

Hey, Princess

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/48604798) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/48604798>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Relationship:	Hermione Granger/Draco Malfoy
Characters:	Hermione Granger , Draco Malfoy , Harry Potter , Ginny Weasley , Lily Luna Potter , Theodore Nott , Adrian Pucey , Blaise Zabini , Original Characters
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Muggle , Motorcycles , Tattoos , Flirting , Explicit Sexual Content , Dom/sub Undertones , Fluff and Smut , Love at First Sight , Draco Malfoy is Good at Sex , Meet-Cute , Praise Kink , POV Hermione Granger , Adults
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-07-15 Completed: 2023-07-23 Words: 20,642 Chapters: 4/4

Hey, Princess

by [Madzola](#)

Summary

“Why,” Hermione groaned, feeling her face go white-hot. Of all days?

She trudged on, giving a tight smile and praying for the earth to open up and swallow her whole. Because this was just perfect, wasn't it? They looked objectively cool, while she (a grown twenty-seven year old) was dressed like a princess in the middle of the fucking day. She supposed it could be worse –how? She didn't know.

AKA: the one where Hermione Granger (whilst dressed as a princess) meets biker Draco Malfoy.

Notes

This is a direct result of somehow getting stuck on #biketok
It's like a little love letter to Dramione from me.
It's a touch OOC I guess, but *shrug* whatever lol
Enjoy!

Chapter 1

Friday

Children were screaming. And running. The flat was in complete chaos.

“God help me,” Hermione breathed, eyes wide as she surveyed the carnage around her. Streamers. Balloons. Confetti. Candy wrappers. Plastic cups. Spilled juice, and broken goldfish crackers, and mismatched shoes causing tripping hazards.

Everywhere.

Ten little girls ran around with wild abandon. Their adorable frilly dresses in an array of colors spun, while their plastic jeweled tiaras were half falling off of their heads. They shrieked and jumped along with the cheerful bubblegum pop music that blasted from the speaker on the dining room table.

One little blonde girl was crying in the corner because she felt as though she was being left out (she wasn't). Another little girl in a blue dress was digging both hands into two of the little paper cups full of fingerpaints, and then slamming those hands onto a piece of paper — whilst laughing maniacally.

A pair of twin brunettes were yelling at each other, fighting over a stuffed animal that didn't even belong to either of them. Bubbles were floating around because another little girl had already broken into her party favor bag. The rest of the little heathens screamed and sang the wrong words to the pop song coming from the speaker.

Honestly, they were having a blast.

Usually Hermione liked kids, *loved them*, but this... this was a lot.

“Harry, where did you put the cake?” Ginny called from the kitchen.

Harry was across the room from Hermione, trapped between his daughter, the birthday girl, and the gift table she was trying to claw her way to. She was usually so well behaved, but it seemed she had surrendered to the chaos.

It was Harry's look of horrific realization that pulled Hermione to focus. She shook her head, making her way towards him while she quietly hissed, “Tell me you didn't forget the cake.”

“Lily, *please!*” Harry had his palm firmly rooted against his daughter's forehead, holding her at arm's length while she windmilled her arms. He nodded to Hermione, “I forgot the bloody cake... oh god... Ginny's going to fucking kill me.”

“Ooo bad word!” A little blonde girl with a purple princess dress pointed at him. “Lily's daddy said a bad woood!”

Both Hermione and Harry ignored her. “How did you forget the cake, it’s like the most important part!” She whisper-yelled at her best friend. Harry Potter was a brilliant man, truly, but sometimes... Hermione shook her head at him, eyes wide. “*Harry!*”

“Harry?” Ginny called over the music. “I’m trying to finish these nuggets, can you *please* answer me?”

“What do I do?!” He was panicking –glasses askew, hair ruffled, a lollipop stuck to his sleeve, full on panicking.

Hermione sighed heavily, grabbing at an opportunity while it dangled in front of her face. “I’ll run out and pick it up —where did you order it from?”

He paused, catching his ravenous daughter around the waist, “Lily, if you don’t stop this, I *promise* I’ll send all the girls home right *now*.”

Lily froze, slinking out of her father’s grip, tears in her eyes and her bottom lip sticking out and quivering. Oh god.

“The bakery around the corner,” Harry said quickly, his eyes on his daughter who was working herself into a meltdown. “It’s already paid for –it’s under my name.”

Hermione grabbed her purse from the kitchen, giving Ginny (who hadn’t even broken a sweat yet, the woman thrived in the wildness of children) a small innocent wave, and then left the flat immediately. She took a full thirty seconds to bask in the silence of the hallway before she rushed for the stairwell.

She ran, knowing exactly where the bakery was –literally around the corner, it took less than two minutes to get there. Hermione often took Harry and Ginny’s kids there for cupcakes or cookies. They also made really good coffee, which Hermione had every intention of snagging a to-go cup. She’d need it to survive the next hour of the party.

When she turned the corner, she froze in place, suddenly acutely aware of what she was wearing. Like she had forgotten up until that very moment. It was a dress-up *princess* birthday party after all, and Ginny had convinced her to play along too, not wanting to be the only adult donning a ridiculous gown and tiara.

And Lily gave her the saddest puppy eyes, so she *really* couldn’t say no.

Her dress was layered and fluffy and pink and shimmery. Rose adornments, gold accents, off the shoulder, tulle and all. It was actually a really nice princess gown she had rented when she went to the costume shop with Ginny. A plastic gold tiara sat nestled into her curls, and she had even done her makeup for the occasion.

Full on princess. Full commitment for her favorite little Lily. Except for the shoes –those were just her white trainers, because the thought of accidentally impaling a small child’s foot with her heel made her a *little* anxious.

She was only slapped in the face with the awareness because once she turned the corner, there was a small group of four people on street bikes. They were pulled over to the side, parked and somehow chatting amongst themselves ('somehow' because they all still wore their helmets). They were joking around, being playful and gesturing with their hands while they spoke to one another.

And they saw her *within seconds*. Like full on stopping what they were doing, tapping on shoulders and pointing her out, turning their helmet-clad heads to stare.

"Why," Hermione groaned, feeling her face go white-hot. Of *all* days?

She trudged on, giving a tight smile and praying for the earth to open up and swallow her whole. Because this was just perfect, wasn't it? They looked objectively cool, while she (a grown twenty-seven year old) was dressed like a princess in the middle of the fucking day. She supposed it could be worse —*how*? She didn't know.

Hermione scanned her eyes over them, trying to move quickly. She assumed they were all men, simply judging by the build and height, and lack of ponytails poking out from the helmets.

The one in black caught her eyes first. An impressive matte black bike, all black gear and gloves, sleek and shiny black helmet. He sat on his bike, leaning forward with his elbows resting on the fuel tank as he looked at her, his head cocking to the side. His helmet moved with his head as he followed her. He seemed... *interesting*, for some reason. His whole vibe made her stomach flutter a bit. There was an intensity that was hard to ignore. And, well, she kind of liked that.

The rider on the blue and black bike made a bit of a show of scrambling off his seat to do a proper and dramatic bow, his black and gold graphic helmet dipping low when he bent at the waist. Hermione couldn't help but chuckle as she passed him, trying to get a quick peek of the design on his helmet —an owl, possibly?

Next to him, the rider with matte gray helmet and matching gray bike dropped to his knees on the curb and blew kisses at her. The last rider, black and gold helmet leaning against a dark green bike gave her a flirty little wave, gloved fingers wriggling in a teasing way.

With a little huff, she gave in and raised her hand, fingers pressed together as she gave them a princess wave, then took half a second to give the fastest full curtsy alive. Because why not? It was easier that she couldn't see their faces.

Owl, and gray helmets clapped and pumped their fists into the air. Black helmet's shoulders bounced up and down as if he were laughing. Black and gold helmet made a little heart with his gloved hands, head tilting. It was all very silly, but it made her laugh.

Yes, that could have been *so* much worse.

It took about five minutes to grab the cake and a to-go coffee from the bakery. Luckily the pink and yellow frosted princess cake was already boxed up and ready to go, and there was only one other person at the counter being helped. Hermione grabbed what she needed,

laughed with them about her appearance, made a little remark about her best friend forgetting the most important part of a birthday party, and then headed back out.

The bikers were still there, of course. Of *course*. They were still sitting there, and Hermione couldn't race by like she had before, because if she dropped this bloody cake, Ginny would have her actual head on a pike.

Black and gold helmet was still leaning against his bike, giving her another little teasing wave. Owl helmet hurried over and shrugged out of his black and blue leather jacket, laying it at her feet on the sidewalk, presenting it in another dramatic bow.

"M'lady," his muffled voice said.

Hermione blushed, shaking her head, "My god." She laughed when the gray helmet rushed over and gently took her by the elbow, escorting her over the jacket, giving her a thumbs-up. "You two are trouble."

"Never!" Gray helmet's muffled gasp responded.

And then the one in head-to-toe black, the sleek and shiny black helmet, he was there. Not on his bike anymore. He was *there*, and he was so tall and he was *right* in front of her. Nice shoulders and build, from what she could tell. He looked strong under all that gear, the only available skin she could see was a pale strip of his throat.

For a moment, she completely forgot what her entire objective was. He had to tip his head down to look at her, and she had to tip her chin up to look at him. And they just... stood there. She couldn't see him, but he stared down at her for what seemed like both three seconds and an hour, she wasn't sure.

How in the hell does one get *this* distracted by a person wearing a full helmet?

But then he flipped his visor up, and Hermione bit her bottom lip, looking up into silver eyes. Absolutely *stunning* silver eyes. Blonde lashes, blonde eyebrows. He was a blonde. For some reason knowing he was a blonde dressed head to toe in all black made her grin.

"Hey, Princess," he said. He had a nice voice. A *really* nice voice. Still a little muffled, but the open visor made it less so than the others. She wanted him to say more things. Anything.

If she were a cartoon, she'd be twirling one of her curls around her finger, little hearts popping out of her eyes while she cooed, *who, me?*

Instead, Hermione felt her face go hot, her stomach fluttering as she looked up at him. "Hi," she said, breathing a nervous laugh. She wasn't normally so... easily flustered.

She blamed the dress and tiara. And the silver eyes. And the height.

Black helmet put a flower behind her ear (from one of the sidewalk planters), one of his silver eyes winking at her before he stepped to the side, arm extended as if he were guiding her on. Hermione's brows lifted, another nervous laugh escaping her lips as she —*by some*

miracle— found her wits enough to continue walking. She held his gaze as she passed him, completely and utterly rapt by his entire... self.

“Let’s go, Romeo,” one of his friends shouted, followed by muffled laughter.

Sunday

Did she go to the bakery again on Sunday in hopes of running into her biker in black? Possibly. Would she ever admit to it? When hell froze over.

But Hermione was there, sitting at one of the outside tables, her second coffee sitting next to half a croissant on the table as she leaned back in her chair, reading. She had her feet propped up in the second chair, her ankles crossed.

And she felt like an idiot.

She wasn’t normally *like this*. At all. She didn’t lose sleep over a stranger, she didn’t walk away from a stupid, playful interaction and obsess about it for the next two days. She didn’t go back to the proverbial scene of the crime and set up what essentially was a fucking stake-out, hoping to create some kind of *oh, fancy seeing you here again* situation.

This was mad. This was absolutely mad. Pathetic, even. She was too *grown* for this.

It wasn’t like she had never brought a book to have coffee and a croissant at the bakery before. She’d done it loads of times. But never with an ulterior motive. Not once.

She genuinely liked this little bakery. It was cute, it had the best coffee, the workers were pleasant and didn’t mind if she hung around and read. It was technically *her* spot, if she were being honest. She could sit there every goddamn day if she pleased. So there.

Even worse than her *hanging around* waiting for the off-chance of seeing the biker? Motorcycles scared her. The thought of riding something that A) could not balance itself without a kickstand and B) had no safety belts, was absolutely ridiculous to her. Why someone would jump on one of those things was beyond her.

But *something* happened on Friday that she couldn’t ignore. Maybe it was all in her head, but the way the biker in black looked at her, but not just looked but... *looked* at her... it had burrowed under her skin. She played his smooth timbre of a voice over and over in her head. *Hey, Princess*.

Did she bring herself off to that Friday night when she got home to her own flat? That was her business, and her business alone.

Listen, it had been a while since someone had looked at her like that, it had been a while someone had made an *impression* like that. Hermione wasn’t easily impressed. The biker in black impressed her. During those brief moments, he had completely held her attention. *That* was impressive.

