

The Erised Effect

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"...he's twenty-six years old, and to this day I don't think he's ever finished himself off inside of a woman..."

Hermione and Pansy work in a shop together.

Draco, Harry, Theo and Blaise all work together at the Ministry.

They all meet up every Friday at the pub to have drinks.

Pansy has a new fantasy potion that she likes to call 'The Erised Effect' that she's keen to try out on willing participants ...

Boys are so easy to manipulate when alcohol is involved

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Erised

Chapter 1: Erised

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“Absolutely fucking not, that’s like a breach of my bloody privacy!”

Pansy scowled. Hermione could sense she was about to fight her argument, which she would no doubt win, but it was making Hermione feel slightly uncomfortable at the thought of going there with these particular boys.

“I’m with Blaise I’m afraid, it’s a bit wrong, don’t you think?” Theo huffed. “I’d feel all vulnerable and exposed...”

“I thought you were in to that sort of thing, Theodore...” Pansy sing-songed at him from her place opposite him, her face in her hands and looking at him expectantly. “I’ve heard you like being watched...”

The group around the table sniggered as Theo held up his hands, looking affronted. “Under normal circumstances I’m not opposed to an audience,” he looked at Pansy pointedly. “As you very well know...” Pansy glared at him. “...but this is an invasion of the mind... it’s digging around in someone’s fantasies and finding out what they really think ... what makes them tick...”

“Exactly!” Pansy announced excitedly, banging her hands onto the table, and making everyone jump. “It’s a niche market, and that is

exactly why myself and Hermione want to trial it! Isn't that right, Granger?"

The boys all looked over at Hermione from their beer glasses expectantly, as if she held the power to stop Pansy and her wittering madness. She held her wine glass close to her, knowing that she was fully aware that she would never be able to stop Pansy once she was on a mission. Nobody could stop Pansy when she was on a mission.

Hermione knew the girl far too well now, having been in business with her for almost six years. It started small; an idea one night over dinner with Harry and Blaise who were working in the same department as each other at the time. Hermione and Pansy were there to add extra ambience but ended up being the forefront of the conversation that night.

Pansy had inheritance and an idea for a shop that she wanted to open. Hermione had business sense and a passion for making things successful. From the friendly banter they had struck up that night, *'Mi Amor'* was created and neither of them had looked back since.

And as it turns out; the Wizarding World was full of kinky bastards who flocked to their little shop every day, whether it be to look through their selection of erotic books and magazines, tantalising underwear or their vast array of potions and sexual enhancers. Pansy always ensured that there was something for everyone, and Hermione always ensured that the books were balanced out.

"Don't look at me," Hermione glared at the boys and put her hands up in surrender. They all knew Pansy far too well. "You know what she's like when she's on one..."

"Like a dog with a bone..."

Hermione shuddered internally as the low voice of Draco Malfoy met her ears. That voice... fuck, even his voice was affecting her now.

Shit ... she daren't even look up at him. She'd managed to avoid looking in his direction all night, like she did every Friday night when their little group met up for after-work drinks.

It was an odd little collection of people, Hermione had to admit. After all, who would have thought that this combination of Gryffindor's and Slytherin's from their particular year group could ever get along like they did now? Blaise brought Theo into the mix, unfortunately for them all...something Blaise has never been allowed to forget.

Harry strangely enough was the one who ended up bringing Malfoy on board and took him under his wing when Malfoy transferred to his department within the Ministry. Friday night drinks were a weekly thing now and had been for years. It was a fact however, that Hermione found the last few months of them a lot harder than they used to be ... now that she was more aware of Malfoy, anyway.

It started off as a small thing; an admittance to herself that he happened to have dressed nicely one day. Then a few days later she found herself admiring the way his eyes suited the green and blue colours he wore... or the way that black made his cheekbones pop and his hair stand out effectively.

It went downhill swiftly from there, about a year or two ago. When she found herself thinking about whether his skin was soft, and what it would feel like to kiss his throat, just above his Adams apple. Would he need to pick her up for her to reach? Or would he bend into her just enough for her to latch onto his skin?

For the last six month she had been thinking of nothing except him between her legs, doing all manner of things to her. Absurd as she knew he would never think of her that way, and that Draco Malfoy was a very secretive man. But every now and again she would catch his quick glances at her ... and she wondered if may be... just maybe...

"I'm afraid to ask..." Harry's quiet voice spoke up from next to Hermione, breaking her train of thought. "...but why exactly do you

want to use us as the guinneapigs?”

Pansy clapped her hands together in glee. “Who better to test it out on than three highly sexual males who are in the prime of their lives?” She asked with a sparkle in her eye.

Hermione felt herself wince. Pansy had bought a new stock of potion all the way from Romania. Little was really known about it, but what they did know was that the drinker was put into some sort of sexual day dream once they had taken it, and the viewer used a special mirror that was supplied with the potion to view the fantasies of the drinker.

‘*The Erised Effect*’, Pansy had called it. Apparently, it brought forward the deepest, darkest fantasies of the drinker, and the viewer was able to watch these fantasies unfold. An intimate type of Voyeurism, Hermione supposed.

“Three Highly sexual males...”

Good god, Hermione’s throat was parched. She didn’t need to know about the others, but Malfoy... well, from what Pansy had said –

Stop. No need to go there again...

Hermione shook her head and tried to keep up with the conversation.

“Flattery will get you nowhere, Pans.” Blaise told her matter of factly as he loosened his tie and took three large gulps of his Butter beer. “You can’t expect to believe that we will just sit here and let you peer into our heads...” he shook his head. “You’re off your bloody rocker.”

“She’d be running off to Rita Skeeter the minute she took a peek at my dirty laundry.” Theo tutted. “Imagine the shit-storm you’d cause if people found out about my kinks...”

Everyone at the table rolled their eyes.

“Everyone knows about your kinks, Theodore,” Draco drawled from opposite Hermione. Again, she didn’t dare to look in his direction. “Wouldn’t even surprise me if the Minister has heard about your sexual appetite...”

“Just because I enjoy sex and I’m not fussy about who I’m sharing my interest in carnal knowledge with,” Theo wagged his finger at Draco accusingly. “Unlike you, who appears to have been celibate for at least the last two years... you giant-sized, picky bastard.”

The tips of Hermione’s ears went pink as the table went quiet at Theo’s words. He always was one to hit a raw nerve when it came to winding Malfoy up. Two years though... really? A man like him not getting any action at all for two years? ... surely not. But then again, Hermione hadn’t seen him with a woman on his arm since Astoria... and that had been a while ago, now. And Pansy had said –

No. She stopped herself again. Refused herself to go back to that conversation again... she’d replayed it so often that she practically memorised every word...

“Think what you want, Theodore ...” Draco’s voice was low and almost threatening. Hermione could just about see him out of the corner of her eye, but still refused to glance over at him. All she could see was the black outline of his clothing against the stark contrast of his shockingly blonde hair. “...but I’m not the one who has had the complaints...”

Blaise belly laughed. Harry and Pansy snorted. Hermione hid her smile and she knew that although she couldn’t see it, Malfoy would be smirking.

“You sir,” Theo pointed at Draco accusingly before taking a large gulp of his drink. “Are a colossal prick.” He sniffed indignantly and stuck his nose up into the air. “And she didn’t complain... well, not officially, anyway...”

“She spent four hours handcuffed to your desk draw, Theodore.” Hermione giggled. The sound almost caught in her throat when she felt a pair of silver eyes looking in her direction. Her breath always caught when she could feel him looking at her. “I think anyone would complain if they were just left hanging around for that amount of time!”

Theo rolled his eyes. “I only nipped out for a Coffee for us, thinking the waiting game would turn her on a little more... just forgot the time, is all. And as it turns out, she wasn’t actually a very patient person after all...quite rude afterwards, actually...”

Pansy waved her hands in the air, initiating a change in conversation. “We have a disclaimer for this new potion, anyway.” The boys all frowned at her, and she rolled her eyes. “It IS classed as an invasion of privacy under magical law, so both parties would sign the disclaimer that would bind them against being able to discuss what they have seen.” She then grinned quite wickedly. “...unless the other person gives them verbal and written permission to do so.”

“So...” Harry started curiously. “If you *and* I were to both sign my contract, that would mean that Hermione can’t look and you can’t tell her?” he asked with an eyebrow raised and then looked over at Hermione. “Because no offence Hermione, but the thought of you looking through my sexual fantasies makes me feel slightly queasy.”

“Feeling is bloody well mutual Harry; I can assure you.” She shuddered

“Yes.” Pansy told him, sounding very business-like. “Unless of course, you then change your mind and sign the disclaimer at the bottom which allows others to see or be told about it by the viewer.”

Hermione watched Harry ponder the information. “And this is purely for training and informational purposes only?” he asked Pansy seriously, and Hermione realised with alarm that he was actually contemplating doing this.

“Harry James Potter!” Hermione swatted his arms. “You can’t possibly –“

“If Potter does it then I’m game...” Blaise piped up. “With the contract in place it feels a little less invasive ...” his eyes glinted devilishly at Pansy. “... and a little more enticing.”

Theo scoffed. “Oh please, like your fantasies are anything to write home about...” he almost preened like a Peacock. “Whereas mine, on the other hand ...”

Pansy snorted and then drained her glass. “If you think you can’t be matched, then why don’t you sign the disclaimer right now so we can all have a look and discuss it?” her eyebrow cocked challengingly, and Theo paled.

But he wasn’t one to lose and back down. He too drained his drink, slammed the glass down on the table and then put his hand out. “Come on then, show me the contract.” He clicked his fingers. “Let’s go.”

Pansy practically squealed with delight and the rest of them groaned. There would be no backing out for any of them now, that was for bloody sure.

Hermione watched as Theo put his glasses on and read over the contract on the parchment. “This is water-tight Pans...well done you.” Then he nodded and signed his half confidently, with the quill that Pansy gave to him.

“Do you want this one or do I have to take him, Hermione?” Pansy turned and asked her with a smirk.

Hermione put a loose curl around her ear and blushed as she felt all eyes on her. She didn’t like where this was going ... not one bit. She knew Pansy, and she knew what Pansy would mostly likely try to do ... because at times, Pansy was a cow.

“I’ll let you have the pleasure of that particular fantasy, Parkinson...” Hermione flushed and giggled, gulping down her glass of wine until it was empty.

“You don’t know what you’re missing, Granger.” Theo winked at her. Hermione shook her head and rolled her eyes. “I can do things with a pair of handcuffs that would make your eyes water-“

Hermione heard Malfoy snort opposite her indignantly. “Piss of Theo, you fucking melt.” Hermione couldn’t help the small laugh that erupted from his outburst. “The only thing you’ve done with handcuffs is cause severe, long-lasting PTSD for poor Romilda ... girl’s never been the same since.”

Theo went to reply hotly but-

“Okay who’s next?” Pansy asked and looked around at the boys expectedly.

Hermione watched as Blaise shrugged and held his hand up. “Go on then, give it here.” He then nodded in Hermione’s direction. “But I’m having her.” Pansy huffed. “At least she won’t judge me every time she looks in my direction for the rest of my life.” He begrudgingly took the parchment from the black-haired Witch and started to sign his life away.

Blaise had a point. Out of the two of them, Hermione was far less likely to dwell on what she had seen. It was Pansy who wouldn’t ever be able to let it go. Poor Harry ... he really had no idea what he was letting himself in for if Pansy took a peek at his fantasies.

“I’m going the bar.” Came Malfoy’s deep, brooding voice as Hermione chanced a glance at him from across the table as he stood up. “Not a chance am I getting sucked into any of this shite.”

Hermione’s mouth went dry as she looked in his direction, like it always did when she snuck a peek at him. He was so tall. The type of tall that had your ovaries calling out to be used and abused. The

type of tall that had you wondering if you could die of suffocation as he was fucking you while he was on top, his massive forearms surrounding you.

And the shoulders and back on the man as he retreated from the table had Hermione's thighs clenching as the heat between them started. His frame was so large in comparison to Hermione's small one. He was a good head or two taller than her and had an air of mystery constantly clinging about him like a cloak; his presence had Hermione constantly flustered due to how intimidatingly attractive she found him. Menacingly attractive.

She remembered a simpler time when her head didn't get so fogged up by the thought of him every time they were in each other's presence. A time when she could look at him when he spoke to her and engage with him without having heart palpitations. When she could actually make real eye contact and see the greys and blue's swirling intoxicatingly in his eyes.

But then bloody Pansy and her stupid, over bearing need to know everything and give away secrets had gotten in the way one Sunday night after work on a little girl's night out for them both. One too many cocktails had them both spilling their secrets, and Hermione found herself admitting that Draco Malfoy had nice eyes...

"His eyes aren't the only thing that's nice about Draco..." Pansy tittered into her cocktail glass as she stirred the contents. "I should know ... I spent the better half of Hogwarts with the man..."

Hermione flushed. She knew it was a mistake as soon as she had opened her mouth, but the cocktails had taken over her system, and she found herself far more loose-lipped than she normally would. "I only said he had nice eyes..." she took a slurp of the luminous concoction in her glass.

"Granger, I've seen the way you look at him..." Pansy teased. "And if the way he glances at you is anything to go by, then I'd say that his

eyes are the least of your worries..."

Hermione choked on her drink as she looked up at her work friend, who was now cackling.

"Pansy Parkinson..." Hermione tried to say diplomatically. "Draco Malfoy does not look at me in any such way –"

"He looks at you like a Lion looks at its prey." Pansy interrupted her in a deadpan tone. "I've seen that look ... I know that look and you're in big fucking trouble, Hermione." Pansy was smirking at her. "Forget what you think you know about Draco Malfoy, because you really do know nothing. A glance that lasts a second is all he needs to make up his mind."

Hermione frowned. "I really do know nothing." She twirled her straw between her fingers. "He's quiet and keeps himself to himself. He's a bloody mystery and I don't think I could ever begin to understand him."

Pansy was smiling devilishly at her. "Best way to be. Don't try to ... just ... just let him approach you."

Hermione was frowning again. "He barely looks at me, never mind approaches-"

"He's just watching you, Granger..." Pansy downed her cocktail and summoned the waiter for another one. "He's sizing you up... wants to make sure he knows what he definitely wants."

Hermione's heart rate picked up. "What he definitely wants?' she was fiddling with the plastic Parrot sticking out of her glass and putting a strand of hair behind her ear. "You make him sound like a predator."

"Oh... he is..." Pansy's words made the hairs on the back of her neck stand on end. "...but only in the best way. He's territorial and he likes

to know that if he's investing his time into someone, that he has their undivided attention... he likes to bide his time before he plays."

Hermione's mouth went dry and she clenched her thighs together at the connotations of what Pansy meant... he likes to play ...

"Play?" The words were out of her mouth before she could stop them.

That mischievous glint was back in Pansy's eyes. "Oh, this is too good..." she said wickedly, then leaned over the table until she was closer to Hermione. In almost a whisper, she continued. "Draco has certain... needs." Hermione gulped, listening intently. "He likes his woman to show barely any interest...it makes the game more intense for him." Hermione licked her bottom lip.

"I remember one night in Hogwarts; we had been having a tiff so I was ignoring him. I walked down the corridor towards the Potions classroom on my Prefect rounds, when suddenly he was there... looming over me."

Hermione shuddered slightly as Pansy went on. "Draco likes control, Granger... he likes the thought of a woman giving into him when he needs it; when the moment is right for him. That night, while he had me pinned against the wall, his hands and his teeth were all over me... and the things he said to me, Granger... he left me soaked...Draco Malfoy likes to talk."

Hermione let out a breath that she had been holding. "He likes to tell you what he wants to do to you and what he thinks you'll like him to do ... he doesn't necessarily need you to talk back to him...sometimes he just likes to see the reaction on your face when he's telling you that he'll let you come if you scream for him..."

Hermione could feel her pulse racing at Pansy's words. "But he always asks permission." Pansy told her seriously. "He will never touch you or mark you without asking first ... and he'll never fuck you without making you tell him coherently that that is what you want ...

he needs you to give into him completely before he will lay even so much as a lust-filled gaze on you..."

Hermione swallowed hard. "...Mark me?"

Pansy bit her lip and looked at her intently. "He likes to bite ... mark his territory..."

Her mind whirled. So many things to leave her imagination running wild with temptation. Draco Malfoy was a dark horse indeed... how did someone keep this sort of thing to themselves without imploding? It was unfathomable.

"I'm not joking, Hermione." Pansy interrupted her thoughts by shoving another cocktail in her direction. "Don't fuck with him if you don't want him to fuck you hard ... he's had too many disappointments already..." Pansy bit her lip and Hermione swore she could see her blush a little. "...I won't go into too much detail, but he only ever fucked me once, and even that was – never mind." Pansy stopped herself mid-sentence and sipped at her drink.

Hermione raised her eyebrows in surprise. The whole of Hogwarts was rife with the gossip of Draco Malfoy and Pansy Parkinson going at it every available opportunity and in every available empty classroom and corridor since 6th year. Surely the rumours were well founded. They'd been spotted on many occasions together... Pansy was a moaner, apparently.

"We frothed a lot ... he got me off every time just by fucking me through our clothing... or his hands...or his tongue ... his fingers are –" she gave Hermione a look. "Well ... I'm sure you've seen how big his hands are...."

A shiver ran down Hermione's spine and oh, god... the things she was starting to imagine he could do to her with his tongue and his fingers. But then ... if he was that good with his mouth and his fingers, then why –

“The thing you have to understand about Draco Malfoy, Granger...” Pansy seemed to take in a deep breath as she thought about her next sentence. “...is that he struggles to get women into bed properly, because once they’ve got past the foreplay, they tend to get a little put off and run...”

Hermione furrowed her brows as she watched Pansy lick the cream from the top of her cocktail glass. “I slept with him just the once... and quite honestly, it took me a week to recover.”

Hermione felt her core contract involuntarily at that information and she felt a blush cross her cheeks as Pansy continued. “I wanted to try again, but he wouldn’t let me ... said he didn’t want to see that look of pain on my face ever again.” Pansy looked directly at her, dead in the eye. “Draco is big, Hermione...” both girls seemed to hold their breath. “Like, really big...” Pansy’s voice was barely a whisper now. “...he’s twenty-six years old, and to this day I don’t think he’s ever finished himself off inside of a woman...”

A rush of heat shot through directly to Hermione’s core at Pansy’s words. It was almost too much ... Draco Malfoy had never come inside a woman because of the size of his cock? Was that intentional or had the women just simply become too sore once he had brought them to orgasm to allow him to carry on?

“So if you’re sure you want to go there –” Pansy told her warningly, her eyes serious and fixed on hers. “– and believe me, I’ve seen the way he watches you... he’s biding his time, he’s waiting on you...” Hermione took a deep breath. “...then you need to seriously consider what you’re letting yourself in for, because once you’ve been with Draco Malfoy, you won’t be the same afterwards... he’ll keep you.”

Oh, dear lord ... maybe she had to stop making that subtle eye contact with him... because she didn’t know if she was ready for that yet. She didn’t know if she would ever be ready.

... The fog lifted in her brain as the conversation came back into focus around her once more. Pansy droning on excitedly about how this research would help her to locate more potions like the *Erised*, and how if it all worked out then the shop would be rolling in money this time next year.

There were grumbles of *"I can't bloody believe I'm doing this..."* and protests of; *"I swear, if you even bother to judge the size of my manhood..."*, before Hermione looked up to find another glass of red wine being pushed towards her on the table.

Hermione looked up to politely thank the buyer, but when her eyes met with his she suddenly remembered who the buyer was.

For her, the air started to fizz and crack around her as her eyes connected with his. "Thank you." She said quietly and watched the corners of his mouth curl slightly as he viewed her, sitting down casually in his armchair by the Fireplace. The only chair big enough to accommodate the size of him and give him enough leg room.

He never took his eyes off her as he took his place and cradled his glass of Fire whisky, his top two buttons of his Oxford undone and his tie hanging loose on either side. His hair was still perfectly in place, even though he had a habit of running his hands through it. Short back and sides but longer on top ... just how Hermione Liked it.

Bad thoughts ... very bad thoughts ...

In those small seconds when she allowed herself to look at him, she watched the colours dancing in his eyes and a momentary flicker of them glancing down to her thighs, before he gave the faintest sign of a smirk on his lips; amused by his own thoughts and broke the contact by taking a sip of his whisky.

“He’s sizing you up... wants to make sure he knows what he definitely wants.”

An involuntary shudder ran up her spine. The thought that Draco Malfoy might want to pursue her had left Hermione breathless on many occasions. He never gave himself away to her, and it constantly put her on edge. It really was a game for him... a waiting game. If he looked at her then she barely ever saw it. She hardly ever felt his eyes on her, except for the occasional times when she noticed and thought she might catch fire.

“I’ve got Theodore and Potter.” Pansy’s voice invaded Hermione’s thoughts yet again. “You’ve got Blaise, Granger.”

“Why do you all insist on calling me Theodore?” he asked with a twinge of annoyance.

“Because it pisses you off.” Blaise told him matter of factly. “And anything that pisses you off makes us all tremendously fucking gleeful.”

“*Cunts...* the lot of you...” Theo was heard to mumble to himself with his arms crossed over his chest like a petulant child.

Hermione nodded at her wine glass as the parchment for Blaise’s *Erised* was put in front of her. She signed in the correct places and her brow rose when she found that he had also signed the disclaimer so Hermione could talk about what she had seen.

“Are you sure, Blaise?” she asked looking up at him. “Because you don’t have to-“

“I’ve got nothing to be ashamed of, Granger.” He said to her proudly. “If Theodore over here can show the world what he’s made of, then so can I.”

Hermione was starting to think that the Butter beer might have been largely at work in some of the decisions that were being made. Pansy really was a crafty cow when it came to getting what she wanted. She always got what she wanted.

“Draco?...” Pansy cooed. Everyone except Hermione turned to look at him. Hermione decided that her wine glass was far more interesting to look at. “Last chance to get involved” Hermione caught the hint of a smirk on the Witches lips. “...blow this lot of amateurs out of the water...”

The boys scoffed. Draco smirked, but Hermione saw him shake his head out of the corner of her eye.

“I’ve got nothing to prove Pans... surely you are testament to that?” his voice was so low it was practically a rumble and she felt it in her core. Hermione blushed, knowing exactly what he was also referring to, and Pansy gave him a wink.

“I certainly am, but I just wanted to see these dickheads eat their words when they find out –“

“Pansy...” Draco told her warningly and sat forward in his armchair, his elbows resting on his thighs and the size of him in the chair taking over the expanse of Hermione’s eyesight. “...let the little boys play.”

Theo snorted into his beer. “Mate, you’ve not been laid in so long that the only fantasy you’ve got hidden in the crevices of that brain of yours is the one about your daily catch-ups with your mate *Pam* and her five friends...” Theo held up his right hand and wiggled his fingers.

Blaise and Harry laughed out loud. Pansy bit her lip and shook her head. Hermione swallowed thickly and blushed at the thought of Draco Malfoy masturbating and getting himself off all over his hand. Did he have to use one hand or two? Was he long? Or just thick? Or was he both...

“...he’s twenty-six years old, and to this day I don’t think he’s ever finished himself off inside of a woman...”

A rush of heat spread to her core again at the memory... and then there was a fictional thought of Malfoy between her legs, fucking her through her own orgasm. The thought of seeing through the pain to let him come inside her had her thighs aching desperately. So many daydreams about that moment ... what he would sound like when he finally found release inside of a woman... inside her...

Banter and insults had obviously been passed around whilst Hermione had been lost in her own thoughts once again. Whatever insult had been said -probably by Theo, no doubt – had quite obviously then struck a nerve with Malfoy, for him to announce;

“Pansy, be a dear and pass me that parchment please...” in a low, angry tone.

Hermione held her breath and everyone seemed to go quiet momentarily. She could feel her eardrums thudding and hoped that no one noticed her breathing quicken slightly.

Pansy smiled wickedly as she brought the parchment over to Draco with a quill and her grin got even wider when he signed on his side of the dotted line.

“Draco will show the boys how to play...” Pansy teased and looked over in Hermione’s direction. “He’s already won, and we’ve not even started yet.” She said gleefully.

“Just sign the bloody thing and let’s get this over with, Pans...” he muttered as he sat back in his chair again and downed his whisky. Hermione couldn’t look at him, the air feeling so thick with tension that she felt she might suffocate from it.

Pansy gave a little nervous giggle. "Sorry Draco, I've already got my two...." she told him with a small smile on her face. Then she looked over at Hermione intently. "I'm afraid Granger is the one taking your reins... she'll be the one getting all of the viewing pleasure..."

Lava met stormy skies as their eyes both widened, and they met with each other. Hermione felt the air leave her lungs as she looked at him, hoping he couldn't see the blush rising on her cheeks as Pansy shoved the parchment in front of her to sign.

Hermione's eyes never left his when she signed off her name, but momentarily chanced a glance down at the disclaimer, to realise that he hadn't signed it. He didn't want anyone else to know about his fantasies ... only his viewer...

only her ...

All manner of thoughts were brought to life in her mind, and Pansy's words were always at the forefront. Every sordid little fantasy was created around the things that Pansy had told her, and she quite honestly could not stop the train of thought of him climbing on top of her, opening her legs wide and attempting to slide his massive length inside her inch by –

"So, if you're sure you want to go there...and believe me, I've seen the way he watches you... he's biding his time, he's waiting on you...then you need to seriously consider what you're letting yourself in for, because once you've been with Draco Malfoy, you won't be the same afterwards... he'll keep you."

This was it. She was about to see what the secretive, brooding and devastatingly dark Draco Malfoy was really all about.

"Show time." Theo announced, rubbing his hands together.

Malfoy never once took his eyes off her, his face expressionless but his eyes dancing with all manner of different emotions that she couldn't recognise, and they made her knees weak.

Show time, indeed.

The Drinker

Chapter 2: The Drinker

"Well that's hardly bloody fair..." Theo huffed as a vial with pink, swirling liquid was put in front of him on the table.

"Got to play by the rules-" Harry muttered, sounding affronted as the same vial was also placed in front of him. "If everyone else has signed the disclaimer but Malfoy hasn't then-"

"You know better than to think I would play by the same rules as everyone else, Potter," Draco told him in a mocking tone as he took a deep sip of his whisky and accepted the vial that Pansy had passed him over the table. "Did our time playing Quidditch at Hogwarts not teach you anything?"

"Or the time he nearly got ruined by that Hippogriff -" Blaise pointed out.

"Or the time he got turned into a white rodent-" Theo pointed out matter of factly.

"What about the time when he nearly offed old Dumbledore?-" Blaise replied. Hermione and Harry scowled at him. "-May God rest his soul." He added quickly, making a cross sign in front of him.

"Or the time when he nearly threw himself through that stupid bloody cabinet in frustration-" Theo laughed wholeheartedly.

Hermione heard Malfoy draw in an impatiently deep breath. It wasn't uncommon for Blaise and Theo to mock him for his previously dark deeds. He usually took it in his stride and bided his time until he was able to get them back with some sort of sarcastic and usually quite witty retort, but tonight did not seem like the night for that.

“There are no rules, it is the drinker’s choice.” Pansy cut in, silencing the boys when she spotted the look of tension on Draco’s face. He seemed to be grappling with himself, Hermione could sense it from where he sat. Almost as if he thought he was making a very big mistake by signing the contract.

“Well if I can’t see his then he can’t see mine.” Theo announced petulantly, poking a finger in Draco’s direction.

“I don’t want to see yours Theodore, you’ll put me off sausage for life.” Draco said darkly, earning a titter from a few around the table.

“What was that?” Theo asked sarcastically, “Hmm?”, putting a hand to his ear and cupping it in Draco’s direction. “Jumbo hotdog, you say? Oh, you do compliment me, Draco.”

“More like cocktail sausage, mate. Have a strong word with yourself, yeah?” Draco bantered back and Hermione tensed as she chanced a glance at Pansy. She saw her eyes sparkle when the mention of sausage size came into the equation.

God, have mercy upon her soul ... her train of thought always seemed to lead her back there, and Pansy didn’t help. Once the flood gates of the dirt bag that was Pansy Parkinson had been opened, there was no stopping her. Several times Hermione had choked on air whilst in work as a dirty little fact or a smutty little musing had made its way out of Pansy’s mouth. The worst one was just shy of two months ago, as they stood together in the lingerie section of the shop, fixing the array of bra’s and knickers on the shelves

“Did you see him sitting down last night?” Pansy asked innocently as she fixed a pair of frilly French knickers back onto their hanger. “He looked so uncomfortable towards the end of the night.”

Hermione tried her best to ignore her. She knew exactly where Pansy was going with this, and if she let the girl bate her then there

would be no stopping the filth that would spill out of her mouth. Specifically, filth about Draco Malfoy.

"I hadn't noticed." Hermione replied casually, like she always did and hoped that Pansy would drop the subject.

But Pansy Parkinson never dropped a subject.

"I think that arm chair is the only one that offers him a little relief from the pressure in that particular area..." Pansy mused innocently. *"I mean, I know he has his pants tailored to look a little baggier in the crotch area, but you can plainly see that he must be uncomfortable packing-"*

"Pansy..." Hermione moaned at her and drew in a breath as she picked up a stray bra from off the floor. *"Stop. Just stop."*

Pansy paid absolutely no attention. "I suppose it can't be helped though with the way he looks at you when you're not looking..." One of Pansy's eyebrows shot into the air as Hermione turned to her and gave her a suspicious look. *"...when you find something funny, but you know you shouldn't laugh; you bite your lip..."*

Hermione frowned.

"Draco likes that."

Hermione's mouth went dry.

"He likes to bite and be bitten while he's fucking – that I know of - or involved in any type of foreplay..." Pansy smirked at the blush on Hermione's cheeks. *"I think it's a paraphilia called Odaxelagnia. It is generally considered a mild form of sadomasochism, but I think Draco just gets off on the feel of his skin between your teeth ..."* Hermione drew in another deep breath. *"...if he's close and you put your mouth in the right place..."* Pansy put two fingers against the pulse point on her neck as she looked at Hermione. *"...if you use your lips to massage the area, add your tongue to moisten it...and*

then sink your teeth in at just the right moment..." Hermione clenched her thighs at the thought. "... the sound's he'll make for you ... Granger, he'll be all yours."

Hermione shook her head to try and get rid of the imagery. But the thought of biting down on Draco Malfoy's neck and hearing the deep, rumbling sounds erupt from his throat as he came for her were just too much. Would he talk to her through it? Would he want to tell her she was a good girl? Would he want to be buried deep inside her while she did that for him, to achieve the most intense orgasm he would probably ever have?

"As soon as he saw you bite your bottom lip last night, I knew exactly what he was thinking." Pansy smirked, continuing her onslaught. "His eyes were so dark they were practically blown wide, Granger. In his head he had you straddling him over that armchair he was occupying, and he was rocking your hips down onto his, fucking you through your clothes ... he loves doing that."

Hermione gulped and closed her eyes at the imagery momentarily. "He knows he can get a woman off just by rubbing her intimately against him ... when you feel it up close like that, you realise just how uncomfortable he really must be sitting down... but the power he puts into each thrust would have you bouncing off his lap." Pansy shrugged. "But then, what is a big dick worth if there's no power, stamina or passion behind it?"

Hermione's eyes went wide and she dropped another bra onto the floor in a fluster. Pansy giggled. "Draco has the power... whether he's holding you in his arms and making you feel protected, or he's pinned you down against a desk in the Potions classroom after hours... the force of him is something unmatched." Pansy's eyes glinted devilishly. "He would be on his knees for you in minutes though, if you'd let him..."

"He's strong, then?" Hermione asked weakly, trying to ignore the last thing Pansy said and feeling like her knees would give out on her.

"Granger..." Pansy told her pointedly. "He put me on a desk, opened my legs and fucked me with his fingers so hard that the desk rattled against the floor before it started to move about a foot away from its starting point..." Hermione put a hand over her mouth in a shocked motion. "...and he wouldn't let me come until I told him how much my walls wanted to clench around his cock."

Hermione gasped and Pansy giggled at her. "He's not an animal though, Granger... quite the opposite, actually." Pansy gave her a small smile. "He has a lot of passion, and he always makes sure the lady comes first ... although, he's only ever finished into a hand afterwards, so..."

Hermione couldn't help herself. "How do you know he's never orgasmed inside of a woman?"

Pansy's eyes lit up devilishly. "Oh ... oh, I knew that little fact got you all hot and bothered!" she laughed gleefully, then fixed Hermione with a look. "Because when he's drunk, he talks ... and if I'm not mistaken, from what he's said in the past I think he's all but given up hope of trying now..." She gave Hermione a little wink. "... But if only there was someone who could volunteer to get past that barrier with him and give it a bloody good go..."

Hermione's back straightened. "I don't know of anyone, sorry."

Pansy sighed. "Christ Hermione, if you let Draco get hold of you then he'd break you in half." Hermione spluttered. "Imagine the power in those thighs as he inched his way inside of you slowly, even when he stretches your legs wide, it would probably take him a few minutes to get all of the way in considering the size of him and the size of you..." Hermione bit her lip. "...he'd bite that lip for you too, and then when he finally started rocking inside of you, he'd be so far up he'd hit your cervix ... probably get you pregnant after the first pump against your womb."

"Pansy!" Hermione hissed. "That is uncalled for..."

The black-haired girl shrugged. "I think he has a breeding fetish, somewhere deep down..."

Hermione gaped at the girl. "A what?" her mind boggled. There was so much kinky complexity to this man, and it was making her feel like the multiple layers of Draco Malfoy were never ending.

Pansy raised an eyebrow and put a hand on her hip as she looked a bra back onto its place on the shelf. "That's a whole different story, Granger... one for another time."

No more stories.

Hermione couldn't take any more stories.

..."Hermione, do you agree? Or would you rather stay here?"

Hermione frowned, having lost the conversation completely. She was really bad at this lately, knowing that she needed to keep up with conversation but found herself so often floating away into her own sordid fantasies.

"What was that, sorry?" she asked politely and saw Pansy looking at her knowingly. She took a large gulp of her drink. "I wasn't listening."

"You haven't missed much..." Malfoy drawled in his low tone from above her, sending shivers down her spine as she realised that he was stood up and putting on his coat as if to leave. "...mostly just Theodore chatting absolute bollocks about how all of his fantasies include wax and buttplugs –"

"-the buttplugs are for the women-" Theo shouted over defensively, his closed umbrella pointing accusingly in Draco's direction.

"So he says..." Draco answered him mockingly, pointing back at Theo as he buttoned up his black overcoat.

Hermione could see Malfoy look over in her direction and give her a small smile out of the corner of her eye, but she just couldn't muster up the courage to look at him. If she did, she feared he would see right through her and he would know all of the elicited images that popped into her head whenever she so much as looked in his direction.

She wondered if he had noticed the slow change in her over the last few years. They had always been civil and courteous to each other since Harry had brought him into the group. This Draco Malfoy was merely a small reminder to her of his former self... an unlikely gentle and quiet outcome to what he could have turned into. Hermione hated his former self and one thing stopping her from jumping his bones was the thought of his sneering face during school.

He never sneered at her now, though. He listened to her intently and when they conversed with each other Hermione always got the sense that she understood him as much as he understood her. He was polite and quiet and kept to himself. At first it put Hermione on edge as she found it hard to find ways to trust him, but now she knew that along with the others, she could also trust Draco Malfoy with her life.

Trusting him with her life wasn't the problem now, though. It was trusting herself around him to not make an absolute fool of herself. She felt like a school girl with a silly crush on the popular boy. It felt so immature to her, but she couldn't help it. Every part of him intimidated her and made her feel like she couldn't breathe when he was around her. Thank god she only ever saw him on Friday nights... she'd be a pining mess if she had to be around him more often.

"We're going to Draco's, Granger." Pansy practically squeaked with excitement. "Apparently Harry is against the idea of taking the potion in the middle of a crowded pub in case he gets too excited during his fantasy and everyone sees his '*Cum face*'-"

Harry shook his head in defeat. "That's not exactly how I-"

“It’s what you meant, though.” Pansy batted his arm matter of factly. “Let’s just call a spade a spade.”

“Or a shovel.” Theo interrupted. “That way you can use it to bury yourself when you’ve died of the complete humiliation of anyone seeing this –” Theo opened his mouth, stuck his tongue out, put his head back and rolled his eyes into the back of his head.

“What the fuck is that, Theodore?” Blaise asked, looking disgusted as he zipped up his coat. “Because if that is your ‘*cum face*’, then I genuinely wonder how you’ve ever gotten a woman into bed.”

“It’s too late by then, mate,” Theo winked at him and put his woolly hat messily onto his head. “Past the point of no return...and if she doesn’t like it, she can just close her eyes, lie back and think of England.”

“I’d think of anything to get that image out of my head. Bondage torture included.” Hermione laughed, putting her scarf around her neck.

Hermione heard the laughs from everyone, but she noticed Malfoy still his actions and slow them down as he fixed his coat collar just within her eye line.

“Didn’t have you down for a bit of kink, Miss Granger...” Blaise answered her with a wiggle of his eyebrows. “Had you pegged as a bit of vanilla ...”

“As innocent as a Nun in a cucumber field-“ Theo butted in jovially.

Pansy scoffed as she put her handbag over her shoulder. “Oh please, I could turn your blood cold with the kinky toys Granger has bought from our store over the years ...” she turned and grinned wickedly at Hermione, who felt her blush returning. “Remember that potion you bought to help you climax loudly?”

Harry choked and sputtered on thin air and put his hands over his ears.

“Pansy!” Hermione berated, stuck for words.

Mortified, Hermione chanced a glance over at everyone for their reactions. Eventually her eyes travelled in the blonde man’s direction. Malfoy was stock still, not facing her as his back was to her, but his shoulders seemed to move slightly for a second, like he was taking in a deep breath.

“Granger the screamer ... now there’s an image...” Theo said wickedly, and Blaise chuckled.

“No, no ... that’s the problem...” Pansy said gleefully. And Hermione really hated the fact that she had even told Pansy this sensitive little tidbit of information. “She doesn’t make noise... no one has ever been able to make her scream...they’re lucky to get a moan out of her...”

“Are you a quiet one, Granger?” Blaise asked her curiously. “Is it because you’re embarrassed or because nobody has hit the right notes for you, so to speak?”

“I’m not answering-“ Hermione started in protest.

“Don’t be modest, Granger.” Pansy told her with a shake of her head. “Hermione here has only ever had an orgasm by herself ... men have tried, but failed to conquer her fortress.”

Hermione was about to retaliate but a small sound from where Draco was standing had stopped her. It was a small noise and it was barely audible ... but it sounded so glutaral and dangerous that it caught her attention. Draco Malfoy was listening to the conversation intently.

“*Granger, Granger, Granger...* why didn’t you say?” Theo asked her, arms outstretched in a sympathetic gesture. “You only need ask! I mean, give me five minutes with you and-“

“-and you’ll what? Disappoint her even more?” Hermione felt like she was holding her breath as Malfoy’s low voice came out like a growl.

Theo cocked an eyebrow at the tall blonde. “And you think you can do better with the girl?” He asked mockingly. “Tell us, oh great and all-knowing one ... what would you do to get her making noises for you, then?”

Hermione felt her head spinning as she looked over at Malfoy. He was looking sideways at Theo, a hand resting against the fireplace as his back was still to her. For a moment everyone stood in silence, nobody daring to make a sound.

“I find getting a girl to talk is usually the best way to start...” was Draco’s eventual reply, and Pansy was almost wetting herself with excitement as she looked over at Hermione as he spoke. “After that, anything else is fair game...” Hermione felt the need to close her eyes and let his words wash over her.

“A bit of dirty talk and she’ll be begging for anything you give her?” Theo asked him with a raised eyebrow. “Shouting your name from the rooftops like she’s at Sunday Church?”

Draco chuckled darkly and the sound shot directly to Hermione’s core. “Something like that, yeah.” He said, rubbing the back of his neck with one hand. “...every time.”

Hermione swallowed thickly and didn’t know where to put her eyes. He gave details away, but then never really gave anything away at all. Like he was letting her take a peek into his world, but then pulling back at the last second.

Harry had his hands covering his face now as Hermione wanted to die. “Do you want to borrow my shovel when I’m done with it?” he asked her quietly from beside her.

She felt the flush creep all over her skin and as she glowered at Pansy. She couldn’t help the knowing thought of exactly why the

Witch had gone there and told them all her private, intimate details in the first place. Hermione saw Pansy's eyes move slightly, a subtle movement in Malfoy's direction.

Braving another glance, Hermione looked over at him. Only this time with his back to her, she watched him clicking his neck and shoulder muscles by pulling his head from side to side slowly. He kept his head down, buttoned up his coat and stood back from everyone else, seeming the need to take his time with something.

Hermione looked back at Pansy and frowned. Pansy's eyes lit up when Hermione looked at her. As the small group of men made their way to the Fireplace besides Draco, ready to Floo to Draco's little Flat in Kent, Hermione grabbed Pansy's elbow and squeezed as she went past her.

"What did you do that for?" she hissed quietly, fixing her with a stern glare. "You are so embarrassing."

"Oh, it had the *desired* effect though, believe me..." Pansy whispered back in her ear.

As Pansy said the words, a flash of grey caught Hermione's attention in front of her. She looked up to see Draco looking at her through the small mirror at the side of the Fireplace; expression unreadable as always but his eyes... his eyes engulfed her and she felt a hot and heavy weight start to travel all the way from her stomach and into her core.

Pansy's breath was next to her ear as she whispered in low, but Hermione never took her eyes from Draco's. "We've made him imagine what it would be like to make you moan for him..." she said coyly.

"He likes to be the first, Granger..." she added, and it made a single shiver run up Hermione's spine. "He'll want to be the one to make you scream."

“Nice place you’ve got here, Malfoy.” Harry admired. “Much better than you moping around in that big bloody Manor like a lonely half-breed giant.”

“I’m still decorating.” Was all Draco said as he shed his coat and put it over the arm of a black leather armchair.

“Where’s the greens and the silvers?” Theo asked mockingly as he stepped out of the floo and looked around at the white painted walls and the Georgian-styled furniture. “Don’t let me down Draco, I fully expected vanishing cabinets and basilisks running around in the pipework...’*Heir of Slytherin beware*’, and all of that bollocks.”

“That’s old school, mate... the bedroom gives off a bit of a Death-Eatery vibe though, if that satisfies your stereotypical views?” Draco answered in a deadpan tone and with a swish of his wand a silver platter appeared on the table with tumbler glasses, whisky and red wine... Hermione’s preferred choice of poison.

“You’re a bad, bad man Mr Malfoy.” Theo replied as he took a tumbler and filled his glass. “The women must run a mile when you put on your mask...”

Hermione chanced a glance at Draco, who settled himself down casually in a leather armchair and gestured for everyone to take a seat. “Only the ones who don’t enjoy a little scare.” Hermione felt his eyes look over at her momentarily. “The scream is half the fun, though...”

If tensing her thighs wouldn’t have attracted attention, then she would have done so. She would have taken deep, calming breaths and counted to ten to escape the thoughts of Draco Malfoy laying her back on his bed and making her scream for him.

Oh god, how she wanted to scream for him. She wanted to wrap her thighs around his head and ride his tongue until her hips were shuddering under his skilled lips. She wanted him to pick her up,

throw her against the nearest wall and force his way inside of her ... make her really scream for him.

But that was all child's play compared to what Draco Malfoy apparently got up to between the sheets. According to 'wiki-pansy-a', to satisfy his frustrations at the lack of penetrative sex, Draco Malfoy tended to spend his time pleasuring women in the bedroom in all different kinds of kinky and dominating ways ... choosing to finish himself off later, away from prying eyes.

"I really do hope you all catch my fantasy about Daphne Greengrass playing the part of the Swedish milkmaid who can't find a cow to milk and lands her eyes upon yours truly in her desperate hour of need..." Theo's voice cut jovially through her train of thought. "...she had good technique in that little scene..."

Pansy eyed him and pursed her lips. "You disgust me, Theodore... truly."

"I hope mine is the threesome I've always wanted..." Blaise trailed in as he slouched in his seat next to Harry. "Almost got my wish a few years ago ... just didn't bank on it being two males who prepositioned me..."

Draco shook his head but kept quiet.

"I was rather hoping that mine might be something to do with Quidditch-" Harry started.

"Ah yes..." Theo interrupted, sounding nostalgic. "The timeless classic: *'Getting your nob gobbled behind the Quidditch stands'* fantasy..."

All four boys sighed, nodded in agreement and went into their own little worlds momentarily. Hermione and Pansy were left crinkling their noses at the thought.

“You do realise that none of you are in control of what you fantasise about, aren’t you?” Hermione asked them all curiously. There was a mixture of furrowed brows and surprised, widened eyes. “This potion is designed to bring forward your deepest, darkest sexual fantasies ... things that you really want; whether you want to admit them to yourselves or not.”

She felt Draco rest his stare on her intently, like he was trying to read her mind ... find out her own fantasies... find out what made her tick and then use it against her in the most perversely delicious ways.

“Well... shit.” Hermione heard Blaise say, and looked up. “So it could be anything? ... like, anything?”

“Scared we’ll find out about your love for bestiality, Zabini?” Pansy laughed at him and drank her wine. “Poor Granger ... she’ll be a nervous bloody wreck, between you and Mr dark-and-brooding over there...”

Draco shifted in his seat, as if realising that this was indeed an issue and he really was about to let Hermione peer into his thoughts. Like he was at risk of showing her how deeply depraved he really was.

“Still think it’s unfair that we’re all airing out our dirty laundry, but dear Draco over there gets to keep his secrets...” Theo said ruefully. “Makes me wonder what he’s got to hide...”

Hermione put her head down and gulped down her wine as the conversation took an awkward tone for her. Awkward in the sense that Hermione was about to find out exactly what Draco Malfoy had to hide.

“You know me, Theodore...” Draco told him in a low and menacing voice, stretching his legs fully in front of him, his intimidating size fully showcased. “...I don’t like to kiss and tell...”

Pansy smirked. “Luckily for you, I did quite a lot of that at Hogwarts...”

Hermione frowned. And she was still bloody well at it now, too!

She saw Draco smirk back at Pansy, before leaning forwards to pour himself another whisky. "You gave me quite the rep back in school, Pans... don't think I ever really thanked you for that." He told the Witch with a small laugh.

"Is he shit, Pansy?" Theo asked mockingly. "Please tell me he was shit... that it was all just a lie to make us mere mortals cry ourselves to sleep at night at the thought of never comparing to the Slytherin Prince..."

Draco stuck two fingers up in Theo's direction as he drank his drink. "I'm not saying a word..." he said as Hermione glanced up at him for a second and he caught her eye. "I always let the lady be the judge."

"Well ... we're about to find out if the rest of you can put your money where your mouths are, so to speak...' Pansy announced, putting down her wine glass. "So, who wants to go first?"

The boys all pointed at each other in turn. Clearly the cat had suddenly mauled out their tongues. Pansy tapped her food impatiently and then turned to Theo. "You."

"Me?" he asked innocently, pointing to himself. "Why me?"

"Because you're one of mine and I'm selfish and want to go first." Pansy told him in a whiny voice.

"What about Potter?" Theo protested, pointing at the other male.

"Oi, don't bring me into it. She wants you." Harry answered defensively, but took two massive gulps of his fire whisky.

Pansy pulled up a chair in the middle of the living room and motioned for Theo to get himself up and then sit on it. Huffing and puffing about the unfairness of life, Theo reluctantly took off his hat,

coat and scarf before setting his drink down on the coffee table and going to sit on the chair in front of Pansy.

“Hermione, can you get the vial from Theodore’s coat pocket, please?”

As everyone made idle chitchat, Hermione shifted her way over to the coat next to Draco, bending slightly to dig through the pockets. As she turned, the backs of her calves brushed against his thigh. Hermione could have sworn that she heard him take in a small intake of breath at the touch. Warring with herself, she bit her lip ... and she instantly felt his eyes attach themselves to her face up on the action.

Her fingers reached for the vial, but the intensity and heat of his gaze made her look sideways at him. He wasn’t looking for her eyes; he hadn’t even noticed that she was watching him. He was too busy fixating on the lip caught between her teeth. He was too busy controlling his breathing and calming his exterior to see that she was staring at him intently.

It was mere seconds, but it felt like so much more. As Hermione let go of the lip between her teeth, she looked away from him; the only tell-tale sign of her taking him in was the blush on her cheeks. She felt his eyes avert, and he brought a fist up to cough into, as he looked away completely and opened another button on his Oxford, looking bothered by something.

Hermione regained composure and brought the vial to Pansy, whose eyebrows were raised in a telling way, and the black-haired witch mouthed ‘*very good*’ to her; seeing the whole thing play out in front of her.

“Right Theo.” She said suddenly, becoming serious. “Drink this and we can get started ... see what you’re really all about...”

Theo eyed it suspiciously, before pulling out the stopper and smelling it. “*Ooh... Raspberry ripple and Coconuts...*”

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Does this potion have traces of *Amortentia* in it?" he asked curiously. "I remember smelling my favourite scents within that in 6th year."

Pansy nodded. "Only small increments... it helps to build up the senses I think ... make the fantasy as strong and as believable as possible ... it's an expensive potion to stock and buy; you want to make sure you're getting your money's worth."

Pansy really did have great sense at times. Especially when it came to money. And sex. Put them both together, and Pansy was lethal.

Theo took one last sniff, before shrugging. "Oh well," he said, holding the vial up to toast everyone in the room, before putting the vial to his lips. "Bottoms up...see you all on the other side."

The pink liquid disappeared.

The blacks of Theo's eyes turned pink.

"Oh, shit..." breathed Blaise, the situation currently drawing down on him as he watched Theo's unmoving body sitting straight up on the chair.

Hermione looked over and saw Pansy bring out a small, 5x7 inch rectangle mirror with pink edging. Walking back up to Theo, she grabbed his hand and pressed both Theo's and her own thumb up on the mirror, before dropping his hand again

"What's happening?" Harry asked as he walked up behind Pansy and peered into the mirror. "Has it worked?" Hermione could see nothing but their own reflections in the mirror.

"Just give it a minute." Pansy said impatiently as everyone started to crowd round her. "It needs time to access the part of his brain that-"

Suddenly, there was a blinding, white light bouncing out of the mirror. It caused everyone to shield their eyes and take a step backwards.

Hermione stepped back onto her left foot and found her back colliding with somebodies very broad front. She didn't need to look around to know who it was.

"Sorry." She said quietly as she turned her head to the side, unable to see his face as the top of her head didn't quite reach his shoulder. His chest still seemed to be pressed against her back, giving her a warm and tingly feeling.

"No, you're not, Granger..." he whispered back in a gruff voice, his breath wisping past her ear and making her own breath catch. He said it just loud enough for her to hear. When he finally he stepped out of her space, he left her back cold but he was still able to see the Mirror from over the top of her head, where Pansy still had hold of it.

"Oh look!" Pansy said excitedly, squealing with delight. "It's working! It's working! Look! I can see him! I can see Theo-" she stopped dead and her mouth suddenly gaped open as Pansy watched the mirror with the others, unable to take her eyes away.

Hermione's eyes widened at the sight before her.

"Oh no ... *oh dear*, Theodore, you naughty boy..."

The Pacing Game

Chapter 3: The Pacing Game

One Hour Later:

Theodore Nott sat with his head in his hands.

Hermione was not one hundred percent sure that he was even completely conscious, as he had not moved within the last few minutes. He did however, curse expletives under his breath as he sat there ... so at least he wasn't dead.

Nobody wanted to look at each other; it was far too awkward. Even Pansy seemed to be lost for words as she sat on a little footstool beside Theo, tapping his knee sympathetically as he let out small wails of anguish every now and again.

"It –" Harry piped up, causing everyone whiplash as they turned their heads to him for breaking the silence. "-it wasn't as bad as you think..."

Blaise snorted, but then swallowed his laugh to disguise his mirth. "Yeah mate, it was ... well... it was-"

"It was a little romantic?" Hermione added in as a suggestion, hoping her voice sounded hopeful enough to make Theo feel a little better. "Because you know ... a massage that leads to sex can be quite –"

"Lazy." Draco finished for her from his place on the love seat behind her. His body so large that he practically took up the whole space. "Only Theodore Nott could have a fantasy in which he lies back and lets the lady do all the work."

“She did not do all of the work ...in the end, anyway...” Theo protested with a sigh.

Hermione flushed. It might have looked a little lazy at first, but she had to admit that she had actually found it highly erotic to stand there and watch. Theodore quite clearly had some imagination when it came to foreplay. Although, the other various scenarios they had tuned into before settling on the main act did make Hermione’s eyes widen slightly ... at one point, even Theo looked like he wasn’t quite sure what was going to happen. But the way he moved ...

Heat pooled between her legs yet again. Within the last hour she felt like she could have soaked her knickers completely. Between what she saw and heard with Theo’s little encounter, and minor situation that was occurring with Malfoy as Theo’s fantasy unfolded... she felt like she needed a cold shower ... and possibly even a vibrator.

“The massage isn’t going to ruin my reputation. It’s –“ Theo started, shaking his head in defeat.

“The butt plug?” Blaise offered innocently.

“The gag?” Harry interjected, a small smile on his face.

“Your cum face?” Pansy asked innocently.

Theo wailed again. “You can all piss off.” He huffed and brought himself out of the hot-seat, before taking a tumbler of whisky and draining the whole thing. “How was I supposed to know Luna Lovegood would be an actual freak between the sheets?” he shook his head. “It was a drunken one time a year or so ago... and since then, all I’ve been able to think about is riding crops and her rather persistent need for Star Wars roleplay –“

Pansy and Blaise widened their eyes.

“You didn’t hear that.” Theo pointed accusingly at them, taking a gulp of whisky that was handed to him. “You did not hear that.”

Hermione and Harry laughed knowingly. They were both fully aware of how Luna's mind worked.

It turned out, one fateful roll in the sack with her a few years ago was all Theo's imagination needed to continually run wild with more fantasies about her...they were all about her.

"Everyone thinks they're a freak until they meet an actual freak..." Draco interrupted from his place on the loveseat, a smirk on his lips as he viewed Theo. "...then they suddenly find themselves tied up with a butt-plug stuck between their arse cheeks, wondering just how on Earth they managed to get themselves into that position on a Tuesday night."

