

She made it three steps, before she felt him grab her wrist firmly. "Oh no, Granger, you're coming with me now." She could practically feel him smirking when she tried to shake him off as he dragged her to the floo. She wanted to slap him, hit him, knee him in the groin, bite

those delicious lips... Hermione groaned at herself. Couldn't she just stay mad at him for one fucking second without her thoughts devolving into... whatever that was.

"Let go, Malfoy." He stopped them immediately in front of the fireplace as he heard his name. He turned her toward him.

"What did I say about my name?" His voice was low, threatening.

"That I should call you by your first name if I wanted you to be mine." Hermione remembered the words he'd spoken as he was pressed deliciously inside her, and the memory made her clench her thighs together with immediate need. *Traitor*, she accused her body. She was supposed to be angry.

He nodded and stroked her hair gently back from her face. "And?" His finger slid through her hair as the silence grew between them. "Are you telling me that all these months I haven't been yours? That I could have been fucking my wife, or any other woman that's thrown themselves at me?" Hermione was too stunned to speak, she didn't think he'd actually meant it when he'd said he was hers, didn't think he'd choose her over his wife. But he was still *married*, she reminded herself and she was just about to throw that in his face.

He gripped her hair fiercely and tilted her head up to meet his eyes. "Are you saying that you're *not mine*?" He hissed the last words, his eyes hard, mouth drawn in a tight line. She understood all too clearly his implication, he wanted to know if she had fucked anyone else. There was no one else for her, he was everything, the thought of another man touching her made her sick. His other hand went up to her throat, gently caressing the skin where he'd left his mark, gone now.

She swore she could hear her heart with how hard it was pounding with anger and frustration, but also with growing arousal. His touch was so tender, but he spoke nothing but violence and the contrast threw her hard.

"Draco..." She was going to make some desperate plea to let her go, that this was wrong, but she realised she'd said exactly what he wanted to hear.

His smirk spread across his face. "What a good little kitten." Then he threw them both into the flames together.

They were in a room with a giant four poster bed, silver and green coloured an otherwise completely black room. Was this his room at his manor she wondered briefly. "Where..." But he interrupted her immediately, spinning to face her.

"You will *never* disobey me again." His eyes promised violence, his words rough.

"You didn't tell me I couldn't leave." Hermione wanted to be obstinate, her fury just simmering below the surface of her skin.

His eyes narrowed. "I told you outright that I would see you downstairs. And did I?" She flinched as his hand reached out toward her face and grabbed her chin forcefully.

"You will never, *ever*, disobey me again. Is that clear?" Forcing her to meet his eyes.

"I can't believe you lied about me to Harry and Ginny." Hermione spat at him.

He raised an eyebrow at her. "Would you have preferred if I told them the truth? That we fucked in my wife's bed, fucked in your bathroom the very next morning."

"No! Of course not! You didn't have to tell them anything!" Hermione was shouting now, trying to slap his hand away, but he caught her wrists effortlessly. He walked her backward until her back slammed against the wall, keeping her wrists locked in between the wall and his iron grip. He had caged her in, she writhed and tried to slither out of his grip, but it was unyielding.

"You don't know how disappointed you made me when you failed to show up that morning, Granger. I had fucking plans for us. I couldn't help it that you made me want to *punish* you a little." The way he said 'punish' made her shiver, it was a smooth silky promise coming from his lips.

He noticed her slight tremble, and his smirk turned devilish. “Is that what you wanted, Hermione? To be punished by me?” He shifted her arms above her head and gripped her wrists in one hand so he could use his other to trail sensual lines down her neck. “Did you like the discipline I gave you?”

“No.” Hermione said as spitefully she could manage now that his hands were on her.

“What would you have preferred?” His voice was a low murmur, his fingers gently outlining the ghost of her branded neck. It was intoxicating, his closeness, his touch, his attention. She wanted more. She breathed in his scent deeply, taking in his face, his body, with greedy eyes.

“I...”

“You don’t have to say anything, my sweet whore. I know exactly what you want.” Releasing her arms and neck, he stepped away suddenly, and Hermione swayed slightly as she tried to regain her balance.

“You’ll have to earn it first.” He paused. “On your knees.” To her great dismay, her body obeyed instantly. Words chanting in her head to give in, this is what you want, *give in*.

“You’ll worship my cock, like the filthy little *mudblood* whore that you are.” Hermione looked up at him, startled, he just cocked an eyebrow at her and smirked. She hadn’t heard that word since school, but she found it elicited a different sort of reaction in her now, coming from his pretty lips, as her cunt clenched around nothing, her eyes fluttering slightly.

He’d noticed, obviously, he was so irritatingly observant. “Oh, did you like that? *Mudblood*.” The word came out of him like a seductive slither, and she nearly moaned.

“Fuck me, Granger. You really are my perfect slut. Made just for me.” He grabbed the roots of her hair so roughly that it stung. “Fucking take my cock out.”

She wanted to disobey, but she was so painfully close to him now. His scent overwhelming her. With trembling hands, she undid his pants and slid his boxers down. Face-to-face with his painfully erect cock. She never had the opportunity to study it in their previous encounter, but now it was right in front of her. Letting her fingers trail softly along the length as she admired it. It really was a beautiful tool, made for coaxing orgasms from pretty little pureblood witches, she wanted to defile it with her mouth to punish him.

Leaning forward, she placed a kiss on the tip and then drew back, precum stretched from her lips to his cock. He looked at it intensely, before it snapped. His cock twitched and he exhaled deeply. I could get up now and leave, she thought, and he'll be left here, wanting, that would serve him right. She was just about to get up when he pinned her in place with glare.

"If you do well, I'll smooth things over with Harry and Ginny." A half-smile formed on his lips. It was the push Hermione needed to give in, and he read her clearly.

He spat down on his cock, the saliva hitting the top in one perfect drop. "You better clean it up before it goes on the floor." Warning clear in his voice.

He didn't give her time to think as he pulled her face toward his cock and instinctively she stuck her tongue out, letting it twirl around his length, trying to get it all into her mouth. Hermione could feel his groan all the way onto her tongue as she slurped down his spit.

"My good fucking whore." He groaned, and Hermione felt herself come alive with those words, desperate to tempt them from him again, she only grew sloppier in her technique as the thrill settled in her core. She gasped for breath in between licking and sucking on his cock like it was a delicious treat.

When she took a deep breath, preparing to take him as far as he would go, she looked up at him.

"Oh fuck." She held eye contact with him as she let his length slide all the way down until he settled at the back of her throat, and then blinked innocently up at him. She wanted to punish him for his lie by making him lose the control he obviously craved.

“Look at you with that pureblood cock in your mouth, just where you belong, on your knees for me.” She whined, resentment and arousal churning in her stomach, and the vibration of it makes him shiver and quickly inhale.

He grabbed tightly onto her hair with both hands, holding her still as his hips forced her up and down his length, she let her hands grab on to the back of his thighs, feeling the muscles there twitching with his movement. When she gagged, he let her have one second of reprieve before continuing. She let one of her hands snake around his hip and gently cup his balls.

A sharp inhale. “Fuck, Hermione, you’re gonna make me cum.”

If her mouth wasn’t full, she would have grinned. He held her in place firmly on his cock, his hips stuttering. His hands clenched and unclenched in her hair as he spurted hot cum deep into her throat, his cock convulsing in her mouth.

She tries her hardest to keep it all in, and manages to swallow most of it, but there was so much, and some cum dribbles down her chin. Licking around her mouth with her tongue, she realises it's out of reach. By the time Draco regained himself, it made its way down her neck.

He takes one look at her face and frowns. Lifting her to her feet, he is immediately on her, his hand in her hair pulling her head back, licking a trail from her neck to her mouth to clean his own fluids. His tongue coaxing her lips open, spitting the remaining cum into her mouth. She swallows with an audible gulp before he can even ask.

Satisfaction shone in his eyes as he smiled at her.

“I think I’ve earned my punishment now, Draco.” She tried to make her voice as seductive as she could, the promise of pleasure so close now she could taste it.

“Lay on the edge of the bed, arse up.” He didn’t acknowledge her statement at all.

Hesitantly, she moved to the bed and assumed the position he'd wanted. Laying her hands flat next to her head, she shifted to make herself comfortable. She could feel the wooden floors dig into her knees as she waited for him, no Draco in front of her to pull her attention away from the pain. As the seconds ticked by, her hesitance grew. What was he...?

And then his hands were on her, roughly pulling her dress up to and pushing her panties down to her bent knees. Air hit her pussy, and it felt like ice against the moisture that had been building there.

His open palm struck down on her left cheek so hard she flinched, and it was like the pain went straight to her core and turned into pleasure. She bit her lip, fighting the moan that was struggling to get out. She let her back arch to chase his retreating hand.

"Is this the punishment you wanted?" His other hand pushed down firmly between her shoulder blades and pushed her down into the mattress.

"Yes- yes, please Draco." She didn't care if she sounded needy, she fucking was, months without his touch after she'd gotten just a small taste.

Holding on to her back, another open handed slap bore down on her right cheek. She moaned deeply when the pain turned to pleasure in her core yet again. She was already wet from sucking his cock and now she could feel herself dripping down her legs. She tried closing her thighs to get some relief, but he quickly stopped her, spreading her legs open again.

She shifted her head to the side, and she could see him then, hunched over looking like he was ready to devour her. It sent another jolt of pleasure directly to her cunt when she saw that he was hard again.

"Please punish me Draco, I've been so bad." She felt the unfamiliar words slip out of her mouth before she could stop them.

"You think you can tempt me with your pretty words, whore?" Another slap followed his harsh words.

“You think you can ignore me for months?” Slap.

“You fucking deserve this.” The slap fell directly onto her clit, she wailed, with pain or pleasure, she couldn’t tell, they were interchangeable now. His fingers rubbed soothing circles around her puffy engorged clit as she twitched and trembled against his hand.

“Such a good whore, taking your punishment so well.” She preened at his praise, spreading her legs further to show him how good she was.

“Will you disobey me again?” The threat in his voice was clear.

“No.” It came out as a croak. “Please.” She didn’t know what she was asking, forgiveness, or a plea for more.

He laughed darkly at her obvious desperation. “Do you want my cock?”

“Yes.” She purred at him.

In one move he was behind her and sliding himself into her entrance. She hissed as he bottomed out, her arse stung as it rested against his pelvic bone. She grabbed on to the sheets, it felt like silk between her fingers. His hands moved around her thighs and grabbed her firmly, she could feel his ring digging into her skin.

She’d missed this so much throughout her self-imposed isolation. His cock inside her made her stomach flutter and her cunt pulse with need. She’d almost convinced herself it didn’t feel as good as it did, that it didn’t feel *perfect*. He jerked against her, the motion making her her jolt.

Slowly, lazily, he withdrew from her, only to slam back in. He continued this way, leisurely pulling his cock out only to slam it back in with such ferocity that Hermione felt like crying as he pounded into her abused arse. Her cunt trembled with each stroke. His punishment hadn’t ended, she realised, it had just progressed. But she could feel the unhurried way it

drew her toward her climax as he hit that delicious spot inside her with every slam of his hips, his balls smacking against her clit. A moan tore out of her throat.

“Is my little whore gonna cum?” She shivered at his words.

“Yes.” Her breath hitched with the word.

“Fucking cum then.” He pounds into her at a furious speed, the change in pace finally allowing her to shatter, she explodes with a shriek, her hands clenching at the covers. Her whole body electrified, shaking, her cunt squeezing him where he sits deep inside. Her vision turns black for a moment, and she’s unable to tell if it’s because she’s closed her eyes. A deep shudder passes through her body.

“Good whore.” He’s halted inside her, he gives her arse a light smack and she winces from the touch, her arse too sore. “Again.” He doesn’t give Hermione a single second to prepare before he proceeds to tear into her at a breathtaking speed.

Everything pulls tight, her arse throbbing, and it only intensifies her pleasure. She doesn’t know if what she feels is a continuation of her previous orgasm or another one, but she screams as it tears through her, body shaking. She feels drool slide down the side of her face, unable to stop it.

“Again.” He sounds breathless but unyielding, as he gives her the command while he continues to pound into her mercilessly.

“I-I can’t.” She chokes out.

“You will.” He says, as if his words make it inevitable. Letting his grip on one of her thighs loose, his hand slips beneath her and he places a finger on her clit, she flinches, it's too sensitive. His finger slides up and down the side of her clit with the motion of his hips and she can feel the coolness of his metal ring slightly catching with every movement. She tries to pull away, but his grip on her thigh forces her in place.

“Stay still.” He hisses at her.

She can feel the pain turning into pleasure as his pounding becomes frantic, sloppy. He’s panting. “Fuck.” His voice breaks and the breath of his moan brushes her skin as his cock erupts inside of her. The feeling of his cum painting her insides pulls her over the edge again, her insides clenching against his softening cock.

He doesn’t say a word as he pulls out of her, strips out of the rest of his clothes and lays down on the bed completely naked over the covers. She is unable to move, her joints too stiff from shaking. From the bottom of the bed, she can see his skin glistening with sweat, and she can smell the scent of their sex lingering on him as she’s sure it is on her. He places a hand behind his head and looks at her, grinning.

“Did you like your punishment this time?” His voice is low, demanding.

“Yes.”

“Good.” He motions for her to join him.

With trembling arms, she manages to pull herself onto the bed completely and crawls toward him. As she crawls he vanishes her clothing silently, wandlessly.

“You naughty witch. You’ll make me hard again.” And she glances at his cock briefly, noticing that it’s already halfway there.

“Please Draco, no more.” She moans, exhaustion felt deep in her bones.

“Don’t worry. Come here.” He smiles genuinely at her. She lays down, wedging herself in his armpit, their wet skin sticky against each other, his arm pulling her close. She inhales deeply as she smells his sweat.

He lifts her face up to his with a finger on her chin, and folds down to kiss her. It's a careful, loving kiss, and she feels herself melt into him. Her hand exploring his slightly muscled chest and torso.

His lips pry hers open, and their tongues meet softly, twirling around each other, licking one another experimentally. He sighs into her, and she can almost taste what it would feel like to be his wife. In the moment, she doesn't question anything, she just lets herself be.

Chapter End Notes

Hello! It's me again. A bit of a longer chapter this time to make up for the previously short one.

I hope you enjoyed this chapter, and I want to again thank everyone who's sticking with this fic.

I want you to know how much I appreciate every single comment, kudos and bookmark, it makes my heart full 🥰

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Hello dear readers,

This chapter is smut *heavy*. I hope you'll enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Hermione woke up tangled in Draco's limbs. She was so warm and clammy and she felt the desperate need to get away. His scent surrounds her, suffocating.

What had changed, really, since last night? He was still married. He'd told that lie about her to Harry and Gin, anger once again rising within her now that her stupid lust wasn't getting in the way. He'd said he'd make it good with them, but could she even trust him to do that? After that night in the castle, he'd wanted her to come downstairs with a giant lovebite on her neck, he'd *wanted* them to see it. Hermione didn't have the slightest clue as to why.

She was dealing with someone whose motives were a mystery to her. What did she really know about Draco? Not much, she realised with a start.

Feeling the intense press of her bladder, she tried to gently detangle herself from Draco. He groaned and shifted in his sleep, pressing her tighter to him.

"Draco..." She tried whispering, but it did no good, his breath was still heavy with sleep. She lay still for a few more moments, hoping he'd wake up. When the pressure became too great, she had to forcefully remove herself. He turned over and continued sleeping.

Hermione breathed a sigh of relief. The room now dark, she walked over to where he'd shown her the bathroom last night after their... activities. Opening and closing the bathroom door quickly, she found it illuminated with candles apparently charmed to never go out. She quickly did her business and took a moment to breathe before going back into the bedroom.