Harry and Ginny had laughed, in a good-natured way, when she told them about the little group of bikers. Ginny wiggled her eyebrows when she told her about her biker in black, and showed off the pink flower he'd tucked behind her ear.

Because in all honesty at the end of the day, it was just a silly little encounter. It was nothing. The bikers probably *all* had partners, they were just out and about trying to enjoy a day of riding around, and Hermione was just a funny little story they now had –*we saw a girl dressed up like a princess today, it was hilarious!* If they even remembered.

Hermione sighed, turning the page, focusing on the words in front of her. She's read this book too many times to count, so she knows how it goes. It's just the first thing she grabbed from her bookshelf, needing something to occupy her time.

Cars pass by on the street. Birds chirp. A couple groups of people pass on by. It smells like warm bread, and the unmistakable and general *London* scent. She pushes her wild curls out of her face and closes her eyes, just soaking in the sounds of her surroundings, and the sun.

She should go, right? She should just go home. This was so foolish. Hermione reached for her phone, which sat next to her now cold cup of coffee and checked the time. God, she'd been there for well over an hour. Almost two. Pathetic, indeed.

"Hey, Princess."

Hermione jumped a little, dropping her phone back on the table. The sun was being blocked by two tall figures. Her biker in black, and the one with the Owl helmet. She hadn't even heard them pull up. They almost looked like a couple of aliens standing over her like that, ninety-nine percent of their bodies covered up by protective jackets and gloves, pants and heavy motorcycle boots. Just thin strips of skin around their necks exposed. Her biker in black paler than his Owl friend.

Holy shit, her pathetic little stake-out actually worked.

Owl Helmet's shoulders bounced with a laugh, "A bit jumpy, yeah?"

Biker in Black's head cocked to the side, she felt his silver eyes watching her heavily, but he didn't say anything. Hermione cleared her throat, slipping her feet from the other chair so she could sit up better and gather her wits. She was determined not to fumble again. She was *fully* capable of having a conversation, even if it was a little unnerving that she couldn't see the faces of the people she was conversing with.

"You're still trouble," she smirked at Owl Helmet.

He jabbed a gloved finger to his own chest like he was asking a question.

"Yes, you," Hermione laughed.

In response, his helmeted head shook in a no, before poking his thumb over to Biker in Black.

Her face warmed, somehow understanding what he was saying. "I believe you."

Biker in Black knocked his hand against Owl Helmet's chest, his head gesturing to the side. Owl Helmet raised his hands up in surrender, shoulders bouncing again in laughter before he blew Hermione a kiss and sauntered away towards the bakery entrance. Did they just go about their day to day business with helmets on?

With wide eyes, Hermione watched as Biker in Black crouched down next to her chair, flipping his visor open, revealing those gorgeous silver eyes. "What're you reading, Princess?"

Why did she like that so much? She bit her bottom lip, heat and butterflies flooding her stomach, as she flipped the book to her chest, showing him the cover of *The Great Gatsby*.

His eyes narrowed slightly, "I'd thought you'd be more into non-fiction."

Hermione froze –because honestly? He was right. But... "You don't even know my name, how could you *possibly* guess I'd be more into non-fiction?"

His eyes crinkled, showing that he was smiling behind his helmet. She desperately wanted to see that smile, wanted him to take the damn helmet off entirely. "Am I right?"

She huffed, a little annoyed by the slightly muffled smug tone. Slightly annoyed that it charmed her, "That's hardly the point."

"That's entirely the point, isn't it?"

He'd thought about what kind of books she read. He'd thought about her. Hermione couldn't help but grin, shaking her head. "Your friend was right."

"What was Theo right about?" One of his blonde eyebrows rose.

Theo was Owl Helmet. Noted. "You're the one who's trouble," she said.

His eyes crinkled at the edges again, showing his hidden smile. He shrugged, his eyes flitting over her, lingering on her hair, "I see you're in *peasant* clothes today, where's your pretty little crown?"

Another blush. If he kept making her blush like this, her face was likely to catch fire. "Well I can't just run around in my crown every day, can I? It's at the castle."

His hidden smile hadn't faded. "What's your name?"

She opened her mouth to respond, but Theo had returned from inside the bakery, to-go cup in one now bare hand, his Helmet secured under his arm. She grinned at him, at his mischievous smirk and messy dark curls. He was handsome, his cup raising to his lips to take a sip of his coffee, dark brows wiggling at her. Little flirt.

"Hermione," she told her Biker in Black, her eyes meeting his silver ones again.

He repeated her name, nodding his head. She liked how it sounded. "Do you drink other things besides coffee?"

More butterflies in her stomach. Theo was still there, but her attention was solely on silver eyes as she rested her elbow on the table, propping her chin on her fist, “Sometimes.”

He cocked his head to the side, “I think you’re the one who’s trouble.”

She bit her lip, a comfort curling around her shoulders, feeling like she’d known this man for longer than ten minutes. “Sometimes,” she said again.

“I like her,” Theo piped up, his voice clear now –warm and playful, his boot knocking against her Biker in Black’s hip –she still didn’t know his name. She should ask, it was only fair.

“Too bad, she’s going to meet me for a drink Thursday.”

Hermione’s brows rose as she laughed, distracting her from asking his name. “Am I?”

Biker in Black nodded as he rose to his full height again, one of his hands working to remove the other hand’s glove, “Can you open your phone for me, Princess?”

Quite confident in himself, wasn’t he? Hermione shrugged, barely processing that she was *actually* going through with this —well, she *had* quite literally set herself up. She unlocked her phone and passed it to the Biker in Black.

His hands –or hand, because he had only ungloved the one– was rather nice. Long fingers to go with his height. Strong. The pads of his fingers slightly calloused as they brushed against her skin when he took her phone. Warm.

While he typed away on her phone, Theo asked her, “Have you ever ridden before?”

Hermione shook her head, “Motorcycles make me nervous.”

“That’s a shame,” Theo grinned, “You’d be a pretty backpack.”

“Excuse me?” Hermione’s eyes went wide. What the hell did that mean?

“Knock it off,” Biker in Black handed her phone back to her while he elbowed his friend hard enough to make Theo grunt and laugh before he took another sip of his coffee. “I’ll see you Thursday.”

Would he? Hermione bit her lip, setting her phone back on the table, then gasped when the Biker in Black reached for her hand with his still bare one, his fingers curling gently around her as he bent at the waist, bringing her hand to his helmet as if to kiss the backs of her knuckles. And for some reason that got her blood rushing straight to her cheeks.

How was that so intimate? Her skin pressed against the smooth texture of his shiny helmet, and yet it felt like he’d actually pressed his lips to her skin, his silver eyes locked on hers.

“I’ll text you,” he said, gently releasing her hand. She didn’t want him to let go of her.

She wanted to ask for his name, but her mouth wouldn’t move to form the words. So she just sat there and watched him flip his visor back down, covering his beautiful eyes before he

walked away with Theo, back to their respective bikes that were parked at the edge of the sidewalk.

Tuesday

Hermione tapped her pen against the spine of the closed book in front of her, her eyes wandering around the bookshop. It was a slow day, and working in a small bookshop meant that slow days were *especially* slow.

The shop was old, and a little cramped, but she had been patroning it since she was younger. And though she didn't want to work there forever, for now it was exactly what she needed. The shop felt like a warm and cozy hug.

She took a deep breath, breathing in the smell of old pages and bindings, a soft smile stretching over her lips when she saw one of her favorite regulars walk through the front door of the shop, a soft jingle of a bell signaling her arrival.

Mrs. Jones bought just one book every time she stopped in –and she stopped in at least three times a week. The woman was an avid reader and collector. She preferred true crime and romance, and the occasional biography. Hermione guessed that maybe she was in her fifties, but she wasn't especially good at guessing ages off the bat like that.

With a small wave, Mrs. Jones did as she always had –making her way up and down the aisles, plucking novels out to read the summary, then putting it back. Mrs. Jones was quite selective, and rarely strayed from her preferred topics. But that didn't mean she didn't at least indulge her curiosities on the way.

Hermione's phone dinged, making her jump a little from the sudden noise. She checked it and frowned for just a moment, not immediately recognizing the name... until she did, and everything came flooding back. Her Biker in Black –*Draco*– finally texted her, like he said he would.

Draco 🏍️ (10:21): *You've read Into the Wild, right?*

She had the option to wait a bit before answering, but she didn't.

Normally she would. But she didn't want to.

Hermione (10:22): *I have, yes. Why?*

Draco 🏍️ (10:25): *Curious. I can never decide if he was an idiot or brave.*

She smiled at that, wondering what he was doing while texting, where he was. And why, of all things, would he open up with talking about *Into the Wild*. Did he primarily read non-fiction too?

Hermione (10:26): *I think he was a bit of both.*

Someone else walked into the shop, the gentle bell distracting her. She greeted the old man, giving him a little wave. He asked where the travel section was, then made his way there after she pointed it out. Her phone dinged again.

Draco 🏍️ (10:30): *Have you ever wanted to run away?*

She paused, a little taken aback by the question.

Hermione (10:31): *Once, yes. But I stayed... have you wanted to?*

Draco 🏍️ (10:32): *It's all I think about sometimes.*

Hermione (10:34): *How come?*

Draco 🏍️ (10:36): *Family. Why did you want to run away?*

She exhaled long, her cheeks puffing out. What a loaded question.

Hermione (10:37): *Family.*

That was the easiest answer. She knew immediately that Draco had held back paragraphs worth of a tragic answer, much like she did. One simple word was better than the whole ordeal; she understood that.

Draco 🏍️ (10:42): *So you're scared of bikes?*

Hermione (10:43): *They're a little intimidating lol... no seatbelt, very fast, no stability.*

Draco 🏍️ (10:43): *They can be dangerous, of course.*

Draco 🏍️ (10:44): *I'd keep you safe though.*

And somehow she absolutely believed that. Maybe she shouldn't –she didn't know Draco at all, she'd only *properly* met him the one time. She still hadn't seen his face other than his eyes. But she believed him.

It was probably stupid of her. Not even probably, it *was* stupid of her.

Draco 🏍️ (10:44): *I wouldn't be reckless with a backpack.*

Hermione (10:46): *What does that mean? Your friend said it too –backpack.*

Draco 🏍️ (10:47): *lol it's just a term for a passenger, Princess.*

She almost groaned in frustration at the butterflies flitting around her stomach. That damned name again. It got her *every* time, and now even though text? To be fair, no one had ever called her a fucking Princess before, she *hardly* embodied the term.

Sure, the *first* time Draco saw her she was dressed as one, but even after learning her name and seeing her in her regular clothes (simple jeans and t-shirt; her usual trainers), he still

called her that. *Princess*. She wanted to hate how it made her blush and smile.

She wanted to hate how good it felt, when her brain wanted to tell her it was silly and possibly demeaning –it didn't sound demeaning when he said it though. Not in the least. He said it like how partners say *baby* or *love*.

And she had always quite liked being called *baby* or *love* by her partners. With a sigh, she just... went with it.

Hermione (10:49): *So... I'd be your backpack?*

Draco 🏍️ (10:52): *If you want, one day. No pressure if you're nervous about it, I have a car.*

One day? So he was already planning on beyond having a drink with her? She rolled her eyes, damning her mouth for smiling.

Hermione (10:54): *I'll think about it. No promises.*

Hermione (10:54): *Do you wear your helmet while you drive your car too?*

Draco 🏍️ (10:55): *Obviously. Those things are a death trap.*

She covered her mouth, stifling her laugh.

Hermione (10:56): *Funny. Do you ever take it off?*

Draco 🏍️ (10:59): *Sometimes :)*

Hermione (11:01): *I'm just saying, it seems difficult to have a drink with a full helmet on lol*

Draco 🏍️ (11:02): *So you ARE meeting me Thursday?*

Mrs. Jones came to the counter, and Hermione made quick work of cashing her out, not even bothering to look at the title before scanning, running her card, and then throwing the book into a bag. "Have a good day Mrs. Jones!"

Hermione (11:05): *I thought you already established that?*

Draco 🏍️ (11:06): *I did.*

Draco 🏍️ (11:06): *But I like to have confirmation.*

Hermione (11:08): *Where am I meeting you on Thursday?*

Draco 🏍️ (11:09): *It's a yes then? Use your words, Princess. Remember, I like confirmation.*

"Yeah, you're trouble alright," Hermione whispered, her stomach flipping. She was suddenly *very* glad he wasn't standing right in front of her watching her squirm.

Hermione (11:10): *Yes, I'm meeting you Thursday.*

Wednesday

“You’re really going out with him?”

Ginny stopped by the bookshop on her lunch break sometimes, like right now. It was the perfect time for a little chat away from the kids and Harry. Just the girls.

