

Sucker for Pain

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Sucker for Pain

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Summary

Hermione was his. His name was carved into her skin to remind her of the fact daily. He hadn't done it magically, either. He had grabbed a large kitchen knife, that looked similar to the daggers that the other owners favoured, and done the carving himself. It was carved into her inner thigh. His favourite place, bar her breasts and the part of her neck underneath her right ear. Her owner claimed that was the best place for it because then no one else but him could know. He admitted drunkenly that if he could, he would carve his name into her cunt. Of course, everyone already knew that Hermione was his. He warned every single person around them whenever they went anywhere that she was completely off-limits. They could have fun with the other play toys but not her. She was only his to play with. But if anyone ever tried to touch and play with Hermione, then he made sure that they could never touch or play with anything again.

Draco Malfoy had acquired/purchased the witch during an auction held in dedication to Albus Dumbledore's death, during the middle of their sixth year, and in celebration of the new reign of Voldemort over the British Wizarding World.

Notes

PSA - Underage has been tagged on this fanfiction because when Draco first gets Hermione, the two of them are sixteen/seventeen, and so are classed as underage. But after a few flashbacks of their first times together, most of this one shot happens when they are of age and are adults. But because of those few flashbacks, I needed to tag this one shot appropriately. So, with that in mind, if this isn't your thing then please do not read this and read something else.

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

Hermione was his. His name was carved into her skin to remind her of the fact daily. He hadn't done it magically, either. He had grabbed a large kitchen knife, that looked similar to the daggers that the other owners favoured, and done the carving himself. It was carved into her inner thigh. His favourite place, bar her breasts and the part of her neck underneath her right ear. Her owner claimed that was the best place for it because then no one else but him could know. He admitted drunkenly that he would carve his name into her cunt if he could. Of course, everyone already knew that Hermione was his. He constantly had her covered in jewels and anything that his money could buy so that everyone knew that she was Draco's and only Draco's. He warned every single person around them whenever they went anywhere that she was completely off-limits. They could have fun with the other play toys but not her. She was only his to play with. But if anyone ever tried to touch and play with Hermione, then he made sure that they could never touch or play with anything again.

Draco Malfoy had acquired/purchased the witch during an auction held in dedication to Albus Dumbledore's death, during the middle of their sixth year, and in celebration of the new reign of Voldemort over the British Wizarding World. He wasn't planning on letting her go to any other Death Eater cunts. He outbid everyone, and he was planning on spending way more on her. He was going to make sure Hermione knew how much she was worth to him. She was his. And only his. Even if they did offer jewels, money, or anything else in the world, no one would be getting their grubby paws on his little golden play toy.

During her rare appearances out into the public, Hermione was always forced to wear whatever her master saw as "appropriate" for a plaything. She never questioned or fought back, she knew that would only result in punishment. Usually, that just meant being forced into short-cut dresses and slips that were only ever in greens and blacks. His colours. His *favourite* colours. But, in more private times within her master's Manor, she was allowed to wear softer and pale colours. Pinks. Whites. Pastels. Draco would call them the "baby colours" or the "innocent colours".

Hermione was dragged up onto the makeshift staging area. She looked down, closely, and it seemed to look like bodies piled on top of each other, and then a flat marbled surface was placed on top to represent a "stage". She was still grossly wearing the sweaty and ripped clothes that she had been wearing since Dumbledore's death, which she thought must have been a couple of days ago. Right? Truthfully, Hermione wasn't quite sure when it had happened.

But after being kept down in the new celled dungeons at Hogwarts, and with her magic being forcefully taken away from her, her body just seemed to shut down. Hermione tried fighting. She tried to force herself to fight as much as she could, as much as her body willed her. But it just wasn't enough. Hermione was losing a battle. And she had lost count of how much time had passed between being captured and now being forced onto the stage.

Looking out into the crowd she realised that she was standing in the Great Hall, the long tables destroyed and large dragonhide leather chairs in the replacement. She stared out into the faces of Death Eaters. Many that she found she could name and some that she devastatingly recognised as younger Hogwarts students that had been forced too early into a role they should never have had.

Cheers and leers were huddled at her body. Words that she had heard many times before but new ones were being thrown at Hermione. She visibly reacted, wanting to run back to the dungeons and never be seen again but she sadly knew that she could never hide again.

Hermione knew what was happening to her. The snatchers that had become guards of the dungeons boasted about it since the day Dumbledore died. They loved boasting about it, especially to her.

“You’re going to become mine, Mudblood.” Scabior hit his wand against the bars, laughing and smirking as he leered at her body, staring mainly at her underdeveloped breasts. “I will have you in every way that is humanly possible then I will lend you to the others. For the right price of course. You are about to make me a lot of money, Mudblood.” Scabior continued, his mouth visibly watering as he stared at Hermione’s body.

“No one can protect you now, Mudblood. Once every girl here has been given to a Death Eater, then Potter will be given to the Dark Lord. Your world is burning away and no one will care for you anymore.” Another snatcher chuckled as he made his rounds of checking on everyone.

Hermione wasn’t sure whether to grieve for her ex headmaster, Dumbledore didn’t deserve the tears that she was shedding but Hermione found that the tears wouldn’t stop. She was grieving for a man that didn’t deserve it. She was grieving for a man that had put her best friend out to be slaughtered like a pig.

