

The Sex Agenda

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The Sex Agenda

by [ethereal_mads](#)

Summary

Hermione Granger wasn't planning to offer to deflower her colleague and friend, Draco Malfoy. Nor did she expect him to accept the odd proposal.

Now, they're drafting sex agendas, negotiating terms and limits, and scheduling orgasms like it's one of their curse-breaking Ministry projects. It's strictly professional (of course), except Draco is painfully hot in that nerdy way, tragically inexperienced, and has these eyeglasses that should be illegal.

Seven days. One thirty-year-old virgin. Zero chance of staying just friends.

Chapter 1: Friday: Unprecedented Findings

Chapter Notes

This is a bit more bantery and witty than I normally do (I'm the queen of angst and miscommunication), but boy, oh boy, was this fun to embark on. I hope you all enjoy it as much as I did writing it! Lots of smut, some fluff, sexual exploration, two silly little curse breakers, talking mirrors, meddling Crookshanks, and a deflowering of Draco Malfoy.

Chapters will be posted every Wednesday.

Enjoy!

Much love,
Mads

Playlist: [The Sex Agenda Playlist](#)

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Cover art: by me

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



Friday, June 14th
Unprecedented Findings

Hermione Granger deserved this.

She deserved the headache that throbbed right at her temples, which could only be classified as karma or something resembling a nasty, horrid hex. She could also admit that she was, in fact, properly hungover (maybe even still a bit drunk), and she blamed Harry's department's intermural Quidditch league win and the subsequent celebrations at the Leaky last night.

Actually, she also blamed a certain blonde-haired wizard and his insistence that they stay out well past the appropriate time to go home.

Gods. She just knew that last shot of firewhiskey was a horrible, *terrible* idea.

No night out was worth the way she currently felt as she glared up at the flickering fluorescent lights that lined the airtight chamber leading into the Department of Cursed Artefacts and Magical Objects. A part of her wondered if she should have taken her chances and called in sick this morning.

Unfortunately, that would mean hearing the never-ending bits of it from Draco Malfoy.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, was *not* something she particularly wanted to deal with on a Friday morning.

Hangover be damned, and all that.

Sighing, Hermione stepped further into the chamber. A wave of magic washed over her, cleansing her of any outside world bits—dust, lingering spells, allergens, possibly her dignity. The taste of citrus and that almost clinical, antiseptic nature filled her lungs as it rolled over her, tugging playfully against the satin fabric of her robes. Before her, swirls of the London city grime floated in the air, siphoning away into the vents above.

Finally, the doors opened with a mechanical *hiss*, and Hermione blinked into the sterile, whitewashed expanse of the lab.

Everything gleamed, and not in that comforting way that she was used to after years of working for the Cursed Artefact Department at the Ministry.

Actually, it made the pulse in her temple throb incessantly. *Ugh.*

Here, the walls were that blinding shade that made her squint, like staring into the sun. The overhead lighting practically bounced off the obsidian containment boxes. Protective layered enchantments hummed, vibrating against her skin as she took in the floor-to-ceiling rows of artefacts stretched before her, each aisle marked with runic coordinates and guarded by floating, translucent barriers that shimmered with a soft blue aura with each beating second. The room stretched four stories, and its depth was endless, with magical extension charms that made her own creations pale in comparison.

Gods, was it always this bright in here? Honestly.

Rolling her shoulders down her spine, Hermione immediately spotted Draco already focused with his head down. His hand moved at a record speed as he scribbled in his journal, the other pressed against the spotless stainless-steel countertop of their workspace. Of course, he looked perfect, dressed in navy and silver pinstriped dress robes like he should be on the cover of *Witch Weekly: Hottest Bachelor's Edition*.

Not that she thought he was hot or anything. *Gods*, no! Especially not in those black-framed glasses he wore, which made him look more like a naughty librarian than a Ministry Curse Breaker.

His blonde hair was freshly styled, longer than it had been during their formative academic years at Hogwarts. Now, the strands were swept into a casual (if not elegant) part that dipped just above his brow. There was a slight wave to it, and it irritated her immensely that it looked like it had been tousled by some professional breeze rather than, say... *oh*, sleep or a comb like any normal person.

It really wasn't fair.

Did he have to look so... put together? It was borderline offensive, considering it made her wrinkled, second-hand dress robes and scuffed Mary-Janes look shameful. Misplaced? Certainly.

If she was really being critical about herself, she could at least admit that she was impressed by the fact that she managed to tame her wild honey-brown curls this morning. At least that resembled order (even if some bribery and self-coaxing of her reflection were involved).

But she did brush her teeth before leaving. So that counted... right?

Right. Oral hygiene was, in fact, the most important thing of all, and she would not get behind the whole '*Mr. Broon's Magic Mouthwash*' that most witches and wizards preferred. She was reasonably positive it was just peppermint-scented industrial cleaner that stripped enamel and made her tongue all tingly.

But back to Draco Malfoy: no wrinkle present, no hair out of place, and no piece of dust in sight. Not even the slightest hint of a hangover.

It was unforgivable. And to say she wasn't the *least* bit jealous would've been an outright lie.

Hermione felt a bit peeved, actually.

Or she was, until she spotted the steaming cup of coffee waiting for her in her favorite mug, which read in bold Old English font: *To Read Or Not To Read, That Is The Question*. A tiny black cat, garbed in Elizabethan attire, peered over the letters on the porcelain front, its paw raised mid-soliloquy.

It was absolutely ridiculous, and she *loved* it.

Draco Malfoy? Instantly forgiven.

"Hey!" she greeted brightly, stepping fully into the lab.

Only silence and the slight, sterile chill of the room answered her in return. *Odd.*

Typically (and in total Draco Malfoy fashion), he made some playful teasing about how massive her curls were or how she could at least smile because the world wasn't that terrible. Or her favorite slow, toe-curling, lazy grins that revealed the twin dimples in his cheeks that only came out in the laboratory's privacy.

Yet today? *Nothing. Zip. Nada.*

She moved further into the room, passing the floating Mirror of Twelve Mouths that resided in the protective glass case, which hissed at her viciously.

Hermione couldn't help but roll her eyes as she approached Draco. "We should *really* consider turning that thing around," she remarked, setting her brown leather satchel down on the vacant metal stool with a *thunk*. "Or at least moving it somewhere that it can't... you know? Watch us?"

Draco only hummed in response.

Brow furrowed, she glared at the side of his head as if she could hex him into speaking.

Again, *double* odd.

Draco continued to work on the cursed obsidian Damascus dagger that Harry brought in with a team of Aurors last week in a discovered vault in Knockturn Alley. It spun lazily in the air, suspended by an invisible current.

Sighing, Hermione claimed the next stool, swiveling slightly as her fingers wrapped around the ceramic mug. Draco must've placed a Stasis Charm on it, considering it was still warm to the touch. The oily sheen stared back at her, only slightly paler brown than the coffee they brewed in the room off-shooting the Cursed Artefact Laboratory.

Just the way she liked it: strong, piping-hot, and with a splash of cream.

Dragging the mug up to her lips, Hermione peered over the rim, watching Draco work. His jaw was set taut; the corded tendons rippled against his skin, enunciated by the way his mouth pressed into a thin, stubborn line. The little freckle just at the corner of his upper lip squished in concentrated determination. And with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, his pale skin stood out against the sterile countertop. The puckered, scarred flesh of the long-faded Dark Mark glimmered under the wrought-iron enchanted light above.

Yeah, *okay*, there was something unquestionably wrong, considering he never, *ever* exposed that... *particular* tattoo to her.

Or anyone, for that matter.

"Everything alright?" Hermione asked, trying to keep it casual.

Nothing.

"Draco? Hello?"

He hummed in acknowledgment but still didn't glance up. Instead, his long finger twisted in a circular motion, rotating the dagger counterclockwise.

Hermione narrowed her eyes. "You know, you're doing that thing again."

"What thing?" he asked absently, refusing to look at her.

"That thing where you pretend you don't hear me, so you don't have to answer."

Draco released another noncommittal hum that grated against her patience, and another reminder that she really did have an awful migraine right at her temple. *Wonderful*. Then again, she should've known better than to get completely and utterly inebriated last night at the Leaky when there was so much to be done today with the backed-up reports.

There were only two full-time Curse Breakers assigned to the Cursed Artefacts Department nowadays. The two? Hermione and Draco. The others? Budget cuts. Department reshuffling. All that bureaucratic rigamarole.

Okay, *fine*. So everyone either transferred, quit, or embarked on some lofty adventure in Bulgaria. Or, as Draco always put it: "*They want to go on some glorified treasure hunt to find themselves, which is ironic considering most of them couldn't find a cursed thimble in a locked drawer.*"

But Hermione and Draco? They were the best of the best within the Ministry. Facts were simply facts, after all.

See, they both started around the same time, nine years ago. Actually, *gods*, that only made her realize how close she was to her thirty-first birthday this September. *Ugh*.

Back to her point: that brought about a bit of shared camaraderie. First, they were wary colleagues, then reluctant allies, and here they were today. They spent long hours together, tag-teaming artefact retrievals, decoding ancient languages over white-carton takeout containers, and spending their lunch breaks in the Ministry cafeteria swapping books.

Tradition and rhythm and everything in between.

He'd bring her ancient Pureblood texts and tomes that she'd never even heard of before, and she'd force him to read Muggle novels (including a few Regency romance ones). He always said he absolutely hated them, but she saw how his lips twitched when he read during their downtime.

And there was lots of that in the curse-breaking business.

Honestly, at this point? She *knew* Draco a little better than she knew most people. He'd been there for her breakups and makeups, and meltdowns. All of it.

Not everyone understood their friendship at first, and they spent the better part of their twenties under the scrutiny of the *Prophet* and the public. Ron called it "*weird*," Harry refused to get involved, and Ginny said it was like watching two Kneezles try to swim on a good day.

But Draco knew when to offer her a book instead of advice. He knew when to push and when to back off. When to mock her for being too uptight and a proper swott. When to bring sugar quills without her asking.

So, yes, they were friends and partners in the truest sense of the word—never romantically. *Gods*, no. Or at least it never crossed her mind in that regard.

Okay, maybe once. Briefly, in a moment of bad dates and horrible sex, when all she needed was a good, old-fashioned fantasy, and Draco was the first to come to mind. And again in a very, *very* naughty dream.

Whatever. Didn't matter now.

Either way, his current silence was much more concerning in the grand scheme of things. Because when Draco Malfoy was quiet, it typically meant something catastrophic was about to happen.

That was the last thing she needed.

"Alright!" Hermione snapped, setting the mug down a bit too firmly on the steel countertop.
"What in Godric's name is wrong, Malfoy?"

The quill in his hand stilled. "I thought we agreed to stop calling each other by our surnames,
Granger?" he drawled mockingly.

She rolled her eyes. "You're not answering my question. In fact, you're being rather
avoidant." Leaning over, she tried to meet his gaze. "Did I leave a relic unshielded? Miss a
crack in the hex grid?"

He didn't answer.

"Oh! Is it because I beat your arithmetic translations last week?" she teased. "You have to
remember to carry the nine, Draco."

He only huffed, adjusting the dagger's rotation mid-air with a flick of his long fingers. The
silver on his signet ring glinted in the light.

Hermione squinted, clutching her coffee between her palms. "Oh my gods, are you... mad at
me?"

That got a flicker.

Okay, *barely*.

Yet, whatever she said was enough for him to exhale slowly as he turned to face her fully. His
expression was nearly unreadable behind his thick, black-framed glasses. The sort that she'd
only seen him wear when cataloging complicated curse translations and texts within tomes.

Unfortunately, (or rather fortunately for many), they made him look unnecessarily attractive.
Like, okay, an exasperated scholar modeling for *Sigil & Stone* or *Counter-Curse Quarterly*.

It was obscene in the grand scheme of it, and did he really have to look at her like that? All-
knowing, pale, star-lit eyes with a proud jaw set in determination?

"Are you seriously mad?" she pressed, her voice rising against his silence. "Draco, say
something. Did I...? Did I forget to set the wards last night or—?"

As soon as the words left her mouth, realization struck her. *Last night*. The Leaky. Them. The
Firewhiskey. The Elvin wine that she should *not* have had to close out the evening. And
considering the level-nine status of her headache and the scent of liquor still wafting off her,
she could only assume the worse.

Immediately, she jolted back, knocking into the ceramic mug. Coffee splashed over the rim,
decorating the reflective table in muddy splotches.

"Oh, gods!" Hermione smacked a palm to her forehead, gasping. "You *are* mad at me. I—?
Last night? Did I say something? Merlin, did I do something?"

Draco arched a brow. "You don't remember?"

"Remember *what*!?" she shrieked. The two winced at the tone of her voice as she briskly apologized. "Sorry."

In all fairness, saying '*you don't remember*' was probably the absolute worst thing he could say to her because there were about a million and one things that could have potentially happened. And yes, '*potentially*' being the keyword there.

Draco released a heavy sigh. "Seriously?"

"Uh?" Hermione laughed, feeling her brain nosedive into sheer panic. "Yes, seriously! What did I do? Did I hex you?"

"No."

"Try to snog you? Because you know I wouldn't—? That would just be—?"

"No, Granger," Draco quickly cut her off, the tips of his ears flushing that rosy color. "You did *not* try to snog me."

"Okay. Alright." Hermione exhaled. There was a slight hesitation before she asked: "But did I say something... embarrassing?"

His mouth twitched. "Not quite."

"*Not quite!*?"

Draco flinched. "For the love of Morgana, can you *please* stop shrieking? Some of us need our ears to function in order to do actual work."

Hermione could only gape at him. "I think it's completely called for, given you practically admit that I said something horribly embarrassing, Draco *whatever-your-middle-name-is* Malfoy!"

"*Lucius*," he corrected smugly.

It took everything in her not to roll her eyes at that. Seriously? Now was not the time, especially when it was perfectly evident that Draco was intent on leaving her to stir in her hangover-induced anxiety.

It was cruel, actually.

Machiavellian torture at best.

With a casual flick of his fingers, Draco changed the angle of rotation again on the dagger. It let out a soft hiss that eerily reminded her of the emerald locket she once wore for months on end around her neck.

Now? *Ha*. Salazar Slytherin's locket felt like child's play compared to the *things* they discovered and handled daily in the glass display cases embedded into the floors and walls. Each contained relics far too dangerous to touch without proper protocol.

And she, Hermione Granger, *always* followed proper protocol.

There was not a thing within this room that the two of them hadn't cataloged or organized themselves through a proper numeric and runic system that she created. Some artefacts were smaller (vampire coins, blood-inked grimoires, cursed jewelry), while others were much larger, like the swords that were confiscated from most Death Eater vaults after the war.

Above them, the wrought-iron chandelier clinked.

Sighing, Hermione angled her head to look at him. "Draco, c'mon. What happened? What did I do last night? Just... tell me. It can't be, *uh*, that bad. Can it?"

"Do you really not remember?" he asked. "Like *anything* at all?"

The slow burn of pink prickled against the apples of her cheeks, spreading across her face and over her sun-kissed freckles. Worse? He most definitely noticed her embarrassment, which just seemed to be the cherry on top of everything today.