"Not helpful in the slightest, thank you *Gigantor*." Theo sniffed indignantly as he downed another glass of whisky.

Hermione put her head down. Every time she heard Malfoy's gruff, gravelly voice it brought back the heat between her legs at the thought of his innocent breathing near to her ear and his low tone as he spoke to her quietly, knowing that no one else could hear him as they were too busy enthralled by watching Theo's adventures.

She wasn't even sure whether she had even imagined the whole thing, or if he had indeed been stood directly behind her the whole time...

One Hour Earlier:

"Is it possible to throw up your own intestines?"

"I'm sure that's illegal in several countries..."

"Turn it off, Pansy! For the love of *God*-"

“I can’t grasp control of it properly!” Pansy exclaimed as she grappled with the flashing images on the screen. There were too many of them; Theodore Nott was a randy little bastard and his multiple fantasies were warring with each other on the screen.

“Told you that butt plug wasn’t just for the women...” Hermione heard Draco breath from behind her... close to her back. The mirror currently showed them the image of Theo bound and gagged with an apple in his mouth, being tickled with a feather on a bed whilst a blonde girl inserted said butt plug into his rectum.

Blaise winced and covered his eyes. “Change the channel, for the love of all that is sacred and holy, Pansy!”

“It might be like a radio wave.” Harry instructed and then winced as Pansy fiddled with the mirror and a different and particularly sordid fantasy including the same blonde-haired girl and a riding crop came into view. Theo was face down on the bed this time, hands bound behind his back and an apple still in his mouth as the girl whipped his arse. “Try honing in on the frequency that is the strongest – that might be the one that he most desires.”

“He wasn’t lying.” Pansy mused, turning her head to the side to view Theo properly. “He does have quite a nice arse...”

“Is that” Harry asked curiously, bending in further to get a better look, his glasses on the end of his nose. “...Luna?” If it was, then Luna Lovegood was handy with anal beads.

Pansy giggled. “Yes, he’s been secretly obsessed with her since he shagged her a year or so ago. She’s been in all of these flash fantasies so far.” Pansy observed the leather outfit that fantasy Luna was wearing. “So stereotypical of you Theo... I am so disappointed.” She tutted.

Theodore Nott and Luna Lovegood? Who would have thought? They were quite possibly the opposite of each other ... and yet ... their minds met on a sexual level, quite obviously.

“Does she know he feels like that about her?” Hermione asked as her eyes widened at the leather bask and stockings that Luna appeared to be wearing. “Has he ever told her?”

“He’s never said a word...” Draco said in a low voice from behind her back, making her skin pimple with goose flesh. “He’s just let it simmer away inside of himself for a while....scared of the rejection.” his voice became like a growl.

“*Imagine that...*” Pansy said in an innocent voice as she casually glanced back at Draco, ignoring Theo’s muffled cries in the mirror as he was being continually whipped on the arse with the crop. “...*imagine* wanting someone so much, but never giving into the temptation because you were too scared of the implications...”

Hermione put her head down and she heard Draco take in a deep breath from behind her and felt him shuffle his feet on the floor and it moved his front just that smallest bit closer to her back.

“I think you’ve found it, Pansy...” Blaise said cheerily as the mirror flashed and the scene within it became clear and less static. “This might be the one ... it’s clearer than the others ...”

Hermione craned her head towards the mirror a little, and she felt her mouth go dry at the sight....

The Ravenclaw girl’s dormitories swam into view, and Hermione watched as Theo and Luna appeared in the room, looking hungrily at each other as they stood by her bed.

“I want you lay on your stomach first, Theo.” Luna said as she pulled the covers back on her bed for him.

He took his shirt off, and it exposed his muscles that rippled beneath it. Then he went to the bed and laid down on his stomach, completely still, like an animal being stalked. In a way he was, and Luna seemed to smile at the thought of putting her hands on him.

Luna climbed up on the bed and straddled Theo's back and Luna sat straight down on his firm arse, feeling it press up against her core. The muscles in his back rippled as he moved his arms up above his head.

Theo inhaled deeply and his rib cage expanded, before he let it out slowly, audibly sighing. Luna put her hands down onto his strong back. The heat coming off his skin must have felt nice against her palms as she leaned her weight into him, rubbing his tight muscles. Luna worked over his muscles, seeing his back move as the pressure eased.

"How's that? Too much pressure?" Luna asked.

"Mmm. No, that's perfect. You can even go harder if you want." Theo grunted, obviously feeling the muscles relax.

"Okay." She then seemed to put all of her weight onto her hands and at the same time she was rubbing him, her groin had started grinding into his arse and she knew that he could feel it. Theo was well aware that she could make herself come just from that if she wanted to.

"You're not going out with anyone?" she asked.

He paused for a moment then answered. "No, not really. You?"

"No. There was a man from the Village of Brindley last month, but nothing serious. I'm okay being single for a while."

"Same, if I'm honest." Theo could tell pressure she was building up stronger within her, as her hips ground down a little harder as she worked. Luna could probably feel it in her core now as she rocked it hard into his arse. While she did that, she was also doing her best to concentrate on rubbing his back. Her knickers were probably soaked through by now.

"Would you mind doing my pecs?" he asked with a grunt. "I used them quite a lot while playing Quidditch with the boys yesterday..."

“Oh please...” Hermione heard Draco’s low tone whisper to her right, so close to her back to get a good view of the mirror that his abdomen was almost flush against her. “Is this the best he’s got?” he whispered so quietly near to her ear that she knew that she was the only one who could hear him.

She chanced a glance to her right. “And you think you could do any better?” she asked him, her voice as quiet as his.

She felt his eyes upon her, staring at her intently. “Don’t challenge me...” he growled and sent a shiver down her spine.

Hermione said nothing, but kept watching the scene unfold in front of her. She was fully aware now that Draco’s presence was about to take her away from the task at hand... she had to try and resist; for the sake of her own sanity.

Hermione honed back in on the mirror.

...“Okay...” Luna leaned forward and she put her hands down on the bed, one on each side of his body, and lifted her hips up off his arse so he could flip over.

When Theo turned, her face was about six inches from his chest. She looked down at him and he was looking up at her. Their eyes held each other for a moment then she looked away, suddenly nervous. Then with a small smile to herself, she slowly she lowered her hips down onto his and she felt what he knew she was hoping she would. His hard cock was pressing against his shorts and into her wet cunt, and they both let out a low groan as Theo grabbed her hips to steady her...

“If that was me, I’d grab her hips firmly and rock her against me...” that voice... that rough and ready voice. “...make her hit the spot she needs straight away...have her head thrown back in no time.

His tone was so dark and dangerous, and his voice so low and close to her ear now that she could feel his breath on her neck. The way he described everything as the images played out on screen... it just brought it to life all the more.

“...I like a challenge...”

Hermione shuddered and tried to steady herself against his words as she watched as the couple in the mirror looked at each other.

...Panting; with only a couple of pieces of fabric separating them now. Luna didn't look at him but she must have known that he was watching her.

“Are you okay?” he asked quietly. Luna nodded slowly, looking down at his chiselled abs. If she had any idea of stopping this, she had to do it now... otherwise Theo knew that they were getting to the point of no return. But Theo couldn't stop now if his life depended on it... he never could.

“I missed you... since the last time...” Luna said softly, meeting his eyes now.

“I missed you too...need you...” Theo closed his eyes and took a deep breath, reached his hands up like he might touch her then he clinched his hands into fists and put them down by his sides. He needed her to be the one to start this.

She took one of his hands—it was so big compared to hers—and she pried his fist open and interlocked her fingers into his. “Theo?”

His eyes were still closed. “Yes?”

Without another word, Luna took the reins and brought his hand up to her chest and put it on her breast. His eyes shot open when he realized where his hand was. He didn't move it away but he didn't squeeze her either...

“...if he massaged it in just the right place there, he could have peaked her nipple through her shirt...” Draco whispered in and Hermione felt his abdomen rise and fall against her back. “...half of the fun is the anticipation before the touch of bare skin...the feel of the fabric against her taunt nipples would have her making all kinds of noises...” his voice was raspy as he talked.

“...they don’t need to be big, over-exaggerated touches either...” Hermione sucked in air when she felt large fingers with their feather-like touch skimming along on her clothed hip. The ghost of a sensation, not knowing if she was actually imagining it all or not, had her head spinning. “... just enough to get the right reaction...”

Hermione tried her best to concentrate on Theo and Luna.

...They locked eyes and Luna nodded at him to take control. Theo lurched up and wrapped his big arms around her and then kissed her mouth hard, pulling her down on top of him. The intensity with which he kissed her was a surprise to him, but once his tongue was inside her mouth, probing her, it made him snap fully into the moment as his senses took over. He seemed to forget that this was wrong; they shouldn’t be doing this in the Ravenclaw girls’ dormitories. He forgot all of that ...it was just her body against his now, without any worries.

Theo put his massive hands on her arse, pulling down on it, and at the same time pushed his hips up into her, his dick throbbing through his boxers against her. Luna moaned, head thrown back as he rubbed himself against her moist entrance and she pushed her hips back into his, grinding against him hard....

Hermione felt Draco’s fingers flutter against her hip bone as Theo and Luna moaned. Hermione bit her lip to hold in the small squeak as his breath ghosted her ear, breathing as heavily as she was.

“...if you can get the right angle through the clothing, you’ll be practically fucking each other senseless...” Hermione saw him look at her face from the corner of his eye. He was bound to see how flushed she was. “...it’s all about the pressure...” his fingers lay a little firmer on her hipbone, but he made no move to pull her back against him. “...get the pressure right, and you’ll be screaming for your life...”

Hermione was in big trouble. Her legs were trembling and he was barely touching her. His words and the way he said them ... so low and intimate... just for her ... but she had to try and ignore it all enough to concentrate on Theo. This was research... they needed the research.

...Theo broke away from the kiss and turned his head away. “Shit, we can’t do this.”

Luna grabbed his chin and pulled his face back to look at her. “Theo...” she said in a whisper.

“Yeah?” He furrowed his brow.

“The other girls will be coming in here in about ten minutes...” Theo’s eyes widened. “Shut up and fuck me.”

Something inside of him snapped.

Without hesitation, he wrapped her in a hug and rolled over so that she was on the bottom now, her legs wrapped around his hard, exposed torso. Then he pulled her school shirt up so that her breasts with their hard nipples were exposed to the air, and he grabbed one in his hand and leaned down to start sucking, and licking around her nipple.

“Oh my god.” She ran her fingernails through the back of his hair while he teased her breasts with his mouth. While he licked and grabbed at them, she worked her shirt off so that now she only had her school skirt and black knickers on...

“...blowing on her nipples would cause more of an affect before he touched her there properly...” Hermione squeezed her legs together when she felt her hip being squeezed lightly again. The minimum of touches, and it made her own nipples peak. “...like I said, it’s the anticipation...” he bent down a little lower to her ear. “...the not knowing how far he will take it...if he’ll just stop.” And as he said the word ‘stop’, his fingers weren’t on her hip anymore, and she had to swallow a small groan that wanted to escape her throat.

Hermione tried her hardest to focus on the mirror. Her mind now swimming with anticipation and frustration from a few words and small touches.

...“Theo,” Luna moaned. He looked up at her. “I want you to fuck me,” she said in a breathy moan.

“Are you sure?”

“I’ve never been more about anything...I loved the way you felt inside of me last time.” Theo then reached down with both hands, grabbing the edge of her underwear. He pulled them off her, leaving her skirt on and then threw them on the bedroom floor. He looked down at her wet cunt, staring at it as if mesmerized. The look on Theo’s face told the girl that he couldn’t wait to fuck her until she was screaming for him.

Luna reached up and tugged at the waistband of his boxers, having shed most of his clothes for his massage earlier. His hard cock sprung up to attention and Theo met Luna’s eyes one more time. Luna paused a moment, looking over his naked body– Theo seemed to be aware that he had her full and undivided attention when Luna bit her lip.

“Shit...” she said breathlessly, “Do it...fuck me, Theo.” He lowered himself down onto her and with one hand he guided the head of his

cock to the opening of her wet centre, leaving it there for a moment, looking into her eyes.

Then while they watched each other's faces he slipped it inside of her, slowly pushing his entire length into her...

“...Sometimes you don't even need touch at all...” came Draco's voice again in her ear just as Theo pushed in... sounding as affected as she was by the erotic display in the mirror. “...sometimes words and sounds are just enough to keep you suspended on the edge...” Hermione felt lost to all manner of different sensations at once. “...when a woman moans in your ear, you'll do anything to make her do it again...”

She could hear and see the mirror;

“...Fuck... Luna...” Once it was all the way in, he kissed her again. She inhaled sharply as he brought his cock out of her and then plunged back in, the walls of her cunt tightening around it, pulling him into her.

“Theo. Oh fuck – please...”...

She could hear and feel Draco; his low breathing next to her ear and his abdomen still rising and falling against her back, closing in around her like she was about to be engulfed by him. And his continuous, erotic narrative was causing her blood to boil in the most delicious of ways.

“The spontaneous moans are the best ...” Hermione closed her eyes against his words for a second, trying to regain composure. “...the ones that escape from the back of your throat ... the ones you make you whimper with your head thrown back...” Hermione let out a small breath and licked her bottom lip. “...those are the ones that really get a man close...right on the edge...”

Shit... the imagery... he was making her mind spin, and she didn't even know if that was his intention or not.

She needed to keep her eyes trained on Theo's fantasy... had to keep it from going elsewhere.

...Theo's mouth was right next to Luna's ear now and his warm breath quickened in her ear along with the pace of his strokes. It wouldn't take long for them both to come if they kept up with this intensity for each other.

Theo knew what he had to do. His pelvis was grinding into her clitoris, and he wasn't holding back now. His balls made a loud slapping noise as they smacked into her arse. All his weight pressed into her now and she was completely at his mercy, he realised.

"Luna – so fucking tight – fuck me. -" he groaned, pummelling his hips into hers and her head snapped back.

The tip of his cock must have hit a sensitive spot inside her and she moaned and pulled him into her, letting all of him smother her small frame. "Fuck me, Theo -please" She said...

Hermione was transfixed by the way Theo's hips moved between Luna's legs... they looked quite beautiful together as they moved. She chanced a glance to her right and caught Malfoy's eyes watching the couple intently, his own bottom lip caught between his teeth.

Then he looked and spotted Hermione watching him, and he gave her a look so primal and dangerous that she was sure if they were alone, then he would have fucking ruined her right then and there in the middle of the living room.

It was then that she realised that if Pansy was right, then Draco had never truly had this ... the pounding and the rough, hard sex... and if

he did, he wouldn't have been able to do it for long without hurting the woman. He'd never been able to lose himself to the feeling...always needing to keep control.

Watching Theo must have been killing him, because he couldn't have it for himself.

...Theo kissed Luna again and reached behind to grab her arse, pulling her into him as he fucked her tight cunt. He moaned softly into her ear and he knew it wouldn't be long before he filled her with his seed. But then a familiar sound from outside the room seemed to startle them. The main door to the dormitory corridor. One of the girls must have come back early...

Hermione's breath caught in her throat.

"Oh... Theodore does like to live dangerously, doesn't he ..." Draco whispered with a small chuckle. "Nothing like the pacing game ... he's got to make her come before he can get himself off...I love that little game..."

Draco talked like he knew what he was talking about... probably something that he had done many times before back in his Hogwarts days. Hermione gulped but watched on.

...The look of terror on Theo's face must have put the girl on edge, but Luna held him tighter inside her and squeezed, making him groan. He tried to pull out, but she squeezed her thighs even tighter around him. "Don't stop," she whispered harshly.

"What are you doing? Let me go," he pleaded.

"Just hurry and finish. I can hear her talking at the bottom of the corridor." She thrust her hips up and ground against him, causing him to tense up with need. "I want you to come inside me."...

Hermione sucked in a breath and she felt Draco tense up behind her. Of course, that was something that he had never been able to achieve ... something he probably craved.

Hermione's eyes hovered between watching the mirror and watching Draco out of the corner of her eye for his reaction.

...Theo looked at Luna for a moment before deciding his fate, and then buried his face in the pillow beside her head and started fucking her again, much harder than before and letting the headboard rattle against the wall.

"Oh, shit ... yes, Theo... keep going – that's it... so close!" Luna moaned as his hips crashed into hers wildly, her words spurring him on.

They heard the slow footsteps walking down the corridor. It wouldn't be long now before whoever it was came into the dorm. Theo was starting to regret giving in... if he was found, they would both be expelled.

Then throwing caution to the wind, Theo suddenly pounded into Luna as he reached for something. His back and arms started to shudder, and a low groan escaped his lips as his hips bucked hard and fast into Luna, making her head rock against the pillow.

"Gonna come, Luna – fuck – yes... oh shit –"

Hermione practically felt it. As Theo let out a muffled groan into the pillow and he thrust hard into Luna as he came, Hermione glanced up at Draco and her core contracted at the look in his eyes. He looked dark and dangerous, like he was on the edge of something himself. His abdomen was still pressed quite tightly against her back, and when Theo shuddered and came, she felt Draco's fingers return

to her hip and grip it tighter than he had before, as if not even realising that he had done it. He brought her arse against his crotch

Hermione held in a groan, but she said nothing, instead trying to steady her breathing and then looked back at the mirror.

...Luna must have felt Theo's warm come shooting into her, filling her up with his seed, because she suddenly came with him, convulsing and covering her mouth to hide her moan as the orgasm rippled out from her centre, taking over her whole body.

"Fuck – Theo!"

And then the Dormitory door opened-

The mirror went blank, showing only the reflections of five people's faces who's each held a mixture of arousal, horror and complete mortification of what they had just witnessed.

Hermione heard a heavy breath in her ear and then felt Draco's hand and body heat leave hers and he seemed to be moving away; going to sit on a little loveseat on the others side of the living room ... away from everyone to collect his thoughts.

Harry went straight for his whisky glass, filling up the tumbler three times and knocking back each one before sitting in an armchair, looking frazzled.

Blaise was rubbing the back of his neck, shaking his head and looking like he was either contemplating throwing up or going to the bathroom for a wank.

Pansy sat with Theo, who she was slowly bringing around from the *Erised*. She had pulled up a little footstool and sat next to him, patting his arm and leg gently as he came to.

As Theo opened his eyes, they widened easily, and then his head instantly went into his hands. “*Oh no* ... “ he groaned. “...you saw the butt plugs, didn’t you...”

“It —“ Harry piped up, causing everyone whiplash as they turned their heads to him for breaking the silence. “-it wasn’t as bad as you think...”

Half an hour later, Hermione bid Harry farewell as he disappeared through the floo.

After Pansy claiming the *Erised Effect* a great success, she then claimed it was far too late in the evening to indulge in anymore fantasies and that everyone would need to wait until next Friday, where they would Meet up again at The Golden Snitch, before making their way back to Draco’s to try it on someone else.

“Why my flat?” Draco asked her suspiciously. “Why not yours?”

Pansy smirked at him. “Because it’s your Birthday next Saturday Draco ...” she told him matter of factly. “And I thought it might be good to organise a little sleepover...”

Hermione’s mouth went dry and she looked at the ground. She was going to kill Pansy Parkinson.

“I don’t celebrate my birthday’s Pans, you know that.” He warned her.

As usual, she paid no attention. “No point arguing with me, Draco. Your flat has enough room for us all to get very drunk and stay over.”

Theo and Blaise agreed, stating they didn’t much like to floo when they had drunk one too many. Hermione saw Draco huff before shaking his head, scratching his neck and give in to the dark-haired beauty.

“Whatever.” Was all he said. Pansy clapped her hands excitedly before putting on her coat, ready to head home herself.

She looked over at Hermione. “You coming, Granger?” she eyed her with a raised eyebrow. The type of raised eyebrow that had Hermione knowing that she wanted to talk... specifically, about Draco.

Hermione nodded, going about putting her own coat on. She said her goodbye’s to Blaise as he disappeared through the floo, and looked up at Draco to thank him for letting them come and spend time in his new home.

She took him in as he stood there; hands in the pockets of his trousers and his tie loose on either side with his buttons still unopened. When he stood tall with his shoulders back, he must have been between six foot four and six foot five... colossal.

And he was looking right at her. Waiting for her to be the first one to speak... always biding his time.

“Good night, Draco... and thank you for letting us invade your home this evening.” She told him in a quiet voice, meeting his eyes and seeing and intensity there that she wasn’t expecting.

She saw a smirk fall up on his lips and his eyesight fell up on her thighs again for a second, before he looked back up at her face. “No Granger.” He practically growled, looking her dead in the eye. “Thank *you*.”

And she knew he wasn't talking about her coming to his flat for a social drink.

Shit.

She was in so much fucking trouble with this man.

Blaise Likes To Tie Them Up

Chapter 4: Blaise Likes To Tie Them Up

Small dubious consent warning.

Nothing major, but if at all triggered then skip Blaises fantasy.

Thankyou! x

“Have you caught him looking at your thighs yet?” Pansy asked her from over the top of the till as she cashed up for the day.

Hermione gave her a suspicious look, automatically not liking the direction that their conversation was heading in. “Only once or twice,” she admitted cautiously, wiping the stimulation gel shelf down with a cloth and polish. “Barely noticed, to be honest...”

“Hmmm...” Pansy thought out loud. Hermione could tell that she really wanted to tell her something, but Hermione would have to fully indulge her to find out what it was. “...interesting.”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “Go on... spit it out, I know you’re incapable of holding your own piss.”

Pansy chuckled. “Oh, it’s nothing ...” she answered coyly. “It’s just something he likes to do in the moment; when he’s thinking about whether or not he could fit in-between your legs...”

Hermione turned to her friend with wide eyes. “Excuse me?”

“He was looking at your thighs to decide whether or not he can fit in-between them...” Pansy repeated with a smirk. “He wants to make sure you’ll be able to take him... *all* of him.”

Hermione suppressed an involuntary shudder and polished the shelves vigorously, trying to expel the images of Draco Malfoy sizing up her thighs in order to spread them and lay his torso in between...forcing her thighs wide.

"I think he likes the feeling..." Pansy continued, much to Hermione's dismay. "He likes the idea that you're so tight that he can't move while he's inside of you. That's why he keeps looking at your thighs... you're petite and he knows how good it will feel for him...and you."

"I think it's all a myth." Hermione told her matter of factly, trying to shift the conversation. "I've not felt anything, I think you're making it up." There was a small smile on her face as she bated the other Witch.

"Oh, you'll wish I was making it up, Granger." She answered seriously. Hermione gulped. "He's not let you feel it on purpose..." Pansy bit her lip mischievously. "Wouldn't want to scare you off by pulling you up against it straight away... I bet he was very particular about which part of his thighs he had you pressed up against..."

Hermione let out a breath and glared over at Pansy. "Stop giving me your 'facts', Pansy." She told the Witch with a sigh. "Even if that was what he was doing, he's not made any sort of move to even touch me properly ... it's never going to happen."

Pansy raised an eyebrow at her dubiously from her place at the till. "Oh please, and last Friday night was nothing, was it? He touched you, didn't he?"

Hermione's heart fluttered at the memory. "Hardly... it was a grasp of my hip, nothing more."

Pansy huffed. "What have I told you?" she asked impatiently, rolling up a stack of till receipts. "Draco doesn't touch without permission. The fact that he even touched you like that without asking says a lot ... he lost his self-control." Hermione rolled her eyes. "And don't even get me started on the running commentary in your ear ..."

Hermione blushed slightly at the memory. The things he said to her ... they had affected her a lot since last Friday, constantly running the words over in her head. She was already anticipating being in his home again this coming Friday ... he had her on a knives edge at the minute, and she knew that he wanted to keep her that way.

“...Draco loves dirty talk, but he keeps it for inside the bedroom... he’s not an exhibitionist.” Pansy continued casually. “He wanted to test your reaction to him... wanted to see what you’d do ... oh, he’s got such a bad craving for you... he *never* does this...”

“Never does what?” Hermione asked curiously, having absolutely no idea where Pansy was going with this. She never had a clue where Pansy was going with most things, if she was honest.

“Plants *seeds*, Granger.” Pansy told her excitedly. “Usually, if Draco likes you then you just know...and then he waits, because he knows you’ll go to him...” Pansy’s eyes darkened with a hungry emotion. “... but he’s not doing *that* with you... he’s cautious, like he’s trying to edge the reaction out of you...he needs to make sure you’re within his reach.”

Hermione looked at Pansy. “My reaction?” she asked. “I was a puddle of hot mess on the floor just from him standing behind me, never mind-“

“He knew.” Pansy told her gleefully. “He must have sensed your body language, or he wouldn’t have bothered moving forward with you.”

Hermione snorted. “Forward? We’ve not moved anywhere... we’re in exactly the same place that we’ve been in for months, Pansy.”

The black-haired Witch shook her head. “You have no idea, Granger.”

No, Hermione honestly had no idea. The man was so complex and dark ... it made her crave him all the more, especially the look in his

eyes as she left on Friday night; it felt like a promise of things to come.

“To talk to you like that, in a room full of people, knowing that someone might see or hear ...” Pansy sucked in a breath. “...wow, he’s definitely thought about fucking you a lot.”

Hermione’s jaw fell open. “He got low into your ear, didn’t he?” she asked gleefully. “He says all the right things to get your knickers wet, Granger ... but he’ll be so much worse than that when he gets you into the bedroom.” She smiled. “The things he’ll say will have you coming without him even needing to touch you.”

Hermione bit her lip and looked away from her friend, trying to concentrate on her cleaning. “Did you look at him?” Pansy asked her curiously. “While he was stood behind you; next to your ear, Did you look at him?”

Hermione nodded. “Once or twice, mostly while he was watching Theo and Luna.”

Pansy’s eyes widened deliciously. “Oh, shit ... Granger, you’re *fucked*.”

Well... that’s what she was secretly hoping for, but; “Why?” she asked curiously, not being able to help herself.

“Draco likes to know that you’re looking, even when you know you shouldn’t...” Pansy teased. “Like last Friday, for example,” Pansy continued. “You were watching something incredibly erotic, and yet you couldn’t help but cast a glance in his direction ... he would have felt it.” Pansy’s smile widened deviously.

“He knew that the words he was saying to you were affecting you ... he was enjoying turning you on...making you want him...seeing nothing but him.” Hermione let out a breath. “He’s almost got you where he wants you.” Pansy told her.

“Almost?” Hermione asked, feeling her heart rate increase at the thought.

“Oh, Granger ...” Pansy’s eyes shone devilishly. “He’s nowhere *near* done with you yet.”

“Salutations, ladies and gents!” Theo’s voice boomed into the room as he made his presence from the Fireplace floo in Draco’s flat known. “Now, where’s that big, blonde, birthday-having bastard?” he asked, rubbing his hands together and looking around the room. “I’ve got him a gift, and a big wet smooch with his name on it.”

“Touch me and I’ll chop your nuts off with a blunt knife.” Came Draco’s voice from the living room door, as he scowled and walked away into the kitchen.

Draco had cancelled the pub that evening, opting instead to mope around on his own in regards to his impending birthday. Hermione wasn’t sure why he hated his birthday so much, but it must have been something unsettling to cause him to want to spend it alone every year.

But Pansy will not be waylaid, and instead of everyone meeting at the pub she decided to cancel the pub frivolities and opted instead to tell everyone to just meet at Draco’s instead... which had left him highly disgruntled.

“Well done, Theodore.” Blaise sighed. “Took us bloody ages to get him out of one of his little sulks ...then you appear and it takes you less than twenty seconds to make him go into another one.”

“What can I say...” he asked, raising his arms and shoulders. “I have a gift.” Theo took his coat off and settled it into the back of an armchair. “What’s up with his Lordship, anyway? What’s got his knickers in a knot?”

“He ‘doesn’t do birthday’s’, does he...” Pansy quoted, in a deep voice as she mimicked Draco. “You know what he’s like... highly doubtful he wanted any of us here tonight to help him celebrate...” she cast an eye over to Hermione. “Well... some of us are more welcome than others I think, anyway.” Hermione put her head down and drank her wine.

“Well, tough-titties.” Theo answered, grabbing a tumbler full of Fire whisky and sitting in the armchair. “I plan on having lots of drinks, enjoying a good pornography-filled fantasy, and then falling asleep, happily sated with my cock in my hand.”

“Theodore!” Hermione chastised him. “So crude ...”

He shrugged. “Not arsed.” He told her casually. “You all got to enjoy the show last week and fill your smutty little socks with my anecdotes... my turn to enjoy myself this week!”

“If you think you’re falling asleep in my flat with your cock in your hand, you’ll have to think again mate.” Draco was back in the room, his large presence looming in his living room doorway again. “I’d have to burn the bedsheets after you’d slept on them.”

“Exactly how many bedrooms do you have in this flat, Draco?” Pansy asked him as she sat crossed legged on the living room floor with her bag, taking out the mirror for the *Erised Effect*. “Because I’m all for sharing a bed, but I’m not comfortable with waking up to morning wood.” She turned and glared at Theo, who was just about to suggest that he would be more than happy to bunk up with her.

“Three.” Draco answered as he sauntered slowly into the room. Hermione dared herself not to look at him. “You and Granger are more than welcome to share my king; I’ll take the couch and you others can fight amongst yourselves for the other two doubles.”

“Shotgun!” Theo shouted, hand up in the air.

Blaise rolled his eyes. "Can't call shotgun on a bed, mate. Not the rules." He turned to Draco. "Can we transfigure two singles instead?" He watched Draco shrug. "Nice one... don't fancy sharing with someone with a chest hairier than mine."

"So, me and Granger are sharing?" Pansy asked, looking up at Draco.

"Oh, to be a fly on that smutty little wall..." Theo interjected wistfully.

Draco nodded and took a sip of his whisky. "Up to you, but the offer is there... the couch might give me a stiff neck in the morning but—"

"- but nothing beats a stiff you-know-what from waking up next to the sight of two lovely ladies snuggled in together..." Theo winked at Draco, tipping his drink at him. "...you're missing out, mate ... imagine waking up to that view on your birthday."

Draco fixed him with a dark, threatening look and gulped down his whisky.

Hermione's cheeks glowed pink and Pansy shook her head in disgust. "Theodore Nott... the tone lowerer." She berated, before ignoring him and picking up the mirror. "Anyway, before we can celebrate Draco's impending birthage properly, we have the little matter of a potion to drink and a fantasy to watch..."

All three men yet to have their turn swiftly looked away from her, taking large mouthfuls of their drinks.

"Maybe let them have a few drinks first Pansy," Hermione offered, seeing the discomfort on their faces...Draco's, in particular. "Let us all loosen up a bit before we go there..."

Pansy huffed, but gave in. "Fine...we'll all get drunk, sing Happy Birthday to Draco and then make him show you exactly what he'd preferably like to spend his special day doing..." Pansy's lips twisted into the most ferocious smirk.

Hermione heard a noise from Draco's direction and she couldn't help but look over. It was a small movement, but Hermione caught the end of it, just as he was done biting down slightly on his knuckles, as if he was trying really hard not to let a noise escape from the back of his throat.

He saw her looking and caught her eye. She panicked slightly, biting her lip instead of losing eye contact. His eyes automatically darted to her lip, darkening momentarily. Her tongue snuck out to lick her lip for a second and he closed his eyes and she watched him take in a small, steady breath.

"Let's get our drunk on, then." Blaise announced as Hermione's eyes reverted to him, pouring more drinks for everyone. "Think I'm going to need to be absolutely shit-faced to deal with the next few hours..."

When Hermione looked back at Draco, he had his back to her, talking about Quidditch with Harry. It would be a good few hours before he looked at her again.

Three hours later:

Hermione was tipsy.

Not the type where you start gushing and crying over everything like Pansy did, but the type that left you with a happy feeling and slightly more confidence than you usually would. It left her laughing at Theo's lewd jokes more than she would, and allowing herself to casually glance in Malfoy's direction slightly more than she was used to.

She didn't miss the small looks she got in return though, when he thought she wasn't looking. She never usually noticed at all if he looked at her, as he was so subtle... which lead her to believe that he was either drunk enough to not care that she could catch him, or he wanted her to know...he wanted her to feel his eyes pouring into her.

He never looked her in the eye though, no matter how much she tried to catch him.

“Right, we’re nearing midnight...” Pansy said in a business-like voice from her place on the couch next to Harry as they shared drinks and talked together in quiet voices. “...Shall we get this show on the road? Because otherwise I’ll be falling asleep halfway through, and something tells me we won’t be getting an interval.”

“How do we decide who goes next?” Harry asked, looking rather anxious.

“Fuck it, I’ll go.” Blaise stood up and stretched himself, already having a skin-full of alcohol and therefore far more up for it than he was previously. “You’re going to see all of my dirty laundry being aired eventually anyway ... might as well do it while I’m intoxicated...”

Hermione watched as there was a flurry of activity. Blaise pulled the pink vial from his pocket as Pansy brought his mirror out of her little bag. Harry and Theo gathered around Blaise as he sat himself on a chair in the middle of the room, just like Theo did, and Hermione found herself moving closer.

She saw Draco move to the armchair just behind Blaise and sit down in it, completely filling the space. “I’ll sit this one out, mate.” He told Blaise as he sipped his whisky. “Spare myself the agony of what everyone else is about to witness...” she felt his gaze on her momentarily before he looked at his glass intently.

“Here, Hermione.” Pansy put the mirror into her hands and she felt the cool glass vibrating between her fingers slightly, just itching to be used. Pansy pulled down the little footstool she had been using last week, right in front of Blaise’s chair ... and directly in Draco’s eye line, who sat behind him.

Her throat went dry slightly at the fact that Malfoy was going to be able see her. See her expressions, her blushes, her intakes of

breath... oh god, even see her thighs clenching together if she became really aroused.

“You’re all welcome, by the way, before we start.” Blaise announced, holding the vial to his lips. “You might all actually learn something.” And then his lips were around the vial, and he was knocking the liquid back into his mouth.

Pansy instructed Hermione to do what she had done with Theo; take Blaise’s finger and then press together with her own, down upon the mirror. She felt the mirror warm and start to buzz a little more, it’s magic starting to work as the blacks of Blaise’s eyes went pink.

The flash appeared, making them all wince, before the mirror tuned into something straight away ... what looked like a hotel room ...

“Why isn’t it bouncing around like mine did?” Theo whispered curiously as the vision of Blaise and a currently unidentifiable woman came closer into focus.

“Because Blaise knows what he wants...” came Draco’s deep voice from opposite her, and Hermione couldn’t help but look up at him.

He was looking straight at her, his expression unwavering ... he was going to watch her.

“Oh shit ...” Hermione heard Harry breath in from just to her left, above her. “Is that ... is that Ginny?”

Hermione’s eyes widened when the girl came into focus properly, and then the fantasy image on screen sprang to life properly, sucking them all in as if compelled to watch without tearing their eyes away

...

His only movement was his chest rising and falling and his hands on his thighs, clasping the cloth of his pants as if trying not to reach for

her. He inhaled deeply, nostrils flaring. She closed her eyes. "Look at me." She opened her eyes.

"Get over here." His eyes roamed over her. "You are glorious, but I think you need a lesson in doing as you're told." He stood. "Sit." She sat in his chair, He knelt in front of her. "Spread your legs."

"What?"

"You heard me. Do as you're told or I won't let you come." She didn't move. "Now, Ginny." Her legs dropped open a bit.

He bent, his dark head contrasting with her pale skin. His mouth was hot and wet on her knee. His lips trailed upward as he spread her legs farther apart, making room for his large shoulders. His hot breath wafted over her core, caressing her, heating her. Her head dropped against the chair and she closed her eyes, feeling nothing but him—his hands, rough and strong holding her legs apart, his shirt, soft and gently scraping against the sensitive skin of her inner thighs, his mouth inches away from where she needed it.

"So beautiful..." His fingers skimmed across her cunt, soft and fleeting. "And wet. So wet, for me. You like being my play little thing, don't you?" Her hips arched toward him and he chuckled. She moaned as he stroked her, his fingers firmer, harder, better, but not enough. He teased around her clit, never touching her there or inside—never going where she wanted him. His finger stopped, resting lightly on her mound.

"Answer me."

"What?" She leaned up, looking at him. She hadn't been paying attention.

"I asked if you liked being my play thing ..." His tone was firm but there was humour mixed with desire in his eyes.

“Yes...” A smiled teased her lips. She liked this very much. He grabbed her legs and pulled her forward until her arse was almost hanging off the chair.

“That’s better.” He kissed her inner thigh—first one and then the other before putting them over his shoulders.

Ginny mewled as his fingers started working their magic again, rubbing and caressing her, making her body hum.

Her head fell back. Her hips rolled with his fingers, following his touch.

“You taste amazing...” He ran his tongue along her crease, rough and wet and hot. “Say my name, Ginny ... I want to hear you scream it.”

“Bl- oh, fuck... oh...god...”

“I suppose that’ll work too.” He buried his face in her cunt, licking and sucking, teasing and stroking. It was too much. Her hands clasped the arms of the chair and then somehow made it to his head, clinging to him as his tongue fucked her. His large hands cupped her arse, holding her like an offering for him to feast upon.

Shit ... just the image of Blaise between Ginny’s legs like that had her face flushing and her breathing going deeper. She was well aware that her pupils were probably dilated, and she knew that Draco could see everything. She could feel his eyes staring at her intently, never moving them away from her face or her body as she sat there, watching two people fuck each other.

“Look at me.” His voice rumbled through her and she leaned up. That was all it took. That one sight—her legs splayed over his large shoulder, still covered in his white work shirt, his dark head buried

between her thighs as his tongue slide in and out of her while his finger rubbed her clit. Her body tensed.

“Oh...god...” She came, her hips rocking and her legs claspings his head as her hands tangled in his hair.

Blaise pulled Ginny’s thighs from his shoulders, kissing one and then the other before putting them down and sitting back on his feet. God, she was sweet and so fucking eager. He wiped his face with his sleeve. She was limp on the chair, her hair a riotous mess of curls around her and her face and chest flushed from her orgasm.

“You liked that, didn’t you?”

Hermione jumped slightly when Draco’s voice appeared in her mind, as clear as a bell. She looked around, expecting to find him back over her shoulder, but no... he was still sat languidly in his chair, still looking at her.

He was using *Animo Sermo* – a telepathic spell commonly used between Auror's who needed to speak to each other without being noticed during raids and arrests. Hermione didn’t dare use it herself though, she didn’t know how to control it properly so it only stayed on the telepathies of one person.

“You liked the flush on her body when she convulsed as she orgasmed... you liked the little noises she made and the way Blaise knelt between her legs...didn’t you?”

Hermione couldn’t look up; she was breathing too heavily and she knew her eyes would give it away.

“Nod for yes, Granger...” he practically growled and she felt the hairs stand up on the back of her neck.

Feeling brave, probably still from the alcohol, she nodded slowly...so slowly that it was barely visible, but she knew he had seen it.

"Good ... keep watching...don't look up at me..." his voice was low.

"I should punish you for coming."

"What?" Her eyes fluttered open as she lifted her head.

"But I haven't told you about that little rule," He should've gone over all of them, but he'd been waiting to have her for too long. "So instead, I'll just fuck you."

"Yes, please ..." She closed her eyes, relaxing back on the chair. He couldn't help it. He laughed.

"Oh, don't think you'll be a languid participant." He leaned over her, letting her feel how much bigger he was than her, how much at his mercy she was. When in reality, he wouldn't do anything she didn't want or wouldn't like.

"Wouldn't dream of it..." She stared up at him, her hazel eyes filled with sparks of green and gold. "Now it's your turn."

"Better fucking had be." His mouth came down on hers. She was so giving and willing. She opened immediately and let him ravage her. She wrapped her legs around his thighs, pressing against his erection. He moaned in her mouth.

He had to have her, but he wanted her eager for him, not just willing to let him use her body to rut his way to orgasm. He pulled away and she didn't fight him.

"Not like this."

"Not like what?" She was confused and that was perfect.

"Like this." He picked her up and turned her around, so she was kneeling in front of the chair. He pressed on her back.

"What are you doing?" She struggled against him. He had her attention now.

"You'll see." She stopped struggling and let him lower her until her face rested on the cushion. He adjusted her legs, so they were spread wide, her white arse an offering to him. "Yes. Just like this." His hand caressed down her spine to her voluptuous rear. Fuck, he was going to explode.

Hermione swallowed thickly and blinked at the sultry images on the screen. Blaise certainly liked to dabble with dominance ... he liked to be in control of a situation. Hermione couldn't help but feel hot under the collar as she watched them both, completely indulged.

"Little touches, like I said Granger..." she heard his voice again but didn't look up, keeping her eyes on the mirror. "The little touches turn into the bigger, bruising ones... they take the subtle moans and turn them into the screams that leave your voice box sore..." he inhaled, and it send a shiver down her spine at the sound. "...and if you're partial, sometimes a hand on your throat can cause the sensation to make you orgasm even harder ..."

Hermione felt the heat pool between her legs at his words.

"Blaise...I'm not sure about this." The quaver in her voice made it clear that she was uncomfortable.

"Trust me. You'll like this..."

"Ah..." she moaned.

"You're wet again, aren't you? You can feel the ache, the emptiness inside you waiting for my cock, can't you?" Her body trembled and she nodded. "Say it, Weasley. I need to hear the words."

"Yes..."

"Yes, what?" She turned, trying to see him. He grinned against her ear. She had no idea what he wanted her to say. "Are you wet for me?"

"Yes...always..." she whispered.

"Do you ache"—his fingers travelled between her thighs to her pussy, tapping her— "here, for me?"

"Oh..." she keened.

"Say it." He moved his hand away.

"Yes, oh god..."

"Say it. All of it."

"I can't talk like that." The scarlet hue of her embarrassment was traveling from her cheeks toward her shoulders.

"You can and you will." He ran his finger over her clit, teasing with light caresses and then pressing down until her arse wiggled against him. He couldn't help it. He shifted so she rubbed against his cock. "Fuck, that feels good."

"Yes." She gasped as she pushed against his hand. If he didn't watch it, she'd come again. He slowed, his fingers teasing her folds.

"Do you see the power in his frame, Granger?... the way he tells her what he's going to do to her? ... the way she submits to him, gives him what he wants?..." Draco's gravelly voice came into her senses again, his own breathing sounding as low as her own. Hermione nodded again, slow and subtle. "...you like the idea of that, don't you?... submitting, when you're naturally someone who has to be in control...I can see it on your face."

Hermione closed her eyes for a second.

“Keep them open, Granger ... I want to watch your expression and the blacks of your eyes when he fucks her ... I want to watch your thighs clench because you need to relieve the pressure between your legs ... I want to watch you bite your bottom lip between your teeth as you imagine it's you whose being fucked to within an inch of her life...”

She drew a breath and had to clench her thighs. The images he provoked had her thinking of only one person she had fantasised between her legs for the past two years. There was only him who could scratch that itch for her. She was suddenly feeling so desperate.

“...who do *you* think of, Granger?...” he had a husky tone, obviously affected by watching her being turned on by the power of his words. “...who gets *you* off when you're right on the edge?...who do you come for?...”

She almost looked up at him, but shook her head slightly, and she heard him chuckle darkly.

“I think I know...”

“Say it, little girl. Tell me what you want. Tell me what I do to you.”

“Please...Blaise, please.” She wiggled her arse more and he groaned. “Take me. Fuck me. Do it.” His jaw clenched as he forced himself to sit back on his feet, to leave that haven of warmth and softness, that hot piece of heaven calling to him.

“That's not good enough.”

“What?” She started to sit up, but he put his hand on her back, holding her in place.

“Stay.” He took off his tie. “I want to hear the words, Ginny.” He grabbed her wrists and pulled them behind her back.

"Blaise, what are you doing?" She was trying to see over her shoulder.

"Tying you up." He wrapped the tie around her wrists in an intricate knot, dragging out the process of it bcause it'd make her that much more turned on.

"Tying me up? No. You can't do that."

"Yes. I can." He secured the restraint. "How's that feel?"

He knew she felt helpless and horny. He kissed her neck, his mouth hot and wet and then he nipped her. She gasped but his tongue soothed the sting, making her melt. "How does this feel?"

"It's fine. Not too tight." She shifted forward a little so her pussy pressed against the chair. He was taking too long. She needed something, anything touching her down there.

"That wasn't what I asked this time, but I think your actions tell me all I need to know." He grabbed her hips, moving her away from the chair. "No." He wrapped her hair around his hand, pulling up her head.

"Please ..." She was helpless. He had all the power, all the control. She stopped her movements.

"Good." He let go of her hair, gently pushing her head back to the chair. "I'm going to take off my shirt now." his voice was rich and dark, delicious.

"Yes." She breathed.

"That's it, Ginny, talk to me." He shed his shirt and he knew that she was more than happy with the look of him.

He walked towards her again and grabbed her thighs, spreading her legs wider before kneeling between them. "But we need to go over

the rules and then you'd better behave or I'll have you over my knees."

"Yes, please..." She wiggled, rubbing against him. She was on edge. She needed to come.

"The correct answer is 'thank you'." He swatted her again. This time she gasped but it wasn't from the pain. That slap had made her pussy clench, sending pleasure shooting through her body.

"You like that don't you?" She bit her lip. "Answer me, Ginny."

"Yes." She closed her eyes.

"Good girl." He leaned over her. "Now, you get a little reward." His hand skimmed over her abdomen and his fingers stroked her. "I love how wet and full you are. How ready for me." He slid a finger inside her. Her body clenched around him, but she needed more than his finger.

"You like that he calls her a good girl, don't you?" Hermione's eyes went wide and she didn't know where to put her face as embarrassment flushed her features. "I can see your eyes change every time he says it" his voice was like a purr. "...have you ever been called good, while you're heads thrown back with a mans head between your legs and you've finally been given permission to come, Granger?"

Oh.... good- fucking....God....

"Say it. Tell me you want this."

"Yes, please." She more than wanted this. She needed this.

"Say the words." He slid another finger in inside her and continued stroking.

"Yes, please. Make love to me."

His fingers stilled and he chuckled. "Do you love me, Weasley?"

"What?" she hadn't realised what she had said. "That's not-"

"There's no way you do...but you want me." He began to move his fingers again and sparks flew behind her eyes. "So, call it what it is. You want me to fuck you." He slid another finger inside her. He was a large man and his fingers fit him. Three of them were stretching her in the best possible way.

"Oh..."

"Say it." She sucked in a breath. "Say it or I'll stop." His fingers stilled, buried deep inside her.

"You can't. You haven't..."

"I haven't come, but I can do that without you. Or I can make you suck me off. Shove my dick in that pretty pink mouth of yours and fuck your face."

"Ooh..." She moved her hips, clenching his unmoving fingers, finding her own release. His words were crass and dirty and god help her, she was coming again. "There...please...right there."

"Oh no, you don't." He withdrew his hand and sat back on his feet. "You don't get to come until I say so."

"Oh..." She moaned. "Please." She trembled on the chair; her body so tight with need she almost cried.

"That's a start." He stood.

Hermione's breathing was laboured at the thought of Ginny's orgasm being delayed... the idea of someone having that type of control ... making that decision...

"You can edge a woman for hours and leave her right on the cusp of orgasm, Granger..." she felt her heartbeat speed up and glanced at him from the top of her eye line. Still sitting casually and drinking his whisky, seemingly unaffected from what she could tell... but his words and his tone told her differently. "...you can just hang there, feeling nothing but teeth and tongue, fingers and lips ... won't need to feel a cock until the very last second, when your walls start to quake..."

Hermione felt a shot of electricity bury deep inside of her core, and she sucked in a breath that no one else would have been able to see...but his eyes were tailored to her body, and she heard him inside of her head taking a deep breath himself.

"I know you can feel that between your legs, Granger... I know you're wondering why what I am saying and the way that I am saying it is affecting you so much..." she pursed her lips at his words. "...you like to be seduced by words. You like how words make you feel ... the right ones can turn you on."

She let out a low breath and went back to the mirror.

She was on her knees, her face resting on the seat of his large chair and her hair a tumble of curls, hanging around her head and shoulders. Her wrists were bound behind her back and her legs spread wide.

"You are so fucking fit." He could come just looking at her, stroking himself to completion and spending on her body. No. Maybe, later but this time, he needed to be inside her. He strode over to her and unzipped his pants. Her back arched at the sound. She was as eager for his cock as he was to give it to her. "Are you ready to do what I told you?"

"I-I don't—"

"Think about this, little girl." He let his pants drop and kicked them aside. "I can come with or without you. You're every man's wet dream—bound and bent, waiting for me. Wet for me." He moved between her legs and knelt. "So, either tell me you want me to fuck you...that you want my cock shoved so deep inside you that you won't be able to walk for a week, or I'll come on your back."

He spread her arse cheeks and placed his cock between them, his hips thrusting on their own at the softness and heat of her body. "Oh fuck, you feel good." He moved his dick between her legs, sliding it across her pussy lips, teasing her and himself.

"Yes. Please, Blaise." She was wet and hot, slick with desire.

"Say it." He either needed to get inside her soon or he'd finish on her back and he wanted to feel her wrap around him, milking him until there was nothing left. He shifted so the strokes of his cock bumped against her clit. "Say it or I stop."

"Oh...yes...please...fuck me, Blaise. Please, I want your cock inside me.... Now." She mewled into the chair.

"Fuck." Those words in her soft voice made his balls tighten and his dick twitch. He pulled back and she moaned.

"I said it. Please, don't stop." She moaned. "Please, Blaise, now." She wiggled and squirmed, rubbing against him.

He positioned himself at her opening and slid inside a little, giving her time to adjust to his girth. "You feel so fucking good." He pushed in a little more. It was heaven—tight, wet and hot.

"Oh..." Her face was flushed and she was panting.

"Look at the expression on her face...she's desperate for release... her legs are shaking, and as much as she tells him she doesn't want

the restraints, she's still getting off on it ..." he purred as she wet her lips. "...and when he fills her, all of that pressure will deepen, and she'll beg him until he's pounding into her... she needs that...needs to feel him pulsating inside of her.

"You okay?" He stopped, his chest heaving. He wanted to shove all the way inside and fuck her until he came, but he had to make this good for her. By the look on her face, right now, it wasn't good.

"You're...big."

"Yeah, and you'll love it." He bent, kissing her neck. "Just give me a moment." His teeth ground together as he forced himself to pull almost all the way out. His spine spasmed and he swore if his dick could talk, it'd be screaming obscenities at him for messing him around like this.

He slowly pushed back into her body before retreating once again. He repeated the motion over and over, going no further than the first time.

"Relax, darlin'..." He skimmed his hand up and down her back. It was torture and bliss. Heaven and hell, but he had to keep going. He had to make it good for her. "That's it." He almost wept when she started moving with him. He shoved in a little deeper this time and she gasped but her body clung to him as he withdrew. "You like that, don't you?"

"Yes." Her eyes were closed and her lips parted, a soft rosy flush covering her cheeks.

"Fuck, Ginny." She was so tight and felt so right. He continued his slow thrusting, each time going a little deeper until he was finally in all the way. "You okay?" She nodded. He bent and she gasped as his dick repositioned inside of her. "Tell me when you're ready."

"You can finish."

"No, love." He whispered "You belong to me and this is how it works. I take care of you and then you take care of me."

"I'm fine." Her voice was shaky. She was far from fine.

He kissed her ear. "I don't want you to be fine. I want you to be hot and horny. Begging for my dick." Her face flushed and he felt her tighten around his cock. "You like it when I talk like that, don't you?" He gave a tentative thrust.

"Yes." It was a whisper.

"You also like my dick stuffed inside your tight cunt."

"Yes."

"You liked my tongue in your cunt too, didn't you?" He thrust again and she moaned but it was a sound of pleasure. He closed his eyes. Soon. Soon, she'd be ready for fucking.

"Yes." She clenched around him as he withdrew.

"Are you ready to fuck, Ginny? Are you aching for me to fuck you so hard you shatter into a million pieces?"

"Yes...please." She was rocking with him, following his lead.

"Thank god." He straightened and she gasped but it turned into a moan as he slid almost all the way out and then thrust back inside her until his balls rested against her ass. Her muscles tightened around his cock as she shoved against him. "You want to be fucked hard, don't you?"

"Yes." It was half-plea and half-moan.

"Say it." He grabbed her chin and lifted her head. "I want the words."

"Fuck me, Blaise. Please, fuck me and make me scream."

“Shit.” He almost came right then, but instead he let go of her chin and grabbed her hips, holding her in place while he slid into her, over and over. Her body tightened around his, clasp onto his cock.

“Did you hear the things he said to her, Hermione?...” she gulped and tried to ignore the aching need between her legs. The things he had her imagining... “People love the power of words... almost as powerful as the sex itself ... she liked what he said to her because it was dark and depraved and intoxicating ... he knows she wants it, even if she can’t admit it out loud...”

Hermione heard his breathing in her ears and felt like she was losing it herself. “Deep down, everyone wants it dirty... they want the talk and the naughty little things in-between the fucking...even you, Granger...”

He gritted his teeth, trying to hold back his release but her moans weren’t helping. They had turned into one long, keening sound of pleasure. She was almost there. He could feel trembles coursing through her, but he couldn’t wait. He’d waited too long.

“Look at me, Granger...”

She saw the outline of him in her vision as her eyes started to look up. The visions in the mirror had her head spinning, along with the words he kept purring into her ears.

“Now, Ginny, come for me, now.” He slapped her arse as he shoved inside her, pumping into her so roughly that the chair scratched along the hotel floor.

“Granger... do it.” His voice was raspy and deep. “Look at me, now.” He was demanding, clear in his instruction and he wasn’t taking her

shyness as an answer.

She saw him, her vision swimming as the ache between her legs almost exploded and her pupils were blown wide with the need for something... for him and his words. He was sat there, casually leaning back in his armchair... but then she saw his eyes..

She screamed, her body bucking and squeezing him. His balls tightened and his back stiffened as his hips thrust forward and stilled as he came. He dropped on top of her, his dick twitching and spurting inside of her.

"Fuck – Ginny – yes –"

.. Draco Malfoy's eyes were blown wide and his chest was heaving. His face held a stony expression as his eyes bore right into hers, with so much intensity that it made her core twinge with so much unspoken need and sexual tension.