She shook her head, closing her eyes at the same time to clear her thoughts. Hermione hadn’t known occlumency but she wished at this moment that she did. She needed to shut everything and everyone out of her head but couldn’t. Hermione, instead, focused on the back of the Great Hall. The doors were guarded by two unnamed snatchers that she had never seen before this moment. Perhaps they were new snatchers, more Hogwarts students recruited into a war that they shouldn’t be participating in.

“And...SOLD!” A loud, unrecognisable voice shouted from beside Hermione and suddenly she was being whisked away, dragged away from the stage and towards the door by a large, cold hand. Hermione wriggled and screamed against the person’s attack as she was forced away from her home.

“Stay the fuck still, you’ll get splinched!” The dark male voice whispered before whisking the two of them into the dark shadows of apparation before they landed on the ground, mowed, grass of a Manor. Before Hermione could think properly about where she was for a second, she was whisked away again into the pulls of apparation and was thrown back onto a soft, large four-poster bed. “Stay still.” The same voice shouted at her as his large presence was on top of her.

“No! Please... Please don’t do this!” Hermione begged and writhed underneath the heavy body. She felt rough hands against her body, ripping and grabbing at her clothes. The man removed them from her body before putting his face in front of hers. Suddenly, she realised who she had been brought by. Draco fucking Malfoy.

“I said stay still, Mudblood, or this is going to be worse for you.” Draco spat into her face, smirking at her, before moving back down her now naked body. He grabbed at her thighs, waving his wand and having them restrained with rope. He slapped against her skin, the sound echoing around what she could only assume was his bedroom quarters. “Stay the fuck still.” His voice rang out again as he slid the inside of his hand against her cunt, rubbing and circling her dry clit. She felt gross. Dirty. Disgusted at herself for allowing herself to fall into this situation.

“Please...” Her exhausted voice begged him to stop. She didn’t want this. She didn’t want any of this to happen. “Please... I’m a virgin.” Hermione tried again, admitting something that she never wanted to admit to a person, especially someone like Draco Malfoy.

Suddenly, all of the attacks stopped on her body and Malfoy was pulling away from her, sitting back on his legs. He stared at her in disgust, assessing her assets. Assessing her breasts and her cunt, all with disgust written across his face. Then a dark chuckle left his body and he couldn’t stop himself.

“Then I will have a lot of fun breaking you in,” Draco told her before forcing his dick inside of her. “I am your Master now.” This was her new reality now. He thrust harder and harder, never stopping regardless of how much Hermione screamed and cried. If anything, the noises that Hermione was making were just goading him on more. He never stopped, even when orgasm after orgasm washed over her body, she knew that Draco wasn’t going to stop until he was leaping over the edge and pushing his seed into her.

THE CONTRACT WHICH SETS THE RULES BETWEEN YOUR TOY AND THE MASTER

MAIN RULES

1. You will call him Master at all times.
2. You will make your body available to your Master for use at any time, and act as his sexual plaything.
3. You will learn to worship and crave your Master’s cock, relishing every opportunity to please it. You have permission and are encouraged to spontaneously start playing with it in any situation.
4. You will respond with “Thank you, Master” after every orgasm that you have in his presence.
5. You will learn the list of voice commands and adopt the positions quickly and accurately when instructed.
6. In public, you will do your best to look as good as you can so your Master can proudly show you off.

7. In public, your Master will choose what you eat and drink when you go out to a restaurant.
8. In any restaurant, you will fill up your Master's glass whenever it is pushed towards you.
9. In any restaurant, it is your responsibility to ensure that your Master's glass is always full.
10. In public, you will not start eating until your Master has started his meal.
11. In any situation, serve your Master's food first, and any guests, before yourself.
12. You will keep your cunt and arse smooth and hair free for your Master's viewing pleasure.
13. Your orgasms belong to your Master. You shall not have one without first asking his permission.
14. Your cunt and arse belong to your Master. You give him full permission to use your holes as he sees fit, at any time of the day or night.
15. You will practise anal training every day, with whatever toy your Master sees fit.
16. You will inform your Master, via owl or any other forms of communication that he prefers, of any orgasms you have without him straight afterwards. This results in punishment.
17. You will accompany him to any events when requested. No arguing or fighting.
18. In public, you will make an effort to wear the clothes your Master has given you and that are appealing to him. They must emphasise your femininity, and show your assets.
19. In his house, you shall be naked or wearing the clothes that your Master gives. No arguing or fighting.
20. You will learn your Master's routines and do everything you can to anticipate his needs and provide assistance through service. This includes everything from sexual services to housework. No arguing or fighting.
21. You will learn how to massage your Master's cock expertly with your hands for sexual release and must be available to provide this service whenever requested.
22. You must put on your house collar when you wake up and keep it on until you go to bed unless told otherwise. You may remove it when leaving the house and change it for a day collar, or any other collar that your Master gives you.
23. When your Master is busy at home, you should remain standing nearby, awaiting any commands that he may give.
24. Whilst your Master is sitting at his desk, you will offer to kneel underneath it and take him in your mouth while he works.
25. When your Master gets home from work, you should be kneeling by the door or floor, ready to take off his coat and serve him however he needs that day.
26. You understand that failure to comply with any of these rules will result in punishment and possibly re-homing to a new Master. Punishment will depend on the severity of the infraction, and what your Master sees fit.