"I—? Well—? Uh? No. Apparently not!" Hermione floundered, verbally and physically, as she gestured to herself. "Which, yes, is deeply concerning, but in my defense, I don't typically drink *that* much. You know that. And, well, last night was a bit... *irregular*. For me, anyway. You? Well, *Godric*—you seem to be doing perfectly fine."

Draco's lips twitched. "What can I say? I'm a descendent of the House of Black. We can hold our liquor *flawlessly*. But I blame it on the fucking inbreeding." He leaned in, bracing his muscled forearms against the counter as he purred condescendingly. "Also, there's this brilliant little tonic called Pepper-Up. Have you heard of it? Works bloody wonders."

Hermione rolled her eyes. "*Prat*."

There was a beat of silence as the slight hum and whirl of the various protective shields beat against her throbbing headache. Also, the particularly chatty ornament they received last week was making a gods-awful ruckus in the far aisle.

"So?" she pressed. "Are you going to tell me what happened? Or am I meant to keep guessing?"

Draco looked toward the floating dagger, almost as if he was genuinely considering letting it stab him in the carotid artery. Or maybe he would just pretend like this conversation between them never happened.

He could be utterly cruel like that when he wanted to be.

"Fine," Draco finally said, dryly. "You, *Hermione Granger*, offered to have sex with me."

"What?!" she blurted, unsure if she heard him correctly.

"You offered to have sex with me."

Silence filled the laboratory then.

Hermione opened her mouth. Closed it. Blinked. Blinked once more. Maybe even a third time. She tried again, feeling that stark embarrassment lick up her neck in crimson blotches.

You offered to have sex with me.

Her brain churned like a Muggle centrifuge in a chemistry lab.

Okay. Now, *why*, in Godric's good name, would she offer that? Firstly, they were friends. *Friends*. With a capital "F". Strictly platonic. Secondly, they had been co-workers for over nine years now, and that fact (sexual or otherwise) never, ever came up. Thirdly? Well, she couldn't quite think of that third fact at the moment, but it was unquestionably there.

Draco laughed bitterly, gesturing at her stupor with a lazy hand. "See? This is exactly *why* I wanted to drop it. You're acting all weird now and a lot less Granger-like. It's unsettling."

"Excuse me?" she sputtered, blinking at him. "You're the one who went all mopey and awkward and mute when I walked in this morning. Gods, pardon me for trying to check in on my *friend*. Next time, I won't even bother."

"Good," Draco clipped.

"Excellent," she countered.

"Great."

"Spectacular!"

Draco's silver eyes glittered as he leaned in. "Then you won't mind me reminding you that you also volunteered to take my virginity."

The sound of her molars clicking against each other permeated the room.

Hermione's first thought was: *Oh, no... no*. Practical, really, because why on earth would she volunteer herself to do that? Her second? The singular fact was that Draco Malfoy just said '*virginity*' as in he was a virgin. And *that*? Gods, that made absolutely no sense to her whatsoever.

"You're—?" she blinked, head bobbing in a sort of odd motion. "You're a—? No...?"

"Uh?" he snorted. "Yes?"

"N-No."

"Yes, Granger!" Draco snapped his fingers, trying to pull her out of her stupor. "I'm a virgin. And no, before you ask, I'm not joking or trying to prank you or do *anything* childish like that. *I'm. A. Virgin.* Understood? Or do I need to spell it out?"

Again, Hermione just blinked.

Really, for being the Brightest Witch of Her Age, she couldn't comprehend the words he was saying to her. Like at all. Actually, probably did need to spell it out for her.

Why? Well, there was no possible way.

This? *This* was Draco Malfoy. He looked like he walked out of a magazine every day of the week. He had sex appeal. *Loads* of it. And alright, he was a bit nerdy, but that was charming to her with his thick glasses and his always impeccable style. Then, there was the whole part where he also smiled at witches, like he *knew* just what turned them on and how to make their toes curl against two-thousand-thread-count sheets.

So, no, there was absolutely no possible way that he was *still* a virgin. She'd bet her entire meager vault at Gringotts on it, in fact.

Draco sighed. "You look... confused."

"Oh, I am," Hermione told him. "But you—? And—?" She shook her head, organizing her thoughts. "I don't understand? What about Pansy? You dated her for like... *years*."

"Only over-the-robies groping fifth year with Parks," he answered mildly. "A bit of snogging, but nothing beyond that." Draco winced, shoulders hunching. "Gods, she's like a sister to me. It's a bit incestuous now that I think about it."

"Wonderful. Glad you're having *that* revelation now," she mumbled, before asking. "But what about the rumors? Back at school?"

"*Rumors?*"

Hermione bit her bottom lip, nodding. She didn't miss the way that his pale gaze tracked the movement.

But the things that she heard? From, well, *everyone*? There were legends about him that put the late Sirius Black to shame. Loads of them. There were stories about Draco taking witches to the Prefect's Baths, Fifth Year, and doing all sorts of things that would send her current thirty-year-old self blushing and fanning her cheeks.

Fifteen-year-old Hermione Granger? *Gods...* That was another story entirely.

Not that she was paying attention to him or the rumors or *anything*. No, that would just be ridiculous. She had the D.A. to focus on back then, and the dire necessity of keeping Harry out of trouble. And that was practically a full-time job.

Sometimes, it *still* was (annoyingly enough).

Draco sighed heavily at her silence. "Whatever you heard was definitely *not* true, Hermione. I mean—" Draco motion to his forearm—"a bit of a buzz kill, *yeah*? Nothing quite ruins lust like getting the Dark Mark at sixteen against your will and being labeled a devotee of the Dark Lord."

She couldn't help but viscerally shudder at that.

Whatever, so he had a point there, but she still couldn't believe that he was *still* a virgin. Not that there was anything wrong with that. *Merlin, no.*

But again, he was Draco Lucius Malfoy.

That alone should've been enough to prove her point.

Hermione grabbed her coffee, taking a steady sip. "Okay, but what about the witch that you dated for a few months? What was her name—*uh?*" She squinted her eyes, as if trying to conjure it from thin air. "*Oh! Oh!* Araminta!"

Draco's jaw ticked. "I was a perfect gentleman. Nothing happened beyond a kiss goodnight."

She couldn't help but groan at the way he said it like that, all stiff upper lip and pompous phrasing. It also reminded her of exactly who he was beneath it all: Pureblooded, a member of the upper echelons, and utterly aristocratic.

A Malfoy by blood and by name.

The thought occurred to her then: was this a Pureblood thing with the virginity? Or just a Draco Malfoy thing?

"What about Astoria?" she asked, curious.

Draco shook his head. "Nope."

"Isabella?"

"Again, nothing happened."

"Margaret?"

"Hermione..." he warned. "Are you really about to pan through my dating list?"

She just shrugged, turning her gaze to the side. Gods, she always just assumed (and maybe that was wrong of her in hindsight), but *look* at him. Everything about him screamed experience.

Reserved? *Yes.*

Private? *Absolutely.*

But a virgin? *Nope.*

The Arithmancy equations were not calculating correctly in her head, and she wondered if this was a consequence of last night.

Yeah, Hermione made a mental note never to take shots of Firewhiskey past midnight. Or ever, for that matter.

Unfortunately, even her throbbing headache couldn't stop her from thinking about the years of conversations they'd had. *Together*. How many times had she sat beside him in this very lab and spilled herself to him? How many times had she gone on a tangent about her horrid dates with inexperienced men and their lack of knowledge of female anatomy? Those times when Draco would laugh and give her a sugar quill the next day and tell her: "*For your sexual frustrations, Granger.*"

Worse? He listened to her more than she could say Ginny ever did. It was that different sort of friendship that they both understood one another. There was no other way to explain it, because once they broke the boundaries, there were really none left.

He never made her feel embarrassed or anything of that sort. In fact, he even asked questions—*curious* questions—that felt almost academic.

Never lewd, *no*.

Never judgmental.

Now... *gods*, it all made sense, and she felt like a proper idiot.

Hermione glanced at him then, watching as he pulled off his glasses with one hand, rubbing at his brow. She could see the tension in his shoulders and the tight line of his lips that screamed that this conversation and her reaction hurt him.

And she hated that, too.

"I'm sorry," Hermione told him, softer now. "I didn't—? Godric, Draco... I didn't mean to make it weird."

"You didn't," he sighed. "The weird part is already built into the whole *fuckin'* thing."

Somewhere in the distance, a cursed object gave a little obnoxious rattle in its cage. *Gods*. They were all really active today, weren't they?

Draco's fingertips traced a spot on the stainless steel as he explained: "My father signed a blood contract when I was an infant. I think he lost a bet with someone at the Blackstone Wizarding Club. And I—I don't know the whole story." He cleared his throat. "Look, it doesn't matter now, does it? Because there's a Pureblood Inheritance Clause."

Hermione twisted her lips.

"If I don't lose my virginity before I turn thirty to someone other than my wife that my father picked out, I get my entire inheritance," he went on. "All of it. No strings. Absolutely fucking *nothing* attached." A long, exhausted breath escaped him then. "But if I lose it earlier to anyone before then, then the Inheritance Clause kicks in. And I don't see a Knut until I've married a Pureblood witch and produced a suitable heir."

"So..." she drawled out. "If you stay a virgin, you're free? But if you have sex, you get locked into a magical trust that requires you to marry a Pureblood and start popping out a horde of blonde heirs?"

Draco laughed softly. "Precisely. *Virginity*? Financial freedom. *Sex*? A contractual baby trap in a loveless marriage. You can see why I chose *Plan A*?"

Yeah, alright, she most definitely could.

"My father was drunk when he signed it," Draco went on. "But he figured after a while it would be beneficial. He went to Hogwarts. He knew what would happen and thought I wouldn't be able to resist." A slow, smug smile pulled at his lips. "Did you know I have *terrific* self-control when I want to prove my father wrong?"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Right. Of course."

"Plus, he didn't exactly anticipate Azkaban and the crumbling of most Pureblood Society." Draco's smile twitched knowingly. "But about last night? Don't worry about it, Granger. I knew you weren't *that* serious about taking my virginity."

"Pardon?" she blurted.

"C'mon." Draco shrugged. "Like you said, you were drunk. It's fine if you didn't mean it. No hard feelings."

"And what if I *did* mean it?"

She didn't mean to say the words as they propelled from her, spilling out into the open ether with no chance of taking them back. But if she was being honest with herself, a part of her didn't want to erase them.

No, not exactly.

"Seriously?" he asked, confused.

"Yes, *seriously*," she said primly, heat rushing to her cheeks despite herself. "I'm not in the habit of offering sex out of pity, Malfoy. I mean it. If you want to have... *sex* with me, then we can have sex. A sexual mentorship or whatever."

Draco balked at her. "Again, can't tell if you're joking or not."

"Well, I'm not."

Silence filled the space between them as he studied her for a protracted beat. Long gone was the playful arrogance in his chiseled features. Now it was replaced by something steadier, quieter, and far less smug. Something that made her stomach do a treacherous flip.

"So *what*?" he said finally, lowly. "We just have... *sex*?"

Twisting her lips, she looked away.

And gods, she hated how her skin warmed with the kind of flush that had absolutely nothing to do with embarrassment and everything to do with the wild and untethered thoughts in her head. The ideas of him, with her, *together—together*.

"We've known each other for years," Hermione said quietly, meeting his gaze. "This—? It feels safe. And I... Godric, I like sex. I'm not ashamed of that. I am a woman, and I have needs, and those needs haven't been met in a very, *very* long time."

Draco's jaw twitched slightly.

"That's besides the point," she sighed, waving her hand. "The point is that if you want your first time to be with someone you can trust—someone who knows you—then... well, I'm offering, Draco. I'm offering to have sex with you."

Again, that silence expanded in the lab like spilled ink in water. In the distance, something clattered faintly, and she made a mental note to see what was going on in the cursed music box section of the archival room.

"It's not..." Draco exhaled slowly. "*Fucking hell*. I can't believe I'm saying this. It's not a terrible idea."

"I wouldn't suggest it if it were," she said smugly.

"And don't I know it, Granger."

A soft laugh escaped her as she adjusted herself on the stool, trying to ignore the way that he kept looking at her as if trying to find something that wasn't there.

"So, how will this work?" he asked. "Do we schedule shagging now? Or do I send an owl later and we can—?"

"Oh, *gods* no!" she snorted. "No. We're not just—just jumping in. There—? There has to be a plan for this. Rules and negotiations."

"Of course there does," he groaned, mocking her.

"I'm quite serious!"

"Oh, I know."

Hermione whacked him on the arm before turning into what he called her '*Terrifyingly Efficient Swot Mode*'. Reaching into her leather satchel, she grabbed her notebook and a Muggle ballpoint pen, flipping to a clean page.

"First, there needs to be structure, boundaries, expectations, and limits," she explained. "Your likes and dislikes, and what *I know* I personally don't want to do."

"Ah. So a sex syllabus?"

"An agenda, Malfoy," Hermione corrected tersely. "We'll take the weekend to think it over. Come back Monday with our plans. Things were comfortable with, curious about, and absolutely *not* into. Like hard limits."

"Timeline?"

"Oh, most certainly. We can't do everything at once. That would just be... ridiculous. I mean, we'll need to... uh? *Godric*." Heat rose to Hermione's cheeks then. "Well, I don't really know the adequate time for this."

"How about seven days?" Draco offered, tapping the metal counter thoughtfully. "We start on Monday and finish Saturday for the *de-virginizing*."

"Pretty certain it's called deflowering, Draco."

A low rumbling sound escaped him, reverberating into her bones and down to her toes.

Alright, so *maybe* this wasn't the worst idea she could conjure in her thirty years of life. If anything, it was most certainly going to be fun. And the gods only knew it had been *well* over six months since she was last laid. Or, at least, adequately sex and her partner's knowledge of female anatomy.

Reaching across the table, Draco offered his hand, palm up, like they were about to close a business deal. She supposed (in some twisted way) they were.

Without hesitation, she shook it.

Well, let the Sex Agenda begin.

Chapter End Notes

[The Sex Agenda Playlist](#)

Chapter 2: Saturday: Risk Assessment

Saturday, June 15th *Risk Assessment*

The minute Hermione stepped into the doors of the Leaky Cauldron, the bombardment of spilled ale, dust, and the mild regret of those drunk ghosts' past filled her lungs.

Alright, and maybe a bit of cringeworthy flashbacks that had her wincing as she walked past the corner of the well-worn bar, where she *vividly* remembered her and Draco sitting, talking, and *whatever*. The regrettable hours of throwing back firewhiskey shots like they weren't thirty-year-olds with desk jobs that required a tremendous amount of concentration.

Worse? She had *absolutely* flirted with him that night because how else could she explain that she, Hermione Jean Granger, offered to fix his virginity issue like she was some ancient, mythical fertility goddess of sex and deflowering? Honestly.

It was early afternoon, and the Leaky was nowhere near busy. Quiet for a Saturday with the usual four or five patrons slung up at the bar, drinking anywhere from cheap mead to Odgen's Finest like it was water. Ginny was already nestled in their usual booth by the grimy window. It offered absolutely zero visibility to the outside world, but that didn't particularly bother Hermione today, given the conversation the pair were about to embark on.