"Fuck, Granger ... you're beautiful when you're on the edge..." He bit his lip as he said it in her mind, and his eyes raked down her body momentarily, settling again at her thighs.

"He was looking at your thighs to decide whether or not he can fit in-between them..." Pansy repeated with a smirk. "He wants to make sure you'll be able to take him... all of him."

Hermione let her eyes wander; never having done so before but feeling compelled to. As they lowered down and met his groin region, she felt her thighs tense up.

Fuck.

He was going to fucking kill her.

Grownup Sleepovers Are Underrated

Chapter 5: Grownup Sleepovers Are Underrated

Blaise Zabini was a smug little bastard.

Sitting there; a wicked grin on his face and a tiny crowd of silent people around him. Naturally, he knew he would make them all quite literally weak at the knees with his kinky desires, but he had no idea that his darker ones ran that deep...and now they all knew about her. Now it was out in the open, he hesitated a glance over at Potter, Ginny's old flame... luckily, he hadn't combusted.

"Well... she never did that with me." Harry mused as he took his glasses off and wiped them clean. "And she certainly never made those types of noises, either..." he pondered.

"Really selling yourself there, Potter..." Theo tapped him on the back sympathetically, offering him a whisky glass. "Sorry, but I have to address the Elephant in the room though –" he shot a look at Draco who was still sat in his chair and pointed towards his crotch. "Not yours, sorry mate – the other Elephant–"

Draco shot him a look of death, gave Theo two fingers and then stood from his seat with a shake of his head and Hermione watched as he paced out of the Living room.

"- But ...Ginny Weasley?" Theo asked Blaise, completely ignoring Draco's dramatics. "Where the fuck did that little smut-rocket come from? Since when? You horny little Deviant, Blaise... I'm proud of you."

Blaise shrugged. "Always thought she was fit, even in school – sorry Potter," Harry put his hand up in acceptance. "Always thought she'd be the type to be ready and rearing ... with a little coaxing, anyway."

“Why don’t you just ask her out?” Theo asked. “You see her most days at the Ministry...those pencil skirts and those calves...” he finished with a sigh.

“Why don’t you just ask Luna if she fancies another ride on your broomstick? Blaise asked defensively.

Theo choked on his fire whisky. “We’re not talking about me...please, continue.” He deflected.

Blaise looked uncomfortably at Harry. “There’s just never been a right time to ask, to be honest.” He put his head down and fiddled with his glass.

“If you mean me, then don’t even consider it.” Harry cut in. “I’ve not thought about Ginny in that way for years...” he glanced over at Pansy for a moment, before his eyes flicked back to Blaise. “You want her; go and get her.”

Blaise smirked and looked at him. “Could say the same thing to you too, mate.” As he nodded in Pansy’s direction, and Harry shook his head in warning.

Hermione had always thought Harry’s little crush on Pansy was cute. He was a jabbering wreck around her most of the time, and he always loitered in the background, just waiting to be seen. Naturally, Hermione wasn’t allowed to tell Pansy any of this, with Harry making her keep tight lipped for fear of ruining his friendship with her.

It was uncomplicated, subtle and *oh so very cute* ... unlike her own situation with Draco, which was the complete bloody opposite at the minute.

Hermione noticed Harry slip away through the door and make his way into the kitchen – probably to stop Malfoy from taking a butter knife to Theo’s genital area. It was odd how Harry was usually the one who could bring him round and calm him down with his wise words. The friendship that the boys had with each other was a far cry

from Hogwarts ... they had been inseparable for a few years now, and Hermione knew that Harry probably knew a lot more about Malfoy than he ever let on.

"I need to ask you a few questions Blaise, just like I did with Theo last week." Pansy asked the man as she came to sit on the stool that Hermione had occupied in front of him. Pansy took out her official-looking note pad and quill as she sat down to start grilling him.

She really was very thorough. It was about the aftercare for Pansy; making sure the drinker of the potion felt okay, if they felt any side effects and how they felt during their fantasy. She wanted every last detail to make sure that she got the statistics right.

"Right, I'm turning in." Theo announced with a yawn.

Hermione saw Harry and Draco walk back through the living room door, Harry nodding over in her direction. Hermione frowned to herself, but tried to put it to the back of her mind.

"So, I'll see all you tossers bright and early in the morning for his Lordships birthday...oh, and I'm not changing my bed from a double to a single, so if you get cold in the night Pans, you know where to find me."

"I'd rather sleep with Filch." Pansy retorted in a deadpan tone, writing down notes in her book, not even bothering to look up.

"I hear he likes it rough, Pans..." Theo threw back, smirking at her. "...and Mrs Norris likes to *watch*."

"Sometimes I wonder why we haven't checked you in to St Mungo's..." Harry contemplated, wrinkling his nose.

Everyone else shook their heads.

Cheerily, Theo made his way over to the Living room door and bowed to his audience. "Farewell, peasants!" he announced as he

backed out of the door. "Sweet dreams, and all that bollocks..."

"His inability to give a fuck really scares me sometimes..." Blaise said from his seat, yawning and stretching himself. "I'm ready to travel to Bedfordshire myself too though, to be fair... it's been an eventful night."

Everyone agreed that as it was almost two in the morning, that it might be best to turn in for the night. Hermione shot a cautious glance at Draco, but he wasn't looking at her as he went about fixing his make-shift bed on the couch... how was he going to fit on there? His body parts would be hanging over the edge.

He hadn't looked at her since he was inside of her head earlier on. She now didn't know whether it was because he was taking a step back, or because he was attempting to control himself. And he knew she'd seen it ... he knew her eyes had slid down and spotted his package.

Heat rose to her face as she flashed back to it again; the bulge in his trousers could not be hidden when he sat at that angle. He usually sat with one leg crossed over the other, but when he sat casually ... Jesus, may the Lord have mercy upon her soul.

She hadn't even seen it properly, but she knew it would snap her in half. She had momentarily preyed that it had already been at full mast, and that was why it looked so big ... but she knew she was wrong. She knew she'd be screaming if he ever put his cock inside of her ... she had no doubt.

Bringing herself out of her thoughts, she made her way to Harry, who was pouring himself a glass of water in the kitchen. "What were you saying to Malfoy?" she asked him in a low voice, not wanting anytime to hear their conversation. "I saw you gesture in my direction..."

Harry smiled to himself. "Oh, nothing." He said innocently. "But boys can talk too, you know." He then looked at her knowingly, eyebrows

raised suggestively.

Oh ... him and Pansy were just bloody made for each other. Meddling little bastards.

“Granger.” Came Pansy’s voice from near the kitchen door, bringing her out of her thoughts. “Come on, bedtime...” Hermione saw Harry’s pupils dilate as he looked over at Pansy; she was wearing an over-sized t-shirt that showed off her long legs exceptionally well.

Yet again, she had a wicked grin on her face, and Hermione just knew that she was planning something.

“I could have sworn I had packed them...” Hermione’s eyes furrowed as she looked through her bag again on the bed; Draco’s bed, to be more precise.

His room didn’t give off a ‘Death Eatery’ vibe at all. Quite the opposite actually; all neutral tones and a pale mint smattering of colour throughout the room. And the bed... wow. He was a big man, and a big man needed a big bed ... his was *huge*.

Four-poster; white and mint drapes around it and it was so large both in length and width that she wondered whether it was actually bigger than a King-size... it had to be.

“You didn’t pack your pyjamas?” Pansy asked her coyly as she brushed her hair. “Oh, what a shame...”

Hermione snapped her bag shut. “What did you do with them?” her hands went to her hips and she tapped her foot impatiently. “Pansy, give them –“

“I got rid of them.” She told her as she watches her through the floor length mirror in the room. “You won’t be needing them; I have other ideas.”

Hermione glowered at her. "*Pansy...*" she said in a low, threatening voice.

Pansy smiled innocently. "Draco, dear?" she shouted loudly, and Hermione suddenly felt sick.

"What?" they heard his distant voice from another room.

"Granger's forgotten her pyjamas-"

"No-" Hermione told her furiously.

"*Shhhhh!*" Pansy told her impatiently. "'-Can she borrow a shirt of yours to use?"

Hermione wanted the floor to swallow her up. Pansy was dead. She was deader than dead... she was off her friends list... meddling little cow.

There was a silent pause as they waited for Draco's reply ... which seemed to be taking its time. Hermione put her head in her hands and sat down on the bed, feeling so embarrassed and uncomfortable.

"There's some shirts in the wardrobe on the right-hand side of the room." Came his voice from a distance finally, sounding gruff and a little raspy.

Pansy raised her eyebrows. "Oh *Granger*," she said excitedly. "He's going to blow his load when he sees you..."

Hermione huffed. "Pansy, we're going to bed. He's not going to see me wearing his shirt." Pansy was already at the wardrobe as she spoke, picking out a crisp white shirt and throwing it in Hermione's direction.

"Just put it on and let's get into bed... we have things to discuss..." her smile was wicked as she leapt onto the left-hand side of the bed

and turned the covers down, wriggling about to get comfy.
“*Oh...my...god...* he sleeps like a Prince.”

Hermione snorted as she buttoned up the shirt, leaving her navy-blue bra and knickers on underneath, only the top two buttons opened and rolled the sleeves up to her elbows. “It bloody well figures...” she pulled her hair out of her bobble until her curls were swaying down past her shoulders and down her back and then climbed into the right-hand side of the bed and *oh ...* the bed felt like it was made of clouds. Certainly, no expense spared for Draco.

Pansy started moving up and down on her back, on her side of the bed, using her feet to thrust up on the bed in a fast motion.

“What the bloody hell are you doing?” Hermione asked, debating whether it was actually Pansy who needed the trip to St Mungo’s instead.

“Testing the structures....” She told Hermione casually. “You can make as much noise as you want in this bed... that headboard won’t be giving away any sordid details...” she giggled and Hermione shook her head. “I’m being serious ... he could throw you around this thing like a ragdoll and you wouldn’t hear so much as a creak...”

Hermione moaned and put her head into the pillow. She didn’t need the mental imagery of Draco Malfoy throwing her around his bed with his strong, thick arms and then pinning her down with his – and Oh, God ... his pillows smelled of him. She was surrounded by his intoxicating scent... his aftershave and a hint of tea-tree and spearmint shower gel... *fuck...*

“I saw you both before, you know...” Pansy mused as she stopped her assault on the mattress and turned on her side to face Hermione. “What was going on there? He looked like he was about to implode, and you-“ she tittered to herself. “-you looked like you were sitting there creaming your knickers.”

“Pansy... you never cease to utterly disgust me at times.” Hermione tutted. “But now you mention it; he used that Auror charm on me to speak to me so no one else could hear...he was talking to me, Pansy.”

Pansy sat up bolt-straight and made a small fist-pump in the air. “Oh! This is too good!” she then turned onto her stomach on the bed, crossing her legs as they were cocked up at the back of her and put her chin in her hands, looking at Hermione attentively. “You have my full, undivided attention... please, continue.”

Hermione rolled her eyes but couldn't help the small smile on her face. “It felt more intense than last week ... he just knew what to say to get my pulse going...”

“I told you...” Pansy said matter of factly. “Draco does dirty talk so well, but you weren't moaning incoherently in front of everyone, so I can only assume he was still keeping it PG ... because when he really talks, you won't be able to stop the moans from coming out of your mouth.”

Hermione closed her eyes and bit her lip. This evening was bad enough ... she wasn't quite sure what she would do if he got any worse. She'd be begging him to fuck her in seconds if that was the case.

“He's not just going to part your thighs and fuck you, either... it's not his style.” Pansy told her wickedly, like she was reading her mind. “Foreplay is so important to him... once he's got you where he wants you, it could be weeks before he even gives in and attempts to try himself inside of you... he's a gluten for punishment.” Hermione held her breath. “Remember, he's only got one shot to not fuck this up for himself... he won't want to make a wrong move.”

“How could he possibly fuck it up?” Hermione asked, sounding perplexed. “He must know I want him to-“

“He doesn’t want to hurt you, Granger.” Pansy whispered to her, and Hermione watched with curiosity as one of Pansy’s hands reached out and undid another two of the shirt buttons, now exposing the tops of her breasts and her blue bra. “If he hurts you while he’s trying to stretch you, its game over for him.” She continued. “He won’t keep going... he refuses to hurt a lady like that.”

Hermione sighed and half resigned herself to the thought of never actually being able to shag Draco Malfoy properly. The most she could hope for would be a bit of foreplay and the tip of his cock spreading her lips at her entrance.

One thing She didn’t want to tell Pansy was that he had called her beautiful. It might have been a slip of the tongue as they were both so pent up, but it meant enough to Hermione that she wanted to keep it to herself. Draco Malfoy had called her beautiful... he thought she was physically attractive. That was something. She needed to keep that for herself.

“*Eugh...*” Pansy fake moaned as she started to toss and turn suddenly on the bed. “Would you look at *that* ... I’m suddenly really uncomfortable...” Hermione frowned. “...this mattress is going to do my back no favours...” she raised her eyebrow at Hermione, before throwing the covers off of herself and standing out of the bed and gave a wink. “I think I’ll have to go and sleep on the couch...”

Utterly bewildered, Hermione watched her friend walk to the bedroom door in her oversized t-shirt. “But Malfoy’s on the couch-“

When Pansy threw her a look that would match the Devil’s, Hermione knew exactly what the Witch was up to. Before she could protest, Hermione watched Pansy pad out of the room and heard a small commotion in the Living room. Draco’s tone was low and threatening; Pansy’s was persistent and held a defensive undertone.

Hermione got out of the bed, intent on telling them both that she could take the couch instead, when she heard large footsteps padding towards the room, and she froze on the spot.

It took a second for her to realign her senses as a large presence walked through the bedroom door; the black bottoms were a stark contrast to the neutral hue of the chest area, and that was when Hermione realised that Draco Malfoy was standing at his bedroom door; wearing nothing but a pair of black jogging bottoms and standing on the threshold, as if waiting to be given silent permission to enter his own room.

They were just stood there looking at each other; taking each other in. Hermione holding her breath as she viewed the expanse of his large chest and shoulders, a smattering of blonde hair in the middle of his pecs and a happy trail that dipped, showing of his Adonis belt... the man was a mountain, and she calmed herself enough to stop herself from reaching for him in order to climb him.

“Nice shirt...” he told her with a growl, his eyes focused intently on her bare thighs. The look heated her to her core.

“...Pansy took my couch...” Draco said again in an intoxicatingly quiet voice as she felt his eyes rake over her frame. “...and my quilt...” he was fully taking in the look of her in the shirt of his that she was wearing. “...and my *pillow*...” And his eyes darkened in an almost primal manner when they came to rest on the undone buttons at the top of the shirt; the peak of her breasts just visible, pushing against her navy-blue bra.

Bloody Pansy ...

Hermione put her head down and put a stray strand of hair behind her ear. “Do —“ She stuttered, feeling a little embarrassed and anxious about the current situation that was about to unfold. “-do you want me to find somewhere else? Let you sleep in your own bed?”

She looked up to see Draco shaking his head, taking a step into the room. “No.” He told her confidently. “You can stay...” he kept his eyes on her as he moved around her and went towards the side of the

bed that Pansy had been sleeping on. "...it's big enough for two... we'll barely touch each other..."

Hermione gulped and licked her lips as she glanced at his retreating back; the toned muscles rippling dangerously as he walked.

As he sat down on the bed he reclined onto the pillow and then turned onto his side, facing away from where she would be lying. He really did take up a lot of space...if he accidentally rolled over and touched her in the night-

"He won't touch you without your permission..."

Oh oh, this was going to be one long fucking night.

Hermione couldn't sleep.

She had lay in the same position for close to an hour, telling herself not to fidget or make a sudden move; she didn't want him thinking that she was uncomfortable or anxious in his presence in anyway. God knew she was; she was about to rip her own skin off she was that hot with anticipation, but she didn't need him to know that.

He had only said good night to her as she first lay back in the bed, on her side facing away from him. He had said nothing to her since, and they had lay in silence since then as each agonizing minute ticked by. She had instantly felt the gap between them filling with unanswered tension and heat, but she tried to ignore it. He just wanted to sleep ... his bed had been taken away from him by Pansy... he had nowhere else to go...

Hermione had prayed for sleep within the first half an hour; her mind swimming with the scent of him and the feel of the mattress dipping from his warm weight on the other side... it was the only thing giving away the fact that he was there next to her. If she fell asleep now then she wouldn't have to listen to his breathing evening out ...

wouldn't have to stop herself from turning on her other side to ogle at his back...

She gave in practically on the hour, turning as slowly and as quietly as she could in the bed, hoping he wouldn't feel her and think that she was trying to attract attention. As she finally got into a comfortable position on her other side, she opened her eyes.

The expanse of his back was a roadmap of muscles, all entwining together and tightening as he breathed in and out peacefully. His alabaster skin only set off the defined line down the middle of his back, making her mouth water and her hand beg to reach out and touch –

No. Absolutely bloody not. There would be no touching of any kind, no matter how much she wanted to feel how warm his skin would be beneath her fingers. Instead, she willed her eyes shut and tried to let sleep consume her.

Until she felt him move.

Her eyes shot open when she felt him shift onto his back, his broad shoulder now just millimetres away from her fingertips where her hand lay on the mattress. She watched him breathe in deeply, her fingers twitching at the feel of warmth from his body as he lay close... so close... if she stretched her finger tips out, she could touch –

She peered at his facial features. His head was still turned away from her, a taunt expression on his face, like he was dreaming about something that was causing him considerable anguish. His dark, long eyelashes stood out in stark contrast against the chiselled bone structure of his pale complexion ... he was beautiful.

She looked back at her fingertips again. His shoulder was practically there...right on the cusp. She bit her lip as her eyes travelled up from his shoulder to his collarbone, attached to that long neck... his pulse point fluttering beneath his smooth skin.

“...if he’s close and you put your mouth in the right place...” Pansy put two fingers against the pulse point on her neck as she looked at Hermione. “...if you use your lips to massage the area, add your tongue to moisten it...and then sink your teeth in at just the right moment...” Hermione clenched her thighs at the thought. “... the sound’s he’ll make for you ... Granger, he’ll be all yours.”

Lost in her own sordid thoughts, Hermione swallowed and flexed her hand involuntarily, causing her fingertips to brush against Draco’s shoulder. The smallest of motions; barely there...but it was all it took for the heat to pool between her legs, and she paled as she heard Malfoy take a sharp intake of breath.

“You should be sleeping.” His deep voice vibrated out of his chest, and she felt herself pale. Shit... what did she do now she’d been caught? She felt like some sort of naughty school girl, found out of bed after curfew.

“Sorry.” She said in a small voice, retracting her hand and pulling it against her chest as if she had been burned. She could feel her cheeks flaming; she was suddenly terribly thankful that the room was dark apart from the Moonlight that peaked at them through the curtains every now and again. “My hand was –“

“-too close.” He breathed, his eyes still closed and his head still turned to the side. “Do us both a favour and turn around and go to sleep, Granger...” his voice was throaty and there was a husk to his tone. “...neither of us have slept yet tonight because we can feel each other’s presence...” Hermione’s breathing quickened. “...and you don’t want to feel anymore of me than you have to.”

That did nothing to help Hermione’s imagination. And yet, was she supposed to take this as rejection? Or was he doing this as part of his game that he supposedly played? Was he warning her away because he didn’t want her? Or was he warning her away because he didn’t want himself to want her? Was it his way of controlling himself?

She felt like being defiant and refusing to move. After all, he was the one who moved into her space and brought their bodies closer... he was the one who was also awake like her, and must have felt her move in the first place. But then ... it was his bed; so, it stood to reason that it was his rules...wasn't it? Oh, that was all just one big awkward mess.

Quietly, Hermione shuffled back slightly to give him more room, but instead of lying back on her other side, she lay on her back and clutched the covers just below her chest, feeling her long curls spilling over the side of the pillow and down, and the tip of a tendril accidentally landed on the place between Draco's shoulder and neck.

She heard him suck in another breath, and then felt his arm bend up slowly as his picked her curl up between his fingertips, as if to shed the curl off of him. But instead, she glanced and saw his head turn and his eyes open; looking at the curl in his fingers.

"You have thick hair..." Draco said in a quiet voice after a minute or two, and Hermione swallowed hard when she saw his bicep flex slightly as she watched him playing with the hair between his fingers. "...*easy to grab*..."

The heat pooling between her thighs was slowly turning into an inferno. His subliminal messages were driving her to the point of insanity. ...*Easy to grab*.... the image of him grabbing the back of her head and forcing her forehead roughly against his as he fucked her mercilessly entered her thoughts, and before she could stop herself, she let out the smallest of sounds... the smallest decibel of a moan.

Draco's eye's snapped to her face; his eyes searching her for something...a reaction... he wanted to know whether she was getting pleasure from this...any sign at all to know if it was affecting her. She looked up at him through hooded eyes, and she saw the tiniest hint of a smirk edging its way onto his lips. "It doesn't take much, once the thought is there, does it? ..." he growled. "...the imagination takes over, and then your senses follow..."

Hermione could feel him shift slowly next to her; his body turning towards her, onto his side. She felt her pillow dip under the pressure of his forearm as he held himself up above her so he was looking down on her; the end of her lock of hair still between his fingers as he held it against the pillow, just above her head.

She chanced a glance down; his torso making her mouth salivate and his black jogging bottoms clinging to the very bottoms of his hips.

This man was dangerously tantalising, and Hermione could not help but feel the pull that he had on her ... he could consume her within his heat in a heartbeat.

"I've always wondered what it would feel like..." Draco was looking at her hair, making her feel the anticipation of what he would do or say next. "If it would be soft or whether my fingers would get tangled..." His eyes found hers, and they burned her. "But I've never been allowed to touch...have I?"

Hermione knew he wasn't talking about her hair anymore. And now she felt like her whole body was burning.

His eyes searched for hers after he studied her face. He seemed to have found a sign of what he was looking for, because his eyes burned brighter as he said; "Close your eyes, Granger..." he whispered. "...I need you to listen to me...just my voice."

Hermione felt her nerve endings catch fire at his words... just his voice... his voice set fire to her insides. She let out a small, shaky breath before doing as he asked; closing her eyes slowly...and then all of her other senses came into play.

"When I ask you a question, Granger... just nod for yes or shake your head for no... do you understand...?" his voice was raspy; his breath tickling against her neck, ear and cheek. "You don't need to speak unless I ask you to."

Slowly she nodded, feeling the bedsheets move against her torso as she did.

“Good...” his gravelly voice assaulted her senses, her hairs standing up on the back of her arms. “I know Pansy talks to you... tells you things –“

Hermione went to speak- defend herself and Pansy in case he thought they were gossiping about him, but he shushed her before she got the chance. “I told you not to talk.” He told her seriously. “Just listen, Granger...”

She bit her lip, and she heard him suck in a breath of his own. “Don’t do that,” he told her. “Or this won’t end well for either of us.”

She let her lip free and began squeezing her thighs together beneath the quilt; the man hadn’t touched her... had barely spoken to her and he already had her practically gasping for air. It was like sweet torture. Being a player within a game that only he could win.

“-Pansy knows me very well; but she doesn’t know everything...” he whispered, and Hermione pursed her lips together. “...I still have my secrets... I have lots of secrets, Granger.” He told her, close to her ear. “...do you want to know one of them?”

She couldn’t help herself. She had to know. The rough sound of his voice was pulling her under, and she nodded slowly, hearing him give off a very quiet but dark chuckle.

“Granger...I want you to imagine a classroom at Hogwarts...” he began, his voice low. Hermione could sense that his fingers were still playing with her strands of hair. “...it could be any classroom, as long as it has a desk at the front...think of one now for me.” Hermione saw Professor Slughorn’s potions classroom; the dark and dingy benches looked unusually clearer than normal, but the Teacher’s large, wooden desk was right there at the front of the room.

“...Now, I want you to imagine yourself sitting at a work desk, one leg crossed over the other...your twirling a strand of your thick hair through your fingers...” Hermione saw herself as Draco’s voice whispered low, sounding closer than he was before. “...You’re the first one to finish...you close your book and go to slide off your seat, but you can feel someone watching you as you do...” Hermione furrowed her brow as in her mind she felt her defences come up slightly.

“...You make your way to the front, passing your work in to the Professor; but they’re not looking. No one in the classroom is looking up from their place...apart from him...”

Hermione drew in a breath. “...he’s looking right at you, Granger...watching your every move.”

She wet her lips with her tongue and she heard his breath quicken slightly, and she knew he was watching her lips. “Picture him, Granger... who is he? What does he look like? Does he look at you like he wants to own you?”

She nodded; eyes still closed. Still intoxicatingly surrounded by his scent and his voice and the proximity of his body, which she was dying to feel but daren’t move in case he stopped talking to her... she needed him to talk; needed to see where he was taking this. The image of a boy swam into her head.

“The Professor is still at his desk, not even bothering to look up at you. The other students are still working; they’re not interested in you either... but he’s left his stool now, and he’s walking up behind you; because he sees you.” Hermione could picture it in her head... picture the boy ... his intoxicating eyes. “He’s right behind you, and you can feel his body heat...no one would even bother to look up if he touched you, Granger...” she shuddered when she felt his lips suddenly next to her ear.

“What colour are his eyes, Granger?” she shuddered. “...are they grey?”

She bit her lip and he made a noise that had her chest rising and falling to keep her self-control. Slowly, she nodded once, making him suck in air as she felt him shift slightly next to her. "...Granger?" he asked, his voice barely audible. "Do you want him to touch you?"

Yes. She wanted his hands all over her, touching her and caressing her in places that would make her scream. She wanted everything, and she wanted him to be the one to give it to her. She needed it badly; these games were breaking her slowly.

When she finally nodded, he spoke sternly. "I need you to tell me this time Granger, verbally... do you want to be touched?"

She pursed her lips again, squeezing her eyes tight, fisting at the covers at her torso and willing that her voice didn't come out in a needy breath when she spoke. "Yes..." and she couldn't help but buck her hips slightly when she felt the ghost of a touch on her sternum, feeling her body flush at the slight contact... he was touching her... he had asked to touch her...

"He's still behind you at the Professors desk... but he makes no move to make you turn around..." she felt his hand flutter down the covers and settle near her hip bone. The gentlest of touches, barely there. "...You can feel him, and you hope he wants to touch you...something subtle that only the two of you will know about..." Hermione felt the covers lift from her torso, and the cold air hit her as she realised that he had brought the covers back on her, leaving her covered in nothing but his shirt.

She heard him breathe deeply and sigh. "Jesus Granger..." his voice quaked. "Do you have any idea what you look like right now?" She felt his hand make its way back down to her hip, giving it the softest of squeezes that sets her pulse racing.

"He touches you right here..." he gave her hip another squeeze again and she shuffled beneath his touch slightly. "...but what he really wants to do is turn you around to face him, put you on top of the desk, open your thighs wide and stand between them in front of

the class; making you give in to the control..." his hand moved slowly from her hip and she had to draw in a breath when she felt it settle gently on the top of her thigh.

"...Would you like that?" she could tell he was as affected as she was by the tone of his voice, and she fisted her hands in frustration and need. "...would you like your legs spread wide with him stood between them?"

Hermione bit her lip; flushed with the anticipation as to where he was going with this and turned on by the fact that he was losing his control. She nodded, and he chuckled. "Tell me."

"Yes." She squeaked.

"Keep biting that lip and I'll bite it for you." He suddenly told her seriously and took his hand away. She almost moaned in dismay. "Stop it, Granger."

She did as she was told, just needing to feel his feather-light touch upon her skin again. When his hand returned, he ran it slowly to the middle of her raised thighs, before slowly parting them with his fingers, and then cupped the inside of her left thigh, opening her up; exposing her.

The breathy moan Draco made in her ear had her toes curling, and her hands went down to the mattress to grip the sheet beneath her. "...he's stood looking at you from between your parted thighs... he rolls your hips to bring them closer to the edge of the desk...this action opens your thighs even further to him, and he nestles between them; bringing you closer to him as he grabs your thighs under your skirt..." The hand holding her thigh made small circles, before moving downwards slightly... reaching...

"No one is watching, Granger... the room is full of people but the only person who can see you is him..." Draco's breath wisped against her ear and her jaw, and even with her eyes closed, she could tell his lips were temptingly close to hers.

“...He wants to touch you in the most private of places...he wants to see if he can make you moan for him...” his hand grazed the very inside of her thigh and she jumped and made a small mewling sound. She needed to feel him there... needed his fingers there.

“...Do you want him to touch you there, Granger? Make you moan?” he whispered, and she felt his stubble graze her jaw and it made her quake.

“Yes...” she told him, a little more loudly than she should have.

He chuckled against her jaw, the vibrations spreading through her body and making her nipples peak. “He wants to grab a fist full of your hair and bring your head closer to his ...look at your face while he’s touching you... he’s always had a thing for your hair...” His voice was quiet, like he was trying to keep control of himself. “...can he grab your hair, Hermione?”

She didn’t hesitate. She nodded once, and then felt the fingers that had been playing with the strand of hair snaking their way behind the nape of her neck, leaving her skin tingling at the contact. She felt him fist her hair at the back of her head, and heard a guttural moan escape his throat as his fingers wound into her tresses. “... He's always wanted to do that...”

She wanted to tell him that it felt good. She wanted to tell him to keep going; but she stayed quiet. The moment could break at any time, and she needed this ... she needed the magic of this moment. It was setting her soul on fire, and he hadn’t even touched her properly.

“You can see nothing but his eyes, and they’re blown wide with the idea of being able to touch you... to see you open like that... fuck, Granger... he’d give anything to get on his knees and make you scream for him...” he was losing his grip on his emotions; Hermione could tell. His fingers on her thigh were shifting ever closer to her centre, until they came to the seam of her knickers. And then she was the one losing her grip.

"Please..." It was barely audible, but she knew he had heard it. She knew he was looking at her; hair all over the place, flushed complexion and face screwed up in pleasurable agony with her eyes closed and her thighs wide open...

hands fisting the sheet to stop herself from reaching out to touch him.

She felt the hand on the inside of her thigh move first. When she felt him grab for her hand, she knew her brow was furrowing in confusion until –

"Oh..." she whispered in a breathy moan, as he splayed out her fingers before putting them between her legs, using his own fingers to direct her touch upon her aching core.

He was going to fuck her with her own fingers. Draco Malfoy was a very, very bad man. "Every time he touches you, it makes you pant with need..." he whispered against her ear gruffly, and she knew he was dying with the need to touch her himself, through her knickers. "...he's touching you in just the right place, with just enough pressure to make your hips buck against his hand..."

Hermione felt his fingers press hers down harder for him, and she did indeed buck against their hands as he made her fingers find her clit through the fabric of her underwear. She let out a small groan, and then she felt his lips right next to her earlobe, wishing he would put his lips on it.

"Fuck, Granger..." he moaned quietly, forgetting himself for a moment. "You're burning."

She let out another small groan as it escaped the back of her throat.

"He wants you to come on the desk for him... he wants you to moan his name in the middle of this classroom full of students..." the sensation of his husky voice against her ear and the stubble on his chin had her nearly convulsing as his hand gripped her hair tighter

and his picked up the movements of their fingers, making her brush against her clit every time. "...he's always wanted you to do this for him..."

She bit back a moan on her tongue as multiple sensations hit her at once at his words.

"...will you do it, Granger?" he whispered low. "...will you come for him?"

She bit her lip automatically; and then the game changed. He gripped her hair hard behind her head and the movement of their fingers became frenzied. He made her hit her clit hard with his fingers repeatedly, and she felt his lips brushing against her own; he was watching her bottom lip... he wanted to taste it.

"Oh, *god*..." she panted and threw her head back into his hand, exposing her neck.

"I told you not to bite your lip, Granger... it makes me want to –" she felt his lips flutter against the pulse point on her neck and she moaned weakly. "-you have no idea what it does...." His voice was rough and passionate.

"*Please*..." she groaned low again, hips bucking against their fingers furiously.

"That's it... do it , Granger... come for him." His voice suddenly sounded feral. "He's always wanted to watch the look on your face when you fall over the edge..." his fingers were moving so quickly against hers now that she could feel herself reaching... she was close.

"He's standing there between your thighs, watching you fall apart...and knowing that it's all because of him, it makes him want to rip your knickers from your body and bury himself inside of you... really make you scream." As he said the words, Hermione felt Draco shift his body so that his body was pressed up against her side and –

“Fuck-“ Hermione stuttered, at the impending orgasm that she was reaching as her hips rocked against their joined hands and with the bulge that was now intentionally pressed against her thigh. “*Oh*- I’m close – please-“ her fingers dug into the mattress.

“Please?” Draco asked roughly in her ear. And put his full length up against her. “Who are you talking to? ... who’s going to make you come?” he asked in a low tone. “...what’s his name?” his middle finger caused her own to press down hard right on her clit, and she groaned, imagining it was his cock inside her.

His cock ... *fuck* ... even feeling it pressed along the side of her thigh had her panicked. It felt fucking huge; she’d struggle to take his girth, she knew...but she still wanted it sliding inside of her, stretching her to the point of pain.

“Tell me, *Hermione*...” he asked again, his fingers twisting in her hair, making her groan again. “Who were you thinking of? Who’s doing this to you?...” she felt him smile against her ear. “...who’s between your spread legs?”

She choked on a moan when she felt his chin graze her neck, his nose nuzzling in slightly and his lips so close to her sensitive skin.

“Draco Malfoy...” she breathed out, and the noise that escaped him was primal. His fingers regained a torturous pace that had Hermione bucking her hips furiously, and she started to feel the tell-tale signs of her impending orgasm.

“Then come for him, Granger...” he said against her neck. “I want you to ride our fingers and think of that boy in the classroom ... the one that was always looking, even when you were paying no attention to him...” Hermione felt something snap inside of her at his words; she felt an explosion between her legs and her body spasmed. “...he’s wanted to make you come for so long, *Hermione*...”

And then when she felt his breath against her sensitive flesh and his teeth nip at her neck, and she was fucking gone.

“Shit – oh, Draco – *God-*” she groaned and bit her lip as her body started to convulse as she rode the orgasm that their hands had brought her to. The hand in her hair began relaxing and making soothing circles at the back of her neck.

“You really are quiet when you come... good...” he breathed in her ear, goose pimples erupted all over her body at his words she felt him shift his body away from hers slightly, moving his hand up to settle on her stomach as his other hand unwound from her hair and pulled the quilt back up around her. “...I told you that Pansy doesn’t know all of my secrets.”

After a good few minute of heavy breathing, Hermione began to come down from her orgasmic high. After a few minutes more, she finally opened her eyes and looked over at him, only to see that his were already closed and his breathing seemed to be evening out by the second.

His hand was still lay on her stomach, and his head was nestled near her hair at the edge of her pillow.

It occurred to her in that moment as she looked at him, that she wasn’t sure who needed those touches more to be able to sleep... her, or *him*.

No Noise Allowed

Chapter 6: No Noise Allowed

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Hermione woke alone on the morning of Draco's birthday. This provoked a mixture of feelings to stir inside of her; embarrassment, guilt and regret being just a few. They festered within her as she dressed, feeling that Malfoy had obviously deeply regretted last night enough to not want to wake her up with him this morning.

Maybe there was something he didn't like? Or maybe he had decided that he just couldn't go there with her? Was he trying not to mess up their strange friendship? Had he thought that he couldn't possibly try and have sex with her due to her petite size?

Her mind boggled and an uneasy feeling set into the pit of her stomach at the thought. The man was a puzzle, and no matter what way she tried, she couldn't put his pieces together properly.

Up on entering the kitchen she found her friends sitting around reading the Saturday morning newspaper, or making themselves

breakfast, using Draco's kitchen casually, as if they lived there themselves.

"Where's Malfoy?" Hermione pretended to ask casually, and all four pairs of eyes turned to pin her with devilish stares and big, knowing smirks.

"He's gone for his morning jog." Pansy told her as she poured milk into her teacup. "He likes to jog... releases the *tension*..."

Harry smirked and put his head down. Hermione felt herself blush so furiously that she could have sworn she was turning a different colour.

"We've all signed a card for him and left a cake for later." Harry told her as he stood next to Pansy, mixing his cup of tea with a teaspoon. "We'll leave it for him to open when he gets back...not that he'll appreciate it." He finished with a huff.

"I've actually brought him a card and present," she told Harry, and everyone looked at her again with a smirk. "It's nothing much; Kendal Mint Cakes." She said defensively. "I know he likes spearmint sweets."

"...if I remember rightly, he's not the only one who likes spearmint." Harry gave her a knowing look and Pansy looked at him gleefully. Those two were the worst meddling partners to ever team up since Fred and George Weasley.

Theo sighed woefully from the table. "I'm absolutely devastated that I didn't hear the screaming last night, Granger." He told her from over his bowl of cornflakes. "Thought he would have at least been able to get one yelp out of you."

Blaise hit him around the back of the head and Hermione didn't know where to put her face. So, they all must have known about the room swap... bloody Pansy.

"If it makes any difference Granger," Blaise told her as he sipped his coffee. "He's got it *bad*."

"Oh, absolutely." Theo confirmed. "Never seen him so controlled...surprised he hasn't spontaneously combusted by now, if I'm honest."

Pansy gave her a look. "*I told you so...*" she sing-songed.

Hermione bit her lip and her heart lifted a little. But still... Draco wasn't there to give her the added confidence she needed to attest to the fact that her friends were correct. If they were right, then why was he so quick to leave?

Why was he so quick to get away from her?

One Week Later:

"Your turn." Pansy announced excitedly.

Harry shook his head and turned pale. Hermione knew he had been dreading this day. He knew who he would be fantasising about, and now it was all about to laid out there for everyone to see. She could see the sweat appearing on his brow at the thought.

Theo and Blaise smirked at him before wishing him well, and then proceeded to take their seats on the couch, ready to watch the show.

Hermione was less eager. Harry was her best friend and she wasn't sure whether she felt comfortable sitting there and watching him indulge in his deepest sexual fantasy, whatever that may be. She had no problem watching the others as they hadn't been her friends since school ... but Harry ... he was practically like her brother.

Hermione saw Draco move out of the corner of her eye as he came into the Living room. Her heartbeat picked up quickly and she wasn't

sure where to look. Did she try to make eye contact? Did she attempt to make conversation with him? How was this thing between them supposed to go?

She glanced in his direction and instantly met his eyes, like he had been waiting for her to look at him. He nodded a hello at her, hands in his pant pockets... looking so innocent and sheepish that her mouth went dry. He was feeling just as awkward as she was.

It must have taken him a battle against his willpower to send that card...

Three days ago:

“Hermione, this has come for you.” Pansy announced, from the front door as Hermione opened the window blinds to let the morning sunshine into the shop.

She heard Pansy padding towards her, and when she looked around, she saw her holding a small card with her name scribbled in the middle of the brown envelope. Pansy’s eyes were twinkling with delight. “Open it.” She said enthusiastically, knowing exactly who it was from.

Hermione bit her lip with anticipation before taking the card and opening the envelope. The smell of the parchment filled her senses as soon as she started to pull the card out of its pocket. The parchment paper was thick and expensive looking, and when she turned it over she couldn’t help but smile at the ‘M’ crested at the top of the card.

‘For the girl who finds the smell of parchment as intoxicating as I do;

Thank you for my gift, Hermione.

Sorry I didn't catch you Saturday, seemed a shame to disturb you after our

Late night.

See you Friday

D

x'

Hermione read it twice before Pansy got hold of it and squealed. "Oh, my lord... the man is craving you something rotten!" she announced wickedly. "Draco doesn't just let women sleep in his bed... oh, all he's done is think about you since Friday... it's just taken him this long to grow some balls and give in enough to send this."

Hermione was just thankful that her heart felt lighter. Draco Malfoy was reaching out...maybe he was thinking about her as much as she was thinking about him....

As the blacks of Harry's eyes turned pink, Hermione held her breath. This was so wrong; she shouldn't be watching this, especially because she knew –

"Shit..." Theo said in a shocked voice, peering into the mirror Pansy was holding. "Pansy... is that you on all fours?"

Hermione's hand went over her own mouth as Pansy let out a deep breath; a red hue covering her cheeks that Hermione had never seen before. Pansy couldn't tear her eyes away from the mirror, as the Gryffindor common room swam into view.

He slid her skirt down to her knees, slipping it off and over her feet and placing them on the floor. Her knickers followed and after that, and she found herself open, exposed completely to him.

His hands skimmed along the cheeks of her arse, massaging them before she could feel cool air followed by the stinging smack of his palm. It jerked her forward and stunned her eyes open, a gasp escaping her lips.

Hermione watched Pansy carefully as her breathing picked up... truly affected by what she was seeing in the mirror.

"You're not quitting, Parkinson. Get that thought out of your head right now...I'm going to fucking torture you, and you're going to love it." He smacked her arse again, switching to her other cheek. He felt her tensing up, her empty core clenching.

She moaned, rocking back, wanting more. Two more smacks, and then he lowered himself, his mouth there, kissing her gently. "Your arse is so fucking gorgeous... red with my handprints." He stroked her again. "Do you want to know how I get myself off to images of you, Pansy? You want to know all the dirty, depraved things I do to you in my fantasies?"

"No," she whispered, so wound up, wetness leaking down onto her upper thighs. "I want you to show me...show me how you feel, Potter."

He growled possessively, burying his face into her from behind, licking from the bundle of nerves in the back all the way to the top of her mound. She cried out, the assault of his mouth welcome and electrifying. One of his hands snaked up, twisting her nipple hard in warning, the other covering her mouth.

Hermione's eyes widened at the sight and even she couldn't help but be affected by what she was seeing. Harry Potter liked it rough...

who knew.

She spotted movement from across the room and looked up to see Draco shifting but keeping his eyes on her for her reaction. He really did seem to enjoy the flushed complexion that covered her face whenever they watched these fantasies. His eyes barely ever gave him away, but recently ... Hermione felt like some sort of wall was being broken down.

Harry sucked on her clit as two fingers slid deep inside her, pumping in and out. His tongue flicked back and forth, his fingers curling, rubbing that special place inside of her. Moan after moan poured from her mouth. He grinned against her. He knew she felt it.

A hot and primal growl coursed through him as he delighted in her response. He knew she couldn't even stop it. He knew she didn't even want to try. He fingered her at a torturous pace, with slow licks and deep thrusts.

"More. Please more," she garbled through the tie.

"Show me what you want, Pansy. How you need it." She ground back against him, her body taking over as he licked her, sucking and pumping his fingers until she came apart at the extreme pleasure he was giving her, making her command her own orgasm.

Screaming and crying out into the cotton stuffed into her mouth, she clawed at her couch cushions of the Gryffindor common room, pushing herself back harder into his face as she rode out the wave that never seemed to end.

"Granger." She heard a growl in her ear and realised that Draco was using 'Animo Sermo' again. She looked over at him, to find him backing out of the Living room as everyone else was engrossed in the noises of feral passion coming from the mirror.

He was asking her to follow him. Oh shit...what did she *do*?

Draco stood against the kitchen sink, hands on either side of it as he faced it, deep in thought. As Hermione walked into the room, she found herself still clenching slightly from the sultry noises that were still coming out of the Living room. Malfoy was clearly affected, as his jaw clenched every time he heard the sound of Pansy's throaty moans.

"I wanted to say thank you in person for my Birthday gift." He told her quietly. "I'm partial to a mint cake...it was much appreciated."

Hermione gave him the smallest of smiles. "You could have said thank you in person on Saturday if you'd have woken me up."

He turned and looked at her; taken back by her forwardness to discuss Friday night. "Like I said, it seemed a shame to wake you." He told her seriously. "I like to jog early in the morning...it clears the fog in my head."

Hermione couldn't help but raise an eyebrow at him. "Bullshit." She accused him in a small voice. "You just couldn't face having to think about what had happened, so you fled so you wouldn't have to deal with it."

Draco sighed and put his head down, before turning his body fully to face her and stood tall...very tall. It made her insides clench as she took him in; intimidating and dark with his rough edges. But she knew that underneath was a soft centre that she needed to try and break free.

"My head's not been right for a while, Hermione." He told her with a fixed look in his eyes. "I woke up on Saturday morning after-" he closed his eyes for a second, as if to regain focus instead of letting his mind wonder back to Friday night.

The sounds from the Living room as Pansy and Harry's fantasy sex didn't help the situation either...it sounded like he was killing her in there.

"-after being next to you, and for a minute I forgot who I was." He breathed out and opened his eyes again, and they were bright and hot on her. "I forgot who I was, who you are ... what we are to each other." He told her dangerously as he took a step closer to her. "I'm not a good man, Granger. I am bad for you, and you shouldn't want what I've got..." he looked her up and down possessively. "We shouldn't want this, and I have to keep reminding myself of that fact."

Hermione crossed her arms over her chest. "I can make my own decisions." She told him defiantly. She wasn't going to let him get away with his shitty answer. His masochistic self-punishment was not going to wash with her. Whatever he thought he was and whatever he thought she wasn't, he had no right to tell her that she couldn't want him.

She wanted him because she knew she shouldn't, and that was part of the attraction, just as he must have felt the same about her. She wanted him to see that regardless of what he said, she wouldn't let him control all of this. He couldn't control her free will.

"Why don't you like your birthday, Draco?" she asked him before she could stop it spilling from her mouth. It was a harsh change of subject, but at least it stopped him wallowing in his self-pity for a moment or two.

There was silence from him for a minute as he looked at her, and it was filled with the pants and groans coming from the mirror in the Living room. It sounded hot and passionate and angry, and it made her mouth water slightly.

"My Birthday in 5th Year of Hogwarts." He told her, trying to drown out the sounds. "I received a letter from my Parents, informing me that I was to take the Dark Mark in the summer and follow in my

Father's footsteps." His voice was bitter and resentful. "I've never enjoyed a Birthday since then, Granger... never wanted to."

Her heart sank for him. She had no idea. When she looked at him, she swore that for a second, she could see that lanky, scared and frail boy from 6th year. The boy who turned his back in pain and remorse on her when his Aunt assaulted her body and mind on his dining room floor.

That same boy who went through the same type of hardships that herself, Ron and Harry did at the same time, but his played out on a different side of the track.

"I get that." She told him honestly, taking yet another step closer. "I understand it..." she looked at his eyes, viewing her curiously. "But it doesn't mean you need to build walls up around yourself forever," she said quietly, biting her lip. "You are not your mistakes...you are not your past."

He was looking at her lip, and she felt the mood in the room change suddenly as his eyes fixated in on the spot where her teeth pinched the pink flesh. "Did I make you come last week, or did you, Granger?" He asked her in a low tone as he took another slow step closer. He was barely two feet away from her now.

She blushed and looked down, not expecting the change in conversation. The sounds of her friends fucking enthusiastically was all she could hear in her ears as heat pooled in her belly, and she knew by the look on his face that they were instantly back in dangerous territory.

"It-" she began, feeling like she was stuttering and she saw him smirk at the reaction he was getting from her. "-it was me...but with you." She said in a weak voice

She watched him nod and his eyes flitted down to her thighs for a second; exposed by the summer skirt she was wearing that went with the Bardot top that exposed her shoulders and collarbone.

“I think you’d like the chance to have an orgasm without the use of your own fingers...” he mused as his eyes closed in on her neck and throat. “...to be able to get off knowing it’s not your own touch that’s got you there.”

Hermione swallowed and she watched him bite back a moan as he viewed the muscles in her neck clench as he spoke. “...I think you like the idea of screaming for someone, when it’s them who are going to make you come...”

Another two steps towards her and he was there; his body almost pressed against hers intimately. She had to crane her neck to keep looking at his face, but couldn’t stop her eyes from exploring his chest and the muscles that she knew lay beneath his shirt.

And oh, fuck... the smell of him. Tea-tree and mint shower gel and sandalwood from his aftershave. His whole persona was all consuming to her, and she felt her knees going weak.

“Granger...” he whispered, and her hooded eyes looked up at him. “...do you want me to touch you?”

She let out a breath before knowing exactly what she had to do.

She closed her eyes and nodded. “Yes.” She replied. She needed him to touch her desperately.

Hermione was expecting his gentle caress like the ones she had last week; barely there. But the breath left her body when she felt his hands reach for her waist, and suddenly she was being lifted into the air, her breath leaving her.

His grip was strong on her waist, and when he started walking with her until he had her sat on the counter top near the sink, she could feel herself getting dizzy from their height at which she was lifted and the quickness of the motion.

His hands were still at her waist, and his face was inches from hers as he took in her shocked expression. "What keeps you quiet, Granger?" he asked her. "Is it the fear of enjoying yourself too much? Or is it the fear of being so loud that the neighbours hear you scream?"

She felt him part her legs in a feather-light touch and almost groaned when she felt his hips between them, bringing him closer to her.

She shook her head and closed her eyes. "Open them, Hermione." He demanded, and she did. "I want to see the look in your eyes when I tell you that if I ever fucked you... if we ever went there; I'd have you singing like a fucking bird."

She let out a small mewl and he chuckled. "I can tell you're not used to being talked to like this..." he brought his head close to hers and brought his lips to coast her earlobe. "...I like my women loud, Hermione... I like to know that they're fucking loving what I'm doing to them."

His lips were dangerously close to latching onto her ear now, and she started to pant quietly, anticipating the contact as her hands gripped the counter top.

"And I love the idea that I could possibly have someone between the sheets who used to hate me... it really gets me off, the thought that I could frustrate someone so much that they could go from hating me to wanting me to slide inside them and show them how dark I really am..." she held her breath and felt her nipples peak as his hips inched closer to her; his groin close to her own.

The sounds coming from the mirror in the Living room were slowly being drowned out by the sounds of their heavy breathing as the urgency of their own situation increased. Fuck... the kitchen door was open... anyone could walk in -

She felt his lips slowly descend into the base of her neck, directly over her pulse that thrummed beneath the flutter of his lips. Her eyes

closed, and she felt him inhale a silent breath. She was tired of craving him while not being able to have him... touch him.

“But no... you’ve never hated me Granger, not really...” he smirked against her throat. “What is it that’s frustrating you the most about me?” he asked her quietly. “That I’m keeping you on the edge of everything...or that when I throw you off it, you know you’ll be addicted to it...to me...”

“You won’t make up your mind...” she breathed, trying to regain her focus. His stubble against her throat was setting her nerve endings on alight. “...you can’t decide whether you want me or not... you run hot and cold...”

“What is it you’re looking for from me?” He spoke against her skin. “What is it you think I have to offer you? You want me to stop ignoring you? Consider it done.” He let the tip of his nose stroke against her pulse point. “You want me to be nicer? I can only fucking try.”

Draco’s lips traced the outline of her pulse, hovering over it. “You want me to fuck this whole thing out of us? Oh, believe me I will, in time... but only if you tell me what you want.” Her breath hitched, her head falling back as his tongue swept out, stealing a small taste of her skin.

His hands dropped from her hair, to slide along her narrow shoulders and over the top of her chest, then down her ribs at a torturous pace. Draco’s thumbs brushed the sides of her full breasts through her top as he went, and Hermione felt her skin setting fire everywhere he touched.

Her body trembled against his involuntarily as his hands grasped her waist, his nose gliding up the long column of her neck, back to her pulse point. Hermione felt his restraint snap as he licked lightly and sucked and kissed her there gently, sending her mind spiralling and her core aching. Finally; another touch.

“Oh...shit...” she gasped.

But he stayed there; only there. Hermione knew that if he kissed her mouth, then there would be no going back.

“Tell me, Granger...” he growled against her throat. “Tell me what you want...”

“Keep doing that,” she whispered, her voice saturated in desire as she gripped the edge of the kitchen top painfully to stop herself from grabbing his head to pull him closer. “I need it...” she mewled quietly.

Draco grinned against her, nipping her jaw. “I need this more than you do, believe me.” His fingers trailed down to the hem of her skirt, toying with the edge. “But the question right now is, how fucking badly do you need this?” and his hand slipped under her skirt, skimming up and down against her knickers, but never quite touching.

Hermione bit back a groan and she flushed when she knew he could feel how wet she was through the thin, silky material. “Is this because of me?...” He asked dangerously, his fingers just coasting against her mound. She knew if she arched into his touch that his fingers would be pressed against her clit. The thought made her even wetter.

She managed to rasp out something between a moan and a growl. “The things you say...the things you do, but don’t do...” to reiterate her point, she bucked and felt the tips of his fingers right where she needed them.

“Fuck –“ Draco sucked in a breath and she felt his lips pinch against the skin beneath her ear. “Tell me what you want, Granger... because right now I think I’d give you anything, just to feel you come apart from the touch of my own fingers.” He murmured, licking and nibbling along her skin. She knew he couldn’t stop. He couldn’t stop himself even though he knew he should. This was dangerous; anyone could catch them.

Once Draco tasted her skin properly, any willpower that he was grasping seemed to have vanished. He was an animal with her; like he wanted to be her everything. To own her. Possess her. Drive everything else from her mind, but him. It made Hermione feel drunk; high on the feeling of him and his raw passionate qualities.

Hermione brought herself back from him momentarily, and his head snapped to look at her as he gazed down at her, his finger still brushing faintly against her heat. She let him do that for a moment; his desire reflected back at her in his eyes and she felt him pull her hips forward roughly on the counter until she was flush against his groin. He pressed himself against her intimately then, his cock straining against his pants. Her eyes widened and she swallowed hard.

Judging by the look on her face, he knew she could feel it. He knew she could feel how hard she was making him. Feel his whole length pressed against her core ... feel the bulge straining against his pants as he held her to him. Oh god, the feel of him there pressed so intimately between her thighs... he was too much.

But she wanted it. Did he realise how easy would it be to shove her knickers to the side right now? To push inside of her... To finally feel her walls gripping him and let him stretch her and fill her up? Pump in and out of her at a steady rhythm until he bottomed out on her... push up against her womb with the tip of his cock...

Suddenly, she needed to know. "Will you?" she asked, making him freeze on the spot temporarily as her thought process came back to her. "Will you really give me anything?" She breathed heavily and clutched at the counter top, her knuckles going white.

Draco adjusted his grip, the fire lit in his eyes. Right now, she knew she could ask him for anything she wanted and he would probably give it to her. "Name your price, Granger..." he growled, his eyes scorching hers and he pressed his forehead against hers, trying to control the fire raging inside of him.