He was awake, candles lit the room so she could see. The covers had slid off him so his chest was revealed to her. "Sneaking off again were you?" He said in a voice groggy from sleep, but his smile showed her he was only teasing. "Come." He lifted the duvet up so she could join him, and it revealed half of his chiselled naked form to her. A jolt of pleasure shot through her at the sight.

"Are you always hard?" She'd meant to say it in a teasing way, but it came out breathless. She felt her body drawn toward him and stepped forward, hypnotised by the sight of him. He was so annoyingly fit, and he knew it too, which made it all the more annoying.

"It is a curse and a blessing." He winked at her.

She laid down next to him and he enveloped her in his arms. His skin felt so soft and smooth and she let her hands roam all over his body. No, she couldn't let herself be distracted.

"We need to talk." She said firmly. There were things she needed to know if this was going to keep happening.

"Do we?" He raised an eyebrow and moved on top of her. She could feel his cock settling between her legs, deliciously teasing at her entrance.

"Y-yes." She tried to hold firm.

He shifted his body downward, licking a trail down to her tits. He reached her right breast with his tongue and gave it a quick lick. Her nipples were already hard with the promise of pleasure and she shivered as the cold air hit her wet skin where he'd licked. "Are you sure you want to talk?" His smirk was so infuriating.

"Yes!" She screamed the word as he bit hard around her left nipple.

Looking up at her, he quickly licked her nipple again, smirking when she shivered. "You can have 3 questions. And then, I am fucking your pretty cunt with my mouth."

This fucking man, he infuriated and aroused her equally. He swirled his tongue around her nipple. “Your first question?” He murmured.

“Will you really make things right with Ginny and Harry for me?” She asked the first thing that came to mind.

His hand trailed its way down her stomach, ghosting over her clit before letting it rest on top of her slit. She could feel how wet she was with his touch. “I will.” He said, and pushed one finger into her cunt effortlessly. “My, my, how wet you are for me.” He smirked at her when she gasped.

Her next question was a natural follow up. “Will you tell them you lied?”

He thinks for a moment, looking serious. “No. I don’t think I will.” Another finger slides in, with more difficulty this time. He bites gently on her breast, twirling his tongue around her nipple. Fucking her slowly with his fingers, she could feel him working her up to her orgasm.

“Why- what...” Her mind was getting clouded, she only had one question left, she needed to think about this clearly. She thought of the question she desperately wanted to ask. *‘Will you divorce your wife?’* Dared she voice it?

He let his fingers curl up inside her, pushing on her g-spot. She moans. “Last question, Granger.” She can hear the smirk in his voice.

“I’m thinking.”

“Think away.” He increases his speed ever so slightly, bites a little harder and his tongue flicks her nipple. The pressure is building in her, she feels dizzy. He puts his thumb on her clit and makes little circles with it.

“Draco...” She moans.

He pays no attention to her, inhaling the scent of her skin as he licks and bites her nipple. It feels so sensitive and she writhes against his touch. The pressure in her core is building and she clenches with every push of his fingers. Her eyes roll into the back of her head with pleasure.

The question burns in her mind, the forbidden question, but she's too much of a coward to voice it. She doesn't want to know, she doesn't want to break this spell. If he wants to throw her scraps of himself, she'll devour it no questions asked. Instead she asks. “What do you want with me?” It's an open ended question, safe, he can be as vague as he wants.

With this, he slips a third finger into her and it shatters her, pleasure overtaking every one of her senses, her cunt clenches around him as she comes with a deep moan. He lets his fingers rest inside her and moves his lips down her body, sucking and licking a line down to her core. When his face finally comes to a stop right in between her legs, Hermione is shivering with anticipation. He uses his hand to part her skin and blows lightly on her clit. She squirms.

“I want to fucking ruin you.” Before she has time to ponder his answer, he removes his hand and bites down on the skin surrounding her clit and lets his tongue slide broad strokes on the skin right above her clit and she cries out. Unable to stop herself, she lets one hand grab onto his hair, seizing the pillow next to her with the other.

“What a sweet cunt for such a dirty whore.” The air of his words hits her clit and she moans at him. His fingers previously just resting inside her, finally start to move, fucking her with intensity.

He licks, and *slurps* her clit in his mouth. She revels in the obscenity of it and writhes against his face pushing his head further into her. His tongue skillfully tracing patterns around her clit. She melts into the mattress and lifts her knees to lock him in place.

She realises she'd been holding her breath and her head feels dizzy from the lack of air. Inhaling and exhaling shakily, she feels like she's on the precipice of a breakdown. Silver *hungry* eyes meet hers, the top of his tongue only just slightly visible as it connects to her flesh, he looks like a wolf, *savage*. She comes undone. Full body tremors shake her body, as she cries out her pleasure, moans his name.

His fingers slide out of her pulsing cunt, his tongue finally slows, he licks broad strokes over her clit while she twitches.

It feels almost reverent the way his hands caress her body, stroking her thighs.

“My beautiful slut.” He smiles fondly down at her cunt.

He rises to his knees, erection bobbing with the movement. He strokes himself as he looks at the mess he’s made of her cunt. She can tell he’s getting close when his movements grow stiffer, his eyes slither up her body until they reach her eyes. His face is drawn in pleasure, he moans when he cums, painting her body with his ejaculate. She is unable to tear her eyes away from him.

And then he’s on her, trapping her between his arms. “I think you’ve lost something.” He leans down into her neck and bites so hard she’s sure he’s drawing blood, she moans at the sensation, pain and pleasure swirling in her gut. He presses his full body weight down on her and his soft cock nuzzles between her legs, resting on her slit. As he sucks down on her neck, she can feel his cum slide between both their bodies with each movement.

“You’ll keep it this time.” There is no negotiation in his voice, then he reaches over to his nightstand, grabs his wand and taps it gently on the newly formed bruise. He doesn’t speak the incantation and Hermione theorises on what spell he could have used. Some sort of preserving spell, time freezing?

“I can hear you thinking.” Draco rests his hand on her temple, leaning down to place a soft kiss on her lips. Hermione lets herself be dragged into the intensity of the kiss, and she’s not even aware of her core grinding against him until he stops kissing her.

“No more questions today, Hermione. You’ll have to earn them.” A malicious glint in his eye. “As much as it saddens me to leave you wet and willing in my bed, I have to leave.”

She gets dressed with a weight in her chest. “When will I see you again?” She sounds so pathetic she wants to slap herself.

He pulls her in for a searing kiss that leaves Hermione breathless. "I'll see you soon." He purrs at her, and allows her to leave.

Hermione feels giddy with excitement over the thought of seeing him again and she flashes him a blinding smile before stepping into the floo.

Appearing in her house she knew immediately someone was there, she didn't have to look for long before her eyes fell on Hannah sitting on the couch. Hermione tries her best to school her features into something resembling seriousness as she can see Hannah is clearly in a bad mood.

Hannah quickly got up and stepped toward her, arms flailing. "Well? Where have you been? You disappeared last night and I sent you like 20 owls..." Hannah's eyes widened and then narrowed as she took in the state of Hermione's neck. "What the fuck is that?"

Hermione couldn't bring herself to speak, this was her worst nightmare come true, it would all come out now. Hannah would know. Hermione felt like she'd fallen out of her body, she couldn't sense any of her limbs. Though, she felt strangely calm.

"Your married man..." Hannah started hesitantly. "Was he there last night?"

Hermione stood completely still. Maybe if she stood still enough, she'd turn invisible. She did not want to have this conversation. Did not want to sour her mood.

Hannah's eyes widened again. "You know who disappeared last night at the same time you did... right?"

Hermione once again gave Hannah no reply.

“Is it Draco?”

Hermione let out a deep sigh, not a confirmation or a denial.

“You’re not going to tell me? I know it’s Draco!” Hannah was looking at her with a piercing stare.

Hermione felt herself move on autopilot. “Would you like some tea?” Her own voice was coming out of her mouth with no input from her brain.

Hannah hesitated. “Maybe you need to get away for a while, you’re not acting like yourself.”

Hermione remembered the last time she’d disappeared, his punishment being that stupid lie he’d told. Hermione knew what Hannah wanted to hear. Hermione would have to become a good fucking liar, very fucking fast.

"No, I'll break it off Hannah. I know it's the right thing to do." Her automated voice sounded stilted to her own ears, but Hannah was convinced, or maybe she just desperately wanted Hermione's words to be true.

Hannah smiled, obviously relieved. “Good, I think that would be best for you.”

Hermione knew it was the best decision, it was just a shame that wasn't the one she was going to choose. “Thanks Hannah, I'd really like some time alone now.”

“Of course, I'll leave. Owl me if you need anything, ok?”

Hermione nodded at Hannah's retreating form, only breathing a sign of relief when she'd disappeared.

Something had shifted in her this morning, she knew now, without a doubt, she would not be able to let him go. Ever.

Finally alone, Hermione threw herself on the couch and started giggling like a schoolgirl, her legs kicking the air. She felt so fucking good.

Harry owled her the next day. He said he was happy she and Malfoy had patched things up and that she was more than welcome back for Friday night drinks. Hermione only found anger in herself as she read and re-read the letter. So Harry had deigned to forgive her only after Draco had said they were good? She hadn't let herself think about Harry or Ginny in her months of isolation, the only thing on her mind had been Draco, but now he was gently tucked away with fondness in her mind.

Harry hadn't stood by her, he'd chosen Draco over her. The more she thought about it, the angrier she got. Is that all it took? One lie from Draco and he would drop her? Her frustration and anger got the better of her, and she tore the letter to shreds. Honestly, he could shove it, Hermione thought with venom.

When Friday rolled around. Hermione had not heard from Draco for the entire week, it felt like she didn't exist when he wasn't there. It seems today was her lucky day as Draco's owl flew through her open window and dropped a note on her desk. It was short, concise.

"See you tonight.

D. M."

Smiling to herself, suddenly she was eager to go.

She floo'd to the pub straight from work as she'd had to work a little later than usual. As always, her eyes were immediately drawn to Draco. When she approached, Draco stood up for her, motioning her to where he'd just been sitting. When she sat down, she immediately knew why. He had her boxed in now. She felt trapped and it made her pulse quicken.

"Evening Hermione." Harry greeted.

"Hiya 'Mione, haven't seen you around." Ron remarked.

Hermione blissfully didn't have to respond as Harry answered for her. "Well, she's here now, that's all that matters."

"Let me get you a drink." Ron offered.

"I'll come with you mate, let's get drinks for the table." Harry announced.

Neither of them noticed she hadn't spoken a word.

They both scooted out of the booth. Draco glanced quickly back at them and then he lifted her hair so he could see his mark. Sighing contentedly, he nuzzled into it. Hermione let out a small squeak in surprise, and looked to Harry and Ron, she couldn't see them over the tall seating, so they couldn't see them either.

"I've missed you." He sighed into her neck as he inhaled her scent.

"I've missed you too." She murmured back at him.

His hand slid in between her thighs under her skirt and she shivered at the touch. Stroking her slit through her panties, she could feel them dampening. He pushed her panties to the side and gave her clit one quick stroke before he slipped his ring off and pressed it against her clit where it attached on its own.

“Draco- what?”

He just smirked at her and removed his fingers, and then Harry and Ron were back with their drinks. Looking over at Draco she found him looking infuriatingly casual. She wished she could say the same, but she could feel the flushing of her cheeks all too well. To her immense relief neither Harry nor Ron commented on her appearance.

Taking a sip of her drink, she jolted in surprise when she could feel the ring around her clit *vibrating* .

“You alright, Granger?” Draco’s hand slapped her back as if she’d just choked on her drink, like it wasn’t his stupid fault.

She looked into his eyes and found herself unable to look away, the ring vibrating so deliciously around her clit. She choked down a moan disguising it as coughing.

“So, Hermione, how have you been?” Harry searched her face as if that would give him an answer.

“Miserable.” Hermione had no idea how Draco had explained away his lie to Harry, but she could feel herself reeling with indignation at her supposed friend’s treatment of her. He hadn’t written to her a single time, for months, and now all of a sudden he cared? And where the fuck had Ron been? Apparently he knew fuck all but he still hadn’t reached out to her.

“I’m sorry.” Harry almost whispered, it was that quiet.

“Speak up Harry. I couldn’t hear you mate.” Draco interjected.

“I’m sorry Hermione. I-I don’t know what to say to you.” Harry stuttered.

“What’s going on?” Ron’s interest was piqued now.

“I- uh.” Harry stuttered.

“There was a misunderstanding.” Draco spoke. “Between Granger and me. I’m afraid I gave Harry the wrong idea.”

“Misunderstanding? I don’t understand.” Ron questioned.

Hermione was following the conversation with passing interest, her focus was mainly on her core, where the ring was buzzing against her clit with steady pressure. She’d already had to stifle half a dozen moans as heavy exhalations.

“Draco thought Hermione had come onto him, but it turned out to be a complete misunderstanding.” Harry replied.

Draco’s hand was on her thigh now, gently stroking her bare skin under her skirt, so close to her core.

Ron laughed heartily. “Like Hermione would come onto Draco, get off it mate. What in Merlin’s name were you thinking?”

Draco grabbed her thigh fiercely as if the mere idea of her not flirting with him was making him mad.

“Like I said. A complete misunderstanding.” Draco’s tone was smooth.

Hermione lost focus of the conversation. Her clit was throbbing with the vibration and only intensified as Draco clawed at the inside of her thigh. She looked down into her lap and could only pray that her face wasn't visible to anyone as it contorted in pleasure when her orgasm hit her, she bit down hard on her lower lip but she couldn't help but let a small whimper slip out.

She shifted ever so slightly and brought her hand down to grasp Draco's wrist stilling his movements. The vibration of the ring slowed to a pleasant hum.

"I need to go to the toilet." Hermione muttered, she had the sudden urge to be alone.

She shifted toward Draco who gracefully exited the booth and made her way to the loo.

A room with only a toilet and sink greeted her. She didn't have to wait long, she knew he'd come.

He didn't even knock before forcing the door open. Draco pushed her backwards before she could even say anything. His lips were on her neck before the door was even locked. He pushed her up against the wall with her knees around his legs. He pushed his erection against her core and groaned.

"I've been desperate to fuck my pretty little whore all week."

"Well, why didn't you?" Hermione said petulantly.

"I had some business to deal with."

Hermione grunted, this was not a satisfactory answer in her book.

Draco switched topics. “Did you like that I made Harry apologise to you?” Hermione could feel his smirk against her neck.

“Yes. But he wouldn’t have had to if you hadn’t lied.”

“Didn’t you enjoy the power you held over him in the moment? Knowing he was in the wrong and he’d have to grovel to you?” The words were seductive against her neck, and she shivered.

Hermione hadn’t thought of it that way, but now that he said it, she found that she did like it. “Yes.”

The glide of his zipper was all she heard before she felt her panties slide to the side and then he was in her in one quick stroke. The ring started vibrating intensely, Hermione hissed at the sensation, still sensitive from her earlier release.

Then he pounded into her, and Hermione could feel nothing but pure bliss. It was quick and brutal and when he bit down on his mark on her neck she came with quick convulsions around him. He came into her with a loud groan soon after.

He let her down on her feet before letting his fingers part her folds and gently plucked the ring from her.

“What-” but before she could question him, he slid it into his mouth, sucking on it like it was a lemon drop, his eyes closed in pleasure.

He spat it out onto his waiting hand and placed it gingerly back on his finger.

“What ring is that?” Hermione hadn’t thought to question it, but what if it was his wedding ring? Invisible fingers were clawing at her insides.

“It’s my family’s signet ring.” Sure enough, now that she looked closer at it, it was adorned with a giant M. A sigh of relief escaped her.

“Make your excuses to Harry and Ron, and then meet me at the manor.” He was out the door before she could question it.

Making her way back into the pub, she could see the guilt written on Harry’s face. She found she didn’t care. He could rot. It was intoxicating knowing that she held power over him now. He would grovel, just like Draco said.

Draco...