Well, the one they would have, especially given the brisk Floo-call the night before. Which was another reminder that this was crazy. It *felt* utterly, undeniably crazy.

But also... maybe not?

Ugh. She didn't know. And it also occurred to her then that she might have *actually* lost the plot between her seven-day, structured, research-grade, possibly Ministry-compliant intimacy schedule that she'd spent last night working on.

Ginny spotted her immediately, waving her hand. "*Oi! Min!*"

Losing a breath, Hermione offered a smile to her friend as she approached the booth. "Hi," she greeted.

"About time," Ginny purred, gesturing to the opposite seat. "Sit. Drink. Hydrate. And *please*, for the love of Morgana's right tit, explain yourself and your cryptic message last night, Miss Hang-Up-The-Floo-After-Dropping-A-Massive-Life-Altering-Bomb."

Hermione laughed as she collapsed down onto the wooden booth, feeling the sticky, charmed surface under her palms. Ginny had already ordered them two butterbeers and a plate of crispy chips.

Small blessings and mercies, indeed.

"I *barely* said anything, Gin," Hermione pointed out, grabbing a chip before plopping it into her mouth. "Harry walked in, and I was *not* about to continue *that* Floo-call. He would've had a stroke."

"Oh, *yes*," Ginny purred. "So kind of you to think of my gorgeous husband's health."

Hermione grinned, wiping her hands on the cloth napkin.

Ginny leaned in. "But think about *my* health, Min. The precious health of the number one Hollyhead Harpies star. *Fuck*, I mean, you just can't Floo-call me in a panic and tell me not to judge you and then blurt out: '*I might have agreed to sleep with Draco Malfoy!*'"

"Ginerva!" Hermione scolded, glancing around the Leaky's expanse over the wooden booth.

Thankfully, the number of patrons was small today, and most of them were already on their way to being properly inebriated. If her guestimation were accurate, they'd be off their stools and on the floor by noon.

"Is it too early for wine?" Hermione asked, turning back around as she met her friend's gaze. "I think we might need some for this conversation."

"Conversation?" Ginny rolled her hazel eyes. "What conversation? You're avoiding *the* conversation."

"Am I?"

Wagging a chip, Ginny scolded. "Don't pull that bullshit with me. I'm not Harry or my prat brother. I can see right through you. Now fuckin' spill before I hex it out of you."

"Fine!" she huffed before leaning in, urging her best friend to follow. "Okay, yes. You heard me correctly. I, *uh*, agreed to sleep with Malfoy."

"*Oh?*" Ginny's freckled lips stretched wide. "Any reason? Or did you two finally give in to all that sexual tension?"

Hermione jerked back, spine pressing into the booth as her eyes widened. "We do *not* have sexual tension."

"Right, Min. And Harry isn't the Chosen One." The redhead shrugged one shoulder casually. "But *please*, continue."

Yet Hermione couldn't quite find the right words to say as her mind spun in confused, vexing circles, because why on earth would they have sexual tension?

This was Draco, as in Draco, her *friend* Draco. Sexual (or anything close to that adjective) wasn't their dynamic. It honestly had never been their dynamic, all things considered. Plus, in all the years that had passed, there was not a single clue that he was somehow attracted to her. Hell, perhaps in the negative percentile range.

Again, they were friends. *Real friends*. Friends with that capital letter in front of it... *right?*

Yeah, Hermione made a mental note to add an amendment to her sex agenda about maintaining platonic boundaries. Potentially a legally binding footnote. Was that too much? *Possibly*. However, she wanted to be fully protected on all fronts regarding this particular agreement.

Reaching forward, Hermione grabbed a chip. Plopping it into her mouth, she chewed slowly, praying that might buy her some time with the way Ginny was watching her like a hawk. Alright, so she knew that look. *Ugh*.

Hermione groaned. "I'm really regretting this already."

"Well, you're not getting out of this one, Min," Ginny said. "So, go on. Get it out."

Checking their section one last time for any curious eavesdroppers, Hermione leaned in. "Draco's a virgin."

Ginny blinked once and then again before she shouted: "*HE'S A VIRGIN?!*"

And with that, the entirety of the Leaky went dead silent. *Wonderful*. Brilliant, really.

Several patrons turned. One elderly wizard, who looked like he stepped out of Merlin's era, dropped his fork mid-helping of beef stew. The usual drunkards at the bar stopped sipping their vice of choice. Tom looked vaguely intrigued, and Hermione wondered if it would be terribly awful for her to tamper with his memories.

Honestly, Tom was the worst gossip.

Groaning, Hermione sank into the booth, covering her heated, scarlet cheeks with her palms. "Oh my gods," she grumbled. "Oh my gods. I can't believe you just did that."

But Ginny just ignored Hermione's embarrassment. "Move along!" Ginny called out. "Nothing to see here! Virgin business! Keep it moving!"

Yeah, she was about five seconds away from throttling her best friend and her inability to act with discretion when needed.

Then again, Hermione somehow found more blame in the fact that Ginny was raised around six brothers. Not to mention the fact that Molly Weasley's overbearing, mothering nature practically forced Ginny's boyish rebellion and nonchalant attitude.

Turning back to face Hermione, Ginny laughed brightly. "Oh, no one cares."

"Uh? *I care*," Hermione muttered into her palms. "*Me*. I care, Gin."

Leaning across the table, Ginny pried Hermione's hands off her face. Begrudgingly, she let the redhead witch manipulate her.

"Now tell me all the filthy, dirty details first," Ginny stated, eyes glittering. "Everything. All of it."

Hermione huffed, shooing the witch back into her seat. *Gods*, this was probably going to go down as one of the worst ideas she'd ever had, but there was no turning back now. There was no undoing her choice, which was solidified with a handshake with her friend and coworker, Draco Malfoy.

In fact, she made up her mind the minute that Draco looked at her with that maddening mix of vulnerability and pride.

So, with that, she told her best friend *everything*.

Every ridiculous, tangled detail from how it started as a drunk offering to how Hermione had learned that Draco kept his virginity not out of some noble principle but because of some stupid agreement his father signed when he was an infant. *Drunk*, as he put it. How he needed to stay "pure" until a certain age to avoid being forced into a cold, contractual marriage to receive the full extent of his family's fortune.

And, somehow, she offered.

"Is this crazy of me?" Hermione asked nervously once she was done telling her side. "I mean, this *feels* crazy, Gin. And it's not like I'm ashamed of having sex. *Gods!* I love sex. I do. I like how it makes me feel, but the whole idea of deflowering—" Hermione looked around, lowering her voice—"Draco feels a bit... I don't know."

"*Epic?*" Ginny supplied.

Hermione snorted uncouthly. "I was going to say antiquated."

"Oh, same thing," Ginny said, taking a sip of her butterbeer as Hermione huffed. "So when does the glorious deflowering of Draco Malfoy start?"

"Monday."

Ginny choked. "Excuse me? *What?* You set a fucking date?"

Unable to help it, Hermione rolled her eyes. "It's professional."

"*Uh-huh.*"

"Look, it's seven days of me teaching him about sex and whatnot," Hermione explained. "We're spending the weekend writing out our preferences—well, okay, our sex agendas. Then Monday, we will exchange them."

At that, Ginny practically doubled over, knocking into the plate of soggy chips. Several fell onto the sticky surface of the wood, then, and Hermione wondered when the last time anyone bothered with a cleansing charm. Actually, when was the last time anyone in this vicinity even picked up a broom?

"I can't believe you," Ginny said through her laughter. "Gods, Min. Only you would create a detailed, annotated spreadsheet on how and when to have sex with a virgin."

"Again, it's *not* a spreadsheet."

Ginny pinned her with a look, arching a brow.

"Really, Gin. I swear it's more like an—an organized bill," Hermione defended, feeling that flush rise to her cheeks. "It's just so we're on the same page with our likes, dislikes, boundaries... and you know? Then, we'll build out a seven-day plan with a clear focus on certain, *uh*, sexual topics for each day."

"Right..." Ginny said slowly. "So, like a dominatrix with a clipboard? Totally professional. What are you going to do? Spank him? Punish him for—?"

"This isn't about kinks," Hermione interjected. "It's about helping him lose his—his virginity. It's—? Oh, *whatever*. We're friends who are just helping each other out. Simple."

"Yeah, but you know there's absolutely nothing *simple* about this? Right?"

Hermione ignored her, reaching for another chip. The starch of oil greased her lips as she chewed.

"You're going to be the one teaching Malfoy about sex," Ginny continued with a smirk. "Sex. You're going to be the one who takes his virginity at the end of the week. You know that, right?"

"Of course I know that," Hermione argued defensively.

"And if he's a virgin in *all* regards, then that means he's utterly inexperienced. So you, Hermione Granger, are going to be teaching him all of your filthy and incredibly dirty ways. Yeah?"

"*Ginerva Molly Weasley!*"

"Yes, Mistress Granger?" Ginny sang teasingly.

Raw and undeniable heat licked up Hermione's neck into her cheeks. Worse? She couldn't deny the way that the butterflies fluttered low in her belly, contradicting everything.

Honestly, she wasn't usually the teacher in this kind of thing. She liked being the, *well*, student. She *liked* the praise of it all. The learning curve. The ability to discover new and uncharted territory and receive a gold star and a '*good girl*' at the end.

Was that so wrong of her?

But this? The idea of guiding Draco through it? Becoming the professor and he the student? The fact that he most likely didn't know a single thing about kinks and praise and all those other bits that came with *years* of experience? The innocent, awkward nature that she could only imagine? The idea that she would need to teach him... show him.

Oh, *bloody hell*, she might just be a little into that after all.

And that was a massive problem.

Chapter 3: Monday: Experimental Design

Chapter Notes

[The Sex Agenda Playlist](#)

Monday, June 17th ***Day One: Experimental Design***

The steady *click, click, click* of Hermione's blunt, well-trimmed nails filled the sterile, frigid space of the Cursed Artefacts Laboratory. The soft hum of ancient magic radiated through the magical ventilation system a little too loud. Gods, even the wrought-iron chandelier, which reflected off the obsidian containment boxes and glass cases, felt a little too bright today.

Okay, it was always like this (if she was being honest with herself and *less* dramatic than her Friday breakdown).

But this morning? It was heavier. She just knew it like she knew runic translations by heart. There was a weight of anticipation as she looked at the practical manila folder before her, fastened with a paperclip and labeled '*For Draco Malfoy and Draco Malfoy's Eyes Only.*'

And yes, she was being ridiculous. She knew it. Everything in this room knew it. Hell, even the Mirror of Twelve Mouths across the room rattled in its enchanted casing, hissing at her in fragmented Parseltongue and Latin.

Actually, it was more talkative than usual ever since she walked in.

Hermione glared at it. "Oh, shut it."

The Mirror of Twelve Mouths rattled again, the warped surface twitching as if eager to scream.

A heavy sigh escaped her as she rested her chin on her palm, continuing with her tapping.

She'd arrived quite early this morning. *Okay*, stupid early. Like, ridiculously early, considering she appeared before the Elvin janitorial staff and magically charmed brooms in the Ministry's atrium. But she couldn't spend one more minute in her tiny, one-bedroom, Shoreditch flat with Crookshanks staring at her as if to say: '*You've lost the plot, witch.*'

Yeah, she knew that already. No need to point that out, Crooks.

In fact, she lost it from the minute she spent Saturday night drafting, revising, and color-coding *her* Sex Agenda. She treated it like a Ministry policy report that she needed to present to Wizengamot on those occasions when they required the Curse Breakers' opinions.

Except, now that she looked down at the manila envelope, it felt almost silly. Laughable, really, considering it was reused, faintly creased, and so very... *her*.

Ugh. Honestly.

But she would be the first to admit that she was nervous. Not scared, or ashamed, or *anything* like that.

No, just nervous over all of this, especially after her conversation with Ginny, because the redhead witch was correct: this *was* a big deal. Losing one's virginity meant something (even if she thought the whole notion of purity was antiquated and a bit sexist). And while she didn't *fully* understand the concepts of most Pureblood culture and traditions, there was a reason that Draco had held out for so long, and it wasn't just for his inheritance.

Or maybe it was.

Gods, she didn't know, and was a bit too scared to ask outright.

Glancing at the Muggle clock on the wall, she sighed heavily. *Only five past nine.* Draco was late—*okay*, late-ish.

Whatever.

Either way, his tardiness only made her brain churn more, clicking those gears into place as she wondered what he might've come up with on his agenda. What were his interests? His limits? Did he do any research this weekend? Would he even be able to think of some sexual acts? Would she have to play the teacher fully, and he the student?

Oh, bloody hell. Hermione groaned, sagging on her stool just as the door hissed open.

The air shifted then. A fragment of a feeling that licked over her skin, like a lover's touch, grazing the swells of her breasts and up her flushed, freckled cheeks. Something sharper and familiar, like the comfort of slipping into an old, well-worn jumper on a placid autumn day.

"Morning," Draco announced smoothly as he entered, holding up two to-go coffees. "Sorry, I'm late, Granger. The queue at Ms Lanige's cart was a disaster. Seems that everyone was in the atrium today."

Hermione hummed, mouth watering over the scent of the familiar batch of coffee. Gods, she couldn't wait to have a sip.

"You're fine," she said simply, easily.

Today? She would be light and *bloody* breezy. No overthinking. Just Hermione Granger and Draco Malfoy. Two friends. Good friends. Real friends. Just them.

And, *okay*, sex too, but whatever.

Draco strode over, handing the white to-go cup to her with ease. "For you," he mused.

Gratefully, she accepted it, dragging it to her lips as she watched him round the counter over to the opposite side, where he typically worked.

Of course, today he looked annoyingly good; more casual, with a crisp button-down rolled to the elbows, fitted charcoal slacks, and those black-framed glasses that had no business looking that good on someone. His platinum locks were slightly tousled, like he'd run his fingers through them a few times or just rolled out of bed.

Fortunately, Hermione knew him well enough to know that usually meant he was nervous.

The soft *thunk* of his briefcase filled the room as he magick'd open the latch wordlessly and wandlessly. It annoyed her how good he was with magic—sometimes better than her—like it came second nature to him. The compartment hissed open as he reached in, pulling out what looked like an onyx dragonhide file folder engraved with the Malfoy insignia and a silver clasp and leather strap around its width.

Hermione couldn't help but roll her eyes, knowing without a doubt in her mind that it was his agenda.

Showoff.

Honestly? He might as well have it delivered by a magical butler if he was going to be *that* outlandishly professional. It put her sad little manila folder to utter and complete shame.

Sighing, she tried not to watch (*okay*, that was a blatant lie) as he worked the silver button with those long, elegant fingers that looked like they could compose symphonies with Mozart or Vivaldi or Tchaikovsky. His ancestral Malfoy signet ring caught the light as he undid the dragonhide string and slipped the contents free.

It was all very deliberate and, to a fault, very much Draco-esque.

Hermione swallowed thickly, downing a hefty sip of the warm coffee. The bitter taste of rich beans, chocolate, and sludge somehow steadied her.

"I was thinking we could—" Draco started, only to pause as his gaze flicked to the revealing dip of her blouse and the tasteful swell of her breasts.