RULES FOR ANY EVENTS

1. No talking to, touching or interacting with anyone without your Master's permission.
2. Your Master has the final say, as always, and you will listen carefully to his instructions and follow them correctly.
3. Stay close to your Master unless instructed otherwise, standing to my right or kneeling at my feet if the floor is suitable.

4. When your Master goes to the bathroom, you should accompany him and wait outside unless instructed to do otherwise.
 5. If you need to go to the bathroom, you will ask your Master's permission and he will accompany you.
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Draco turned Hermione's body around, he couldn't stomach looking down at her any longer and disgust wiggled its way up into his stomach and then continued its descent up into his throat in the form of vomit. He only saw the sorrow and pure innocence in Hermione's golden brown eyes. He hated this. He needed this. He deserved this. He definitely needed this. Draco had to take her this way, to further break her to please his darker Lord. Please the other Death Eaters. Prove and show them that he was stronger than his father.

Voldemort had forced every Death Eater who had purchased a slave during Dumbledore's death celebration auction to take them, the slaves needed to know who they now belonged to. Each slave came with a long list of rules, written in a contract style, that each Master had to follow along with the handling of their precious pet. The Master had to read the list, familiarise themselves with their rules and their new life, and then they had to begin forcing their slave by forcing them to read the list. Read the rules that they had to follow so they knew what was going to be their new life. What they were to expect and what they would now be living.

Hermione kept wriggling against all of Draco's tortures, she hadn't broken yet and Draco knew that she would be the hardest out of all the slaves put on for sale. She would be fighting. She was going to be the most fun to break. Draco had had enough of her fighting and planned on ruining another part of her body. Breaking her cunt was fun but this was going to be more. Other Death Eaters had informed the young Draco that using the slaves' arses was more fun than breaking and using their cunts. But he needed to experience it to know whether they were telling the truth.

Turning her around, he revelled in the sight of her behind. The back of her was a good enough view. The sight of her cunt was far better in his eyes but this was still a nice sight and he could see himself using her from his view quite often.

"You have been a right little bitch today, Mudblood. Don't you remember your rules, what you have to do for me. You must obey everything I say. I am your Master. So, do you know what little bitches get?" Draco slapped his hand against her arse. Marking the pale skin with bright Gryffindor red handprints. He smirked at the sight. Her skin darkened and bruised under his attention. Moving his hand away, he spat down onto his own hand, rubbing it up and down his own hardening length for use as lubrication. Granger's whimpers surrounded him as the smell of sex filled the bedroom. He had already had her a couple of times this morning but hadn't used this specific hole yet and it was high time to break her in fully. Maybe now she'd be the delicious and obeying pet she is supposed to be.

There was no answer to his question from Granger, which he had expected. All she had done since the end of the auction was sob and scream and shout. Occasionally though, the delicious sounds of moans and whimpers filled his ears and he preferred those noises over

every other sound in the world. Even the sound of his own voice wouldn't beat the sounds of Granger's sex noises.

He lined his cock up near her arse, not touching her just yet as he wanted to hear her breath hitching before entering. Draco smirked to himself. Hermione had already started whimpering again and those noises sent waves of blood straight down to his pulsing hard cock. He leaned down against Hermione's back, biting her ear lobe and smirking against the thing. He breathed heavily, feeling her goosebumps rise against his chest.

"Little bitches get it in the arse," Draco whispered darkly into her ear. Just as Draco wished, her breath hitched as she tried to wriggle away from his naked body. But she was too weak from her earlier orgasms to even move a muscle. "Little disobeying cunts get punished." Draco's dark voice moved away as he forced himself fully into her tight arse without letting her adjust to the unfamiliar stretching and size.

Hermione screamed at the pounding pace that he was thrusting in and out of her. Her pain-filled screams got louder and louder as his thrusting got harder and harder. He wasn't stopping. He wasn't slowing down.

"Master, please..." Hermione's hoarse voice moaned out, begging for him to stop being so rough but her moans were telling him a different story. She was liking this. She was loving this and wanted more. "I can't... I can't take it anymore." She begged, screaming out as much as her broken voice would let her.

Draco thrust harder, slapping his hand against her body. "You can." He slapped again, harder. "And you will." He thrust again, reaching his left arm underneath her body and circled his thumb hard against her engorged clit. Draco grunted as he thrust back into Hermione's stretching hole. She whimpered and writhed underneath him as he continued his movements against her clit.

"Pet. I'm home." Draco's voice broke through the floo as he dusted his Death Eater robes off, swiftly removing his outer robes and throwing them down towards the floor. He looked around the room, scanning the chairs and sofas, and not finding his plaything anywhere waiting for him like she usually did. "Pet?" His voice grew louder, wavering with anger as the occlumency walls were crumbling around him.

He stormed up the stairs of his Manor, slamming and throwing every door open in search of his girl. Why the fuck wasn't she waiting on her knees for him? Oh, he would be having so much fun with her punishment tonight. Draco thought, his smirk turning dark before he finally found the curly-haired witch. She was curled up on his large four-poster bed with a book opened up on top of her body.