“...Because something tells me that you will not, or cannot, give me the one thing I know I want...” Being brave and deciding to take things into her own hands, she leaned in. Her mouth was a breath away from his... from capturing his bottom lip with her teeth and tugging on it... oh, how she wanted to tug on it.

She slowly brought her hands up from the kitchen top and ran her fingers up, skirting his torso to his chest without actually touching him.

Draco was breathing harshly against her lips, trying to regain control of himself. “...I can’t have anything less from you than this.” she said quietly, pausing her hands as her eyes looked into his, she realised that they were both poised directly over his heart.

She shifted her gaze and kept her eyes focused in on that spot hard enough that it was almost impossible to mistake her meaning for either of them. “So, let me know if you’ll ever be ready to put yourself on the line, Draco...”

Draco stood against her; still breathing harshly but watching her fingers ghosting along his shirt, right on top of his heart. She knew full well that he knew the implications of what she meant.

This was a big thing for her; she wasn’t just after his dirty mind or his cock. She didn’t mess around with men and then treat it like it was nothing. If he wanted her like she knew he did, then she had to let him know that this was it; there wouldn’t be anyone else for her while they did this... whatever it was.

“Granger...” he said in a threatening tone, his lips inching towards hers again slightly. “...if I put myself on the line, then you’re going to have to do something for me...” she felt his hands brush against her opened thighs, and when he pulled her back against him again, she felt his raw power as his shoulders flexed beneath his shirt and his hips made hers spread wider for him.

Draco brushed his lips along her throat until they met her ear, whilst digging his fingers into her thighs possessively. "...Don't make a sound." He breathed in her ear darkly. "Let's see how quiet you really are, love..." and then his lips caressed her throat and his hands forced her hips forward, pulling her against his hard cock.

She groaned low in her throat.

"I mean it, Hermione..." he told her, continuing to rock her underwear-covered centre against his erection. "...not one moan..." he whispered, hitting her clit. "...not one groan..." he breathed against her ear, gripping her thighs tighter. "...not one fucking word, or everyone is going to hear you coming for me, right here on my kitchen top." His hands reached around and grabbed her arse cheeks to rock her against him forcefully as his tongue assaulted her neck.

She was fucking lost. His mouth, words, large body, his hands and his rock-hard cock were almost too much for her; and yet she still refused to put her hands on him. If she put her hands on him then she wouldn't be able to take them away when the time came, and she wasn't sure she could cope with that amount of loss just yet.

"Please..." she begged in a breathy moan, and the groan he made in her ear had her core clenching as she felt herself being picked up again and manoeuvred, until she felt herself in a seated position over his hips as Draco sat down on a kitchen chair, letting her straddle him.

He kept his grip tight on her arse but didn't move an inch, just watching her as she got her baring's; her feet not being able to touch the floor from the height of the chair mixed with Draco's thick thighs to keep her off the ground.

She rolled her hips forward experimentally, needing to feel some friction and slid herself along his aching cock. He groaned, his head falling back against the kitchen chair.

“Move me...” she asked in a small voice, it was breathy and needy.

His head snapped up, and his hands flew to her hips then in challenge as she did it again. Her cheeks were becoming tinged in the most perfect shade of pink, and her lips were parted, pupils were dilated; she didn't know how much more pressure she could take.

With his hungry eyes on her, he manoeuvred her hips against him again, pulling her.

She moaned as his cock rubbed her heat; the friction of his pants straining against his cock and her knickers hitting her perfectly.

She lifted and moved her body up until she was directly over his lap, her clothed breasts fully in his face and her arms coming to rest on the back of the chair behind him. His mouth right there... she was dying to kiss him breathless.

Lowering herself back down, she ground down onto him, and he leaned back, watching her in awe as she dry-fucked him, his face a picture of twisted pleasure as he resisted the urge to fully grab hold of her and bang his hips into hers wildly. She could tell he was holding back... he wanted to destroy her.

She wanted him to.

Her eyes closed as another tiny moan slipped out, and he held a look on his face that told her that he could not believe that this was happening. He could not believe he was sitting on a dining room chair with Hermione Granger in his lap, getting herself off on him.

The expression he wore was the sexiest fucking thing she had ever seen in her life, and knowing that she was the cause of it made it even better. It felt insanely good, and neither of them dared to shut their eyes; afraid to miss even one second of it.

Of each other...but she couldn't help it; the feelings were too intense.

“Does that feel good?” he asked her hoarsely, his voice low and desperate and his hands on her hips brought her against his cock harder, faster than before. His intentional purpose seemed to be that he wanted her to come hard all over his lap.

She whimpered.

“Open your eyes and tell me, Granger. Do you like grinding against my hard cock? Do you like getting yourself off on me?”... his eyes shone with untamed desire as he thrust his hips up against her, making her eyes roll. “Are you going to come quietly for me?”

Her eyes opened, her pretty hazel now nearly all black. “Yes,” she panted.

And with a soft gasp, she couldn't take it anymore and quickened her pace against his groin, hitting the spot that she needed. She clutched at the back of the chair as his hands helped her to push down against his cock so harshly that she could feel his whole length...and it sent an involuntary shudder through her body.

Her tightly wound body instinctively arched to meet his, her movements were coming almost desperately as she continued her hard and determined pace. It was as if she couldn't get close enough to him...she needed so much more. It was blowing her mind.

“I want to feel you come against me, Granger...” he growled as he brought her body closer to his; chest flushed with his and one of his hands fisted her hair at the back, making her hold in a silent moan. “...I want you to think about taking my cock all the way inside you....” he told her gruffly, bringing her forehead to his as he practically banged their hips together.

“Oh, god ...” she breathed out, and he used the hand in her hair to bring her face even closer to his; their noses connecting and their lips a breath away from each other's.

“Keep quiet, love...” he told her in a warning tone. “I know Pansy’s told you about me...told you things about my size... and Granger,” she saw a small smirk on his lips. “It’s all true...” she mewled and bit her lip, and he let out a small growl.

“Oh, fuck –” she moaned in a voice barely above a whisper. The restraint she was holding onto suddenly dissolved, along with the last of her resolve. It went scattering out of her brain as her hands moved from the back of the chair and finally gripped his shoulders.

He let out a small groan at the contact and thrust up against her so harshly that her eyes rolled back into her head. She was fucking desperate to kiss him. To snake her fingers into his hair and drive his into her mouth to join with hers.

But she couldn’t do it. It would ruin this, and he would stop...and she couldn’t let him stop; not now. She knew it. She saw it. This was on his terms, and she was just here for the ride, letting her be part of his wanton fantasies.

Nothing had ever felt this amazing in her life. She was like a woman possessed, about to come in her underwear by being dry humped on a kitchen chair. Her hips undulated, up and down and side to side until she found her punishing rhythm. She discovered where it felt the best...and her cunt was so wet and hot; directly over his cock as she got herself off on him, and she knew he could feel it... she knew he was holding onto his sanity just as much as she was.

Harder. Faster. It was killing her not to touch more of him, but his shoulders felt powerful and firm beneath her fingertips. And then she felt an all too familiar feeling...

“Malfoy...” she breathed out his name in a slow, sexy purr, almost pleading as he kept up his punishing pace. Her body was building up as she clutched his shoulders, digging her nails into his flesh. She needed the release... but only her fingers usually-

“That’s it, love,” he growled hoarsely against her lips, watching her facial expression closely. “You’re so fucking good at that...” he whispered. “Harder...grind on to my cock harder.” Fuck, she felt like she couldn’t breathe. “You don’t need your hand or your own fingers, Granger... just feel the sensations through your body...”

“Yes,” she hissed quietly, her body trembling. “I’m... god, I’m so close.”

“I know. Fuck, Granger. Come for me.” He panted against her lips, and she was so close to losing it and kissing him. “Imagine you’re stretched around my cock and your taking me in... squeezing your walls around me...” she let out a breath. “Imagine you’re getting me close inside of you, Granger... imagine what it would feel like if you made me come for you...”

She mewled against him, not breaking her rhythm. She was so close, and his words were working her up into a frenzy as he continued. “I’m going to come, too. I’m right there with you, Hermione... You feel it?” she couldn’t stand this. The heat, it was just too much. It was fucking delicious.

She nodded her head, her teeth biting into her lip so hard she was surprised she wasn’t drawing blood. He let a small groan escape his lips as he watched her and brought her hips wildly against his own, causing the chair to creak slightly.

“You make me so fucking hard, Granger...Yes. Like that-“ she started to slam herself down onto his lap, her breathing laboured. “So good...always thought you’d like it hard-shit-“ Fuck, he wasn’t even talking in sentences anymore...she had him making incoherent sentences; she knew he was lost.

She felt herself starting to convulse and brought her hips against him roughly, hitting the spot she needed. Draco seemed to realise, because he instinctively brought her throat to his lips and bit down on the place between her neck and collarbone, which made her

spasm and erupt; seeing stars as she fell over the edge... without the help of her own fingers, for the very first time.

“Oh...Draco-“ she gritted out, and then she threw her head back in a silent scream, her eyes cinching tight as she came. She shuddered against him and let out a breath she had been holding, dying to keep the scream she had wanted to make inside of her, for fear that everyone would hear her.

Her forehead dropped back to his as she continued to ride out the last of her orgasm, her skin glowing with sweat as it pressed against him, trying to steady their ragged breathing. Her eyes flicked open, and when she found him right there, they widened.

“Oh my God,” she whispered, stunned, and possibly even a little embarrassed that she, they, just did that in the middle of his kitchen, with everyone else just out of earshot. “I’ve...I’ve never...” she babbled against his lips, still not touching them with her own.

Then she realised. He was still hard.

Very hard. Dangerously hard.

“You haven’t –“ she began, furrowing her brows. He said he was close...that he was going to -

“That was for you, Granger...” he whispered, looking into her eyes intensely, but she could see the heat and the fire still there within his. “Don’t worry about me.”

How selfish did she seem? He’d made her orgasm twice, and yet she hadn’t managed to get him off once. She gave one of his shoulders a gentle squeeze, before deciding to trail her hand down the expanse of his hard-lined chest and torso... reaching...wanting to feel... wanting to do something for him.

He grabbed her wrist between his fingers and brought her hand up to stop her after a few seconds of letting her wonder. The hand in her

hair gripped her tighter and brought her face so close to his that she could see the thin lines of his lips, as he held on tightly to the last of his self-restraint.

“Unless you want to be bent over my kitchen table and fucked until you’re literally begging me to stop,” he told her warningly, his voice husky. “I would take heed and stop when I tell you to.”

She gulped and her eyes widened. And she knew without a doubt that he would be right. He would ruin her if he got his hands back on her now.

“I need self-control when I fuck, Hermione.” Goosebumps smattered her skin at her name on his lips. “and with you, I barely have any...I’m not a gentle man when I’m not in control.” His eyes were closed as he spoke, and he looked pained.

Hermione took a breath. “I’ve not asked you to be gentle, Draco.”

His eyes snapped open, and she found herself being lifted up off his thighs and set on her feet on the floor in front of him. Draco stood from his chair and loomed over her, making her feel too small. And fuck... the unmistakable outline of his still hard cock through his pants had her mouth going dry as she saw it panting his trousers down his thigh.

It occurred to her then even as she had ground down against him and got so much pleasure from the feel of him, that she hadn’t even been grinding against the whole thing... Draco Malfoy was going to split her cervix in half.

“Remember what I said about the power of words, Hermione?” He was leaning down to look into her eyes; his presence was dark and dangerous in that moment and she felt like she couldn’t breathe. “You couldn’t handle me out of control...” he told her, barely above a whisper. “...not yet.”

And then his hand reached out and touched a curl of her hair, and he wrapped it around his finger in the gentlest of touches. "Poor little Hermione..." he said as he bit the inside of his cheek, and she heard herself whimper at his words. "...she doesn't know what she's got herself into..."

Hermione barely had time to register her thoughts, before Draco backed away as the sound of footsteps approached the kitchen door and Hermione turned to see a very flushed Pansy and a grinning Theo standing by the doorway.

"Potter's a rough little fucker!" Theo announced gleefully. "Poor Pansy here had to watch herself getting thrown around the room at least three times before he made her beg to suck his-"

Pansy put her palm over Theo's mouth. "For the love of god, do not finish that sentence." She looked over at Hermione and frowned slightly, taking in her flushed appearance and her post-orgasm look. The Witch knew straight away, and when she looked over at Draco to find him looking down at a glass of whisky and not meeting her eyes, her smile became uncontrollable.

"Looks like I wasn't the only one getting thrown around the room tonight..."

Draco and Hermione shot her a look, and Theo snorted through her hand, causing her to blanch and pull it away in disgust.

"Should have heard the moans coming from this kitchen not ten minutes ago..." Theo announced jovially as he smirked at Draco. "Me and Blaise were bloody parched and starving, but I didn't want to come into the kitchen...glad I didn't,"

Draco gave him a glare that signified death

"Or I would have ended up with dinner and a show..." he quipped, making Pansy roll her eyes. Hermione put her head down and

played with the wood of the table at the side of her and Draco stalked out of the room.

Pansy gave her a wide, knowing smile. "I think we both have things to tell each other."

It turned out that Hermione Granger wasn't so quiet after all.

Dirty Little Secrets

Chapter 7: Dirty Little Secrets

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Art work created by Nadia Polyakova

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In a flash, Harry had her on her back, the tie ripped from her mouth, staring up into Harry's eyes, dark with hunger. His lips were moist, slick with her arousal. His shirt was gone, the hard contours of his muscled chest and abs drawing her gaze immediately.

She sat up, desperate to touch him, to explore him, but She was quickly pushed back down by his strong hands.

He smiled; his fingers reaching out to caress her cheek. "Look at you," he whispered reverently. "You're so"

He was searching for the best way to turn his phrase.

"Beautiful, Pansy. The girl I could never get out of my head no matter how hard I tried... the girl whose taken over my senses." Harry stood up slowly, his eyes never wavering from hers as he unbuttoned his dress pants, and dropped them to the floor along with his boxer briefs. His thick, hard cock sprung free, and her eyes widened.

She stared at him hungrily, making him harder.

He gave it a few small strokes, watching her as she watched it. He then climbed back on top of her on the couch, making it creak slightly beneath his weight. He raised one of her legs up and around his waist slowly.

He then slid into her without any warning, his lips fusing to hers to stifle her cries. Her back bowed off the couch, her eyes cinching shut, and a shuddered breath passed from her lips and into his.

He held himself still, settled inside her to the hilt. "Too much?"

She rolled her head back and forth against the couch cushion, trying to control the way he felt stretched inside of her again.

"Breathe, Pansy. You're squeezing my cock so hard. You're so fucking tight I'm about to explode." His hand cupped her cheek, his thumb running along her lips. "Open your eyes, Parkinson, Look at me."

She did and she found him smiling down at her. A warm and affectionate smile. So unexpectedly new that she smiled back at him.

She was finally here; opening herself up to him, giving him her body, and if he was honest with himself.... he wanted to slowly taking the rest of her, too. With that thought, there was nowhere else he would rather have been right then. She stared back at him, and she let out the breath she'd been holding.

"You're mine" he told her through clenched teeth. She believed him. "Can I move?"

"Yes," she whispered, and then he did.

He slid back and forth then, achingly slow at first, pulling nearly all the way out before sinking partly back in to her. He did this repeatedly, staring down at where their bodies were joined, alternating between that and her big, round, beautiful eyes.

It was maddening and delicious and so good and yet not enough at the same time. And only when he knew she was ready and growing impatient, when she was clawing at his skin, scraping her nails impatiently down his back, begging him for more, did he pick up his speed.

Her knees bent up further around his waist, as he pounded into her suddenly with a relentless rhythm.

"Yes... oh, fuck-" she almost cried suddenly. It was a moan, an expletive, an acknowledgement that this was it between them; and it was right.

His teeth sank into her breast, branding her to him, and she cried out, the sensation raising everything to a whole new level. His mouth found hers, his tongue took over, swallowing down her cries.

"I can't slow down," he rasped as he rocked into her, breathing hard, sweat coating his forehead as he fucked her so hard her teeth started to chatter. "I can't stop. It's too good. You feel too good."

"I'm close," she managed to choke out as her body rocked against his almost animalistic ally. "So close, Potter..."

"Say it." He demanded as he picked up the pace, pounding into her, skin slapping against skin. "I want you to say it for me." Both her legs were so far up his back they were practically over his shoulders now. She knew what he wanted to hear.

Knew it would send him over the edge as aggressively as it would if she heard him do the same thing for her ...

His mouth all over hers. His fingers dipped between them, finding her clit and stars began to dance behind her eyes.

He felt her orgasm begin low and slow, winding from her toes and up her spine, before it grew, before it multiplied in intensity, blasting through her like a bolt of lightning.

“oh-please... fuck I’m...” she was convulsing. A few more touches and she would be quaking around him.

“Say it.” He commanded. “Please fucking say it.” He was fucking her so hard now that the sweat was gathering on his forehead. He wanted to let them both go.

“Please – I need to –” She clung onto his shoulders as his fingers danced so tantalizingly close to her clit again, threatening to end it all. “Please, Harry!” the name sounded so foreign but oh so right as it fell from her lips.

He wanted her to do that for him. He wanted her to give that part of herself to him.

She bit her lip then, head falling back and waiting for the waves to take her.

“Fuck,” Harry hissed as her body convulsed around him. “Yes. Just like that. You’re so hot. So tight. Fuck. Nothing has ever felt this good ...fuck ... Pansy!” he thrust into her so harshly as he started to crash, the sounds of their pelvis' rocking together almost vibrating around the room.

He felt her come then as her name came tumbling out of his mouth. It sounded so fucking good. The final barrier between them crumbling down.

He shook, shuddering and biting out a slew of curses as his face dropped into her neck, riding out the last of his orgasm. He was panting for his life, his heart slamming against his chest, against her chest. Hers matching his, bleeding into him. Bleeding into each other.

“Granger, I can’t even describe it, the things he did to me-” Pansy told her as she lay across her bed, hands behind her head casually. “-The blue one – he likes blue.” She interrupted her monologue to

point Hermione towards a blue tea dress she had been holding previously.

“It looks like periwinkle –“ Hermione raised an eyebrow at the girl. “-don’t ask.” Pansy answered with a smile.

“Anyway; you should have seen him... wow, my mouth was watering with it all.” Pansy continued as she sighed to herself. “And I never knew- the signs were all there and I never even realised...” she giggled to herself.

“Has he spoken to you since it all happened?” Hermione asked her as she set her dress out on the end of the bed, needing a shower before they headed to the pub tonight to meet the others. Pansy had been off all week from work as she had holidays to use, so Hermione had barely spoken to her since last Friday night.

Hermione had not wanted to talk about things with her that night; her embarrassment was too much and she had practically fled from Draco’s flat without a backwards glance at anyone. She could remember friends calling her name as she went for the floo, but she didn’t look back. The last voice she heard was Draco’s calling her; asking her to go back.

She’d only heard from Pansy and Harry through the week; making sure she was okay and convincing her that it no one’s business but hers and Draco’s what they got up to on his property, whether other people were there or not. Hermione knew for certain that she wouldn’t be doing it again though; she’d walked away on Draco... he probably wanted nothing to do with her now.

Pansy was silent for too long after Hermione’s question, and it was long enough to make Hermione’s eyes widen and turn to her in surprise. “What?” Pansy said with a small smile as she still lay there casually on the former Gryffindo’s bed. “We’re not like you and Draco...I’m not waiting until Rigor Mortis sets in to get my hands on Potter’s broom...I’ve seen the way he moves... the things he did to me-“

“Pansy Parkinson!” Hermione shrieked. “Have you-“

The girl giggled. “Absolutely not – he needs to take me out on at least three occasions before he’ll get anywhere near the good stuff,” she told Hermione as she sat up on the bed, crossing her legs.

“I was talking about his fantasy... I mean, I can’t get over it; did you see the way he just picked me up and-“ she stopped and then rolled her eyes knowingly. “Oh no, of course you didn’t ...because you were too busy dry humping Draco Malfoy in his kitchen.” She finished matter of factly, a grin on her face.

Hermione said nothing. The mortification of everyone knowing what they had done had hit her like a tonne of bricks afterwards; the fact that she had let him do that to her so willingly made her cheeks blush at the thought. But she had enjoyed every minute of it in the moment; had loved the feeling of him beneath her and to be able to feel his strong shoulders and bury her fingernails into them... but it was so risky.

“Did you start it?” Pansy asked her innocently, viewing her.

Hermione bit her lip and shrugged. “Not sure really; we both sort of edged into it, until he asked me if I wanted-“ she stuttered, not sure how to say the words.

“Wanted what?” Pansy asked her as she kneeled on the bed now, listening intently.

“If-“ Hermione let out a breath and sat down on the end of the bed, next to the blue dress. “-If I wanted him to touch me...”

Pansy let out a little squeal. “And then he what? Pulled you against him and sat you both down on his kitchen chair to start rutting?”

Hermione frowned. “No actually – he picked me up and put me on the worktop... the way he spoke to me-“

"I can only imagine." Pansy raised an eyebrow. "Did he tell you all the dirty things he wanted to do to you?"

Hermione nodded her head. "But it was the things he said before it; about him being bad for me and I shouldn't want him...and I get the thing with his Birthday-"

Pansy looked at her seriously. "Granger... he told you about his birthday?" when Hermione nodded in answer, Pansy's eyes widened further. "Fuck me, what have you done to him?"

Hermione shook her head. "Nothing, and I won't end up doing anything either because he either keeps warning me away or leaving me alone in his bed. And then it's either me running from him, or him avoiding my questions when I ask him if he's willing to put himself on the line-"

"You asked him what?" Pansy asked her in a questioning voice. "You outright asked Draco if he would put himself out there?" she made a whistling noise. "I bet he took that well..."

"That's pretty much the point where he brought me towards him and we started-" Hermione tried to explain. "-well... with the dry stuff."

"Hermione..." Pansy looked at her seriously. "You do realise you've got Draco Malfoy to open up to you more than he has to anyone else in a long while?" She let out a small chuckle. "I mean bloody hell, he told you about his birthday ... hardly anyone knows about his birthday."

Hermione went to protest that it was just conversation. "-and he didn't tell you to fuck off when you started going on about him putting himself out there for you? I've told you this, he's been doing that for a while now in his subtle way, you've just never picked up on it!"

Hermione looked at her friend. "Granger... he's already there; he's just waiting on you to tell him that you accept him for who he is...who he was... if you can do that, then Draco is already as good as yours."

Head spinning, Hermione processed the information. Everything Pansy had been telling her. He was warning her away because he thought he didn't deserve her because of his past? Was it that he wanted her and he was waiting for her to come to him fully?... Did he need to know that she wasn't going to shy away from him?...Did he think she would reject him when her got so far down the line with her?

"He's been patient for a long time, Hermione...you have no idea." Pansy said quietly. "I know you said you asked him to put himself on the line in all of this, but what you have to ask yourself is this; will you?"

Hermione already knew the answer to that question.

"Wear the blue." Pansy told her, pointing to the tea dress again. "Trust me." She gave Hermione a small smile.

And that is exactly what Hermione did.

One hour later:

"Shit." Theo exclaimed. "Shit, shit, shit shiiiiit." He downed his drink as he faced everyone at the table, who were feeling very amused with the sudden turn of events.

"Why don't you go over and say hello, Theodore?" Pansy asked him with a smirk. "Or should we call her over?"

He gave Pansy a desperate look. "You bloody dare..."

"Hi Luna!" Harry shouted over the top of Theo's head, and Hermione saw the man pale and finish off his pint of beer.

Hermione smiled at the blonde as she practically floated towards them, her usual dreamy expression on her face as she approached.

“Hello everyone, hope you’re having a pleasant evening.” She turned herself to the armchair that Draco was occupying. “Oh, hello Draco... you’ve gone very tall, haven’t you?”

Draco raised an eyebrow at her. “Yes love, thanks for noticing. My Father stuck my feet in fertiliser every night from the end of sixth year...I should be a full-blown Elder Tree in a year or two.” He continued with a deadpan tone.

She smiled at him. “That explains the Dawlish Gnarlots hanging around your aurora, then...” she told him pleasantly, before moving her eyes over the rest of the occupants at the table.

Draco momentarily caught Hermione’s eye. ‘Dawlish Gnarlots’? He mouthed to her with a confused expression on his face. Hermione shrugged with a smile, just glad that he wasn’t being frosty with her and had in fact treated her quite normally when her and Pansy had come through their usual floo spot in the Pub fireplace.

“Oh hello, Theo...I didn’t see you there.” Luna told Theo warmly as he sat next to Harry, trying to half hide himself behind the bespectacled man. “How’s your leg?”

Everyone turned to look at Theo inquisitively, who averted his eyes and tried to look anywhere except at the people who were looking at him with mirth in their eyes.

“What’s up with Theodore’s leg?” Harry asked Luna curiously, a smirk playing on his lips.

“It cramped up on him during missionary position...took him a while to get it right, had to change positions a few times to relieve the ache...” Luna told them all casually as the boys choked on their drinks and the girls held back their laughter. “...he said he was under his family healer for physio and acupuncture...did he not tell you?”

Harry tried very, very hard to keep his face straight. “No, Luna.” He said innocently, as Theo curled up and died next to him. “No...he

didn't."

When Luna took the empty seat next to Theo, and Hermione saw Harry and Pansy make a face at each other, she knew exactly how their night was going to go.

Two hours later:

Pansy and Harry were knocking her sick.

Luna and Theo were making it worse.

Blaise was busy at the bar entertaining a gaggle of girls that were falling at his feet, while Draco stood at the side of the bar with his friend, confirming Blaise's anecdotes. Two of the women had been eyeing Draco up, and in Hermione's tipsy haze she felt the familiar flare of jealousy rise up in her stomach. She had no right to be jealous; Draco Malfoy was not hers ... but that didn't mean that she liked other women ogling him so openly.

Hermione watched him from the corner of her eye as he propped himself against the bar. She couldn't miss him; his height making him appear in her eye sight straight away. His posture commanded attention, and that navy t-shirt he was wearing with the collar hugged his arms and his chest and made him look good in all the right places.

She fiddled with the bottom of her dress. Pansy had pinned her hopes on some sort of reaction from him when he first saw her wearing the dress; like some sort of romance novel revelation of feelings. What she got was a nod, eye contact for a brief few seconds, and then polite chit chat as they sat around the table with everyone else. If he liked the dress then he made absolutely no move to express it... Pansy had got her hopes up for nothing.

Hermione heard laughing from the bar and looked up. Blaise and Draco were laughing; the gaggle of women tittering along with them. Her eyes must have stayed planted on them for a little too long, because Draco's eyes suddenly shifted over to her, as if he felt her looking at him.

They held one another's gaze; neither were sure what the other was asking, but from the way Draco was looking at her, she could tell that he was trying to figure out her intentions...what she planned to do...what her next move would be.

'He'll wait for you to go to him...'

He knew like she did that tonight was all about him; him and his fantasies and the things he liked to do to women. This right here was just his warm up act; put her on edge for him and hold her in suspense... he always held her suspense. He wanted her to have the anticipation of what she would see in his mirror...let it show her what he was really like.

"Hermione..." Came Pansy's voice across from her. Harry had shifted over now to sit with her; they had been engaged in quiet conversation and heated looks for the past few hours. "Me and Potter were thinking-" Hermione instantly did not like where this was going. "-We're going to stay here for a bit longer, rather than go to Draco's..." there was a small smile on Pansy's lips. "We want to have a few more drinks, and it's not like we'll be able to see anything in Draco's mirror anyway...only you are privy to that little fantasy."

Hermione gave her friend a glare. "I bloody knew it-" she went to protest, knowing she was going to be set up. But she saw Draco come back to the table and pick his black mac up from the armchair he usually sat in.

"Change of plans mate," Harry told Draco over his shoulder before Hermione could continue her rant. "Me and Pansy are staying here

and Theodore-“ -who was in the corner of the little nook they occupied, tongue deep in Luna’s mouth –“is otherwise preoccupied too.”

Everyone grimaced at Theo, before Hermione chanced a look at the blonde. He stood there fixing his coat and put a hand into his pocket casually. It all added to the effect of making him look huge and almost intimidating as he took in what Harry was saying. All he did was nod, and then look over at Hermione.

“Come on then, Granger...” he told her, his voice calm. “...best not keep you waiting...”

Hermione heard Pansy snigger from next to Harry. “Hermione knows this is all worth the wait.” She said in an innocent voice. “I’m sure she’ll find the show satisfying.”

Hermione shook her head defensively and put her eyes down, not wanting to look at Draco. “I don’t need Draco to satisfy me...” she bit back in a sarcastic tone, and this time Harry was the one to snigger. “...I’m just here for the free show.”

When she did eventually look up at Draco, she saw his eyes darkening almost menacingly.

“What was it that Potter always used to say, Granger?” Draco asked her in a threatening tone as he grabbed some floo powder and stood next to the Fireplace. Hermione’s brows furrowed and a smirk rose to his lips. “...I must not tell lies...” and then he was gone; the floo taking him in a flash of green and soot.

Harry whistled. “Shit ... you’re dead, Hermione.” He said and looked over at her.

As she stepped towards the floo herself, she looked back at Harry and gave him a small smile. “I don’t doubt you.” And then she was gone too.

Pansy let out a small drunken giggle. "They're going to kill each other." She said matter of factly.

Harry nodded, returning Pansy's smile and clinking their glasses together. "About fucking time, too."

There were a few minutes when neither of them spoke. Each waiting for the other to be the one to break the silence in the room. It had never occurred to her just how big his Living room was, until they were the only two in it.

"Would you like a drink?" he asked her finally; relief flooding her system as he spoke first. Hermione looked over at him as she still stood by the Fireplace, and nodded in his direction.

She watched as he turned and disappeared in the doorway; his large back retreating and making her think of what it would be like to trail her hands up it. She had felt his shoulders and his hands so far... both large and both powerful; but nothing like the power she knew he held in his back.

Images of his naked back swam into her vision; the sight of his muscles flexing as his strained with the effort to bury himself deep inside of her. The muscles between his shoulder blades taunt as he withdrew from her, trying to keep control of himself while he made himself fit.

Oh...god, what was she doing to herself?

She attempted to calm herself down as he sauntered back into the room; he filled the door frame and her knees almost went weak. She needed a drink just to calm her nerves...she'd never been on her own with Malfoy before...and it was as intimidating as fuck.

"The wine should be cold," he told her casually as he came towards her, handing her the glass. "There was a chilling charm on the

bottle.” Their fingers touched briefly as he gave her the glass; the electricity was unmistakable.

Draco cleared his throat. “So, how do you want to do this, then?” he asked her, circling around her as he spoke, one hand in his trouser pocket. He had taken her off guard by his direct question. “How do you want me?”

Hermione did not miss the hidden meaning behind that one. The way his eyes lifted to hers when he said it and the way they looked at her ... like he was a shark circling its prey. He knew she would have him in any which way she could right now... she hated that he knew the affect he had on her.

She regained her calm exterior and took a sip of wine. “Armchair.” Was all she could say, for fear of her nervous disposition coming through. “Or wherever you’re most comfortable.”

Draco nodded at her, before moving to one of the leather armchairs. As he sat down, she watched his thigh muscles move beneath his pants and remembered how hard and demanding they were when she straddled them last week. Remembering how firm they felt as she moved against them.

When Hermione looked at the rest of him, she took in his reclined position and noticed that he was sat there studying her too, with a hungry expression in his eyes. “That dress, Granger...” his eyes travelled from the peak of her breasts in the blue dress, down her cinched in waist, and then his eyes lapped at the tops of her thighs, where they always stopped.

She couldn’t help herself. She got too curious. “Why do you do that?” she asked him, her head falling to the side and letting her curls fall over her shoulders. “Why do you look at my thighs?”

She watched his jaw clench, taking a long sip of his drink as sat there, still reclined on his chair. “Because I like to imagine what it would be like to open them and force myself inside you bit by bit...”

he told her in a very low voice, his eyes on hers. "...to see how much of me you can take before you're telling me that you can't...that you want me to stop..."

Hermione took a step closer to him, and she watched his free hand materialise the pink vial, as he began to twirl it in his fingers. "That dress does things to me, do you know that?" he asked her quietly, his eyes resting at her thighs as she continued to approach.

"Was it on purpose?" he raised an eyebrow. "Because congratulations; all I've been able to think about since you came through the pub Fireplace is hiking it up to your waist and forcing an orgasm out of you with my tongue."

She shuddered. He saw it and smiled dangerously. "Tell me, love... have you been thinking about my kitchen at all since last week?" He opened the stopper on the vial and sniffed the contents, closing his eyes momentarily as the scents hit his system; the magic tailored to his needs and wants. "Fuck, apples..." he muttered to himself.

"Once or twice." She answered his question, her hands going to her bag to take out the mirror that Pansy had given to her. "Maybe more..."

Draco gave her a dark and dangerous look. "Don't lie to me." He told her. "You've been thinking about it more than once or twice ... I can tell by the flush on your cheeks... the thought of me fucking you through your clothes like I did makes you hold your breath, doesn't it?" his lips turned up and he watched as she conjured up a large pillow in front of him, that she was going to sit on.

Hermione said nothing, but looked down at him knowingly. Before she kneeled, she watched as Draco opened his legs slowly, allowing the pillow between his strong thighs on the floor, and took a sip of his whisky. He watched her expression as he then pulled the pillow forwards slightly with his feet so that if she were to kneel on it, she would be directly between his thighs.

Her mouth went dry as she took him in. "Having second thoughts?" he asked her as his head fell to the side as he looked at her. "Because I wouldn't blame you ... my mind isn't the sort of place you want to go probing around in Granger...you don't know what you might find..."

Hermione gave him a defiant look, before lowering herself slowly until her knees hit the pillow and she was nestled between his legs. She looked up at him and saw the look of awe on his features; the view of her between his legs was something that he had obviously imagined more than once by the look on his face.

"I can take anything you want to throw at me Malfoy," she told him as she put the mirror on the arm of the chair and then let one of her hands grip his thigh. "I've proven that so far, haven't I?" she asked him innocently, and she bit her bottom lip purposely; if he could play games then so could she. "...touch me." She said in a voice barely audible, and his eyes turned feral.

She didn't have time to process her thoughts as he lurched forwards, grabbing a fist full her hair at the back of her neck and brought her face dangerously close to his. The other hand traced her lip, where her teeth had been. "Don't challenge me, Hermione..." he whispered to her, his eyes not leaving her face as the pad of his thumb pressed against the middle of her bottom lip.

She snuck the tip of her tongue out and licked the tip of his thumb, and he sucked in a breath. "I'm right, though." She told him, his facial expressions making her heartbeat quicken. "You're just scared that you'll get a taste of me, and then you'll like it too much..." she whispered back and she watched his jaw clench again with his waning self-restraint.

The fist at the back of her head started to massage her there slightly, and she found that both of her hands were resting against his thighs now, feeling the muscles tense against her fingertips.

“I tried so fucking hard not to touch you before you got your hands on my mirror...” he told her dangerously, bringing her ear to his mouth and sending shivers spiralling through her body. “But I couldn’t stop myself...you pushed me too far...You leave me battling my fucking self-control...”

Hermione breathed heavily, squeezing her thighs together. She’d pushed him to putting his hands on her...he couldn’t stop himself once she had made it clear that she wanted this; she was letting the monster he thought he was out to play, and she liked it. “Then show me, Draco...” she breathed back into his ear, causing a groan to rumble from his chest. “...show me what you’re like when you’re not in control...”

He pulled back then, and looked her dead in the eye. “If that’s what you want,” he told her seriously, letting go of her hair and letting his body settle back into the armchair once more. “Then don’t say you weren’t fucking warned.”

And then the vial was at his lips, and the blacks of his eyes turned pink....

Hermione frowned when she saw a darkened bedroom, totally juxtaposing the same one she had slept in inside his flat. She had a feeling they were in Malfoy manner; the dark mahogany woods and the silky greens and silvers wrapping themselves around the room like a thick cloak; she felt her anxiety and anticipation rise inside of her as she watched the mirror.

She saw the outline of a female body swim into the vision... brown haired... petite. She took a deep breath as she saw herself; standing in the middle of the room with her hair down, loose ringlets cascading down her back... her white Oxford shirt, tie and school skirt on. Her Hogwarts uniform? Was she mistaken? Was this the Slytherin common room? Were Draco’s fantasies based around his school days?

She watched the door open and then there he was; tall, broad and delicious. Hermione watched herself as she folded her arms across her chest, clearly unhappy with something.

It caused her momentary confusion until she studied the scene closer; realising as she looked at herself and fantasy Draco, that they appeared to be the same age as they were now... Hermione's eyes widened. That meant-

Her cheeks blushed. Draco was fantasising about her being dressed up in her Hogwarts uniform for him. The heat rushed through her body instantly, and then she finally heard him speak from the doorway;

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Artwork created by Nadia Polyakova

<https://www.instagram.com/nadiapolyakova89/>

"You wore it for me then..." his voice was intoxicating as his eyes raked over her. He took her in from top to bottom and bit his lip with the effort of trying not to lift her up right there and take her. He needed to go steady with this... pace himself before he was lost.

"I was curious..." she told him quietly, picking at the hem of her skirt as she viewed him through hooded eyes. "...what would Draco Malfoy want Hermione Granger to dress up in her old Hogwarts Uniform for?..." Her eyes flashed hotly at him.

He closed the bedroom door softly behind him with a click, and Hermione found his mahogany desk behind her and hopped up onto it, crossing one leg over the other and flashed him her toned thigh,

her school skirt riding up the sides of her legs. His gaze travelled down her body, then back up it. He pulled his shirt from his back and tossed it onto the floor before he stalked towards her; each step dreadfully slow.

He breathed low. "I want to tell you a secret..."

"Oh?...and what might that be, Malfoy?" She asked with a smirk on her lips, sucking her bottom lip between her teeth intentionally as he continued to walk towards her. "Are you going to dirty talk me into an orgasm?" Draco took her in; looking at her like he could eat her. He knew if he really wanted to, he could have her screaming in seconds... but that wasn't why she was here; that wasn't what he wanted to do to her...yet.

By the end of this, he was going to fucking own her in every which way possible, and he knew that a part of her knew that, too.

He shook his head and kept his eyes on her face. "The things I want to tell you surpass dirty talk, Hermione..." he growled. "...and the things I'll do to you afterwards will leave you ruined for any other man."

She viewed him coyly, still playing with the hem of her skirt. "...and what if I don't want you to?" she asked him with a small smirk. "What if I say no?"

He approached her confidently, and when he finally reached her his fingers skimmed across her knees, watching her as he sent tingles up her thighs. He parted her legs and stepped between them, her arse on the edge of the desk enough to allow him to push his length against with little effort. Her thin black lace knickers were peeking at him through the bottom of her skirt. He grabbed her chin roughly, his thumb brushing against her bottom lip. "I'm not asking for permission tonight, Granger...I'm about to do more than talk to you, fucking believe me."

She raked her fingers up his taut chest, causing him to shiver at her touch. "Do your worst then, Draco... if you think you're man enough to make me scream?" Oh... she was far too fucking confident for what he had planned for her.

In one swift movement, he pulled her right to the edge of the desk. She posted her forearms back on to the wood, leaning back and watching him yank down her knickers and throw them to the other side of the room.

"Do you want to know why I asked you to dress up in that little Uniform of yours?" he asked her dangerously as he leaned in and grabbed the back of her head, keeping her ear close to him; smelling her hair... apples...

He felt her nod and let out a heady breath she had been holding. "Secrets, Hermione..." he smirked against her ear. "Dirty little secrets..." his teeth raked along her earlobe. "...and you were mine, little girl...all along..."

She tried to pull her head back to look at him, but he kept it in place and used his other hand to control her hip, keeping her cunt close to his now hardening length. "The things I used to imagine I would do to you... the different ways I could make you moan... come into my hand at the thought of you coming all over my cock..."

The hand on her hip travelled slowly down until it trailed beneath her skirt, and she moaned against his cheek and nipped at his jaw as his fingers swept past her sensitive place... he was going to drive her fucking mental, and that was exactly how he wanted it. "...The good little girl from Gryffindor...Fuck, Granger I wanted to ruin you so badly... leave marks on you in places that would leave you panting whenever you looked at them-" he nipped at her earlobe and she mewled. "-and you'd think of me and remember what I did to you... all the terrible things..."

His fingers brushed against her sex, and she let out a desperate cry. "Don't make noises like that, Hermione..." he told her as he pressed

his stubble into her jaw. "Good girls don't make noises like that...and you're a good girl, aren't you?"

He felt her shake her head. "No –" she gritted out. "-not good- shit-" Draco flicked his thumb against her clit experimentally. "-oh god, I want to be bad." She ground out.

He chuckled darkly against her ear, his control slipping as his fingers felt how hot her core was...how wet she was getting from this already. "You want to be bad for me, Granger?" he asked her and flicked his thumb against her clit again. "You want to try on my darkness? See how good it feels?"

She mewled, nodded and bucked her hips against his hand, her head burying itself into his neck now and thanked fucking god he was no longer pressing his cock against her mound, or he would have fucked her senseless right there and then. "Do you know what I think, Hermione?" he asked her as his fingers separated her folds... fuck, she was going to be unmercifully tight.

She shook her head against his neck. "Tell me..." she whispered back at him, continuing to buck against his fingers, trying to angle herself for him to touch her clit again.

He breathed in her apple scented hair to help himself stay in control. The way she was reacting to him was almost too much for his resolve. "I think you thought about it... thought about me, back then, didn't you?"

A feral growl escaped his throat when he felt her teeth and lips graze over the pulse point of his neck. "Fucking stop that, Granger... you don't know what it does to-" he felt her bite down right where he needed it, and he couldn't help the way two of his fingers forces themselves inside of her tight, wet passage without warning her.

"Oh my god!" she cried, her teeth letting go of his flesh as she arched her back and forced her head back into his fist in her hair. "Malfoy – too many-" she told him as he pulled out his two fingers

and then forced them back into her, making her face screw up almost painfully.

"I told you to stop it..." he told her warningly, taking in her flushed appearance and looking down at his hand beneath her skirt, watching his fingers disappear with shallow thrusts inside of her before reappearing, covered in her juices. "Now look what you've made me do..." he whispered and felt her tighten around his fingers.

"Granger...I'm going to leave you in a mess...you're too tight." He said in wonder, watching her open her eyes to look at him. "Two of my fingers practically fill you up..." and then he dove them into her deeper, making her thighs shake as he crooked his fingers and coaxed her G-Spot.

"Please... fuck... Malfoy- god!" she lurched forwards again and grabbed his bare shoulders, her hips bucking wildly against his hand as she tried to get herself off on his fingers. "I need to-"

"Shhh..." he told her, retracting his fingers from her and making her groan with the loss of them. He brought them to his mouth and sucked; seeing the fire light in her eyes as he did it. And the taste of her... fuck, it was addictive. "...I've not finished." He told her dangerously. "You didn't answer my question...did you think about me?"

She made incoherent noises, her hair falling around her face... she was stunning. She looked up at him; her eyes hooded and a needy look on her face with her legs parted and her chest heaving. He truly was lost to this woman. He wanted her in the worst of ways. "Yes..." she told him through clenched teeth, and that was all he needed.

He leaned down, tongue immediately finding her clit. He circled the bud and she drew her knees together, but he forced them apart and pinned her thighs to the desk. He inhaled deeply, eyes turning almost completely black. "Fuck," he mumbled. "I've been waiting so long to taste you like this.... you have no fucking idea."

Pushing one finger inside of her again, he continued to lap at her clit. She gripped the edge of the desk, trying to still her trembling body. Her walls clenched around him, and she bit her lip to muffle her moans.

"Did you think about me doing this to you?" he asked her between licks, making her keen. "Did you close your eyes at night and imagine my head between your legs? ... touch yourself and pretend it was me?"

He stared up at her then. Daring her to push him away. Daring her to try to push him away. But instead she shoved a hand through his hair, pulling him even closer to her, making him growl with need. There was no pushing him away, he knew. She needed him closer, was aching to feel him inside of her, right there on his desk.

"I- she began, biting her lip as he lapped at her. "-I thought about Arithmancy." She told him through deep breaths and small moans. "-you touching me -oh, god- where no one can see..." her head went back again and Draco gripped her hips and buried his tongue inside of her. "Please... I can't- I need you- inside, please..." she groaned.

He realised that she wanted him overcome with so much fucking desire that he wouldn't be able to hold back from thrusting his hard cock right into her tight heat... claiming her as his own. It was what she had wanted. For him to claim her in every single way. And he couldn't fucking wait to show her what that would be like... to make her feel it all over.

"Draco," she said between shaky breaths. He sucked her clit into his mouth, his tongue still moving in torturous circles, and then he pounded two fingers deep into her again as her back arched on the desk, finding his large fingers intrusive. He could tell his stubble was tickling her inner thighs, his hands pinning her legs to the desk, his eyes taking in every fucking inch of her body.

"I knew the day you slapped me..." he told her in a low, desperate rumble as he continued to play with her. "That day... I knew you'd like

it dark like me.” She gave a desperate groan as he gave her pussy lips a long lick. “Thought about you slapping me like that while I pushed you up against a wall after hours and ripped your knickers from your body...” he breathed against her mound, making her shiver. “...fuck you to the point of pain; let your nipples catch against the stone walls... make you scream for me...”

“Fuck – that’s- I need-“ she stuttered, bucking her hips against his face.

He moved his face away and brought himself up to look at her. She was panting and in desperate need of release... she needed it badly. He grabbed her chin; “I’m not ready to let you come yet...”

Then he released her chin and thrust a finger back into her cunt and watched her squirm. “When I’m ready, I’ll have you fucking screaming for me.” He made his way back down and pressed his tongue against her clit again, hearing her groan low in her throat.

One hand wandered up her torso to her breast, and he grasped it in his hand, pinching her nipple between his fingers. Hermione parted her lips, slapped a hand over her mouth to muffle her moans, and he knew she was close.

“Do you want to come for me, Granger?” he asked her as he licked her clit. “Close your eyes and think about me pounding into you ... think about me gripping your thighs as I’m bouncing your hips off the wall... tell me, Granger... tell me you’re coming for me... let me hear you.” His lips then covered her mound and he sucked it aggressively, catching her clit and sucking it hard.

She came all over him. “Fuck – Draco!” she shuddered and spasmed against him, heavy breaths as she rode wave after wave of pleasure pulsed out of her, sending her higher than she had ever been.

He didn’t stop massaging her clit with his tongue. He wanted her to do it again; he wanted her to know that he was in control of this; she

was going to be played by his game... he was going to make sure she couldn't fuck anyone else again without thinking of him.

He felt the pressure rise in her core again. She curled a hand in his hair, brows furrowing as she looked down at him between her legs. "Draco."—she threw her head back—"I'm going to..."

No, she wasn't. Not yet... he wouldn't let her.

He wrapped an arm around her waist and picked her up off of the desk, his head buried in her neck. She dug her fingers into his shoulders as he thrust his large up into her heat again, hard and fast and so fucking roughly. His teeth grazed against her neck, poking the skin just barely. He couldn't wait to bite her while she was on the edge; his cock stretching her to her limit.

"Yes," she said softly into his ear. A rush of heat warmed her core. He knew she wanted more as his fingers kept up their pace. "Please."

Draco pressed his lips against her ear. "I want to hear you scream, Hermione...So fucking loud that my neighbours can hear you." He brushed his thumb against her swollen clit. "Come for me again...let me feel you clench around my fingers."

Hermione parted her lips again, her toes curling, and moaned his name and came as instructed, unable to hold it back.

"Draco – oh, I'm coming-"

"Fuck, Granger, that's right... good girl..." he said, fingers slowing down until she had totally collapsed in his arms. He set her back on his desk and leaned over her, placing his hands on either side of her thighs. He hung his head low, taking deep breaths to try to control his emotions.

He felt her hand as she slowly ran her fingers through his hair, he lifted his gaze to meet hers. "I've always wanted to do that." She told

him, still breathless. "Your hair always looked so soft..."

He gave her a hard, pointed look; next was the hard part. If she wanted this then she had to realise what she would be getting herself in to. Because he wasn't going to stop. No matter what she said... if he got inside of her, he didn't think he would be able to pull back out once he had felt her walls.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" He asked her, looking into her eyes. "There's no turning back once we do this...I won't be able to stop myself, Granger." he murmured and bent to her ear.

She shook her head. "Then don't stop." She said simply, and that was when the last of his control slipped. Now, he wasn't fucking around. He was going to tear her apart.

A low growl rumbled in his chest and he saw her clench; it had made everything inside of her tighten. He picked her up from his desk with ease and walked them towards his bed. He stared deep into her eyes and rested his forehead against hers. "I can't be gentle, Hermione." He felt her try to pull back, but he held her tighter. "I'm not trying to scare you...I just need you to know that I'll try, but when I lose control..." he sucked in a breath.

"...Just promise me you'll ask me to stop if you can't take it, and if I'm not too far gone then I'll try to... because otherwise I'm going to fuck you to within an inch of your life. I won't stop until I'm coming inside of you." He looked into her eyes as a dark need took over him. "I've thought about this for too long..."

She let out a small groan. "I want you to, Draco... I don't want you to stop." she murmured, placing her hands over his. "I want to do that for you .. please..."

Groaning, his eyes darkened with raw, primal need. "That's all I wanted to hear." He moved closer and put his fingers underneath her chin, lifting gently. "There are so many things I want to do to you right

now.” He trailed his hands down her shoulders and over the skin of her back until he reached the hem of her school shirt.

“Like what?” she asked breathlessly. Reaching around to her front to find her shirt buttons, he unfastened them slowly, before letting the shirt fall to the floor with a mischievous smirk on his face.

“Like how I’m going to make your body scream for my touch ... and how I’m going to enjoy making you come in every other way possible... Granger, you’re in so much fucking trouble.” Eyes wide, she didn’t have time to speak before he finally closed his lips over hers, silencing her. The kiss was hot and heavy, their tongues playing together as the heat within them both rose.

In one swift move, she held on tightly to him as they fell on to his big bed. Covering her with his body, he spread her legs with his knee. He noticed that she still had on her bra even though she was bare beneath the school skirt, but he didn’t care as he looked at her, to see her gaze was focused solely on his. He couldn’t hold it back anymore; as he kissed her roughly this time; he claimed her.

He rocked his body against hers as her thighs made room for him. He heard her let out a gasp when she felt his hard length pressed fully against her, and he was then lifting her left leg around his waist so he could press his cock even harder between her legs.

“Can you feel me, Hermione?” he asked her as he rocked against her, causing the bed to rattle slightly against the wall. “Can you feel all of me?” she moaned and panted beneath him, nodding as he spoke. “I’m going to struggle to fit inside of you... You’ll need to relax and breathe when I push against your walls-“ he dipped his hips into hers and made her yelp. “Fuck Hermione... you’re going to squeeze me so hard I don’t think I’d last five minutes... I hope I don’t... I need to come inside you.”

She keened and thrust against him as he fucked her through his pants. The momentum was building to the point that she couldn’t

contain the silence any more. She was feeling the pressure of his thickness against her and her breathing was coming in gasps.

“Draco,” she rasped into him, her chest rising and falling rapidly. Digging her nails into his arm, he knew she was about to come.

Quickly, he slid his hand down her thigh, past her skirt to the inside of it, and finally over her mound, rubbing her clit with his thumb. She was not fully there yet, but as soon as he slid his large fingers inside of her again, he felt her walls starting to tremble for him.

He felt her body tighten, grasping onto his arms and squeezing as she felt herself on the edge. “Oh no, Hermione...” Leaving her breathless and aching for more, he lifted his fingers to his lips like he did before. Draco put them in his mouth and closed his eyes, moaning as he tasted her on them. “I’m not making you come like that again...” he told her in a voice filled with thick lust. “The next time you come, my cock will be buried inside of you...do you understand?”

Reaching around her to unlatch her bra, she arched up into him at his movements. He kissed her roughly, his tongue tangling with hers and battling for dominance, and he heard a moan that she couldn’t help but make escape her throat when he threw her bra off to the side and pinched her nipples, rolling them like he did before through the fabric of her bra. He bent down and bit her lip, sucking it hard, making a strangled cry escape her lips as he massaged and squeezed her breasts.

Draco felt her desperation as she grasped the button on his pants and opened it, needing to feel him closer to her... she had no idea what she was doing to his resolve. No idea how badly he just wanted to open her up and fuck her, regardless of her pain.

Chuckling, Draco slid off the bed and lowered his pants slowly, watching her eyes greedily as his boxers then lowered and hit the floor. “Is this what you want?” he asked as he watched her legs tremble as she lay there, taking in his size...all of him.

Every rumour was true. He couldn't deny it, even if he wanted to. He'd always been complimented for being long and thick... he just hoped that she wasn't having second thoughts, he needed her too badly for that. He needed her to look at it and want it, not shy away.

He saw the fear tinged in her wide eyes; she was already panicking. "I thought you'd want to take things slow." He said in a quiet voice as he stepped towards the bed. She said nothing... just took in his size... she never took her eyes off his cock.

"No..." she then moaned breathlessly. "I want you to fuck me like you've always wanted to...." she visibly trembled, but opened her thighs wider for him, which earned another chuckle to escape his lips. She had no idea... "Fuck me like you wanted to in school..."

That was all the invitation he needed right then.

He towered over her on the bed, and spread her legs even wider so he could rest between them. "Remember to breath Granger..." Smirking, he lowered his lips to her breasts and flicked one of her nipples with his tongue.

She gasped and arched her back, waiting on him to do it again. This time, when he closed his lips over her, he bit and sucked hard while massaging her with his strong hands. Groaning, he opened her legs as wide as they could go and placed the tip of his cock at her entrance with one hand, and grabbed her throat with the other, wanting to consume her.

They both groaned at the first contact. Draco rubbed the head of his cock over her folds, using her wetness to lubricate himself. This was it... if he could do this; if he could control himself then this could be the moment... the first time... fuck... Hermione Granger was going to let him come inside her.

He looked into her eyes, steadied his hips and pushed forwards, squeezing the hand at her throat as he did.

“Oh!-“ her eyes were wide and she grabbed his back as the first push inched him in slightly, opening her up.