Immediately, the tips of his ears flushed pink, crawling down his neck into his Oxford.

Yes, okay, so maybe she did that intentionally. The whole '*let's pick out our most seductive outfit today*' bit. It was daring for her, considering she typically wore conservative dress robes and *always* kept her outer layers on. They didn't have a strict dress code here, like most departments. So, if and when she wore Muggle clothes into the Ministry, she usually picked a cable-knit jumper and a pair of high-rise Levi's that did wonders for her figure (or so Ginny claimed).

But today? She picked the one silk blouse she owned that dipped just far enough to reveal the round curve of cleavage that left *very* little to the imagination when she bent over.

Draco coughed purposefully, looking away. "Right," he said, focusing on the table. "Did you complete it?"

She hummed, gently pushing the manila folder forward. "I did. And you?"

Draco tapped the leather file. "Sealed and stamped."

They both stared at each other for a moment. A long, awkward moment that she could feel grating on her skin. Gods, it was the sort that she would soon come to hate and had long forgotten over the ten years of their easy friendship and collaboration.

Rolling her lips together, she pushed the file closer to him, and he mimicked her. A line drawn in the sand that marked surrender between deflowering negotiations.

It was enough that their laughter filled the air, forcing the tension to crack like a faulty ward.

Small blessings, indeed.

Hermione took the leather envelope, shaking the contents slightly. It was heavy—*alright*, it was impressive and again so very Draco. The scent of sharp pine, bergamot, and something resembling crisp, autumnal apples licked at her nose.

"You should read mine first," Draco said.

She glanced up, noticing he still hadn't touched hers. "You positive?"

He flashed her a crooked, dimpled grin. "Without a doubt, Granger."

Slowly, she nodded, knowing this was it (or close to it, anyway). Semantics, and whatnot.

Yet, even as her thoughts tried to soothe her nerves, her body had other plans. A shiver crept over her limbs as she pulled out the stack of parchment, scanning the first page of Draco's sex agenda:

**PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL
FOR DRACO L. MALFOY AND HERMIONE J. GRANGER'S EYES ONLY**
Warning: Those who tamper with this charm will be hexed immediately. May require St. Mungo's intervention and a skilled level of healing. Even then, good fucking luck.

SECTION I: OPERATION

- *Lose my virginity before I die.*

SECTION II: IMMEDIATE GOALS

- *Cunnilingus*: Fuck. Yes. I want to go down on you until you scream my name. Repeatedly.
- *Blowjobs*: Zero experience. Curious. Hair-pulling? Eye contact? Deep throating? Haven't tried. Combustion? *Possible*.

- *Fingering*: would like to make you come.
- *Sex*. A given, Granger

SECTION III: THINGS I'D LIKE TO TRY (*If willing and able.*)

- *Positions*: All of them. Ideally, you are on top. Watching you come. (Possible obsession.) Riding me. From behind?
- *Orgasm denial/control*: Would like to see how long you can last.
- *Dirty talk*: Open to it. Like really open to it.
- *Biting/scratching*: hard yes (me, of course).
- *Watching*: You. Me. Both. Mirror sex. Mostly aesthetic. Partly depraved.
- *Squirting*: I've read about it. Interested and curious. Would like to try with you.
- *Mutual masturbation*: Yeah. I'm into it

SECTION IV: DARK INTERESTS (*Please read calmly, Granger. I know you.*)

- Firstly, I own a book on *Sex Magick*, and yes, I read the whole thing. My mother was from the House of Black, and while I don't like to think about her in that regard, I do find the books intriguing.
- Binding runes that activate during orgasm. Probably illegal... still want to try. I know this is advanced, but I am highly curious.
- Legilimency during sex? Could be fun, Granger

SECTION V: BOUNDARIES & LIMITS

****Note:** *I might be wrong about this. I've read about kinks and limits in an older edition of "PlayWizard" from the 90s. Apologies if so, but figured we might as well touch on the topics.*

V-I: Hard Limits (*Abso-fucking-lutely Not*)

- *Humiliation kink*: Do not mock or degrade; see: lifelong trauma/Death Eater at 16. Enough said.
- *My father*: Any mention of Lucius Malfoy during sex (no jokes, Hermione)
- *Unprotected penetration*: no sex without prior magical contraception. I will be performing the charm on myself, and if it's alright, on you. I assume you are on the tonic.
- *Sharing partners*: This is about *us*, not a bloody group project. I expect that you will not have sex with anyone else while we do this.
- *Fluids*: Anything with bodily waste. Yeah, I know it's a thing. I've read about it. Not *my* thing.

V-II: Soft Limits (*Let's Talk First*)

- *Restraints*: Silk? Okay. Metal cuffs? Maybe later. Would like to lightly tie you up—if possible.
- *Anal play*: Obviously haven't tried. Curiosity? 8.5/10 (You. Not me)
- *Oral/kissing after sex*: Curious. Unsure. Possibly.
- *Titles*: Like "*sir*", etc. Honestly, it could go either way. Will require experimentation. The use of "*Daddy*"? Not right now.

Hermione could feel the stark crimson heat lick at her cheeks as she read the last few bullet points.

Gods... She honestly didn't expect all, well, *that*.

But what did she expect? A couple of notes and annotations, and he would be done? This was Draco Malfoy, and he was just as anal (no pun intended) and, to a fault, a bit manic sometimes when it came to meticulous planning. They've spent hours together before coming up with their own runic agendas to present to Wizengamot over cursed artefacts and kept a quite fastidious record—if she did say so herself.

Either way, this was... a lot.

A lot for a first-time virgin with no prior experience with anything sexual or otherwise.

"Everything okay?" Draco asked at her stillness.

Recovering, she glanced up. "Yeah," she said, tone brisk. "We're on the same page for most things, so that will make this all... *uh*, easier."

Draco gave a slight nod, watching her closely. "Easier is good."

"It is," she said slowly. "It... is."

"Alright. What is it?"

"It's nothing."

"You know I can sense your displeasure from a mile away, Granger," he drawled. "Go on—spit it out. You won't hurt my feelings."

Hermione fiddled with the corner of the parchment. "Like I said, it's good we're on the same page. And you're very... enthusiastic about this. I mean, we're not going to do *all* of this, and I'm alright with everything you're okay with, except..." She hesitated, wrinkling her nose. "Anal play."

"Really?" Draco arched a brow. "Interesting."

The way he said it made her pause. "Why interesting?" she asked briskly.

"I just—well, I assumed you'd already done it."

"*Why?*"

"Because you're experienced, Granger," he told her simply. "A sexpert."

"I'm absolutely not a sexpert." Hermione snorted a laugh. "I've had sex, Malfoy. And yes, I'm not afraid of it or ashamed of it, but that doesn't mean I've done everything under the sun. *That?* Never."

His brows rose higher.

"And," she added quickly, ignoring him, "as much as I'm all for expanding horizons, it's a bit much to get into when the whole point is your virginity and not my—well, you know?"

"Your anal virginity?" he offered.

Hermione couldn't help but wince. "Merlin, you've become awfully crude over the weekend."

Draco leaned forward, bracing his forearms on the stainless steel countertop. "Look, I did a lot of fucking research, Granger. Both magical and Muggle, and you won't *believe* the things I've learned—the things I *want* to try."

That did something dangerous to her imagination that was far too indecent for this moment.

Worse? She could picture it: Draco in his perfectly posh penthouse apartment, sprawled out on the leather chesterfield, glasses perched on his nose as he flipped through volumes of Sex Magick texts or perused the latest issue of *Cosmopolitan* with the article: "Ten Best Sex Positions That Will Make Your Girlfriend Come." Books on tantric rituals, *The Kama Sutra*, magically enhanced positions, and her personal favorite, *The Art of Magical Oral Techniques*, which she *knew* was sold in the back corner of the Wicked Quill in Nocturne.

Blinking, Hermione realized she was staring at him, lips parted and throat dry.

Shaking her head, she forced her brain to focus and not latch its teeth onto the image of him doing whatever it was that men did to prepare to lose their virginity. *Ugh.*

"Well," she said primly, glancing back down at the expensive letterhead. "The rest looks good."

"Just good?" Draco drawled.

"Actually, there's—?" Hermione hesitated, fingers brushing over the metal table. "I know it's not the point of all this, but I think we should have a... *uh*, safe word. Just in case things get out of hand and you want to stop at any point. Obviously, if you say stop, I *will* stop. Gods, I swear it. But sometimes, in the moment, wires get crossed and we say things we don't mean, and I want you to feel... *safe*. I want you to be comfortable with me."

"I'm already comfortable with you," Draco told her.

Her cheeks ripened. "I know. And I feel the same with you."

"*But?*"

"But," she sighed heavily, tucking a loose curl behind her ear. "It's just good housekeeping."

Draco nodded, considering this. "Okay. What do you have in mind?"

"Well, usually mine is '*Fizzing Whizbee*' but sometimes I like to use '*Quidditch*.'"

He blinked at her once and then grinned broadly. "Salazar, *Granger*—that's fuckin' absurd."

"It's *practical*," she argued primly. "No one in their right mind would shout either of those during sex. Quidditch is the best because I abhor it, and if I'm on the verge of thinking about it, then something is terribly wrong. Or I'm not enjoying myself. But Fizzing Whizbee is—alright, it's a mouthful, I'll admit that."

"You're ridiculous. You know that, right?"

"I think you mean I'm *brilliant*. And thank you, Malfoy."

A low chuckle escaped him as he lifted his cup of coffee to his mouth. She couldn't help but follow the movement of his tongue as he licked over the lip. *Gods...*

"Okay," he said, swallowing the coffee in one gulp. "Let's both use '*Quidditch*' then." He glanced at her. "Wait? Is it all right if we use the same one? I've never—well, uh?"

"No!" Hermione blurted, trying to soothe his evident unease. "I mean, no. *Not* no." She shook her head. "What I mean is that I get it. It's not—gods, it's not common practice. Like I said, I just want you to feel *okay* with this. With us. All of it."

Draco nodded, rolling his lips together as he glanced down, but she didn't miss the way his jaw ticked.

Unfortunately, it struck her then that maybe she needed to tone it down—not the plan. Gods, *no*, it was perfect (if she did say so herself and not to brag and all that), but the intensity of it all. This wasn't her usual domain of academic achievement or battle-hardened conviction that she was handling with her normal nature.

No, this was tender, personal, and sensitive in a way she couldn't quite name but could taste on her tongue.

She was the experienced one, and he was the naïve one.

Plus, if he thought his leather-bound, short summary was embarrassing, then *Merlin*, help her. She'd gone full Hermione Granger on hers. *Version IV*, to be precise. Annotated, categorized, and cross-referenced by herself and her library of books. Crookshanks had even watched her the entire weekend, judging her with each swish of his bottle-brush tail and citrine feline eyes. She'd laid it out logically and thoroughly. *The end*.

Also, and somewhat realistically, he *had* to expect this.

One, she was Hermione Granger: the Queen of Swots, the reigning monarch of meticulous planning. Just last week, he called her borderline insane when it came to the way she reorganized their entire hexed jewelry collection in reversed alphabetical order, and by curse lethality.

Two, well, she wanted him to know how she sometimes perceived sex and what she wanted if this was going to work.

Draco cleared his throat, drawing her back to the land of the living. "Right then," he murmured, adjusting his black specs as he pulled out her agenda. "Let's see what you have, Granger."

THE SEX AGENDA

Version IV

****Note:** *Subject to further amendments pending review and revision.*

Author: Hermione J. Granger

Date of Implementation: Monday, June 17th, 2010

Location:

Primary: Private residences (e.g., Draco's penthouse; Hermione's flat)

Secondary: Cursed Artefact's Laboratory (select low-risk activities only; private with restricted access)

I. Objective: To provide a structured, respectful, and consensual framework for introducing Draco Malfoy to physical intimacy, to cultivate trust, reduce anxiety, and create a mutually pleasurable first sexual experience. These are not expected, nor are they required to be completed during our first time or within the respective week together.

II. Green List: Approved Activities & Curiosities

(e.g., *things I am already comfortable with or would like to try.*)

- Snogging (gentle, deep, exploratory)
- Gentle neck/chest biting/body kisses/love-bites (NO blood-play)
- Dirty talk: including praise kink (e.g., "good girl")
- Manual stimulation: both giving and receiving (e.g., fingering—please see more details below).
- Toy stimulation: use of vibrating toys or magical assistance
- Oral sex: both giving and receiving; open to deep-throat experimentation
- Light dirty talk: no insults, *please*.
- Face-sitting: promising, but untested
- Mutual masturbation
- Positions: all are approved and okay (within physical limits of human nature)
- Watching: mirror sex; watching each other
- Orgasm denial: short-term only; testing mental effects

III. Soft Limits: Conditional/Trial-Based Activities

- Kissing after sex: fine, but depending on mood and oral cleanliness
- Semi-public touch (exhibitionism): will discuss
- Oral: swallowing; facials
- Fingering (no more than three fingers)
 - Curiosity: high/has been done before
 - Comfort level: moderate
 - NO fisting—please see below.
- Squirting: hasn't occurred before; scientifically curious, of course.

- Toys: use of vibrating toys or magical assistance
- Sex magick: fine; no dark magic or rituals of any kind

IV. Hard Limits: Non-Negotiable Boundaries

- Enchanted restraints or submission sigils
- Fisting (three fingers is fine. No more).
- Sharing of bodily fluids: not okay beyond standard sexual activity (i.e., blood, urination)
- Physical aggression: slapping, choking, hurting, etc.
- Anal Activities: currently a firm NO; not up for discussion
 - No fingering
 - No rimming
 - No anal sex
- Humiliation kink
- Degrading talk: e.g., calling me "Mudblood" or any diminutive nicknames

V. Additional Items

- Contraceptive Charm: will be pre-cast, as well as both parties taking the tonic.
- Lube: purchased three Muggle kinds (if needed); spell previously learned and can be taught easily.
- Safe word: "*Quidditch*"
 - Further reasoning: innocuous nature, ease of speech, and neutral emotional associations

Draco read silently. And for some reason, she couldn't get a feel for him as he flipped page after page after page. Every now and then, his lips with twitch, or he'd blow out a puff of air.

Alright, so maybe it was a bit too much—her sex agenda, that is. *Ugh*. Whatever. He had to know she was meticulous when it came to her daily life, and sex was not the exception to the rule.

Finally, he looked up, pulling off his glasses. She watched as he set them down on the stainless steel counter with a *click*.

"You were in full scary swot mode this weekend, weren't you?" he drawled, grinning at her.

Relief washed through her. "You say it like it's a bad thing," she mused.

"Oh, I think it's fucking brilliant, Granger," he countered with a soft laugh. "It's all very... *you*."

Something about the way he said it made her heart do a treacherous pitter-patter.

"Hell, you make an agenda for everything, and I wouldn't want it any other way," Draco continued. "Artefact retrieval? Hexes? Curses? Meal prepping? Oh, *Salazar*, do remember on our trip to Wales when you insisted we stick to a timeline to make all those silly tourist spots in one day?" He raked a hand through his pale hair. A single strand fell over his brow. "But

I'm *a bit* disappointed. I expected this to come with at least ten chapters and a whole index of citations."