She only waved a quick goodbye to her friends, confusion written on their faces and then she stepped into the floo and whispers *‘Malfoy Manor’*.

Chapter End Notes

Completely normal behaviour for Hermione. Nothing to see here... 🙄

Sorry it took a while to post, I re-wrote this chapter 3 times as I wasn't happy with it at first.

Now that this chapter is out of the way, we are getting pretty close to the end I'm sad to say. Tentatively, I'd say another two chapters to go.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Sorry it took me a while to update, I've been writing chapter 9, 10 and 11 at the same time.

I hope you will enjoy this downward spiral :3

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Draco

Draco was a man who prided himself on control. Control is what had been shaken from him during those last years at Hogwarts, and he'd sworn he'd never let it slip out of his grasp again.

Draco had been absolutely fuming at his fathers sentencing. It had been a joke, a year in Azkaban. As he left the Ministry, he couldn't let his fury show however. The reporters had congregated in the atrium like vultures, ready to strip off his skin and tear him to pieces.

He let nothing show as questions and comments were hurled at him by reporters and passers-by alike. He exhibited the kind of self-control he would exercise going forward.

There were a lot of reasons for Draco being upset, but his main one was his father permitting the Dark Lord to reside in the Manor. Draco had gone through hell during that period, any semblance of control he'd felt up until that point had been taken from him as easily as taking sweets from a child.

He couldn't forgive his father for that. So he'd planned his murder meticulously, Draco had no intentions of going to prison.

He'd schemed for months, manoeuvring prison guards like chess pieces, he'd met them in pubs, dingy alleys, wherever they congregated after they finished their long shifts in

Azkaban. He'd been transfigured, of course, making out to be a muggleborn who was up for inciting some violence against some convicted death eaters.

He'd convinced them slowly but surely that they could get away with killing the Malfoy patriarch, that they deserved justice. A lot of them were half-bloods and mudbloods, easy enough for him to get them on board.

Draco had been utterly filled with glee the day his trainer at the Auror academy had pulled him to the side and informed him of his father's murder in Azkaban, and the guards who'd made it happen. His trainer had promised him justice, and Draco had played along, his trainer being none the wiser.

Of course the guards tried to point the finger to the strange muggleborn they'd met after their shifts, but really, what were his future colleagues going to do with that information, with a false name and a false description? Absolutely nothing, and it had sounded to the Aurors like someone who was looking to shift blame away from themselves.

Succeeding in scheming to have his father killed had been the highlight of his life. So far.

His mother had grieved when his father had died. She'd grieved so much she'd thrown herself off her tower in Malfoy Manor months after his death. Draco couldn't find it in himself to care, she'd allowed this to happen, as much as his father.

Left isolated and alone by his own choices, he knew he'd have to build his own family. He considered several witches before he settled on Astoria. She had been the safe, predictable choice and when he'd gone to visit her the first time, he'd realised how much he'd liked her company.

Astoria hadn't known that becoming a Malfoy wife would put her under his command, and when they married, Draco never had any intention of using it. Astoria was the perfect pureblood bride, always polite, always cheerful and always followed his orders without him having to make it a *command*. So he'd treated her in the way he thought a wife should be treated, revered, precious. A safeguarded treasure. He'd grown fond of Astoria over the years, something resembling love between them.

Then Granger had brutally forced her way into his life, and she'd tried to take his control from him.

Hermione

When Hermione steps out of the floo, he is already naked, sitting on top of the bed leaning his back on the wooden headboard. His fingers are deftly trailing across his already hard cock.

“Come here, mudblood.”

A stream of desire instantly rushes to her core as she steps toward him.

“Strip.” She doesn’t even stop to think, pulling her dress over her head and stripping out of her underwear, she doesn’t want to drag this out, she wants him inside her *now* .

He moves over to the edge of the bed but stays seated with his legs wide, leaning on his elbows and motions for her to sit on his lap. He looks like a fucking king, the haughty expression on his face, his cock in the air already slick with precum, heavy balls hanging off the bed. She bites her lip at the sight and feels a flush of heat go straight to her core.

She drapes her legs outside of his and scooches backwards up his thighs, he lifts her as she nears his erection, lines them up and thrusts into her harshly. She falls with her naked back on his chest. She only feels complete when he’s inside her, it's the only time she feels alive, when he reminds her that in this moment, he’s hers.

Her hand finds his where he’s holding himself up on the bed, and their fingers intertwine. He runs his free hand up and down her body finally stopping on her breast. She’s used to the painful pinch of his fingers now, and when he twists her nipple hard she feels nothing but pleasure.

His hand runs down her body leaving goosebumps in his trail, finally his hand clenches around her throat possessively. She can feel how drenched she is around him, he shifts slightly forward.

“Do you want to be fucked by me?” His voice is clear, painfully unaffected.

“Please, Draco.” Her answer comes out as a moan.

He pounds into her. She’s so close, she can taste it, he always has this supernatural power to sense it. He stops pummeling her and she cries out in desperation. Tears fall from her eyes with frustration, she writhes on him but he refuses to move.

“Draco, please.”

“Not yet.”

So she sits still with him inside. Eons pass.

He thrusts into her slowly, torturously and she can feel the heat building in her core again. She moans, and he stops again.

“Nooo... Please don’t stop.” Hermione can’t help the plea that falls from her lips, she was so close.

“Do you want to cum on my dick you filthy little whore?” It comes out of him harshly, like he’s fighting to hold himself back.

Her cunt is spasming around him, trying to lure him into fucking her again. “Please, please, please, please let me cum, Draco.”

He lets his hand fall down to her core, carefully circling a finger around her clit, but too slowly, too light of a touch for her to cum. She feels like she's clenching her whole body in anticipation.

"Please fuck me, please let me cum." She begs him again.

"You love being my whore, don't you?"

"Yes, Draco, please."

Draco drives up into Hermione with ferocious movements, and Hermione can't help it, she was already so close. She feels her whole body growing stiff as her climax approaches. Tears are coming out of her eyes, she realises, only feeling them when they drip onto her body. Cruelly, her orgasm is wrung from her with Draco's talented fingers, screaming with the intensity of it.

"My good fucking whore, milking my cock." Draco hisses in her ear, and she feels his cum erupt into her.

It is a shift in their relationship, after that night at the pub they fall into a routine of meeting in his room at the Manor after work. They exhaust each-other physically and then a house-elf brings them dinner in bed. It frightens Hermione how compatible they are, how easily he reads her. She never ventures outside of Draco's room, too scared she'll run into *her*.

They never talk about Astoria, he doesn't mention her, and to Hermione, she becomes something abstract, the word *wife* loses all meaning, and the guilt lessens day by day. Hermione wonders if she's noticed how absent he's been. He spends the weekends with his wife, Hermione assumes, she only asks once if he wants to meet the next day, a Saturday, and the only thing he'd said was that he couldn't see her on the weekends.

So she spends the weekends alone with her feelings and copious amounts of alcohol to help the two days pass quicker. She knows it's not good for her, she knows something has to change, but what? She knows the healthy answer is that their 'relationship' needs to end, but she can't bring herself to end it now.

Every time Hermione tries to bring up the topic, he distracts her, like he knows she's about to change their arrangement. Days pass, weeks pass, and before Hermione knows it, an entire month has gone. She is no closer to any resolution than she had been at the start of their arrangement, and it makes her feel like she's in a constant state of limbo.

She avoids everyone, she can't even remember the last time she had a conversation with Harry or Ron, the two people she had always relied on, who had always relied on her. These days she's locked up in her office, avoiding every meeting or conversation she can possibly avoid.

Hermione will be the first to admit that her work has become sub-par, honestly it has been for a while. Her research notes are rambling, making incoherent leaps to predetermined conclusions.

She hasn't even tried to experiment with new potions for weeks. She feels like her mind is slipping, like it only has room for one thought, Draco. He is all-encompassing. Her days in the office are spent looking at the timepiece on the wall counting down the seconds until she can see him again.

253 seconds before she can leave the office at an acceptable time on a Friday night, Harry barges into her office, no knock, no warning.

"How did you-" Hermione then spots her harried looking secretary following close behind, Hermione had given strict instructions not to be disturbed. She sighs and waves her secretary out.

"Hermione, where have you been? Why haven't you returned any of my owls?"

"Sorry Harry, I've been busy."

“Hermione, I want to apologise to you. I didn’t get a chance the last time we met. I was hoping we could talk.” Harry sounds so earnest that Hermione can’t help but acquiesce.

Hermione sighs again, she supposes it’s been going on for long enough. “Fine.”

“I’m sorry for the way I acted, I shouldn’t have been so quick to jump to conclusions, but Draco was so convincing the way he said it happened, and when I spoke to you about it, you didn’t exactly deny it.” Harry adopts an accusatory tone at the last part.

Hermione only vaguely remembers the conversation she had with Harry and Ginny after Blaise’s dinner, she’d been too distracted then.

Should she just come clean to Harry at this point? Hannah already knew some of it. No. Harry would never forgive her if he knew what she’d done. A part of her was so tired of keeping this secret. Especially since it was all her fault.

Hermione hadn’t exactly planned for this level of intensity when she started developing her own Amortentia recipe the second week after attending Friday night drinks. She had spent nearly all her days at work perfecting it, she wanted it to be so potent he wouldn’t be able to help himself. She didn’t care if it produced any feelings of love, she only wanted lust, hell, if he would degrade her and treat her horribly in the process, well, that was just an added bonus for her.

She’d spent so many times in the lab on her own masturbating furiously while she waited for it to brew to the thought of him manhandling her, groping her harshly, degrading her in the worst possible way.

It was what she deserved after all, for borrowing another woman’s husband for a little while. She obviously felt guilty toward Astoria, but Hermione had justified it so many times in her mind that she’d finally started to believe that this is what had to happen for him to be gone

from her head at last. Only one fuck, she kept telling herself, only one time to get him out of her mind.

The first time she'd given him a dose she hadn't been able to contain herself, she'd writhed in her seat and then excused herself to the toilet, expecting him to follow, but he hadn't. She'd expected it to work straight away, a quick fuck to finally get him out of her system. She waited for an agonising fifteen minutes as he failed to show.

She had been so disappointed, all her tests had shown her recipe to be superior to the original. When she emerged he'd started on a new drink, carefully listening to Harry and Ron's conversation. He hadn't even looked at her the rest of the night. Only offering a nod when she bid them goodnight early.

She'd gone back to the potions lab that night, working through the weekend to figure out what the hell had happened, but all her tests showed that it was working perfectly. Stumped, she'd slumped down on her office couch early Monday morning when test after test had produced a positive result.

Maybe it was the dose? So she upped the dose little by little every time they met, and every time it produced failed results, Draco didn't even flinch. She'd finally given up on the whole thing before France.

It had confused her, when he'd finally gone for it, maybe the potion had built up over time instead of working immediately like she'd originally designed it for? But all her exhaustive tests had shown the opposite, then again, who was she to argue with results?

She carefully considered Harry, realising that she'd been quiet for a long time.

“What exactly did Draco tell you?” She hadn't even bothered to ask previously.

“I don’t even remember, I know now that it was a pure misunderstanding. Please forgive me.”

She could do that, she could be merciful. “I forgive you Harry.”

Harry smiled at her. “Thanks Hermione, would you like to come for dinner with me and Gin tomorrow, we’re making Molly’s famous meatballs...?”

Draco wouldn’t be available to her on the weekend, why not distract herself with dinner and friends? “I’d love to.” Harry smiled.

12 Grimmauld Place was much improved since the days they had used it as a safehouse for the order. Every room had been redecorated and made homely by various decor courtesy of Harry’s children.

Sitting in the kitchen, surrounded by children's drawings, and various clay figurines Ginny made in her spare time, Hermione felt warm and welcomed.

Ginny had been suspiciously curt with her all throughout dinner and had finally excused herself to put the kids to bed.

Hermione and Harry moved to the living room couch sipping white wine as they waited for Ginny to come back downstairs.

“What's going on with Ginny?” Hermione couldn't help herself after sitting in silence for 10 minutes.

“It's best if it comes from her-” Harry paused as they could hear footsteps coming down the stairs. Ginny appeared a second later.

Looking at Hermione, she adopted a stern expression. "I think you've been lying to us." Ginny was never one to mince words.

"About?" Hermione can't afford to panic now, not like she had last time.

"Something doesn't add up. When Draco told us you came onto him, and I saw your behaviour during Blaise's dinner. You were staring at him Hermione, with *fuck me* eyes! And then Draco told us later that it had all been a misunderstanding... Are you in love with him?"

Hermione had never been good at occlumency, a mistake, she had never been good at lying, another mistake, but she'd done it before, with Hannah, and she'd believed her? Right? "I don't know what you're talking about Ginny."

"That's not a denial!"

"Gin-" Harry started, but Ginny interrupted him.

"Harry, you saw it too! You know I'm not talking out of my arse here, be quiet or go away."

Harry promptly shut up, no way was he going against his wife. Hermione couldn't help but resent him a little for that, even if she was in the wrong.

"You tricked me into coming here, you knew what she wanted to say to me." Hermione rounded on Harry, accusation hanging heavily in the air between them.

Harry looked so tired, his eyes were blank, and Hermione could feel her anger building when she realised that's exactly what he'd done. He'd come to her with a false apology, a pretense to lure her into their home so that Ginny could confront her.

“Hermione, I’m gonna ask this again, and I expect the truth from you this time. Are you in love with him?”

Hermione was tired, tired of the lying, the hiding, the sneaking around and the dam broke. She tore off her decorative scarf to reveal his brand on her neck. “I don’t know what you want to hear Ginny, but Draco and I have been fucking, we fucked in France and we’ve been fucking since.”

To her credit, Ginny only reeled back for a second, then she slapped Hermione. Harry let out a startled “What the fuck.”

Hermione was on a roll now, secrets she swore she’d keep hidden rolling off her tongue easily. “He spans me and calls me his whore. He calls me mudblood and fucks me and I love it! I cum so hard I see stars!” Hermione was vaguely aware of her own voice shouting. She refused to play part in this charade any longer, if they thought she was the depraved one, she’d fucking show them, he was *worse*.

Silence stretched for too long. All Hermione could hear was the roar of her own heartbeat and frenzied gasps for air.

“Get out.” Harry said quietly.

“GET THE FUCK OUT!” Ginny screamed a second later when Hermione failed to move.

“Fucking gladly!” Hermione gathers her things and marches right for the floo, she considers for a brief moment to call out Malfoy Manor just to give them one last fuck you, but she settles for her own house instead, knowing it’s the weekend and Draco doesn’t want her there.

Standing in her own living room, she only holds onto her anger for a brief moment before she collapses to the floor in pure panic. She had just burned the only bridge to her oldest friend.

“Oh god” She buries her head in her hands. Is he going to tell? Will Ginny tell Astoria? Fuck, she really hadn’t thought this through.

Consequences arrive at her office early Monday morning. Hannah appears in her doorway.

“I thought you told me you broke it off.”

“Did Harry talk to you? Does he get off on going around divulging all my secrets now?”
Hermione had known it was coming, but it didn’t mean it hurt any less to know her friends were talking about her behind her back.

Hannah shook her head. “It was Ginny, she was furious, and honestly Hermione, rightfully so. She’s friends with Astoria, you know.” Hannah sighed deeply. “You told me you were going to break it off.”

“I lied.” Hermione met her

“Obviously.” Hannah took a short breath. “Are you going to break it off for real this time?”

“No.” Hermione felt unrepentant, Draco was hers, why couldn’t they see that? It didn’t matter that he was married, he’d chosen her, he’d said so. He’d said he was hers. They didn’t understand.

Tears were starting to form around Hannah’s eyes. “I-I- uh... I don’t think we can be friends anymore, in fact, I am not really sure I want to work with you either. I know we do important work here- you lied to me Hermione. Where have your morals gone? You’re screwing around with a married man, and you don’t even look like you’re sorry about it.” Hannah’s eyes steeled. “Well, are you?”