Draco found himself shaking his head in disbelief, chuckling as he leaned over and reached for the book. His little bookworm. He smiled to himself as he glanced over the book title, checking it for any mysteries in what she was reading about before placing it down on his writing desk. Though... He thought, smirking to himself again. We never really use it as a writing desk, do we Pet? His thoughts continued as he walked back around to the bed,

readjusting himself in his trousers. Draco stroked his fingers up and down her thighs. She whimpered weakly in her sleep, moving her thighs to open and allowing him to trace his fingers against the letters of his name upon her.

Hermione stared at Draco as he moved her backwards towards their writing desk in his large bedroom. She felt her naked arse hit the desk before anything else. Hermione blushed darkly as he pushed her to sit on top of the thing. She wriggled against the wood, rubbing her thighs together before his large, punishing, hand gripped onto her thighs to stop her movements. She wasn't allowed to get herself off without his permission, and she certainly wasn't allowed to get herself off on his own.

His voice filled her ears and surrounded her entire naked body. His whispering was catching up on her skin and lighting it on fire. His hands gripped tighter on her thighs, pressing marks into her. He loved seeing the shades of purples, yellows, blues, reds, and greens all over her skin. The skin that belonged to him. "Pet, remember, no getting yourself off. You are for my pleasure, and my pleasure only. You are only allowed to get yourself when Master has granted you permission, and he hasn't said you could so no touching." His voice was dark and full of a deep lust. A lust that was only felt towards herself and her body, he reminded her daily when she wouldn't behave like she was supposed to.

Hermione whimpered as she tried to wriggle against the desk, she needed to have some relief and her Master wasn't doing anything to help. If anything he was making things worse by continuing to speak. His voice was sending waves of arousal down towards her centre. Master moved closer, leaning towards her body. She leaned backwards but the smell of her arousal, mixing with the smell of him, was intoxicating and she wanted to be closer. She wanted to be wrapped in his scent. She felt her body lean as he leaned into her, his breath sending goosebumps up and down her neck.

"Stand up." Master's voice was different, occluded and dark. Commanding. Almost as if he had placed Hermione under the Imperius Curse and she was under his complete devilish control. "Turn around and spread yourself for Master." He continued informing her of how he wanted Hermione laid out for him. He always did this. Commanding her to get into position. He knew that it turned her on, and sent shivers down towards her cunt. He knew the effects his voice had on her. "Now." Master's voice sent shivers flying through Hermione and felt the impact down on her clit.

She felt her small body moving around and off the desk, into the positions he had commanded of her before her mind could catch up with what was going on. Hermione felt cold breath against her cunt before she felt Master spit a glob of saliva against her, sliding it into her with his fingers. Hermione whimpered and moaned as he continued thrusting and sliding his fingers deep inside of her. Her voice begged for more. Begging her Master for more.

Before she had time to claim the orgasm that he was forcing her close to, Master forced his cock deep inside her cunt and continued his thrusts at the same speed that his fingers were going at her. Her moans and screams were ripped from her mouth as his skin slapped against her behind. She tried reaching round to her clit but he gripped and used that to anchor himself deeper inside her cunt, thrusting deeper until he hit the delicious spongy wall that he

always aimed for. Her moans only coaxed him on to thrust harder and push deeper until he was spilling his seed into her.

Hermione slowly woke up, not aware of where she currently was, but the feeling of warm large fingers tracing her thighs set off a deep fire within her body. She thought that she had imagined it happening, that it was all just happening within her dream but it felt so real to Hermione that perhaps it was.

“Got a tad sleepy while reading, Pet?” Draco’s voice sternly broke through Hermione’s thoughts and caught her by surprise. She shot up, gaping at him, her wide golden-brown eyes staring straight through his body as if he wasn’t there.

She hadn’t even noticed the wide smirk that was across his lips, but that was never a good thing, especially as she had probably broken a couple of rules already. Hermione moved off the bed and shuffled down quickly towards the floor. He slowly stepped towards her, still smirking and wrapped his hand through her curly hair. Another one of his favourite features of her.

“Think that you can obey now, after having already broken the rules?” Draco’s voice echoed around the bedroom. He forced her head upwards, his hand still woven through her hair.

Draco’s grip tightened slowly and Hermione could feel her eyes starting to water at the strength that she should have been used to by now. Especially, after all the years that he had her as a slave. Hermione tried nodding but his grip was too tight, the punishment had been decided and was already set in stone for her.

“Do you remember my promise, little one?” Draco’s voice turned dark as he licked his lips and crouched down in front of her. His one hand remained in her hair while the other snaked down towards her cunt. She shuddered as his rough hand cupped her sex. “My promise was that I *will* lick, suck, bite, and cut any part of you that I wish, and as often as I wish. I want to consume every *single* part of your Mudblood body until you are thrumming through my veins and I own every part of your body. You are mine. Mine.” Draco smirked before sliding his tongue against her closed mouth. He licked until she gasped and he took that moment to move into her mouth, and absorb everything he could about her. She was addictive. Her taste. Her little noises. Her touch. Everything. He shouldn’t even be kissing her right now, he had a punishment to give to the little bitch, but he was too addicted. Had been since the moment he bought her, some suspected that he had even had a fascination before the auction.

Draco pushed back away from her, leaving her breathless and whimpering as she became obsessed with his attention. He stood back up, staring down at her body. He placed bricks back into the walls, willing them to stay up and out of this situation for the rest of the evening.