He breathed, stopping. He waited for her walls to stop gripping him; to relax against him, before he inched forward again; Hermione's eyes rolled back into her head. This was normal – the look of sedation.

“Fuck...” He breathed out, trying to concentrate. “You're tight, Hermione...I won't be able to move...” he took his hand from her throat to steady himself and she moaned at the loss of pressure.

The third push of his hips caused her to let out a breath and frown a little ... also normal... it was the fourth push that usually caused the pain.

He rocked forward; her eyes cinched closed and her thighs gripped around his hips as she winced.

“Breathe... I need you to relax for me...” he was completely still. One more push ... and fuck, he could barely move inside of her. Her walls were strangling his cock; there was no room to move. “I can feel your walls gripping me... you feel amazing...”

He waited for her. He needed to know she was okay. If she gave him that signal then he would make good on his promise; he wouldn't stop. He honestly didn't think he would be able to.

He watched her, struggling not to move as she tried to adjust. She was panting and wiggling beneath him as she attempted to get accustomed, and it nearly fucking saw him off. Then, she opened her eyes and looked up at him, her eyes bright.

Her hips bucked against him testingly, and that was it. She knew she was ruined.

The burn made her clench and grit her teeth to keep from crying out as he rocked into her, making them both groan loudly for each other.

He tried so hard to keep his pace slow, but she clutched at his back and made little noises, making him want to go faster.

He held her tight and he pulled out and then rolled his hips back into her, making her yelp and bite her lip. Trying to distract her from any discomfort, Draco tried alternating his lips to each one of her breasts, sucking and nipping them with his teeth. "You feel and taste so fucking good," he growled, moving his lips to her neck as he continued to start thrusting in and out, feeling himself burning in her heat as her walls hugged him tightly.

Holding her face in his hands, he brought his mouth to hers and thrust his tongue inside, claiming her in every way he possibly could. He picked up his pace and thrust harder inside of her, lifting her legs higher and wrapping them around his waist; she gasped when she felt him go deeper.

"Draco – oh – that's hard-" she moaned out when he felt the tip of his cock bump against her cervix. He let out a possessive growl. He'd love to aim for that spot... love to come inside of her and spill himself inside of her right there...

Instead of pulling out and pushing back in with long strokes, he stayed deep and rocked his hips hard then, keeping a continual rhythm against her clit as he adjusted her legs. Her head was thrown back in pain and pleasure. Fuck... she was so good... his good girl...

"Oh my God," she cried, closing her eyes. "Please keep doing that...Draco-"

His low growl vibrated in her ear, and he felt himself getting harder inside of her as he heard her cries. She was close, he could tell. Squeezing him harder with her legs, she held on tight and bit his lip this time, feeling his cock pulsate inside of her.

"If you keep clenching down on me, Granger, I'm not going to last." He told her between gritted teeth, pumping into her at a punishing pace now. He wasn't sure how she was taking it. He expected her to

orgasm, but he had no idea that he was getting close, too ... he never got this close...

Rocking her hips up into his, he suddenly felt her walls start to shudder around him. They started to squeeze him as her thighs started to shake and her back arched right off the mattress as she let her orgasm send her over the edge.

“Draco – oh, god... keep fucking me- don’t stop- oh fuck!” she screamed, her hands gripping her hair as his cock hit that barrier at the top of her and he angled his thrusts to hit her clit. As he kept pumping, he saw the slight discomfort in her face and slowed down... this was how it always went.

Not that he minded. Fuck, the opportunity to get between this girls’ thighs had been something he had fantasised about for years...there was no chance he would regret this; he was just thankful for the opportunity.

He was about to pull out of her as she came down from her high when he saw her hands move from her hair and reach for his shoulders. She let them travel down his back and then to his arse, where they settled. She looked at him with determination in her eyes, and then the pressure she put on his arse cheeks from her hands made him push forwards back into her again.

He groaned and instinctively pulled back out, but her hands grasped him again to push him back inside of her.

“Hermione...” he growled as he pumped back into her, her hands making him pick up speed. “You don’t-“

She leaned up into him as he fucked her, her lips coming to his ear. “Fuck me, Draco...” she whispered, her tongue slipping out to lick his lobe. “Don’t stop until you’re coming for me... saying my name...”

His resolve snapped. He hadn’t gone gentle with her before... he was going to punish her now.

His hips snapped harshly against hers and she moaned. He set a punishing pace, feeling their hips banging into each other and he reached her cervix with every heavy thrust of his hips. Her cries and pleas only spurred him on; he was brutal.

“Draco, Draco, Draco,” she chanted as she put her head back against the pillow, the bed banging against the wall and he fucked her so hard he was shifting her up the bed.

“Christ, Granger... so fucking good – I want to come inside of you so badly...need to...” he rambled into her neck as he pistoned in and out of her.

“Draco, please... come for me – I want you to do it.” She begged as her head reached the headboard.

Fuck, he was so close. The feel of her walls trembling around him; the scent of her and the way she looked so completely consumed by her need to bring him to orgasm.

He lost it.

He grabbed the headboard in one hand and grabbed her hair with the other, bringing her face flush with his. Then he pumped in and out of her so hard and fast that the familiar tingle he had been reaching for was suddenly making its way throughout his body. He used the headboard for leverage to get so far inside her that he could feel her cervix meeting him painfully.

“Come, Draco,” she begged, her lips right next to his as his hips thrust into her so deeply that her legs were practically near her ears. “Come for me... I want you to fill me up.”

Her words rattled around his head and he couldn’t hold it back; he didn’t want to. He bent his head low into her ear and got so close to her that their bodies were practically joined. “...Hermione...I need to come-“ he breathed.

She moaned and her hands squeezed his arse. "Do it, Draco. Inside me." She instructed, and that was all it took.

"Hermione - Fuuuck!" he shouted as the feeling of his hot seed sped out of him as he hit the wall inside of her. She moaned as his face fell into her neck and his body convulsed on top of hers. His arms felt like lead as he rode the waves of his orgasm, his hips still rocking into hers lazily as he felt himself coming down from a euphoric high.

"That was for you." She told him in a quiet voice, and Draco almost melted when he looked up at her face; hers giving him a look of wonder, and something else that he couldn't place. It looked a lot like affection.

Slick with sweat, his muscles tensed and flexed beneath her hands as she still held onto him, as she was silently waiting on the pain to hit when he finally pulled out of her.

He couldn't pull out... he didn't want to...

Hermione watched his eyes return to their normal colour as he came to, watching to make sure he was lucid as he came out of his trance.

He looked at her; breathing as heavily as she was. So many emotions in his eyes that she couldn't pick just one to focus on in that moment.

She did the only thing she could think of doing in that moment.

She moved her body forwards between his legs, reached up to bring his head down to hers... and she kissed him.

Periwinkle

Chapter 8: Periwinkle

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Artwork created by Nadia Polyakova

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His lips were softer than she had imagined. She had a fantasy in her head that if she were to ever kiss him, then it would be hot, brutal and rough... it was always hot, brutal and rough. The Draco in her head would grab her, entwine their tongues and then his hands would be all over her at once; feeling every bit of skin that he could. He would be harsh and demanding and would hold her close; leaving her breathless with anticipation of what he might do next.

The real Draco was quite the opposite. The real Draco let her kiss him tentatively; he let her be the one to open her lips first to deepen the kiss. He let her tongue slip out first and find his; making them both groan from the contact. Hermione held the nape of his neck with one hand and squeezed his thigh with the other, and she heard him moan gently into the kiss...but he didn't touch her; didn't put his hands on her.

Hermione didn't break the kiss, but licked along his bottom lip and nipped there as she brought both hands to each of his thighs as she stood up, leaning over him and letting him lean back into the armchair, his hands fisting on the arm rests. She was still between

his legs; leaning into him... if she straddled his hips now, she would be wide open to him.

But he still didn't touch her. Instead, she felt him smile against her lips, and when she pulled back, she saw him with his eyes closed. He was breathing hard as if he was trying really hard to concentrate.

"You can touch me..." she whispered against his lips. "I won't break..."

He was silent for a second, before he swallowed and opened his eyes, looking hungrily at her. "If I touch you then I won't stop...I'll want to break you." He told her, one of his hands unfolding and his fingertips were reaching out to touch the skin of her thigh... but he never made the contact.

"You saw me...you know what I want to do to you..." he finished warningly.

Heat crept into her belly at the thought; the things she had seen ... the things he did to her... the way he touched her... things she would think about later, alone in her bedroom and imagine everything all over again, and pretend it was his hands touching her in every place that he had in his fantasy.

She saw his flinch to himself slightly, and she instantly knew what he was thinking. He must have had a form of events in his head that went very differently to what she witnessed as she watched. All Draco could think about is that his control had slipped as he had fucked her wantonly ...the reality of it was actually quite the opposite.

It had turned her mouth dry to watch his hips pumping in and out of hers, watching her moan with ecstasy as he kept up her torturous pace. The muscles in his back were tensed as she had clung onto them, before reaching his arse... that was when the struggle between pleasure and pain had been clear on her face but oh, god... the pleasure must have outweighed the pain for her to make the noises she had... it looked incredible.

It was wildly romantic. Even as he had fucked her up the bed...it was passionate and all consuming, and Hermione had never experienced anything like that in her life so far. It made the need to experience it for herself burn inside of her. What he had shown her in his fantasy is exactly how she had imagined it...it was part of her fantasy, too.

She leaned in again until her lips were a breath away against his. "Draco," she began, feeling the heat rise within her, and she saw him shudder at the sound of his name on her lips. "What you think I saw, and what I actually saw were two very different things..." she felt his eyes look at her face.

"You think you were going too rough..." one of her hands on his leg travelled up to his chest and she put a knee on the chair between his thick thighs. "...but the look on my face told me differently..." she whispered.

Draco made an almost feral noise and she watched him grip the arms of the chair tighter. She was making him lose his self-restraint... she needed him to lose his self-restraint and touch her, before she combusted.

She leaned her chest into his, letting him feel her breasts rest against him; let him feel her soft against his hard and smooth as her other hand went behind him to the back of the armchair to support herself.

"You had me arching up off the bed, Draco..." she whispered in his ear, and he nuzzled his chin against her cheek as she spoke. "...you had me making noises I've never made before..." she nipped at his ear and heard him groan.

"And do you want to know my dirty little secret?" she asked coyly, pulling back to look into his eyes, that were black and blown wide.

He was like a trained animal; waiting for the signal to move as she spoke to him; something was snapping inside of him...she was

getting him right where she wanted him. She bit her lip and saw the fire in his eyes. "I've always thought about you fucking me like that."

There.

Right there was the moment she knew he was lost to himself. As his hands came up; one grabbing the back of her head and the other grabbing her throat to bring her lips crashing down to his. He forced her lips to open to him; his tongue pushing against her teeth roughly until it found hers; they both groaned and she brought her arms up to wrap around his neck.

This was the kiss she had imagined that the real Draco Malfoy would give her. And he didn't disappoint.

His tongue was hot and bruising, leaving her breathless as he probed her mouth and squeezed her throat lightly as the other hand wrapped tightly in her hair, making them both groan. They were on fire; lips and teeth and tongues. She brought a hand up to grab at him, to feel any part of him she could as his mouth devoured hers.

"You had so much power, Draco..." she moaned into the kiss. "But you were so controlled...I bet it feels incredible to hold you while your body is rocking into mine..." she heard him whimper against her.

Then his hands really were everywhere as he released her hair and throat. On her waist and hips; fingers fluttering along her stomach or skimming past the outline of her breasts. He reached down and grabbed her arse, giving it a hard squeeze and forcing her other leg to come up onto the armchair.

"I want you to move against me like you did in your fantasy..." she told him, knowing that talking would make him lose himself. "I want to feel you move like that inside me... make me want it..." his mouth was so hot against hers as his kiss became feral at her words.

He grabbed her thigh and opened her legs enough for her to put one of them on the arm of the chair while he continued to kiss her. Then

he skilfully did the same thing with the other leg, until she was suspended over him, her legs completely open to him and he could see the lemon coloured knickers beneath her dress she was wearing flashing at him.

“Fuck... Granger – what are you doing to me...” he groaned against her lips. “Stop talking for a minute before I force myself up into you.”

Hermione broke the kiss to breath, and realised then that she was looking right down at him, and his hands were travelling up her thighs and under her dress. “Tell me to stop, Hermione.” He asked her in a small voice as he took deep breaths. “Tell me to stop or I’m doing this...I’m going to touch you in any way I want to”.

She keened and her forehead fell forward onto his. She needed this. She had craved his touch for so long; if she didn’t get this now then she didn’t know what she would do. “Never stop, Draco...keep touching me.” And she heard him moan in defeat before she felt his fingers caressing the outside of her knickers, right where she needed his touch. “Oh- god...” she breathed out and closed her eyes.

“Tell me more Hermione...” he said in her ear, his other hand back in her hair now as his fingers moved over her mound, making her quiver. “Tell me what else you saw in my mirror...” oh fuck, he was doing it again... that dirty mouth of his...

“Did you like the way your eyes rolled into the back of your head while I sucked your clit?” his fingers circled it, making her pant. “Did it make you wet to see you biting your lip when I started to fill you up?”

Her breath hitched as his fingers pressed against her clit, and then they were suddenly inside her underwear and one of his large fingers were at her entrance, making her groan.

“The way you bite your lip, Granger...” his finger entered her slightly, and his breath against her ear made her mewl as she buried her head in his neck. “...it makes me want to fuck you to the point where

I connect with your cervix...leave my come inside you there... would you like that?" he asked her as he started to pump not one, but two fingers inside of her now in a shallow motion as she clenched.

"Would you like to be filled with my come?" she heard him breath heavily. "Fuck, Granger... how am I going to fit inside you?" he groaned loudly as his fingers filled her up.

That made her moan. He brushed his thumb against her clit and her head snapped back, making her back arch. "Please..." she heard herself beg. "It looked so good..." she mewled and answered as she ground down against his fingers, remembering what it looked like to watch him come inside of her... to see the look of awe on his face... "I want to feel you come."

He let out a low growl that made her shiver in delight, and before she could think, she felt herself being lifted; Draco carrying her across the room until he set her on her feet and pushed her against the Living room door. His stubble rubbed against her neck. His warm breath on her ear.

His fingers were gliding around her throat... Fuck, why did it have to feel so good?

"Fuck, Granger," he breathed, his nose trailing up the side of her neck. "Don't tempt me, because I will bend you over the couch and rip off every single piece of your clothing. I can't handle this anymore."

She gave him a small, daring smile. "You're all talk." She needed to goad him. Goaded him was the only way to get a reaction, and she needed that. She needed him out of control to make him take her like she needed it.

Having him touch her- just like he was, so rough and ready—made her self-confidence happy. She wanted him like this even though it was wrong to bring it out of him when he tried so hard to keep composed. If him touching her like this was the only way she could

smell his scent or be in his arms... then so be it. She would take any piece of him that she could right now.

He growled and roughly pulled her closer to him with a fistful of her hair, then curled his fingers into her neck. "All talk?" He scoffed. "You think I'm all talk, love?" she shuddered against him and moaned.

In one moment, he had her pulled around until her back was to his front, one hand spreading her thighs as he bunched up her skirt and then pressed himself into her from behind, making her feel the full length of his cock through his pants on her arse.

"Yes..." she groaned. "All you do is talk... drives me fucking mental." She stifled a groan when he licked her earlobe. "When what I really want you to do is fuck me... but you won't..." she said hopelessly.

"I would take you right here, Granger. I Would make you beg me to stop. I Would leave you stumbling out of this fucking room." He smirked, and oh god, she felt herself clench. "But you said to all of our friends tonight that you didn't need me to satisfy you...."

She dug her fingernails into the door then; cursing under her breath. She knew she would live to regret that. "...even though we both know that I'd have you coming a part with another silent scream in minutes for me..." he thrust himself against her, her arse taking the full force of it as his fingers found her cunt again as she pressed against the door.

"I talk to you because I know how wet it makes you..." he whispered into her hair as he rubbed her clit as he rubbed his cock between her arse cheeks, making her eyes widen. Fuck... fuck, he was so big... but then she knew that, from seeing him in the mirror – "...tell me now that you don't need satisfying..."

She let out a squeak. "Please..." she said breathlessly, making him chuckle. He knew she needed satisfying desperately. He knew he had her right where he wanted her.

He flicked over her clit and he stopped her from any other coherent thoughts. "Granger, tell me..." he demanded as his fingers picked up their pace and her hips started bucking into them as he held her against the doorframe.

"...Did seeing me lose control and fuck you hard turn you on?" he asked, his own thrusts making his voice gravelly. "Did you enjoy watching your face contort with pleasure and pain as I stretched you? Is that what you want? Do you want me to stretch you to the point of pain?"

She nodded, breathing heavily and feeling like she was on the cusp of reaching an orgasm from the skill of his fingers. "You-" she stuttered. "You weren't rough...You said you would be rough but – oh, fuck, Draco – you were trying to be gentle..." she got out through gritted teeth as she rocked into his hand, fucking his fingers.

His mouth came to her neck; one hand playing with her and the other holding himself above her head, reaching out to steady himself against the door. "My fantasy was tame compared to what I'd like to do to you," he started in a husky voice.

"Because my deepest, darkest fantasy Hermione," his fingers pressed so hard against her clit that she almost choked. "Is coming inside of you...pushing up inside of you so far that I spill my seed right where it needs to be..."

Breeding kink... Hermione thought to herself for a matter of seconds before she moaned when his lips connected with her neck. "And I know you liked it..." he told her. "Liked seeing me come for you...you know you've got that power over me...your scent all over my room... still smells like you..." he muttered against her neck.

Hermione felt herself beginning to quake. He was going to make her come against his door; his words playing with her like they always did. "Why your room?" she asked him in quickening breaths, cinching her eyes shut to tamper down the feeling of his fingers

working her to orgasm. "You could have chosen anywhere; why your old room?"

He chuckled against her ear and thrust harshly against her. "Because it was my room. My space. My bed. My sheets; a place I'd thought about fucking you for years with a hand wrapped around my cock." They both moaned at the imagery. "And your dress tonight doesn't help Granger... you don't know what that colour does to me..."

She stuttered and made a keening noise in the back of her throat as he said it. Him admitting that the colour of her dress made him want to do things to her almost made her come right there. But she needed to know... she needed to delve deeper. "Tell me, Draco..." she gritted out. "Tell me what it does to you...tell me why..."

Wrong thing to do.

She heard him chuckle as she felt him untangle himself from her completely before turning her around so that her back was against the door. His large body loomed over her menacingly. "You want to know?" he asked her quietly. "Are you ready for that, Granger?" his eyes were blazing as he viewed her. "Because I can't go back after this."

She looked at him defiantly. "Put yourself on the line, Draco..." she saw the sentiment echo in his ears, and that was all he needed.

Draco picked her up in his strong arms, wrapping her legs around his large frame and opened the Living room door, walking them along the corridor to his bedroom. He stopped at the end of the bed and sat her on it, and she kicked off her heels before shuffling herself back onto his pillows.

And then she saw it; resting against his pillow in a crumpled ball:

The white Oxford she had worn that night she had slept there; the smell of her perfume still lingering on it, mixing with his own

intoxicating scent. Her heart clenched and she looked over at him.

He has his head bent slightly as he studied her from the end of the bed; his cheeks slightly pink from what Hermione thought might be embarrassment... he always put his hand to the back of his neck when he felt awkward, and he was doing that in exactly that moment.

"I've thought about you since fourth year." He told her in a quiet voice, sighing in some sort of internal defeat as goosebumps rose up on her arms. "There was nothing I could do; you surrounded me ... and I had no option but to try to hate you more for it."

She watched him as he came up to the left side of the bed slowly, sitting down on the edge of it. "Didn't work, though...caught little glimpses of you in the classrooms and the corridors; watching you... seeing you when no one else did. I hung on your every word without you even realising..."

Hermione frowned, sat up and watched his hands as they reached over to his pillow and took the shirt from it. He gripped it in his hands. "Parchment and Spearmint, Granger...I'll never forget." He gave her a small, almost shy smile. "Why do you think I use that mint Tea-tree body wash? ... the smell isn't for my benefit..."

She almost wanted to jump him at his admission. He was doing all of this for her... he had always been doing this for her. She watched as he came a little closer to her on the bed, and let him take hold of her delicate wrists in anticipation of what he was about to do.

"You've asked me to put myself on the line, Hermione, and I'm trying..." he told her quietly. "But you don't know how deep this goes for me..." he took a small sniff of the shirt. "Apples, for me... it was always apples..." he looked at her.

Apple shampoo ... vanilla and apple body wash... she had used those scents since school...

He wound the shirt around her wrists, binding them together. Then with a soft push, her head was back against the pillow and Draco shifted until he was on the bed pressed up against her side; he put her arms above her head.

“Don’t move, Hermione.” He told her seriously as his hand travelled down her front, gathering her dress up around her thighs. “I want you to moan for me... like you did in my fantasy,” he looked at her with a smirk as she felt his hand pulling her knickers down on either side until she was exposed.

“Do you think you can do that?” he asked innocently. “I promise I’ll make you come saying my name if you do...”

She groaned and clenched her legs together, but Draco wrenched them apart and moved to settle between her thighs, moving down her body slowly. When he got to the apex of her thighs, she felt his breath against her clit and almost lost it. She knew he was about to torture her until she practically screamed.

“Do you want to know why I like telling you all of my little secrets, Hermione?” he asked her as he took a tentative lick of her flesh, making her arch her back. “I like the way you react when I tell you things... I like the look of realisation on your face when the penny drops...” he licked her outer lips and her thighs shook. “... when you realise it’s all about you.

“Please...Draco...” she bit her lip and her hands were squeezing together, still bound in the shirt and held above her head. “I need more-Oh!”

He sucked on a breath as he started to lick her forcefully, hitting her clit and making her head spin with the all out assault on her flesh. “I need more too, Granger...” he whispered as he kept up his licks and kisses. “...more than you know.”

“I want to know what it feels like.” She panted out, trying to see him in her vision. “I want to feel you inside of me.” She bucked her hips

against his face and heard him growl.

Draco knelt in front of her; his fingers playing with her now instead. He unbuckled his trousers and shimmied both them and his boxer shorts down his thighs... showing his cock in all of its glory.

Her eyes were round like saucers. Bigger than she remembered. Thicker and longer than she could recall from the mirror. It made her mouth water and her insides panic all at once. His flesh would rip her in two; his and unable to grasp the girth of it- his fingers didn't meet as he took a few leisurely strokes.

"Keep your eyes on me, Granger." He told her sternly. "I want to watch your face while you come for me..." his hand kept moving up and down his thick shaft. "And if you're good, I'll let you watch me...while I'm imagining what it would be like to come inside of you."

That made her moan, and suddenly two of his fingers were inside of her again as his thumb flicked against her clit, and everything became a blur as she watched nothing but his face, seeing his eyes blaze as he fucked himself with his hand, groaning as he did.

It was too much; she needed to come. She needed to watch him come. They both needed the release. "Keep going-" she panted, her eyes never wavering from his face as he started to sink down further until the tip of his cock was right next to her opening as he wanked himself against her harshly, making her moan.

"Draco - I'm close- oh, fuck...please.." she started to spiral. "Put yourself inside... let me feel..."

"Fucking moan for me, Hermione ... I want to hear it on your lips while you come..." his fingers fucked her furiously, her hips bouncing off the bed and her arse moved upwards towards the pillows forcefully as she watched him watching her; they were both panting furiously ... both so close to the edge.

“If I put myself in even the smallest bit, I’ll fuck you, and you’re not ready for that yet...”

Her back started to arch as she felt it at his words; felt the white hot light shoot through her, and she couldn’t help the loud moan that escaped her lips; his name being chanted at the end of it as she looked into his eyes as she exploded around his fingers.

“Oh, Fuck – Draco!” Her walls clenched and milked his fingers as her thighs quaked, and she saw him working himself furiously over her as he watched her coming undone, the tip of his cock threatening to push into her entrance as he neared his own release.

“Fuck, Hermione... you’re making me –“ He said gruffly. She watched him shudder violently then, and he fell forwards onto her, his face on her chest as he shot his load all between her thighs and right against her entrance.

Hermione tried to control her breathing as she came down, realising her fingers had gone numb from the shirt tied around her wrists. Draco was still breathing heavily on top of her, but slowly moved so that he was back by her side, his lips against her ear.

“Are you sensitive?” he asked her, nuzzling against her, and she sighed and shook her head.

“I’m okay.” She told him quietly, revelling in the feel of his lips against her throat and ear as she came down from her high.

“Good,” he whispered, and her eyes widened as she felt his fingers touch her at her entrance, swirling his come around on his fingers from her outer lips, before pushing two fingers inside of her, right up. She let out a ragged breath and brought her arms down defensively against her stomach.

“Draco, I’m not-“ she was about to protest and tell him she wasn’t ready for another round yet, but he nipped at her neck as she felt his fingers pushing inside of her even higher.

“That’s where I should have come...” he purred in her ear. “Right there... filled you up...” Hermione was panting at his words. “...maybe one day...” he licked her pulse point. “But for now; I know a small part of me is inside of you, and that drives me fucking crazy, Hermione.”

Her throat went dry at his words, and then she felt his fingers exiting her body and he was releasing her hands from his shirt gently.

“I want you to stay tonight, if you will?” he asked her as he rolled her to face him, pushing her hair back from the side of her face. “I might even still be here when you wake up.” He told her coyly, and she gave him a humour- filled glare.

She nodded, and he brought his lips close to hers with a smile. “ Can I-“ he started, but she shushed him and tangled her hands into the back of his hair.

“Stop asking me for my permission to touch me, Draco.” She told him in a whisper as she looked at him and watched as one of his hands came between them and he rested it just over her breast. “You already know what the answer will be.”

“Is that you putting yourself on the line, Granger?” he asked her with the smallest of smiles, and he looked down at the place his hand rested over her heart. “Because I know now that I can’t have anything less than this, either...”

Hermione looked into his eyes, and that’s when she realised;

She would be lost to this man.

He gave her a chaste kiss, before turning her around on the mattress so her back was to his front, nuzzling her hair and breathing in her scent. She felt his hand come up to touch her curls; his fingers entwining gently in them.

“You looked so beautiful in your dress...” he told her, and she felt him touch the fabric of her tea dress. “I loved your hair like that...” he said softly, making her close her eyes at the memory of seeing him standing there at the Yule Ball with Pansy, the pair of them looking at her as she walked by.

“I watched you dance... I watched you laugh and I watched everyone else watching you, that night...”

Hermione held her breath as his hand went to her hair again, smoothing it down around her shoulders. “Pansy’s never let me forget it...” he told her with a chuckle. “She knew, you know.” He told her quietly.

“She knew the moment I asked her what colour your dress was...”

Oh, god ... she was done for. She was going to fall hard for this man. As she kept her eyes closed and concentrated on the feel of Draco’s hand in her hair. She wanted to bottle the feeling and the sensation up forever.

Hermione felt the warm body spooning her back when she pulled herself from sleep. She felt engulfed by a pair of strong arms wrapped around her protectively, and for a second she wished that she could stay like that forever. She felt safe and happy; the type of vibes that had you fist pumping the air and doing a happy dance.

She knew it was late morning as the sun peeking through the curtains shone strongly, but she made no move to get up, far too content with the feel of Draco’s body next to hers; his groin pressed into her arse. She wiggled back experimentally and – oh ... the feel of it against her sent tremors down her spine.

He groaned in her ear and his arm hugged her tighter, before she felt him coming around from sleep and nuzzling into her neck. He opened his bright eyes and they were smiling at her, making her heart skip a beat.

“Morning.” She told him shyly.

He nipped her earlobe. “Good morning, indeed...” he replied and hugged her even tighter, “Granger...I want to kiss you...” and he took it as an invitation as she stretched out her neck, allowing him to kiss along the junction of her throat. “Sleep well...?” he asked her through kisses and licks.

Hermione put her head back further and groaned. “Very...” she felt his hand gingerly move up as if unsure if it was allowed, and slowly cup her breast.

She sighed as she felt his fingers reach the curve through the shirt that he had given her to sleep in – another one of his...

As fell asleep last night with his hand in her hair, he had mumbled that he wanted all of his shirts to smell like her...

That notion had melted her heart a little. The fact that he had slept with the shirt she had worn next to him... he just wanted the smell of her to linger in the room. The man had secretly pined away for her for years, and she never even knew... never had an inkling about any of it.

She felt his thumb rub against her nipple and instantly felt it peak, but as quickly as his hand was there, he gave a sigh and took it away.

“Sorry,” he whispered. “Need to control myself...” he gave her a smirk. “Pansy’s probably told you a about my incessant need to stay in control.” He chuckled. “And if she hasn’t then I’ve probably babbled it while I’ve been incoherent and trying to stop myself from shagging you.”

Hermione laughed then, biting her lip. “Maybe a little...” she told him playfully. “But I’m sure there are still plenty of secrets that pansy hasn’t got a clue about...”

He raised an eyebrow at her and grinned devilishly. "You better fucking believe it, Granger." He told her, looking at her lips. "The things she doesn't know about, things to do with you...she'd wet her knickers with excitement if she found out."

And then he did something without asking her for permission; he brought his lips down to hers and kissed, letting his tongue seek hers out, earning a moan from her mouth.

He leaned into her, letting her body sink back into the mattress as his knee parted her thighs, moving slightly to place himself over her and between her legs so she would be able to feel his growing erection right where she needed...finally feel it up close without so many barriers—

"Draco!" came a voice from the Living room, startling them both so much that Draco jumped off of her and was getting himself dressed in seconds. "Come on dickhead – it's past nine! Where's my Saturday coffee?!"

Draco took a deep, frustrated breath. He put his hands on his hips and stared at the ceiling.

He realised he had left his door unlocked last night in his haste to get Hermione into the bedroom. "Theodore Nott." He said as he let out the sigh and then turned to give Hermione a raised eyebrow. "Biggest cock-block there ever was."

"Telling you, mate." Theo said between a bite of toast. "I've got marks all over me from the whip- got her all excited because I let her put the Kylo Ren costume on me- whoever that is-... she was mad for it...made me call her Rey..." he raised an eyebrow. "Which is a bloke's name, which was confusing while I was in the throes of passion... but I didn't let it stop me ...I think I'm in love."

Draco shuddered and Hermione shook her head with a smile.

Theodore Nott was a modern-day Romeo... or at least he liked to think he was. One glance from a woman had him pining for her in the worst way. The fact that he had lusted after Luna for so long was testament to her really, as he tended to move on once his satisfaction was sated.

“You marrying this one, then?” Draco asked him with a raised eyebrow. Hermione snorted into her brew.

“Absolutely not.” Theo told him indignantly. “You know I’m not you –” he looked at Draco pointedly. “-waiting around for ‘the one’-“ he made quotation marks in the air with his fingers and smirked at Hermione, who blushed. “-I just needed to quench my thirst, so to speak.”

Theo had said nothing so far. Hadn’t mentioned the odd morning situation; he had been too busy telling them both about Luna. Luna who sounded partial to Star Wars role-play. It was only after he had self-indulged in his own musings that he stopped to study the pair with the most wicked look on his face.

“You two have been shagging, haven’t you...?” he wagged his finger at them with the biggest smile, knowing on his face. “Did I interrupt something extremely sordid and depraved this morning?”

“Yes.” Draco told him in a deadpan tone.

“No.” She berated, holding her cup.

“And don’t ask us anymore bloody questions about it...” Draco finished in a threatening tone.

They sipped their tea in sync. Neither of them was really lying, they hadn’t been shagging... but things still could have got sordid if Theo hadn’t interrupted.

Theo gave them a pointed look. "In the words of Frodo Baggins;" he said hotly, "Alright, then...keep your secrets..." he took another bit of his toast. "But your first child has to be named after me."

Hermione turned red.

"I'm not calling my first child Theodore." Draco argued, putting his tea down in front of him. Hermione frowned. Was he really going to entertain Theo with this conversation?

"What's wrong with Theodore?" the sandy-haired man asked with a frown.

"What's *right* with Theodore..." Draco muttered under his breath, making Hermione giggle. "And what if it was a girl?" He asked pointedly.

"Theodora." Theo told him jovially. "It has a classy ring to it. Hermione, make him see sense, love." He asked as he pointed across the table at Draco. "The man is clearly lacking in taste..." he gave her a wink. "No offence."

Hermione shook her head with a smile. She had never openly heard Draco Malfoy talk about having children before, let alone their names. It made her insides quake slightly at the thought of it.

He was being open; letting herself and others into his usually very private life and thoughts. It made her want to jump with excitement, to think of what else could probably be pulled out of him if she tugged enough ... how much of his walls that she could get to crumble.

"-So we made the wager – Pansy has signed because it was only fair and she said she had nothing to hide-" Hermione heard Theo say as she came out of her thoughts. She saw Draco looking at her anxiously and Theo was sipping from his teacup with a god-awful grin on his face.

“What was that, sorry?” Hermione asked the boys as they kept their eyes on her.

“Pansy’s signed to let everyone see her fantasies as payback for doing it to us...” Draco told her in a quiet voice. “...but she wants you to do it too.”

The air suddenly felt very thin.

Pansy Parkinson Doesn't Know Everything

Chapter 9: Pansy Parkinson Doesn't Know Everything

"I hear your collective groans, but I have to say that if you don't agree, then you are clearly not living your best lives and I pity you all dearly." Theo told everyone at the table ruefully, a pint in his hand and one arm thrown around the back of Luna's chair as he spoke. "I can't recommend it enough...god, why am I friends with such bloody prudes?" he put his head up to sky, clearly intent on asking the big man himself.

Harry held a baffled expression on his face as he sat opposite his friend with Pansy snuggled into his side, her chin on his shoulder. "Are you-" He clearly wasn't sure on how to approach the subject. "Are you sure you meant 'dogging?'" he asked rather sensitively, and Hermione watched Theo nod intentionally.

"Of course. What else would I be talking about?" Theo asked him strangely. "It's perfectly normal."

Maybe it was. Maybe it wasn't... each to their own but Hermione was certain that Theodore had the arse end of the stick when he spoke about it. "Theodore..." she began tentatively. "To go dogging, you need a car... you know? Ones that Muggles use-"

"Brooms are better for viewing consumption." He told her matter of factly. "And if you're really creative, they can even become part of the act-"

"Enough." Draco groaned from his seat right next to Hermione, his frame so large in the small space that he was practically on top of her, the side of him pressed snugly up against her. "You are an absolute savage, Theodore Nott." He finished, taking a sip from his glass. "Lovegood, you have my pity."

Luna smiled wistfully at the blonde man. "Oh, I don't mind," she told him dreamily. "A dirty mind is a clean heart."

Hermione gave a small smile and glanced at Draco, who knew that that was probably the most sense that the blonde witch had ever spoken.

"Says you, anyway." Theo told him with a smirk. "From what I almost interrupted the other day, I'd say you're dying to show Granger just how savage you can be, too... you kinky little fucker."

"Piss off, Theodore." There was a pink tinge to Draco's cheeks as he sat next to her, not quite knowing what to say to save her modesty. "We're not all as fast off the mark as you."

"You go any slower and your virginity is going to grow back," Theo told him in mock accusation. "You've not used your particular appendage in so long that it's practically at the time frame where it can declare itself legally dead."

"Theo ..." Draco told him with a dangerous smile. "Drop the subject now before I take said appendage and force it up your-"

"whoa-" Blaise cut in. "Not the imagery anyone wants, Mate." He finished; his legs slung over the side. It was usually Draco's chair, but Blaise had intentionally sat there so that Draco would be forced to sit next to Hermione.

Pansy and Harry snorted; Luna let out a belly laugh. Theo looked positively traumatised.

The table seemed smaller to Hermione ... why did it feel smaller? Or was it just because of Draco's large frame held up against hers, making her feel so small and hemmed in at the edge of the table. Not that she was complaining ... having Draco touching her anywhere was a relief; she'd been craving it all week.

He was a man who did indeed like to bide his time. She hadn't heard a word from him all week, leading her to have a particularly childish sulk mid-way through the week, which Pansy found both pathetic but fascinating.

Two days ago:

"Just shag already." Pansy told her as she unpacked Wednesday's delivery on the shop floor as Hermione sat there in her over-sexualised misery. "Me and Harry are moving faster than you two and I've known about him for a lot less time than you've known about Draco."

Hermione huffed. "We've done stuff..." she said defensively. "It's not me who doesn't want to take it further, it's Draco ... he's intent on causing me to sexually combust."

Pansy giggled. "So, you've used fingers and mouths so far... and he's clearly got you off over your clothes..." she gave her a smirk. "Did you fit him in your mouth?" she asked wickedly. "I always struggled, but I've got a small mouth ... you've got big lips, I bet he loved that."

Hermione's eyes went wide and she looked away. "Actually... I've not- er, I mean...we've not-"

"Oh, so just hands then?" Pansy nodded. "Did you have to use both hands to get around him properly?"

"Well, to be honest -"

Pansy frowned. "Granger... what have you actually done?" she put her hands on her hips. "Please don't tell me you've not just wiggled your bits around on his lap and then let him do all the work?"

“He won’t let me touch him, Pansy.” Hermione told her with a sigh and put her head in her hands dramatically. “He’s touched me more or less everywhere with more or less everything...” she looked up at her friend. “But apart from a bit of petting on his chest and shoulders or hair grabbing, I’ve not been able to do anything else.”

Pansy sat back on her heels and looked at Hermione in wonder. “You’ve broken the poor bastard.”

“Excuse me?” Hermione asked with a glare.

“Draco Malfoy takes what he wants once he’s got you...” Pansy answered her in a quiet voice. “...once you’ve given in, the game is over for him; he takes what he wants, whenever he wants and he’ll have you on your knees and gagging on him as soon as he’s got a fist in your hair.”

Hermione raised an eyebrow. “Well, it’s not happened. Only time I’ve felt it is when he’s been pressed up against me or we were in his kitchen.”

“The very fact he’s not let you touch him, but he’s been willing to do so much to you speak volumes, Hermione.” Pansy told her seriously. “Maybe you just shouldn’t give him the option and just do it... Just get down on your knees and take him.” She said with a grin.

“Lord bloody knows he must have thought about it...” Pansy looked thoughtful. “But then; he’s been thinking about this since fourth year, so I suppose he’s wanting to take his time...” she smiled knowingly.

“He told me about that...the dress...” Hermione admitted with a shy smile, messing with the bottom of her dress. “He said you figured it out-“

“It was hardly bloody rocket science.” Pansy rolled her eyes. “Every time I followed his eye line that night, it lead me right to you and that bloody dress.” He shook her head. “Periwinkle has haunted me ever bloody since. Didn’t even know the colour existed until that night.”

Hermione laughed, feeling a little better. It still didn't solve the issue of Draco not getting in touch with her, though. Why hadn't he? Was he busy or was he just making her dance around on eggshells, make her wait anxiously for the next time she would see him? Or maybe they would have had a different outcome if Theo hadn't awkwardly interrupted and made her make an excuse to go and take a swift exit not long after.

He had been so cautious with her, though. He treated her like she might break. It was quite sweet, really... but that little bit at the end, with his fingers pushing his cum –

She shuddered and swallowed. “Pansy... do you know that breeding kink you told me about?”

Pansy looked up at her curiously. “Oh, do go on...”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “You mentioned it... but... is it something he did-“

“With me?” Pansy asked with a laugh. “As if. If he picked that up at some point, it was definitely not while he was with me.” She cocked her head to the side. “But I remember one drunken conversation I had with him...”

Hermione was listening intently. “We'd touched on his little situation, and he told me he'd bumped some girl's womb he'd been shagging... and then pulled out of her because the idea of shagging her and getting her pregnant turned him right off.” Pansy shrugged. “I suppose he's picky with who he wants to share his seed with ... he certainly never shared it with me.”

Hermione blushed and put her head down. “Maybe it comes from the fact that he's never been able to orgasm inside of a woman, so he thinks he'll never get the chance to get a girl pregnant... maybe he craves that feeling...” Pansy eyed her suspiciously. “Granger, why are your cheeks shining brighter than a knocking shop sign?”

Hermione bit her lip. "He er... he came on my thighs and then –" oh god, why did she even say anything? "-put it on his fingers and-" Hermione made the action with her own two fingers, thrusting them up into the air.

Pansy's hand flew to her mouth. "Oh my Christ." Pansy exclaimed. "Granger... Hermione, that's... wow. I can't – really?" she couldn't stop the open-mouthed look she was giving the curly haired witch. "Shit ... he's lost, Hermione." She told her finally with a smile. "Doing that to you... laying his claim... it's like he's making you his..." Pansy looked at her excitedly. "Did you speak to him? Did you ask him about it?"

"I didn't really get the chance..." Hermione answered, her mind still swirling at Pansy's words. "Theo interrupted any further conversations we would have had the morning after."

Oh yes... Theo. Theo and his little bit of news. She still hadn't forgiven Pansy for that little stunt. Pansy was putting it off though for another week to give everyone a breather ... but after that ... Hermione was living on borrowed time. The idea of showing off her deepest fantasies really irked her. Even if she just agreed to one person watching, she didn't know if she would be able to go through with it.

It was private and personal and what if she let Draco watch and he didn't like what he saw? Would he be put off or treat her differently? The thought did not settle well with her.

"I suppose I'll see how the land lays on Friday night." Hermione said with a sigh. "And I've still not forgiven you, you know..." she told Pansy warningly.

"I'm sure Draco will be his usual dark and brooding self. Which is exactly how you like him." Pansy told her casually. "And get over yourself, you know you love me."

Pansy was right.

She was always right.

Hermione felt a hand squeeze her thigh gently, bringing her back to herself. She looked up at Draco, his eyes already watching her curiously. He was so close to her; his oxford shirt with his grey tailored waistcoat Touching her arms... his thick thigh covered by matching grey pants pressed firmly up against her own. She gave him a coy little smile as she knocked her knee against his playfully and took a sip of her drink. She didn't catch his eyes darkening.

When he had stepped through the floo this evening, Hermione had tried really hard not to look at him. She wanted him to realise that by not getting in touch with her yet again that he was starting to make her feel like she didn't really know where she stood.

But he shouted her name, gave her a winning smile that melted her, and then bought her a drink from the bar before sitting practically on top of her. Talk about mixed signals. She would have to call him out on that later, maybe.

"Did we all agree on what we were doing for Potters birthday?" Hermione heard Blaise ask from the armchair. "Because I'm all for a booze-up but I thought somewhere more up market might be a better affair."

"We might be getting tickets for a new club opening night from one of our suppliers!" Pansy answered excitedly. "VIP and free drinks all night!"

"Fan-fucking-tastic!" Theo whooped. "A Hangover is so much more worth it when the bank balance doesn't feel like it's been anally assaulted the night before." He looked at Draco. "Sorry – still got your imagery in my head."

Draco glared at him

Hermione wrinkled her nose. She shook her head and felt Draco shift next to her, his thigh pressing right into hers and all she felt was the power; remembered watching his fantasy...seeing him use those thighs to pump in and out of her harshly.

“Granger.” She almost jumped out of her seat when she heard his voice and looked up at him.

“What?” she asked. Draco raised a warning eyebrow at her.

“What, what?” Pansy asked next to her. “What are you on about?”

Oh ...

“Nothing, must have just been some annoying interference in my ear.”...she gave Draco the smallest of glares.

“Nice one, love.” He told her from inside of her mind with a tone full of humour. “Nearly blew the whole thing, then...” he wasn’t looking at her he was casually drinking his whisky, one thick forearm on the table; him slouching forwards made his wand holster tighten against his broad back. “I’m going to touch you...” he told her with a small glance in her direction. “Nod or shake your head.”

She pursed her lips and gave a small nod. When his hand came back down onto her thigh, it was the lightest of touches. His fingers danced across her skin where her dress stopped, and she felt him press even further into her side so as to make his movements less noticeable.

“I don’t want a big thing for my birthday.” She heard Harry moan as Draco started to make small circles on her thighs with his fingers, creating goose bumps as he went. “I don’t want a big thing... I don’t really fancy turning twenty-seven.”

“Don’t go turning into his Lordship, over there.” Theo told Harry. Hermione felt Draco laugh beside her, but his hand then started

stroking her left thigh, and his fingers started to lift higher... "Don't go all bitter and anti-social on us."

Oh, god... he was going to – his fingers slipped around into the middle of her thighs, and she felt them flexing to push her legs apart.

She bit back the smallest of moans that had started at the back of her throat.

"Hold it in, Granger..." She felt the warmth of his body heating her as she sat there next to him, hip against hip. "One moan and it's all over... everyone will know." His breathy voice came in her ears.

"I don't think it's possible for anyone to dislike human interaction quite like Draco, here." Blaise told the group languidly. "Sometimes I wonder if he even has a heart..."

She bit her lip, trying not to pant and wanting to scream internally as his fingers fluttered between the apex of her thighs. His use of '*Animo Sermo*' was starting to become a regular thing lately ... the sneaky bastard. And if he was using it, she knew what it meant ... he would be doing more than just touching her...

"The Lord of Darkness just needs a big hug and a good fuck..." Theo said enthusiastically. "Isn't that right, Draco?"

Hermione knew Draco was smirking at their friend, whilst trying to keep Hermione's breathing under control with his gentle touches.

Conversation still wittered on around them; laughter and jokes – the jovial sounds of everyone enjoying each other's company. Hermione glanced up at Draco, her eyes hooded. He looked completely unaffected... and yet here she was; struggling for breath and fully aware that if she even made one small sound, everyone around them would know.

"I'm sure Pansy told you I'm not into public displays of affection..." his voice came like silk in her ears again, but his face was thoughtful;

looking at Harry and Blaise as if he was listening to their conversation intently. But then she saw it; the small smirk curling at the corner of his lips. She knew it was just for her benefit. "...but she doesn't know that I'm quite partial to it, when I know no one will be looking..."

She held her breath and her heartbeat thrummed in her ears as his fingers then moved past the seam of her knickers, and oh... fuck ... Draco Malfoy was a bad, bad man.

"-we'll sort it out, won't we Hermione?" Pansy asked her, and she tried in vain to clamp her legs shut against Draco's wondering fingers as she felt them press against her outer lips.

"Yes, of course." She said rather over enthusiastically as she tried not to pant. She heard Draco give a little laugh to himself, but he made no eye contact with her.

"I've been thinking about you since last Friday." He told her softly as his thumb found her clit and circled it. "All I've done is remember how fucking good you felt in my bed...I swear if I get my hands on you like that again my self-restraint will snap."

Hermione bit her lip when one finger entered her, his thumb still stroking her clit. "I wanted you to know I've not been in touch because I know if I do then I'll want to come to you, and I can't trust myself not to do something that I really want to do..."...he pulled out his finger nearly all of the way and then added another, almost making her eyes roll.

"We need to do something to celebrate...none of us are getting any younger..."

"I want to own you, Hermione." He said in a growl, keeping his eyes on the conversation at the table. "I want to feel your walls clenching around my cock and know that you'll never have it as good as me again." She wanted to buck her hips...she needed to buck her

hips...fuck, it felt so good. "I want to hear you moan my name while my cock is at your entrance and beg me to fuck you..."

She let out a small breath at his words that no one else heard but him, and it made him fuck her even deeper with his fingers. Long strokes, his arm barely moving... their friends none the wiser.

"...Maybe we should go day drinking up North? I've heard he pints are less expensive..."

"So wet, Hermione... grip my fingers like a vice..." he rasped and she gulped as he flicked against her clit, making her bite back a moan. "Control your breathing or they'll all know... they'll figure out what I'm doing to you..." he said it as he pressed harder onto her clit, and she felt herself shudder slightly, getting closer. But she did it... she got her breathing under control... for him.

"Good..." He praised her, drinking his whisky. "You deserve rewarding for that..." he twisted and crooked his fingers inside of her and shit.. that feeling... that pull behind her belly button.

"Not going up North... they put curry and gravy on everything... gives me nightmares..."

"That's it... fuck, I can feel you fluttering...god, I need you to come all over my fingers..." His voice was erratic, he was so turned on... but his face was all business as he listened to Pansy. "...will you do that for me? Will you come for me in front of everyone?" she closed her eyes for a second and steadied herself with her hand on his thigh and fuck... she looked at him. He was looking at her as she had her hand on his erection.

She gave it a small squeeze as he pumped his fingers and flicked her clit, making her shudder again as she started to reach... needed to come... needed him to keep going and get her there.

"...what about port key to France? Rent a cottage?"

“That’s it, Granger... keep quiet...” he shushed and she bit her lip to stop herself moaning. “...biting that lip again... fuck, I need to sink my teeth into the juncture between your neck and collarbone... you’d fucking love it...” her thighs started to shake and she bucked her hips, angling him inside of her further as she did. So close....so, so close...

“...don’t like frogs legs...”

“Almost there... come on, Hermione.” He said in a strained voice as she rubbed his cock with her hand, causing him to shiver slightly. “Let me feel you spasm around my fingers... imagine they’re my cock... I can’t wait to fit my cock inside you...” oh...fuuuck... she felt herself tighten around his fingers and her thighs shook as she sat there, trying to keep still and not breathe as her orgasm over took her.

“...snail trails make me sick, imagine seeing that on your plate...”

“Fuck- yes...that’s it.” she heard him sat as his fingers slowed an she knew he was glancing at her from the corner of his eye as she came down. “So fucking good for me.”

It took her two minutes to compose herself after Draco removed his fingers. It took her another two before the conversation around her swam back into existence.

And then she felt annoyance. Her body language must have showed it, because she felt Draco keep looking down at her, trying to catch her eye.

She’d let him do it again. Not say a word all week and then have his way with her at the weekend. Was it always going to be that way between them?

She stood suddenly, excusing herself from the table and needing to go to the bathroom. She was sure her abruptness would not go unnoticed.

“What’s up with her?” Theo asked as she pushed past the chairs.
“Wasn’t the snail trail talk, was it?”

“I believe that is what you call a come down.” Luna told him. He frowned at her. “You know, after a big orgasm.”

Theo raised an eyebrow. “Really? Women can have those without being felt up?”

Luna shook her head. “Oh, my sweet summer child.”

He caught her in the corridor of the toilets as she walked out after freshening herself up. She hadn’t known he had followed her, so when his large body pinned her there against the wall, she felt her breath leave her momentarily.

“You were so quiet, Hermione...” he whispered against her and kissed her hair. “So good for me...”

She tried not to give in. Tried to still be in a huff with him... but the way she always reacted to his touch ...

“You’re lucky I played along.” She told him as she felt his fingers fluttering as they spread over her hips. “I don’t hear from you all week and then you want to maul me as soon as you see me...” she felt his hands stop. “I believe the term is having your cake and eating it....”

She felt him chuckle into her ear and it made her bite back a moan. “I told you I wanted to see you...wanted to speak to you every day...wanted to come to the shop and spend time watching your glorious arse sway amongst the product shelving...” he nipped at her ear. “I just didn’t want to put any pressure on you to see me,” his lips replaced his teeth. “Didn’t know if you wanted to see me outside of Friday’s...”

She felt her knees go weak. Draco Malfoy admitting that he did want to see her more but not knowing if she wanted to see her ... it did things to her insides. That was the moment when she realised that this may have been about more than sex for both of them.

She needed to do something in that moment. Needed to show him that this was it; this was what they needed now, for both of them. No more games... just them... just them doing whatever this was between them

Hermione brought her hands to his face, and framing his jaw, and she pulled him down while she raised herself on her toes. The moment their mouths met; a spark of scorching heat spread through her body. He tasted so intoxicatingly masculine as his tongue brushed over hers, tasting of Fire whisky.

It felt like a spell was being cast over her, and as the kiss grew more urgent, Hermione gave a small mewl when she felt his cock harden with need for her... clearly unable to hide the size within his trousers. Their tongues twisted, and she bit at his bottom lip exploringly, earning a low growl to erupt from his chest before he was drawing back, looking at her with fire in his eyes.

"I need to take this somewhere private." He told her in a husky voice as he pulled away from her, taking her hand and leading her towards the exit. Outside... he wanted more privacy outside? ... Hermione knew she could do better than that for them...

Hermione suddenly grabbed his wrist and pulled him in the opposite direction. She felt his fingers against her palms and then reached for them, entwining his fingers in hers as she made him follow her through the pub until they were nearing the fireplace next to their table.

"Where the bloody hell did you two disappear-"

"Not now, Theodore." Draco interrupted him, not even bothering to look in his direction.

“How rude.” Hermione heard Theo huff. “And to think I gave the best years of my life to our friendship.”

Pansy scoffed. “Oh please... you haven’t got a best of anything to give to anyone.”

Luna patted his leg sympathetically. “You’ve got a nice penis... that counts for something.”

Hermione didn’t stop to look at Luna in mortification like the others did. She grabbed the floo powder instead. She looked over at him, knowing her eyes would be filled with a burning need and a deep, longing look.

“Follow me?” she asked him quietly. She saw him give her a small smile, before she gave her home address with a pronounced shout.

“Don’t do her too much damage, Draco.” Harry told the blonde man with a curl of his lips.

“Could say the same thing to you, Potter.” He answered and nodded to Pansy, before following Hermione through the floo.

“You can do me as much damage as you’d like...” Pansy whispered into Harry’s ear, wiggling her eyebrows suggestively. “I won’t complain...”

Harry looked at her for a minute.

“Get your coat.” He told her, throwing his own on. “You’ve pulled.”

Those two minutes were the longest of her life, before she saw her fireplace come to life and then there he was; Draco Malfoy was standing in the middle of her living room, looking like he wanted to eat her.

His speed left her dizzy. Draco stalked towards her determinedly, before taking hold of her arse and lifting her body up against his as she quickly wrapped her legs around him. He kept his eyes on hers as he carried her out of the kitchen and into a dark little corridor.

“Which room?” he asked her gruffly, his eyes darted around momentarily but kept coming back to her face for reassurance while he tried to focus on where he was walking.

“Last one on the left.” She told him as her fingers dug into his shoulders, breathing in his scent. As she felt him open her bedroom door.

Somehow, he got them to her room without him falling flat on his arse. He lay her down on her bed and crawled over her; the look on his face telling her that he wasn't sure if this is just another fantasy.