Hermione said nothing, her face a mask of indifference, internally seething.

Hannah let out a short laugh. “Actually, Hermione, you know what. Fuck you. I’m not resigning.” She turned on her heel and marched out of the room.

Hermione could see the following events unfold in her mind all too clearly. They were going to oust her, from her own company. Blaise had practically grown up with Astoria, he was probably more loyal to her than Hermione. And Neville, Neville would never condone Hermione’s behaviour. Well fuck them all, she wouldn’t give them the satisfaction. With a shaking hand, she wrote her resignation down on a piece of parchment. It was short and said nothing of the bitterness she could feel building up.

Fucking Harry, fucking Ginny, fucking Hannah, fucking Astoria... No. She really had no one else to blame but herself.

She practically lives at Malfoy Manor during the weekdays. She doesn’t have to go to work anymore. So she lays in his bed all day waiting for him to get home from work so she can breathe again.

When she told him she’d resigned, he had tried his hardest to conceal his smile, but she’d seen anyway. She had found herself smiling back at him. She can’t help it, making him happy makes her happy.

She told him what she’d told Ginny and Harry, but he’d waved her off like it was nothing, even when she expressed her worry that they would tell Astoria.

“I’ll handle it.” Is all he said, and then he’d fucked her roughly on the floor.

It's the first time he's taken her out of his room, and she can't help but marvel at the grandeur of the formal dining hall. He sits at the end of the table with her on his right. When they finish eating the most succulent meal she's ever tasted, he picks her up and places her on the edge of the table.

"Time for dessert." He smirks and proceeds to lap at her cunt, her clit. She can do nothing but lay back and enjoy the sensations he's bringing out in her.

Draco fucks her in his study bent over his desk, in the library up against the shelves, in kitchen on the counter, in the dining room he feasts on her cunt for what seems like hours, in the lounge they soil the couch with their combined arousal. They fuck in every room but *hers*. It feels frenzied, like they are living on borrowed time.

Astoria has become an afterthought to her, Hermione has not seen her at all since staying at the Manor. In her mind he is all hers. 'Mine. Mine. Mine. MINE.' Her head chants at her.

A little comment from one of Draco's house elves is all it takes to rip the wound open. She wasn't even meant to be there, she'd wanted to surprise Draco in his study, remembering the last time she'd done so he'd fucked her against the armrest of his ridiculously plushy chair. Her clit has dragged deliciously against the fabric while he fucked her slowly from behind. She clenched her legs in anticipation of what he'd do to her this time. Before she has the opportunity to enter, she hears voices from inside the room.

"She's gone to her sister's for a visit." The unmistakable sound of Selene's voice.

"Good." Draco's deep voice.

The crack of apparition echoes in the hallway. Hermione knows immediately who *she* is. She turns away from the door in shame. Fortifying herself, she decides it's time, she won't let herself be distracted this time.

They had just finished eating dinner, sitting in silence sipping the last of their wine, when Hermione decides it's now or never.

"Will you divorce your wife?" The question sat there, hovering in the air, the question that's been churning in her mind all this time.

"I cannot divorce Astoria." He speaks through clenched teeth.

The words steal her breath from her lungs. She's hyperventilating. It had gone unspoken for such a long time that she'd dared to hope, but his rejection had cruelly ripped the veil from her eyes.

"You said you were mine, was that a lie?" Hermione hears her own plea, spoken in a broken voice, and hates herself for it.

He looks too much like a shark that's smelled blood in the water, a small smile playing around his lips. "Are you not here every day Hermione? Do I not fuck you enough? I choose you every night over my own wife. What more could you possibly want?" He has an evil glint in his eyes and Hermione feels like she's being led into a trap.

"I want you all to myself. I want you to be mine fully." Hermione retorts.

"Are you sure?" He teases her, but it feels mean spirited, like he's laughing at her.

"Yes." Hermione is undeterred.

"Will you be able to live with the *consequences*?" He is grinning fully now.

"What are the consequences?"

“Oh, I am sure you can imagine, being so smart and all.” He waves off her question.

“What consequences, Draco?” Hermione insists.

“Figure it out. You know where to find me. Don't come back until you know.” With that, he rises from his chair. “If you return, I will take that as your acceptance.” He turns away from her and leaves the room unhurried, gracefully.

Consequences, he'd said. What consequences? They'd be shunned by their friends certainly, probably by society in general, but Hermione had a sneaking suspicion that's not what he meant. There was something in his words, he hadn't said he didn't want to divorce Astoria, he said he couldn't. Perhaps she was just clutching at straws, but in her desperation, she would clutch to those straws like a life raft.

Not knowing much about pureblood marriages, she vowed to do some research.

The Ministry's library was open for everyone and Hermione had been there countless times before. She went over to the librarian, a crotchety old man with white eyebrows down to his cheeks. He and Hermione had struck up a friendship over her first few visits over their shared love of books.

“Ms. Granger.” Despite them being friendly, he had never disposed of titles, and he outright refused to give her his first name.

“Mr. Farnley.” Hermione smiled. “I was wondering if you could recommend some books on pureblood marriage contracts?”

“Of course Ms. Granger. Why? Are you thinking of marrying?” Farnley smiled back at her.

“Something like that.” Her smile turned a bit sour.

“Give me a moment, I’ll find them for you.”

Hermione was left to her own thoughts as the old man hobbled behind some shelves and disappeared from her sight. What the hell was she doing? Is this really what she wanted? Was her obsession taking her too far? Before she could turn around and stomp out of the library, Mr. Farnley returned with a stack of 4 books.

“There are more than this, but these are the best ones with the most details.”

“Thank you Mr. Farnley.”

“Will you be checking them out, or read them here?”

She looked around the unusually unoccupied library. 4 books wouldn’t take her too long to read through, they looked quite slim too. She was too eager to get to work. “I’ll be here.” She made her way over to one of the desks in the centre of the room and got started.

The first two books only gave her answers on how a pureblood marriage should be consummated, and how many marriages had been consummated previously. With human sacrifices and blood vows. Hermione found it all distasteful. Finally in the third book she found a reference to Sacred 28 marriage contracts specifically, saying they were highly confidential and no one had ever confided what they involved.

She would have to see their marriage contract, specifically.

“Kingsley” Hermione greets him with a smile and a hug. The Minister for Magic had agreed to see her immediately after receiving her owl, and she was more than a little grateful knowing how pressed for time he must be constantly.

“Hermione, what brings you here today?” Straight to the point like always.

“I’ll be brief, I want to go through the Ministry’s marriage contracts.”

She has floored him, she can see it clearly. “Why?”

“I can’t explain it to you, and I have no valid reason, but I need it anyway. Just remember you told me you owed me a favour at the end of the war, consider this me cashing in on that favour.”

He bit his cheek, considering. “It’s highly irregular-” He sighs. “But you are correct, you have never asked me for anything else. Just promise me you’re not going to do anything to any contracts are you?”

“No, I swear, I am just interested in reading one of them.”

Making her way into the archives through stacks and stacks of shelves filled to the brim with papers, armed with her special permission badge from the Kingsley. She patiently strolled through the ascending alphabetical order of shelves. Finally landing on M, she looked at the gigantic task that unfurled before her. Even when she made it to Malfoy, she looked at stacks upon stacks of files.

Sighing, she seated herself on the floor and pulled out the first stack, perhaps they’d filed them in descending order, the most recent first. Going through the folders, she realised there was no rhyme or reason to the order, files had obviously just been shoved in wherever they would fit. Hermione wanted to hex the witch or wizard who had come up with this system.

3 hours later, she was at the end of her rope when she finally spotted his name, his first name, and Astoria’s. Carefully rubbing her blurry eyes she read through the contract. It was short and signed in blood. She quickly skimmed through until she got to the part she had been expecting, but still dreading.

'Let no force separate them but death.'

Hermione wanted to scream in frustration, *incendio* the document and stomp her feet in anger. She did none of those things, instead she carefully placed the parchment back in its folder and placed it haphazardly back into the stack.

It was time to consider her options.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you if you managed to finish this chapter, I know I had my own issues writing it lol.

Honestly, I will probably end up editing this chapter in the future as I am not 100% happy with it.

Thank you so much for all the comments and kudos! At the moment we are at 99 kudos and I feel so honoured.

Thank you for the love and your continued theories of what will happen, I always look forward to reading them after I post every new chapter!

Only 2 chapters to go now! Chapter 10 will probably take me a little bit to write as some of the bits from 9 were originally intended for 10.

We'll see, I'm just going with the flow here.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Sorry I've taken a while to update, I've just got a new job after being made redundant at the end of July. Yay capitalism. 🙄

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

My dearest Ginny,

I apologize for not being in touch, everything has happened so quickly I don't know where to begin.

There is no easy way to say this, but I'll say it anyway. I am dying, Ginny. I've known for some time, but in the last few weeks, things have gotten worse.

When I was trying to get pregnant, I went to a medi-witch and they told me I am ill, it's taking my life from me.

Draco had been besides himself with worry, locking himself away in his room. I suspect he doesn't want to see me like this, weak and frail. He's made sure I have everything I need, but I need him Ginny, I need his support.

When I collapsed in the study the other day, he promptly sent me away to a clinic in Switzerland. They are taking good care of me, but all I want is my husband.

Could you please talk to him for me? I know he also needs the support right now.

Thank you.

Faithfully yours,

Astoria

Draco

“Master Malfoy, Ginny Potter is here to see you.” Selene had appeared with a crack and announced this bit of news immediately. Seated in his study, he was pouring over the latest quarterly report for Malfoy Industries LTD, things were looking pretty good, but they could always be better. *Always strive for perfection*, had been one of his fathers’ favourite sayings, too bad he hadn’t followed through on that himself.

“Bring her here.”

Draco was left in silence for a while as he waited for Ginny to make her appearance.

He had given his ultimatum to Hermione a few days ago, and he grinned. Time to find out how far the Golden Girl was willing to go to have him.

“Malfoy.” Ginny’s voice was cold. She stood in the doorway observing him.

“Ah, Weasley, are we back on last name terms?” He couldn’t help it, he smirked.

“It’s Potter now.” She corrected him matter-of-factly.

“Potter, then.” His smirk hadn’t faded.

“How could you do this? How could you do this to your wife? How could Hermione do this?”

“No last names for Granger then?” He completely ignored her questions.

He wondered briefly if Ginny knew that Hermione wouldn’t be here, if that’s the only reason she’d dared to come. He hadn’t seen Ginny since Hermione had confided in him that she’d told them their little secret.

Hed seen Harry around the office of course, but Potter had been seemingly avoiding him. Harry had ducked and weaved, hidden in empty offices, pretending to be busy with other conversations. Draco had only rolled his eyes, he didn’t need to talk to Harry. The key to everything was Ginny.

“Answer the question, ferret.” Ginny’s eyes were hard, unforgiving, set on taking him to task.

He sighed, walked over to a glass cupboard full of drinks and glassware and filled a glass to the brim with Ogden’s Old Firewhiskey. He held out the glass to Ginny, who took it and downed it in one go and held it out to him again so he could refill it. He once again filled it to the brim and took out a second glass to fill for himself. He inhaled the scent of it deeply before taking a long sip, savouring the flavour.

“Stay out of it, Potter.” Draco finally exhaled.

Ginny's mouth dropped open. "Don't fuck with me, Malfoy. Astoria is my friend. Where is she, why I haven't I heard from her for weeks? And then suddenly, I get this letter from her, supposedly, saying she's dying." Ginny waves a piece of parchment around like it's a weapon.

Draco sighed, and then he thought for a moment before talking. "Astoria is unfortunately ill. She's in Switzerland, under the care of the best medical doctors that money can buy." Draco said seriously.

"What's wrong with her? She's seemed fine up until recently." Ginny looked sceptical, as well she might.

"If you are accusing me of something, Potter, you better get your facts straight. You know Astoria has been having trouble conceiving. After her situation got desperate, we finally went to a medi-witch. It seems she has a rare blood-curse that not only makes it difficult for her to conceive, but also is draining the life from her, bit by bit." Draco did his best to look heartbroken. "I can't take you to her... The risk of infection alone... It would be too much for her."

"Why didn't she tell me before now?" Ginny still looked like she didn't believe a word he was saying.

"Astoria is proud of her heritage. She wouldn't want anyone to know anything that would suggest her blood is less-than." Draco lost himself in his glass, as if contemplating. "She might not hold the same pureblood beliefs that Voldemort spouted back in his day, but she wouldn't want her heritage to be looked on as weak. When we found out she had a blood sickness, it nearly destroyed her pride."

Ginny nodded. "Fine, let's say I believe you about Astoria. Why in Merlin's name would you take up with Hermione?"

"It was Astoria's idea initially, she thought I would need a wife when she eventually passed. She didn't choose the witch though. That was me." He sighed heavily. "I haven't told Hermione about it because it's not my secret to tell, but she seemed more than fine with the idea."

Draco put his head in his hands and his demeanour switched instantly. "Honestly Ginny, I've been reconsidering this whole arrangement with Hermione, it's like she wants me to be someone I'm not. She gets off on the whole idea of being my mistress. The things she makes me say when I'm with her, it's like I'm nothing but a fetish to her. I don't know what she's told you about it, but she makes me say the filthiest things to her, and I always feel so ashamed after. I haven't been able to stop thinking about her. I always felt out of control when I've been with her." Draco gulped heavily, as if holding back tears. "Please, tell me what to do, Ginny. I feel so lost."

Ginny looked shocked. "Hermione isn't like that." She said almost automatically but then got a faraway look in her eyes as if recent revelations had showed that Hermione was exactly like that. "And what does Astoria say about all of this?" she finally asked.

“I haven’t had the heart to discuss it with her, she’s so sick, I don’t want to add on to her burdens. On top of that, I just feel so ashamed. This is not the person I thought myself to be.” Draco had the good sense to look embarrassed. “I might have gone for that when I was younger, but you know me Ginny, you know I’m not like that anymore.”

He took a deep breath before continuing. “Remember what I told you in France, about how Hermione came on to me. It was the truth. After, Hermione made me say that it had all been some stupid mistake. I would know Ginny, it wasn’t a mistake! I’m sure if she’d gotten her way she would have had me in Astoria’s bedroom that night.” Draco shook his head, as if the very thought repulsed him. “I even thought... No, I shouldn’t say, I shouldn’t make such accusations with no evidence.” He looked away, as if regretting his words.

“What Draco? You thought what? Tell me.” Ginny was almost pleading with him now, begging to be let in on the secret he was obviously reticent to tell. He couldn’t help but notice with smug self-satisfaction that she’d reverted to calling him by his first name, he knew he had her then.

He whispered the next words, so Ginny had to strain to hear him. “You know we used to go out drinking. Sometimes I swear I could smell something like Amortentia in my drink. Afterwards I would always be desperate to touch her, kiss her, make her happy in any way possible.” He looked at his drink as if it wasn’t even there. “I have no idea how I resisted, the pull to her was so strong... Perhaps that’s why I chose her, but I’ve been starting to think back on it recently, and something just feels off. I never considered her before.”

Ginny recoiled in horror. “You think she drugged you?”

He looked at her with pleading eyes. “I have no proof, Ginny. The only way I would know is if she confessed to me.”

“What do you want me to do Draco?”

“I don’t know. All I know is that I can’t stop thinking about her. Maybe if she told me what she poisoned me with, I could get the antidote. Surely it can’t be Amortentia, not after all this time. It must be something that has a long-term effect.”

“Don’t worry, I will take care of everything.” Ginny said with conviction.

“Please don’t tell her about Astoria. I don’t want her to know.”

Ginny nodded.

Hermione

She had essentially blown up her own life. For no reason. Well, not for no reason, she thought of Draco's hands on her body. But it had all been for nothing anyway. When she'd decided to drug him, it had been an act of desperation. But as he gave in to her, she'd found she craved his touch even more so than before. Her obsession with him had grown into a twisted, ugly thing. She wanted him all to herself. Every moment. But she couldn't keep doing it, she couldn't see him again, Hermione had decided.