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Oh, *hush*. There are five sections."

"And six pages." Draco flipped carelessly to the last page, searching. "Where's the color-coded intimacy timeline?"

Ignoring him, she asked: "Anything you want to change?"

Draco leaned back, setting the papers down with care as his pale eyes fixated on hers. "Yes. Only one note."

Hermione arched a curious brow. "You do?"

"Oh, yes." His mouth curled into that devastatingly amused grin. "Under Section I: Green List: Approved Activities and Curiosities with the point of '*face sitting: promising, but untested*'? I'd like to formally file a request to upgrade that to '*eagerly anticipated*.'"

Hermione's brain promptly rebooted.

No, it actually short-circuited into a pile of good ole nothing. Warmth licked its way up her cheeks without warning, filling her veins with that gooey molten need she hadn't felt in a very, very long time. And *gods*, what was that flutter in her lower belly? *Nope*. Utterly unacceptable.

"Oh," she said, because that was the only word she could formulate at the moment. *Oh*.

Brilliant. Top marks. Gold bloody star.

Hermione's eyes darted down to the notes, like maybe there was a possibility that she'd find some sort of portal escape or neutral ground. But all she saw was Draco's own Sex Agenda, written in his perfect, aristocratic cursive that was taught to him by tutors.

Honestly? She was going to die right here, in the lab, on this very table.

Clearing her throat, she finally managed to say, "Duly noted. Anything else?"

Draco tapped his fingers once, then twice. "Other than that? Absolutely no notes. 'O' for *Outstanding* and exceptional as always, Hermione Granger."

She couldn't help but preen a little under the praise and blamed her hormones and confused emotions over reading explicit Sex Agendas and the promise that he held when he mentioned he was eager to try face sitting. *Ugh. Why?*

Shaking off the sensation, Hermione reached over into her worn brown leather satchel, pulling out another folder. This one, *thankfully*, was far less thick than the other.

"Okay," she said, handing him one of the papers. "So, this is the schedule. Seven days with planned activities. It's already pre-charmed to reflect our mutual wants and needs based on

our agendas. Everything is subject to change, of course. And if there's anything you don't want to do this week, we can cross it out." She made a flourish in the air. "Done. This is entirely ours to make."

Draco's eyes scanned the page. "Where are we going to do this?" he asked, tone casual.

"*Here.*"

His brows rose.

"I mean, well, the simpler stuff," she amended briskly, tucking back a loose curl. "I figured the other things can be performed at our places—my flat, your... *uh*, penthouse. After work. Or some during work. No one ever bothers us, and we're in a lull with cursed items, anyway."

Draco nodded, but she noticed the way his throat bobbed as he swallowed.

Nervous. Gods, he was nervous.

Again, jokes about face-sitting or not, there was that stark, pure innocence beneath that carefully crafted and handsome façade. The real parts of him. The shy, untouched undercurrent that existed. The one that no one knew and the only one she was allowed to see during this seven-day sex journey.

And that was something she certainly *needed* to keep in mind.

Which, fortunately, reminded her of one thing.

"*Oh!*" she blurted, straightening on her stool as her knees clanked on the underside of the table. "I wanted to let you know that I don't expect anything beyond this arrangement. No spending the night. No cuddling. I'll leave after everything is done, or you can. Whatever's best. I don't want you to feel... *obligated.*"

Hermione meant it truthfully, because it was just that: a sex arrangement. At the end of the week, she didn't expect anything more than what they both agreed to (written or otherwise).

Unfortunately, Draco's reaction was immediate and painfully sharp. *Cold*, really.

Jaw tensed, his tendons rippled down the pale column of his neck. "I'm aware of the terms, Granger," he bit out. "I'm a virgin, not some fragile idiot."

Hermione blinked, a bit taken aback. "I didn't—? *Gods*, Draco, you know I didn't mean—? I just thought—? We're friends, and I don't want you to feel like this is going to get—well, *uh?*"

"Complicated?" he offered.

Hermione nodded. "Yes. Exactly."

A heavy silence dropped between them as she stared across the table. It would take more than her high-level skill as a top curse breaker to decipher the flurry of emotions that were zipping over his face, pulling and tugging at his mouth.

But as soon as they came, they were gone, and that mask was back in place.

See? This was what she was afraid of: this side of him she'd spent years trying to break down.

Hermione released a frustrated breath. "If this is how it's going to be with you and me, then don't." She gestured with a lazy hand at the schedule and the unsigned dotted line. "I don't want to mess up our friendship. And I'm sorry if it offends you, but this? Us? You and me? It matters to me, Draco."

Squeezing his eyes shut, he groaned. "Fuck. I know that, Hermione. I—? I'm sorry. I didn't __?"

"Yeah, well, you did," she interjected. "Don't do it again, *okay*?"

Draco swallowed thickly, meeting her gaze. "Okay."

Curving her brow, she motioned again to the parchment in encouragement. She didn't want to start the day off on the wrong foot, and if they were planning to follow her meticulous schedule, they would need to stay right on track. No detours. No arguments. No *nothing*.

Today would be their first day of their sex agenda.

He reached for his usual feathered quill in the center of the table, signing his familiar signature in a flourish.

The moment the ink dried, she felt the surge of magic threading through the air. It prickled over her skin like fizzy champagne. Her tongue darted out, wetting her lips, and she could taste the biting nature of Draco's magical imprint: pine, subtle peppermint, crisp apples, the first fall of snow in the dead of winter. *Him*. It seemed to hum around her, toying with her curls as it brushed against her skin like cool, expensive silk.

She would *never* admit it, but she liked it—*liked* his magic. And yes, she liked how it felt, too.

Draco slid the parchment back across the table without looking at her.

Following his same motions, she signed it with ease, ignoring the way her hand trembled slightly.

There was no turning back after this, and they both knew it—could *feel* it with every breath they took.

Without saying a word, Hermione stood, feeling the tiniest bloom of the unknown unfurl behind her ribs. She ignored it, smoothing out her trousers as she rounded the edge of the long, stainless steel table to the other side. Her flats made no sound against the tile floor, but

Draco tracked her movement; his pale eyes cutting in a way that felt like all the glass in the room had shattered, slicing into her pebbled skin.

The tension between them sharpened, morphing and building until it was electric.

Draco spun on his stool, knees parting instinctively. Without asking, she stepped between his spread thighs. Gods, even seated, he was still taller than her.

Alright, they were nearly eye-level, but she would still need to stand on her tiptoes. *Whatever*. That wasn't really important right now.

Again, that anticipation prickled against her, waiting and watching. That ancient, unnamed thing that crouched in the corner or hid behind glass mirrors. The bits they always tried to ignore when working here.

Hermione placed her hands on his shoulders, grounding herself as she felt the solid line of his muscles beneath her fingertips. Everything about him was strong and lean in a way she'd never noticed before, and somehow craved that there was no barrier of separation between them. *Stupid Oxford*. Honestly.

"Today is day one," she said gently. "Do you know what that means?"

His tongue darted out to wet his lips. "Kissing and familiarity with each other."

Hermione curved her brow. "*And?*"

Draco swallowed thickly; the apple of his throat bobbing. "And consensual exploration over clothes."

It all sounded so damn practical. And yet, she couldn't help but grin, letting her fingertips shift as they skimmed over the slope of his shoulders and down the curve of his neck. Her blunt nails scraped slightly, and she relished in the way he shivered at her touch.

"*Fuck...*" he murmured, the sound almost a whimper between his lips.

Hermione kept moving, tangling in the baby-fine hairs at his nape. It was almost unfair how delectable the strands felt, curling slightly as if untouched by treatments or styling creams. Actually, it was practically indecent how *decadent* it was, like velvet and silk spun from old, ancient bloodlines and too many generations of spoiled vanity.

Again, was this just a Pureblood thing or a Draco Malfoy thing?

Curious, Hermione met his gaze, only to find him watching her with that intent. Silver was barely visible beyond the blown onyx pupils, and his eyes were glazed with undeniable lust.

"Is this okay?" she whispered.

Draco nodded. "Y-Yeah."

She stepped closer, slipping entirely into his space until their chests brushed. Heat rolled off of him in waves, contrasting the cool, sterile nature of the laboratory.

"You know," she began, voice dropping into an unfamiliar sultry tone, "you *can* touch me."

"Uh?" he blinked, coming out of his haze. "Yeah. Uh? Right. Okay... right."

Hermione's lips twitched as she continued playing with his hair. "Just put your hands on me, Draco."

Hesitating, his palms hovered over the curve of her waist, unsure of where to begin. Gods, if she were being honest, it was all quite endearing, especially considering he was the last person ever to look so innocent.

She blamed his air of sex appeal and those naughty librarian glasses.

He looked at her then. "I don't—? I don't know what to do."

Hermione reached for one of his hands, gently placing it against her waist, guiding him—*teaching* him. The other followed suit, splaying over her hip as he held her like she might vanish into thin air.

"Good," she praised, leaning in. "Now, start slow. Just... touch me. Learn me. Feel me and what feels good to you."

"Like this?" he asked breathlessly, thumbs mapping over the dip of her waist.

"Yeah, Draco, just like that."

His hands roamed lower; awkward, yes, but so earnest. He traced the gentle contour of her, skimming down over her wool trousers to the slope of her arse. She could tell that she wanted more. She could feel how his fingers hovered and flexed, greedy in their nature like most would be. Yet, it was almost as if he wasn't quite sure he was allowed to enter or even move.

Cautious, trepid, and strangely... *perfect*.

Hermione leaned in, lips brushing his. "I'm going to kiss you now. Is that okay?"

Nodding, his breath caught, chest scraping against hers. "You know," he said hoarsely, "I've kissed before this, Granger. I'm not *that* much of a virgin. But yeah, anything is pretty fucking fine."

A quiet laugh warmed through her, blooming in her veins and bones. Her fingers tightened in his hair, just as his palms slid lower, squeezing slightly before drifting up to her lower back. A trembling shudder wracked through him, into her, and it only made her bolder.

Their noses brushed. And *gods*, this close? She could taste the faint peppermint toothpaste on his breath.

It was... intoxicating.

"We'll start slow," she said softly. "Okay?"

"Yeah, *fuck*," he swore, gaze flickering to her lips. "Okay."

A pleased smile pulled at Hermione's lips as she leaned in and kissed him.

Alright. *Okay*. They were kissing, and it was... *nice*.

It was tentative at first, almost as if he were asking a question and needed her to give him the proper response. Soft and careful, and he kissed her like someone who'd read about it in books and was trying to translate the theory into practice.

But somewhere between firm lips and charming, teenager-like hesitation, he must have found his answer because it returned to her in the form of a desperate inhale.

Hermione guided him, tilting her mouth to fit better. Her tongue darted out, laving against his lips to taste the hint of him that she felt warm in her veins. Slowly, he followed suit, mimicking her rhythm, and it became better.

Okay, *yeah*, much, much better.

There was one good thing about Draco Malfoy: he was a fast learner.

His hands became bolder, slipping beneath the hem of her blouse. Calloused skin met the smooth, unblemished expanse of her waist. His thumbs moved in tentative arcs over her fabric-covered skin, and *gods*, she couldn't suppress the sound that came from her mouth, spilling into his.

Immediately, Draco jolted back, breath ragged. "Did I—? Did I do something wrong?" he asked, uncertain.

Her mouth parted as she tried to find the words, but all she could focus on was how pink his lips were. How much of him was highlighted by the slick of her kisses. It only spun her mind into other, more debased thoughts of what he would look like with another sort of dampness on his mouth after he spent hours between her thighs.

Ugh, and that only made her think of face-sitting.

Her gaze dropped to his mouth, feeling that need pulse within her. "No," she said, finally answering him. "Quite the opposite, actually."

Draco blinked. "Oh? Oh, okay."

Gods, she really, really wanted to kiss her again. For research, of course. No other reason. *None*.

In fact, Hermione thought that was a brilliant idea as her fingers wove deeper into his silken strands, tugging. Their mouths clashed, lips parting and seeking. Alright, she was the one who did more of the clashing, but he was just as eager when he began to kiss her back with purpose.

Yeah, he was a swift learner.

His hands grew bolder and more curious as they skimmed up her sides under her blouse, feeling each vertebra of her spine. He was mapping her entirely to memory in a sort of taste test.

More... it screamed, begged.

Hermione deepened the kiss, slanting her mouth over his with growing need and undeniable want. Their bodies pulled flush against one another, hip to hip and chest to chest. She let her tongue coax his again; this time, she was determined to find an entry as she teased and traced the soft swell there. She felt it then, a small ridge, something barely perceptible just beneath his bottom lip.

Huh. She had never noticed the scar before. Something faint and old, but it was there.

Oddly, it made her want to discover more in the way she learned runes or rare spell work. That sort of obsession that he always teased her about.

Pushing closer, her hips tilted in a silent demand, chasing the friction like it was her lifeline. The whooshing of her blood and the labored breathing filled the space between them, doused in that heady nature that only this sort of activity could perpetuate. Honestly? It didn't matter because she needed something, *anything*, to chase *it* and *him*.

Draco groaned against her, lips parting, and she swallowed down the sound as she found her entry. Her tongue met his with a gentle flick.

Snogging? Check.

French kissing? Double check.

And Godric above, she forgot how thrilling this all was—the act of just making out. It was hot in a way she hadn't felt in *years*. Maybe even in a whole decade. Somewhere along the line, the art of good, old-school snogging was lost between clumsy fumbling and quick, unfeeling sex. The need to just get off (even if she lied about her own climax) and get up and leave.

Right now? It wasn't about experience or performance. No, instead, it was messy, honest, and so damn *real*.

Hermione's fingers twisted in the collar of his Oxford, just as he gazed at a tentative suck on her lower lip. A whimper escaped her then. And *gods*, if he weren't holding onto her so tightly, she would've melted right then and there into a pile of goo.

RIP Hermione Jean Granger.

Honestly? It wouldn't be a horrible way to go: dying from snogging Draco Malfoy in the Cursed Artefacts Laboratory.

When they finally pulled back, she couldn't help but relish in the tingly nature of her mouth. Thankfully, Draco looked just as wrecked, with his chest heaving, pupils blown wide until she couldn't even make out the slightest bit of slate in his ethereal, icy gaze, and his lips swollen.

He looked... *dangerous*.

Okay, and really, *really* hot.

See? This was the sort of memory she wanted to preserve in a Pensive and look at over and over again like some crazed fan-witch that saved copies of *Witch Weekly*. Ugh. What in the gods' name was wrong with her?

A low, guttural sound spilled from Draco as his hands tightened over her waist. "I'm not done yet," he whispered darkly, hoarsely.

Without another word, Draco grabbed her, turning her until her spine hit the countertop. Gasping, she was entirely caught off guard by his abruptness. Yet he didn't stop as he lifted her up onto the cool, stainless steel surface. On instinct, her thighs parted, making room for him as she pulled him close in a sort of dance.

There was no way that she could miss the confidence that rolled off of him. The idea that something snapped loose within him.

Her fingers found his shoulders, gripping on for dear life. "Draco," she sighed breathlessly.