She leaned her elbows on the counter, her head shaking in wonder, “Hermione, you don’t even know the guy –you met him *literally* on the street.”

And she hadn’t even seen his face yet, Hermione reminded herself. She didn’t say it out loud, Ginny would have a fit. Instead she shrugged and nodded, “I’m really going out with him. And we’ve been texting, it’s not like I haven’t gotten to know *anything* about him.”

“You’re braver than me,” Ginny exhaled, looking doubtful. “I’ve just *never* seen you impulsive like this. But... make sure you let me and Harry know where you’re going, yeah? And I’ll do you a favor and I *won’t* tell Ron you’re going out with a strange man who rides a motorcycle.”

Hermione rolled her eyes. Ron. She considered him one of her closest friends, of course. But he’d always been a bit not-so-secretly in love with her. He got protective, and sometimes overstepped. “I’m sure Harry will.”

“Probably,” Ginny nodded, wincing.

Hermione’s phone dinged. Ginny smirked at her while Hermione curled her fists tightly in her lap behind the counter, not wanting to seem too eager. Her phone was on the counter right between them, Draco’s name popping up. So the stand-off ensued. Her phone dinged again; Ginny’s smirk just wider.

“Aren’t you going to check that?” She teased. “You’re blushing already.”

“You stop it,” Hermione tutted. Another minute ticked by.

Ginny laughed, “Oh for fuck’s sake Hermione, I’m curious too –come on!”

Hermione grinned, snatching up her phone and opening the text. Her grin only got wider, seeing a picture of Draco’s three friends suited up, helmets on. Theo was doing a dramatic “strong man” pose next to Blaise, (black and gold helmet) who had his arms crossed with head cocked to the side, next to Adrian (gray helmet) who looked like he was squaring up for a boxing match. They were in a parking garage, bikes in the background.

Draco 🏍️ (2:12): *The boys say hi.*

She turned her phone to show Ginny, “His friends say hi.”

“I see that,” she laughed, her eyes rolling. “Very cute.”

Hermione (2:15): *My friend Ginny said “very cute”.*

Hermione (2:15): *Also tell them I said hi back.*

Draco 🏍️ (2:16): *Theo’s asking if Ginny is as hot as you are. I told him it was impossible.*

“Oh you’ve got it *bad*. Your face is so red!” Ginny cackled. She came around the counter to give Hermione a tight hug, “I’ve got to head back to work, I’ll leave you to your biker boy. *Please* remember to let me know where you’re going with him, alright? And no bookbagging on the first date!”

“Yes mum,” Hermione snorted, eyes rolling. “And it’s backpacking.”

Ginny waved it off as she headed out the door, “Same difference.”

Hermione (2:17): *Ginny’s way hotter. But she’s married & has kids.*

Draco 🏍️ (2:18): *Theo likes hot mums.*

Draco 🏍️ (2:18): *And there’s no one hotter than you.*

He was really laying it on thick today. Hermione bit back an embarrassed groan, giving a quick wave to a couple walking into the shop. She didn’t even know what to say to that!

Hermione (2:19): *You’re trouble.*

Draco 🏍️ (2:21): *How so?*

Hermione (2:22): *You know exactly how so.*

Draco 🏍️ (2:23): *Maybe. But you know I like it when you use your words... Princess.*

Hermione set her phone face-down on the counter and took a deep breath. He knew exactly what he was doing, the cheeky bastard. She’d only been texting with the man for a couple days and he had already been making her blush and squirm like a damn virgin, like she had never flirted a day in her life.

She liked Draco. They’d been texting about books, and places he liked to ride his motorcycle with his friends. They talked about movies and shows on the telly. His favorite movie was *Blade Runner* (the original), but he had a bit of a soft spot for *The Sound of Music* (she was sworn to secrecy about that –the boys didn’t know).

Draco flirted, but he wasn’t vulgar. He slid his fingers close to the edge of decency without tearing on right through to raunch. He made certain things clear without being crass –it was in a *I’m very attracted to you and I’m trying to tell you who I am, what I’m like, should things progress*, sort of way. As an adult, she appreciated that, if she were honest.

There was a possible connection between them. She... wanted to connect.

He didn't try to 'sext' her, he wasn't looking for topless photos, or made her *uncomfortable* (blushing and squirming with nerves was different than discomfort). Hermione understood who he was when it came to intimacy, in a sense. She had a good idea, anyway. She definitely wasn't complaining. It... complimented her.

After clearing her throat and straightening up in her seat, she picked her phone back up to use her words.

Hermione (2:26): *You make me blush when you say things like that.*

Hermione (2:26): *And when you call me Princess.*

There. She said it. She brought it up. "Oh god," she groaned, biting back a cringe at herself.

Draco 🏍️ (2:27): *You look good when you blush for me. I remember. It's very sexy.*

Draco 🏍️ (2:27): *Do you want me to stop calling you Princess?*

She'd never been more thankful for a customer in her whole life, needing another breather. A middle aged man brought up copies of *The Stranger*, *Frankenstein*, and *Slaughterhouse Five*.

Hermione scanned the books and ran his card, and then carefully bagging everything up, unlike when she had all but tossed Mrs. Jones' book into a paper bag and nearly shoved it at her, like an absolute idiot.

Hermione (2:31): *No one has ever called me that before.*

Wait! Her words.

Hermione (2:31): *But... I seem to like it. So no, don't stop :)*

Hermione (2:31): *I just get a little flustered tbh.*

Draco 🏍️ (2:32): *Flustered, huh?*

Draco 🏍️ (2:32): *I like that. I can work with flustered.*

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

Thursday

Her room was a disaster. Clothes were absolutely everywhere, and she had to leave in less than an hour. She'd already thought she had planned on what to wear, she had chosen a cute top and skirt, she'd laid out sandals and had even picked out a matching bra and knicker set – for, *you know*, in the event should something happen.

She had needs! She was grown! He called her Princess!

“You don’t even know what he bloody looks like!” Hermione whined at herself, pulling on a pair of dark jeans over black lace cheekys (yes, *of course* she’d chosen a black bra/panty set for her Biker in Black, what of it?) “He could look like a toad!”

Full panic was threatening to set in. Looks weren’t the most important thing in the world, but they were a *little* important –let’s be all the way real here. But she was still attracted to *who* Draco was. She liked texting him at odd hours of the day, she liked learning little bits and pieces about him, and telling him bits and pieces about herself.

But even still... what if Draco took his helmet off and she –god forbid– flinched at what she saw? What if the picture she had concocted in her head of what he could possibly look like was the complete opposite of the truth.

“What the hell were you *thinking*, Hermione?” She scolded, thankful no one was around to hear her –thankful she could afford her own place so she could spiral in peace. “You couldn’t ask for a bloody selfie? You couldn’t try to stalk him on the internet, could you –no, you had to just *go with it*. You had to just... oh I hate these jeans!”

She took a deep breath, covering her face with her hands after tugging the jeans from her body and throwing them across the room. She had to get it together. This was pathetic.

Deep breath. In and out.

She picked the skirt and top for a reason. She was going with the skirt and top. There would be no motorcycle riding tonight, there would be no need for trousers. Also, she had shaved and lotioned –that wasn’t going to go to waste because she was freaking out.

With another deep breath, she grabbed the skirt from the corner of her bed and pulled it on. It was soft, falling to the middle of her thighs –black with a tiny floral print, giving it some color. She liked this skirt. It made her feel cute, and she wanted to feel cute. And then the white top, a bit fitted and cropped enough to show a sliver of skin above her waist. Instead of the sandals, she grabbed her white trainers, and then threw on an off-white cardigan. A little oversized, almost falling beyond her skirt.

“There you go,” Hermione nodded, looking in the full length mirror of her bedroom. She looked at her hair –it did what it wanted, there was no real use in fighting it. Thick and slightly wild chestnut curls that fell down her back.

Her phone dinged. Hermione bit her lip, rummaging through her striped duvet until she found it.

Draco 🏍️ (7:13): *What’s your favorite color?*

She giggled, sitting down on the edge of her bed, feeling a little cheeky, satisfied with her date outfit. She was still a bundle of nerves though, but excited. Should she ask for a selfie now, or just full on commit to waiting until they met up?

She’d wait. She’d already come this far.

Hermione (7:15): *Neon orange.*

Draco 🏍️ (7:16): *Brat.*

Draco 🏍️ (7:16): *For real.*

Hermione (7:17): *I like any color. I guess I’m partial to blue or green.*

Draco 🏍️ (7:18): *Perfect. I’ll see you soon, yeah?*

Oh, the butterflies were *rabid*. She pushed her curls out of her face, standing back up to go searching for her purse before she headed out.

Hermione (7:20): *I’ll be the one standing awkwardly.*

After one more look in the mirror, Hermione nodded to herself and left her flat, grabbing her car keys on the way. She gave a polite smile to her elderly neighbor Edie, and took the stairs down to where her car was –her little blue Fiat that she had thought Draco was too tall to ever comfortably sit in. The image of him trying to squeeze in made her grin.

The drive wasn’t too bad, only twenty minutes. When she pulled into a little parking area, her heart lodged into her throat, immediately seeing that Draco was already there. By the looks of it, he’d just arrived and was still backing his bike into a space, his long legs having no trouble to reach down flat-footed to the ground. His head and upper body was turned as he backed in, so he didn’t see her pull up.

Hermione parked in the empty space two spots down from him. She cut the engine and took a deep breath, checking her mascara in her visor mirror one last time. Now or never.

When she walked over to where Draco was, she smiled and just watched him for a moment. He didn’t know she was there yet. He stood at the side of his bike (it was still very impressive, she loved the matte finish), facing away from her. His shiny helmet was still on as he removed his gloves.

He wore black jeans with his motorcycle boots and jacket, instead of his usual protective leathers. After Draco removed both gloves and shoved them half into his back pocket, he began fiddling with the strap of his helmet.

“Hey, Draco,” Hermione said loud enough to where she hoped he could hear.

He froze, then slowly turned towards her, his hands falling from his helmet strap. His visor was up, letting her see his eyes travel up and down as he looked at her, then crinkle in the corners from his hidden smile.

She bit her lip, tilting her head to the side, “Are you going to keep me in suspense?”

He slowly shook his head before going back to his helmet strap, not taking his eyes off of her as he picked at it until it finally came loose (it seemed rather fussy to deal with, no wonder he and his friends kept their helmets on). Hermione felt her stomach tighten, watching his large hands curl around the bottom of the helmet.

She almost laughed. God, this was like edging.

When the helmet finally came off, one hand immediately obscured her view as he pushed his light blonde hair out of his face. His face. His fucking *face*.

He was... he was stunning. Hermione could barely breathe. He was *beautiful*.

“Hey, Princess,” Draco smirked at her. It sounded even better without the helmet, when he said it. Smooth and dark, but still a touch of play.

She watched how his mouth moved when he said it, her eyes traveling over his angular structure, over the cut of his jaw and the sharp slope of his nose. How could someone look like an angel and a demon at the same time? He looked aristocratic in the way his cheek dimpled when he smirked (perfect teeth, of course), one single brow arching when she stood there in silence.

To be fair, she *did* say she’d be the one standing there awkwardly. She opened her mouth and the only thing that came out was, “Oh, you bastard.”

That must have caught him off guard (it caught her off guard too), because he stopped and laughed, “*What?*”

Before she could even stop herself, she was closing the space between them, reaching her hand up to his shoulder to shove him, “I said, you bastard.”

He had the decency to take a step back like she had any effect in her shove, still laughing, “Yes, I heard you –why am I a bastard?”

Her face felt like it was on fire, looking up at him. God, he was tall. “Here I was, a little worried you’d look like a *toad* and... you’re like... untouchably hot.”

Draco set his helmet on the back of his bike and then sat sideways on the seat, bringing his height down so they could look at each other almost face to face. And then they just looked at

each other quietly. They were fairly close. Not sharing the same air kind of close, but close enough to where if either one of them wanted to lean forward, they'd be kissing quite quickly.

"I'd like to think I'm quite touchable," Draco murmured, fingers reaching out to tug on one of her curls.

Hermione's whole body flushed, both from his words and then *fully* realizing what she had said. "I don't normally call someone a bastard on the first date," she breathed.

"No? When do you usually?"

"At least the fourth," Hermione grinned.

Draco hummed, head tilting a little as he stared at her mouth before his silver eyes met hers, "Then I'm ahead of the curve, yeah?"

She loved his voice. There was a touch of arrogance lacing through his tone that should have turned her off, but was doing everything but that. "It would seem so."