In her weakest moments, she'd actually considered it. She had gone back and forth so many times, but she just couldn't. Astoria didn't deserve this, especially not when it was all fake anyway. Hermione had almost been able to convince herself that he wanted her for her.

A tiny, selfish part of her wondered about what was so different about this anyway. She had already used magic to coerce him into doing sexual acts with her anyway. She hadn't wanted to think of herself like this, she thought she was ultimately a good person, her mind couldn't wrap her head around what she'd already done. *'You're already a rapist. Like a little murder was going to make a difference.'* She thought to herself in her darkest hours, when her self-loathing became suffocating and all she wanted was to bury herself in Draco's arms and cry until she was empty, until nothing mattered anymore.

She didn't know how long the potion would be in his system, she hadn't given him a dose since before France. She couldn't believe how long it had lasted already, but then again, she had given him quite a lot, over quite a long period of time. Surely it wouldn't last that much longer, though? She would just have to ride it out.

What if it never went out of his system?

Or maybe, the potion wasn't in his system anymore, and he was doing this completely of his own volition, a tiny voice inside her head said, trying to justify her own actions. But Hermione couldn't believe that. He'd been nothing but vile to her in school, and then he'd been just polite and friendly once they'd started connecting again. Nothing he'd ever done before she started slipping him Amortentia signalled anything of the sort.

She should go somewhere else, somewhere where everything didn't remind her of him, even though he'd never been to her house, she could still smell him on her clothes that she hadn't changed out of. It was suffocating. Or maybe she should just give in.

She wondered what he would do to her once the potion was no longer clouding his mind. Maybe he'd kill her and finally end her suffering. She couldn't help the image that came flashing into her mind of him choking her to death. Fuck. She could practically feel her wetness through her knickers at the thought. It was this image that came back to her time and time again. Draco with his long fingers around her neck, cutting off her circulation, pounding into her roughly, she hoped she had time to orgasm just before the lack of air finally killed her.

Now that Hermione had quit her own company, she had nothing to occupy her time. She had relied on Draco far too much she realised, her days at the Manor when he was at work she'd mostly been sleeping, exhausted by the activities he'd put her through during the night. When he had time to sleep, she didn't know, maybe he was like a vampire feeding off her energy. It had felt like she hadn't existed unless he was close to her.

With Crookshanks gone many years past, she was all alone in her own two-bedroom semi-detached house. It still felt too big for just her. When Draco had been with her in his mansion, she'd felt cramped by his presence.

All she wanted was to run her fingers through Draco's soft, silky hair. How many days had gone by now? Days when she hadn't seen him and felt his absence like a weight on her chest. Sometimes she'd imagine he was in the room with her, and she'd talk to him, those were happy times. Other times she knew he wasn't really there and all she could do was cry.

She'd gotten to used to having him close. Breathing in his scent. Now that he was gone it was like a piece of her soul was missing. Her heart felt permanently clenched, and it made it hard to breathe.

Maybe she could see him... Just once more... No. She couldn't do that, she knew what it would mean.

Instead, she curled by her fireplace, starting a fire in the hearth and stared into the flames for hours.

What did she have to show for her years of hard work now? She'd thrown it all away, for Draco. He hadn't even asked her to do so, in fact, he hadn't asked much of her, it was her that was always pushing and pushing for more. At least, that's what it felt like. He'd been seemingly happy with his wife and mistress, and who wouldn't be really?

But he'd said he'd not bedded his wife, because he was hers.

No, she'd done that, that was her fault too.

The lines were too blurred. She couldn't figure out where reality ended and her justifications began.

She knew she wasn't right in the head. She couldn't even tell when it had started, all she could remember was his angular face, his icy blue eyes, his lithe, yet muscular form. His long, beautiful cock. How he sounded when he came, his breaths... No... None of that.

She stroked the mark on her neck absentmindedly. It hurt under her nails when she scraped at it. She didn't want it to become nothing. It couldn't become nothing. She needed the reminder of him as long as she could have it. It had taken months to vanish last time, she couldn't take that risk now, he had to know that she was still his, even if he belonged to someone else. Even if he never saw her again, this would be her only reminder of him. She stared at it constantly in her little hand-held mirror. Did it look like it was fading? Was it slightly smaller than last time?

Perhaps she could see him, one last time. Just so he could mark her again.

Curling up on the carpet in front of the fireplace, she fell asleep time and time again.

She twisted her fingers around her ring-finger, her heart plummeting when she felt it bare. Shouldn't there be a ring there? Didn't she deserve a ring?

Maybe she should leave her house, go to his manor just to smell him again.

None of her so-called friends had reached out to her in her period of self-reflection, so she was shocked when Harry and Ginny stepped out of her floo. She didn't know how long it had been, the days bleeding into each other. She vaguely remembered she'd made herself a sandwich for dinner yesterday, or was that today?

She only stared at them blankly. Wondering what on earth they could possibly want with her at this point. Hadn't she locked the floo?

"Hermione." Harry greeted her sadly.

"Granger." Ginny had never called her that. It reminded her of Draco so much she wanted to cry.

She said nothing, did nothing. She had nothing to say any more. Her life was in ruins, and it was all her own fault.

"We came to check on you." Harry started hesitantly.

"Really Harry, I'm fine." Hermione's drawn face, dead eyes and dishevelled clothes spoke louder than her words.

Ginny had taken one look at her and started chewing her lip incessantly.

"Hermione. You're clearly not fine. Wha-what's happened?" Harry again tried to pry where he wasn't welcome.

"Leave me be." Hermione who'd been pacing around her living room mindlessly before they showed up turned her back to them and tried to leave the room.

"Did you put Amortentia in Draco's drinks?" Ginny was unable to stay quiet any longer.

Hermione was silent, considering the implications. Did this mean that Draco had told Ginny that's what she'd done? Did he know? Hermione had been silent for too long, her back was still against them, but as she turned slowly toward them her mind worked at a speed she had not felt for months.

He knew! It was the only explanation. The pieces of the puzzle started to fall together. He knew, and he hadn't drunk it. A sense of relief and anger swirled up in her stomach. He'd played her. She hadn't done anything against his will. He'd been aware, he must have been. It

was the reason why it hadn't worked. He hadn't drunk it. The bastard! Fucking deplorable wankstain. He hadn't drunk it!

Hermione could feel her senses returning to her body, the only feeling it had felt for days was despair. Now she emerged like a phoenix rising from the ashes. She could feel her mind finally working normally again. She couldn't help it, she laughed.

Harry and Ginny looked so disturbed by her laughter that they both physically recoiled. Harry put his hand out protectively in front of Ginny.

When she finally came back to herself, she was smiling, giddy. But she still had to confirm, everything hinged on her question. "He told you that? Draco told you that?"

"He told me he suspected it."

Hermione laughed harder. She was right.

"What in Merlin's name Hermione!" Harry exclaimed just as Ginny said.

"Right. You're coming with us."

"Where are you going to take me?" Hermione was curious now.

"To Draco, so you can explain yourself." Ginny said finally, already having made up her mind.

"No!" Hermione started frantically looking for her wand as they crowded her. "No! You don't understand. You can't take me there!" She slipped to the right to avoid their reaching arms, but she was too late. Arms latched onto her firmly. "NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!" She was shouting. She knew where they would take her, she knew what it would mean. But how on earth could she explain it to them?

Before she had time to make any more objections, they had shoved her into the floo and called out Malfoy Manor. Hermione felt dread settle firmly in her stomach. It was the feeling of having been thoroughly outplayed.

She came face-to-face with Draco for a split second before Harry and Ginny appeared, and she could see his face twisting into something malicious before schooling itself into a solemn expression when Harry and Ginny arrived just seconds behind her.

Draco

It was laughable really, the way Hermione thought she'd manipulated him. She had been so obvious every time they met. The looks she sent him, her constant need to touch him. He was sure she was fucking soaking whenever he sat next to her during drinks.

He'd tasted her Amortentia the moment she started slipping it in his drinks. He'd smelled it a brief second before it had slid down his throat, too late to stop. He didn't think he'd have to be careful around a bunch of *Gryffindors*. It had hit him like a *Crucio* to the face, he immediately knew who had done it. The attraction he felt towards Granger wasn't exactly new, but he'd been rock hard just looking at her writhing around on her seat as fucking obvious as an erumpent in heat.

He'd fought his hardest against it with his Occlumency, becoming so numb that he was sure he'd acted like a ragdoll the rest of the night. He'd only had a tiny sip. It must have been extremely potent. But he persisted, he wasn't going to play by her rules.

It had intrigued him, was this really the Golden Girl's plan? To seduce him? He wondered what her end goal was. Did she plan to steal him away for herself?

He didn't know, but he was fascinated to find out. So, he'd simply started swapping his drinks with practiced ease and stealth. It was always just the first drink of the evening, she didn't try again after that. Obviously too dejected and disappointed in its lack of effect, she probably gave up. She was none the wiser.

He was sure she was confused, wondering why he never seemed to act on any of the feelings she wanted to artificially produce in him. He only smiled and teased her further every time he could smell the strengthening dose. He couldn't help himself. He wanted to toy with her.

She had tried to take his control from him. That warranted punishment. If he could have some fun in the process that was just a bonus. She would get more than she bargained for if she tried to fuck with him. He'd already started the process.

France had been his first chance to play with her. He'd enjoyed it immensely and it had been his first test of her. Unfortunately, she had not passed. Not coming down to show her bruise to her friends had been a complete failure, and then her months of continued non-contact, a T for Troll on that assignment.

So, he'd let her stew and think about her options. When Blaise had told him he'd invited her for dinner, he decided that he'd let her wait for long enough. He promptly got them re-invited and told Astoria that they were going.

Deciding to punish Hermione by ignoring her had been a last-minute decision when he'd spotted her. He could practically feel the seething, scorned stare when he'd acted charming to everyone else and treated her like nothing.

He'd almost forgotten the lie he'd told Ginny and Harry when Hermione failed to appear in the morning after their pleasurable evening in his castle. When Harry had held her back after dinner, he'd remembered immediately, and he had to stifle the laugh that threatened to come out of him.

It was divine, succulent, hearing her get reamed out by Harry and Ginny alike. His cock had already been stiff as a wand when she ran into him outside the dining hall. Then she'd said his name, not his family name, but his own name. He was sure it had been an accident, but he wasn't going to take no for an answer. Not this time.

He'd found there was nothing more satisfying than bringing an unruly witch to heel.

He'd played with her and found himself loving it in the process. It was different to Astoria, Hermione didn't want to be treated like a priceless treasure, she wanted him to hurt her, she got off on it. And fuck if that didn't make him hard. Every time he degraded her, she would get this look in her eyes, they practically gleamed, and he could smell her arousal. He was sure he could get her to do whatever he wanted if it would end with his cock in her pussy. He wanted to push her so far out of her comfort zone she wouldn't even remember her own name by the end of it.

So, he'd planned and plotted. He was sure she wasn't going to come back to him of her own volition, so he'd taken the choice out of her hands. It was perfect, the moment when her eyes met his when Ginny and Harry had brought her through. Sheer panic, resignation and arousal had warred in her eyes. It was enough to make him so hard it was painful.

Chapter End Notes

Only one more chapter to go!!!

It shouldn't take too long to update next time, I already have the main outline outlined



Thank you for being so patient with me! 💕

I know I keep saying it, but the kudos and the comments are what keep me going, truly, thank you from the bottom of my heart! 💕💕💕

I hope all of you get to experience all of your kinks 💕

Even if I don't respond to comments straight away doesn't mean I don't appreciate and read them as soon as I see them, sometimes I just don't have it in me to respond.

Especially when I'm knee-deep in writing the next chapter, it's so hard not to give out spoilers!

If you're interested in cults and mysteries, I have a new story planned out with another D/Hr ship upcoming. No infidelity this time 🤝

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Here we are! Finally at an end. I hope you will all enjoy this final chapter of my story.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

“Thank you, Ginny.” Draco’s voice was calm and even. “I think this is a conversation that would be best between me and Hermione alone.”

Ginny looked uncertain and uncomfortable with the thought of leaving them alone. Obviously hesitating, she opened her mouth as if to protest.

Harry took her hand in his. “Come on Gin, let’s leave them to it.” Turning to Draco he said. “We’ll be in the room next door if you need us.” Not even deigning Hermione a glance, he led Ginny out of the room.

Draco waited until they’d left and shut the door until he spoke. “Well. Here you are.”

“It wasn’t my choice Malfoy.” Hermione spat the words out. Her hands were trembling at her sides in anger and frustration. Her whole body was vibrating with undisguised rage.

“It doesn’t matter now.” Draco looked resigned. “You let them bring you here, even knowing what it would mean.”

“I couldn’t fight them, they bloody took me by surprise, I couldn’t find my wand!”

Draco stayed silent.

“So, what now? What are you going to do to Astoria?”

“You don’t get to say her name, not considering what you’ve just done to her.” He cocked his eyebrow at her.

“I am not going to do anything to her, in fact, I’m leaving right now.” Hermione turned sharply, looking for the pouch of Floo powder that normally sat atop the fireplace. There was nothing, she searched the empty marble surface with increasing desperation.

“You’re not going anywhere.” Draco stepped toward her, she could smell him, the cologne that reminded her of him always, citrus and wood. For a moment she could feel her brain short-circuiting. It brought out memories of him she wanted to forget. Him buried in her neck, branding her with his mouth. Him inside her

His hand came up to lay on her shoulder and he turned her gently toward him. "You're not going anywhere." He repeated. She hated that her body instinctively relaxed into his touch, she fought her hardest to keep herself stiff and unresponsive.

"You knew. About the potion."

"Yes." He said simply.

"Why did you... What..."

"I must admit Hermione. It angered me at first." His mouth twisted into the ghost of a smile. "But then I found myself interested. What could the Golden Girl possibly want with me? She knew I was married, but she wanted me to fuck her anyway." His hand trailed from her shoulder to her chin, and he tilted her face upwards. "And then I realised what a dirty little witch you really are. You loved being my mudblood whore, didn't you?"

Her eyes darted around, not wanting to meet his gaze.

"I can stay like this all day, but I'd really like an answer from you. Don't you think I deserve to know why? Why you would poison me? Try to lure me into your bed?"

He was right, he did deserve to know, but Hermione's pride wouldn't allow her to answer, so she stayed quiet.

"Do I need to punish you to get a response from you?" His lips quirked upwards, and his next words came out like a whisper. "I know how much you love my punishments."

Hermione had the good sense to blush but still she stayed quiet

After an extended period of silence where the only sound she could hear was her own erratic breath, he spoke again. "Doesn't matter, I will get my answers from you soon enough." He let go of her chin. She felt cold when his touch abandoned her.

What did that mean? What was he going to do to her?

"You've made your choice. So now you will get all of me." He turned and left the room. She could hear the door locking behind him.

"You can't leave me here." She shouted after him. "Bastard!" No response.

She suspected he'd silenced the room, it's what she would have done.

Her wand was still somewhere in her house, so she looked around the room for anything she could use. It was depressingly bare. Nothing but a few portraits that sneered at her openly now that the master was gone. A giant portrait of Lucius and Narcissa hung on the wall directly to her left. She carefully stepped over to it.

Searching their faces, she was wondering what they thought of her now. She was wondering if Draco had told them about what she'd done. Or if they only knew the tiny snippet of conversation they'd overheard while she and Draco had spoken right in front of them.

“What is it the muggles say, Narcissa?” Lucius was the first to speak. “You are fucked.”

Narcissa only shook her head. “Poor Astoria, she really is a lovely girl, she doesn’t deserve this.”

“You know our son, my love, what Draco wants, Draco gets. Doesn’t matter who’s standing in the way.”