“You have no fucking idea how many times I've thought about fucking you in your bed...” he told her huskily. Hermione groaned and brought one of her hands to his chest as his mouth crashed against hers. Parting her lips, he began to devour her, she felt the need in him to explore her mouth.

Their heated breaths were the only sound in the room until she pushed against him. For a moment, he was confused as he rolled, until she followed him, crawling on top of his lap.

“Fuck, love... don't do this to me...”

As Hermione straddled him, a surge of frustration washed through her. She wanted the clothing gone. She wanted to feel his skin against hers.

She pushed her hips down, rubbing herself against his cock, and it only made him hard as fuck and oh... the feel of him against her again was delicious. She really couldn't wait to have him buried deep inside of her.... if he ever got around to it.

She wanted him so badly that if she kept up her movements, she would probably come in a matter of seconds. A small moan slipped from her lips, and she felt him move them backwards on the bed until he could lean against the headboard, removing his tie and waistcoat while he was at it.

“This one, too,” she whispered to him with a smirk, before unbuttoning his Oxford shirt halfway with her fingers.

Becoming impatient, he let her pull it over his head. When her fingers traced over his chest and down to his abs, it made a delicious shiver rush over his body. She sat there then on top of him, looking down at faded scars across his chest and torso ... so beautifully broken.

She had seen them before, but she had never taken the time to study them properly. Her fingers traced the outlines and she felt him tense beneath her. When she looked at his face, she realised he wasn't in pain, he was just trying to control himself beneath her touch.

“What are you doing, Granger?” he asked as he sucked in a breath. “keep touching me and I won't be held accountable for what I try to do to you...”

“I just want to feel you... you've never let me just feel you...” Her words fell hot against his jaw as she leaned down and she trailed kisses over his skin, her teeth nipping at the spot underneath his ear. She heard a dangerous growl erupt from his throat, and his hands went to her hips possessively.

He moved them for her, rocking her hard against him. They both groaned, and she knew that if she kept pressing down on him like that, that she was going to detonate like a damn nuclear warhead before they could even get any further.

Draco grabbed hold of Hermione's hips with the intention of keeping her still, but she had other ideas. She started a slow and steady

rhythm, rubbing herself hard against his cock to hit her clit just right, and the pleasure almost made her vision blur.

“Shit... Draco,” she whimpered, her breaths coming faster.

“Fuck... just like that-“ he moaned as she angled herself enough to rock against all of him. “I Want to hear you say that again...” he started placing kisses down her neck, working his way to her breasts.

His mouth trailed the curve of her left breast until she felt him find her hard nipple through the material. He sucked it into his mouth, which earned him a sweet moan from her mouth. Hermione brought her hands to his hair and weaved her fingers through the strands as she arched her back, thrusting her nipple deeper into his mouth.

Needing more of her, Draco kissed his way back up to her neck, and he sucked on the skin over her racing pulse until he was sure it would leave a mark. He worked his way up to her jaw, and he whispered breathlessly, “We need to stop this before I turn us over and fuck you into the mattress.”

“Do it.” No fucking hesitation. “I can’t take any more of this...I feel like I’m burning.” She panted.

Then, with the restraint that she didn’t know she had, she moved off from him and the bed, and stood facing him as he lay there looking at her in wild disbelief.

“Watch me, Draco...” she told him quietly, untying the bow behind her neck and letting the halter dress that she was wearing fall to the floor, pooling around her. “I want your eyes on me so I can watch what I’m doing to you...”

He never took his eyes off of her as she reached around to unhook her bra the bra. As she let it drop slowly, she swore she could see his mouth actually watering at the sight of her firm breasts. “I want to see how much you want me...”

She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her knickers and rolled them sensually down the bottom half of her body, watching his eyes following them until they hit the floor.

There was a moment; a few seconds that hung in the air and time seemed to stand still. It made her breathless with anticipation as she stood there and watched him drink in the sight of her body. His fists were clinging to her bedsheets and he was biting his lip roughly... she knew he was fighting an internal battle with himself.

“Do you want to know another secret Pansy doesn’t know about?” he asked her as his eyes raked hungrily down her naked frame.

She put her head to one side. “I’m all ears...” her hands were at the tops of her hips and rubbing her thighs and she watched his eyes dance with lust.

“All those time’s I’d take her into dark alcoves and empty classrooms...” he began darkly. “All those times I’d get her off around the back of the Quidditch pitch... all the times she’d break apart in my arms and scream for me...” he looked her dead in the eye. “...I thought about you.”

Hermione couldn’t help herself. She walked back over to the bed and started to crawl up next to him whilst keeping eye contact. And that was when Draco must have snapped, because as soon as her face came within a breaths distance from his, she heard him let out a frustrated growl before grabbing her forearms and rolling them down the bed until she was trapped beneath him.

Draco trailed hot kisses over her breasts, softly nipping and sucking at her olive skin. Bracing himself on one arm, he lowered his still clothed body against hers while he placed his other hand on her hip.

“Fuck, I need to feel your skin.” He told her as his voice rasped. “but the second I remove my trousers, it will be game over... I need to make this good for you...” his hips then began to move, and he

rubbed his cock right against her outer lips, making her throw her head back and groan frustratedly.

“Do that...” her breath caught, “again.” Hearing how breathless she was because of him seemed to make his body heat up with overwhelming desire and she almost wailed when she felt him press into her harder.

Hermione brought her hands to his shoulders and dug her nails into his skin. She pulled him down to her mouth and she felt him roll his hips against her again, and it made her body shudder beneath his. Her tongue started a fast and hot assault on his, and it set every nerve in his body alight. He slid his hand from her hip and down between her legs; cupping her sex earned him another low moan from the back of her throat.

He broke the kiss and was then staring into her shining eyes. She gasped as she felt his hand brush down her body and push a finger inside her.

“Fuck...Christ, Hermione...so wet.” He panted. “Oh God, I’m not going to have control for much fucking longer.” He moved his fingers inside of her and her lips opened and her eyes closed. He was so good at this... the suspense of everything.

“You’re so fucking ready for me,” he groaned, pressing his forehead to hers. “I’d love to feel you stretching around me now, Hermione...” he told her in a whisper as his fingers kept pumping. “Feel you walls cling to me... trying to keep me inside of you... fuck...” he bucked against her thigh and they both moaned.

She moved her hips up, rubbing herself against his hand harder, and when she sucked in a sharp breath, her movements becoming erratic and he could only stare at her. He looked fucking enthralled by her as her lashes lowered over her cinnamon eyes, and her lips parted. “I need you ...” she tried to speak when a low moan pushed up in her throat as he crooked his fingers inside of her. “Ah... Draco.”

Pressing his palm harder against her clit, he slipped another finger inside her, almost filling her completely and then he rubbed until she gasped sharply. He slightly sped up his movements, and within seconds her body arched up against him as if she needed to get as close to him as possible. He pushed his fingers deeper inside of her, rubbing faster over her clit with his palm.

“So fucking tight...it’s going to feel like torture to be inside of you and not want to thrust all of the way in straight away...” he told her on a breath. “I don’t know if I’ll be able to control myself...but I’ll try...” he said the last part playfully and Hermione groaned...she couldn’t take more games.

She grabbed hold of his biceps, and he watched her as her breathing became gasps and her cheeks flushed. He pulled his hand slightly away before he thrust his fingers back inside, going as deep as he could this time. Her body tensed with the pleasure, and then she was wrapping her arms around his neck. She pressed her face into the crook of his neck and tried to get her breathing to regulate before he sent her spiralling over the edge. She needed more than his fingers... she needed to feel him properly.

“I need you.” Those three soft words made him freeze. “I need something, Draco... I need more than your fingers.” She knew she was begging, but she didn’t care as his fingers continued their delicious assault inside of her.

“Would my mouth do the job?” he asked her coyly and kissed the side of her face, his bicep flexing every time his finger hit her sweet spot inside of her.

“You know what I want...” She took a deep breath. “Please...”

It was Draco’s turn to take a deep breath this time, knowing exactly what she was implying. “But you’re so close...” he whispered in her ear. “...I want to feel you clench around my fingers...” he said teasing.

"I want to come around you, Draco..." she breathed against his neck in reply. And then she uncurled herself and looked up at him. "I want to watch the look on your face when you feel me for the first time..."

She saw something flare in his eyes, and then panic rose inside of her when he started to pull away. She pulled at him, but he sat back on his legs; the broadness of him crowding over her and making her feel so impossibly small.

And then his hands were on his belt buckle, and he was lowering his pants and boxers over his hips until his cock sprang free. Fuck ... she'd seen it before, but fuck ... *so big*...

She watched as he gave himself a leisurely stroke and she couldn't help but let her mouth water. "Just the tip, then...?" he asked her menacingly, a hot look in his eyes mixed with humour.

"...I'll try and keep it shallow...for your sake." And he grinned at her. Oh...oh, he really was a teasing bastard.

He wore a devilish grin that took her right back to their school days. Her mouth went suddenly dry at his words though, and she held her breath as he then leaned forwards and his forehead connected with hers.

Her eyes looked up at him in wonder as she whispered; "Just don't stop. I want this, Draco..." She bucked her hips forward to feel him and oh...the head of his cock was right there... so close...

She didn't have to ask him twice. He moved slowly, keeping his eyes on her face to make sure he was not hurting her. She felt the head of his cock tease her entrance and her eyes widened; shit...he was going to ruin her from the inside out.

Instinctively, Hermione pushed up against him, instantly hearing his deep intake of breath and watching his eyes close as he stopped just past the push of her lips.

“Fuuuck...” he rattled out, eyes wide and bewildered.

“Oh, god...” she mewled.

“Relax.” He told her as he let the breath out. “I can’t feel you clench around me yet or I’ll fucking lose it.” One of his hands reached below them and he pushed her hip out further, trying to open her more for him. “Hermione...” he breathed in her ear as she tried to relax the bottom half of her body. “Are you on contraception?” his words were low.

She looked at him and shook her head. She hadn’t thought. Shit – maybe there was still time to grab her wand and cast a –

“Good.” He said hotly against her ear, and then he was pushing in, starting to fill her. “Makes it dangerous...naughty- fucking hell, Hermione...” she clenched around him and he started to pant. “...be the fucking death of me...”

He Kept his touch gentle, comforting her with praise and kissing her neck and shoulder... but the ache in her core from opening for him was almost bringing tears to her eyes. She felt his hips stop with every small buck forward, then he would reposition himself slightly and then inch forward the smallest amount again. Each movement he made caused a small groan to escape him.

“Too tight, Hermione.” He muttered at his last thrust and his head sank into her shoulder. He stilled himself and Hermione felt his body almost give up in defeat. But she wouldn’t fucking have it. He wasn’t going to take this away from them both now... she would take whatever she could get; even if that meant only getting the bloody tip.

She thrust her hips forwards slightly, and they both groaned into each other’s necks as he filled her just that little bit more. He stayed still, but she did it again and felt him sink slightly more into her and fuck...the pain mixed with the pleasure so beautifully.

“Please, Draco.” She whispered into his ear. “I need you to move... move for me...let me feel you.”

She heard him groan deeply, and then felt his hips shift against hers and he surged forwards slightly, putting his arms out on either side of her for support.

“Yes...” she moaned out, the feeling of him fitting into her and stretching her beyond anything she had ever experienced.

“Hermione... so fucking good...” he shuddered against her.

He thrust forwards again, going a fraction deeper with every thrust. Her breathing began to pick up again, and he looked at her with a small smirk on his face “Is that better, love?” he could tell she had stopped tensing around him so much. His eyes were bright and he looked positively feral.

“So good,” she breathed, and brought her thighs up to wrap around his hips, which made him sink into her even further. “Don’t stop... never stop...”

“Fuck, Hermione... you don’t know what you do to me...” he told her as he thrust into her gently, in and out but never going deeper.... keeping shallow in his thrusts and looking at her face in wonder the whole time. “You’re doing so well... such a good girl for me...”

She threw her head back then, and he took that as the cue to quicken the pace, but never inching further... he was staying within his boundaries, where he knew he was safe.

“Fucking hell, Hermione.” He grabbed a fist full of her hair as he thrust into her, making her pant and moan as she felt herself being stretched for him over and over and fuck... it felt incredible. She could only imagine what the rest of him inside of her would feel like. “You make me lose myself...I need to go fast and hard but –“

“Do it.” She moaned and thrust herself up so he went into her further, and they both hissed. His hand went down and he held her hip against the mattress forcefully.

He gave her a dangerous look. “If we’re doing this, then it’s me controlling the pace Hermione...” he grinned wickedly at her again. “Can’t let you have everything now, can I?”

And then she was moaning. His rhythm became punishing as he rocked into her up to his stopping point, her moans spurring her on. His hand had a harsh grip on her hip and his pace was almost out of control as Hermione heard the bed around them rocking against the wall.

Shit ... this wasn’t even proper fucking... this was still like foreplay... he was going to kill her when he actually did fuck her.

“Do you like it hard like that?” he asked her with a smirk as his hips continued to pump. “Imagine what it would feel like with me all the way inside of you...”

Her eyes rolled into the back of her head when his fingers snuck down to her clit. She needed more... her body was reaching for something that was just out of reach... she needed more of him...needed to feel more of him. But his fingers were creating a delicious sensation, and that combined with his shallow thrusts and the almost tortured look on his face had her hurtling towards the edge.

Fuck, this man was good.

“I’m- I’m going to- ...” she threw her head back. He knew what she meant, because his fingers punished her clit with his quick pace and his cock rocked even harder into her, the headboard coming away from the bed and banging back against it as she moaned.

“Don’t stop. Oh, god... don’t stop!” she cried and her thighs and arms clung to him, her hips trying to move but his hand stopped her from

inching to feel more of him inside her. She was going to implode as she felt herself reaching higher and higher.

“Need to feel you.” He rasped out. “Come for me, Granger.” He told her roughly as his lips traced her pulse point. “Waited so long for this...” he then bit down on her neck, his tongue lapping at her flesh as he did.

“Come with me.” Her breathing hitched, and the strangled cry from his lips is the most beautiful sound ever. “Draco... oh my god- Draco...” she started to convulse; seeing bright lights flash in front of her eyes as she barrelled head first into one of the most intense orgasms she had ever experienced.

“This is for you, Hermione.” He panted. “That’s it – Fuck, that feeling...” he mumbled to himself against her neck as he kept thrusting into her. “Never forget that feeling...”

Draco must have noticed the slight discomfort on her face, because he slowed his movements almost to a stop as he looked down at her, watching her. Always watching her.

Her own movements started to slow down, and her hips started to do an erotic grind against his as she rode out her orgasm. “Draco....that was –“

“Yes...” he agreed between breaths, and then they both winced as he pulled his still hard cock out of her.

She frowned. “Did you not want to-“

“I wasn’t in far enough.” He told her quietly before lying back against the headboard and looking down at her with a small smile. “Doesn’t matter, though...it’s normal for me.”

It saddened her that this situation was normal for him. He had seemed like he had got so much pleasure from their experience... but maybe ...

She sat up onto her knees, climbing up until she straddled his lap. "Can I touch you?" she asked as she gently reached out to touch his manhood. His hand stopped her wrist.

"I'd rather you just lay on me, Hermione..." he told her with a small smile on his lips. She heard the belt buckle go and he put himself back into his pants, still hard. "I'd prefer to just feel you on me... around me."

Her heart melted, and as he scooted down her bed and held his arm up for her to snuggle in under it, she realised then that she liked all of this too much.

She liked Draco Malfoy too much.

General Malfoy

Chapter 10: General Malfoy

"You need a dilator." Pansy told her as her eyes trailed the top shelf. "You need something to...erm...prepare you gradually for him."

Hermione nodded. She had just thought of getting a bigger dildo, but a dilator would do the job gradually and she wouldn't be left in a world of discomfort for hours after. She fully intended in making the next few days count when it came to preparing herself properly...she was a woman on a mission.

She had done a lot of thinking since Friday. Although it was lovely to lie there and cuddle with Draco Malfoy on her bed, it would have been even lovelier to satisfy him between the sheets. She wanted to let loose and feel every girthy inch of him inside of her. She wanted him to lose his inhibitions and go for it; she wanted him to wreck her.

She knew why he didn't. She knew why he had made the verbal threats of letting himself loose on her, but never fully doing it. Pansy had told her as much – he didn't want to chase her off. His past conquests had obviously caused him to treat rejection as normal; no one would last because they didn't want what he had.

But Draco Malfoy had so much to offer. He was a gentleman with a wickedly naughty edge. He was attractive and had an edge of mystery to him, which only added to his appeal. And yet, beneath all of that was a cautious young man who was so scared of rejection that he held himself back for fear of having his heart broken.

Hermione wasn't going to break his heart. If he ever decided to give it to her then she would gladly keep it safe; she had no intentions of running away from any of this. Quite the opposite, actually. She planned on preparing herself to the point of being the one who could

take all of him. She wanted to give him everything she had, give him everything she thought he deserved.

"I might need to look up oral techniques too." She told Pansy as she accepted the box that the girl had gotten down from the shelf. "What to do ...how to relax...that sort of thing..."

Pansy smirked at her. "Breathe and relax your lips and jaw," she told her, giving Hermione an example as she did it herself.

"Doesn't look very flattering." Hermione frowned, but the witch did have a point.

"Neither is gagging when the tip of his cock reaches the back of your throat." Pansy retorted pointedly as she got down from the ladders. "But you'll never get that far if you've already suffocated on it beforehand."

"Good point." Hermione nodded. "Continue."

"Use your hands." She announced, going round to the counter as Hermione followed her. "I'm well aware you've given a blowjob before, but hands will feel good on the places you can't fit in your mouth." She then smiled devilishly. "And don't be surprised if he gets into it and grabs your hair fucks your mouth ... he has less control when he's being sucked off."

Yes. She needed that. She needed him to lose it in a big way.

"And lube." Pansy noted casually. "Stock up on it... I'm sure there will be times when you won't need it, but it's handy to have when you're caught off guard by him..." she winked. "He likes to do that sometimes."

Hermione was momentarily brought back to what Draco had told her about the things he did with Pansy in school, thinking about her while he did them... she had half a mind to bring it up with Pansy, but she had far too respect and love for her to even go there. She wasn't

sure it was something she was aware of, and Hermione was certainly not going to be the one to bring it up.

“Is he the one who sent you those?” Pansy asked coyly, pointing down to the small note that lay beneath a gift.

Hermione smiled and nodded. “He sent them this morning.”

Spearmint Polo’s with a small parchment letter wrapped around them. The message on the parchment was simple, but it meant so much.

To the girl with the apple shampoo,

Been thinking about walking that line.

Fancy walking it with me?

D

It had made her melt. It had sent her giddy for the rest of the day, and that was when Hermione had decided that she had to do some proper research. Had to be the one to end the torment for him and bring him the sort of pleasure that he hadn’t managed to experience yet. Hermione Granger was nothing if stubborn and determined.

“Oh... hump him.” Pansy said with a swoon as she looked over the letter. “For the love of god, do something. Pin him down and just bloody do it already... you’re turning the poor man into a sap.”

Hermione gave her friend a fake glare and snatched the parchment from her. “I’ve told you, it’s not me...I’ve practically begged him... even the tip of him had me gasping.” She moaned in frustration. “He was only about quarter of the way in and he had me feeling like I was going to tear in two... in a good way.”

Pansy shoved the box of different sized dilators at her friends. "Then go and practice."

Hermione laughed.

"Now." Pansy told her seriously and the smile fell from Hermione's face. "Go home, try them out and then thank me on Friday night when you've finally climbed that man mountain and reached the metaphorical summit."

"But I'm not-"

"Go." Pansy pointed at the door. "You and Draco can thank me later... *oohh*...all of this sex talk just makes me want to apparate to Potters office again and-"

"Stop." Hermione said and grabbed the box. "Don't say another word, I'm going." And she started walking out of the shop.

"He's the best sex I've ever had," Pansy shouted to her retreating back. "The way those hips pump-"

"Stop it-" Hermione walked faster.

"He had me red raw last week-"

"You're disgusting-" she put her hands over her ears.

"-I swear at one point he made me squirt-"

"-oh, we are NOT friends!" Hermione opened the door in order to make a quick escape.

"-goes down better than a submarine-".

"GOODBYE PARKINSON!"

Her friends were all sex obsessed deviants.

And she was extremely jealous.

“I bet she likes a good spank on the arse, our Pans...”

“-with a paddle-“

“-while being tied up-“

“gagged-“

“-blindfolded-“

“And Potter over there probably likes making her *expecto* his *Patronum*-“

Pansy put her hand over her face as she shook her head. “Filth... absolute filth.” .

“Not wrong, though...” Harry grinned as he took the mirror from Pansy’s hands. She gave him a coy smile and Hermione wondered just how often they saw each other to look so close and fully enthralled in each other’s presence.

Pansy and Harry both signed the contract, with Pansy happily signing the disclaimer at the bottom. Hermione had yet to sign hers, but she already had a feeling she knew who would be signing alongside her. She just still wasn’t sure whether she was going to sign the disclaimer or not...her friends seeing her deepest fantasies just didn’t seem to sit well with her.

“Can we just get this over with please?” Draco asked as he sat amongst the fuchsia pink of Pansy’s scatter cushions, looking deeply uncomfortable and misplaced amongst all of the colour. “I’ve not had enough alcohol to deal with the imagery of Potter’s Patronus.”

“Well... we’re about to see a whole lot more of it.” Theo quipped, sitting down next to Draco and scattering some of the cushions to

the floor. "Good God Pansy, it looks like a bloody Unicorn has thrown up all over this room."

It was pink and loud. Just like Pansy. Every room in her flat had flashes and shades of pink. It wasn't all to Hermione's taste, but she had to admire the girl for the particular flare that she brought to the place. She was sure however, that the men were starting to get headaches from the amount of colour embedded within the room.

"What makes you think Potter will be in my fantasy?" she asked defensively. "Remember a woman's mind works a little differently to a man's... we have actual fantasies...we think about where and when and who... not just how we want to be fucked."

Theo raised a curious eyebrow and looked over at Harry. "Think she's trying to tell you that you'll be sitting this one out, Potter..."

Harry shrugged. "Not arsed mate." He told his friend casually as he sat opposite Pansy who was sitting at her dining room table. "She's already told me her particular kinks...the things she imagines... we've even played one of two of them out..." He said smugly as he set the mirror down in front of him.

Draco winced. Blaise snorted. Theo's eyebrow raised even higher. "Heavens to Betsy Potter, lay off or you'll be acting them out for us next."

"You might learn something, Theodore." Pansy told him with a smirk.

Theo rolled his eyes. "Highly unlikely," he said with his nose in the air. "Potter probably can't even find the clitoris without the Marauder's map."

"Harsh." Draco shook his head and chuckled.

Harry stuck his middle finger up at his friend. Pansy decided she was no longer listening and was pulling the stopper out of the vial. "Get

ready for a performance.” She said with a small wink at Hermione, before downing the little glass bottle.

Black eyes turned pink, and Hermione manoeuvred her way around to Harry in order to show him how to get the mirror working.

As she stood behind Harry with a hand on his shoulder, she felt the other boys gathering around behind to watch the proceedings. She felt Draco very close behind her like he had done the very first time; his front to her back.

“Looking good tonight, Granger...” came his voice in her ears as he leaned right in against her, his hand falling to her hip and squeezing slightly. “Hope you’ve decided to for-go the underwear...” his hand trailed down her arse cheek, gripping it. “...the thought of you knicker-less has done things to me all week...”

She swallowed and gave him a small smile, hearing him chuckle darkly in her ears, only for her.

“What...” Came Blaise’s confused face as he watched the mirror flash and the images started coming into view. “...what the bloody hell is Pansy wearing?” he asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Oh, how very ‘*Southern Belle*’ of her...” Theo interrupted, leaning over Harry’s shoulder. “Christ... when Pansy has a fantasy, Pansy has a fantasy...”

“She told me about this one...” Harry chuckled. “...always had a thing for ‘*Gone with the Wind*’, apparently...”

“Who’s...” Hermione squinted, trying to get a good look as Pansy’s elaborate dress took up most of the mirror in the room. She spotted a tall figure coming in to view...her hand flew to her mouth in realisation as the image of the man came into view. “Oh my goodness... is that-“

"Oh...oh, no...." Came Draco's utterly disgusted voice from behind her. She felt him shift and groan. "Please, no..."

"Mate... is that your *Dad*?" Theo was beaming. "Pansy Parkinson's ultimate fantasy is being cast back to the American Muggle Civil War and being given a good rodgering by the senior male of the Malfoy family?"

"...also something that I was aware of..." Harry nodded in answer as he watched Pansy in the mirror intently. "...wasn't aware your Dad was packing like you were though, Draco..."

those slacks don't exactly hide his modesty...he's got a pipe in his trousers."

Draco groaned louder before Hermione felt him moving away. "Can't watch this...feel sick..." She turned around and watched him leave the room, unsure now of whether she could bring herself to watch or not.

"Never going to let him forget this." Theo said gleefully, rubbing his hands. "Lock up your Father's and brace yourselves, lads... Pansy's on the prowl..."

"Why, I do declare sir...your presence has surprised me!" she curtseyed and gave him the flash of a winning smile, her thick skirts swishing out behind her.

He was a tall, broad and well sort-after gentleman with his long blonde hair kept back in a ponytail. "I was wondering if I could have a moment of your time, Miss Pansy.." he gave her a knowing and devilish grin. "...I'd like to speak with you in private, if you will permit it..."

She knew what that meant. She took him in as he stood there in his Confederate uniform; every inch the soldier, complete with a gun

over his shoulder. Oh... the trouble she would gladly get into for General Malfoy.

"Father won't be home for another few hours..." she batted her eyelashes and studied him coyly.

General Malfoy made a movement with his arm. "After you then, Miss Pansy..."

She felt him follow her through the Manor. She felt his gaze on her back as she led him up the grand staircase and past the beautifully decorated doors and the tall arched windows along the corridors.

She knew she shouldn't. She knew it was wrong, but she had harboured such a crush on this man since her youth; since he had first come to her father with the proposal of an eventual arranged marriage between herself and his son...the late Draco. He was sadly killed in battle two years ago, leaving Pansy without ties and with her virginity still intact –

"SHE'S KILLED ME OFF?!" Hermione winced as she heard Draco's voice billow from the Living room door. "I'll fucking have her for this ... savage behaviour..."

"I for one think its fan-bloody-tastic, old bean." Theo told him enthusiastically, looking far too happy with the situation. "Barely waiting for Malfoy Jrs decaying corpse to go cold before she's trying Malfoy snr on for size... or 'in', depending on how you see it..."

Hermione heard another moan come from the Living room door. She tried really hard to hide her laughter.

"Eh up.... she doesn't waste time does she..." Blaise said in amazement as Harry tutted. "Your Dad's an eager Beaver, Mate." He looked over and gave Draco a smirk.

“He’s eager for Pansy’s beaver...” Came Theo’s depraved reply, full of smug self-satisfaction. “I feel like I’m going to enjoy this more than Pansy...”

“Got a thing for my father have you, Theodore?” Draco asked him in a deadpan tone, arms crossed as he leaned against the doorframe.

Theo snorted. “Even if I did, I’d have to get in line, evidently...”

“It’s you I’ve always wanted, General... it was never your son.” She told him as he closed the door and rounded on her. He grabbed her arms and pulled her to him.

He said nothing, but put his lips forcefully to hers, kissing her soundly and letting his tongue trail her bottom lip until she opened her mouth to taste his tongue. His hands slowly started to undress her, needing to feel more of her flesh as she reached out to take of his jacket –

“Look at her go!” Theo said excitedly. “Eh Draco! Does you Dad undress your mum with that much ease?”

“Fuck. Off. Theodore.” Was the only muffled reply from Draco, who was now in another room.

“Rude.” He replied with a tut. “I was only curious.”

Completely naked now, she fell backwards onto the bed, then smiled up at him as the flush returned to her face.

“I’m ready for you, General...”

Her body swung until her legs were spread eagle in front of him, hands gripping behind her ankles. “I want you inside me...please.... take me...”

He guided the head of his cock to her entrance and she knew he could feel the warm, soaked wetness there. Pansy squirmed and her eyes rolled back.

She looked at him and saw him look almost impatient as she felt too. The hardness of his bulging pecs grazed her soft, supple breasts. He brought his lips to her ear, "Are you ready, Miss Pansy?"

She nibbled the tip of her finger and grins. "Yes... take me General Malfoy...I need this...I want to be a virgin no longer..."

She could feel the head slipping in, her slick folds giving way to his size. She squinted hard as his thick girth spread her outer lips wide.

"It's... so big..." She winced at the pain of his penetration. Her tightness clenched around his shaft and his dick throbbed against her virgin walls. She moaned long and deep and he kept pushing. This man would be the death of her... this powerful man with his long, blonde mane..."

His dick was halfway inside when she felt her hymen break and she knew the deed was done. General Malfoy was going to be her first ... and she was going to love it. Something about that realization only served to invigorate his thrusting. He grabbed her legs and spread them further and continued pushing, determined to go balls deep.

Her back arched and her hips moved to guide the insertion deeper. She was whimpering under her breath—the pain of his enormous size blending with the tingling pleasure up her spine. Her hips pitched up in the air with a sudden jolt when his cock bottomed out at her cervix.

"Agh!" She moaned. Her pelvis bucked against his hard abs and she rode him with a thrust of her hips.

"Oh, Goodness!" She screamed and her eyelids fluttered. Her thighs wrapped around the back of his arse so she could pull him in deeper.

His dick twitched. She could feel the mounting pressure building inside of her. She threw her hips against his and felt his dick pressing against her cervix.

It felt too good to stop. She locked her ankles around his back and fucked him with wild abandon. Fuck she was getting close... If she kept it up like this then she just might... and maybe he would...

“Oh my—Miss Pansy—I can’t hold it!” he scrunched his face and mustered all the concentration he could to stop himself from coming right inside her tight little passage.

“Do it, General Malfoy; I want you to!” Her body writhed against his abdomen with more encouraging humps. She bit her lower lip and her mouth curled at the ends in a mischievous grin. “I want you to...”

“Oh- goodness!” Her calves slapped against his arse and she pulled him in deep and held him there. She knew he couldn’t fight that kind of pleasure. No man could. There was nothing left to do but make him lose himself in bliss, let it overtake him.

“Yes... Yes! Good Lord!” Pansy moaned as her walls started to flutter around his cock and his balls relinquished their seed deep inside her. Her whole-body shuddered beneath him and her legs buckled.

“Pansy – oh, Pansy!”

A thick spray of semen filled her uterus and she knew there was no going back. The orgasmic contractions took over and she was lost in a sea of euphoria. Every twitch of his cock emptied a deluge of cum into her canal. She became so swept up into her own orgasmic convulsions that she could hear herself screaming and shouting.

When her tightness milked the final drop of cum from his balls, he collapsed on top of Pansy and their bodies slipped in a sheen of naked sweat. He held her in his arms and rolled her on top of him, holding her close.

She rested her small head against his collar bone and closed her eyes.

General Malfoy was a very passionate man...

There were a few seconds of silence, in which no one could bring themselves to speak. Even Theo seemed lost for words. Hermione saw this as her opportunity to slip out of the door and find him. Draco was nowhere to be seen, but she knew where he would be, consoling his misery. She quietly started to make her way to the bathroom, leaving the boys to their own thoughts.

“Well... that was...” Blaise scratched his head.

“...I mean... she certainly has an imagination...” Harry answered, feeling the need to take his glasses off and give them a rub.

Theo sat back and giggled. “I can’t wait to tell old Lucius.” He said with absolute glee. “He’ll die of a heart attack.”

“So would Draco.” Blaise told him mirthfully.

“Even better.”

“Hi,” Hermione said shyly, toying with the door handle. “I had to wait until no one was looking before I could make my way in here...”

He looked pensive, sat on the edge of the bathtub, elbows on his knees. “I’ll never be able to have sex again...” he grumbled. “No man should have to see that...”

Hermione hid her smirk, and went for fake insult instead. “Oh, but that’s a shame...considering what I’ve been practicing this week...” she shut the door behind her, taking in the sight of his large frame poised against the tub. He looked huge in comparison. Fuck, she’d been thinking about that body of his all week.

His head shot up inquisitively, suddenly looking very interested.
“Practicing?”

She nodded slowly, edging towards him. She was itching to get her hands on him. She knew it was risky being in Pansy’s bathroom, but if she could just get him cornered... maybe he would give in, just a little.

He couldn’t help but smile at her. She knew all of this was supposed to be about playing around and casual sex; just some fun. Or that’s what it had started out as, anyway. But there was nothing casual about the way she felt whenever she saw him.

Draco got up from the bath and moved towards her, pulling her into his arms. She started smiling as he leaned down to kiss her; a moan escaping from her lips and into his mouth. She kissed him back with enthusiasm, entwining her arms tightly around his neck as he dipped himself down to reach for her.

“Is it bad that I can’t focus on anything? I’m not even doing my job in work properly because I can’t stop thinking about you... if I get the sack you will be entirely to blame,” he told her between kisses, his hands reaching down to squeeze her arse and pull her closer to him.

“Maybe that’s a good thing... then you won’t have to attend any meetings, and you can come and sit with me in the shop all day... give me something pretty to look at.” She giggled, and he gave a playful growl before lifting her up into his arms.

“What have you been practicing, Hermione?” he asked in her ear, her feet off the floor as she gripped his upper arms, nails digging in.

She took in a deep breath. “How to take more of you in...”

He stilled and brought his face back to look at her. There was a dark and hungry expression there; something she had only seen once or twice before he reined himself back in. “Oh, Hermione... watch the

things you say to me..." he told her in a warning tone. "...you might not like the affect they have..." he was practically purring in her ear.

She looked at him defiantly. She meant it this time; she needed to see his darker side. She was craving it. "Try me." Was all she said.

Hermione threw her arms around his neck as he suddenly moved with pace, feeling her back hitting the tiled wall of Pansy's bathroom.

"Show me how..." he whispered in her ear. "...how have you been practicing?"

Hermione gasped, her head falling back. "I've been using dilators ... to stretch..." she heard him suck in breath when she grabbed his hand and put it under her dress, directing his fingers to where she needed them. "Learning how to relax my muscles to take you in deeper..." he hissed in her ear when he felt her hot heat over the top of her underwear. All for him. "...I need you to come inside of me, Draco..." she whispered, seeing him shudder.

"I need to fucking fill you up... make you leak with it... thought about that far too many times..." he told her as his fingers felt her through the fabric.

She mewled as his words penetrated her and his hand drove her beyond crazy. She needed this man desperately. She needed whatever he could give her.

"And you've done all of this for me?..." he licked her earlobe before nibbling it. When she nodded, he grazed her neck with his stubble. "Spread those thighs wide for me, Hermione...I'm going to leave you with bruises on your arse cheeks from my fingers, this time."

"Please..." she was panting already.

"You smell fucking delicious..." he said into her hair as he brought his hands back up and one grabbed the back of her head and she felt him grinding into her pelvis really hard. She keened and felt herself

wiggling against him, needing to feel him closer to her and he groaned.

“Fuck...keep doing that and I’ll take you...” he bucked hard against her hips and she brought her legs up and around his waist, spreading her thighs for him. Another thrust sent her back slamming against the wall... fuck; he never usually went this hard...she moaned quietly with the pleasure and he put his hand up to her mouth.

She was looking into his eyes as he pinned her roughly against the wall. This wasn’t the pace she was used to with him, but she decided that she most definitely liked it. She wanted this ... wanted to feel the bit of animal inside of him that she had been told was in there. There was a primal look on his face, and the heat pooled between her thighs at the sight of him losing control.

“Quiet, Hermione...” he told her in a hushed voice. “...you can scream when I tell you to.”

Then Draco’s hands found the bottom of her dress again, and he roughly pulled it up before letting her body fall against the wall and making his way down her body. As he put one of her thighs over his shoulder, she bit on her lip and weaved her fingers into his hair.

Draco kissed the inside of her olive thighs and nipped them, leaving a trail of wet kisses as his hands parted her legs roughly so he could position his head between them. Her dress had now ridden up; her sunflower-coloured silk knickers were revealed to him.

“Cover your hand with your mouth.” He told her gruffly. “I don’t want to hear you.”

He touched her right there. She knew he could see evidence of her swollen clit through the thin fabric. She gasped and arched her hips up towards him. “Is this what you want?” he asked her in a heavy voice. “If you want this then it will have to be fast and rough, Hermione... I need to feel you shaking for me...see how much you can handle?” he grinned up at her darkly.

She was overcome with desire for him. She knew he could see it too. Hermione nodded her head. "I want you to..." she told him on a moan. "Do your worst..."

Draco didn't even bother to remove her knickers so he could take her with his mouth. He pulled the elastic to the side and his lips started to suck unmercifully.

"Oh-fuck!" She moaned into her hand and gripped his head. Her clit was already swollen and ready; her outer lips were so sensitive. She knew he just wanted to make her feel good...show her the animal he had inside of him. His tongue drove into her core, in and out as it made her shiver. She moaned into her hand again and wriggled underneath his actions.

"Stop." Lick. "Making." Suck. "Noise." Rip. He had ripped her knickers clean off from her body, tucking them into the pocket of his pants, and then his hands were on her arse and his lips and tongue were torturing her as his stubble rubbed against her clit.

"Draco, please," she moaned, muffled by her hand as she bucked her hips against his face. He only went faster and harder against her. She tried to bring her pelvis back from his face but he held her still, his tongue licking hard against her clit and fuck... she was getting close.

He looked up at her to see her pinching her nipples through the fabric of her dress and bra. His mouth was covered in her juices... He looked fucking indescribable. "Please..." was all she said as she looked at him through hooded eyes, clutching at the wall. She looked down at him with her mouth parted. "Let me see how much of you I can take..."

He stood tall then with a feral look on his features. He looked determined and she knew that his will power had been completely lost. "Let's see what you've been learning for me then, love..." He stretched himself over her again, and she clamped her hands on his shoulders tightly.

“Just don’t pull back because you think you’re hurting me....” she said, peering into his eyes. He kissed her neck, shoulder and collarbone, making her shiver. “...let me adjust...”

“I won’t give you time, Granger...I want you sunk all the way down on my cock...” he replied in her ear with a growl. “I won’t stop until every inch of me is right where I need to be...” She arched her back again at his words, thrusting her hips and breasts towards him. He took one breast in hand and flicked and twisted her nipple through her dress until she shuddered.

Then that hand went to her throat, squeezing slightly as his other reached down to stroke her now exposed cunt again. He slipped one finger inside her roughly, pumping in and out as her head fell back against the wall. Then another. She started rocking herself against his hand, making keening noises as his thumb flicked against her clit.

“Yes, Draco... God, please....” a hand went to her hip and brought her down onto his hand forcefully and kept her rocking. “I’m –“

“Don’t you dare come.” He told her harshly and his teeth went back to the junction between her neck and shoulder. “Not until you’ve shown me how much of me you can take...”

He moved his fingers inside her furiously, pumping the two digits quickly in and out of her while she moved with him, her back practically rattling against the wall as he forced her up it. He didn’t stop until he was sure she was ready for him.

Hermione heard the zip coming undone on his pants as he expertly managed to free himself with one hand whilst keeping her pinned to the wall. He looked at her then as he positioned his cock over between her lips, and Hermione opened her hips wider and kept looking at him as he started to push forwards.

Oh...fuck... this position... so much pressure. She keened and tried her best to breath and relax...breath and relax.

There was less resistance this time as the dilators she had been using had come in very handy. She had forgot to bring the lube with her though, which was also something she had been practicing with... but oh... the sensation of him filling her inch by fucking marvellous inch...

"Yes..." she hissed with desire, and slowly, he entered her a little more. She watched him close his eyes and restrain himself from pushing forwards completely into her. She felt him opening her up wide until she felt like she wouldn't be able to take much more... but the more she relaxed and adjusted, the more he sank into her, filling her up.

"Christ, Granger..." he moaned. "So fucking tight I can barely move..."

She was so tight, she knew that. So small and she could see it in his face as he looked at her like she was burning him from the inside out. She could tell he had thought about pulling out, giving her some space to adjust, but she dug her nails into his back the moment she sensed he was about to pull out.

Then she had to do it; had to feel him all of the way inside of her. Her walls were quivering with his size and his small moans in her ear were not helping, so she slowly let her hands wonder down to his arse, and just like she saw in his fantasy...she pulled his arse forwards, into her, causing his hips to thrust his cock all the way in.

"Fuck!" he muffled as his thrust sent her back slamming against the wall. "Fuck, Hermione – feel so fucking good – fuck..." his head was in her shoulder and his hips thrust against her experimentally, making them both whimper.

"Shit...Draco... that feels-" she breathed out wiggling her pelvis to feel him sink into her impossibly more... whoever created those dilators needed a fucking medal. "Do it... fuck me." She whispered in his ear. "Hard."

Draco became unleashed.

On a groan, he thrust deeper and deeper into her, parting her roughly each time he pulled out and then forced his cock back in. It was delicious torture, being stretched almost past her comfort but God... it felt so good.

She breathed heavily as her head banged against the wall, holding his gaze as his hips pounded into hers furiously. He looked lost and completely enthralled; like all he could see and feel and want was her. Her hazel eyes suddenly grew bigger, glazing over, until finally, they both knew the length of his cock was fully inside her as far as it could go, as the tip nudged at something inside of her.

"You feel that?" he asked on a groan as his hips pistoned into her. "If I came inside of you, that's where I'd be aiming for –" he kept hitting the spot, making her pant breathlessly. " -right there; I'd give you everything, Hermione."

A shudder ran through her. Everything... "Give me everything." She told him between thrusts of her hips against him.

He groaned. "Don't say things you don't mean..." and then he thrust so deep her mouth opened in a silent 'o'.

Draco was inside of her the deepest he could go now. He had filled her up... she had done it; got there for him. Still a tight stretch and a little uncomfortable, but the pain was far outweighed by the pleasure. Draco was right ... he had ruined her for any other man.

Hermione couldn't help the moan she made against him. He placed a hand on the side of the wall to steady himself as she clung to him, stretching out closer over her, his breath tickling her face as he continued to pump into her, making them both moan against each other.

"So good...will you come for me like this?" he asked in a low whisper.

“Oh fuck...” She moaned, throwing her head back biting her lip. “Keep doing that and I’ll come for you...” he was hitting just the right spot, and she could feel the power of each of his thrusts from his hips and down into his thighs...at full throttle, this man could very well kill her.

“So fucking good...always knew you would feel fucking amazing, Hermione...” he panted into her ear “All those times I thought about fucking you in every classroom at Hogwarts...” he kissed her earlobe and her eyes rolled into the back of her head.

“Imagine what you would look like when you came around my cock...fuck, I’m so deep inside of you, Granger...” he rotated his hips so his pelvic bone hit her clit and she almost screamed. “...would be dangerous if I did come...”

Oh, she fucking wanted the danger right now. She wanted all of it.

She was rolling her hips as he whispered those dirty little things into her ear. Things that had her blood singing and her skin goose-pimpling at the thought as he continued to keep hitting that spot inside of her over and over again.

“Never thought I’d have this... always thought you would think I was a monster...” Hermione held him tighter. “...you gave me a chance...” he went panting against her ear. “Won’t be able to stop, feels too good...I’m falling...” she frowned at his last words but then didn’t have time to register them properly as his hips suddenly picked up a punishing pace, leaving her breathless.

Roughly moving, pumping, thrusting. The sound of the wall thudding underneath her. He reached out and grabbed the wall behind her as he pushed his cock in and out of her furiously. With every harsh thrust, she groaned, moving closer and closer to the edge and his breathing became erratic in her ear. She needed him close... wanted him to be close...

“All mine... fuck...can’t get enough...” Draco babbled between thrusts, lost in his own pleasure.

Hermione clung on to him as her hips bounced off the wall. She could not help the moans escaping her mouth, drawing blood from biting down on her lip to stop herself from screaming.

“Oh, God – yes – Draco – that’s it- Oh!” her eyes rolled back into her head yet again.

He found her clit. So swollen and moist. With his thumb, he stroked her, rubbing her in a coaxing, circular motion. Massaging it while he continued to thrust his cock inside her. “That’s it, come for me... scream my fucking name, Granger...” She cried out with the pleasure this time. This was exactly what she needed. Her body kept bouncing underneath him, and he knew she would come soon.

In and out, their bodies collided and sank and moved until finally, her grip on his shoulders tightened to the point of pain and her head felt almost concussed from being hit against the wall repeatedly. She could feel it building... if he kept up his rough pace then she would be coming in minutes.

The combination of the size of him hitting parts of her she didn’t even know existed, and the idea of him being close himself was going to send her over the edge.

“Draco...I’m going to-“

“Do it for me, I want my name on your lips when you fucking explode.” He grabbed her arse and he was right; he was going to leave bruises. Delicious, deep bruises.

“Fuck- DRACO!” one hand went up to muffle her scream and he bit down on her neck, right on the pulse point that had her body spasming as she catapulted off the edge, tumbling into the orgasmic abyss.

She cried out his name into his hand again, and she came. Her thighs shook as her body arched back and she pressed her eyes closed, coming beautifully for him, and he was still inside of her while she stilled and started to moved slowly.

“So fucking beautiful...” he whispered against her hair, and she pulled her hair back up to look down on him.

Their breaths mingled. Their moans become softer as she wiggled her hips. She was slowly climbing down the spiral of her orgasm when she saw the look of blissful frustration on his face. He looked at her in wonder...but he was still hard. She still hadn't made him come.

Don't let him think

She pushed him out of her and away, catching him off guard as he backed up to the wall opposite now, looking at her in lust-filled bewilderment. She knew he was close... if she could keep up the pressure now then he just might...

Before he could protest, she was down on her knees in front of him. His eyes followed her curiously as she positioned himself in front of his cock and without warning, took it in both hands.

[img: https://sun9-39.userapi.com/impf/VYhpKWVXnLYBDA5CA9LKgd-UlunLXfQITow_2g/dpv4Gamaq8c.jpg?size=1716x2160&quality=96&sign=a178534fb3b3324dc94118b4ff4e7bbd&type=album]

Artwork created by Nadia Polyakova

<https://www.instagram.com/nadiapolyakova89/>

Shit... she knew she was in trouble when it took two hands.

His head fell back against the wall. "Fuck...Hermione, you don't have to... it's fine-"

Her hands ran down the length of his dick and he groaned loudly, looking down at her with one hand playing in her hair. "I want to." She told him as she pumped him. "Let me try and make you... I want to do this."

She saw the fight in his eyes, so she inched forwards and licked the tip of his cock and watched his eyes roll back. He didn't argue with her again after that.

She flashed an almost devious smirk that made his cock twitch and leak with precum and then stood up, leaning herself in against him. He turned them so she was pressed back up against the wall as he felt her breasts through her dress.

Her fingers wrapped gingerly around his large cock one at a time again, flexing and making him moan at the contact. His thick shaft made her whole hand look tiny in comparison. She tugged at the base with gentle strokes and she knew it felt so fucking good for him because he had to stop sucking the pulse point on her neck just so he could catch his breath.

"I've been researching how to make you come for me..." She caught his deep stormy eyes again and a shiver ran up and down her spine. "I won't stop until I've done this for you Draco...you know I am stubborn..."

He could only grunt in response. She pressed her hands against the bulge of his pectorals, letting it wriggle its way down his body until he released her and she started to sink slowly towards the floor again, ready to make him moan.

She nuzzled her nose into his thigh and tentatively curled her tongue around his aching balls. He almost lost it when she smiled back up at

him. She slowly used her tongue to lick the shaft in a straight line up to the tip and kissed there, tasting herself on his skin. Her supple lips parted over the head of his rock-hard dick and she knew he could feel the hot, moist air spilling from her mouth.

“I’ve practiced this, too...” she said, as she kept eye contact with him. “...to fit the whole thing in my mouth...” She swirled her tongue around the tip, watching his Adams apple bob.

“I guess there’s only one way to find out...shit-” his deep baritone moan echoed against the tiled walls and floor when his dick slipped inside her throat.

She took the head into one side of her mouth and stretched her cheek with it, licking all around the throbbing shaft.

“*Mmm...*” She moaned at the taste of his precum and wanted more. She sucked and slurped on the head like a vacuum until his balls relinquished what she was after.

She reached around to grab his arse and bring him in closer. His arse clenched at the sudden tightness of her grip and his pelvis jutted forward. His dick slipped further into the depths of her throat—she had almost taken him all the way inside.

“Shit...Granger...” he sucked in air. “I had a fantasy about you doing this to me under the desk in Potions class... high tables... students wouldn’t be able to see- oh, fuck-”

Her moans were punctuated by wet and hard slurping sounds on his cock. She cupped his balls in one hand and massaged them while she worked to deep throat his entire length. She could feel her gag reflex tightening around his cock and steadied herself, trying to relax her throat muscles. She was trying so desperately to get him all the way down. Relax and breathe... relax and breathe...

“Push me deeper,” she told him as she popped him out of her mouth momentarily. Her dark mascara was starting to run over her blushed

cheeks now with the effort to do this for him. She tapped his wrists and he knew what she meant.

“You want me to fuck your mouth, Granger? ... is that what you want?” he asked her roughly, a hand playing with her hair. “Because if I get carried away then I won’t stop...I want to feel my cock down your throat...”

His giant hands gripped tight around her tiny skull. Her oesophagus was bulging with his cock already. She didn’t know how she could even breathe with it lodged so deep inside her. But she wanted him to go even deeper. She wanted to take him all the way, so she knew he was going to trust her and give it to her. She looked up at him through her hazel, pleading eyes and gave a subtle nod.

“You’re fucking incredible...” he told her as he closed his eyes and his head hit the bathroom wall.

So, he did it. He slowly pushed his cock so deep down her throat inch by inch, that eventually her nose was buried right against his pubic bone. She gagged and retched on it slightly while he groaned, and her deep moans in turn vibrated his cock. Her nails dug into the skin of his bare arse, and she held him inside her mouth for as long as she could hold her breath. Lips and tongue lavishing him, making him moan and bite his lip as his hips thrust towards her.

It took less than a minute before she knew he had gone past that certain point and was at the edge. She wanted to make him come so hard that he shook with the pleasure of it. He probably didn’t even realise that his hands were squeezing her skull as tight as a vice. Her head being kept in place, his hips thrust against her faster, building a steady rhythm inside her mouth.

“That’s it... fuck, Hermione – I’m nearly-shit...” He looked down at her and she caught the unmistakable gleam in his eyes that told her he was ready. It was her last chance to pull out before he came down her throat. He loosened the grip to let her off, but she pulled him in

closer instead. She smiled at him with her eyes and let out a long, lustful moan. The last suck around his head had his eyes rolling.

She knew he couldn't believe it... that he was close enough to come...she wanted him to. And that was all the permission he needed. He ached and groaned for release, and he simply let go.

"Shit – Hermione, I'm coming-" he spasmed, his body out of control. "Fucking hell-"

The orgasm hit him like a freight train. A sheet of black seemed to sweep over his vision and he doubled over while his cock began its spasm in her throat. It throbbed with euphoric tremors so intense that his knees buckled. Draco had to catch himself on her shoulders just so he wouldn't fall over while he came in her mouth.

She bobbed her head and sucked him off until he was breathing and panting heavily above her. It was the most utterly mind-blowing orgasm she had ever witnessed in her life.

When he finally caught his breath and stood up, Hermione slid her mouth off the end of his cock with one last suck and a smile. Her lips popped off and stood up, feeling and looking incredibly pleased with herself.

"Practice makes perfect." She told him coyly as he reached for her, bringing her forehead to his as he put himself back into his trousers.

He breathed out, giving her a small smile. "Hermione Granger: quickest learner there ever was..." he kissed the tip of her nose. "You'll be the fucking death of me..." he told on a sigh. "I've never..." she knew what he was going to tell her, but he didn't need to. She put her finger to his lip.

"I hope I am the death of you..." she told him, nipping at his jawline as his arms went around her. "I'm quite enjoying walking across this line with you..." she whispered in his ear.

He groaned into her neck. "The feeling is entirely mutual..." he kissed the pulse point he had bitten down on earlier, and Hermione knew he had left a mark. "...Can I owl you next week?" he asked her quietly, his eyes not meeting hers and he suddenly looked quite shy. "I'd like to see you..."

"Owl me anytime you want..." she let that hang on the air, and she knew he saw that as an invitation. "I'd like to see you during the week." She added seeing him smile, and it was breathtakingly beautiful.

She was sure he was about to say something important, but there was a knock at the door, startling them both from their little lust-filled bubble.

"Thank fuck you two have finally finished." Draco glared as he heard the familiar voice of Theodore Nott outside the door. "Almost went for a piss in the potted plant in Pansy's kitchen because of you pair." He told them scornfully through the door. "Now, if you've quite finished your little fuck-me-not's; please exit the bathroom so that I may take a leak!"

They sighed collectively, looking at each other.

Fucking Theodore Nott was a cock-blocking pain in the arse.

Dirty, Like Me

Chapter 11: Dirty, Like Me

Chapter by Ada_P_Rix

Hermione twiddled her thumbs and bit her lip. Anything to stop her heartbeat rising – if he could see her awkwardness then she knew he would wonder if she was thinking that this was right thing to do or not. And she couldn't have him thinking that, because it was absolutely the thing she had wanted to do.

She hadn't expected the Owl that arrived at work yesterday morning. The regal looking animal with a letter in its beak. A letter inviting her for a coffee this afternoon... with Draco Malfoy.

He had wanted to see her. He hadn't mentioned that it was a date, but what else would them meeting in a coffee shop without the others and spending time alone together mean? Add that to the way his eyes were currently devouring her from across the table, and –

"Is biting your lip a habit?" he asked quietly as he held his coffee cup to his lips. "Or are you trying to openly seduce me in public?" he took a sip, keeping his eyes on her hungrily. "Because I can assure you, it's working..."

Hermione's eyes went wide and when she did finally look up at him, she saw the look on his face. Primal now, compared to the way he had greeted her half an hour ago when she had first walked into the shop to meet him...

Warm eyes and a smile awaited her as she walked towards the table and he stood to greet her quite awkwardly, unsure as to whether to pull her chair out for her. She smiled shyly at him before moving to

her seat, unbuttoning her coat as he called the waitress over to take their orders.