He drew his bottom lip between his teeth before he spoke again (she found him awfully sexy, his looks just amped up his appeal), "I couldn't breathe the first time I saw you. You're *incredibly* fucking beautiful..."

Butterflies and blushes. "Thank you."

"I won't call you untouchable though," Draco added, in nearly a purr. "I intend to show you how touchable I think you are. Maybe I can change your mind about me."

"That's what you intend?" She breathed, a surge of giddy nerves pushing at her chest. God, he just *said* things like that.

"When you allow it, yes," Draco twirled another one of her curls around his finger, then let it go.

"You said when, not if," Hermione pointed out, a smirk pulling at the corner of her mouth. "You're very sure of yourself, aren't you?"

He shrugged, "When you know, you know."

Another full body flush. He made his confession so plainly, so honestly while looking right in her eyes. She'd known the man for six days, but he'd already managed to take her breath away and make her feel like this –*them*– was inevitable. It was cosmic. Biblical. Draco and Hermione, it was *meant*.

"Do you want to go get that drink now?" Draco asked, one of his brows arching. She nodded, but he didn't move –his head tilted the other way and he took a deep breath like he was waiting.

Hermione breathed a laugh, taking a step back, "Yes."

That got him to stand to his full height again, his fingers plucking at the zipper of his jacket as he did, “Have you been here before?”

“I haven’t even heard of this place,” she answered, watching him shrug his jacket off of his broad shoulders and fold it over one arm. He wore a dark green henley (the way that it hung on his body nearly made her mouth water), the sleeves pushed up to his elbows, making her pause at the sight of his tattoos that graced his strong forearms.

“I haven’t either. Blaise recommended it though.”

He had chosen black ink instead of color, the contrast against his pale skin was unsettling and breathtaking all at once. On the outside of one forearm, the profile of the head of a dragon, a bit aggressive in form with its large teeth and spikes, but beautifully done.

The other arm was just about blacked-out starting at the wrist in what looked like huge solid black brush strokes, leading up under the rolled sleeve at his elbow. She wanted to know what they led to. She wanted to know if the black-out was covering something. He never mentioned he had tattoos –did he have more?

As if he read her mind, “It’s only part of it. It gets better further up, I promise.”

“What is it?” She asked.

“It’s a tattoo.”

Hermione knocked the back of her hand against his arm, tutting at him, “Hilarious.”

“I thought so,” Draco chuckled, offering his hand. “Shall we?”

Hermione nodded, sliding her hand into his much larger one, letting him slot their fingers together. It felt good. *Right*. She held her breath as he brought their joined hands up to his mouth, pressing a kiss to the back of her hand. She got chills, feeling his warm breath on her skin, the softness of his lips. So much better than the fake hand kiss against his helmet.

The bar was called Nomad. It looked like it was a converted warehouse –something industrial with towering ceilings and thick black metal supportive beams, and exposed brick. It was cool, with an air of easy posh without being too upscale. It was relaxed and open. Not too crowded, thankfully, but enough to create a nice background of white noise. She loved it.

Draco led her to the long marble-topped bar, finding a couple open seats there, and helped her up before he took his seat. Hermione just kept looking at him, kept paying attention to the way he moved –fluid and confident. She liked how he tilted his chin up to get the attention of a bartender, and how he shifted in his seat to turn slightly towards her, her left knee touching his right one.

He ordered a beer (something she hadn't heard before, but it sounded a little fancy); she ordered a cider. Nothing too harsh, like they both wanted to keep their wits about them, to make this last as long as possible.

Her mouth pull into a knowing grin when he looked at her, and his eyes light up with that same knowing. Like they shared a secret, or like they had done this before, even though they hadn't. It just felt right. There was instant comfort in each others presence.

“I never asked you what you do,” Draco pointed out. “Where do you work?”

“Currently in a bookshop,” Hermione replied. “But... I do have a degree in Chemistry.”

Draco’s brows shot up at that, his silver eyes going a little wide –a common reaction, she was half expecting it, honestly. “You work in a bookshop, but have a degree in Chemistry?”

Hermione nodded, “Yes.”

His face softened a bit, “Is that a story for another time?”

“It is,” she sighed, offering a soft smile. She didn’t want to talk about her parents right now, about their fatal accident and how it blew her entire world to pieces. She wanted to have a good night, not bring the mood down. “It’s at *least* a third date story.”

Draco nodded, winking, “Got it. I can wait. You really are a clever girl, aren’t you? Very impressive.”

Hermione pressed her lips together when she smiled, feeling her cheeks heat and belly flutter; it didn’t go unnoticed by him –Draco smirked and nodded. He liked that she liked hearing him praise her. He liked their compatibility.

Her cider was placed in front of her by the bartender, along with Draco’s beer in front of him.

“What about you?” She asked, taking a sip of her cider (lovely without being too sweet).

Draco paused, his brow quirking sharply in thought as he sipped his beer. “Got wrangled into the family business –for now. Financial planning, real estate, and all that... it’s quite boring.”

Interesting –unexpected. He said *for now*. “What do you really want to do then?”

He grinned, sitting back against the backrest of his stool, “That’s also at least a third date story.”

She chuckled, nodding. “I suppose we’ll both have to wait.” She paused, looking him up and down, her eyes lingering on his exposed tattoos. “Does that mean you wear suits?”

He nodded. She blushed from the visual.

“You like that,” Draco leaned forward a bit. “Do you like a man in a suit, Princess?”

Draco was going to be the death of her self control. “I don’t really have a preference, but I think you probably look... *very* nice in a suit. Let me guess, black on black?”

“Of course.”

“You wore color tonight,” she nodded to his shirt. The fabric laid on him nicely; he was strong yet lean under there, defined. Briefly, her eyes dropped to his jeans —nice strong thighs too— before flicking back up to his face.

Draco caught her checking him out but didn’t say anything, just smirked. “Well, it’s a special occasion. And you like green.” She blushed, biting her lip. “God, I love that.”

Talking to Draco was easy. Sitting in brief silences was easy too.

They talked about art –about Degas, Monet, and Renoir– Draco liked French impressionism. Hermione was more partial to symbolist artists –Klimt, Böcklin and Munch. They surprised each other with what kind of art they were drawn to. Hermione wanted to visit galleries with him, and before she could even suggest they go one day, he was already saying the words, already making a plan. They’d go next week, he knew just the place. Dinner afterwards.

They talked more about movies, and shows on the telly, and food.

His eyes were everywhere on her like he was memorizing, but his hands stayed casual and respectful. A brush of his fingers against her wrist or shoulder, or reaching to hold her hand. Just once his long fingers touched her knee for the barest of moments, and she thought her body would melt into the floor. He grinned when she reached for his hand, and when she pretended he had a piece of lint on his shoulder, or when she playfully swatted his arm.

Hermione asked about his motorcycle, even though she didn’t know a damn thing about it, she asked what kind it was and how long he had it. He took a deep breath before answering, giving her a careful grin.

“It’s a Ducati V4S. I’ve had it for three years now,” he said.

She might not have known anything about motorcycles, but she knew the name *Ducati*. Hermione rested her elbow on the bartop, her jaw dropping. “I don’t know much, but I know that’s a serious bike!”

He nodded and laughed, “It is.”

“That’s terrifying,” she reached for his arm, giving him a squeeze. “Please tell me you’re careful –you know those don’t have safety belts, right?”

“Do they not?” He teased.

“I’m serious,” Hermione said, her other hand joining the one on his arm. “Draco, be careful.”

He sighed and grinned at her, his free arm reaching to tuck a curl behind her ear, his thumb brushing her cheek. “I like how you say my name.”

Hermione couldn’t help but lean into his touch, her eyes fluttering, her hands sliding down his arm to grab onto his empty and waiting hand. “You go very fast, don’t you?” When his hand stilled, she corrected herself. “On your bike.”

Draco smirked, this thumb trailing down her jaw before he dropped his hand, “Sometimes I go very fast, yes.”

“I’m going to worry about you a lot,” she murmured. “I won’t be able to help it, it’s who I am. Don’t get too annoyed with me about it, alright?”

She doesn’t even know why she said that. It just... felt right. Even though it may have been a bit presumptuous, in a way. In some ways she made herself nervous with her own words. Six days, remember? She’d only known the man for six days.

This wasn’t some Disney movie, even though he called her Princess. This was reality, and she was already picturing herself pacing and waiting with her phone tight in her hand – *because he promised to call by nine o’clock, and damnit it was half past now, and she was freaking the hell out.*

Oh and she’d be *so* cross with him when he finally did call by nine thirty-five. He’d apologize and she’d forgive him because his apology would be *genuine*, and he was normally *so* good at keeping his promise to call by nine o’clock, he *really* was. But her heart would be beating against her ribs and she’d be on the verge of tears, because *Draco, you go too fast!*

Six days. She’d never felt like this after six days. Not once.

“Alright,” he agreed. “I promise I won’t get annoyed with you worrying about me, Princess.”

Hermione failed in fighting back the grin, the back of her neck flushing, feeling like she was melting all over again over that damn little nickname. “You’re *such* a troublemaker Draco–” she gasped, squeezing his hand. “We don’t know each other’s last names.”

He snorted a laugh, reaching for his beer to take a drink. “I didn’t realize that either. It’s Malfoy.”

Draco Malfoy. His family is in finance and real estate, he rides a Ducati, he has aristocratic looks and perfect teeth –and with *that* name on top of it... as strongly suspected, he’s a posh boy. Old money. It didn’t matter to Hermione, she’d just never been with a posh boy.

A posh boy who couldn’t decide if he was envious or disgusted by the story of *Into the Wild*. A posh boy who sometimes could only think of running away. Her heart ached; oh, Draco.

Hermione nodded, “My last name is Granger.”

“Granger,” Draco repeated, arching a brow as he nodded. “For now.”

She gasped through a laugh at his added wink. “God, you really are so sure of yourself, aren’t you?”

But then he brought it up again later, when he walked her to her little Fiat (he made a comment how the real death trap was the *toy car* she drove). Hermione leaned her back against the side of her (perfectly safe) car and looked up at him. He was close, and she knew what was about to happen.

She'd known it would happen since Sunday. She'd been waiting for it.

His hand curled around the back of her neck, cradling her, guiding her to tilt her chin up further while she grabbed onto his open jacket he had shrugged back on; the smooth leather felt good under her hands. His other hand slid to her hip, pulling her closer.

Hermione made a soft sound in the back of her throat when she met him halfway, raising up on her toes. Cosmic. Their kiss was cosmic. Biblical. Meant.

Draco kissed with slow greed. He kissed with promise, and conviction. It made her ache. He tasted like his beer, and he tasted like *him* –warm and familiar, even though she'd never tasted him before. He smelled fucking delicious, and she couldn't even detect cologne, it was just... *Draco*. It made her shiver.

He pressed her against her car, his hand sliding from her hip to her waist, his fingers playing at the exposed strip of skin there, making her shiver. He breathed her in when he kissed her, a low sound coming from his chest.

"Fuck, you feel good," he whispered.

Hermione gasped against his mouth when he nipped at her bottom lip, his fingers gently curling into her hair, tugging. His other hand pulled up to wrap around the base of her throat. Just holding her there, grounding her. Claiming. That was *good*. It was right. They were so matched. Fucking cosmic.

It made her whimper. Her whimper made him groan.

She didn't want to stop kissing him. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled until he released her throat and slid his arm around her waist. Draco pulled her up until her toes left the ground, until she was pressed better against her car, safe in his hold. She carefully lifted her legs, knees bending so he could press closer against her.

Hermione felt him –hard under his denim. Knowing she did that to Draco made her moan softly. He pressed snug against her while her legs tightened around his hips. It was hard to fully judge what he was working with, but the absolute last word she'd use to describe it would be *unimpressive*.

His one hand was still curled in the base of her hair, giving her light teasing tugs. It sent chill bumps up over every inch of her body. So *so* good.

She had a fleeting thought, reminding herself she was only wearing a skirt –a simple scrap of lace separating her from his jeans. God, it would be so easy. Even though they were in a little parking lot where anyone could walk by, it would be *so* easy. Slowly, she rolled her hips against him. *Please, please, please...*

He came up for air and grunted, "Stay still, Princess."

Hermione's protesting whimper was cut off by more of his greedy kisses. But she stayed still, even though she wanted to reach down and fumble with his button and zipper while he

moved that damn scrap of lace to the side. She'd never been one for public shagging, but at that moment she wouldn't have cared.