Narcissa looked at him lovingly. “So much like his father.”

They seemingly lost all will to speak to her as they entwined their hands and got lost in each other’s eyes.

Hermione turned away, she had no desire to speak to them anyway. She seated herself in a corner of the room and waited for Draco to return so she could be let out. And then what? She had a sneaking suspicion the only place she’d be going was his bedroom.

Draco

There was an old Malfoy family ritual that had come to mind when Hermione had appeared at their table for the very first time. He'd seen how lovely she'd looked now that she was older. Her beautiful golden-brown curls framing her face in just the right way, the cute little button nose that she'd wrinkled at him plenty of times in the past, now deliciously unwrinkled. Her laugh lit up the room, and he could practically feel himself softening when he heard it. He'd decided right there and then that he must have this witch, or no witch at all. Possession was in his nature, and he would hoard this treasure just like his namesake animal.

He knew he would never get her to agree though, he was married after all, and it was morally superior Hermione Granger, champion to the downtrodden and war heroine extraordinaire that he'd set his sights on. She would not agree to become his mistress, not without him going to extremes.

Draco had a picture-perfect memory when it came to the things that mattered, and he knew the only thing he needed from her was some hairs, so he made sure he got it. He greedily taken some that she'd shed on her jumper under the guise of brushing off some lint.

Years earlier he'd come across the ritual while mindlessly browsing his library on a rainy Sunday afternoon. He'd not exactly looked for it, but he hadn't not looked for it either. He'd remembered something his grandfather Abraxas had told him.

It was in a torn-looking journal from 1468 courtesy of one Draconis Malfoy, the serendipity of it was almost too good to be true he realised later. He'd learned old English very young, and he'd breezed through the journal in no-time until he found the ritual that had been vaguely described to him as a child.

'Alicia Brewer has turned down my proposal three times now. There will not be a fourth. She insists she does not want to be my bride, but I think differently. It will be her, or it will be none.

When father realised the firmness of my will, he took me aside and taught to me an ancient Druidic ritual first learned by our family when the Malfoi's trod their first steps on English shore alongside William the Conqueror. Not one English woman of noble birth was interested in marrying Norman interlopers so a little magic was needed.

Druids already inhabiting this island were scattered, thought to be extinct, and as such were more than interested in increasing magical blood to welcome into their fold.

I will write the ritual as father told me for future use for any of our bloodline.

What followed was a thorough but vague description of quite a lengthy ritual that had to be performed under the light of a full moon.

I must say, it was quite vague, but with some trial and error; hence the three refusals, I finally got it right on the fourth try.

The issue was the offering. I tried three animals in increasing size before realising that it must be human. It brought about a revulsion in me, but if I failed to get it right this time, my rival Thomas Cordner would surely marry Alicia before the spring. It meant that I would have to persevere, no matter how distasteful I found the act.

Of course, Thomas could not be sacrificed, it would be too obvious who had done it, so instead I chose the parish drunkard, Mr. Barber.

It worked perfectly, Alicia was only too happy to accept my proposal, she has become obsessed with me in a way I thoroughly enjoy.'

The magical and muggle communities had been thoroughly Intermixed back in those days as there was a much smaller population, and isolation would get you targeted by the Church. Wizards and witches practicing their magic in secret whilst seemingly following the Roman Catholic faith in the day. Alicia had been a muggle, there was no chance she hadn't been with a name like that. It brought Draco immense satisfaction to know he was not the only one in the family to step outside current pure-blood ideals. Sacred 28 his arse, he knew that in order to survive, they would have had to breed with muggles, at least back in those days where there was a lot less choice.

It had only been in the later years when the magical population grew that they had the luxury of creating their own separate community in secret.

Draco was not under the same qualms as Draconis, having already orchestrated his father's death. Being the one to do the killing would just be another step, but he'd already considered this when he planned how to kill his father, he was willing. More than willing, he was eager to get started.

He'd chosen a nameless nobody on the other side of the country, no one who could be connected to him, and performed the ritual that very same weekend as it had fortuitously been a full moon. It had all felt like fate, like pieces clicking together like a well thought out riddle.

In the woods next to Malfoy Manor, he'd followed the ritual faithfully. The air had been thick with magic; he'd entered a circle made of leaves completely naked and levitated the unconscious muggle next to him.

Old Gaelic words had flowed from him easily, having spent all day practicing repeatedly until it was perfect. It had been all he'd been able to think about since the moment his eyes had met hers.

When his chanting had reached its crescendo, he'd stabbed the knife he'd pulled from the Malfoy family vaults, the same knife Draconis had used in his time, down into the man's

chest directly into his heart.

It had felt like the woods exhaled in pleasure, and he knew that his offering had been accepted.

Everything had felt right, so right. He couldn't wait to see her the next Friday, because he was sure now that she would come back.

And she had. She did a pretty decent job of hiding her growing obsession with him, but he could tell. Her eyes had been drawn to him in a way they hadn't the first time, so he'd made a brief mention of Astoria, just for his own amusement. He had seen the way her face had crumpled, and her eyes clouded over as if she was about to cry but held herself back. It had worked.

It had made him want to reach out and touch her, shove his fingers down her throat and chastise her for being such a whore. That night, after drinks, he'd played with himself, stroking his cock to the image of her on her knees, crying, disgusted with herself for wanting a married man but unable to resist him. He'd come so hard there had been black spots in his vision.

If she only knew.

He never would have expected the way she had gone about to have him though, and it made him smile to himself. Amortentia, how terribly Slytherin of her. He would have never seen it coming. He'd enjoyed the foreplay, teasing her, drawing it out as long as he could. But in the end, he'd have to have her.

He was thoroughly impressed with how hard she'd fought the ritual, fought not to come to him. She really was a good person. He was sure that she would have rather killed herself than come back to him knowing what it would mean for Astoria. That's why he had to make the decision for her. He was done waiting, he was done with the games. Well, perhaps not done with the games, he smirked, but he was done with that game.

The fact that he was married was of little importance to him, Astoria had served her purpose, and he no longer had need of her now that he'd found Hermione.

When he'd made Astoria write the letter for Ginny, dictating every word with his hand on her shoulder, he knew she knew how it was going to end, and she'd seemed resigned to the fact. She'd seemed relieved. His commands to her had only gotten crueller recently now that he was closer to having Hermione, ordering her to stay in her room for days at a time, she seemed like she was happy to finally be free from her compulsion. Life with him had obviously not lived up to what she'd imagined.

She only asked one question after putting the quill back in its inkwell. "Will it hurt?"

She'd been a good wife; he would not torture her needlessly. He simply shook his head and said she wouldn't feel anything at all.

Relief had spread across her face then. She had not asked any more questions, only gone back to her bedroom in their castle in France where she'd live out the last of her days, forbidden to speak to or see anyone. She really was an exemplary wife. It was just a shame she's not who he wanted. He craved the way he manipulated Hermione, craved her questioning her very existence, craved fucking breaking her apart.

Hermione

In her isolation she finally had time to think, he had played her, manipulated her. Manipulated everyone around them. Every one of her friends. With a few choice words he'd made them lose all faith in her, turned them against her. Who did she have left now that she could turn to but him? No one.

She couldn't fault him really, she had not behaved as she should.

At least they deserved one another. Both of them as bad as each other.

She let her hands run over the cool marble floor in boredom or to ground herself, she didn't know which. Was this going to be her life now? Locked up in some room or other in the manor, waiting for him to return? She could bear it, she supposed, as long as she got to have him.

He would be hers now, the implications of which she didn't want to consider. All hers.

Was this not what she'd wanted? Was this not her ideal outcome? She frowned, something seemed off about the whole thing. And if he'd gone so far as to not drink her potion, what else was he keeping from her? She was supposed to have been the one with the power, but now she realised just how wrong she'd been. It left her feeling breathless, like she was in over her head, but she fucking loved it anyway. She pictured his face in her mind and wished he was here.

Her muscles were stiff when the door finally opened again. She remained seated against the wall while she observed him watching her. He entered the room fully. A shiver of anticipation ran up her spine.

"There you are my pet." His feigned tone of surprise made Hermione roll her eyes. As if he didn't know this was exactly where she'd be given that he'd locked her in here.

"Help!" She shouted past him. It was a half-hearted attempt at best, her anger forgotten as soon as he stepped back in. She was exactly where she wanted to be now that he was here.

"Oh, don't worry, they're gone. It's just you and me now." His eyes glinted in amusement. They were alone, no one was here to help her, Ginny and Harry had gone and left her here. At his mercy.

He licked his top lip, and she followed the path of his tongue with her eyes sliding along the perfect shape that was his lips. Was that- was she getting wet already? She shifted on the floor.

She was supposed to be angry. Angry with herself, angry at him, but looking at him now, she couldn't even manage a fraction of irritation. This was it, she realised, he would be hers now, she'd have all of him. And she couldn't help the mixed feelings of elation and dread that rose in her.

Realising she wouldn't move, he stepped a little closer to her, his footsteps echoing in the empty room.

"I have a present for you." She couldn't help the slight excitement that built in her stomach even though she tried her best to temper it, she wanted to stay angry, but it was so hard when he looked so fucking delectable. She took in his shape greedily, how was he so fucking handsome? Centuries of inbreeding shouldn't have made him look this perfect.

His hand went into his pocket, and she could see him pull out a long velvet box.

"Crawl to me." His voice came out low and husky, she could see the outline of his erection straining against his pants.

She didn't move even though her whole body craved giving in to him, her knickers already uncomfortably wet from his presence.

"Come now pet, or I will have to punish you."

She gasped softly as she could feel a gush of arousal escaping from her core.

"I know you like my punishments, but don't test me." His eyes shot her a warning look.

It was this that finally spurred her into action, she contorted her body, so she was on her hands and knees and started moving forward. He watched her as she made the slow agonising crawl to him. The marble floor was cold on the palms of her hands and bit into her knees as she shifted them. She exaggerated the swing of her hips and looked at him in what she hoped was a seductive way. Despite everything, she wanted to know that he wanted this too, wanted *her* just as badly.

When she finally came to a stop in front of him, she lifted her hands off the floor resting them on her knees and leaned back on her ankles staying seated.

"What a good little whore you are. Waiting for your master's instruction." He held the box towards her with one hand, using the other to open it.

A thick silver chain adorned with a small emerald at the front lay on a cushion in the box. Hermione's eyes widened and her hands twitched involuntary as if to touch it. He grabbed the necklace and threw the box over his shoulder where it thudded heavily on the floor behind him.

"Lift your hair." She immediately did as he asked.

When his hands brushed against her skin it felt right, like they belonged there. She shivered as the cool metal clasped around her skin. When he'd securely fastened her choker, he let his fingers linger over the mark he'd left on her neck. Softly stroking it in a possessive way. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the warmth of his hand for a long while.

When she felt his hand retreating, she opened her eyes to look at him, he looked so soft, vulnerable even. "Can I see it?" Hermione asked, her voice breaking slightly.

He smiled at her and conjured a mirror. She took it with shaking hands. Admiring how the choker sat around her neck, she could feel it slightly digging into her skin, not enough to be uncomfortable, just enough for her to be aware of it.

“Thank you, Draco.” She could feel herself smiling, giddiness sending small shocks throughout her body as it spread.

He looked pleased, with himself and her.

“Come with me.”

She knew where they were going, she didn’t even ask. And as they made their way down the hallways to his private chambers, she knew she’d been right.

“On your knees, pet.”

This time, she didn’t hesitate to do what he asked. The long walk to his bedroom had made her anticipation reach a crescendo. It didn’t even matter that she’d been here a few days previous, it felt like forever, and now she knew. What it would be like to have all of him.

“Crawl to the bed.”

He did as he asked, even though her abused knees protested the rough stone floor. When she hit the soft rug surrounding his bed, her knees were scuffed and bloodied, and she looked back to see a trail of smudged blood behind her.

“Oh no, whore, you don’t get to bleed on my expensive rug.”

She had disappointed him already, she felt her heart drop. He summoned a towel from the bathroom and threw it on the floor in front of her.

“Well, what are you waiting for? Clean up your filth.” He made a broad gesture toward the blood staining the floor along the path she’d just been crawling. He was staring at her intensely, as if wondering just how far he could push her.

A small voice in the back of her head niggled at her, saying it wasn’t fair, he’d made her do this. He should clean it up. But it was only a small voice, her need to obey him drowned it out.

She turned on the spot. Grabbing the towel he’d thrown at her, she started rubbing at the blood with it.

He sighed like he was disappointed with her, like she was a particularly stupid child. “Not like that. You think that’s going to come off with a dry towel?” He yanked the towel out of her hands and lifted her legs while placing it under her knees. “You’ll just get the floor dirty again.”

She was at a loss as to how to clean it if he wasn’t going to give her anything.

“Clean it with your tongue.” He rolled his eyes, as if she was being thick.

Her jaw dropped in surprise. She knew this was a test, to see how good she could be for him.

Leaning down, she let her tongue drop and taste the blood she'd left on the floor. The stone floor was cold and metallic mixed with her blood against her tongue. She cleaned it with small licks.

A cold sensation suddenly enveloped her as she realised, he'd vanished her clothes. Her breasts fell freely with no bra to keep them in, and she could feel their heavy sway as she shifted her body forward to lick up the trail of blood.

A warm hand was placed on the curve of her arse, and she leaned back into its comforting touch.

"Here I've given you a present, and this is how you repay me? With your dirty blood on the floor?"

She couldn't speak, her tongue too preoccupied. She was given no warning as the hand disappeared for a second, only to come back with speed. The slap stung her skin, and she moaned into the floor. He left his hand there, tenderly letting his palm run in soothing circles where he'd slapped her.

A trickle of liquid left her cunt.

"You fucking love this, don't you? It gets you so impossibly wet when I treat you like nothing more than a disobedient slave." She kept licking her blood off the floor.

Her only response was a groan as he let his hand slide over her arse until he reached her puckered hole. He let his finger dip in slightly. She stiffened against the intrusion. No one had ever touched her there. She thought back to the previous days, when was the last time she'd showered? She cringed in mortification.

"Will you let me fuck all your holes, whore?"

She stilled her tongue pausing its movements, she had never considered it before. If anyone should do it, it felt right that it should be him. She nodded with such small movements that she wasn't even sure he'd seen.

"Good girl." He groaned as he fingered her arsehole with the tip of his finger. It felt wrong, indecent, but so good. She shifted her backside towards him, maybe he would go in just a bit further... "I didn't tell you to stop cleaning." His finger disappeared and she had a moment to brace herself before the inevitable slap. His hand bore down on her so hard she shifted forward.

A low moan escaped her as the sting of his palm travelled straight to her core. She could feel her cunt fluttering and another trickle of liquid trailed down her bare thigh.

Licking the floor, she felt like she made no progress, only a tiny part of her trail had vanished. She resigned herself to the fact that this was going to take a long time.

She felt his absence immediately, the warmth of him gone from her side. She shuffled forward with the towel still below her knees as she saw no more specks of blood where she'd "cleaned". She risked a glance toward Draco who had seated himself on the armchair in front of the fireplace turned to observe her.

His cock was out, already hard, because of course it was.

He seemed content to sit there and wait for her to finish. It was almost too much, the intense way he looked at her. She could feel herself growing impatient. Wasn't he going to fuck her now? Hadn't she waited long enough?

It was like he could read her mind, because he spoke. "Patience, whore."

She scoffed at him, a low huff that started in the back of her throat.

"What can I do for you my sweet little mudblood?" He asked genuinely.

She paused her licking to consider his question. "Why don't you fuck me?" She decided to be direct.

He sighed, as if she was being obstinate. "You'll have to earn my cock."

"Haven't I earned it a thousand times over?"

His eyes flashed. "Not even close, my precious pet."

She looked at the impossibly long trail of blood she had left to clean and let out a sigh of her own.

Getting back to the task at hand she let her tongue trail over her own blood, cleaning it all off his floor thoroughly.