Two flat whites.

How did he know? She had only ever drank alcohol or tea around him. Hermione gave him a curious look which he spotted, and he put his head down a little, but Hermione still managed to spot the pink tinge to his cheeks.

"I remember hearing you tell Potter in school about how you prefer a flat white as it's milder..." he admitted, and the pang in Hermione's chest shoot through her. "Turns out, you were right." He told her with a small smile. "I've drank it myself ever since."

"Impeccable taste, then." She told him with a smile as the waitress came back with their coffees.

"Clearly..." he told her, his eyes raking down her frame for a few seconds. It was long enough for the hairs on the back of her neck to stand up. Long enough for her to catch the cheeky little smirk that he threw her way.

"Draco..." she warned, bringing the coffee mug to her lips.

"I'm not even sorry." He told her unapologetically, that smirk still there. "All I've thought about since Friday is getting back between your thighs."

She clenched said thighs together and tried to steady her breathing. The things he said to her and the way he said them ... he never failed to get the right reaction from her body.

"All I've thought about since Fourth year is getting between them at all, to be honest..." Oh... oh, he was good. Sitting there in his grey waistcoat, tie and matching pants with his white oxford shirt. He looked every inch the Devil's advocate. Every inch the type of sin

she needed. "...It's been a long time coming for me, Hermione." He told her in a very low voice, his grey eyes boring into her.

Hermione took in a breath and tried to shake off the tension that was clinging to the air around them. "I was hardly anything to write home about in school." She put out casually with a smile and a shake of her head. "All hair and teeth and ink-blots."

Draco raised a perfectly shaped eyebrow at her. "Oh you were at the top of a few lists, believe me." He said with a chuckle as she frowned at him in confusion.

"Lists?" she asked him. He shook his head, muttering something about Blaise and telling her another time.

"Are you looking forward to Friday?" he asked her, changing the subject. She knew what he meant by this question.

Friday would be her turn. It would be her fantasies that would be viewed and critiqued. She hadn't signed anything yet, but she was already quite sure that she didn't want her sexual imagination opened for everyone to see.

"Don't sign the disclosure." She heard him say in a stern voice as he looked at her. She cocked her head to the side to view him; looking serious with his jaw set. "If-" he stuttered suddenly, like he wasn't sure how to word his next sentence. "If you wouldn't mind me being the one-"

Hermione didn't hesitate. "I want you to be the one." She told him with a small smile. She knew what he was getting at. "There is no one else-"

"-I don't like sharing." There was a fire in his eyes, making Hermione almost lose her breath. He didn't want her to share her thoughts with anyone else... was it the same for the rest of her?

"Me neither." She answered him quietly.

He looked at her lips. "You're not." He looked at her then. "There is no one else."

Her heart swelled a little and she smiled to herself. The very idea that Draco Malfoy was indirectly admitting to her that there was only the two of them in all of this ... that they both needed no one else right now. It set her heart alight.

..And now she sat there; biting her lip and being asked if she was doing it on purpose to get a reaction from him in public...and what if she was? What if she wanted to see what he would do if he lost some of his immaculate self-control? What if she wanted to earn the type of reaction from him that would cause him to take some sort of action of his own? Would that be so bad?

"What if I was?" she asked him in a quiet voice, shifting in her seat and re-crossing her legs for the desired effect of her dress riding up a little on her thigh. "What then?" Oh, two could play at this game.

She watched him suck in a breath and lean back in the shop chair, his fingers finding the edge of the wooden arm rests and hold onto them. "Have you still been... practicing?" he finally asked her, his tone low and his eyes blazing.

She had. She had and it was getting easier. It was getting to the point where she felt confident enough in her own body to know that when – not if – they were able to touch each other again, she would be able to not only take him all of the way without too much discomfort, but she would try to get him close, too.

And she wanted to get him close. She wanted to take him over the edge and completely knock down this physical barrier between them. Lord knew that he needed it more than she did.

"You'll see." Was all she answered in reply, and he let out a breath he had been holding.

“You’re fucking killing me, Hermione...” he told her, his voice gravelly. “Do you know how many times I’ve-“ he stopped himself, tensing his jaw and closing his eyes for a second, regaining his composure.

“Talk to me.” Hermione asked him, and when he opened his eyes again, she saw the wicked delight in them. The idea of her wanting this from him in the middle of a coffee shop was more than turning him on. But then, it was doing the same to her too.

It took a few seconds of him looking at her intently before she heard it. “Let me tell you another little secret, then...” His voice was like silk as it filled her ears, but his lips were no longer moving. “And don’t take your eyes off me...I want to see you blush and try to hold back those beautiful expressions on that face of yours while I tell you what you really want to know...”

Her heart rate began increasing and that familiar throb between her legs told her that whatever he was about to tell her, it was not only important but dark and seductive. He was going to take her to places that she could only imagine...something only Draco could do for her.

“I want you in the worst way, Hermione.” He told her darkly, his eyes shining as she looked directly into them. “And that may force you to imagine the idea of me making you moan between the sheets with your fingers clinging to the mattress...” oh, the images he created. “...Or it might make you think of me taking you in the shower and wrapping your legs around my waist while I bring you down onto my cock...”

They both sucked in air at the same time at his words. “...but that’s not what I mean when I tell you that I want you in the worst way.” She saw his eyes relax a little, like he was letting out something that had been kept inside of him for a while. “Wanting you like this isn’t bad for me, Hermione... but it is for you.”

The hairs on the back of her neck and arms were on end as she let his words wash over her, his eyes watching her face as he spoke inside of her head. “I told you that I’m a bad man...bad for you. My

past mistakes and the way I treated you make me unworthy of you.” Hermione swallowed and watched his Adams apple bob. “But I can’t stop the way I feel... I can’t turn it off anymore. Over the years I’ve learned to mask it, but the past few months have been a struggle for me... you’re all I think about.”

She watched as he leaned forwards on his large forearms and grasped his coffee cup. “The very thought of you has me like a man fucking possessed.” He told her as he held a serious look on his face. “You bring out something in me that I’ve tried to keep hidden...something more than the desperate need to fuck you every time I see you. Hermione, I need –“

“More.” She said out loud, startling the pair of them. Draco watched her face, making her flush slightly.

Slowly, he nodded. “And that is why this is worse for you.” He said out loud in a quiet voice. “Because someone like me doesn’t-“

“Doesn’t what?” she asked in almost a whisper, looking him directly in the eye. “Doesn’t deserve affection? Or to be treated well? Doesn’t want to take any bit of affection that they can-”

“-Happiness.” He told her in a final tone. “Happiness with someone who they don’t deserve happiness with.”

He was telling his own truth. She knew that he honestly had those thoughts in his head, and it broke her heart to hear it. For him to think that he did not deserve happiness with her. He still thought himself below her after all of these years being friends... of all of these months getting closer to each other.

How very wrong he was. This poor, messed up, emotionally closed off disaster of a man. Without thinking, Hermione reached across the table and grabbed his arm, startling him. “You’re wrong.”

He shook his head. “You won’t like my darkness.” He broke eye contact for a minute with a frown, before looking back at her. “The

things I like...the things I like to do sometimes-

Hermione gave him a small, confident smile and squeezed his arm a little tighter. "Friday." She told him with a determined voice. "Let me change your mind on Friday."

He searched her eyes for a moment before his fingers ran along hers, making her shiver. "I'll take you however I can get you, Granger... you have nothing to prove to me." He ran his knuckles over hers, looking down at her fingers now. "It's me who has to prove that I'm-

"You already have." She whispered to him, and his eyes darted back up to hers. They were warm and bright and hopeful. The type of reaction that made her realise just how much her words meant to him. She smiled coyly at him. "Friday, Draco..." needing him to understand. After Friday, they could make their decision for each other.

He nodded, giving her a devilish grin. "Friday it is." And then without taking his eyes from hers, he brought her knuckles to his lips and kissed them one by one gently.

"Now whose seducing who?" she asked him on a small groan as his tongue crept out to tease one of her knuckles.

"I'll seduce you for as long as you'll let me, Granger..."

And in that moment, as he rubbed his jaw against the back of her hand and kissed it one last time, she had no doubt that she would allow him to do that forever, if she could.

"Sorry but you're on your own with this one." Pansy told her with a smirk as they stood in the girl's toilets together as Pansy corrected her makeup. "Me and Potter are having an early night... he's meeting my parent's officially tomorrow."

Hermione gave her friend a massive smile. "Wow...that serious?" she asked, using the tip of her wand to put a stray hair back into its place inside the bobble tied in her hair. "I mean I know you've been friends for years but that's a big-"

"I think I love him, Granger." The girl announced and her cheeks blushed. "I really love him...I think he might actually be the one, and he was there staring me in the face all along like a bespectacled frog just waiting to be kissed."

Hermione snorted. "Harry would be bloody mortified that you were comparing him to a frog." She said happily, but then enveloped her friend into a hug. "But I am so happy for you both... you were clearly made for each other with your aptitude for meddling and throwing people in at the deep end."

"Speaking of meddling..." Pansy said with a grin. "Did you see the look Draco gave you before when he realised that you'd refused to sign the disclaimer on the contract? I've never seen him happier to sign his Life away." The girl giggled. "He's like a shadow of his former self... I had forgotten what his smile looked like..."

He had an amazing smile. It was cheeky and honest and lit up his structured features perfectly. It was the type of smile you would want passed down to your children. The type of smile that you would want them to wear in moments of pure happiness.

The thought made her warm.

"We talked Theodore out of going with you... wouldn't want him interrupting you both mid-shag again-" Pansy started with a pointed look.

"-I have apologised for that so many times-"

"-Why neither of you thought to put a silencing charm up-"

"-lost in the moment, we just weren't thinking-"

“-Bleached down my whole bloody bathroom... Harry wouldn't touch the walls for three days-“

“-we're not diseased-“

“-It's all Theodore has gone on about... do you know he was standing there giving us a running commentary?”

Hermione's mouth gaped open, a look of utter mortification on her face as Pansy belly laughed. “I'll kill him.”

“Just tell Luna he's fond of pegging... that'll shut him up.” Pansy told her with a laugh, give herself one more once over before grabbing her bag. “Anyway, I'll forgive you of your sins if you can give me a full running commentary on your smutty little encounter when I see you tomorrow.... I want to know everything.”

Pansy Parkinson definitely knew how to drive a hard bargain.

Pansy and Harry bid their goodbye's before making their exit through the floo. Blaise was at the bar chatting up a blonde Witch, but keeping his eyes closely fixed on Ginny Weasley, who was out celebrating a friend's promotion. Everyone had told him to take his chance, but he still had yet to make his move.

“He's about as smooth as a fucking cactus.” Theo scoffed from beside Luna. “Look at him...that blonde piece could be telling him about her blowjob techniques and he still wouldn't be paying attention to her...” he sighed in disappointment.

“He's smitten with Ginny.” Luna told him in appreciation. “I feel the need to go up there and let her know...make it easier for him.”

“Oh god, please do-“ Theo said gleefully. “I've always wanted to see Blaise shit himself in public.”

Hermione shook her head. “Leave him to it, he's obviously biding his time.” She looked to her left and saw Draco watching her openly as

he sat in his usual armchair. "Apparently that's a thing..."

"Yeah... because God bloody knows that us Slytherin men can bide our bloody time..." Theo retorted and then pointed at Draco. "I mean, take Mr dark-and-brooding over there... bided his time for the best part of a decade-"

"Shut up, Theodore-"

"-only to finally have it off with the girl of his dreams in a bathroom the colour of a Barbie doll's insides-"

"Theo-"

"-the moans were unmerciful-"

"Good God man, shut up-"

"-like a Gorilla's mating call-" Luna put her hand over the man's mouth, tutting at him.

"Too far." She told him simply. "Especially when you sound like a wounded Centaur when you climax."

Draco spat his beer out of his mouth and chuckled loudly, much to Theo's annoyance. He looked at the blonde Witch and held up his glass in salute. "You're alright, Luna Lovegood...you're alright." He said in complete endearment, before taking a drink and continuing to giggle to himself like a little child.

She couldn't have wanted him more in that moment. She kept her gaze on him for a moment until she saw movement behind him near the bar; Blaise was finally making his move. She watched intently as he '*accidentally*' knocked into Ginny, saying he was sorry and then flashing her a wicked smile.

Everyone was looking at them. Watching the scene unravel in front of their eyes. The moment Blaise made a quip about something

Ginny found funny was the moment that Hermione knew that Blaise had her right where he wanted her.

“Good lord... has he... has he actually offered to buy her a drink?” Theo asked, craning his neck to watch. “...he never offers to buy me a drink.”

“He’s not trying to have sex with you, dear.” Luna told him matter of factly.

“He buys me drinks all the time.” Draco told the girl with a grin as he downed his butterbeer.

“Well aren’t *you* lucky...” Theo mumbled. “I must be the only person he doesn’t want to have sex with, then.” He shrugged.

“It’s probably because you’d be too clingy afterwards.” Draco told him with a smirk.

“Yes, and expect him to owl you the very next day.” Luna cut in whilst munching on a bag of peanuts. “Honestly Theo, it’s not all that attractive.”

Draco snorted again. “Fuck me Lovegood, you’re on fire tonight.” He said jovially. “You’ve made my day-“

He then turned and gave Hermione a very pointed look. “-So far, anyway...”

Hermione gave him a small smile and saw Theo stand out of the corner of her eye. “Right, I’m off.” He announced as he grabbed his coat. “I’ve had copious amounts of alcohol, too much verbal abuse and not nearly enough sexual intercourse to end my night with.”

Luna nodded, drinking the last of her cocktail before reaching for her own coat. “Good luck with your fantasy, Hermione.” Luna told her with a smile. “I hope it ends with a better orgasm than the one you had in Pansy’s bathroom.”

The blonde witch nodded her head at a mortified Hermione, before turning to Draco. "And I hope you achieve a vaginal orgasm of your own soon too, Draco...the genetics in your seamen would be an awful waste if you were never able to pro-create."

Neither Hermione or Draco were able to say goodbye as Luna and Theo made their exit from the table. Hermione had rarely seen Draco speechless, but she was sure he had been struck dumb by Luna's revelation.

Not that she was wrong. Draco's genetics would be a waste if he was never able to fulfil that side of things for himself. But then again, if she had anything to do with it then she was determined that not only would he get there, but it would be her that he would be getting there with.

"We'd better be going too, Granger..." he announced, standing from his seat and stretching out his large frame. "It's still early and we've got quite the night on our hands...." he looked at her hungrily.

Yes ... yes, they really did.

Hermione took a deep breath as she watched the pink liquid swirl within the vial. What would it feel like? What would it taste like? Would it be like being in a daydream? Was she going to feel like she was drunk and unable to control her inner actions?

"It's like falling asleep and having a really vivid dream." Came Draco's voice as he conjured up a chair big enough for him to sit on whilst Hermione stayed put in a comfy armchair. He placed it down opposite her as she continued to fiddle with the vial. "You won't be aware that you're fantasising or that anyone is watching you... you'll feel safe, I promise."

Draco reached out and put a hand on her own, giving it a small squeeze before setting the mirror down on his lap. "I've got you,

Granger “ he told her with a small smile. “I have to say though; I’m dying to find out what your mind can do...”

Her resolve kicked in. Regardless of what she was thinking of, he was going to see it anyway. She was just as open as he was when it was his turn to share with her. She just hoped that he didn’t run for the hills once he saw –

“No judgement here, Hermione.” He must have seen the slightly panicked expression on her face. “I’m not scared of anything.” And he sounded so confident.

Hermione brought the vial to her nose and sniffed. “Spearmint.” She said quietly and gave him a shy smile. Draco smiled back knowingly.

And then the liquid was at her lips, the sweet tasting liquid sliding down past her tongue and her taste buds sprang to life. She could feel her heartbeat increasing as she took in her senses being heightened, before Draco’s face suddenly started to swim in and out of her vision until there was nothing but black.

A Forest came into view.

A familiar Forest with familiar sounds surrounding her. The Forbidden Forest was always cold at night, but the mist on the ground made it look cold, too. She looked about her, seeing nothing but dense trees and mounds of earth scattered with fallen Autumn leaves.

She pulled her cloak tighter about her. She could feel something... someone was watching her.

“Good little girls shouldn’t be out at night in the Forest alone...” came a familiar, gravelly voice from behind a tree. “...they never know what nasty surprises might await them...”

She recognised that voice too well, and when the blonde hair and Slytherin uniform came in to view, Hermione clenched her teeth and balled her fists... Malfoy was out here in the Forest with her alone... looking at her like he was either going to kill her...or fuck her.

"Go away, Malfoy-" she started to protest, but he cut her off as he came closer.

"-You don't mean that, Granger..." he smirked and she watched his eyes scoured her form from top to bottom. "...if you did, you would have started walking away by now..."

He was looking at her like she was prey... this wasn't the Draco Malfoy she knew. The one that glared at her from desk tables and pushed past her in the halls...

He was almost toe to toe with her now, still letting his eyes explore her body appreciatively. It did things to her that she would never admit to anyone else but herself.

"This isn't real." She told him defiantly. "This has to be some sort of hallucination. You're not really here—"

"This real enough for you?" he growled as his eyes lit up deviously, and then he was shoving her down to the ground.

It was pitch black and as her palms hit the Forest floor, the smell of grass and dirt got even stronger and she didn't have a chance to reach around to orient herself, because he landed on top of her.

She cried out when he put his knee in her back to hold her in place whilst he vanished her cloak and hiked her skirt up before ripping her knickers down. He shifted and the next second, she felt it; his cock shoving between her thighs. She fought and twisted underneath him but he leaned over, caging her in. "You want out, little girl, just say the magic word. What is it?" His breath was hot on her cheek.

And at the mention of their safe word; one that they used every time they played ... that was when the game really began.

“Green.”

Because he knew, he had to know—that was the last thing in the world that she wanted. She had never used it before and didn’t plan on using it tonight. But it didn’t mean she was going down without a fight, though.

“I am not some common little slag you can have whenever you want, Malfoy.” She fought against his iron grip. He reached his other hand underneath her to lift her stomach up off the ground so that she was slightly up on her knees, ripping away her underwear as he went.

“Oh yes?” her entire body shuddered when he reached down, grabbed his cock, and teased the head of it up and down her outer lips. “And what is it you really are, Granger?” he rasped behind her. “Because you scream for me like a true Gryffindor whore.”

She couldn’t help clenching and of course, he felt it. He chuckled darkly. “If you aren’t a bad little girl, why are you so wet for me? A big, bad fucking Slytherin who was watching you all night out here?” He realigned his cock at the centre of her core. “Or maybe that’s what really gets you off... Imagining the dangerous boys in the dark corners watching you and then getting hard. Every one of them thinking about doing this...” He shoved into her and she screeched as he hissed. “But they don’t get to touch you...only me.”

Draco brought her back up flush against his front and his hand slapped over her mouth. Every one of his moves was brutal. His hand mashed her mouth shut and each jerk of his hips as he fucked her was sharp and vicious. “I’m the only one who gets this cunt. I’m the only fucking one, do you hear me?” Tears squeezed out of her eyes with the sheer force of him as she nodded.

Did he mean it? And how fucked was she that his words are making her almost giddy? But if he’s the only one who gets to have her, it

had to mean he wanted her, didn't it? That he wanted there to be a them? That even though their meetings were brutal, he might want more. The next second though, all thoughts were obliterated when he shoved her off her knees and forwards so her belly was then flush to the cold floor.

Hermione's hands scrabbled at the leaves on the ground but there was no getting away from him. His cock was so long and thick that even though her legs weren't spread, he had no problem continuing to fuck her. And now, since the floor held her completely still, he was able to fuck her even deeper, even harder. He was sawing in and out of her and she couldn't remember the last time she was so thoroughly used. The orgasm was rising with each raw, harsh stroke.

"Jesus, Granger," he said, pulling his hand away from her mouth, but only so he could grab her hair at the base of her neck. He dragged her face sideways. If there were any moonlight shining in this part of the Forest, she'd be able to see him over her shoulder.

But as it was, it was pitch black.

His voice, though, filled her with warmth and light. "You're perfect, Granger. The most perfect—" she doesn't know how he would have finished the thought because he crushed her mouth with his. His kiss was furious and demanding, and all the while he continued yanking her hair and fucking her. The pain was perfect. Just like him.

This boy. God, this boy. She'd never had an experience like him. Maybe she never would again. Maybe there was only now, only this crescendo rising inside of her. She broke away from his mouth to let out the gasping whine. Instead of kissing her again, though, he shoved two large fingers into her mouth. She sucked on them like she would his cock.

"Fuck," he called, yanking her hair even harder.

"Harder..." she mewled .

"Oh little girl, I've only just started." He was holding himself up by his elbows and she knew the hard ground had to be punishing against his knees. How long could he keep this up? She teased her teeth along his fingers stuffed in her mouth and he clutched her jaw with the rest of his hand.

Hermione's face was so small in his huge hand. He could have crushed her. He reared back and then forced his thick cock back inside of her body, stretching her in every delicious way possible.

"Oh shit – Malfoy-"

"Come on, Granger... let it go for me." He panted as he drove into her. "God...yes, that's it-"

"Malfoy I'm-"

And she came. So hard and so long that she was grateful for his fingers in her mouth because they muffled her howl.

It was his hand on her face that sent her over. That, and the fact that he was really fucking good at hitting just the right spot up so deep inside of her. God, how did he do that? But she knew it was the thought that he could so easily break her—but he never does—that had her crying and choking his name around his fingers in her mouth as the spasms hit.

"Granger, Granger, Granger – yes, fuck!"

He stilled inside of her right after she had triggered. She clenched around him as his come spurted into her, even though it takes the very last of her strength to do it, sore from their ordeal.

He stayed hard inside her longer than he usually had before and she loved that he held their connection long after the event had passed. They lingered and it felt beautiful. He finally pulled his fingers out of her mouth and the hand that was ruthlessly gripping her hair only minutes ago now gently combed it back from her face.

She thought she might swoon from the gentleness. And because it was dark and he couldn't see her, she didn't fight the tears that started to flow down her cheeks at the thought of what she would do when she no longer had this with him. When they would both be nothing but memories to each other.

When Hermione opened her eyes, the fog in her brain was finally clearing. And as her vision swam back into view, she found hungry grey eyes staring intently at her with wicked intentions.

"Not what I was expecting..." he told her, his face close to hers and his tone so low she could barely hear him. Draco bit his lip and his eyes fell to hers on impulse. "Quite the little imagination you've got yourself there, Granger..." he purred.

She watched as his hand reached out slowly, skimming her curls gently until he found the back of her head. His other came up to grab her throat with his fingers, squeezing so gently, almost making her moan.

The gasp caught in her throat as he suddenly brought her forward, her face close to his as his lips brushed against her own.

"I'm going to show you what it would really be like..." he told her, his stubble tickling her cheek as his jawline rubbed against her. The hand at the back of her head gripping her tightly now. "How it would really feel..." she shivered at his words and bit her lip. Something had switched inside of him.

"On your knees." He then said in a demanding voice, pulling back to look into her eyes. "Now."

Hermione gave him a curious look, trying to guess whether he was trying to be serious with her or whether he was just playing along with her little fantasy.

His eyes were stony. "Safe word, Granger."

Her eyes widened. Fuck... he was doing this with her... he was really doing this with her.

"What did you use, Granger?" he asked again.

"Green."

His eyes lit up knowingly, and as he stood up and away from her, he pushed on her shoulders until she was kneeling on the floor in front of him. "Do I have permission to touch you?" he asked her seriously as he looked down at her.

Hermione looked up, nodding. "Yes." Was all she said.

Then there was a shift in the room, and Draco sneered, almost like he had become someone else entirely.

"I don't give a fuck if I'm some rich bastard and you're just a common Muggle-born. I can take you any time I want and then throw you away." He told her sternly, making her shudder. She had never envisioned a scenario quite like this but she still found it a massive turn on much the same. The idea that Draco had come out to play now instantly had heat pooling between her legs. "And you will let me because you want it...you like how it feels to be told you're nothing by someone who is everything..."

And then he jerked her up off the floor and close to his chest by her wrists and shoved his erection against her stomach before whispering in her ear, "I'm going to make you scream, little girl." He told her roughly. "I'll let you choose whether that be in pleasure or pain."

Her eyes flared. "Get. Off. me," she whispered, shoving against his chest. He only grinned at her. Oh...he had come out to play all right. This was what she needed. She had needed this from him all along because of her own dark need to be controlled and submit to someone who could take the reins completely.

“I don’t think you mean that, Granger,” he said, and then he lifted her with one arm around her waist and dragged her from the Living room and deep down the dark hallway and into the shadows.

“You fucking bastard,” she hissed. “Get off me!” he slapped her arse. Hard. And then he shoved her face first up against one of the walls.

“Maybe I’m tired us giving each other mixed signals all the time...maybe I need to just take what I’ve wanted every single fucking day for last decade.” and he didn’t ask permission, he just shoved his clothed cock against her arse, feeling it through her skirt. “You’ve wanted me as much as I’ve wanted you, haven’t you?”

She said nothing. Only moaned.

“How many boys wanted to touch you in school, but you only fantasised about me?” She turned her head and laughed in his face, causing his jaw to tighten.

“I don’t know. I lost count.” Draco slammed his hand against the metal of the door knob.

She could tell it felt too fucking good to let the leash off the beast inside of him. Finally...finally he was showing her who he could really be. She needed this. “That right?” he growled, ripping at his belt and then shoving the small skirt of her dress up. When he reached for her knickers, though, he stopped momentarily. “You like the idea of all those other boys thinking about you?”

He brought his hand down on her arse. Once. Then again. “You like the idea of me thinking about you?” he spanked her again.

“Yes...” she hissed through her teeth. She couldn’t help herself. She lost herself to Draco every time he touched her, but now... now, he was untamed and it was making her fall apart for him. Every time his hand made contact with her arse cheek and he heard her little cry, fuck... the groans of pleasure he made in her ear and the words he mumbled against her hair were almost too much.

“So beautiful... So fucking perfect...Giving yourself like this to me.”

He reached between her legs and Jesus Christ; she already knew she was fucking drenched. She wanted this just as much as he did. She always did. She was made just for him.

“You want it like this? To have no control?” he asked her as his voice rasped with need. “Fine...but don’t say I didn’t fucking warn you.”

He didn’t bother with any more words. He just shoved his cock home. Where it was always meant to be. She gasped at the intrusion and her hands scrabbled against the wood of the door.

“This is what you’ve been begging for, isn’t it, Granger?” he yanked back and then hammered in again. “You love being pounded with my cock. You can’t fucking get enough of it, can you? Fuck... can you?” he hissed in her ear when she didn’t respond.

“No,” she whimpered.

“No, what?” he grabbed her by the back of her hair and give her a rough shake.

“No, I can’t get enough of it,” she gasped. But right after she said it, she started to fight him again.

He gripped her wrists and held her in place against the door, fucking her mercilessly. But then she started squirming, liking it too much. “Not yet,” he growled. “Not fucking yet... don’t you dare come.” Draco yanked her away from the door before pushing her back against it harshly.

Hermione knew he didn’t want to take it easy on her. No; now that he looking at her with that feral look in his eye from the side of her, she knew he needed it. He needed her tears. He needed to fucking make her cry. She saw it in his eyes and the slightest smile crossed her face... and then the next second she had her game face back on and was slapping at him again. Fighting his intrusion.

“You’re gonna fucking take me in like I’m the only man you’ve ever fucking wanted.” he pulled out of her heat and then reached down to reposition himself.

Her eyes widen and she bit her bottom lip as she felt him there again. Usually he would go slow. Usually he would prepare her. Usually. But not fucking today. “You are the only man I have ever wanted...” she whispered, and he stopped and looked at her side on for a second.

The last two times, their coupling had been passionate and sweet. Gentle caresses in the morning. Needy hands afterwards and the whisperings of tender words. But right then in that moment, this was what they both fucking needed.

He started again, slamming his cock up into her with only the juice of her cunt to lubricate the way. No fingers, no mouth ... no time to let her adjust like they had done before. Her entire body jolted and her features scrunched in pain. Thank fuck she had been continuing to use the dilators to keep preparing herself.

Breathe, relax... breathe, relax...

“Fuck, keep that up and I’ll come...that look of pleasure and pain is amazing.” He pulled out and then rammed back in again and fuck, oh fuck, there it was. The first fucking tear from her eyes. He leaned over and nipped at her cheek before tasting it with his tongue. “Salt and fucking perfection.”

He continued to pump into her, her walls clenching tightly around him each time as he kept up a relentless and punishing pace. “Oh... god... Malfoy...”

“Let me hear it,” he groaned as he thrust in for the third time into the impossibly tight grip of her walls. She whimpered in pain and a shudder worked its way down her spine. Again. She needed it again. More. “Say the word.” He panted in her ear. “Tell me before I go too far...”

But she had other ideas. "Give me more," she demanded as he pistoned out and then in again, making her core wretch from the overly full sensation as his hit high up into her cervix.

"Tell me how much it fucking hurts." He told her roughly, grabbing at her hair and keeping her face sideways against the door.

"It hurts," she cried, each thrust getting her closer to something. "It hurts so much." She was practically weeping and he covered her with his body, elbows beside her head on the hard-wooden door.

"How does it hurt? Tell me. How does it hurt?" he babbled as he kept thrusting into her, growling into her ear as every thrust forced her hips to bang against the door.

"You're splitting me open," she said and then gasped, biting her bottom lip and arching her breasts up against the door as she arched. And, oh fuck... there it was. The pleasure mixed with pain that would be the only thing more beautiful to him than her tears.

"Fuck, the things you say to me, Granger..." he said harshly, reaching around to twist her nipple. She cried out and then buried her face against his neck as her head came back and she looked up at him. "...dirt, like me."

"It hurts," she wept in his ear with the pressure of his cock continually pushing against her cervix, hitting her right where she needed it. "It hurts so good..."

"*Jesus...fuck...Hermione...*" He mumbled to himself incoherently. "This woman... this beautifully twisted woman..."

He thrust his hips, making sure to grind against her arse as his hand came around her to find her clit and torment it until she was shaking, right where she needed it.

"I can't wait to come inside of you." He told her with each harsh thrust, bringing her closer to the edge. "Watch your face as I fill you

up ... fuck, I need to fill you up, Hermione...” One more aggressive thrust and then she could feel it—her whole body started to shake as she orgasmed.

“Malfoy-Draco- oh, *fuck!* Yes! Oh-“ her screams were loud and she bit into his shoulder to muffle herself as her walls milked his cock and she felt him unable to move inside of her while her climax continued.

He let her cry it out against his shoulder as she continued to clench around his cock, wave after wave of pleasure rippling through her body, causing her to moan and shake as her sensitive flesh tried to tell her that she was done. Draco slipped out of her as she came down, still hard. As he did, he grabbed her by the back of the hair, turning her face upwards and kissed her on her forehead as he started to move himself to fix his pants.

But Hermione wasn't done. They may have just experienced this rough and hard act together, but Draco wasn't satisfied in the way that she wanted. Tonight, she was determined that this had to happen for them.

She needed to scream while he was coming for her. He needed to come. She was sick and tired of him treating her like a china doll when it came to her having enough afterwards. He surely could see now that she could take it? That she was more than prepared to make this happen for him?

She flipped in his arms and grabbed his face, devouring his mouth and cementing the front of her body to the front of his. She groaned into his mouth when she felt him still hard, thrusting her hips up to grind against it. He growled and with every ounce of discipline he had left, he pulled back from her.

“No, Hermione, we don't have to. You were a little emotional just now and you're still sensitive. We can just talk, or hold each other—” She cut off his words with another hungry kiss. And then she reached

down between their bodies and grabbed his cock through his work pants.

She whispered; voice heavy with need. "Please, Draco... Don't make me wait." His eyes were dangerous and dark. "I don't want to stop until you've finished."

Draco had her up and off the door in seconds. Knocking his bedroom door open with his foot, he carried her to the bed, their clothes being lost along the way in order for him to feel as much of her flesh as possible; his mouth worshipping her breasts and his hands running smooth circles over her hips. Hermione felt her legs hit the end of the bed and made her move; grabbing Draco and twisting their positions.

And then she was on top of him, climbing up his body as he made his way to the middle of the bed. Centering his cock between the folds of her slick heat and lowering herself onto his shaft, she hissed at how sensitive she was... but this new angle was everything. He couldn't help grabbing her hips and thrusting up into her as he dragged her down until he was bottoming out inside her. Even with her on top, he still couldn't give up control.

"God, Hermione... so fucking beautiful." He panted as he watched his cock slide in and out of her every time she lifted herself up and down. "...that's it.. fuck, deep doing that..."

Letting out a mewling noise and thrusting her breasts out, she bit her lip and watched his face contort with pleasure as she rode him. She didn't know how or why, but everything that seemed complicated or impossible months, even weeks ago all faded away the second he was inside of her like this... so intimate.

"You were made for me." He told her in a gravelly tone as she lifted off and then rocked back down over him, her breasts jiggling as her body shuddered. His cock hardened and elongated inside of her further, making her moan and concentrate on the pleasure rather than the sensitivity of him hitting her cervix again. It was different from earlier in the hallway. She was not playing a part.

He looked up at her then and all she felt was the overwhelming and absolute need to love him . All the breath expelled from her chest at the realization.

“Lower,” he demanded. “Get down here.” She immediately lowered herself and he wrapped his arms around her back, securing her to him because even though he was inside of her, it still wasn’t close enough. Nothing was ever close enough for her now.

Draco slowed his upstrokes and tangled his other hand in her hair, but only so he could urge her head just the slightest bit back so that her eyes were on his. And for the first time in either of their lives, silently... they slowed down to make love. They never broke eye contact as he stroked in and out of her. She ground down and rolled her hips in time with each of his thrusts until they were so in sync, she couldn’t tell where she ended and he began.

“Draco...yes...” she bit her lip and felt herself building inside, this new angle forcing her to grind on his thick cock and she could see the look of absolute heaven on his face. “...please...”

When her eyes fell closed as her pleasure ramped higher, Draco shook his head and demanded in a soft whisper, “eyes.” Seconds later, tears filmed her eyes, but not because he was hurting her. It was because of this beautiful moment they were creating together. “That’s right. Give it to me,” he said. “Give it all over to me.” And she did.

“Draco- fuck- yes...*Oh*, I’m coming...”

Her hands balled in the sheets beside his head and her breasts heaved against his chest as her face scrunched in pleasure. But she looked at Draco the entire time, and the spasm that rocked through her body as her orgasm began was the most fucking beautiful thing she had ever experienced. Her core squeezed around him and she was lost. So fucking lost in her pleasure, lost in him, lost in her wanting finally being satisfied.

Draco grabbed the back of her head and dragged her mouth down to his. He kissed her hard, groaning about tasting her sweet mouth as he pulled out and pushed in again, another groan tearing its way out of him as she squeezed him like a vice. Hermione was still shuddering, still riding her high and he rolled his groin against her just where she needed it.

“Oh god yes, *Draco*-“

Draco drank in her gasps and breathy whines of pleasure. Her arms flew around his back as she pulled him even closer to her.

“Draco,” she cried as her body continued to shudder as she swivelled and rolled her hips on his still hard cock. She looked into his eyes and saw something new there... it was wild and feral and... oh...

“*Fuck*... Hermione, keep doing that I’m close-“

Oh shit... yes, she kept pounding her hips against his and created a beautiful friction between them as she watched his eyes close as he neared the edge he was close... he was so close....

His hands were still at her hips, rocking them against his so furiously that the sound was like bones grinding together above their whines and pants... their need for each other so great that the air in the room was thick with their longing.

“Draco, keep going.... that’s it...-“ she keened as she looked down at him. “Eyes.” She said, and he opened his; big and beautiful and full of wonder.

“Don’t stop, fuck don’t stop-“ he rasped as his thrusts beneath her became harsh and he hit up inside of her so hard that her mouth formed an ‘O’ shape. “Right there – Shit – Hermione I can feel-“

The bed was big and sturdy but fuck, was it making noise right now. Their noise for their passion for each other. There was no sweeter

sound in the room to her right then. And fuck, was she getting close again... reaching her own again...

He was lost. His eyes were beautiful and terrified. He was about to experience something beautiful for the first time, and she was honoured that he chose her to do this with...chose her to be the one to complete this life changing process with.

"...if you use your lips to massage the area, add your tongue to moisten it...and then sink your teeth in at just the right moment..."
Hermione clenched her thighs at the thought.

"... the sound's he'll make for you ... Granger, he'll be all yours."

She bent right down until their mouths were barely touching, keeping eye contact with him as she rocked him inside of her. "Draco... let go..." she whispered against his lips, before moving lower until her lips grazed against the junction between his neck and collarbone. "Come for me." And then she bit down, and the sound that filled her ears was one she would never forget.

"*FUCK!*" he roared loudly against her hair as he lost control, his hands gripping her hips so tightly that they knew she would bruise. Her tongue licked the place that she had just bit down on, and then she heard it; "Shit, Hermione – I'm-"

And then she felt it. Felt his body tense and spasm beneath her as he shook with an orgasm so strong that it stopped his movements and all he could do was let it take over him. She pulled back slightly to see the look on his face, and it instantly made her want to cry.

He was beautiful. He was everything she had fantasised him to be and more. His own personal bliss shone out of him as he thrust up to keep emptying himself into her, so close to her cervix...just where he had always imagined that he would do it.

And then he opened his eyes and thrust up into her harshly, and she shuddered. She hadn't even realised that she was still on the edge of another orgasm, she had been so enthralled with looking at Draco going through his for the first time.

"Oh." ... *oh*, Fuck. She started to quake and Draco was watching her hungrily.

"You are fucking incredible, Hermione..." he whispered, watching her as he pumped shallow and slowly up into her as he tried to catch his own breath. "That's it... now you need to come for me..."

"Oh *God* - Draco- " she groaned, back arched, mouth open, holding the position for a few seconds. He kept grinding upwards, kissing her neck and biting her, wanting to give it to her, every ounce of pleasure, until finally she collapsed on top of him, obviously spent and aching with the pleasure of it all.

Her forehead was dotted with perspiration and her cheeks were rosy. He kissed her rose-red lips, swollen from his kisses. And he whispered the only truth in that moment it felt like either of them needed to know: "I'm keeping you."

He told her as he touched her face and her arms and every part of her body gently. "I'm keeping you whether you like it or not."

And when she looked down at him, she didn't want him to know by the expression on her face that she thought that this was possibly the most intimate part yet.

That maybe even more than the sex and more than the pleasurable pain; that this was what she craved the most.

A soothing, loving touch from the same hand that brought the hard and rough. This was what she needed.

Both sides of him. His own Jekyll and Hyde.

She needed them both to love her like she loved him.

What He Deserves

Chapter 12: What He Deserves

Chapter by Ada_P_Rix

Hermione woke to warm, thick arms wrapped around her middle and a strong thigh resting over her hip. And she had never felt happier for her situation.

Her hands reached down and found his, holding them reassuringly as she felt Draco stir behind her and kiss along her shoulder tenderly as sleep un-fogged from his brain.

“Sleep well?” he asked in a deep voice, holding her closer to his body as she moaned at the sensation of his lips against her neck.

“Very well,” she told him before turning her head and catching his lips with hers. “And you?” she asked with a coy smile and as grinned at her.

“Best night’s sleep I’ve had since the last time you shared my bed...” he told her between kisses. “I wouldn’t let you leave this bed if I could...” he winked at her devilishly.

Hermione bit her lip and looked into his eyes, which were shining bright. “This doesn’t feel real...”

He shook his head as he slowly leaned in for another kiss. “Oh, it’s real... and I’ll keep showing you how real it is until it sinks in for both of us...” he whispered as his lips pressed against hers, taking her breath away.

His soft lips moved with her own for several long moments before his tongue demanded entrance. Her eyes fluttered closed, enjoying the way he stirred the emotions inside of her body. It felt like everything

went numb and began to tingle to the point of tickling. Every nerve ending inside of her lit up and burned bright.

Holding on tight around his neck, Hermione reached up against him and she smiled to herself as he kissed his way down her body. Might as well put his bed to good use again ... after putting it to good use at least three times last night.

His hips were grinding against hers already, and neither of them had lost their underwear yet. His strong hands massaged her body as his lips kissed lower, pushing and pulling her knickers out of the way. When he finally slid them down her body, he slid two fingers inside of her, and his tongue flicked against her aching clit.

Her eyes fluttered closed at the same time her lips parted with a heavy gasp. Her hips began to lift on their own, moving back and forth with his tongue. She never wanted to separate. She needed him right where he was for the rest of her life. When her release began to build, he pulled away, leaving her hanging.

“Draco-” she cried out as he moved back up my body. He grinned.

“What’s the matter, Granger?” he asked, before lining himself up and sliding deep inside of her, filling every last inch. She could no longer complain. That stretch... god, it felt amazing. It always did. “Do you need me too much?”

“Oh, God...” was all she could say, and she did take him.

Her head fell back against the pillows as her eyes closed. His mouth found hers just as he began to thrust in and out of her. God, she loved the way he filled her completely. It was like his body was made to fit with hers. It was like they were made to be with each other, regardless of their size difference. He knew every spot to touch, every place to caress. She never thought they would have made much sense; the Gryffindor good-girl and the dark Slytherin... but now, she couldn’t see herself with any other man.

“Feel so good... you’re mine...can’t get enough of you...never will...” he said in incoherent speech as the feeling of him filling her up over and over made her thighs shake.

Draco Malfoy was it for her. She knew they should have made all of this quiet and quick as she had to be at the shop in an hour, but she didn’t want to.

She wanted to take their time, feel every touch, every emotion that they caused one another to feel. She wanted to feel like she was being pushed to the edge of the earth, nearly ready to fall, only to be pulled back again. She wanted that process repeated and repeated until she couldn’t stand it anymore. She wanted to feel like a tornado was wreaking havoc in her body.

“Please, Draco...” she begged, needing more of him. She needed to feel every part of him that he could give her.

She loved the way he kept her on her toes, never knowing what move he was going to make or what he was going to say. She just loved him; it was as complicatedly simple as that.

“You’re so fucking perfect, Hermione,” he whispered against her skin. “God, just sliding into you makes me want to come undone.” He thrust inside of her again, this time deeper. “Fuck – you’re beautiful.”

“Yes – keep going...oh, Draco please-“ She called out at the movement and his words, causing him to repeat the move; this time, he rocked his hips when he could go no further.

Her body tightened and prepared for her release. “Draco, I’m going to come,” she cried out quietly and her head went into his shoulder. But he didn’t stop.

“Shhhh, come for me Hermione... that’s it.” he whispered, turning his head to look up at the ceiling. Hermione’s nails dug into his back, and she opened her mouth to let out the moan that was dying to

escape as her orgasm ripped through her, but he pressed his mouth to hers, causing her to whimper into his mouth.

“Fuck,” he moaned quickly just as his release built and broke free, spilling into her.

His hips slowly still, and he rests his head against her chest. “What have you done to me, Granger?” he asked between pants.

She giggled. “It’s all your fault.” He lifted his head and looked deeply into her eyes.

“I could fall hard for you, Hermione Granger.” He told her in a quiet voice, and she couldn’t hold back the smile his words caused.

“Harder than I already have.”

She had to tell him, she didn’t think she could hold it in any longer.

“Draco, I think-“ she tried to let those three special words spill from her lips, but shushed her again with his lips.

“Don’t – Just let me have this...” he told her as he nipped at her jaw.

“Just let me pretend, for now.”

Oh ... what was this beautiful man thinking? Was he expecting her to reject him at the very idea of him wanting the exact same thing that she did?

She was about to protest, when she felt him grow hard inside of her again. Her eyes widened as he looked down at her with a lopsided grin, his hair falling into his eyes. “Again?” she asked him matching his smile.

He moved inside of her, causing her head to arch backwards onto the pillow.

“I have lost time to make up for...” he whispered, rocking his hips again and making her feel every hard inch of him inside of her, making them both moan together in unison. “Over a decade of it, Granger...”

And she knew exactly what he meant.

A decade of waiting and longing and holding out for some sort of hope; a breadcrumb of light to allow himself just a slither of happiness. A decade of being so close but not nearly close enough. Always there, but always in the shadows like he didn't deserve the light on his beautiful features.

But he did. And she would make sure that for as long as they had this together, that he would feel the light on him always; she would bathe him in it.

He deserved it.

Draco didn't say anything else, he just gave her a soft kiss to her neck, then lay his head back against her shoulder and continued to make love to her until she was late for work.

Two Months Later

“So, you've not said it yet, then?” Pansy asked her with a raised eyebrow. “Because I should think it's probably about to burst out of your chest by now?”

Hermione huffed as she stood at the till, slouched over the counter with an air of frustration. “He won't let me,” she groaned. “I've tried to tell him a few times, but he just shuts me down and tells me not to say things I don't mean.” She put her chin on her palm and sighed at her dark-haired friend. “Was he like this with you?” she asked Pansy curiously.

Pansy laughed loudly. "Me and Draco never loved each other." She told Hermione with a smile. "And we certainly never said that we did."

Hermione frowned. "But you know him better than anyone, surely you must have both-"

"Hermione Granger." Pansy stated with a hand on her hip. "I think it's about time that you realised that you know far more about Draco Malfoy now than I ever have."

Hermione stayed silent as Pansy pointed a finger at her. "I might have known him in the physical sense, but you go so much deeper than that with him... you know his heart, too. You surpassed my time with him months ago."

Hermione wasn't quite sure what to say. She knew the Witch was right, but Pansy had always been there to tell her what to do next... to point her in the right direction. To guide her and make sure that she didn't make a mistake when it came to Draco Malfoy.

"He's all yours, Hermione." Pansy told her with a wicked smile. "He has been for years...only you know what to do for him now...it's only you that he has ever let into his life this far."

And that was when Hermione decided.

Tonight.

She needed to tell him tonight, whether he wanted to hear it or not.

Theo glared at Blaise from across the room. Hermione could sense the unrest between them as Theo had kept up his little hissy-fit for the best part of a week. Although Blaise was not entirely to blame, she could sense that the hostility had come from the argument that he had brought up with him during their double date with Ginny and Luna mid-week.

Hermione and Draco had been invited along, but Draco had declined as he preferred to have Hermione to himself on Wednesday's. He hardly ever let her leave the bedroom once she got home from work and then made her way to his flat.

It had been like that every Wednesday and Friday for the past two months. She knew that if she asked him, he would be more than happy to let her go out on any day that they had set to meet... but as it happened, she quite liked being held up in his bedroom and having all the sex that her body would allow her to every Wednesday night and weekend.

Pansy was right though; it all went much deeper than sex now for her. She knew it did for him too. They were both so happily wrapped up in each other and could never get enough. They would talk for hours about small things; things that they never would have known about each other if they were only in it for the sex.

But he never let her mention the 'L' word. He never let her bring it up, and if she did, he would tell her that she needed to choose her words carefully, before wrapping her in his arms and shutting off her thought process by tearing her clothes off and fucking her to within an inch of her life.

"Still not speaking to you, you bastard." Theo told Blaise as he stuck his nose up in the air. "You are an actual asshole."

"Get over yourself you tit." Blaise shot back with a snort. "I merely mentioned the idea – it was Lovegood who ran away with it."

"And now look what you've done." Theo brought a small chain of keys from his pocket with a blue fluffy keyring bobbling around on the end of it. "Got me well and truly snookered now, haven't you?" he jangled the keys at the black-haired man, which only made Blaise laugh more.

"You're not still moaning about the fact that you've moved in with me, are you?" Luna asked as she came back from the bar with Ginny,

handing out beers to everyone at the table. Ginny took her seat next to Blaise with a small peck on the cheek.

“...had no bloody choice...” Theo mumbled under his breath, which Luna heard and this subsequently led her to tap him up on the back of the head. “...I mean, I love you, Dear...” he changed his tune, before grabbing her hand and kissing it.

“Of course, it wasn’t your choice,” Luna told him matter of factly as she sipped her butter beer. “It was Blaise’s.” She held her beer up in salute to Blaise, who saluted her back with a merry smile on his face. “And what a brilliant idea it was.”

Theo rolled his eyes. “Just because he’s got himself a bird and wanted his flat all to himself...” he shook his head. “Suddenly I’m out on my arse.”

“Think of all the cooking Luna will be doing for you.” Ginny told him as Blaise brought her to his side. “She’s a brilliant baker.” Ginny and Blaise looked absolutely smitten with each other, their budding relationship was in the sweet stages where they couldn’t take their eyes or hands off each other.

“And the sex.” Luna told Theo with a nudge. “The sex should have swung it for you, to be honest.” She told him with a small smile.

“Why do you think I agreed?” he told her with a laugh.

Hermione laughed and shook her head, looking at everyone around the table; happy with their lives and making relationships that she was sure would last them all a lifetime.

Pansy and Harry were sitting quietly in the corner with their heads together looking completely in love. Looking like they were made for each other.

“Want to get going, Granger?” An all too familiar seductive purr came in her ear as Draco stood over her. “I’ve not seen you since

Wednesday..." she knew what that meant. She was in for one hell of a night.

Draco was insatiable. Since they had been able to get him to achieve orgasm through penetration, he hadn't left her alone. And that was just how she liked it. He would take her for hours, one passionate encounter after the next but it was still never enough. He still always needed more, like he was trying to consume her. It made her knees weak at the thought of giving herself over to this truly passionate man.

She gave him a small nod and stood, and they bid their goodbyes to their friends.

Pansy gave her a wink and mouthed 'good luck'. She knew exactly what Hermione was about to do.

His lips on her skin made her feel like he was setting her on fire. They had devoured each other's mouths as they moved through Draco's flat, knocking into each other as they grabbed each other hungrily. A short interlude erupted as Draco pushed her against the wall and ground into her, but when she pushed him away, he grabbed her with him and walked until they managed to find his bedroom door and almost collapsed into it.

"Do you know how much I've been thinking about you since Wednesday?" Hermione asked him between kisses as he manoeuvred them into the room.

"Tell me." Draco asked her as he kissed her neck, making her groan against him.

"Too much..." she whispered and arched her back into him, her neck stretching. "You're all I ever think about..." she told him as he breathed into her ear.

“Hermione, you drive me fucking mental...fuck, I can’t get enough of you...”

She paused for a second, taking a deep breath. It was now or never. “But... there’s something else I need to tell you, though.” She wasn’t trying to force the words out, but they were getting stuck in her throat now as her nerves took over. She knew this quiet moment between them would be over once she confessed...once he let her.

He blinked down at her, holding her back for a minute and he swallowed. “I’m not going to like it, am I?”

“No, you are... but you don’t like it when I try to tell you.” She shook her head and lowered her attention to the floor then.

“Then don’t tell me. Not yet. Because if you do tell me then I’m going to break.” He told her defiantly, grabbing her against his chest again and holding her to him. “And I don’t want to break.”

She let out a breath of air; why was it such a hard thing for him to hear? “I won’t let you break.”

And as she said the words, he let go of her forearms and was pushing her back onto the bed. Hermione’s hands fell to the mattress as he moved forwards, bringing them toe to toe, her knees to his.

“I need you, Hermione Granger,” He pledged, grasping her chin to drag her eyes back to his. “I have never not needed you...I don’t want to ruin this... I’m scared of ruining this with you.”

Her eyes were glistening in that moment, the weight of his words hitting her in a continuous onslaught. She was his everything, and he was hers.

All she wanted to do was pull him into her and love some life back into him. To make everything better. He stared down at her, barely blinking, he was barely breathing. Hermione saw her future in those eyes. In this man.

"I can't stop falling for you." She told him. "And I won't, do you hear me? Nothing will be ruined...you would never ruin anything." She dragged her thumb along his lower lip. "I won't let you break...ever."

"I don't want you to say things if you don't mean them..." He reached out, his fingers latching onto her waistband. His gaze turned determined, seductive, and it took all of her strength not to slam her mouth over his. "...I couldn't take it-"

"-Why won't you let me say it?" Hermione asked bravely as she grabbed his belt and yanked it at the clasp. He was hard already. "Why won't you let me tell you?" She wanted to be there with him; let the intensity of their feelings drag them both under instead of her watching from the side-lines, unable to get any closer because he wouldn't let her. She needed him to know, and he had never let her say it.

"Because once you say it, that's it..." he told her as she lowered his zip and tugged his waistband down over his arse. "...if you ever took it back, it would kill me."

Hermione's heart almost broke. "Why would I ever want to take it back? How could you ever ruin this?"

"Because I'll never fully deserve you." He pulled her dress up until it was around her waist and brought her knickers to one side. His cock stood between them, pulsing as she licked her lower lip. "Never."

Draco let her say no more then. He silenced in her own defence as he tugged his pants down and fell to his knees, leaving her in the grey dress she was wearing. With rough hands, he shoved her knees apart and slid his hands under her arse to bring her to the edge of the mattress.

She was already ready and waiting. Draco sank his head between her thighs, his tongue leading the way to her core. The first lick straight down her slit had them both moaning. He did it again and again, making her writhe, sending her insane.

“More,” she demanded.

He pulled back and remove one hand from under her arse. He swirled his thumb through her slickness, sinking it deep inside. He did it again and again until his digit was drenched, then he let his tongue take its place.

He tormented her heat, while he moved his thumb to her arse to swirl the lubrication over the puckered hole. She groaned, wiggled and squirmed while his dick seeped with pre-cum.

Hermione felt him press harder, breeching her arse to sink his digit inside. She jolted and shoved her hands into his hair to hold his head in place, demanding more. He had never done this before... it felt amazing.

Normally, Draco would smirk at her for being this eager, but in that moment, he was right there with her. The need for him to sink himself inside of her heat was making her fucking mindless.

Draco clenched his free hand around the flesh of her arse. His thumb pumped her arse, while his tongue lapped at her clit. Hermione was on the edge, and the briefest lapse in concentration would have her coming without feeling him inside of her.

“I won’t fucking last much longer doing this, Hermione – I need you too much –” he told her as his fingers continued to pump in and out of her.

“Please, Draco” she cried. “I need you inside me.” She rocked her hips sensually as he moved his mouth back to her clit and rubbed against it with his lower lip.

Draco watched her, wanting to deny her just for a little while as he enjoyed the erotic display. “I’ve never seen anything sexier... I never will again.” And she knew that even with her top half entirely covered, she was still his fantasy brought to life.