Only his resounding groan answered her in return as he pressed his mouth to hers. *Gods...*

That needy achiness returned between her spread thighs as she pushed her heels into his arse, needing him closer—needing *more*. It didn't help that he was painfully confident this time, hands roaming over the curve of her, down the tops of her thighs, and up her waist. The movement was a slow, searing flame up her ribs, fingertips dancing dangerously over areas that he'd never touched before.

It was only then that he paused.

He swore against her mouth, hesitating against the underside of her breasts. "Can I—? I don't—? I want—?"

"Here," she rasped, catching his wrist gently. "Let me show you."

Hermione guided his hand with hers, letting it settle over her breast. Yeah, alright, so she knew there was a reason she wore this particular blouse and lacy brassiere today. It was thin—*hell*, almost too thin that it felt like he was touching her unclothed.

But that activity was for tomorrow.

She squeezed his hand tenderly, right over her in the way she liked it.

"*Oh, fuck,*" Draco moaned helplessly, hotly... honestly.

The sound curled into her like the aftermath of a shot of firewhiskey, settling low.

"You can..." Hermione swallowed thickly, voice catching. "You can keep touching. Yeah, just like that."

His thumb brushed over her peaked nipple, circling and pressing through the flimsy fabric of her blouse and even thinner material of her brassiere.

Again, despite his inexperience, he was a remarkably good student, learning quickly through the verbal feedback she provided him. Every whimper she made registered within him as a sign of encouragement. If they were placing marks upon this exploration, Draco Malfoy was certainly receiving a solid '*O*' for *Outstanding*, with bonus points for enthusiasm.

Lots of it. Loads.

Each moan he swallowed up greedily as if he hadn't had *anything* to eat in days... weeks.

Merlin, *months*.

It was like he needed this. She felt it in the way he touched her again and again with every circle against her tender breasts. It lit up every nerve ending between her thighs. Molten heat gathered there, blooming and unfurling in that needy way.

It was addictive.

Okay, *dazzling*, really, and also *a bit* infuriating in a way she couldn't get enough.

Hermione felt like a teenager again, flung backward in some time-space continuum with stolen moments and dreamy fantasies. Except, she never partook in these sorts of activities when coming-of-age fondlings behind tapestries were assumed and should've been taken advantage of, because *why not?* But she had Harry to take care of, a war to fight, and a world to save.

She'd been careful.

She'd been practical.

There were no slow-burning touches in the Common Room or sneaking into empty classrooms. No snogging-induced delirium in the Restricted Section or broom closets. Those *stupidly* good moments that most teenagers cherish in their memories. *Nothing*.

But this? Gods, this was what she assumed it felt like. And there was something almost serendipitous about how it was almost just as new to her as it was to him. A level playing field.

"Can I keep—?" Draco hesitated, breathless. "Can I keep kissing you?"

"Yes..."

"Good," he hummed, taking charge as his mouth collided with hers again.

This time? It wasn't gentle nor awkward. No, this was a messy hunger of someone who'd finally figured out *precisely* what he liked—what *she* wanted. It was bolder. Hell, rapacious and needy and every in between. His mouth devoured hers in a fierce claim, hands everywhere, driven by instinct as he touched her within the boundaries that she set. One palm on her breast, the other cupping the curve of her arse.

Needing more, her thighs wrapped around his waist, heels digging into his backside. She needed that desperate friction that she knew she could find if she angled her hips just right.

Oh, bloody hell...

Hermione gasped, clutching his shoulders as a pulse of arousal narrowed in her belly. That gooey, perfect sensation that she wanted to melt into because it was right there. She could *taste* it, *feel* it... *touch* it, if she wanted. That growing pressure and the want that both of them craved. The kind that made her forget that this was technically just first-base, and they were still fully clothed.

Gods, this was still the hottest thing she'd done in *years*, and she made a mental note to snog more often.

In fact, Hermione was going to make this a rule with all her future dates before the clothes came off.

She threaded her fingers into his hair, pulling him impossibly closer. Their lips were swollen and slick as they continued to kiss in a mess of tongues and clash of teeth.

Panting, his thumb brushed over her peak, harder this time. "Oh fuck," he swore.

Another whimper escaped Hermione as Draco did it again and *again* and *again*. Her entire body shook over the surprising sensitivity, arching into him until she brushed against his prominent erection right over the seam of her trousers.

She didn't think. No, she just acted, chasing desire like it was her damn job.

"Please," she murmured into his mouth. "Please, I need more."

Just then, Draco made a sound. It wasn't a groan, and it wasn't pain, exactly.

No, it was almost as if he was... *panicked*.

Before Hermione even had time to process whatever the hell it was, Draco tore away as if she burned him. In an instant, he was several paces away, facing the opposite wall, his back turned toward her. One palm pressed against the glass case housing the Corsair's Cufflinks, and his chest heaved violently.

"D-Draco?" she asked hesitantly.

He only replied with something she couldn't quite translate that sounded almost French. Not a polite classroom or a Pureblood gathering sort of language, but angry, fluently wielded

French that sounded like he wanted to set the world ablaze. Something she never, ever heard from him before, considering how vulgar it sounded.

Slowly, she slid from the counter, adjusting her disheveled blouse. "Draco?" she asked again, tone cautious.

"*Don't!*" he barked, holding one palm out, still refusing to look at her. "Fuck! Don't come any closer, Granger!"

Hermione blinked, startled. "What? Why?"

He released another pained sound, low and utterly agonized. His fingers curling over the glass casing, causing the cufflinks within to give a little rattle. The goblin-made metal was eager to get out and attach to Draco's wrists. They knew anyone well-off and high-bred when they felt one nearby. That was what made them so dangerous, and also the need to possess with contagious Dark Magic, but semantics.

Right now? She was more concerned about him.

"Are you—?" Hermione started, keeping her voice calm. "Are you okay?"

But Draco only grunted in response, like the question offended him. *Ugh.* Silence stretched over the Cursed Artefacts Laboratory like a poorly cast Muffliato.

Wonderful. Great. Brilliant even.

Hermione loosed a breath, placing her hands on her hips as she stared up at the ceiling. She didn't know how many more minutes passed, but she felt a pulse of his magic wash over them. It hit her tongue like static: hot, spicy, and sharp. It was the familiarity within that she recognized, but also tinged with a hint of shame and arousal.

His or hers? Yeah, that was hard to tell. Probably both.

Hermione's lips parted, but Draco chose that moment to turn, finally facing her. Scarlet bloomed over his cheeks and throat in uneven blotches, dipping under the crisp collar of his button-down. He refused to look at her, eyes darting anywhere but directly at her.

"What's wrong?" she asked again.

"*What's wrong?*" Draco mocked miserably. "What's wrong is that I just came in my fucking bespoke thousand-galleon trousers like some bloody fourth-year, Granger. *That's* what's fucking wrong."

Immediately, her gaze dropped to where he was clutching the front of his trousers, covering himself and the very evident stain that not even high-end wand-work could vanish.

Oh! Oh... Hermione's mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water.

Unfortunately, her brain kept buffering, lagging in the situation right before her eyes, until something within her broke. It was a subtle *POP!* or a resolute click within her mind. Hell, it

was silly, really, and she didn't mean to do it, but she couldn't help it as she laughed.

No, like *really* laughed.

It burst out of her chest, bubbling up in her throat like fizzy, effervescent champagne.

A low, strangled sound came from Draco. "*Granger...*"

"I'm sorry!" she gasped, trying to apologize as she clutched her belly. "I'm not—? I swear I'm not laughing at you. It's just... oh, my gods. You just—? From kissing? Me? Seriously?"

The second it left her mouth, she knew it was the wrong thing to say.

Draco moved, shoving her out of the way. "Great, Granger. Thanks for that."

Every bit of her wanted to stop it—stop the sound that kept coming and coming and coming. She wondered then if she was being hexed? It was quite possible, considering she'd only ever felt this laughter with a Cheering Charm.

Draco grabbed his dragonhide briefcase, thrusting the folders and paperwork of their Sex Agenda inside before wandlessly sealing it shut with a promising *click*. Crimson shame bled down his throat, contrasting the blanched nature of his porcelain skin as he refused to look at her.

"Draco, *wait!*" she called, wiping at her tears. "I didn't mean—?"

But he was already out the door.

The chamber hissed closed, but it felt like he'd slammed the thing shut as she stood there. Instantly, the laughter died in her throat, replaced by that sharp, caustic pang of regret.

Oh gods...

Somewhere in the room, several objects gave their agreement, rattling in their confines as if to say: '*Job well done, Hermione Granger! Way to go!*'

Hermione slumped on the nearest stool, pressing her forehead into the cool metal surface of the table. Unfortunately, that did nothing to soothe the unease she felt over what had just happened and the apparent fact that she'd laughed at his own humiliation.

Day One? Splendid start.

Chapter 4: Tuesday: Riding Simulation

Chapter Notes

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

Tuesday, June 18th *Day Two: Riding Simulation*

The mid-June warmth made the metropolitan city pulse to life as Muggles dispatched home after work and another exhilarating Tuesday spent cooped up indoors. Distant horns of the black London cabs, the buzz of the awakening happy hours in pubs, and the colorful shouts of disgruntled humans all rang out in a mismatched and yet complementary cacophony.

Merlin, they were always in such a damn hurry, weren't they?

And yet Hermione took her time, casually strolling down the pavement of Vauxhall with the posh glass castles perched high above in the city. The air was thick with the scent of hot tar and various olfactory intoxications from the neighboring restaurants and pubs. Occasionally, she found herself sighing in relief as a light zephyr passed through the sleek buildings.

Maybe she could blame her casual stroll on wanting to enjoy the world instead of rushing through it, but the truth was that she was apprehensive.

There. She said it; she was apprehensive about seeing Draco after what happened yesterday, with the whole snogging and premature ejaculation bit.

It also didn't help that she hadn't seen him since *said* incident.

This morning, she waited and waited and waited for him to arrive at work, but he never showed up. It was only a few hours later that Hermione received Draco's corporeal Patronus form of a borzoi, explaining that Robbards snagged him on his way to work this morning and needed his expertise to investigate something they discovered in Azkaban. Apparently, he would explain it later, and *no*, she was not needed, so there was absolutely no need to worry.

But that was the thing: Hermione did, in fact, worry.

A lot.

Alright. A disgusting and embarrassing amount because they did *everything* together. As partners. As friends. As... *whatever*.

Was this her punishment for laughing over his predicament yesterday? Would she have to do some Grade-A groveling on her hands and knees? Would he hate her? Or worse? Would he call their whole Sex Agenda off? *Ugh*.

The 'what ifs' were raging against her skull with a sort of persistence that was about to give her a proper migraine. The only thing that somewhat soothed her never-ending worry was his Patronus' instructions to come around six this evening.

That had to be a good sign... *right?*

Unfortunately, Hermione Granger was a skeptic, through and through. She relied on practical equations and Arithmancy to get her by, not crossing her fingers behind her back and throwing salt over her shoulder.

Facts.

Data.

Magical and analytical science.

Texts lay before her with evidence.

So, dealing with a clearly embarrassed and cryptic Draco was always a flip of the galleon.

Either way, Hermione had brought reinforcements in the form of his favorite bottle of vintage Odgen's Finest circa 1979 and the unspoken promise to never laugh at him ever again. *One*: it was quite rude of her, and she *knew* that now. *Two*: they were both learning how to navigate this whole seven-day, no-strings-attached sex journey, and his subsequent deflowering together.

Releasing a hefty breath, Hermione adjusted the thick leather strap of her satchel on her shoulder. The complete monolith of Draco's building—*One St. George's Wharf*—towered before her in modern architecture glory.

No time like the present, right? *Ha*. Right.

She pushed through the glass revolving doors. Artificially conditioned air licked up her bare arms, and the scent of citrus filled her lungs the second she set foot into the modern lobby.

Gods. Everything about it was unapologetically sleek and stupidly expensive.

Low-profile, Italian cream sofas flanked either side of the space, but in all her years of coming here, she'd never once seen anyone sit there. Obsidian-veined marble stretched out in every direction, polished to a perfectionist gleam that reflected the crystal chandeliers twinkling overhead. In the center of the lobby, a violent burst of fresh lilies and white roses practically poured over the circular table. Steel accents lined the walls, paired with glass panels tinted to maintain an air of elitism, so that no one could look in.

It was the kind of apartment building that only the *exceedingly* wealthy could afford. The kind where they just bought one of the many luxurious, million-pound residences for their real estate portfolio and nothing else.

Yet Hermione knew Draco lived here for one reason and one reason only: It was *utterly* and *completely* Muggle.

In fact, and as far as she knew (and she was almost completely confident with her answer), he was the *only* one of wizarding nature living within One St. George's Wharf.

Draco had told her once before that, in a way, it was his own act of rebellion and atonement for everything that happened during the war. A way for him to live outside of the confines of what he was raised on and how he should maintain that through adulthood.

Now, a part of her wondered if his virginity was somehow wrangled in there, too.

"*Ms. Granger!*"

Hermione looked up, lips curving into a smile as she spotted the familiar, weathered face of the building's doorman, Aleksander (or Aleks, as he preferred).

He stood behind the sleek metal counter, dressed in his usual navy tailored uniform, with his flaxen hair buzzed down to the scalp. Even in his late sixties, he was the sort of man who guarded elevator doors with the same intensity that he spent his twenties barking orders in Eastern European barracks. Honestly? The first time she came to Draco's apartment, she'd been utterly terrified by the hard-cut, broad-shouldered man who looked like he was about one second away from shouting military orders at anyone who so much as left a speck of dirt on the floor.

However, she learned fairly easily that Aleks was bribed with *Pierniczki* from the shop around the corner and a warm smile.

His crystal-blue eyes softened as she approached, revealing a glint of gold on his left canine. "Mr. Malfoy just called down and told me to be expecting you," Aleks said in a thick Polish accent. "You know, I told Mr. Malfoy that he's been keeping you from me, Ms. Granger."

Hermione laughed. "As much as I would like to put all the blame on him, I've been terribly busy myself."

"*Wymówki!*" Aleks huffed, waving his hand in a flourish. "Always running around and never has time to come see me!"

"Oh, you can blame Mr. Malfoy for that bit."

"*Zrobiłbym to, gdyby nie placił mi pensji,*" Aleks grinned, flashing his gold tooth before leaning in. "But I do hope you are doing well, Ms. Granger. And tell Mr. Malfoy to feed you when you get upstairs."

Gingerly, Hermione reached into her leather bag, flashing the bottle of amber liquor. "Hopefully better after this."

Aleks shook his head, muttering something else in Polish under his breath as he walked towards the private lift in the back. Pressing the button, the doors opened with ease. He keyed the side panel with a special fob, causing the gold insignia of the *PH* to flash before settling.

"Well," Aleks started as she stepped in, "Mr. Malfoy's expecting you. So just go right on up."

"Thank you, Aleksander," Hermione said softly.

He gave her a respectful nod, and in a relatively rare gesture, he touched his hand to his chest.
"It's good to see you, Ms. Granger."

"You too."

The private doors closed with a *whoosh*. It was only then that she allowed herself to lean against the back railing, clutching onto it as the lift propelled upwards.