Shuffling forward, licking, shuffling forward. He kept her in suspense, occasionally coming toward her to finger her, play with her clit or her arse and then moving back to his chair to observe.

When she was finished, her muscles were aching, and her tongue was feeling dry like it had been licking sandpaper. But she was so wet, her thighs were soaking with the fluids that had been running out of her this whole time.

He stepped over to survey her work when she finally paused her movements and sat up to look at him.

"Very good."

His arms grabbed hold of her waist, and he lifted her seemingly effortlessly. He brought her to the bathtub which was filled with warm soapy water.

She moaned in ecstasy as her body was embraced by the hot water. He disappeared for a moment and then returned with a cold glass of water and a Pepper-up potion.

He fed her both with such care that it made her wonder... As her body warmed while he sat behind her, cleaning her back, she couldn't help but ask the question that had been churning in her mind this whole time.

“Do you love me?”

He scoffed at her. “You have become the sole occupant in my mind. Everything revolves around you. I count down the minutes, seconds, until I can see you again. I love having you in my bed, on my cock. I love it when you cry because of me, because it means that I have the ability to hurt you.” He let his hand run down her spine and it sent a shiver through her. He was always so intense, touching her with clear intent like he knew exactly what he wanted. “You might not have gotten your Amortentia in me, but you have poisoned me anyway.”

She couldn't help retreating into herself, he hadn't said yes, but then he asked her. “Why, do you love me Hermione?”

She thought about it, thought about the lengths she'd gone through to have him. “I must do.” She decided.

He smiled at her. “I want you. Only you. I want to keep you locked up in my dungeon, in my room, to use for my pleasure. Is that enough for you, Hermione?”

Her mind fixated on his words that he wanted her, only her. She nodded. She'd take him however he wanted her. “Yes.”

It was like something in him unravelled at her words. “Fucking Salazar, you're so good for me, my little whore. You'll be mine forever, won't you?”

Her face was open, letting him read the sincerity of her response when she simply responded with “Yes.”

His hand grabbed hold of her hair and he pulled her head back and kissed her, possessively, like he owned her, she supposed he did.

His tongue licked at her lips, asking for entrance, which she blissfully gave him. When he bit down on her bottom lip, she groaned at him. He let his hands run to her front and twisted both her nipples at the same time. Her moan was swallowed by his mouth.

“I think you're clean enough now.” He said simply and held out his hand to her.

She took it, rising and letting the water drip onto the floor as she stepped out of the bathtub.

“I will fuck you now. Like you wanted.” His smirk was devious.

Leading her to his bed, he wasted no time discarding his own clothing. She loved seeing him like this, naked and ready for her. His cock was jutting out, pink at the edge with the anticipation of fucking her.

He shoved her onto the bed on her back and crawled up her body to meet her lips with his.

He let his cock grind up against her clit and Hermione felt nothing but bliss. She could probably come like this, but she wanted him inside, wanted him to claim her properly.

Shifting her hips upwards, she tried to angle herself so that his cock would slide inside her.

He paused kissing her. "You're so impatient." He let his face fall to her neck, where his mark on her resided, and renewed it with vigour.

"Please Draco, you left me waiting for so long." She shifted her hips against him again, trying to find the angle where his cock would slide into her effortlessly.

He finally gave her what she wanted and tore into her; it was pure heaven.

His hand found its way to her nipple and pinched it violently as he started sliding in and out of her.

"My devious little whore." He said fondly into her neck and she moaned.

With the long and constant build-up, she could feel herself already getting close to orgasm as his pelvis hit her clit in that earth-shattering way every thrust. He hissed as she left marks up and down his back with her nails. She wanted to tear into him, wanted to be close to him in any way she could.

"Oh fuck, Draco." She moaned as she could feel the build up of her orgasm starting in the bottom of her spine.

"Are you going to cum on me?"

She nodded, a low noise of pleasure clawing its way from her throat.

He increased his speed, as if instinctively knowing that's exactly what she needed. Fast, deep strokes that made her toes curl in pleasure.

She had no idea what her body was doing, all she could do while trapped beneath him was feel the pleasure he was giving her. She shifted her hips upward so she could take him deeper inside.

His pelvis hitting her clit and then leaving with every thrust made her dizzy and breathless.

When he gave her a particularly vicious tug on her nipple, there was no way back. White hot fire filled her every limb. She tightened her cunt around him, wanting to feel every single inch of his cock.

"Draco." It came out a whine, a plea, turning into a deep loud moan as pleasure overtook every one of her senses, she stiffened as the explosion of her orgasm took her by surprise.

He relentlessly drove into her as she fluttered around him. She could feel her juices dribbling out of her, coating his pelvis and torso as he drove into her. He pushed into her again and stayed completely still so deep inside, rocking against her with small movements.

He bit down on her neck as he filled her with his own cum.

They stayed like that for a while. She felt so satiated, so full of him.

Letting himself stay inside her, he lifted himself up on his elbows to look at her. His hands grabbing hold of her face, his thumbs stroking away tears she didn't know she'd shed.

He put his forehead to hers and stayed there for a moment, letting them both calm their breathing. She closed her eyes as she felt his soft lips on hers. It was the most innocent kiss they'd shared, and she loved it, she loved every aspect of him.

He pulled out of her slowly, carefully, but she still felt the sting of it as he slipped out fully.

As he rolled onto his back, he pulled her with him and placed her head on him. He let their fingers twine together.

He seemed so gentle now, almost loving, and she felt safe tucked into the crook of his neck with his arm around her.

"I think I do love you. And I suspect you love me." She felt the words slip out of her without her permission.

He said nothing, his only response was kissing the top of her head.

They laid there in silence before she could feel the deep vibration of his voice.

"Why the Amortentia? Why didn't you just ask me to fuck you?" Draco seemed genuinely curious in what her answer would be.

Hermione blanched. She couldn't even remember what had gone through her mind when she first started making the potion. Why had that even seemed like the only reasonable option? Could she really have just asked him? Given him the choice?

She didn't want him to have the choice she realised, didn't want to feel the sting of rejection because he was already spoken for. She wanted him so badly she was willing to do anything it took to have him, even if it came at the cost of his own free will.

Her own voice was small as she voiced this thought, all vulnerability. "I couldn't bear for you to reject me."

It was night, she didn't know what time, Hermione had awoken by the absence of heat from her side. She looked around the room to see Draco dressing himself.

"Where are you going?" She asked, her voice tired with sleep. Though she regretted the question as soon as she asked it, because she suspected she knew.

"Come back to bed." She said before he could respond.

In the flicker of candlelight, she could see the disappointed look he threw her.

“You know I can’t.” As he buttoned his shirt he continued. “I’ll be gone the rest of the night, and probably all of tomorrow. Go back to sleep.” It was the last thing he said before leaving her.

How could she possibly go back to sleep now? Her insides had turned to ice and a heavy weight settled on her chest. The consequences of her actions had finally arrived.

He is gone for most of the day, he only comes back when the sun has already set. Hermione sits on his bed. She hasn’t eaten all day, too sick with worry and guilt to stomach anything.

She hasn’t gotten a single second of sleep since he left.

When he enters, she thinks it’s a dream at first, but then the smell of him hits her. He must have had a shower because he smells divine.

She can feel all her worries drain away as he approaches her. It’s done, there is no longer a need to fret.

It is two days later, two days filled with nothing but him. He is everywhere. In her mind, in her bed, in her mouth, in her cunt. They are unable to get enough of each other. She is so sore with him, but she is unable to deny him anything when she thinks of the sacrifice he’s made for them.

He is already awake when she wakes, sitting at the edge of the bed observing her. She thinks he is going to fuck her again, but instead he simply says, “Get dressed, come with me.”

He leads her out into the gardens. It’s raining and cold, so he casts a warming charm and a bubble around them both to keep them dry. His hand is firmly lodged in Hermione’s as he takes them into the forest surrounding the manor.

Raindrops shatters on the ground on the muddy forest floor. She could smell the dampness of the foliage around her, but the rain does not reach them under Draco's magical bubble. He was taking her deep into the forest surrounding Malfoy Manor. As the light grows dimmer with the thick branches above, she can feel the magic all around her thrumming louder and louder.

She wants to question where they were going, but it feels like the air is being sucked out of her lungs. Unable to speak, she lets Draco drag her deeper.

They came to a stop in a tiny forest clearing in front of what looks like a tombstone. It has no name engraved on it, but Hermione has a suspicion deep in her bones of who it belongs to.

His arms reach around her body, and she leans into his embrace.

Draco's voice is muffled by the pouring rain that doesn’t reach them. “I’ve chosen you. You’re mine, and I’m yours.” He brushes her hair back from her neck, to expose his mark and

his collar on her. “Marry me.” It’s not a question, it’s a statement.

“Yes.” Even though he never asked her, she responds anyway as tears form in her eyes.

He turns her around so she’s facing him and gently strokes her cheek.

“Are you happy now, Hermione?” His words are soft, like kisses, but his expression is marred by a malicious grin.

All her instincts are screaming out at her how wrong this is, that it’s sick and horrible, but she can’t lie to him, and as they stand in front of his dead wife’s grave, she feels her response with all her heart. “Yes.”

Draco

This was so obviously not what Hermione had planned when she started poisoning him, she had been so far out of her depth, poor thing.

He would always have the upper hand from now on, once they were married. An unhinged smile flitters across his face as he tastes the opportunities to come. She had already given him so much, but he can't help but want to press for *more*. Perhaps she'd let her chain her up in his basement, arms and legs spread and use her over and over again, keeping her on edge for hours, ruining her orgasm every time. He had never used his power of command over Astoria in a sexual way, but now that he had Hermione, the possibilities seemed endless. Maybe he wouldn't even have to command her, she seemed happy enough to obey him anyway.

Their wedding is small, intimate, only including the people who really mattered. Which was to say only themselves. None of her friends had wanted to come. Now that Hermione is all his, the rest of them can burn for all he cares. She is all he needs. She looks beautiful in a lace wedding gown. He can't wait to tear it off her later. Perhaps as soon as the officiant is done, he'll do so right here.

If the officiant is surprised that there are no guests at their wedding in the Malfoy Manor gardens, he doesn't let it show. He binds their hands together in the old ways and they both speak ancient oaths to each other. It was so different to his wedding with Astoria which had been massive, grand, wedding of the century really, that it feels like the first time.

Looking at the witch in front of him, bound with his family heirloom wedding binds, he feels satisfaction well up in his chest. Perhaps she was right, perhaps he does love her. He certainly feels possessive of her. He feels their endless future together and smiles at her. She smiles back. She looks indisputably happy.

His cock is already straining against his trousers with the promise of their imminent fucking.

She had asked him once if he was always hard. He couldn't even remember what he'd responded, but he knew he had not told the truth, that it was only because of her.

All his planning, plotting and scheming had brought them to this point, and he regretted not a single second of it.

Chapter End Notes

Well, RIP to Astoria, poor thing, she really did deserve better.

To be frank, I had not planned the ending when I first started writing, so I hope you will forgive any inconsistencies. When I started on this story I only had snippets of moments planned out in my head, most of them have made it into the story, but some have not.

I want to thank everyone who has been sticking with me, I feel like my writing has improved at least slightly over the chapters. It's been a long time since I've written so I definitely felt stale.

Now that I've started though, it's like the floodgates have opened and I've been writing two other oneshots and another multi-chapter story alongside this one.

It fills my heart with so much joy for every single one of you who has left a comment, a kudos or simply just read the story. I didn't expect much when I started so to say the amount of engagement has really blown me away is an understatement. Thank you ♥



Chapter 12: Epilogue

Chapter Notes

Sorry everyone, I couldn't help myself.
TW: Non-con.

Draco circles Hermione's naked form spread eagle with her legs falling off the metal table at the knees. The dungeon is sparsely decorated. Only the metal table in the middle of the room is the extent of the furniture. Her wrists, thighs and ankles are bound with coarse fibre ropes that would surely leave marks tomorrow. In fact, he can already see the reddening of her wrists when she shifts.

It had been a month since their wedding ceremony and Draco had been looking forward to this moment. 4 weeks of wedded bliss, pure carnal desire, taking her every which way he could imagine. But he had something special planned for tonight.

He'd had a month of planning and savouring what he could do to her.

When he'd invited her to the dungeon, she'd been so excited. When he'd tied her up, she'd been dripping on the table with arousal.

He paused at the head of the table, next to her face.

It was time.

"You're scared of me." He spoke his first command, and as he said it, he could see her previously adoring expression twist into something frightened. It was the first time he'd ever commanded her, he wanted to save it for something special. For this.

"You will forget our relationship, forget we've ever fucked."

Her eyes go blank for a moment, then she looks around confused. "What... Where am I?" she looks down herself, realising her precarious position. "Malfoy? What?"

He leans down toward her face and licks from her chin to her forehead. She shudders.

He smiles at her as he straightens back up.

He reaches a hand to her stomach and feather light touches trails up her soft skin to her breast.

He circles it slowly before letting his nails scrape their way onto her breast to her nipple. Flicking it with his nails, he observes casually while it turns into a hard peak.

“You don’t want me, you don’t want this.” His third command comes smoothly through his lips.

The slight shift in her face was all that alerted him to that it had taken, a grim expression, reminiscent of hatred.

“Please Malfoy, please don’t do this.” Her weak voice spoke out and it sent a rush of heat directly to his cock.

“I’m going to fuck you so hard, Granger.”

Dread fills her eyes.

“Please don’t.”

“That’s right mudblood, maybe if you beg me prettily enough, I will stop.” A lie, Draco had no intention of stopping no matter how much she begged, but oh, how he wanted her to beg.

He lets his free hand drop down to rest on her pubic bone. Stroking her soft skin gently, his hand dances its way slowly down so that his fingers finally come to rest on top of her heat.

He can feel the slight moisture there from when he’d tied her up.

“How fucking wet you are for me, mudblood. It’s almost like you want me to fuck you.” He cant resist taunting her.

Immediately her head starts shaking. “No, please don’t Malfoy.”

He lets one finger separate her folds, finding the little nub within. There was enough moisture for what he wanted to do, but he could always use some more, his face shifts quickly down directly above her core, and he spits on her. She flinches when it hits her. She flinches again when he starts working it in around her clit.

Her hips shift slightly upward as much as her restraints will allow, it is the only thing that indicates to Draco that she is getting aroused. Her face set in a despairing expression.

He presses his finger hard on her clit. “Do you like this, mudblood?”

Her head shakes her denial, but the trickle of moisture that escapes her slit betrays her.

“Tut, tut,” His voice is harsh. “Don’t lie to me you filthy whore. You love this.”

He grounds his finger hard against her clit, pressing against it harder than he knows she likes.

He feels like he is playing a piano, one of his hands on her cunt, the other still plucking at her nipple. Spread before him is a feast of soft flesh, so easily bruised. He can feel the heat spreading through his own body, fire settling hot and heavy in his balls.

The fucking things he could do to her, *ugh*, the mere thought of her body accepting everything he wants to give her, his cock is already close to bursting with the anticipation.

But he must be patient, he wants to cum inside her, and they had a long way to go before he'd give her his cock.

He leans down to lick her other breast that isn't currently occupied by his hand. Shakily, he lets his teeth graze around her nipple and then bites down hard. The finger he had been resting on her clit trails down to her opening and pushes inside her wet cunt.

He groans around her nipple when he feels how soaked she is, knowing she is hating herself for it right now.

His cock needs friction, so his hips move on their own accord pressing against the table. It feels cold even through his clothes but does nothing to temper his raging erection.

It is a rush to his head knowing that she will follow his every command, his power and control over her is limitless. It is enough to make him feel invincible.

He lets two of his fingers fuck her, curling upward every time they bottom out. His palm is grinding against her clit in the same way she'd shown him once after he'd caught her getting off to a painting of him. How things had changed since then.