She had to do it. Do it now; take him by surprise.

“I love you.” Was all she said in reply; barely audible and she panted it out between moans, but it made Draco stop in his tracks and then his actions became primal.

“Jesus fucking Christ.” Draco pushed her right down on to the mattress and shoved to his feet, not quite knowing how to react. “Don’t say that again,” he warned, his eyes full of panic and wonder as his emotions battled with themselves.

Not because he didn’t want her to, but because once it was out there, then he knew that she would be tied to him forever because he would never be able to let her go.

“Sorry.” She grinned and leaned up on her elbows. “But I do.” he grasped her knees and lifted, sending her toppling further backwards on the bed as he positioned her drenched core right in front of his cock.

She held his gaze, her chest heaving, her breathing ragged. He impaled her, sinking deep, shoving so fucking hard that she felt the pleasure all of the way to her bones. She clenched the quilt with her fingers and gasped.

“Oh my God.” He pounded into her. Over and over. He had to close his eyes but the look she caught in them before he did was pure nirvana. He slid his hands along to her arse, lifting, arching her back higher, digging his fingers deep. His scent was in her lungs, his taste was on her lips, and her walls were milking him dry.

“You’re going to make me come,” she panted. She watched him open his eyes, unable to deny himself.

“Say it,” he demanded.

“I thought you didn’t want—”

"Fucking say it.." he slammed into her, over and over and over. Harder and harder and harder. She moaned, the sound increasing while her thighs clenched tight around his hips. "I need to hear you say it again...tell me."

"Please, Draco-" she cried out, her pussy massaging his dick. Pulsing and contracting. She knew what he wanted and she couldn't hold back. "I love you."

"Hermione, fuck – my Hermione-." He shouted as his release followed hers, his come spilling free in relieving spurts. He didn't stop. He couldn't. He wouldn't. She kept moaning, crying, her knuckles turning white as she gripped the coverings.

"I've never wanted someone like this. I've never needed anyone like I need you." Draco slammed into her with each fading pulse of his orgasm. "Never loved anybody like I love you..." Hermione swallowed while he panted out his words, her grey dress tight against her breasts as her chest rose and fell with his. "I love you, Hermione Granger..." Her legs began to relax as her heart sang and he kissed her jaw and cheeks. "...always loved you."

His thrusts slowed. He had marked her thighs with his fingers and made her breathless from the way he fucked her. She had affected him, but it was nowhere even close to the way he affected her.

"I hope you meant it," She murmured. He nodded against her neck, before looking up at her and biting his lower lip. Her lids were heavy, her cheeks were flushed.

"I'm not sorry." He told her as he nuzzled her neck again, still inside of her. "I'll never be sorry; I meant every word."

"I did too, Draco." She frowned up at him and cupped his face. "I meant everything. I want you, Draco...Just you for as long as you'll have me."

“Jesus-Fuck- I love you.” He breathed and bent down to kiss her tenderly. “Forever, then?” He whispered with a small chuckle in her ear.

Hermione could only nod.

Forever sounded perfect.

Epilogue

Chapter 13: Epilogue

Chapter by Ada_P_Rix

Two Years Later

Mr and Mrs Potter had a wedding that had no expense spared.

It was held in a grand hotel in Chester, with over three hundred guests in attendance. Pansy had chosen Sunflower yellow and white for her theme; a far cry from the pink that Harry had made her give up in exchange for allowing her have a total of eight Bridesmaids. Her Maid of Honour was Hermione Granger.

After the ceremony was over and the pictures had been taken, Hermione chose to for-go the free champagne and walk out onto the open grounds of the gardens to seek out the one person she was waiting to see. She didn't have to wait long.

A large arm curled around her waist, pulling her close to a broad chest and his scent captivated her straight away. "Nice dress, Granger..." he purred into her ear. "Yellow suits you..."

She turned in his arms and bit her lip as she looked up at him, taking him in. God, he looked good in Navy. His suit matched Harry's except for a different tie; being Best Man had meant a great deal to Draco when Harry had asked him. "You don't look so bad yourself, Mr Malfoy..." she told him with a small smile.

He tilted her chin up and pressed the smallest of kisses to her nose. "Just think; this'll be us this time next year..." he told her as he

brought her hand up to kiss her knuckles, her ring shining proudly on her finger.

“...but until then...” he brought her close again and dipped back down to her ear. “I need to find somewhere to fuck you properly – I won’t be able to concentrate on my speech while you’re there looking like that and I’ve not touched you...”

She giggled and grabbed at his Navy waistcoat. “You’re insatiable...” she whispered into his ear.

“Only for you.” He told her with a coy smile.

Hermione was about to recommend that they sneak back to their hotel room without anyone seeing them when they were interrupted by two very loud and obnoxious Grooms Men.

“Ah look,” Came the jovial voice of one Theodore Nott. “It’s the Malfoy’s,” he said pleasantly as the men walked towards them. “And judging by the looks of them they’re plotting their escape so they can run off to make babies before the speeches start...am I right?” he said with a wink.

Draco didn’t even look over, he just sighed and shook his head and held Hermione close, a protective arm around her stomach. “Luna let you off your leash, has she?” Draco asked him with a smirk. “Remind me to pay her double at our wedding...keep you muzzled until after the wedding cake has been cut.”

Theo snorted. “I’d be offended but you’ve already asked me to be a Grooms Man so I know you love me really-“

“-Love is a very strong word-“ Draco started.

“-So, you’re forgiven.” Theo finished happily, ignoring the blonde-haired man and downing his glass of champagne as Blaise sipped his leisurely beside him.

“Where are Luna and Ginny?” Hermione asked and looked around the garden, hoping they would come over and save them from more of Theodore’s tongue-lashings. “I’ve not seen them since the start of the ceremony.”

“Ginny’s talking to Mrs Parkinson about the decor...” Theo smirked and looked at Blaise. “...Almost as if she’s expecting someone to propose soon...”

“Sod off.” Blaise said in a deadpan tone but scuffed his shoes into the grass, looking nervous. “Not going over this again... I’ll do it when I’m ready...got more important things to think about than Weddings, like Winnie-”

Draco laughed. “You’ll be drawing your pension by the time you get round to it... you’ve shown me the ring; it’s decent,” he told his friend as Hermione looked up at him looking perplexed. “Just go for it, that’s what I ended up doing-”

Theo tittered. “Mate, no one could top what you did –” Draco scowled at him. “-I told all my mates in the magical incidents room about how you did it – they still can’t believe-”

“Yes, okay.” Draco huffed. “We’re not going over that again Theodore, so kindly piss off.”

Hermione bit back a laugh. Theo had a point, but his proposal was still beautiful in its own very unique and interesting way. And she had accepted without even considering any other option, because Draco Malfoy was the man for her and always would be.

“What about you and Luna?” Hermione asked Theo, trying to change the subject. “Has she given you any inkling yet?”

Theo shook his head. “Babies first, apparently.” He told the group casually. “She’s not the marriage type to be honest, which suits me just fine...I don’t need a ball and chain weighing me down.”

Hermione rolled her eyes and then spotted the two ladies in question walking towards them on the grass, Luna wrapped in a silk peach scarf and Ginny carrying little Winnie on her hip. Ginny and Blaise's eventual meet ups ended in a very unexpected pregnancy about three months after they started meeting together.

They both found it hard to get their heads around it, but they worked through their initial issues and eventually bought a small house together and when little Winnie did come along, with her Auburn hair, green eyes and her olive skin; she melted everyone's hearts.

Everyone had helped out, whether it was babysitting or just general shopping or just a shoulder to lean on. They were a friendship unit that became a family unit.

And Uncle Draco was Winnie's favourite. He baby-sat sometimes, he read to her and he always had sweets in his pocket whenever she was around. He would often spend time chasing her around Blaise and Ginny's garden or flying her around in the air like an aeroplane. She had him wrapped around her little finger, and it squeezed at Hermione's heart to watch.

In the early stages of Winnie being born Hermione could remember with a rush of heat the frenzy it had sent Draco into. Her heart beat sped up at the memory of him coming home to her every night and making love to her over and over – talking to her while he fucked her about how much he loved her and how much he wanted her to be the one to have his baby...

He pumped in and out of her relentlessly as her fists grabbed the mattress. One hand held onto her thigh as their hips collided together, the other holding himself above her as he rocked into her, making the most intense groans escape both of their lips.

"Keep going Draco, don't stop – oh!" she moaned, biting her lip as her head bounced off the mattress with each thrust. He never held back now; he didn't need to.

“Won’t stop till you come all over my cock, Granger-“ he told her in her ear as he nipped at the pulse point on her neck. “-never stop until I’m spilling myself inside of you-“ he rocked at a different angle now, hitting her clit every time.

“Yes, right there-“ she keened and her nails dug into his back, causing his alabaster skin to mark as she clawed her way down it.

“Is that what you want?” he asked her, panting as he looked at her face. “You want me to come inside you? Right here?-“ One harsh thrust and she felt the tip of his cock push against her cervix and she groaned. “You know how dangerous that is, little girl?” his eyes were gleaming dangerously. “You know what could happen if I did that?”

“Oh god – yes – please, Draco-“ she couldn’t hold back the tightening of her walls at his words. The passion in his voice and the way he was so possessive over her and what he wanted from her. It was too much. She felt the coil in her belly snapping, unravelling and then –

“You’re making me come, Draco-“ she stuttered as her body started to shake.

“That’s it, Hermione – fuck ... I’m right here – I’m with you-“ Draco put his forehead against hers as his own orgasm started to unfurl inside of him. “-I want this with you-“

“Come for me, Draco...” she whispered as she tried to catch her breath, and felt him quicken his thrusts until he was head down in her neck and pumping into her so hard that the bed was clattering against the wall.

“Hermione –“ was all he said in a strangled cry as he came hard inside of her, hitting the spot he needed to reach. It was primal and animalistic; it was Draco.

...It was the one thing she knew he was craving. He wanted a family of his own; a child to give all of his love and devotion to. A child for his parents to spoil and cherish as much as they had given him everything, too.

Hermione thought that telling his parents about them would be the hardest thing that they would have to do together. But she was wrong. Over a slightly awkward dinner date one evening about six months into their courtship, they had revealed the revelations to his Mother and Father, who were both relieved and not surprised at the same time...

"At least it's not that bloody Parkinson girl." Lucius had mumbled into his scotch as he sat opposite Hermione, although he didn't look too impressed that it was Hermione sitting there, either.

"I should have known..." Narcissa told Draco with a glint in her eye. "You used to do nothing but come home over the Christmas and Summer holidays and moan about a bright, Muggle-born Witch with curly hair..." she took a sip of her tea. "...you complained too much about her for there to be nothing there..." she gave Hermione the smallest of smiles. "At least now he'll have someone to organise his Birthday parties and make him celebrate- "

"-No, Mother-"

"-As it happens, I'm planning something for this one coming up... a party, which you're obviously more than welcome to attend." Hermione told her with a grin and a nod.

"Excellent." Was all Narcissa said.

"Will that Parkinson girl be there?" Lucius asked in a huff as he cut into his steak.

Hermione tried her hardest to keep in her laugh. "Yes, she will be-"

“-She’ll be kept away from you Father, I bloody well promise.” Draco told him through gritted teeth as he played with his cutlery.

“Good.” Was all the elder Malfoy said with a nod of his head

... As Ginny and Luna came to stand in front of the group, Pansy and Harry trailed behind hand in hand, looking thoroughly in love.

Winnie held out her arms to Draco and he swooped her up, making her giggle, her green frilly dress setting off her eyes and hair. She had the best genetics from both of her parents.

“Well? How does it feel?” Blaise asked the Bride and Groom as they joined their friends.

“I can’t imagine it feels much different, really.” Luna interrupted. “It’s not life changing... neither of them has died “

“And that’s why I love this woman!” Theo announced, putting his arm around the blonde girl. “Sharper tongue than mine.”

“Thanks Luna,” Pansy said with a raised eyebrow. “But yes, she’s right. Me and Potter were walking over here saying we’ve spent a shit load of money and don’t feel any different.”

“We’ve decided that weddings are overrated.” Harry replied as he took a sip of champagne from his glass. “But please, enjoy your day of free alcohol and food on us though, won’t you?”

“A-men to that.” Blaise raised his glass and laughed, before Draco toppled his toddler into his arms. “It’s been a great day so far though and you will have memories to keep forever.”

“Expensive memories.” Pansy sighed. “But yes, it has been a beautiful day so far-“ She stopped mid-sentence and frowned. “Where did Malfoy and Granger go?” she asked, staring at the spot they had occupied not moments ago.

Theo chuckled. "I was right – I knew they were sneaking off for a shag."

"Leave them alone, Theo." Harry told him pointedly. "We don't need any more running commentaries, thank you very much."

He stripped her quickly until she was completely naked. He pulled back and looked at her with hunger in his eyes. His fingertips slid over her body, possessively. It felt so good. She wanted him to know that it felt good so she moaned.

Their clothes had been laid out on the couch and Hermione had taken her hair down before Draco's finger could ruin the loose braid that it was in. She just needed to feel him. Her hormones were driving her crazy and she needed to feel him inside of her.

He stopped, looking at her intensely as his eyes scanned down her body... resting on her stomach. "I'm nearly ready to fucking explode, but first I need to take care of you." he said assertively. He slipped his hand down to her hips and opened her legs, but her body knew what it wanted.

She lifted her hips and offered her hot, wet heat to him. He sank a thick finger into her. He gasped with pleasure. "You're so swollen and wet," he said, his eyes dark with desire. "So tight for me, love ... fuck... I'll never get over how good you feel..."

The smell of her own desire flooded her senses making her flush with excitement. And then he shifted his position so that he was on top of her, his huge cock pushed against her and then he slowly, inexorably pushed in. For a moment it hurt like it usually did, like he was tearing apart and she clawed at his shoulder. But this pain was always different from any other kind of pain she had endured. It was a very good pain... but now, she felt even more sensitive to the feel of him stretching her.

“You’re too tight... I fucking love it... love you...” he told her. His face was rough with a mixture of lust and concern.’

“I know,” she gasped. “Draco, I love you too – I love you so much – god-“ she whimpered and he stopped for a second.

“Do you want me to stop?” he asked quietly. “Does it feel too much? Is it different?”

She frowned. What did he mean? “No,” she growled.

She wanted him inside of her and to stay inside of her. Her body was not too tight to take him. She grasped him firmly and pulled him hard towards her. His cock almost broke her open. The pleasurable pain increased as it always did when he slid in. He went so deep she couldn’t catch her next breath. He pulled back and thrust back in. Again. And again. She moaned low in her throat.

“Yes – Draco – keep doing that... please, yes...”

His large hands gripped her hips and of their own accord they moved her back and forth. Draco’s mastery and technique were always evident in every move and touch and soon she started to relish the feelings he was giving to her as the pain transformed into warmth and pleasure. Pure, real pleasure.

“Fuck Hermione, yes – that’s it-“ he panted, his thrusts becoming harder as her tightness subsided a little around him.

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Artwork Created by Nadia Polyakova

<https://www.instagram.com/nadiapolyakova89/>

Hermione's eyes widened with surprise. She never in her life thought sex could be like this until Draco showed her how she really needed it. "Oh Draco," she begged. "Don't stop...please, don't stop."

He answered by grabbing both her wrists and putting them high above her head. He looked down at her breasts with hunger. She felt them bounce and jiggle, different than their usual movements and she could see him watching them knowingly as he continued to thrust into her.

He controlled everything. She was his to do whatever he wanted to do to her. Then he swooped down and took her nipple in his mouth. Her body arched with pleasure. His tongue flicked the tips. All the while he was thrusting deep into her.

"You're mine, Hermione." He told her between thrusts and low breaths. "Mine. Never letting you go – fuck, so beautiful – can't believe I get to have you-"

She felt herself starting to shake at his words. His. She would always be his. Forever.

"Oh god – shit, Draco you're making me come- Oh!"

And then it came. And it blew her mind. She cried out his name. The sensation had wracked her body to the point that she didn't even realize that he had been holding on for her, and as soon as he saw her climax, he pumped into her so hard that the little hotel bed they were lying on started to shake with every hard slam.

"That's it – fuck, yes... right there-" he babbled as he pumped into her furiously, so hard his hip bones bounced off of hers " – oh fuck the way you clench around my dick is gonna make me – fuck!"

He didn't scream when he climaxed, but he roared and carried on thrusting through it until that last thrust when he held himself, throbbing and pulsating deep inside of her, right up against her cervix. Breathing hard he looked down on her as she lay limp under him, her thighs trembling and her toes curled.

She was his. Always.

Draco buried his head into her neck as their movements slowed and their hands stroked each other's arms, shoulders and backs calmingly as they got their breathing under control.

But then he started talking.

"I know You feel a little sorer and more tender lately..." he breathed in her ear and kissed the lobe. "...don't think I haven't noticed the new heaviness of your breasts and the slight roundness and hardness to your stomach..." he kissed her jaw. "...Or the fact that you've tried your best to decline alcohol for the past four weeks..."

Hermione flushed and cast her eyes down as he pulled back to look at her. He grabbed her chin and pulled it up, making her look at him. "Something you want to tell me, Granger?"

Hermione's vision came into focus as she sat on the end of the bed of the little hotel room, trying to focus on the figure in front of her, who was holding the small mirror in his hands, still looking down at it with an unreadable expression on his face.

She waited a minute, two, three; before she let out a nervous breath. "I told you I had something to show you." She told him in a quiet voice.

Draco took his time to look up at her, and when he did, she understood why. His eyes were wet. They were wet with tears threatening to spill from them. And in that moment, she knew exactly

what this meant to him... knew exactly what it would mean for both them ...

“Are you?” he asked in a very small voice. “Really?”

Hermione gave him a small nod and bit her lip. “About eight weeks...” she started, seeing him frown slightly. “Draco I-“

But she was cut off by his lips crashing into hers as he leaned into her, cupping her cheek gently. His tongue sort out hers and she entwined them both together, relishing how good it felt to have this closeness with him.

He pulled back then, panting and smiling wildly at her. “I had an inkling but I wasn’t sure – fuck, Hermione you’ve made my life complete.” He kissed her again. “I don’t deserve you, or any of this –“ she had never seen him look happier, apart from the day that she told him she loved him. “Thank you for giving me this chance. I love you.” He told her proudly, and reached out gently to put a hand on her stomach.

“I love you, Draco.” She told him with a smile, “Always will.”

He gave her the biggest grin and Hermione could have burst with the rush of happiness she felt inside of her.

And for his rush of happiness too. Because for so long he had craved the feeling that others were able to have; wanted the same things that other had but felt unworthy of it. And she was honoured to be the one to give him this...give him everything.

Because Draco Malfoy deserved happiness.

He always had.

End

Interludes, One-shots Index

Chapter 14: Interludes, One-shots Index

Chapter by Ada_P_Rix

Thankyou for coming along on this journey with me!

The following interludes are either one-shots or smaller stories set within the Erised Effect series.

These stories could be set pre-Erised or Post-Erised.

They could be small drabbles or smaller pieces of work with a multi-chapter or two.

They could involve Draco and Hermione, or they could involve other characters from within the Erised Universe.

I have decided to put them all together into the one story so that you don't have to go looking anywhere else or bother with looking for a 'series' of work.

Any future Small Erised stories or one-shots will be posted here for your convenience, after the main story.

Thankyou,

Love you.

Ada

x

More Than A C Cup

Chapter 15: More Than A C Cup

Chapter by Ada_P_Rix

Set Pre-Erised Effect during AU Seventh year at Hogwarts.

Quote From 'The Erised Effect'

" Hermione took in a breath and tried to shake off the tension that was clinging to the air

around them. "I was hardly anything to write home about in school."
She put out casually

with a smile and a shake of her head. "All hair and teeth and ink-blots."

Draco raised a perfectly shaped eyebrow at her. "Oh you were at the top of a few lists,

believe me." He said with a chuckle as she frowned at him in confusion.

"Lists?" she asked him. He shook his head, muttering something about Blaise and telling

her another time. "

Blaise has got a list...

May 1997

"Karen Wiltshire?"

"Nah, She's got bee stings."

"Kelly Mortimer?"

"Mosquito bites."

Blaise huffed. "What about Jennifer Settle, then?"

"Not a bloody chance," Theo shook his sandy-blond head and patted the pad that Blaise was holding with his index finger. "I've had the privilege of motorboating those particular bad boys..."

he said with a lustful sigh. "They're immense, but they're no bigger than a B cup."

Blaise frowned, quill to his mouth as Theo shoved more eggs and bacon into his. They knew they were now running out of girls to put on their list... they needed reinforcements.

"Draco, what do you reckon?" Blaise asked in a frustrated tone and thrust the list at him as he finished off his sausage on toast.

Draco's eyes scoured the list intently, nodding at some of the choices put on there, and frowning at others.

"Carina Cartwright should be taken off," he said with a smirk. "She's no more than a B, either."

Blaise made a '*humph*' sound and snatched the list back, striking the girl's name off it. "This is

ridiculous... there's no one bloody left-"

"What are you three shits up to now?" Came Pansy's voice from Draco's left, and he turned to give her a lopsided grin as she sat down next to him.

"Being our usual, perverted and sex-deprived selves." Theo told her through sips of orange juice.

"And you know you wouldn't have us any other way." He smiled at her.

Pansy rolled her eyes and pointed to the pad Blaise was holding. "Is that 'the' list?" She asked curiously, trying to peek.

Blaise brought it up to his chest protectively, shielding it from view. "And how exactly do you know about the list?" He asked defensively.

Pansy scoffed. "Oh please, you three are worse at keeping secrets than that bloody chamber on the second-floor in the girls toilets." She shook her head. "I could help ... I know for a fact that you'll

have a few girls missing off it..."

Theo gave her a mistrusting look. "What if we don't need help?"

Pansy laughed loudly. "Oh piss off, Theodore." She almost snorted. "You three are clueless. You really have no idea! I mean - first of all you need to think of bra sizes properly, break it down-"

"-I like to 'ride the broom', not fuck about with the mechanics of it-" Theo told her with an eye roll.

"- and I know I can look around this Hall right now and tell you whether a girl is more than a C cup or not." She finished, and watched as all sets of the boys eyes shot to her, fully paying attention now.

Theo still eyed her suspiciously. "Not a chance."

"Julia Dougherty looks big, but her boobs are under her chin, which implies she's wearing a push up, padded bra..." she said thoughtfully, ignoring the boy. "That demotes her by atleast a cup size."

Blaise let out a frustrated sigh and struck yet another name off their list. Draco could see the look of absolute devastation on the boys face.

"The devil's sorcery, those padded things..." Theo said with a shake of his head. "Heart-breakingly decieving..."

"Florence Quentin from Hufflepuff is unmistakeably at least a E cup." Pansy continued matter of factly with a flip of her hair. "Don't let the baggy robes fool you-"

"-Knew it-" Blaise clicked his fingers and jotted the name down quickly as Theo and Draco looked around the Great Hall for the girl in question.

"-And then there's Granger." Pansy said casually, making both Blaise and Theo choke on air as Draco unmistakeably caught a tinge of pink to his cheeks. "-she's definitely more than a C cup," she added with a shrug and bit into a piece of toast, chewing thoughtfully; more than aware of the way Draco's eyes darted between her and his breakfast plate uncomfortably.

"Hermione Granger has big knockers?" Theo asked excitedly. "The Hermione Granger?" He asked again. "The Golden Girl of Gryffindor? The swotty little know it all? The-"

"Shut up, Theodore." Blaise ignored the boys prattlings. "How do you know, Pans? You seen them?" He asked her with a smirk.

"You have to be bloody blind to miss them, Zabini." Pansy told the black haired boy as she straddled the bench before ruffling Draco's hair playfully, making him shrug her off.

"I can guarantee that there's more than a few of the male population of the school that have spotted them already..." were her loaded parting words, and Draco glared at her retreating back as she gave them all a knowing grin and walked away.

"Well bugger me backwards...she's right, you know..." Theo said in a tone full of wonder as his eyes trained themselves upon the Gryffindor table.

Draco tried not to look. He was fully aware that Hermione Granger had fabulous tits. What he didn't want was his two friends finding out and then talking about them all the time. He didn't need Granger's name being brought up on a regular basis... it would do nothing for his constant erection and the pornographic fantasies whenever he so much as thought about her.

"...look at how the shirt she wears hugs her just underneath them... the outline, mate... they're well more than a handful..." Blaise mumbled next to him, and Draco kept his eyes trained on his plate.

"Wouldn't mind the view if I was looking up at those norks ontop of me..." Theo put his elbows on the table and rested his chin on his hands. "Bet she goes off like a rocket when she's riding you..."

Draco's knuckles turned white as he held onto the bench, the imagery being created in his mind was almost too much.

Flashes of periwinkle came to him like they always did. Periwinkle and bright smiles...and that *hair*. He had always wondered what it felt like since then to touch...

"Wouldn't think that beneath that prudish exterior there was probably something a little more sultry lurking..." Blaise said in a low tone as Draco scraped his knife around on his plate to distract himself.

More flashes of her; the scrunch of her nose when she concentrated, or her hand up in the air, being ignored by the teacher ... being ignored by everyone but him. He saw her.

He always saw her.

"Think she wears granny knickers? Or prefers the lacy stuff?" Theo asked in a dream-like voice as he studied the girl, making Draco's throat go dry at the thought of Hermione Granger wearing lace.

"Virginal waif by day, but sex obsessed deviant by night?" Blaise gave a small laugh before finally bringing his quill up and scribbling something down.

Draco managed to catch a glance of the notepad.

1. Hermione Granger - most definitely more than a C Cup.

That was the only time Draco chanced a glance up at her that day; stood up at the Gryffindor table talking with her friends, her books on her hip and her wild hair loose all down her back and shoulders. Blaise was right; that shirt did outline her in all the right places.

He sighed quietly, shaking his head.

It wasn't the first time that he had wished that bloody Yule Ball had never happened. If it hadn't, then he wouldn't see her like he did now.

He always saw her now; whether he wanted to or not.

Fin

Practice Makes Perfect

Chapter 16: Practice Makes Perfect

Chapter by Ada_P_Rix

Post- Erised Effect.

One-shot.

Christmas in the Granger-Malfoy household... and Hermione knows what she wants...

Christmas Eve 2012

At two and a half years old, the Granger-Malfoy twins were not quite accustomed to Christmas and the traditions and festivities that went along with it, but that didn't mean that their Mother and

Father could not get into the spirit and find the joy and pleasure that came with having children to spoil at Christmas time.

Scorpius very much had his Father's temperament and looks, which was something that his Mother was very fond of. Right down from his wavy blonde hair to his large grey eyes, he was every inch his Father's son. He would frown just like his Father, and his fists would ball up if he could not get

his own way and he would sulk on the first step of the stairs with his arms folded in petulance if he was made to eat his peas with dinner. But he wanted a toy Broomstick for Christmas.

Amalthea – or Thea, as she was aptly nicknamed by her Father – was the calmer of the two toddler- sized hurricanes. Her brown eyes matched her Mothers and her unruly blonde curls were usually kept in pigtails with her bows always matching. Thea was very particular about which toys she played with, always preferring the building blocks or something that required logic. This completely juxtaposed Scorpius, who liked to smash things up or play with things that he most definitely should not.

Parenthood had been a massive shock to both Hermione and Draco. No matter how prepared they thought they were for it from the day that Hermione had told him that she was pregnant, nothing could have readied them for the reality of having twins...

“I can see two heartbeats here, which means you are having twins!”

“Well, shit...” Draco held her hand silently and stared at the monitor in front of them, his eyes wide. “I mean...” He glanced down at Hermione, looking paler than she had ever seen him.

She bit her lip anxiously. She had suspected something was going on as soon as the Medi -Witch had started to look over at her, but this was the last thing that she had expected to happen to either of them.

“They’re both happy and healthy sizes with good, strong heartbeats.” The Witch had told them both happily as they sat there slack-jawed, looking at the monitor. “Congratulations!”

“Thankyou.” Hermione told her politely, keeping her eye on Draco to make sure that he was not about to faint. “We’re just a little shocked, that’s all...”

Draco looked at her with a slightly raised eyebrow. “Just a little?” He asked her with a small grin. “Can you imagine the amount of sleep we are never having ever again now?”

All Hermione could do was shrug and smile. "I can always ask Molly for a few tips..." She answered him with a smile and she felt his hand clasp hers tightly... lovingly. "If she can raise Fred and George then I'm sure these two will be a doddle."

Draco kissed the back of her hand, still smiling rather giddily. "I honestly can't fucking wait, Granger." His eyes turned back to the monitor. "They're absolutely perfect."

And in that moment, Hermione did not think that she could ever love him more...

For weeks afterwards, they had walked around on cloud nine, absolutely in awe of the whole idea of bringing two babies into the world and had lovingly battled excitedly with names. Narcissa's intruding insistence that they use a name after a constellation as it was 'traditional' also did not help, as Draco appeared to agree with his Mother, saying that it was the only tradition he would like to pass on within his family.

Hermione had not liked the idea at first. She had wanted names that were a little more up to date and could not find anything that stood out to her. When Draco had suggested Scorpius, Hermione had laughed. She could not call her son Scorpius. Absolutely not. No way. They had gone backwards and forwards over it for what felt like forever, until one day Draco had managed to corner her against the sink as she washed the dishes...

..."I like it," Draco whispered into her ear as he kissed the back of her neck and held her to him, her back to his front. "Scorpius ... Scorp for short...Scorpius Granger-Malfoy... I think it has a good ring to it." His hands were travelling around to cradle her stomach affectionately as he continued to whisper kisses over her pulse point, making her feel weak. "Half of me and half of you...perfect."...

Draco had won that round after Hermione promptly dropped the plate she was washing and allowed him to pick her up and carry her into the bedroom, tie her up and make love to her so passionately that they were both wrapped in each other's ecstasy for hours after, just touching and kissing and holding each other.

Their love and passion for each other was still going strong and Hermione could not get enough of the man. Her pregnancy with the twins had brought a new side out within Draco though, and she found herself being majorly attracted to the man that he was becoming and how much more of himself that he was opening up to her while they started on the road to parenthood together.

And now here they were, almost three years later and the two proud parents to two toddlers who certainly tried their best to keep them on their toes. Not longer after the babies were born, she and Draco had bought a modest house together in Castle-Combe in the Cotswolds. It was a quiet and peaceful village, which allowed them both the anonymity to go between the Wizarding world and the Muggle world fairly easily.

The magic of Christmas had hit the Village this year, and the twins were very excited to see all of the twinkling lights in the windows and the lit up trees in the front of the houses as they walked by of an evening. Even tonight, on Christmas Eve, they had decided to take a walk past the small Church and allow their children to enjoy the familiar sound of the Church organ playing as the Choir's beautiful lull came out of the large wooden doors of the building.

That was the first Epiphany of the evening that had made Hermione make up her mind. It was seeing the look of pure joy on Draco's face as he held Thea tightly in his arms and point out all the fairy lights on the trees and watch her daughter giggle with excitement as she followed her Father's gaze.

The second Epiphany happened just before the children's bedtimes. After having her usual soak in the tub, she had realised that it had been a good few days since they had last had sex. That just would

not do. Her sex life with Draco was still amazing and they fought extremely hard to find the proper time to be with each other. Going more than four or five days without sex for both of them was quite irregular, although it did happen due to life getting in the way.

Hermione needed him tonight, though. She had done nothing but think about him pressing her into the bed and sliding between her legs for most of the day, and the hot looks that he had been giving her really did not help. And she knew that he was feeling the exact same way because he had told her... he just loved to use that dirty mouth of his to try and turn her on in the most inappropriate situations...

"Fucking hell Hermione," He breathed into her ear from behind as she decorated the Gingerbread men that the twins had made with her earlier on. His hands were at her hips, playing with the small patch of skin protruding from her jumper. "I swear, if Scorp wasn't in the next room I'd have you sat on this table moaning my name." His voice was almost a purr. "I'd lap you up with my tongue until your legs were shaking around me."

... yes. Highly inappropriate.

And so, her best black lace underwear was put on and over it, a black slip and silk dressing gown. She wanted his jaw to drop when he saw her, just like she knew it would. It always did whenever she made an effort to look sexy for him. Although, he loved her no matter what she looked like, and she loved him all the more for it. But tonight, he was getting it. But she melted when she walked into the Livingroom. A lump in her throat formed for a moment as she took in the sight before her, and it made her truly count her blessings.

There on the couch, surrounded by a roaring open fire, fairy lights from the Christmas tree and soft Christmas Music playing in the background, were the three most important people to Hermione Granger-Malfoy in the world. Draco sat on the couch with his arm

wrapped around Thea, with Scorpius sitting next to them. On Draco's lap was a book that he was reading to their Children with lots of expression... and it was the most beautiful sight that she had ever witnessed.

And that was her second Epiphany. That was when she knew. And as she silently stepped into the Livingroom and walked closer to them, she waited for Draco to finish the book before leaning over him from the back of the couch, both of her arms wrapping around him lovingly from behind. Hermione nuzzled into his neck, hearing him sigh and chuckle darkly as her nipped at his pulse point... she knew how much he loved that. Hermione could hear Scorpius and Thea chattering away to each other, Thea still looking at the book on Draco's lap and flicking through the pages herself.

Her lips met his ear and she felt Draco shudder in need against her at the contact. "I want another baby." She whispered into him, and she heard him take in a breath. "Fuck me so hard tonight that you put another baby inside of me, Draco..."

That was the reaction from him that she wanted. She knew that as soon as she had said those magic words, that he was going to be hard for her for the rest of the night. Draco had wanted them to have another child for a while. He had always stated that he wanted to have children young enough to be able to enjoy his life with them properly. Hermione had agreed, but when he brought up the idea of them having another around a year ago, Hermione had been less than impressed with the idea.

The twins were tiring. They were a handful and they were a whirlwind of chaos and mess. Not that she would change them for the world, but they were such hard work and there were times when Hermione could barely keep her eyes open past seven o'clock, never mind contemplate bringing another one into the world.

But Draco liked to practice. He liked to fuck her hard and tell her how much he wanted to come inside of her and get her pregnant. He liked to get her on top of him and tell her that he wanted to bury

himself inside of her until he was reaching that spot that would be most effective. He would often pound into her and mumble that he could not pull out... that he did not have that much willpower.

And when he would come, he would stay inside of her, just kissing her and caressing her, holding himself inside of her for as long as he could. He knew none of it made a difference as she was using contraceptive charms, but the naughty thought was always there for him.

It was one of the many kinks about the man that she loved.

As Hermione continued to nip and kiss at his earlobe and along his jaw, her eyes caught the heat in his as he stared ahead of him at the Fireplace. She had felt his whole-body tense up at his words and she knew that she was now in dangerous territory... once the Children were in bed, Draco was going to own her.

“Scorp, Thea...” Hermione heard Draco say in a low yet soft tone as he spoke to their children. “It’s time for bed.”

“I see Santa in the morning?” Thea asked him excitedly as she bounced down from his knee and was already running to the Livingroom door.

“We get our presents when we wake up?” Scorpius asked sleepily as Draco scooped him up into his arms and carried him to Hermione – where Scorp gave her a massive kiss and cuddles - and then moved past her and to the Livingroom door.

“We’ll have to wait and see what tomorrow brings.” Hermione called after him with a loving smile. “Sweet dreams, my darlings.” She cooed at them as thea blew her an air kiss as she made her way up the stairs.

Draco turned around as he stood in the entrance to the doorway, filling it with his tall and broad frame. He fixed her with a dark and

heated look, his features looking very serious. "Don't move." Was all he said to her, and it made her clench with anticipation as he disappeared through the door.

Hermione knew it would feel like an eternity before Draco would come back down the stairs, but she had not banked on it feeling like this long. For the amount of time taken, she had let the tension build up inside of her until her heart was thundering from the anticipation of what he might say or do when he eventually came back into the Livingroom.

She sat herself down onto the couch, one leg crossed over the other. Hermione knew how much thigh she was exposing... she hoped it would gauge the right reaction out of him when he did return. The slip she was wearing was one of his favourites because it hugged her curves in all the right places. Draco often enjoyed sliding the silk up and over her body as he rocked against her, making her wet for him before he had even begun to touch her properly.

Hermione eventually heard his footfalls on the stairs and felt her nipples tighten involuntarily. It was amazing how her body could still react to just the thought of him after them being together for this length of time. Her body still craved him wickedly. She would always crave him.

She knew he was in the doorway; she did not even have to look round to know that he was there watching her now, her pulse racing at the thought of him.

"You need to watch the things you say to me, love." He told her in a low voice and she kept her back to him, but knew he was walking into the room. "You don't know what they do to me."

But oh, she did. She did, and she wanted this reaction out of him.

"It's the truth." She told him in a quiet voice as she settled back onto the couch, stretching herself out along it and showing her legs off...

she knew he loved her legs. He often talked about how good they felt wrapped around his waist while he was pounding into her, making them both pant with need. "I've been thinking about it for a while...another baby..."

"Why now?" He asked her, his voice closer to her now, not too far behind her.

A small yawn escaped her as she lay on the couch, trying to act as casual as she could with her heart hammering away inside of her chest. "It just seems like the right time to try for another."

There was a small intake of breath from him behind her and she knew that he was taking in her legs and the outfit that she was wearing. She found herself yawning again, the warmth of the fire causing her eyes to droop a little after a long and eventful day.

"You tired, love?" She heard him ask quite casually, standing behind her at the couch now.

"A little. I didn't realise Christmas Eve would consist of wrapping a mountain of presents and then trying to find places to hide them. I had no idea that it would wipe me out like this." She stretched again and could practically feel his eyes boring into her, watching her every move.

Draco came round the couch then, coming into view as he turned on the TV – another Muggle contraption that he now insisted on keeping in the household- and as he sat down next to her, he positioned her feet across his lap on the couch. she sank further down into the soft leather sofa, almost falling asleep as he started to rub her feet softly.

"Mmm... That feels amazing." Who knew a foot rub could be such a turn-on? Though her body was starting to feel tired, the sensation of him hitting certain pressure points had her biting back a moan in her throat.

Whatever he was doing was making her body react. Before she knew it, her eyes were closed. She loved how it felt when he touched her.

“Can we afford the practicality of another baby, Hermione?” He asked her in quietly, keeping his eyes on her feet as he worked them. “Can we be sure that we won’t struggle to find childcare or struggle to both work when needed if we decided to have another?”

She frowned slightly and opened her eyes. “I thought another baby was what you wanted?” She questioned curiously. “You are of course aware that my Parents and yours would both fight with each other to take care of another Grandchild?”

His stormy eyes looked up at her then. Shit... she was in trouble when he finally touched her properly. “I’d have a Quidditch team with you if you’d let me, love.” His voice was deep. “I’d spend every day of my life fucking you, filling you up and making you carry my child if I could.”

Her hips started to circle involuntarily in time with his motions on her feet as his words sent shivers down her spine, wanting more of anything he was currently giving her.

“Then do it...” She whispered, finding herself aching between her legs at the thought of this man taking her and owning her over and over. “We both want another one, so why wait any longer when we’re both ready?”

He stopped rubbing her feet, but his hands did not leave her body. Hermione held her breath as they started traveling up, slowly, like he was memorising every inch of her. The black silk slip that she was wearing had started to rise up over her thighs as she moved her hips, his hand creeping up further.

“If I get between your legs tonight then I am going to make you fucking beg for it, Granger.” She did not miss the dangerous tone in

his voice. "I'll only fill you up when you've been good enough for me..."

Hermione shuddered at the way the muscles in his forearms flexed as his hands explored her. She loved it when he called her by her maiden name... something he did from time to time that took her back to those first few months when they were at it like rabbits, when they could not get enough of each other.

They still couldn't, but now they had the added luxury of sharing the same bed every night and sharing the same second name.

He massaged her calf before making his way up to her thigh. His powerful hands started kneading into her flesh, and she felt herself starting to groan a little at the contact of his skin on hers. His touch always did this to her... had always done this to her.

"Draco, that feels so . . ." she groaned again as his hand inched up higher still. "... don't stop . . ."

"I couldn't if I wanted to, love. Just relax yourself and let me explore..." he gave her a small grin.

"I could tease you all fucking night..."

Who was she to argue with that? Every place this man touched her turned her on more than the last. His hands were now at her stomach, lifting her slip so that he could feel her skin. Like the rest of her, it was hot and ready and waiting for more.

His lips joined his hands over her belly button, placing small kisses up higher and higher until her slip was pushed over her head and off, showing her black lace bra and matching underwear.

"Fuck, Hermione, you are so fucking gorgeous..." His lips continued their journey as he pulled the cups down, exposing her breasts.

"What the fuck did I ever do to deserve to be able to touch you like this..."

As soon as her breasts were fully free, he bent his head down and began sucking on one, then the other, flicking his tongue against her nipples, which she had discovered quite a while ago was her ultimate turn-on.

Her hands were now in his soft, platinum hair, pressing his mouth deeper into her chest and her head fell back on a groan. Her hips were writhing underneath him, which she could not help. She needed some sort of release soon or she was going to explode.

“Draco, you need to touch me... I need to come-”

“Not yet, love. Soon. I’ll take you there, trust me...once I’m done playing.” There was a glint in his eyes... the one she knew all too well. He was in a playful mood now, and after their previous conversation she knew that he was about to make her work for this ... they would be at this for hours now if she didn’t play his game.

Hermione let her hands travel down to lift up his T-shirt. He broke away from his feast on her breasts for just a second to let her take it off. The feeling of his skin against hers only added to her want. He continued his assault on her nipples and it was driving her fucking insane. His tongue

flicked out across her nipple and she mewled at the contact, her core tensing in anticipation of what was to come. Needing any kind of relief, Hermione positioned her legs around his hips, digging her feet into his arse, needing him closer so she could find some sort of friction to help with the ache in her core. This seemed to snap something inside of him, because before she knew it, he had lifted her off the couch and was then carrying her up the stairs and into his bedroom.

“You’re going to regret having this conversation with me, Hermione.” He panted into her ear as he carried her. “I’ll fuck you so hard you won’t walk straight for the rest of the week... eventually...”

Oh, he was so fucking wicked.

He placed her on their extra-sized king bed and they didn't need to say anything. The look in their eyes for each other was fire, and they quickly lost the rest of their clothing, needing to feel each other again more than they needed their next breath. Crawling on top of her slowly, their lips crashed together and their hands were everywhere.

"Christ, love... so fucking good..." He mumbled against her lips as he pulled her hips flush against his for a second.

Slowly, one of his hands started to make its way down her body and she held her breath when she felt his fingers stretching out and eventually start to inch inside of her—working her, stretching her out, readying her for more.

"So fucking wet," He mumbled against her. "So fucking good for me... if you're good, I'll let you come like this..." he whispered hotly. "I'll let you come around my fingers before I tease the fuck out of you with my cock."

And then he added a second finger inside of her heat and crooked his fingers in just the way he knew how to.

"Oh shit—" Hermione panted out, clinging onto his shoulders. He was already too much...drowning her in too many sensations all at once.

She couldn't help it—she threw her head back and moaned his name as her centre clenched and a sudden orgasm from the tension and anticipation inside of her broke free.

"Fuck, Draco...oh my god..." His fingers still inside of her, he brought her down from the high slowly with a triumphant smirk on his lips, but when she looked in his eyes, she knew that they were not done. Not by a long fucking shot.

"I want to play a little game with you, love." Draco whispered against her ear, his fingers still stroking her clit lightly and she bit her lip, only able to nod as her answer came out softly.

“Yes...” she whispered against his lips, and before she knew it, Draco had picked her up around the waist, sat her on top of him and was levelling his cock up against her entrance with a feral look in his eyes as he watched himself pressed against her folds.

“I fucking love watching myself inch inside of you...” He told her in a low tone, the hand at her back sliding down to grip her arse and then she felt the head of his cock opening her almost painfully, just like every other time. It was a pleasurable pain... it felt so fucking good.

“Draco...” Hermione managed to pant out and gripped his shoulders as he entered her from below, the sensation causing them both to moan as she slid down further onto his cock. She was being filled in a very different, but very enjoyable way.

They never really tended to do it in this position as Draco thought he got too carried away at the sight of her bouncing around on top of him... but Hermione loved it. She loved feeling close to him and loved the look of wonder on his face when he looked down, watching her breast bounce up and down against his chest— she knew how much it turned him on.

Another groan erupted from her when Draco finally flexed his hips, pushing against her and bottoming out completely. It was the most amazing feeling, him all of the way inside of her and stretching her almost to the point of pain. Only now, after all these years together, Draco was not afraid of the twisted look of pleasure and pain on her face. He revelled in it... he loved to see it, because he knew how good it felt for her.

Hermione felt a fist in her hair and her face was brought so close to his that their noses were touching. His eyes were fierce...primal. Whatever he had planned for her, by the end of it she knew that she would struggle to walk.

"Do you feel that, Hermione?" He panted against her lips and flexed his hips into her again, the tip of his cock reaching that place inside of her that could make her explode if the right pressure was applied.

All she could do in that moment was swallow and moan as she felt herself continue to stretch around him, her body readying itself for whatever he had in store for it. The torture would be delicious... it always was.

"I'll give you all of that," he whispered, a small grin on his lips as his forehead rested against hers as he continued to press into her with his cock. "If you can be good girl for me and not move an inch, I'll let you have it...I'll put a baby inside of you..." He grinned wickedly at her. "But let's see how much self-control you really have, first..."

And then without giving any warning, he rocked into her so painstakingly slowly that she felt her legs start to shake involuntarily at the action.

Oh... he wanted to play this game... it was one of her favourites.

"Don't you dare fucking move, love..." he said against her lips as his grip tightened on her arse cheek and the one in her hair kept her pressed tightly against him. "I'll let you come when you've kept still for me... I'll fuck you so slowly that by the time I'm done with you your whole body will be convulsing with need."

Hermione managed to keep her hips still, but only just. He was turning her on too much for this torture to last long.

Her pupils dilated and the rush of her scent into the air told him all he must have needed to know, but he was determined to hear it from her lips. He raised a finger and traced her bottom lip, and then the top before pressing his finger inside her mouth. She never broke her gaze as she licked his finger before sucking it deep into the wet heat of her mouth.

"Fuck...you really are my kind of dirty, Granger..." But then Draco reached out and pinched both of her nipples and she forgot everything else as she threw her head back and cried out.

"Oh, Draco-"

He continued to play with one taut peak, but he released the other and lifted her breast in his palm. As he kneaded and squeezed, she reached out a hand to his chest for balance and her legs spread further around his waist. She needed to move... needed to ease the pressure... fuck, he was going to kill her.

His voice rumbled when he said, "Shall I keep playing with your nipples, Hermione, or are you aching for me to touch you somewhere else?" Another pinch to her nipple, and all she could do was moan.

She wanted his hot mouth on her sensitive skin, not just on her breasts. She wanted to move. She wanted him to move roughly against her...she needed more. She always needed more. Putting everything out of her thoughts, instead, she ran one hand down her stomach and rubbed her clit slowly as she looked him directly in the eye and bit her lip for him.

"Here." She whispered and heard a feral sound that was almost like a growl erupt from the back of his throat.

He leaned down and licked along her throat, seeming to revel in the musky scent and taste of her.

"You're fucking unbelievable..." He rasped, flexing his hips again into her and making her groan loudly again.

Yes... more...

Keeping eye contact and merely tracing down her body with his hand until it met hers, the seam of her slit was then encircled by his fingers and his cock was hard as steel inside of her.

"Don't look away from me, I want to watch the agony on your face when you want to rock yourself back and forwards on my cock." He told her as his lips grazed along her jawline. "I want to see your eyes widen when you break for me and tell me how fucking much you

want me to put a baby inside of you...” His hips moved into her again, stretching her out and hitting the place she needed him.

“Oh, shit-“ she panted breathlessly against him.

“...right there, Hermione. That’s where you want it, isn’t it?” His cock kept pushing to the back of her, making her legs quake with the effort to keep her body still. She wanted to rock. She wanted to bounce up and down on him and send them both over the edge.

She wanted to beg him for more and have him moaning her name as he came deep inside of her. She wanted all of that.

But she could only have it if she was his good girl... she had to obey, first.

Draco’s fingers began to focus on her clit. As soon as his digits made contact with her slick, hard nub, Hermione moaned and tightened her thighs around his waist.

“Stay still, or this will only take longer...” he growled roughly against her ear and his free hand grabbed at her hip, squeezing her to keep her still for him. He could draw this out, but from the sound of his moans whenever she moved even the slightest inch, she could tell that he would be close soon. Besides, she wanted to send him over the edge so he could then have time to explore the rest of her body later. His tongue swirled and lapped at her pulse point as his finger kept up the pressure on her clit.

Hermione instinctively tried to raise her hips again, but he held her down and squeezed them to keep her in place. Then he bit her over her pulse point. Hard. She cried out and Draco rumbled in approval at how loud she screamed for him.

“Such a good fucking girl...” His tongue licked where he had just bitten down. “You always make the sweetest sounds for me...” Draco loved biting her, he always had.

Hermione moaned at the continuous touch of his fingers on her clit and Draco moaned with her, feeling her muscles squeeze and release around his cock as she tried to keep herself calm and controlled for him. When she relaxed and stopped spasming, Draco took one last lick of the juncture between her neck and collarbone and raised his head. Hermione's eyes were half-lidded, her cheeks flushed, and her expression relaxed.

He nuzzled her cheek as she drew in a breath. She loved the feel of his stubble on her skin. Draco growled and he ended her chance to moan for him further by taking her mouth in a rough kiss.

Opening to him, she savoured the feel of his hot, silky tongue against hers. He moved one of his hands to her arse and squeezed, his touch like a brand on her skin. She wanted, no needed, to feel more of his skin against hers. She wrapped her thighs even tight around his hips, grabbed his shoulders, and tilted her hips in invitation, causing them both to groan at the action.

"Be the fucking death of me, love." He panted against her and his hips flexed in and out of hers so slowly that he was shaking himself with the effort to not just fuck up and into her hard, making the torture end for both of them.

"Draco, please..." She begged on a whisper, just wanting him to fill her over and over again now.

The waiting was torture. The stillness was agony... she needed to grind and feel him filling her up over and over again.

"*Shhh*...can you take a little more for me, love?" He asked on a breath as he grabbed her hair and pulled it, her face shooting to the sky.

Oh... he knew how much she fucking loved that.

"I-I'll try..." Was all that she could muster as she tried to keep her hips from rocking.

“That’s my good girl...” He rocked his own hips right into her, making them both hiss. “So fucking tight...all mine...”

As she rubbed against him slightly but barely moving, Draco snaked a hand between them to pinch one of her nipples and then twisted. The pleasure and pain made her cry out. He took the opportunity to kiss her jaw again, her neck, and then her shoulder simultaneously.

“I need more.” She keened into him, causing another groan to escape his lips.

Moving back up to her face, he took her lips against his roughly as he finally thrust his hard, long cock right into her, bringing her hips against him with his hands to allow her the briefest of pressure against her clit.

“That enough for you, sweetheart?” He asked her roughly as he brought her hips back into his again, causing her eyes to roll into the back of her head.

“Yes... more...” She breathed out, her nails digging into his shoulders as the sensation of him filling her over and over as he forced her hips forwards took over her and she felt herself needing more...needing it harder and faster.

Something must have snapped inside of him then.

Growling, Draco quickly moved their positions so that Hermione was beneath him and she moaned out loud when his lower body began to move in slow, long strokes, reaching deep inside her. “You wind me up too much, can never not fuck you like this...need to fuck you like this...” He mumbled into her hair before looking down at her as she clung to him, her legs still wrapped around his waist.

As his pace picked up, she gripped his shoulders for dear life and moved with him, never taking her eyes from his.

“keep going,” She panted against him. “Just like that... just like that...”

“You like that?” The bed started to pound against the wall.

“Yes...” Her head started to bounce off the mattress.

“Fucking filthy... like me...never fucking better, Hermione...” Every thrust of his hips was forcing her further towards their headboard.

“Come for me, Draco... fill me up – Oh, God!-“ She slapped her hand over her mouth as his hips crashed violently against hers.

“Gonna come so hard right where you need it – Right there – fuck! – Fucking love seeing you pregnant- filling you up -“ He rotated his hips as he spoke, his forehead against hers as the headboard continued to assault the bedroom wall.

She scratched her nails down Draco's back hard enough to leave a mark. Rather than frown or scold, he growled in approval, only fucking her harder into the mattress.

“Mark me fucking harder.”

Hermione scored her nails down his back again. Harder.

“So fucking good for me...Oh, shit – yes.” He didn't know where to touch her first as he kept his hips crashing into hers, babbling to himself and hitting all the right spots for her.

“Draco I'm close – let me come, please-“ She was so close... so, so close... just a little more and she would be there. He was filling her, making her feel so tight as her walls gripped around him, needing the release.

“Making me come...” He said against her lips as his thrusts started to become erratic, hitting her clit as he rounded down on her every single time.

“Draco, yes-“

And then he was there.

“Fuck!” He cried out and stilled above her, the cords of his neck taut as he came. Much like many times before, she could feel each hot jet of semen inside her, and the contact sent her over the edge into her own orgasm.

“Oh shit – Draco!” Shouting his name, she clutched his shoulders to ride the wave after wave of delicious, blinding pleasure that coursed through her body as her core clenched and released his hard cock.

Draco collapsed on top of her just as she started to come down from her orgasm. When he lay fully on top of her, Hermione hugged his body tight.

“You are mine. Do you hear that?” He whispered against her into her ear. “You. Everything about you. You are mine.”

“Yours Draco. Always yours.” Her words came out on a breath as she came down.

Draco finally lifted his head after a minute or so, Hermione’s legs going slack on either side of him.

He fixed her with a wicked grin.

“Think we did it first time?” He asked her with a raised eyebrow as he glanced down at her stomach in meaning. “Because I think I put in a bit of pretty good effort there...”

Hermione shook her head and rolled her eyes. “Scientifically, it is highly unlikely.” She told him with a small smile, watching his eyes light up mischievously.

“Well...practice does make perfect...” He gave her a small wink before bending down to kiss her on the lips.

Yes... yes, it did, didn't it?

End