“Punishment time,” Draco smirked to himself as he placed his hand back into Hermione’s hair, forcing her to look up at him again. “Are you ready for your punishment, pet?” Draco asked, not really caring for the answer. Before Hermione could respond, he dragged her unresponsive body out of his bedroom and down the main Manor stairs. He could hear her whimpers and pleas echo around the corridors, but his walls were making him ignore them, mixing with the horrid words and screams from all the portraits, including his grandparents’

shouts about blood purity. Usually, there was a *Silencio* over all of the portraits but part of the punishment had to include the removal of the spell.

“Whore!” One of his French cousins, who was a new addition to the portraits after all of his French side of the family passed and their portraits were brought over to Malfoy Manor, shouted as they watched Hermione’s body be dragged behind Draco’s legs.

“Mudblood bitch!” Another French cousin screamed and bellowed as Hermione tripped over her own feet as Draco was walking too quickly for her.

“Tramp!” Another portrait sounded as the couple moved past them before quickly falling back to sleep and ignoring all the others shouting and screaming around him.

“My grandson shouldn’t be near a Mudblood, even if he purchased your disgusting cunt! Is it made of gold? Is that why so many men go after you?” His grandfather, Abraxas Malfoy, screamed the loudest. His timber voice bounced off the walls as the words directly hit Hermione. Dracco could feel her flinching as they moved towards the drawing-room, she was trying her hardest to ignore Draco’s relatives but she was struggling.

Draco pushed Hermione into his drawing-room and slammed the door loudly behind him, shutting out all the words of hatred. He pushed her down to the floor before wiping at his face, closing his eyes and making sure no bricks fell out of the walls again. He hated having to punish her, especially with this method but they both technically had to play the roles, especially him. Once everything was back in order and the walls were back up again, Draco opened his eyes and spotted that Hermione had already started crawling towards the awaiting cage. She knew. She knew what was about to happen.

Hermione waited patiently on her knees by the open cage door, staring up at her Master, waiting for his further instructions even though she knew how this evening would be ending. She keeps watching him until he moves closer and waves his hand to allow her to move into the cage. Hermione clambers into her cage and keeps her eyes remaining on Draco’s body. She doesn’t remove her sight from her Master until she is given permission. She waits and waits and waits until he finally nods down at her and she can move her sight away from him. Hermione cuddles in on herself, grabbing her knees and pulling them up and in towards her chest. She closed her eyes, resting her face upon her legs and just hiding.

“Goodnight, Mudblood.” Draco’s occluded voice rang out into the drawing-room. “See you in the morning... or not.” His voice continued, she could hear the smirk, before she heard his familiar steps moving away from her and back out of the drawing-room. Hermione didn’t look up at his exit, if she did then she knew that she would break. If she had looked up to him, she possibly would have broken down his occlumency walls that he had always worked so hard to keep up in place. Once Hermione felt all of the lights around her force themselves into the darkness, she moved her head and stared out into the nothingness that was pitch black. Even though she knew that she wasn’t able to see anything, it didn’t stop Hermione from looking around the drawing-room that she was all too familiar with now.

The next morning, Hermione was awoken at the crack of dawn as the curtains suddenly burst open and sent in the bright morning sun. The sun streamed through the windows as she winced painfully at the brightness that was forcing its way through into the drawing-room.

Hermione stretched out as much as she could before hitting the sides of her cage with her arms and legs. She winced once again, as she felt the doors burst open, slamming loudly against the walls, and the familiar footsteps of her Master coming towards her.

“Did you have a good night, Mudblood?” Master questioned as he tapped his wand aggressively against the cage. She whimpered, not knowing what he was going to do and he could possibly be wanting to do anything to her. Was he planning on extending her punishment and keeping her within the cage for the rest of the day? Was he planning on bringing her out of the said cage and proceeding to punish her in a different way?

All Hermione could do in response was whimper as she shuffled against the tightening cage as it shrank around her body. She stared up at him, doe eyes begging for her to be forgiven for forgetting some of the rules and that her punishment was completed. She closed her eyes, wanting to fall back to sleep after a restless night but Hermione knew that Master would never let her fall back to sleep. The cage door opened and she was relentlessly and roughly dragged from her four walls.

“I asked you a question. When I ask you a fucking question, I expect you to answer.” He slapped his hand against her face, the echo of the smack bouncing around the room as Master dragged her body up towards him. He slapped her again, staring into her eyes as he searched for any glimpses of her true self trying to fight through. “So I will ask again, did you have a good night, Mudblood?” Master demanded an answer and as if on cue, an answer was rippled from her body.

Hermione stared up at her Master, her broken brown eyes flickering over his body like she was checking for injuries before staring back into his dark grey eyes. “Yes.” That was all she responded with before her exhausted body was dropped back down towards the drawing-room marble flooring. Her body ached and her mouth whimpered as he kicked at her unresponsive body, checking whether she was still alive properly. Unfortunately, for her Master, Hermione was still alive.

“Shower time, Mudblood.” Master crouched down to her level, leaning forward and whispering into her ears before standing up, turning around, and walking back out of the drawing-room, clearly waiting and expecting Hermione to start following behind like the loyal slave and pet she was. She could hear him clearing his throat and muttering something to himself as she tried to stand but her body just didn’t have the strength to do so right now.