Alright, so Draco *was* expecting her. And yes, this was something she already knew, but the confirmation made her feel *loads* better.

Maybe he wasn't going to back out of their Sex Agenda after all. Maybe he wanted to see this through because, in all honesty, she immensely enjoyed yesterday. The entire new and rather *pleasant* discovery of proper, blush-inducing snogging and all that was 'pre-ejaculation' in trousers.

Hermione sighed heavily, sagging back against the steel frame.

As the lift moved at inhuman speed, she stared at her reflection, winking back at her. Really, she looked a bit frazzled in her vintage Levi's that hugged her hips, and a white cotton tank that dipped low enough to suggest a casual effort. Okay, so actually she looked a bit sweaty under the lingering heat of the London summer and her own apprehension.

Ugh. Whatever. Did that even matter? She was comfortable, borderline approachable, and very much embarking on Day Two of the whole Sex Agenda.

See, today was all about... well, clothed (or potentially partially naked) grinding. Or, as the scheduled parchment read: *Riding Simulation*.

It would be a similar analysis of yesterday's activities, but with a bit more of an *exploratory* approach. The goal was just to make each other come without getting into each other's trousers.

The lift dinged as the silver doors slid open, revealing the lavish open-floor plan of glass, steel, and clean-lined luxury of Draco's penthouse.

Or rather, the entire sixty-fifth floor, complete with two stories, a chef's kitchen filled with state-of-the-art modern Muggle technology, a connected living room and private dining area, several bedrooms (five to be exact), en-suite bathrooms, and a massive terrace with a rectangular swimming pool. Yet, there was a certain vibrancy about the London penthouse, despite the sterility of the floor-to-ceiling windows and harsh, stark-white walls.

Hermione had once told Draco that it was '*a castle in the clouds*', the very first time she set foot inside the ostentatious space.

It was after the two had to spend an all-nighter working on unhexing a portrait found in the countryside that tended to curse people who looked into the old hag's painted eyes. They had stayed up until the early hours of dawn, laughing and teasing each other even after they solved the hex on the painting.

Sighing, Hermione heeled off her trainers by the front entry credenza, checking her reflection in the circular mirror hanging above. *Gods above*, her hair really did look awfully frizzy today, didn't it? *Ugh*. There was nothing she could do about it now, and adding magic would only make it more disastrous.

Stepping further into the penthouse, she called out: "Hello? Draco?"

Only the sound of the Talking Heads '*Take Me to the River*' filled the air, permeating from his top-of-the-line built-in sound system (all Muggle, of course).

Hermione paused, toes sinking into the plush stone-colored rug in the open-concept space. It was warm, modern, and *oddly*, so very Draco—or this version of him that she knew now. It wasn't the pompous, stuck-up, aristocratic one she knew at school who called her names.

No, that side of him was long gone, chiseled away by time and war and the realization of his adolescent mistakes.

People changed.

Life went on.

Of course, she didn't hold it against him, and she *never* would, because he didn't deserve that. They'd all been forced to grow up too fast, molded by choices that were never really their own. Their childhoods were stolen from them by the very people who were *meant* to protect them—on both sides of the war.

And that had been a tough pill for them to swallow when they all went to therapy for the aftermath in those years after.

Hermione frowned, shaking off the thought as she glanced around. The living room stretched out in sleek, warm tones, seamlessly connected to the massive kitchen, which was a chef's wet dream. An enormous leather sofa dominated most of the living space, resembling a plush cloud more than a place to sit. Two twin club chairs mirrored the couch on the opposite side, framing a bronze metal coffee table. A flat-screen television dominated the far wall, set against a backdrop of limestone. Though it was often transfigured into art, creating a modern installation.

A small, incredulous huff escaped her.

For someone who could summon coffee with the flick of his wand, Draco was shockingly devoted to Muggle technology. *Gods*, almost stubbornly so. And more often than not, she found it positively hilarious that he would rather use what Muggles created than his own magical skills.

"*Draco?*" she called again. "Are you here?"

Movement stirred upstairs. Hermione craned her neck, catching sight of Draco's messy blonde hair as he poked his head over the sleek glass balustrade on the second floor.

"Hey, you. I'll be down in a minute," he told her with a crooked, boyish grin. "Make yourself at home, Hermione."

She scoffed, rolling her eyes as she waved him off with mock irritation. "Look, don't blame me if you find your wine cabinet alphabetized again. I should *never* be left alone for too long, Malfoy. You know this."

Draco just shook his head as he turned back to his bedroom.

Grinning, she strolled into the kitchen. Alright, well, *if* she could call it that, given that it looked less like a place where one would cook and more like it'd been plucked from the glossy pages of *Architectural Digest's* "Top 10 Kitchens You've Dreamed About."

Or, as she always put it: what she absolutely could not afford in this lifetime or the next.

Smooth Calcutta marble with dramatic black veining stretched over the sprawling waterfall island. Hidden drawers? Chrome fixtures? Recessed lighting? *Gods*, name anything luxurious and ultra-rich, and it was there.

Don't even get her started on the appliances because Draco Malfoy didn't just have top-of-the-line; he had whatever came after top-of-the-line.

There was a Gaggenau oven that cost more than the seven years at Hogwarts. A smart fridge by La Cornue that spoke three different languages, and one that he charmed with his own personally created spells to remind him to hydrate. An espresso machine that seemed to require a blood sacrifice to operate. A Japanese carbon-steel knife set, with military blade precision.

Exclusive, absurd, and completely *him* to a dotted line.

If he wanted to spend his money on this, then who was she to stop him? It made him happy—that much she knew.

But her favorite part of the entire penthouse? The private, self-regulated glass wine cellar tucked into the back wall with hundreds to thousands of wines that he'd curated over the years. Bottles of aged *Domaine de la Romanée-Conti Grand Brûlé* in Burgundy, to *Château Margaux* from the most elusive vineyard in Bordeaux, to *Barolos* and *Barbarescos* in Italy, to *Marcassin Chardonnay* from the Sonoma Coast, to *Screaming Eagle Cabernet Sauvignon* in Napa Valley, to '*The Laird*' *Shiraz* in Australia.

How did she know all this? *Draco*, of course. And well, *alright*, her time spent over here when Theo graced them with his presence.

While Draco Malfoy didn't like to brag, Theodore Nott most certainly *did*.

Theo made sure Hermione knew more about this penthouse than she was almost positive Draco did. Apparently, Theo had hired and brought in his elite team of international interior designers to redesign the space once Draco had purchased the residence six years ago.

And Theo made sure that Hermione was well aware of the silent but screaming warning on every surface: *Don't you dare touch me!*

Okay, so maybe that was a bit warranted given that she'd gotten her fingerprint smudges all over the stainless steel. And she might've caused arrabbiata sauce to explode, sending crimson everywhere, but *whatever*. Draco had put her in a time-out on the sofa when that happened and made her promise never to touch his fifteen-thousand-pound stovetop ever again. Like *ever*.

With a fond little smile, Hermione set down the Odgen's peace offering, noticing the two white wine glasses and a perfectly chilled bottle of Sancerre.

Her favorite. *Ugh*.

She picked up the nearest glass and poured the white wine into it. Ignoring the flush of heat that crept up her neck as she tried not to read too far into the gesture.

They were friends. *Friends*. A big, fat capital 'F' and *major* emphasis there. That was just what friends did, setting out their favorite wine and all that. Right?

Actually, if she were being rather specific about it, he did this for her *every* time she came over. It was the footnote in their nearly decade-long friendship, and she did the same for him whenever he deemed it necessary to go to her quaint little flat.

So *why*, in the gods' good name, did she feel those traitorous little butterflies in her belly over the gesture?

Whatever. She was just being dramatic and possibly reading far to into all of this mess. She blamed yesterday's miscommunication and the subsequent failure of premature ejaculation.

After today (or tonight, rather), things would shift back into that normality, and it would be better. Right? *Right*.

Hermione clutched the thin stem of the glass, wandering toward the floor-to-ceiling windows that overlooked the sprawling terrace. A long teak dining table stretched down the far side, flanked by tope-cushioned chairs. A small, glimmering infinity pool lined in volcanic obsidian sparkled under the cotton-candy London sky. Recessed floor lighting came to life, illuminating the birch trees and foliage that he had landscaped.

It was all so... *ridiculous*.

She took a sip of her wine, tasting the crisp apple notes prickling her tongue. *Okay*, so maybe she couldn't *completely* judge his good taste, considering the wine he picked out was absolute perfection.

Footsteps sounded behind her, padding down the stairs.

Hermione turned, hating how her breath hitched in her chest at the sight of Draco. Tonight, he was barefoot, wearing a fitted plain white tee and jeans that, from this angle, hugged his arse perfectly. No, actually, criminally.

And again, *why* did she notice that? His arse?

"Hey," Draco greeted, running his fingers through his damp platinum hair. It curled slightly against his nape. "Sorry about that. I lost track of time, I guess."

She cleared her throat, trying to find a semblance of words in her vast vocabulary. Yet, she couldn't think of a single thing as her brain went all on the fritz over his attire.

Draco Malfoy's jeans: *one*.

Hermione Granger's mental state: *zero*.

Grabbing the lone glass on the counter, he strolled over to where she stood by the windows. Had he always had an arse like that? All perfectly taut and round? Or was it those jeans? *Gods...*

Casually, he clinked their glasses together. "Cheers."

Yet, she just stood there, gaping, like an *idiot* who had never seen perfectly fitted blue Levi's on a male specimen.

"You okay?" he asked, arching a brow at her silence.

Warmth bloomed over her cheeks as she stammered, "Yes! Yes—! I was... *uh*? Well... I was just—?" *Fuck*. Hermione shook her head, attempting to reorient herself. "I was just, *uh*, thinking about moving in."

Alright. That was a total gods-damn lie.

And, of course, because the Fates clearly had it out for her, Draco nearly choked on his sip of wine.

"Oh!" she gasped, eyes widening at the sight of him sputtering. "Oh, *no!* I didn't—? I mean, Merlin! I just meant that I was admiring your... *uh*, terrace. And you have so much space. It would be rude not to share." A short grunt escaped her. "*Oh gods*, never mind."

Draco nodded slowly, clearing his throat, looking at her like she had three heads.

Gods, why on earth did she say that? *Why?* Never in her nearly ten years of friendship had she ever, *ever* suggested that she move in with her. Not even as a silly, playful joke. Or even when she was utterly broke and desperately needed a place to stay.

Nervously, Hermione took a sip of the Sancerre before she changed the subject. "So... *uh*, how was today?" she asked.

"Fine," Draco replied, leaning against the back of the leather sofa, arms folded. The fragile wine stem balanced precariously between his fingers. "You know how Azkaban is? Dementors. Renovation chaos. Robards asking the same damn question five different ways. And I might've found a Veilstone Fragment."

"A Veilstone Fragment?" Hermione's jaw hinged. "No, you didn't!"

He gave her a slow, lazy smirk. "I did. Well, not *me*, but I was the one to extract it."

"Draco!" she gasped. "That's—! That's insane! Do you know how utterly—*oh, gods!* I have no words. Those things are practically mythical. I mean, they disrupt the proximity wards, and I thought all remaining shards were sealed off by the Unspeakables like—like ages ago?"

"Oh, I know."

Eyes wide, she waved her hand, urging him to go on.

Gods, she needed to know more and refused to be left hanging, especially when it came to a Veilstone Fragment. This was like a curse-breaker's wet dream.

Draco lost a breath. "It was wedged between the outer and inner layer of the warding shell in the corridor wall," he explained, silver eyes glinting with that familiar enthusiasm he got with these sorts of things. "*Completely* masked. But I could feel it, Hermione. Like actually felt it when I was near. The energy on that thing was insane. No wonder the Dementors had been acting up in that particular section."

Bobbing her head, she took a sip of her Sancerre.

"We only found it, though, because someone's wand accidentally went off and knocked off a chunk of the wall," he went on. "Thought it was just feedback until we pulled the remaining stone out and—" Draco laughed brightly, running his hand through his damp, wavy hair. "It hummed. Like we all felt that harmonic resonance. I mean, hell—there's *what*? Only like six on record? And that's if all that bullshit with the Bulgarians is actually factual and not just them lying to get out of handing it over."

"Godric," Hermione sighed heavily, staring at him. "This is so unfair that *you* were the one to find it."

"*Jealous?*"

"Oh, immensely!"

And it was the truth.

Not only that (because *yes*, Veilstone Fragments were extremely rare and potentially life-altering when found), but also the fact that Draco looked devastatingly *hot* talking about it. Like in that adorable, nerdy way that had her curling her bare toes against the polished wood.

Draco's cheeks flushed with excitement as his lips moved at a rampant speed, nearly tripping over himself with his eagerness. There was even a faint rise to his voice whenever he mentioned cross-planar magic and how there was probably more within Azkaban.

Again, *hot*.

Worse? She couldn't stop staring at his forearms as they flexed obscenely in his white tee every time he gestured with his wineglass.

Right then, Hermione had the sudden and *very* inappropriate urge to bite him. She wanted to sink her teeth into his skin at his biceps and taste him for herself. She wanted to feel the movement under her fingertips and against her tongue.

Oh, gods. What the hell was wrong with her? She knew for a fact that she did not have some sort of biting fetish.

And yet, the thought kept appearing like some sort of premonition. *Ugh.* She supposed they would be doing that in a few days anyway: tasting each other, oral, cunnilingus, going down. Whatever he wanted to call it, because it was happening.

Friday. *Day Five*, to be exact.

Today? It was all about learning from each other. Clothes would most likely come off, and hands would end up somewhere against bare skin. If she were being technical about it all, this was the foreplay *to* the foreplay.

"Earth to Hermione Granger?"

She blinked, realizing that he was staring at her in that way that she knew he'd been asking her a question. *Budger.*

"Sorry," she cleared her throat, the sound feeling artificial. "I was—? Uh? Never mind. Sorry, blame the wine." A nervous laugh escaped her. "I think it's gone to my head."

Draco arched a brow. "You've had three sips, Granger."

"Actually, like four," she corrected. "Maybe five? And they were very large sips."

"Uh-huh."

Ugh. Now, *why* did he have to do that? Why did he have to know her so well that she knew without a doubt that he didn't believe a single word that came from her mouth?

It was equally endearing, as it was insufferable.

Heat prickled up the sides of her neck, making her skin all itchy, and whatnot.

Sighing, she set her wineglass down on the edge of the marble island with a rough clink. It was too loud, even over the Rolling Stones' "*Beast of Burden*" that played in the background. Lazy, sexy, and the sort of rock and roll song that felt a bit too on the nose for this moment in time.

"Draco?" Hermione wetted her lips. "I wanted—?"

He held up his palm. "Granger. *Please* don't."

She blinked. "What?"

"If this is about yesterday, it's—it's fine," he told her tightly. "I mean, *yeah*, it was fucking embarrassing. I came in my pants like some gods-damn teenager, but it's fine. *Really*. I'll get over it. I was just... I don't know."

Immediately, her shoulders sagged at his words and the tone there. It wasn't hurt or anger or *anything* like that.

No, it felt almost tired.