She wanted him *badly*, but he was lowering her from the moon back down to earth. His greed growing slower, pulling back until they were both breathing hard against each other's mouths and her hands were curled into his dark green henley that he picked out to wear just for her – because she was partial to blue and green, and Draco only wore black. He wore color for her.

"I'm going to marry you one day," he whispered.

"Is that what you decided?" she breathed back, her mouth curling in a teasing grin. The man was brazen and ridiculous. His words should have stunned her and freaked her the hell out, but for whatever reason, they didn't.

"You'll see," he took a step back, his lips reddened and eyes heavy with want. "Text me when you get home, yeah?"

She was dazed from his kisses and from his declaration of his intentions that she couldn't *hope* to process at the moment. Hermione barely nodded, eyes wandering over his face, drifting lower.

"Hermione," Draco gently took her chin in his hand, his silver eyes focused, bringing her into focus with him. "I'd like to know when you get home safe."

"I'll text you," she said. She felt warm and needy, her thighs pressing together, and she knew she was going to have a long night ahead of her if she didn't take care of herself as *soon* as she got home. "Will you text me when you get home too?"

Draco leaned down to brush his lips across hers before he kissed her again, "Of course."

"You've got to stop, you're killing me," she giggled, playfully shoving him back.

He grinned, winking at her, "I'm just getting started."

And then they parted ways. He didn't leave the little parking lot until she did, making sure she got out okay.

Hermione couldn't stop smiling as she drove home. She turned her music up, rolled her windows down and for a moment wondered if that was how Draco felt when he flew down the street on his bike. She hardly *ever* rolled her windows down, it always made a mess of her hair. But after that kiss, after that date... she didn't care about the wind whipping her hair around. Yes, she was still safely buckled into her car, but for a moment she pretended. It was freeing. Wild.

Not tomorrow, not next week, maybe not even two weeks from then... but one day when she was ready, she'd hop on the back of Draco's bike with him.

After she climbed the stairs up to her flat and locked herself safely inside, she fished her phone out of her purse, making her way to her bedroom. She didn't even bother to clean up

all her discarded clothes that littered her room, or take anything off other than her trainers and cardigan before flopping herself onto her comfy bed.

Her skin hummed, a grin pulling at the corner of her mouth.

Wow, that man could kiss.

Hermione (9:53): *Just got home :)*

Hermione (9:53): *I had a really good time, thank you for taking me out Xx*

She took a deep breath, setting her phone beside her on the bed as she stared up at the white ceiling of her bedroom. Her fingers fidgeted, thighs gently pressing together as she laid there. It surprised her that she absolutely would have shagged Draco right there against her car. He was too sexy for his own good. And they matched, like he knew her –like she knew him.

Hermione groaned, frustrated. She couldn't stop thinking about it. His hand resting at the base of her throat, the other tugging at her hair while he fucking *owned* her with a kiss like that. He laid claim. Fully. And she gave it up, without question.

“Calm down,” she whispered towards her ceiling. “You’ve known him for six days.”

She had to reel it in. She wasn't this girl, she'd *never* been this girl! She didn't fall into a guy like this so quickly, she didn't battle with her self control like this. Hermione was the *queen* of self control, she could write a goddamn how-to book on it. And then all it took was a sexy blonde calling her Princess to make all of that crumble.

But god, it felt so right. It felt *so* fucking right. Because he was way more than just a sexy blonde calling her Princess. It felt like fate –and part of her hated to even acknowledge that.

Even though she had set herself up on Sunday to *possibly* run into him again, she had absolutely *no* idea it would've *actually* worked in her favor.

She'd never seen Draco before in her life, or any of his friends –especially at the bakery.

But then he *did* show up. So it had to be fate, right? Even if just a little bit?

Her phone dinged; she snatched it up.

Draco 🏍️ (10:01): *I just got home too.*

Draco 🏍️ (10:01): *I had a really good time too. Headed to bed?*

Hermione snorted a laugh. Like she could sleep at a time like this.

Her thighs were pressing together, her skin was on fire, and her mouth was still tender and tingling. No, she was *not* headed to bed yet.

Hermione (10:02): *I'm not very tired right now.*

Draco 🏍️ (10:04): *Me either.*

Draco 🏍️ (10:04): *It's hard to sleep after a goodbye like that.*

She groaned, body flushing while her stomach flipped three times over.

Hermione (10:05): *Can I tell you 2 things?*

Draco 🏍️ (10:06): *You can tell me as many things as you want.*

Hermione sat there for a few minutes, staring at her phone with her bottom lip tight between her teeth, trying to summon the words and the courage to use them. She didn't want to mess up what she wanted to say.

Hermione (10:09): *1... I usually have a better grip on my self control.*

Hermione (10:09): *2... I can't stop thinking about it.*

Draco 🏍️ (10:10): *About what?*

Hermione (10:11): *The way you kissed me. And held me.*

Draco 🏍️ (10:13): *You've got me all twisted up.*

He's all twisted up? She's a fucking mess. She felt like her skin was about to crawl right off of her body if she didn't have him.

Draco 🏍️ (10:13): *I usually have a better handle on my self control too.*

Hermione's fingers were teasing herself over her knickers, thinking about the way he told her to stay still when she rolled her hips against him. She wondered if she kept going, if he would've said to hell with it and taken her right then.

Draco 🏍️ (10:14): *I had half a mind to invite you back to my place tbh.*

Draco 🏍️ (10:14): *You felt too good to let go. The ride home was... rough.*

She cups herself between her thighs over her knickers, wanting it to be him. His hand, or his mouth, hell she'd even take his thigh at this point. That could be hot, right? She could ride his thigh while he kissed her until she couldn't remember which way was up. He looked like he had nice strong thighs...

Hermione (10:15): *Okay. Cards on the table.*

Hermione (10:15): *I want you.*

"Here goes nothing," Hermione breathes, sending Draco her address.

Her cheeks immediately grow white hot, slight abject horror twisting in her gut. What did she just do? She just sent her address to a man she's only known for six days after saying she

wanted him –he was either going to think she was an idiot or a slag.

Draco 🏍️ (10:18): *Are you sure?*

Draco 🏍️ (10:18): *Because I can be there in 10 mins.*

Draco 🏍️ (10:18): *20 if I'm careful.*

Hermione (10:20): *If it doesn't make you think I'm a slag, yes I'm very sure.*

Hermione (10:20): *And you better be careful.*

“Oh... shit!” Hermione gasped when her phone started ringing. Her stomach dropped. Draco was calling her and her hand was halfway into her knickers.

She cleared her throat, quickly picking up the call, “Hey...”

“If you’re touching yourself right now, stop,” were Draco’s first words to her.

Hermione closed her eyes, easing her hand out of her knickers while she savored the sound of his voice pressed against her ear like that. Dark and wanting, she could *feel* his ache dripping from every word.

There was some rustling around going on, on Draco’s end –like he was rummaging around for something. “First, Hermione... you’re not a slag. You got that? So knock that shit right off.”

“Okay,” she blushed. “It’s just... we’ve only known each other less than a week.”

“Doesn’t feel like it,” he murmured. She heard a door shutting, and then heavy footsteps through the phone. “Am I wrong?”

“You’re not wrong,” she admitted.

“Besides, who fucking cares? It’s you and me, and we want this, yeah? So who cares,” Draco scoffed. There was more rustling around as the footsteps continued. “Were you touching yourself?”

“I was... getting started.” She huffed and then almost whined, “Why can’t I touch myself?”

“Because, Princess,” Draco started, smile evident in his voice. She heard another door shutting, and then echoing footsteps. “You’ve got a beautiful and clever mind, and I want to see what happens when you use it to think about how the rest of this night is going to go.”

She bit back a groan, his hips fidgeting, “I can’t decide if that’s evil or brilliant.”

He chuckled, “Are you still dressed?”

“Yes.” Hermione pressed her thighs together tight, unable to hold back the soft noise in the back of her throat. Draco swore when he heard her.

“Good girl,” Draco purred. She nearly *expired* right then and there. “Will you do something for me –will you stay right where you are and not move until you need to let me in?”

Her brows creased, but she nodded and grinned, “I can –oh but there’s clothes all over my room, it’s such a mess–”

“I couldn’t give less of a fuck,” Draco breathed a laugh. “The only mess I care about is your knickers, Hermione. You said you can’t stop thinking about how I kissed you. Think about me kissing between your gorgeous thighs like that. Can you do that for me?”

She fucking *whimpered*, her mind going a million miles an hour. She might not survive the night, if he kept his mouth running like this. “I can do that for you.”

“Will you let me take care of you tonight?”

Hermione closed her eyes, biting her bottom lip to stop herself from *squealing*, “Yes.”

“I’ll be there in twenty –I’ll be careful, like you asked. Don’t start without me. I’m going to make you feel so fucking good, Princess. Are you going to be my good girl and keep your hands out of your knickers for me, like I asked?”

“Yes,” She breathed. She was soaked and aching.

“Say it, so I can hang up.”

Hermione swore on everything she loved, she was going to spontaneously combust. “I’ll be your good girl.”

He groaned, “Fuck, I love hearing that... twenty minutes.” And then he hung up.

Chapter End Notes

gettin' a little spicy..

thanks for reading! :)

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes



Thank you so much to everyone commenting on this! I love all the feedback, I appreciate it so much! I've grown quite attached to this little thing, just one more chapter to go after this! :)

It was possibly the longest twenty minutes of her entire life.

Hermione spent those twenty minutes with a racing mind, her thighs pressed tightly together, and a hand rubbing over her collarbone and neck, restless. She felt like a little wild thing, almost giddy with what she was about to do –inviting a man over whom she'd only been on one date with.

Though she wasn't a prude by any means, Hermione had never even had a one-night-stand before, much less slept with someone after only knowing them a week. She needed a connection, she'd just always been like that. Well, she *got* a connection with Draco, didn't she? And she believed him, that he felt it too. It was hard to deny or ignore –and you couldn't fake that feeling.

Also, her knickers? Absolutely ruined. Thighs? Soaked. Hips? Could not sit still to save her life. Her bottom lip? Bitten tender and puffy. Hermione Granger was a fucking mess.

Thinking about what Draco told her –*You said you can't stop thinking about how I kissed you. Think about me kissing between your gorgeous thighs like that.* She groaned, giving into every single wanton wild thought that entered her mind. He wanted her to use her mind, then she'd bloody use her mind.

It didn't even make her nervous that she was already so willing to bend to him. Hermione liked that though, she liked when her partner took over and let her mind rest for a bit. She trusted Draco –maybe she shouldn't already trust him in that way; but that connection, that undeniable connection... cosmic.

And then came the knock.

Hermione took a deep breath, getting up from her bed, her thighs slick as she walked down the hallway, through her flat's little living room, and stood at her front door. Her insides were full of butterflies and bees. Her face was on fire. Her core ached.

Within the time it took for her hand to raise to unlock the door, Hermione had about ten hours worth of self-talk whittled down to three seconds (because there was still a little part of her

that was *absolutely* freaking the hell out).

In the first second –she needed to calm down, she was an adult making an adult decision, and so was Draco. Everything was *fine*.

In the second second –even if this ended up being a one-night thing, it would be worth it, she just knew that in her bones. The man wanted to take care of her –*hello? Yes!*

In the third second –she was *completely* overthinking everything. Deep breath; release the lingering tension. Go with it.

Draco was pulling his shiny black helmet off when she opened the door, giving her a flash of his light blonde hair sticking up in odd directions before he had the chance to smooth it back into place. It made him look more human for that brief moment –especially when his cheeks tinted the barest of pink. Like he was a little embarrassed he'd been caught without looking perfect. She liked that.

Of course he recovered quickly, his eyes sliding up and down her frame, making her feel like a little wild thing all over again. Tight heat radiating deep and low inside of her. Something shifted within her the moment she saw him. There in the flesh. He was there for her, he wanted her and she wanted him, and this was fucking happening. For real.

God, she was ready. All the nerves melted away. Just like that.

Hermione took a step back from the door, head tilting as she watched him take a step, following her inside. Draco closed and locked the door behind him, blindly setting his helmet down on the floor by the door, not taking his eyes off of her. She took another step back and smirked. He took another step forward, unzipping his jacket. Another step back. He took one as well, letting his jacket fall to his feet.

“Were you a good girl for me?” He finally spoke, his voice thick with want.

Silver eyes were hungry and focused on nothing but her. There was no looking around her flat, there was no glancing to the side at what kind of furniture she had, or taking a peek at her bookcases. Just her. It thrilled her, it urged her on, made her feel ready and confident in a way she hadn't felt with a partner before. This man *wanted* her, *desired* her, fucking *craved* her. He was *solely* focused. It was primal, almost.