So, instead, Hermione started crawling out of the drawing-room and towards her Master, who was waiting impatiently outside of the door. “Took you long enough, Granger. You are usually so excited for shower time together, does my Pet need a little convincing?” His voice twisted around her body as he twirled his wand between his fingers. As if like magic, her body started heating up and sending warmth down towards her center. His words commanded a want over her body, a need for him and his cock. She needed the release and needed it now. He had a power over her that no one else had and would ever have. Hermione was pretty convinced now and he had hardly done anything.

Before he could say another word or move a muscle, Hermione was pushing past him and running up towards his bathroom. She wasn’t sure why she was running, she would have to wait for her Master to arrive but her body was urgent for the shower. She needed nothing else

but the water and her Master and she knew what would be happening once they were together in the shower.

Hermione stripped off her clothing and threw it into the washing basket that always sat in the corner for the house-elves to later sort out. She stood waiting in the bathroom, naked and impatient waiting for her Master. He seemed to be taking his time. She could hear his impending footsteps but they seemed to take a detour around the Manor.

But she would wait patiently for her Master, after all, she wasn't allowed to wash without his permission. And wasn't allowed to shower alone, it always had to be with him, but Hermione found that she didn't really mind anymore. Hermione found that over time, that maybe perhaps she had fallen in love with her Master. He protected her. He promised to never hurt her, and even when he did, it was out of love. Even if he never said the words to her, she knew that he did love her. Why would he protect her if he didn't? Why would he have the rules for her if he didn't love her?

"Mudblood!" Draco's voice called out towards Granger, who was waiting nicely in the bathroom for him. She was always so good for him now. Though whenever they had sex, she would always say "I love you" like they were a couple and not a slave and master. She had been saying it more and more, even when they were out in public where their relationship was known only as a slave and master. They were nothing else but his Mudblood clearly had started seeing things as more. "Mudblood, are you ready for shower time?" Draco walked properly into the bathroom, standing in front of her, waiting for her to move and start undressing him.

Hermione quickly moved away from the toilet and started undressing her Master. She stared up at him as she removed his clothes, kissing his body as she removed the clothes and threw them towards the washing basket. Once he was undressed, he started caressing her body before moving the both of them towards the ornate large shower.

As soon as their bodies were in the shower, the water turned on, as if by magic, to the perfect temperature, making Hermione whimper loudly as the stream hit directly onto her body.

Her Master wriggled his hardening cock against her behind, her mouth making all of the noises that he loved so much as he continued his movements. Draco continued thrusting against her, her moans and loud whimpers echoing around the marble shower walls. He knew that she was loving this but knew that she needed more.

While his Pet lathered the lavender and citrus-smelling soap against his body and scrubbed at every inch of his skin, he was moving his hands around her small body and started making his favourite descent towards her cunt. Which he hoped was wet for him, she should always be ready for him. He grabbed at her breasts, twisting her pale pink nipples between his fingers and pulling them towards him. They hardened at the attention and the whimpers leaving her mouth were music to his ears.

He then moved towards her thighs, grabbing at them with his rough hands and hoping to leave more bruises. He loved marking and covering her entire body. Make sure she was his. He pushed them open before she willingly spread them further for him to trace his finger against the letters of his own name that he knew were on the inside of her thigh. That was his

favourite mark. And was one that would never go away. He always loved marking her with his knives. He knew that the other Death Eaters called him possessive and obsessive behind his back but he couldn't give a single shit. Draco had the most desired after Mudblood and he would never let anyone touch a hair on her body.

He slipped his fingers between her folds, gathering up her wetness before pushing his fingers into her tight cunt. Regardless of how many times he took her, he was obsessed with how tight she still was. He became obsessed and possessive over her cunt very easily. It was golden. All the Death Eaters joked about it being so why not just add to rumours by stating that it actually was. As Draco forced two large fingers into her cunt, her walls tightened around them and gripped him. He keened at the feeling as her whimpers surrounded him again and brought him back to where he was. Draco brought her body closer as he thrust his fingers in and out of her slowly.

"You like this?" He whispered in her ear as he continued the movements, feeling her body grinding against his fingers, practically begging for more. "You like my fingers inside of your dirty cunt?" His words were doing things to her, Draco had always known what to say to get her to squeeze her walls around him as orgasm after orgasm washed over her. As she writhed against his fingers, she was grinding down against his hard cock and was begging to be full, but he needed words. "Tell me what you want, Mudblood. Do you want Master's cock?" He bit down onto the skin underneath her ear, making herself fall and clench around him as she was forcing an orgasm to let go.

"Yes... Yes!" Hermione's voice screamed out as his fingers never stopped thrusting inside, each time coming close to the spongy wall and curling, and she was forced to experience another orgasm from just his fingers. If he hadn't been holding her to his body then she would have been slumping down onto the shower floor. She was basically weak at the knees for her Master.

"Seeing as you asked so nicely, Pet, I will give you what you want." His voice lulled out as he removed his fingers from her cunt before placing them into her mouth for her to suck clean. "Don't you taste *so good*?" Draco dragged out the words as her tongue twirled against his fingers, her moans vibrating around them. She nodded as he pulled out his fingers before pushing her body against the glass door, her breasts smooching out against the cold door.