He could hear her panting in a way he knows means she is getting close.

"Are you going to cum all over my fingers, whore?" he speaks against her wet nipple.

She's shaking her head frantically, but her breath is catching as she saying 'no, no, no,' over and over. A moan escapes her, her whole body is taut as if ready to shatter at any moment even though she is fighting it as hard as she can. But he knows her too well by now, knows exactly how to get her off.

He says nothing else, just continues his cruel manipulation of her body.

He licks her nipple before taking it between his teeth to pull it upward. It slips from his closed teeth, so her breast falls and jiggles for a moment. Then he repeats the process. Bite. Pull. Fall. It is on his third bite he hears her breath catch before a loud scream erupts from her, he can feel her cunt clamp around his fingers as she comes for him. Her whole body shakes with the force of it. All the while he keeps biting at her breast.

Looking up at her face, he can see she is crying and it makes him, impossibly, even harder. He can feel her thighs trying to cinch shut, but there is no way for her to do so with how tightly the ropes are bound. She lies completely bared open to him still.

When the aftershocks of her orgasm have passed, he slides his fingers out of her and steps back.

He resumes pacing around the table, assessing her yet again.

"Please Malfoy, let me go." Her voice a broken, fragile thing.

"Never." He says firmly and the despair in her eyes lights a fire in him he doesn't know how to control. He moans and can't help adjusting his cock through his trousers, it's leaking

precum, he's sure, so eager to fuck her.

Just a few well-placed commands and she is acting exactly like he wants. He is having a hard time not ripping off his clothes and entering her roughly.

But all in good time.

He comes to a stop between her legs. Her cunt is swollen and glistening with her arousal, just how he likes it.

He slides his wand out of his pocket and loosens her binds for just a moment so he can yank her down with one hand on her leg, her arse resting at the edge of the table. He tightens the binds with his wand again before she has the chance to react. Her cunt is even prettier up close.

"I am going to fuck you with my mouth now. Please feel free to let me know how much you don't want it." His smirk is devilish as he conjures a small, cushioned stool and gracefully lowers his knees to rest on it.

He is now directly in line with her gorgeous pussy, and he inhales the scent of her deeply. He loves the smell of her arousal, a deep earthy scent that never fails to get him hard.

She is silent through it all, as if she doesn't believe what he's about to do.

His first lick is quick, experimental and she twitches and lets out a pained *oh* in response.

Letting his tongue part her folds he finds her clit and licks her just the way he knows she loves.

Her body is trembling before him, small broken gasps falling from her mouth. "Please no, please don't, please stop." But her hips are chasing his mouth, trying desperately to get more from his tongue.

He revels in it, her begging igniting everything within him. His hands parts her folds so he can have better access. He licks and sucks and teases her little nub. The taste of her is intoxicating, it tastes like hot wet pussy, and he moans into her as he feels her getting closer to her release.

He can do this for hours, it feels like a treat just for him. He luxuriates in the taste and feel of her.

His cock is constantly leaking now. He can feel his boxers growing wet with it. He was sure if he gave it one stroke he would fucking erupt.

"No, no, no." Her repeated plea finally reaches him. He looks up at her face from between her legs, she is trying her best to hide from him. Unlucky for her, there is nowhere to go. He sucks down on her clit, still looking up at her so he can see the moment she shatters.

Her eyelids flutters closed, her mouth, previously set in a deep frown, opens in a silent scream.

It is the sexiest thing he'd ever seen. Looking between her breasts with nipples set in hard peaks, he sees her face twist into absolute bliss when she comes. Her core *throbs* against his face, and her cunt pulsates against his chin.

The moan that emerges from his own mouth is fucking desperate.

He keeps sucking at her through it all, even when she regains sentience and starts twitching to get away from him.

"One more." He murmurs into her clit.

His hand travels briefly to his crotch so he can relieve a little bit of pressure by readjusting.

His cock is so sensitive, and it takes all his willpower not to come in his pants from the touch.

"Malfoy please stop." She sobs.

Oh, *Salazar*, was she trying to make him cum in his pants? But that name...

"If you call me Draco, maybe I'll stop." He taunts her.

She goes silent and seems to consider it for a moment, she must know he's lying, but she might try it anyway.

He takes full advantage of the moment, shoving two fingers inside her. Pressing them up against the soft wall inside her. He goes back to work on her clit.

"No, don't do this. Stop." Her voice breaks at the last word, she was getting close again.

He makes his tongue into a point, circling her clit while his fingers pull her closer to him from the inside.

He couldn't get *close enough*.

"It's too much. Please."

"You know what to say."

He can practically feel her getting more desperate as she's getting closer, trying her hardest not to give him the pleasure of her orgasm. That would not do. He sucks down on her clit again.

"Please don't... Draco." But she had left it to late, she was already on the precipice, he could feel it.

While sucking down, his tongue starts flicking her clit. He fucks his fingers into her mercilessly.

She stops breathing and then screams as her cunt clenches violently around his fingers. He feels her clit shaking against his mouth as she comes. He presses his fingers up into her

determined to draw out her orgasm for as long as he can.

He feels something spurt into the palm of his hand and he can't help grinning to himself.

As her twitching finally stops, he lets go of her clit with his mouth and slowly pulls his fingers out of her, admiring the way her arousal coats him.

He rises from his kneeling position and makes his way to the other end of the table.

Hermione is trying her hardest not to look at him, so he captures her chin with his hand and holds his soaked hand right in front of her eyes.

"Look at this, whore. You've come all over my fingers."

She closes her eyes in shame.

He doesn't mind, he forces his hand against her mouth, opening her lips with his fingers effortlessly and slides them in.

Too late, she reacts. She bites down on them, and he relishes in the pressure.

His cock strains so hard against his pants it's painful. He closes his eyes and moans as his fingers play with her tongue.

"Fffuuuckk..." he hisses.

He needs to be inside her. Now.

With some force, he tugs his fingers from her mouth and gives her a light smack on her cheek. She looks up at him with pure hatred.

"My fierce little mudblood." He grins.

"Fuck you." She spits back at him.

He can't help the childish taunt that flows from his mouth. "No. You."

He lets his hand trail down her body as he moves to the bottom of the table and pulls out his wand with the other hand.

Coming to a stop between her legs once more, he taps his wand twice on her clit and she flinches.

He murmurs a spell and her legs, which were previously dangled over the edge of the table, rise into the air as the ropes reattach themselves to the ceiling.

"You look beautiful like this, ready to be used. So fucking wet for me. Exactly where you belong." He says in awe.

He wastes no time freeing himself and his cock slaps against his stomach with an audible smack as it's finally released. He levitates his pants with his wand to her face and then shoves

them into her mouth before she has the chance to react. She tries her hardest to spit them out, he can tell, but he's wedged them firmly in with his magic.

Taking a moment to adjust his cock to her entrance, he pushes the head of his cock into her. She's so impossibly tight, like she's trying to keep him out by clenching alone, but she's too wet, and it's all too easy for him. He rams into her in one firm move. She whimpers weakly in resistance, it's all the fight she can put up now.

He reaches his hands up to grab at both her breasts flicking his thumbs against her nipples lazily, content just resting inside her.

"I wonder what would happen..." He ponders to himself looking into her tear-streaked face. "If I were to say..." He captures her eyes with his, a mad glint shining through his own. "Cum." He orders.

The moan that's torn from her throat sounds ragged and broken through his boxers, her cunt pulsing rapidly around his cock as she comes by his command.

His cock, already feeling like it has been edged for a week, nearly empties itself. So eager for release from his manipulations of her, and he nearly succumbs to the pleasure with her violent spasms closing in around him.

"Oh fuck. Salazar, that feels amazing." He stands there for a moment fighting for control just focusing on his own breathing and her quiet sobs.

When he knows he's not about to cum immediately, he pulls out and slides back into her.

The metal table clangs loudly against the stone floor as he thrusts into her harshly. "Gods, fuck, look at what you do to me, fucking mudblood whore. It's all your fault you're making me lose control like this." He sounds unhinged, and it's only adding to his own heightening arousal. The tears are streaming down her cheeks, shame written across her face.

He rams into her, she makes a weak whimper in resistance, she can't muster up any more of a fight. Fuck, she's so tight.

"Your dirty hole fucking clenching on my fingers again and again. You wanted me to fuck you, didn't you? Inviting my cock in with your dripping pussy." She makes an indistinctive noise that barely escapes his boxers shoved in her mouth. He regrets gagging her now, how sweet her denial would sound.

Her cunt really is divine, trembling around his cock like a muggle vibrator from pure exhaustion. He is sure she's sore, it doesn't matter to him right now, he's so fucking close.

He can feel it by the tightening of his balls. His whole body feels on fire. He angles himself so that he can hit the sweet spot inside her, the one that will make her cry out in pleasure one final time.

His balls are slapping heavily against her arse, eager to be emptied, the sounds of her wet cunt squelching around him as he thrusts into her again and again, it's all too much, and not

enough at the same time.

She is shaking her head, panic flooding her eyes, muffled noises coming deep from her throat.

When he thrusts into her again, she trembles around him, her cunt squeezing him so incredibly tight as she comes again, a high-pitched scream escapes the fabric wedged in her mouth. It takes him over the edge, the pleasure spreads through his whole body as he finally lets himself go. He's moaning and twitching as his cum spurts deep into her, pleasure overtaking every one of his senses.

He gives himself a moment to breathe when his eruption finally stops.

He slips his cock out, their combined fluids dripping out of her.

She is exhausted, he can tell by her reddened, sweaty face. She thinks it's over now, he can tell by her horrified expression. It's a shame he must break that illusion.

"You've been such a good little whore for me." He lets his hands trail over her exposed thighs, down to her heat. Observing their combined arousal dripping down toward her puckered hole he stills for a moment.

Without looking, he reaches his hand up to her mouth to retrieve his silk boxers, they slip easily out of her mouth, soaked with her spit. She curses at him immediately. It only makes him smile. He wants her vocal for the next bit, having her unable to beg him had been a miscalculation on his part.

He thinks of all the pleading he's missed out on, maybe she would have begged him not to cum inside her. He shivers with the thought of it. Unfortunately for her, because of his miscalculation, she will have to endure for a little bit longer. This would be sweeter anyway.

He'd often teased her about fucking her arse, occasionally sticking his thumb in while fucking into her cunt from behind, she'd come so hard on those occasions. But he'd saved it for something special, this moment, he realises now.

He lets a finger soak in their arousal between her legs and circles her unused hole.

Taking a moment to think about how he wants her positioned, he completely ignores her increasing whining as she finally catches on to what he's considering.

Little snippets of begging still chimes through. "Malfoy... Draco... Please don't. Not there please. Please, I'll do whatever you want just... Not there."

"Whatever I want...?" He acts like he considers it.

"Yes I'll.. I'll suck you off." He can see this concession has cost her something precious.

"I wouldn't trust my cock within 10 feet of your mouth right now. I remember how you bit my fingers earlier, *Hermione*." He holds them up, pretending soreness.

“Anything else... Anything. Just tell me.” Desperation tinges her every word.

Gods, this is better than any foreplay, he can already feel his cock stiffen again.

“Oh but I already have exactly what I want right here.” He accentuates the point by pushing in his middle finger into her arse. “Even tighter than your cunt, I wonder how long I’ll last in there.”

“No. No. No, please, you’re too big.” She is shaking her head, as if denying it will help her.

“Oh my precious sweet whore, there is no need to stroke my ego, it is already swollen enough.” He gestures to his cock which is now back to its full size. Her eyes go wide and she looks away quickly.

“Look at me.” He hisses the command. “I want you to look me in the eyes as I force your arse open.”

She has no choice but to obey, meeting his eyes he sees her defiance.

He slides his cock through her moisture and pumps into her cunt once.

“That’s enough lubrication, wouldn’t you say?” He smirks at her.

Shifting his hips, he slides out of her briefly before lining himself up to her much tighter hole.

She bites her lip, clearly wanting to beg him not to do it but realising it’s happening anyway.

When he presses the head of his cock in, her eyes go wild.

“Don’t!”

He lets himself rest inside her, pumping his hips ever so slightly so she can get used to him.

He slides in, millimetre by millimetre, so slowly he feels like he’s about to go insane, all his cock wants is to *fuck* her. His hands are clenching down on each of her thighs just to distract himself from how slow he’s going.

It feels fucking amazing, so fucking tight.

He sees the pain in her eyes, so he acquiesces, letting one of his hands go down to her clit to stroke her.

He sees the shift as soon as she starts enjoying it, he knows by the way her eyes narrow and it looks like she’s about to strike him dead.

When he finally bottoms out in her, he’s a sweaty mess, his abs taut with the increasing need to just pound into her.

“You’re doing so well Hermione, so fucking good.” Draco can’t help but praise her even though it doesn’t fit the theme of the evening.

In return she curses him out, pleads with him to stop.

He does no such thing, instead he stays deep inside her, he’s gyrating his hips, fucking into her with small little humps.

“Fuck me, I am fucking your arse every night from now on.” He’s panting.

He can tell she’s close, her tight hole tightening even further around him as he continues playing with her clit.

When she comes, her asshole spasming around his cock, he has to hold on for dear life not to come with her.

“So fucking good for me.” He praises her, and then, because he can’t help himself. “Did you like that?”

“No.” She hisses at him. “Can you let me go now?”

“But Hermione,” he chides her like he would a child. “I haven’t cum yet.”

Realisation that she will have to endure more reaches her eyes.

“Don’t be so selfish. I’ve made you come six times, and you won’t even grant me two.” His tongue clicks against the roof of his mouth. “My cruel mistress.” He smirks at her. “Oh, please mistress, won’t you let me cum inside your arse.” He says in a pleading mocking tone.

“No, get your filthy cock out of me.” She screams at him.

“You are cruel to deny me mistress, especially since your arse is so sweet to me.” He mocks her again.

He starts pumping his cock into her, small little movements. “You know I can’t-” he moans “resist you.”

“Stop.” She tries to command him; it’s a shame for her it doesn’t work the other way around.

“How can I stop when this tight little hole is begging for my cum?” He fucks into her, harder now. He’s close. “How can you tell me to stop when I know you’re desperate to cum again? My little whore.” He taps his thumb gently against her clit, knowing its oversensitive from all her previous orgasms.

“You fucking piece of shit.” She curses at him. “Let me go.”

“How can you say that to me when I am making you feel so good?” He taunts her. Because he knows he is, he already knows how easy it is for her to come when she’s sensitive like this.

“LET ME GO.” She screams, but it turns into a moan as he applies just a little bit more pressure tapping her clit.

Instead of responding, he spits on her breast and grabs it with his free hand. Claspings her nipple with his fingers and twisting it.

It's too much for her, she moans again as her seventh orgasm hits her, weaker but drawn out.

Her jaw is slack, her eyes glazed over with pleasure, it's his favourite expression of hers. It only takes two more pumps of his cock for him to spill inside her pulsating hole.

His head drops in between her breasts from pure exhaustion, trying his hardest to catch his breath.

With a word, he ends all his commands on her, and he can feel her trying to speak her confusion immediately. He is still connected to her with his cock in her arse.

And then come the questions. But he's too tired to respond, so instead he grabs for his wand and releases her from the bonds. He sighs contentedly into her as she wriggles beneath him, trapped, trying to get away no doubt.

Draco is so pleased, it had gone so much better than expected. His mind is bursting with ideas of what to make her do next, but he would have to plan, so it could wait, for now.

He imagines chasing her through the woods, forcing her down and fucking her while she's still trying to escape.

Taking her to a restaurant and forcing her to cum over and over in plain view of the other guests.

Bringing her to work and having her suck him off in his office... Maybe Harry would walk in on them... He needs to stop thinking now, his cock showing signs of life again, but she's exhausted and confused so he'll let her rest. With a whimper, he slides out of her.

She's his, and he'll do with her whatever he pleases.

Good thing they have forever.

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