“I was,” Hermione nodded. She gave him a little grin, taking another step back. “I was so good.”

Draco smirked back and hummed in appreciation, following her into the hallway. “I knew you would be.”

It was getting worse, the longer he looked at her like that. Between her thighs was such a mess of heat and arousal. Hermione's tender bottom lip found its way back between her teeth, drawing his attention there.

“You’re going to bite that lip raw, Princess,” he closed the space between them finally, his thumb gently rising to tug her lip from between her teeth. He traced over her lip with that thumb, making her shiver. “Be careful with this pretty mouth.”

He was so tall. Hermione looked up at him, pressed between his body and the wall of her hallway. She didn’t mean to whimper, but she did. Draco grinned down at her, his thumb rubbing back and forth over her bottom lip as they just stood there, tension climbing around them.

“I’d very much like to taste every fucking inch of you,” Draco murmured. “I’ve been thinking about it since I first saw you.”

“You have?” Hermione breathed, her eyes going a bit wide.

Draco nodded slowly. “Will you let me?”

“Yes.” As *if* she’d say no to that –*please*.

“Show me to your room, love,” Draco purred.

Heart lodged in her throat, her knickers were in such a state that she’d never be able to look at them again. Hermione led Draco to her room, feeling his eyes on the back of her head the entire time. She took deep breaths, ignoring how messy her room was.

Draco sat on the edge of her bed, taking her hand and guiding her to stand between his knees so he could look at her, Hermione felt hot and buzzy all over –letting his eyes roam. His hands slid to her hips, drawing her closer, his large hands curling deliciously around her there. He made her feel small in the best ways.

She wanted him. All of him.

And then in a brief moment of clarity, her voice came out soft and quick while she reached for her phone on the nightstand. “I have an IUD,” she tapped away at her phone, bringing up test results, turning the phone to face Draco’s stare. “And I tested negative eight months ago, I haven’t been with anyone since.”

They hadn’t talked about this. It was important. They couldn’t be careless.

Draco’s intense face softened at the edges as he fished his phone out of his back pocket, his long fingers tapping away until he turned his screen towards her, “Five months for me. Negative.”

Hermione tossed her phone back on the nightstand, watching Draco do the same before his hands found their way back to her hips. It was a silent exchange. She was sure. He was sure. Maybe the trust wasn’t earned yet, but it’s what they wanted. It felt right. It felt so right, so maybe it *was* earned.

“That’s what you want?” He murmured, wanting her words.

She nodded, “I’m sure if you are.”

Draco grinned slow, “I’ve never been more sure about anyone in my fucking life, Hermione.”

She felt warm all over again, “Because when you know, you know?”

His hands trailed down to her thighs, then back up to her hips, his thumbs pressing gently against her, making her stomach flutter. His eyes didn’t leave hers once. Molten silver. Mercury. White gold. Basalt.

Draco was hers from the moment she saw those eyes. She was his from the moment he saw her turn that corner. Damn the timeline, it didn’t matter.

“When you know, you know.”

This man was about to ruin all other men for her, she just knew it. And she was completely fucking okay with that. She didn’t want anyone else.

“Take that off for me,” Draco whispered, his eyes dropping to her top.

Hermione blushed, but slid her top up over her head, leaving her in the black lace bra she had picked out especially for him. By how his head tilted to the side and the soft groan that spilled from his lips, she had chosen right.

He pulled her even closer, until his lips brushed over the lace, his breath hot and bleeding through the flimsy material. Draco’s hands slid up her body in tandem, cupping her over her bra, pulling a soft sigh from her throat from his slow exploration.

Hermione’s hands found their way into his soft hair, pulling him closer. He just about growled, mouthing hungrily at one of her breasts through the lace, hands gently squeezing the mounds like they were a direct gift from god himself. They fit into his grip perfectly, and she loved that.

He made her feel so *wanted* as he turned his head to take her other breast into his mouth just like the first, his fingers curling down to gently tug the material of the cups down, exposing her pebbled nipples to him.

“Fuck,” Draco breathed. His hands slid behind her, plucking at the clasp. It came apart, and Hermione lowered her arms so it fell to the floor between them, leaving her in nothing but her skirt and knickers. “God, you’re perfect.”

Silver eyes peered up at her, his mouth giving her a slow smirk before he brushed his lips over one nipple, followed by his tongue. Hot and wet as it dragged across the sensitive bud; Hermione shivered, her hands finding their way back to his hair, needing something to ground herself with.

“Oh shit...” Hermione’s breath hitched while Draco worked his mouth over one nipple. Lips and tongue and teeth; he played. Chill bumps flushed over her entire body while she just stood there pressing her thighs together, aching, letting him taste her. “That’s so good.”

“Been craving this,” Draco murmured, sliding over to her other nipple, giving it the same treatment. “You taste like heaven. And your skin –fuck... you smell so good. That’s just *you*,

isn't it?"

She nodded, her fingernails scratching against his scalp, heat pooling in her center as he sucked and bit at her nipples, going back and forth, his breath ragged. She found her words, "Yes –it's just me."

With a groan, Draco leaned back, his hands sliding down her body to her hips, then further down to her thighs, his fingertips brushing against her skin. "Take off your pretty skirt for me, Princess."

Hermione swallowed hard, feeling her face heat up again as she slipped her fingers under the waist of her skirt and pushed it down, letting the material flutter and pool around her bare feet. She stood under his gaze, watching silver eyes take her in, another soft noise at the sight of her knickers. Another right choice.

He was still fully clothed, and something about that made Hermione breathe a little harder, made her feel even more wanted. His big hands slid up and down her thighs, hips, waist, a squeeze for her arse, back down to her thighs, just feeling her. He was lightly calloused on the pads of his fingers and palms, but they felt so good. His touch was *so* good.

"Come here," Draco murmured.

Hermione climbed into his lap, straddling him, bringing her core snug against his denim clad erection. His hands slid up her back and then into her hair, pulling her down to his mouth.

She moaned into his greedy and slow kiss, melting against him. He quietly took control over her mouth, over her entire self. Holding her and tasting her kiss again, his hands falling to grip her hips, stilling her needy search for friction. Hermione gave it all up, every part of it.

He lifted and turned them until she was under him, gasping when his mouth trailed down her throat. All lips and tongue, all hot and greedy kisses that left her skin humming and heating for more.

"Please," she whimpered, her hands in his hair. "Draco, please touch me."

His mouth was trailing between her breasts, his hands gently taking hers out of his hair and pressing them to the mattress. "I am touching you," she felt his smile against her skin.

She groaned, partially in frustration, her hips fidgeting, needing more. "I need you."

"You have me," Draco breathed against her abdomen, working lower. His tongue tasting her skin, his hands skimming the outside of her trembling thighs. "I'm here now. I'll take care of you, I promise."

She wanted to scream, she was so worked up. Hermione breathed hard, her hands clutching harshly at her duvet, toes curling. Draco's breath was hot against her skin. Patient, slow kisses against her hip, nipping teeth –and then shifting to her other hip. It was too much and not enough all at the same time. She'd die, surely.

“God, the state of you,” Draco’s breath was hot against her soaked knickers. He breathed her in, nose brushing against the lace as big hands took her thighs, spreading them more. “Is this for me?”

Her body flushed further as she moaned, hips fidgeting. “Yes,” she whispered.

Hermione propped herself up on her elbows, watching silver eyes look right back up at her as Draco pressed his mouth to the black lace covering her core. She whined, feeling his tongue drag over the material, teasing her further. How was that so hot? When his eyelids fluttered as he groaned in want, she nearly lost her breath all together.

“Take them off,” Hermione whispered, needy and aching.

Draco hummed, dragging his tongue over the lace again. “You need to ask nicely, Princess. Come on, be my good girl.” He dropped his lips and tongue to her inner thighs, tasting her arousal that had soaked her there, groaning again. “Fuck, you have no idea how good you taste.”

Her stomach fluttered, legs tensing under his hold. “Can... can you take my knickers off?”

He smirked, arching one brow, “Say please.”

Hermione blushed, biting her bottom lip, “Please –please, Draco...”

“Of course,” He gave her an easy grin (edged with a bit of arrogance, the bastard), his fingers hooking into the band of her knickers and tugging them down. Hermione gasped when he tossed them to the side, and then like the universe had finally taken mercy on her, his slow and greedy mouth buried between her thighs.

He devoured her.

“Oh god!” Hermione cried, back arching, her hips trying to buck, but they were held still by Draco’s hands. “H-how... oh my *god*...”

It didn’t make any sense. Devour wasn’t even a strong enough word. His tongue laved long and deep through her cunt like he wanted to taste and feel every single part of her, leaving nothing untouched. He kissed her like he kissed her mouth. Just like he said he would, with promise and conviction. Greedy. He took his time.

He fucking *savored* her.

The arm with the dragon head tattoo slipped around and over her hip, his long fingers spreading her lips further, his tongue gliding over her sensitive and needy clit. Hermione’s eyes rolled back, her legs trembling. Whines in a tone she didn’t know she was capable of spilled from her throat. Her hands didn’t know what to do with themselves.

“Fuck that’s s-so good –oh god!” Hermione felt like a woman possessed, a loud and high cry filling her room when he tenderly took her clit and sucked. She’d get noise complaints from her neighbors for sure.

“You sing so pretty for me,” Draco rasped. One hand’s fingers working her clit. The other hand pressed a finger inside of her. “Fuck, you’re tight.”

Hermione punched out needy sounds with every breath, legs tensing while his finger sought out that sweet bundle of nerves inside of her core. He rubbed slow at her clit, his eyes never leaving her face. Hermione watched him right back, watched his chest heave, watched his tongue slip out from between his lips and taste the mess she’d left there. The stretch around his finger was so good, so right.

Making her feel good like this was working him up just as much. Like her pleasure was bringing him pleasure, and seeing that in his eyes did things to Hermione she couldn’t begin to describe.

“Please,” she whined. She didn’t even know what she was asking for. More? Mercy? She had no idea. All she knew is that she needed him.

Draco hummed, pumping his finger in and out of her body, holding tight against that sweet spot inside. “I have to get you ready for me. I don’t want to hurt you.”

Her stomach flipped at the implication, a sweet buzzing static crawling up her legs. “Oh my god... you’re going to make me come...”

With a slow smirk, he nodded, “Over and over.”

And she did, the first time, right then. Whimpering and clenching around his finger, her hands fisting the duvet under her tightly. She saw stars. A ragged and loud moan ripped from her throat, her body trembling. She came *so* hard.

“Good girl,” Draco murmured, working her through it, pushing a second finger into her to join the first, the added stretch making her keen. “That’s a good girl –give me another.”

Greedy, greedy man.

She was barely finished with her first orgasm when he pressed the second finger inside her, his mouth descending back onto her clit, sucking and growling against her. Hermione shook, whine after whine layering on top of the wet sounds coming from her cunt being fucked into by his long fingers. It was almost too much, she was so sensitive, but it was so fucking *good* that she surrendered to it.

Draco sucked harder at her clit, his fingers moving a little faster, pushing against just the right spot inside. Perfect everything. Perfect pressure, perfect pace. How did he know her body like this? *How?* She babbled nonsense, legs shaking.

“*Please* –fuck, please don’t stop!” Hermione cried, her entire body tensing up, sweet buzzing ripping through her from head to toe. She was torn off the edge, plummeting down into sweet fucking oblivion as she came for him a second time.

“Fuck, *yes* –good girl,” Draco growled, against her clit. “Fall into it, love, give it to me. Such a good fucking girl for me, look at you.”

She was flying. For sure, she had to be. Her orgasm was drawn out and sweetly suffocating; pure and ragged noises pushing from her throat until she fell boneless. Sated. Grinning like mad.

Draco's fingers slipped from her body. She giggled –from what? From everything. Little involuntary hums of giggles over and over. Draco crawled back up her body and looked down at her, grinning while she lost herself, reaching to wrap her arms around her neck and drag him down on top of her. She kissed him, giving into his possession, tasting herself on his tongue. She giggled again.

Draco chuckled deeply, dropping his mouth to her neck, tasting and kissing her there, "I could taste you every fucking day."

"You're wearing too many clothes –want to feel you," Hermione moaned softly when he scraped his teeth against her throat. Her hands went to his hair, burying in the silky texture.

They worked together quickly and desperately to get Draco's clothes off. Boots went flying, socks, then jeans and his dark green henley. Hermione didn't take the time to get a good look at the rest of Draco's tattoo. Her focus was elsewhere –on Draco covering her with himself like a barrier between her and the rest of the world, his lips and tongue working the crook of her neck once more. He was hard and aching under his boxer-briefs, pressing snug against her core.