"Please..." Hermione begged, throwing her head back onto his shoulder and staring up at her Master. "Please... I need you!" She whimpered, wriggling herself against his cock. She continued begging and whimpering for him.

Before any more words or noises were made, Draco spread her legs wider and forced his cock slowly inside of her cunt, dragging it out and making Hermione whimper more. The shower sprayed on top of them as the thrusts became rougher and the slap of skin against skin became louder. He wrapped one hand around her throat and the other wrapped around her waist, keeping her as close to his body as humanly possible. Hermione's moans got louder, as his cock thrust himself further inside of her. He felt her walls clench around her before she screamed and knew that she was coming crashing down into another orgasm.

"Can you give me another one?" He questioned as his thrusts never slowed down, he moved his hand that was around her waist and moved it towards her clit. He circled his thumb

against her clit slowly, watching her break around him. Hermione whimpered, moaning loudly as he didn't stop his attention on her body. "Give me another orgasm and you'll get your reward, sweet girl." Draco continued his attention on his Pet's body, watching her writhe underneath him. She nodded, as that was all she could do at this moment. No words, just noises, were coming out of Hermione's mouth.

Draco's cock thrust deeper, pushing against her spongy walls and pulsing within her. She whimpered as his thumb continued circling against her engorged clit. She writhed until she could move or respond no more. Draco continued his movements, however. He moved his hand away from her throat and moved towards her tits, twisting and squeezing her nipples and watching as Hermione fell as another orgasm crashed through her body and Draco found himself following her. Pushing his come deep within her body.

"Good girl." He kissed her neck as she slumped against his body. She had followed the rules and he was proud of her for listening. Perhaps the night spent in the drawing-room cage reminded me of what happens when the rules aren't followed. He kissed harder, leaving bruises against her neck. "Well done, pet. You did so well for me." Draco whispered as he finished washing her body before helping her out of the shower.

Draco moved Hermione back into his bedroom, placing her down on the bed and stepping away from her. He stared at her still slumped body, clearly the multiple orgasms this early in the morning but he was proud of her for listening. He blinked before opening the cupboard and summoning the clothes that she was going to be wearing today. He started to leave but turned around.

"Be ready to leave in twenty minutes," Draco commanded, staring down at Hermione's body on the bed, before leaving his own bedroom to get ready elsewhere. "If you aren't ready in twenty minutes, Mudblood, I will be dragging your body and you will appear naked in public." Draco's voice shouted and suddenly Hermione's body perked up at how serious he was sounding with his threat. She wasn't planning on breaking any more rules, she didn't want to be punished anymore.



Hermione walked slowly alongside her Master, the both of them dressed out in ornate and luxurious all-black outfits, with her shining silver outwear collar around her neck. Her Master was wearing his all-black Death Eater robes, with his matching Death Eater mask that was only to be worn in certain, celebratory events and today was not one of them, but he was always carrying around the thing with him, just in case that he was called away to an important event that required the object. Hermione, of course, was wearing a short, thin, and quite see-through black dress with matching heels, which were a pain along all of these cobbled streets of Diagon and Knockturn Alley. But Hermione had no room to complain, especially after everything her Master did for her. Complaining, also, meant punishment. And them being out currently meant punishment in public which was also so deeply embarrassing. Every Death Eater master and slave had to set an example for the younger wizards and witches and the whole of the wizarding world. Because, one day, they too could possibly be masters and/or slaves.

Onlookers would stare at her, recognising her for being the best friend of Harry Potter and then the disgust would start. How could she let herself be used by someone as disgusting as Draco Malfoy? How could she let herself be in this situation? Why wasn't she fighting against her Master and the Dark Lord? She ignored the looks. She acted as if she was higher than them, impersonating all of the Purebloods that she was constantly surrounded by and carried on with her walking.

Then there were the onlookers in Knockturn Alley who wanted a taste of her. A glimpse of the so-called golden cunt. A glimpse of her naked body. They wanted her moans and whimpers for themselves but they would never get them. Her Master Draco was as possessive as they come and would never allow another man to be pleasuring her. The name on her thigh said "Draco", not "Scabior", not "Greyback". She was owned by one man and one man only. And boy did he make sure that everyone knew who was her Master. Just one quick look at Hermione granted you a place in Draco's bad books, and you didn't want to be in there because you never stayed alive for very long. Within a couple of hours, you'd be six feet under the ground and never able to glare at his pet ever again.

"Darling?" Draco's voice spoke clearly as he opened the door of the restaurant for her, allowing her entrance first as a proper gentleman would. He was always kinder with her in public unless she disobeyed the rules. Hermione walked in, feeling his warm hand against her bare back, guiding her towards their usual table. The table where everyone could sit and watch them, especially if Draco ever needed to punish Hermione for disobeying.

The meal was going all well until she had forgotten one rule and then suddenly everything was turning, and Hermione already knew where this was going to go.

She was truly stupid if she had thought that she could get away without punishment in public, she knew that her Master loved taking her in front of all these people, it was a kink of his. He made it a spectacle, a performance for all the punters in the restaurant. It got him off. Made him hornier than he had possibly ever been when taking her in his Manor. Draco Malfoy was a sick twisted man and she would be lying if she said that she didn't fall in love with him, even more, when he was gross and horrible towards her. Every lick. Every slap. Every bite. She fell into the dark side of love, even more, it was twisted but fuck did she enjoy how it hurt.

"Everyone, I would like your attention please!" Draco shouted across the restaurant, standing up and opening his arms out like he was a showman.

He smirked down at Hermione, who was kneeling down by the table. She wasn't looking up, she knew what she had done wrong.

"Firstly, before today's show, I would like all underage wizards and witches to swiftly leave. They will later learn what happens and what is awaiting them in their near future." Draco watched as a couple of children ran out of the restaurant and then the smirk reappeared on his face as he stared out at the disgusted faces around the establishment.

Silently, with just a stare, he commanded Hermione to strip and lay her stomach down on the table and make sure her legs were spread for him. She did as she was commanded and waited for further instructions as Draco continued drawing in the crowd, pulling in punters from the

streets and even allowing other slaves to watch what one of the top Death Eaters was doing to his slave.

Once Draco had everyone's attention, he moved behind her body and unzipped his robe trousers. He quickly slid his hard cock out and slid his fingers against Hermione's wet cunt, gathering her wetness and sliding it against his cock before thrusting himself deep into Hermione. Her quick and loud screams entered the restaurant, echoing around the establishment and everyone realised how real this was.

He was quick to grab her hair with one hand, wrapping it around his wrist and pulling it tight so she could push away from his thrusts. She would love this. With the other hand, he slapped against her arse. He slapped against her thighs. He slapped against her back. He left bright Gryffindor red marks against her. Hermione loved the pain, she was a sucker for pain. Draco gripped tightly against her thighs as he thrust deeper into her. Hoping he left bruises against her.

Tonight's entertainment between Hermione and Draco ended quickly because Draco was too turned on and was spewing his seed inside of her. He didn't care that Hermione hadn't given him the multiple orgasms, she was being punished so didn't deserve any of her orgasms tonight.



Months after Draco publicly punished Hermione in the Knockturn Alley restaurant, they had been called to Hogwarts for an audience in front of Lord Voldemort. This had never happened to the two of them before but they knew that it wasn't going to be good. Hermione's mind went to the worst places at first. *She was being taken away from Draco and was never going to see him again. She was going to be killed. She was going to be taken away from Draco and then killed.* Hermione hadn't slept for days before the meeting, the panic and anxiety were too much and she hadn't felt like this in years. But she had to deal with her inner demons on her own, her love for Draco was being threatened to crumble around her.

But as they arrived at Hogwarts and walked towards the Great Hall, they realised that what Hermione was worried about was just stupid and they had been set up. It was one of the infamous Death Eater sex parties that Draco had never brought Hermione to. He attended a few of the parties by himself before but never found himself enjoying them. He'd rather just spend time at home with his pet. But Draco knew that something was different about tonight, the atmosphere was different at this party.

"Young Master Draco!" Voldemort's voice called out as the sex party went on around them. He welcomed them, smiling and showing his yellow disgusting teeth off. He beckoned them forward, wanting them closer. "And you bought the Mudblood along, as instructed. Wonderful!" Voldemort cheered out loudly as every single Death Eater around them cheered along with him, the slaves moaning and whimpering around the hall that once held hundreds of ready-to-learn students.

Hermione bowed down, her dark Slytherin green slip leaving nothing open to the imagination as it was all there for everyone to see and Draco hated it. But he was instructed on what she

was to wear and so he followed instructions like a good little servant. She bent at the knee, hearing the shouts and whoops coming from the snatchers and Death Eaters that had had their eyes on her for years and finally thought they were getting a chance tonight but she wasn't sure what they were brought here for, right?

Before the two could move back together again, arms were wrapping around Hermione and pulling her away while she watched Draco be dragged out of the Great Hall as he silently screamed out for Hermione. She wriggled hard against the body and the arms that were around her waist, but upon wriggling more, she realised that she wasn't going to be able to fight her way out of this. Hermione needed to give up and realise that she was going to be used, and potentially be taken away from Draco forever.

"Draco!" Hermione screamed out loudly as the bodies pulled her towards the beds that were scattered around the Great Hall. She continued wriggling against the hard body behind her before a growl told her who exactly was holding her. Hermione screamed out again, "Draco! Master! Please help me!" She continued before trying to kick against the bodies that were crowding around her.

Hermione's body was thrown onto the bed, her arms and legs grabbed instantly and was restricted from movement with rope and ties. She was gagged from making any noises that her Master had loved so much. Her eyes flickered around the room, trying to look for any signs of her Master coming back to rescue her, but there was nothing. Nothing except the sights of Dolohov and Barty Crouch Jr both standing above her with smirks and then the cackles and shouts of Greyback, Bellatrix, and the Lestrage brothers start flicking into her reality and she realises what is going on. She had ruined things with Draco, she had loved too easily and was being given to someone else.

She feels herself blacking out. This wasn't real. This wasn't happening. She was being forcefully fucked in places that had been his. Hermione wasn't supposed to be used like this. She was his. She was Draco's and only his. She could feel her brain repeating all of the words and screaming out but nothing was leaving her mouth. Hermione could feel everything and nothing entering and exiting her body. Orgasms washed over her as she was dragged through new torture methods that Bellatrix had come up with and wanted the men to use on her. No one cared if she died but one thing about her was that:

Hermione loved the pain and she was a sucker for it.

End Notes

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