Oh... oh good *god*, the man was huge...

Hermione gasped, her eyes flying open, feeling the *size* of him as she stared up at the ceiling of her bedroom. Her eyelids fluttered as he rolled his hips against her, his teeth scraping against her neck. He felt amazing, *and slightly worrisome*, but mostly amazing –and he wasn't even inside of her yet.

"Look at me, beautiful," Draco whispered, leaning back so she could catch his silver eyes while he brought a hand between them, two fingers sinking into her cunt again. He was slow while he pumped his fingers in and out of her. She kept her eyes on his, a soft moan spilling from her lips, her skin humming with need.

"That's my good girl. Breathe for me."

She did, exhaling while he pressed a third finger inside of her already worked over cunt, her exhale turning into a ragged whine, hips rocking against his hand. He spoke to her softly, "Good, take my fingers. Just like that. That alright?"

Hermione's eyes fluttered as she nodded, her arms raising above her head on the mattress, grabbing at the duvet. The stretch of his fingers was tight but good; it made her body flush with heat, made her whimper with every breath. She wanted more. Him. Everything.

"Draco," she breathed, crying out when he curled his fingers to push against that spot inside. "Oh god..."

She cried out again when his fingers pressed deeper, her legs shaking from the fullness. Draco shifted, wrapping his other hand gently around the base of her neck. There was something about the simple touch that made her slow her frantic breathing, humming and letting her eyes close. *Yes*. That was so good.

“So fucking pretty with my hand around your throat,” Draco murmured, slipping his wet fingers from her body to lazily rub at her clit. His other hand slid higher, long fingers wrapping properly around her neck. Just holding her there. “Stay like this –keep your hands above your head just like that.”

Hermione nodded, taking deep breaths, her eyes locked with Draco’s. His fingers slipped away from between her thighs as he shifted, pushing down his boxer-briefs, his one hand still wrapped around her throat. God, his eyes were so beautiful, so intense.

She was so ready for him, so ready to be his. That’s all she wanted.

“I’ll take care of you,” Draco whispered, shifting again, his knees pressing against the backs of her thighs. “Such a pretty little Princess.”

Hermione flushed, then whined as her eyes rolled back feeling the head of his cock slide against her entrance. “*Pleasepleaseplease*,” she rushed out, breathy and needy more than ever.

“I love it when you say please.”

Draco really *was* big. When he pushed inside her, he went slow. He took his time, letting her breathe and adjust. The stretch made her tremble, made her whimper and bite at her bottom lip. He murmured soft praises while he called her beautiful.

He exhales slow above her, his hand around her throat flexing gently as he pushes inside; his other hand reaches for her wrists above her head, holding her there as well. Despite how it may have looked, there was palpable *reverence* in his touch and eyes that made her feel utterly safe.

She smiled at him. He smiled back.

“Pretty girl,” he whispered.

“Pretty boy,” she whispered in return, earning a wider smile from him and a pink tinge to his cheeks.

Draco’s breath was ragged with want and ache, both of their bodies held a soft sheen, skin dewy and flushed. He sank until he couldn’t anymore, both of them expelling shuddering breaths.

“So full,” Hermione whimpered, her legs raising to wrap around his hips. “God, you feel so good. I feel you everywhere...”

Draco took a deep breath as he released her throat and wrists, leaning to sit back on his heels. His hands slid down her body, touching everywhere he could, gripping her hips and thighs,

this thumb teasing where they were joined. He didn't move yet, letting her adjust.

"Your pretty cunt looks so good wrapped around me," he breathed.

Hermione bit her lip as she watched him, her hips fidgeting. He really did feel frightfully good. Even though it was a tight fit, he felt so *right*, so fucking perfect.

"Stay still, Princess," he took a deep breath.

She bit her lip and whimpered. Her eyes quickly took in the sight of him to focus on that instead –of his mysterious half blacked-out tattoo.

It was a serpent. The actual head started on the right side of his abdomen, its body twisting and curling up his side and chest, over his shoulder, and then down his arm, where it had blended into the huge blackened paint strokes that ended at his wrist. The serpent was strong and intimidating –all black ink, of course.

The piece overall was striking. It was a huge statement. It was like his armor. A shield against the world.

When Draco started moving, it was long, slow strokes while he gripped onto her hips. Hermione moaned loud, her back arching and skin setting on fire. She vibrated with need, legs already shaking, gasping with hands fisting the duvet above her head harshly.

"You look so *fucking* good... laid out, taking my cock," Draco purred.

She whined softly, the corner of her mouth pulling up, loving how he made her feel with his filthy words. Like she was sexy. So she stretched her arms further above her head, arching her back even more, maybe showing off a little. He gripped her hips harder, swearing under his breath.

Slower turned to quicker –long strokes turned to shorter. Draco growled and moaned above her, his hips rolling and snapping, filling her over and over again as he dropped to his elbows above her, pressing a heavy kiss to her mouth as she locked her legs around his hips, her arms wrapping around his neck.

"Tell me you're my good girl," Draco rasped into their kiss. He fucked into her harder, sliding an arm under her waist, pulling her up to his chest while his other hand braced against the mattress. She was suspended above her bed in his hold, completely at her mercy. It was delicious.

Hermione cried out against his mouth, body flooding with heat and static. She was going to come, she couldn't escape it. "I'm –I'm your good girl! I'm going... going to come, oh my god!"

"Yes," Draco growled, dropping his mouth to her neck, dragging his teeth against her skin. "Come for me, Princess. Give me what's mine –*fuck!*"

She was flying again, clinging to Draco, her nails biting into his shoulders, her legs tightening around him, along with her cunt. *Everything* was tightly coiled from head to toe as

she cried out, whining and seeing stars, her whole body filled with butterflies and light. Holy *shit*, it had never been like that before. Fucking *cosmic*.

“Good girl,” Draco growled, fucking her hard through it. He sat back on his heels again, taking her with him this time. “Give me another, baby. Come on –one more.”

He was so deep. Hermione nearly squealed as she rode him, chasing yet another orgasm. He helped her move, one arm wrapped around her waist, the other wrapped around so he could sink his hand into the back of her curls, pulling her head back, kissing and sucking at her throat.

She rolled her hips –frantic and needy, dropping one hand between them to push and rub against her clit. Just one more. She didn’t even know if she could do it, but good *lord*, she wanted to.

And she *loved* his sounds. Dark and aching sounds as he pulled her body down onto his cock over and over, growling praises against her skin. He thought she was beautiful –sexy – delicious –felt so good. He didn’t mince his words. He was filthy and straight-forward about it, and Hermione fucking loved it.

She cried out, feeling the static building again. Nearly slurring as she did, “Oh god –*oh* my god...”

Draco pulled her head forward again so they looked each other in the eyes, “There you go, come with me, Princess. God you’re so fucking perfect... fuck... tell me again.”

“I’m...” Hermione whined, unable to move more than her fingers against her clit, letting him take over. “I’m your good girl.”

“That’s right,” Draco growled. "Tell me whose perfect little cunt this is."

Filthy. Gorgeous. Man. "Yours," she gasped.

His mouth pressed against her ear, a growl deep in his chest, "And tell me whose fucking cock this is."

Chills up her spine. She was going to come. "It's *mine*."

“Come with me, show me.”

She nearly blacked out when he started snapping his hips up into her, fucking her faster and harder until they were both babbling messes, clinging to each other and falling apart in each others arms. Hermione bit down on his shoulder and shook through a long cry. Draco held her tight and let out a heavy, dark noise with every breath. Warmth flooded her when he came. His hips slowed, even though his chest pushed against hers with every single gasping breath.

They stayed there like that for several minutes. Hermione’s body trembled with aftershocks – she was so sensitive and he was still buried so deep.

Hermione was nearly dazed, feeling them move, feeling Draco ease from her body as they did. She kept her eyes closed, a wash of fatigue taking over. Her body was exhausted from orgasms, throat scratchy from every single noise and gasp she had made.

She felt incredible. And sated.

She ended up fully laying on top of Draco as he laid on his back, bringing her duvet over the both of them. Skin against skin, his hands gentle as they petted her up and down her back, his lips pressing a kiss to the top of her head. She just laid there, unable to do much else but press her ear to his chest and listen to his heartbeat.

“Stay,” she whispered. “Please.”

He wrapped his arms around her fully, kissing the top of her head again, breathing her in; it felt *really* good. “Of course I’ll stay.”

“Good,” Hermione nodded, melting on top of him. “You feel good.”

“So do you,” he murmured, running his hands over her back. “Have you been to Santorini?”

She grinned sleepily, turning her head to rest her chin on his chest, looking at his equally sleepy face. His features softened as he gazed back at her, looking like a well fed cat. But a well fed cat with a little glint in his silver eyes. He was up to something.

“I haven’t. Why do you ask?”

He pulled her up his body, brushing his lips across her, breathing his soft answer, “We’ll go next spring. Two weeks of wine, sex, and laying around on a catamaran. How’s that sound, Princess?”

Hermione didn’t even know how to respond to that other than to kiss him. God, he was a dream. A ridiculous dream of a man. Already making plans for next spring, like he knew they were a sure thing, like he knew that there was no turning back now. “How do you know you won’t tire of me by then?”

“Because I know,” Draco breathed against her mouth, kissing her slow. “I knew the second I saw you,” another kiss. “I knew even more the second I looked in your eyes.” Another, slow and drawn out. “I knew you knew it too.” He breathed her in, nipping at her bottom lip. “Tell me I’m wrong. Tell me we’re not meant.”

She couldn’t. It would be a lie if she did.

“I meant what I said before,” Draco shifted, turning them until he was above her, skin against skin still, like they couldn’t part for even a moment. Hermione wound her arms around his neck, unable to look away from his eyes, like she hung on every word (because she did). “I’m going to marry you one day.”

Why the hell didn’t that freak her out? It should. But god, it *really* didn’t. He made her feel so... safe. Hermione bit her lip, her fingers brushing into the back of Draco’s hair. “One day.”

Draco grinned at her, brushing his nose against hers before he shifted again, laying back down on his back as he pulled her to lay with him, her head resting on his chest, their legs tangled together. He felt so damn good.

“I’m not completely mad,” he added with a breath of a laugh. “I know there’s so much we don’t know about each other. But...”

Hermione drew patterns on Draco’s chest, a soft smile playing at her lips, “When you know, you know. But yeah... we need time.”

“We do.” He gave her a squeeze, “I can wait.”

She came clean, not knowing why, but it felt right. She blushed the whole way through her confession, “I went back to that bakery on Sunday hoping to run into you again. I’m actually there quite often, but I went there hoping you’d show back up.”

When she peeked up at Draco’s face, he was grinning at the ceiling. “See, and Theo told me I was an idiot for wanting to go back there, hoping I’d find you again. I said *if it’s meant to be she’ll be there* –and you were.”

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

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

Four Months Later

Hermione bounced from foot to foot, her boots making soft tapping noises against the concrete as she looked up through a tinted visor. The taps echoed through the parking garage that was connected to Draco's apartment building.

A soft swat hit her leather-clad bottom. She giggled, eyes rolling.

"Stay still, Princess," Draco smirked, his fingers fussing with the strap of her brand new helmet. It really *was* a bit annoying to secure.

Shen had attempted to do it on her own, but Draco was insistent on doing it for her from the start. He'd said it was his *job* to 'take care of his backpack' and make sure she was properly suited up head to toe.

Last week she had told him she was ready to ride with him (which was immediately followed up with them shagging against his kitchen counter, over the back of his sofa, and then his shower). And then yesterday he had surprised her with all of her gear she now wore –she wasn't allowed on his bike without the proper protection, even for a short trip. Draco was *very* strict about it, which she actually fully appreciated, so she didn't protest that once.

So he presented her with the protective armored leather pants and jacket, gloves, boots and her very own shiny black helmet. They basically matched, head to toe. It was actually very cute.

"I feel like that's all you ever say to me," she grinned, tugging at his jacket.

Draco chuckled, eyebrow arching, "Well, you're quite wiggly... and there we go." He brushed her braided hair behind her shoulder and took a step back, getting a good look at her. "Fuck, you look hot."

Hermione flung her arms into the air, rather cartoonishly, "You can't even see me!"

"I can already tell you're going to be all sorts of trouble with that helmet on," Draco rolled his eyes, pulling his own helmet on and started fiddling with the strap. After everything was secure, his voice came through her helmet, quiet and flirty, "Hey, Princess. Can you hear me?"

Hermione nearly shivered, hearing him through the bluetooth. "I can hear you," she murmured, closing the space between them, her helmeted head tilting up while his tilted down. She reached for the bottom of his helmet, tugging him down so they 'kissed'.

“Are you nervous?” He asked, his gloved hands grabbing her hips, pulling her even closer.

She cocked her head to the side, running her own gloved hands up the front of his jacket. They were covered from head to toe, and she wanted to feel his skin, but this was a whole other level of intimate she wasn’t fully prepared for. It was maybe kind of silly, but whatever.

“A little. But I trust you. Plus, we’re not going too fast, right?”

“No, I won’t do that with you, ever.”

“I know,” Hermione grinned. “But I like confirmation.”

He laughed, giving her bum another swat. “Show me how you greet another rider,” he crossed his arms in front of his chest.

Hermione threw out two fingers to her side.

“Police warning?” He asked. She grinned, frantically tapping the top of her helmet, making him chuckle. “Something on the road?” She pointed a finger down and to the side, to indicate wherever the thing was. “Turn left?” She threw her left arm straight out. “Right?” She bent that same arm’s elbow, making a fist by her head.

“And none of that wiggling,” Draco added, helmet cocking to the side.

Hermione chuckled, “I know, no wiggling. Except for red lights –you said I could move around if I needed to.”

“Right,” Draco nodded, helping her to shrug on an actual backpack that held everything that was previously in her purse, plus his wallet and phone. “Are you ready?”

Her stomach was flipping over and over; she was anxious, but not really scared. She really did trust Draco. Also, she’d been reading a lot about motorcycles (which obviously was different than actually being on one, but it’s what she did –read). And while Draco wouldn’t take her for rides without her being ready and without the proper gear, he’d allowed her to sit on the back of his bike with him so she could get a feel for it.

She felt prepared enough, while still being a bit nervous, which she thought was probably good, since it would make her pay more attention.

“I’m ready,” Hermione gave a nod, taking a deep breath.

Watching Draco mount his bike was a show in and of itself; the way he swung his long leg over and settled down onto the seat... it was a bit sexy. Hermione was glad for her helmet so he wouldn’t see her blush, but he *did* hear the little pleased noise she made, which made him chuckle and shake his head.

She took one last big breath before taking Draco’s hand, bracing her foot on one of the foot pedals that Draco had installed days ago just for her, and then with a little effort she was sitting right behind her boyfriend.

“Oh boy,” she whispered. She could do this –she *wanted* to do this, truly.

“Alright?” Draco asked, turning his upper body to look back at her. “You don’t have to if you’re scared, love.”

“I’m okay,” Hermione assured him. “It’s just really happening. I promise I’m okay. I want to do this with you.”

They looked at each other through their helmets for a moment before Draco nodded and turned back around, facing away. Hermione leaned forward, slipping her arms around Draco’s waist, pressing against his back.

She grinned. Okay, this was nice. “I like this.”

Draco’s hand covered her folded ones as he leaned back against her, his other hand reaching back to give her knee and thigh a reassuring rub. “Me too. Ready to go meet up with the boys now?”

She gave him a tight squeeze before relaxing again, “Yes.”

Draco got ready, one foot kicking the stand up, the bike moving slightly as he stabilized it, the engine roaring to life. The sound reverberated through the parking garage, sending a little thrill up Hermione’s spine. He revved the engine a couple times... and then they were off.

At first, it was a *little* terrifying, Hermione admitted to herself. Two wheels, no safety belts, no air-bags, roof or side doors. If her parents were still around, they would have scolded her for *hours*. She held onto Draco around the middle tightly, her breath caught in her throat, shoulders tense and eyes wide as they rode down the street. Draco was effortless, of course. He’d been riding for just about half of his life. He was confident but careful with her as his passenger.

When they stopped at a red light, Hermione let her shoulders relax, grinning when Draco let his hands fall back to her calves, holding her as she held onto him. It made her feel better and she was finally able to let her firm grip around his middle soften a bit, her gloved hands rubbing up and down his chest through his jacket.

“Can I tell you something?” Draco’s voice murmured through the bluetooth.

She nodded, giving him a squeeze, “Please do.”

He leaned back into her hold, one of his hands sliding back to grip her thigh, “I’ve been having Theo ride around with me twice a week for the last four months because I’ve never had a passenger before. He’s been a good sport about it.”

Hermione’s heart, she swore, grew ten sizes. Sometimes he was just so fucking cute, she could barely stand it. She smiled wide and breathed a laugh, giving him another tight squeeze, “God, I wish I could kiss you right now. You really never had one before?”

Draco held back onto his handlebars because the light turned to green. They were off again, riding down the street. “Didn’t ever want one. And then you turned that corner in your pretty

little crown and it's all I could think about."

Her heart grew more, bottom lip catching between her teeth, "Yeah?"

"Yeah," There was the sound of his smirk in his voice as he turned a corner. Hermione leaned with him like it was second nature, following his body. "Good girl," he murmured. "That was perfect."

Oh, he was *so* getting laid tonight.

Hermione grinned, turning her head and resting it between his shoulders as she watched the buildings and people walking on the sidewalk as they rode down the street. A couple people waved; she waved back.

"Doing alright, love?" Draco spoke again, turning another corner; she leaned with him again. "You're impressing the hell out of me with these turns."

She blushed, "Well, we do move well together."

He chuckled deeply, "That we do."

They rode for another fifteen minutes until Draco pulled over at a little delicatessen where they loaded up on several sandwiches and bags of crisps (Draco asked Hermione about a half dozen times if her backpack was too heavy, which it certainly wasn't, but she grinned at his concern). Hermione had also snagged some sweets because she knew the guys had a ridiculous sweet tooth –two chocolate bars for Theo for helping Draco prepare for the past four months.

"Are we meeting them here?" Hermione asked with a soft laugh when Draco started pulling into a parking garage.

"Yeah," Draco answered, leaning forward a little while he drove up the ramp; Hermione leaned with him, only wincing slightly as the sound of his bike roared and echoed off the concrete walls. "It's your first trip out, I didn't want to push it too far. We hang out here sometimes because no one really parks on the top level."

A ridiculous man, but Hermione grinned at her boyfriend's concern. "The amount of sex you're getting tonight is astronomical, Draco Malfoy."

He snorted a laugh, "Oh, really?"

"Mmhm," she hummed, sliding down a hand to rest low on his abdomen.

"Careful, Princess," he teased a warning, driving up another ramp. "You keep teasing me, you'll find yourself in a world of trouble."

Of course by trouble he meant she'd end up having more orgasms than she knew what to do with –shagged stupid, nearly blacking out from pleasure. Oh *what* a threat that was. *Please*, someone help her poor little soul.

“Oh no,” she deadpanned. “What *ever* will I do?”

“Are you being a brat?”

Her eyes widened as she bit her lip, leaning with another turn before they rode up the last ramp to the top level. “I’d never.”

“Are you sure? Because it *sounds* like you’re being a bit of a brat, Princess,” Draco had a grin in his voice.

Fuck it. “Hey, Draco?”

“Yes?”

“I’m not wearing any knickers.”

The bike came to a stop at the top of the ramp. Draco turned his upper body and flipped his visor up to look at her, a soft breath of a laugh coming through the bluetooth, silver eyes lighting up. “Oh, love... you’re *really* going to get it now.”

Hermione flipped her visor up too, winking at him. Bring it on, posh boy.

He chuckled like he knew a filthy secret (because he did), head shaking as he turned back around and put the bike back into motion.

Draco’s friends were already there waiting for them, parked in the far corner of the nearly empty lot, their bikes lined up behind them. Helmets still on, of course. Hermione giggled again when they all started clapping –Adrian bouncing a little on his feet, Theo pumping his fist into the air and wolf-whistling. Blaise kept clapping, nodding his head.

“You’re in one piece!” Adrian yelled.

Caught up in the moment, Hermione leaned back while Draco came to a stop in front of the three men, her arms lifting in victory. She flipped her visor up then hopped off the bike so Draco could back in next to Blaise.

Blaise came up to her, slinging an arm over her shoulders, his dark eyes crinkled with his hidden smile, “Well? How was it?”

“It was great,” Hermione nodded, grinning when Draco was suddenly there, fiddling with the strap of her helmet so she could take it off.

“Watch those hands, Zabini,” Draco leaned over to Blaise, knocking his helmet against the other man’s lightly.

“I’m being perfectly respectful, thank you. You goddamn caveman.”

Hermione laughed, eyes rolling.

Over the past four months, she'd grown to know Draco's friends better. She liked them a lot, they always made her feel included. They were a good little group. All of them being posh boys with a rebellious streak, all of them obviously having some sort of issues with their families; they were bonded like brothers.

Blaise came along with Draco when he dropped by the bookshop every now and then to bring her coffee. Theo ganged up with her to poke fun at Draco –they'd known each other since they were babies, so he had all the best stories. Adrian was a goof, and constantly teased Draco that he'd get Hermione on the back of his bike first, just to see the blonde glare.

Hermione was glad Draco had his friends. He needed them like they needed him.

She'd already learned so much about her boyfriend. His family was awful and elitist and overbearing, and had him stuck in the family business still –he was trying to find a way out; he would. Draco kept her away from his family as much as possible. Which, after an impromptu meeting with his father (running into Lucius while she was out to dinner with Draco was... *enlightening*), she didn't question it.

Draco wanted to travel more, and he wanted to write. That's what her blonde, tattooed biker wanted to do with his life. To become an author. He wanted a simple life of summer traveling and words, and she wanted that so badly for him.

He read non-fiction but wrote in ethereal fictional worlds. He'd already started writing, and let her read some of his work, but hadn't done anything with the three novels he'd completed. His words were beautiful and *elegant*; he was so talented, it made her jealous. And yes, he wrote about sex too. And yes, it was just about as good as when he made love to her.

One day they would tuck away in their own place, where Draco would have his own little office where he'd create gorgeous worlds with words. Hermione would bring him tea and kiss his furrowed brow, *you need to eat, love* she would whisper.

He'd sigh, but know she was right, grinning before he swept her up in his arms. He'd kiss her hand where she wore the ring he'd give her one day. It would be a simple diamond, white gold like the ring around his finger. He'd only take off his ring when he rode his bike; he'd get a band tattooed around his finger so he'd never really be without it.

Hermione imagines a spring wedding with trailing bouquets and a lush green field. Small and intimate with just their friends –he wouldn't want his father there, of course, even though he'd probably show up anyways trying to talk Draco out of it. It would be a *thing* that almost ruins their perfect day. Theo, Blaise and Adrian wouldn't let that happen –neither would Harry or Ginny or even Ron (he was coming around to dislike Draco less; by the time of the wedding, Hermione suspects Ron will be perfectly civil).

He'd grin and ask her to wear her pretty little crown for the big day. She'd roll her eyes, but pop it on right before walking down the aisle. He'd kiss her the moment she stood beside him, and he'd lean over and kiss her in the middle of the ceremony –he didn't care if it wasn't the *proper time* to do so yet.

So, yes. One day they would marry.

And one day Hermione would go back to university for her teaching degree –Draco was so encouraging, he was so good about supporting whatever she wanted to do. And she wanted to teach (chemistry, of course). One day she would. He'd publish. She'd teach. They'd marry and grow together, they'd have long road trips on his bike. They'd spend their days learning more and more each day, loving and kissing –and shagging the daylights out of each other, let's be honest. God, they had so much sex. It was so *fucking* good.

He'd always call her Princess. Always.

Like now. "Where'd you go, Princess?"

Hermione blinked, biting her bottom lip as she looked up at Draco. He'd taken her helmet off, and taken his off as well. She just smiled at him, shaking her head, "Just thinking."

"You okay?" He frowned, his hands slipping her backpack from her shoulders and handing it off to Theo, who was chatting and laughing with Adrian and Blaise.

She nodded, "I was thinking of... one day."

Draco gave her a small grin, "Yeah?"

They've talked about *one day* before. Many times. It was his favorite thing to talk about lately. He'd whisper about it while he buried into her slow. He'd send her little texts while she was at work about it. He'd talk about *one day* when she curled into his lap after they got back home from work.

Draco loved talking about *one day*.

He loved talking about it, because he loved her.

He told her the morning after that first night together. Yes, it was too soon to say. Yes, it made her eyes go wide and a nervous laugh escaped from her lungs. And yes... she said it back. They were both ridiculous. Hermione had surrendered to it. But she had meant it, as surreal as it felt to say to a man she barely knew. She had absolutely meant it.

Because when you know, you know.

Chapter End Notes

End!

Thank you so much for reading :)

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