Bracing her palms against the smooth surface of the island, she admitted, "I shouldn't have laughed. That was rude of me, Draco. I didn't mean to, you know? It just sorta came out. It's just because this is me and you and you're—*gods*."

Draco cocked his head. "I'm *what*?"

She looked away then, worrying her bottom lip. The sky was now a milky pink, dotted with lavender and the softest shades of scarlet. Like maybe some artist had dipped their brush into acrylics and splattered them over the canvas of nature.

It was beautiful.

"*Hermione*."

Losing a breath, she looked back at him, meeting his pale gaze. "You're my friend and you—? It's just—? Gods, *Draco*, no one has ever reacted that way to kissing me before."

He didn't respond as the words hung there between them, and the Rolling Stones played on as the ending guitar rift echoed, and Mick Jagger sang on. Yet she didn't miss the change in the room. The flicker of the acknowledgment low in her belly like gooey honey, and the strange, hot kind of tension that coiled in her chest. Something she didn't know what to do with, as they just stared at one another. *Ugh*.

Hermione cleared her throat, nodding toward the amber bottle of Odgens on the countertop. "Well, fine or not, I brought a peace offering."

Draco blinked before that boyish, dimpled grin stretched over his mouth. "Offering accepted," he said, voice husky and warm.

Yeah, she decided then that she needed to ignore the way those needy emotions pushed and throbbed in utterly intimate places. Actually, she couldn't acknowledge them, even if this week was planned with sexual explorations and meticulous orgasms.

Eventually. She'd have to face them *eventually*, but for now, she could play the ignorant. *Right?*

"So?" Draco drawled. "Should we... start with day two?"

"Yes." Hermione bobbed her head. "Day two. Ready?"

"Yeah. Sure." His cheeks pinked. "I mean, you're the teacher, and I'm your student. Or whatever."

Ah. Yes. There it was: the thing that she'd been searching for during these awkward moments. His innocence. His naivety with all this. Now everything felt a bit more back in order, and that felt... *good*.

Draco cleared his throat. "Where do we, *uh*, want to do this?"

Pushing off the island, she moved, coming to stand before him. "Where do *you* want to do it?" she asked. "This is about you, and we *are* in your home."

He looked down at her then. With his silver eyes peering into her soul and his head craned down to *actually* look at her, he was massive. And Hermione prided herself on the fact that she was rather tall herself, standing at well over one hundred and seventy-two centimeters.

But this was... *wow*.

Again, why had she not noticed this before? His rather staggering height, along with his incredibly shapely arse. *Ugh.* It was a crime, honest to the gods.

Draco swallowed thickly, throat bobbing. "How does the sofa sound?"

"Works for me," she said softly, trying to drag her mind back to the present. "Is there anything off limits today? Anything you want to adjust?"

"No," he answered quickly, before hesitating. "Well, actually, I wanted to try kissing again."

* * * *

Hermione didn't know *how* they ended up in this positioning, with her denim-clad thighs straddling his and his hot, wet mouth trailing down her throat and her fingers tangled into his silken platinum strands, but they did.

And just to be utterly clear: Hermione Jean Granger was not complaining.

This? *Them?* Snogging on his luxurious sofa? It was better than her imagination could ever conjure as he tried to memorize every divot, freckle, and pulse point.

Draco was no longer shy or hesitant with his snogs. Instead, his hands confidently moved over her waist and thighs, determined to figure out what made her hips arch against his. He wasn't embarrassed this time about his erection pressing against the seam of her jeans. The way he suckled just at the base of her neck, tongue darting out to taste her skin, had her toes curling against the leather cushions.

Handsy exploration? *Check.*

A moan escaped her then, as his teeth grazed that sweet spot on her throat. *Gods...* Okay, he was really good at that, and she could confidently say that the student was molding into the teacher.

In fact, she'd give him an '*O*' for *Outstanding* on the grounds of his improvement from yesterday.

"We should—" Hermione started, breathless. "Gods, we should move on to other bits, yeah?"

A loud laugh reverberated against the hollow of her throat, spreading into her veins. Slowly, lazily, his mouth dragged open-mouthed kisses over the curve of her breast. A pathetic whine escaped her then.

"I think I'm enjoying this bit of exploration right now," he hummed. "Didn't get to do this yesterday."

"Y-Yeah."

That was all she could say: *yeah*. One measly little syllable. Nothing else could formulate on her tongue or morph into those well-known words in her throat.

Why? Well, wasn't it blatantly obvious?

Groaning, Draco's fingertips dug in slightly as he pushed up her tank top. His mouth moved in almost synchronization, and she couldn't figure out where to focus. His digits? The ones precariously close to the band of her jeans, dipping in, while his face was practically buried between her breasts. Or how his tongue darted out to lick against her skin. *Gods...*

Then again, she was also a bit bolder as she kept rolling her hips against his erection, feeling it press up into her in a way that had her clenching around absolutely nothing.

Riding Simulation, indeed.

"You're quiet," he said lowly, lips brushing over the left swell of her. He nudged the scoop of her tank lower with his nose. "You alright? Is this okay?"

"F-Fine!" she blurted before adding. "Great!"

What. An. Idiot.

Draco laughed against her skin before pulling away. And *gods*, did he have to look *that* good? With his cheeks flushed and hair mussed and pupils dilated?

"Are you—?" she started, needing a distraction. "Are you doing all right?"

"I'm fucking excellent," he drawled, hand trailing up her side as it cupped her breast. Teasing the strap, he asked: "Can I... uh, push this down?"

Hermione blinked before nodding her head. "Yeah. Sure."

She watched as he peeled down one side of her cotton tank top, fingers eagerly trailing after it. Gently, he nudged the cup of her brassiere aside. Her breast spilled free, pebbling against the air-conditioned chill of the penthouse. But Draco? He just stared, eyes darkening and

wide at the sight of her sun-kissed skin and tan lines she knew were there from that brisk trip to the beach with Ginny.

"*Fuck me,*" he muttered under his breath. "You're... *Salazar*, Hermione. You're fucking perfect."

Never in her life had she ever heard someone say that to her or anything close to that adjective. Hot? *Sure*. Sexy? *Yeah*, she had that word tossed around in the bedroom on those random dates where she just wanted one thing and one thing only.

But perfect? *No*.

His mouth hovered over her pebbled peak, hot breath dampening the point to the edge of anticipation. She practically squirmed under the attention, craving what he was silently asking for.

"You can—" Hermione swallowed thickly, watching. "You can take it in your mouth if you want."

Draco peered up at her. "Oh, Granger... I fucking *want*."

He dove in then, mouth enclosing over her breast in an eager latch.

"*Shit!* Softer, Draco!" she hissed out, fingers immediately diving into his silken strands to yank him away.

Innocently, he blinked up at her, lips wet and gaze confused. *Oh, gods*.

"You're going to bite it off," she explained. "Just—Just use less teeth. Like, think... gentle pulls. Easy pulls, Draco."

Muttering his apology, he leaned back in as she softened her grip on his hair.

Godric. Okay. Never in her life had she ever appreciated someone being such a fast learner. The way he adjusted himself, licking her peak in a broad, slow swipe. The way his lips closed over her nipple in a delicate suction that had her eyes fluttering shut. All hot and wet and bloody brilliant. His entire hand cupped her breast, guiding it into his mouth like he couldn't get enough. His tongue laved over the skin, tasting her.

It was... *wonderful*.

With every flick and suck, she bucked her hips involuntarily against his thick, rigid length below. And she would've been lying if she said she wasn't a bit curious about what was in his jeans, considering the ridge of him felt thick and obscene.

At the thought, her nails bit into his nape.

Hermione winced, easing her grip. "Sorry," she muttered, only to moan as his tongue flicked out.

Alright, so apparently he had some underlying oral fixation, considering he didn't even blink or care that she was potentially drawing blood.

Huh? Who knew? Certainly not her.

"Better?" he mumbled against her skin, releasing enough to speak. "I want—? I want this to be good for you, Hermione."

"It—" she swallowed thickly. "It is. Just—yes. Oh, gods. Don't stop doing that."

Thankfully, he was just as much of a good listener as he was an avid student.

Draco kept going, dragging down the other strap of her tank top and the cotton cup of her brassiere, exposing her other breast.

Every lick and tug and heady pull had her writhing against his lap, begging for more in pleading whimpers and gasping moans. And maybe she should've been embarrassed about how she was spread over his lap, thighs on either side of his hips, with her tank top and bra bunched around her waist. Maybe she should've thought to just pull it off instead of acting like a teenager in a rush.

Unfortunately, (or rather fortunately), she couldn't find it in herself to care.

His mouth alternated between the two—all greedy, slopping, wet, and hot. His thumb brushed over her peak in those agonizing, toe-curling motions, while his other hand held her entire breast in one palm.

Gods... this was really good.

Hermione could barely think, in fact. Her brain was a jumbled, short-circuited mess as her thighs trembled with anticipation. She knew she was utterly soaked, knickers sticking to her core, and she almost wondered if he could feel it. Could he feel the heat as she rubbed against his denim-covered erection? Could he sense her desperation? How if she rubbed the seam of her jeans *just* right, it felt like the world's best friction? How she was whimpering like this was her first time being touched like this, instead of his?

Ugh. What was wrong with her?

Then again, there was just something about his mouth and tongue, and his eager skill, that was doing it for her in a way she never felt before.

Draco pulled off of her with a *pop*, eyes hooded and lips wet. "Can you come like this?" he rasped. "Is that... possible?"

Hermione swallowed. "I don't know," she told him honestly. "I've never—? I've never had that happen before."

"Can I... try?"

Lips parted, she nodded her head.

Leaning in, Draco held her gaze as his mouth encircled around her peaked nipple once more. *Oh, bloody hell.* His tongue hardened, darting out to swirl around her as his hands worked her other breast. It honest to the gods felt like her entire soul was pouring from her body as that familiar heat warmed between her thighs—the steady pulse that she knew all too well.

She was going to come.

She just knew it.

He didn't let up as he laved over her, dragging his mouth and allowing his hands to do the rest. His teeth grazed lightly, just right, and that seemed to do it.

Gasping, she tossed her head back, arching into him as her orgasm rippled through her. Everything about it was sharp, delicious, and maddening. It felt better than every single one she had in the past few months.

Correction: in the past decade of her life, and her previous sexual explorations.

Her thighs clamped around him as she jerked, her entire body locking up as her nails dug into his shoulders. Yet, she kept rubbing the seam of her denims against his, needing more friction as his mouth kept suckling over her breast. She wanted this feeling—this *pleasure*—to continue forever, because she didn't want it ever to end.

And maybe that was a bit selfish of her, but she didn't care. Hell, not when it felt *this* good.

Panting and heart hammering like a drum against her ribs with the possibility that she might, in fact, break a bone, she met his ravenous gaze. *Oh, gods...*

Draco's lips were wet. They were wet and glistening and still latched to her tender peak.

The sight alone triggered another flutter in her aching core, evoking that desperate feeling of needing something inside her, *filling* her completely, given the promise in his denims.

Draco pulled off of her with a satisfied pop. "Did you just—?" he hesitated, voice thick with arousal. "Did you just come?"

"Y-Yes," she laughed, the sound breathless and unsteady as warmth prickled at her cheeks.
"Yeah, I did."

"From this? *Really?*"

Hermione nodded, dragging her bottom lip between her teeth.

"Holy fuck," he murmured, blinking at her and then down at her bare, wet breasts. "Holy fucking fuck. I just—? I just made you come? I just made you come with my fucking mouth, Hermione."

"Well, yes. But I don't think that will be the last time you make me orgasm with your mouth, Draco."

He glanced up at her then, brow arched. "Seriously."

Leaning in, she brushed her lips against his. "There are plenty of excellent uses for a tongue, you know?" she whispered, unsure where this side of her was coming from, but she wasn't about to complain. "Face sitting? Remember?"

"Uh? Yeah. Fuck. Right."

Unable to help it, she grinned as she dragged her fingers back up through his silken platinum strands. She didn't know how close he was, but judging by the prominent ridge of him still situated between her thighs, she could only guess.

Plus, it was only fair that she returned the favor. *Right?*

Hermione rolled her hips then, undulating them against his rigid erection. The effect was practically instantaneous as they both moaned... *loudly*. Honestly? She was still aroused from her previous orgasm, but there was something about the friction of him pressed against that swollen bundle of nerves that made her mad with want.

"Fuck," Draco exhaled, fingers flexing against her waist. "Do that again, Hermione."

"Like *this*?" she asked, rolling experimentally over him.

"Yeah... yeah, just like that."

She gave him another slow, well-planned roll, earning another breathless, needy sound from him.

Really, she shouldn't find this much joy in making him come undone at the seams. It was cruel of her to keep going, knowing that she could feel the way his cock throbbed in its restrictive confines.

"Keep—Keep going," he rasped. "Please. Just keep going."

Hermione smirked, watching as his eyes fluttered closed and his chest heaved.

There was something to be said about control, and she could see why people enjoyed it so much. The way that his brows pinched and his lips parted in pleasure. How she could feel him start to catch on, grabbing her waist tighter and moving her in the way he liked it. How they found this rhythm together, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"Is this what sex feels like?" Draco asked, voice cracking along the edges. "I mean, without clothes. Obviously."

"Sometimes," she told him. "When it's really good."

Teeth digging into his lower lip and brows pinched, he nodded. *Gods...*

Again, it took her brain a moment to catch up with his innocence. The blunt curiosity that he held for these simple questions, which she knew he had no idea about. The experimentation

that she, *Hermione Granger*, had long ago discovered, whether with Ronald, or using a pillow as a proxy, her headboard, and her vivid imagination.

She'd already explored herself well enough to know what she *liked* and *didn't* like during sex.

She knew what felt good and what didn't.

She knew an orgasm from a mile away.

But Draco? He didn't. Hell, he didn't know that two people could get off from casual grinding on a sofa. He didn't know the many, many ways that they could reach pleasure with parts of their bodies that most did not even think about.

Again, it was all so endearing, especially coming from someone who looked like him.

"I'm—?" Draco swallowed thickly, eyes hooded. "I'm close. I think. I—? No, I'm *definitely* fucking close, Granger."

Hermione just hummed, rolling her hips again and again as her own pleasure lingered right there on the precipice. Still, this wasn't about her. No, it was about him, even if she was about to come with each undulation over his solid erection.

A strangled sound left Draco's throat as he tensed beneath her. "*Pourquoi me rends-tu toujours aussi fou?*" he rasped. "*Putain, tu es incroyable. Je veux te faire ça tous les soirs. Si tu me laisses faire, je le ferai.*"

Hermione blinked, trying to catch the quick French tongue, but failed. There were only a handful of times that she'd heard him speak it (mostly when he was frustrated), but right now? This surprised her.

She was easily distracted when his hips jerked up in one desperate buck before he stilled with a curse.

Warmth spread beneath her, permeating into her as his climax painted the inside of his denims. All sticky and hot and wet and entirely that male part of him. *Gods...*

And something within her preened at the thought, knowing this was the second time she caused him to come in his trousers.

Draco Malfoy's jeans: *now zero*.

Hermione Granger's ego: *one*.

Finished, he slumped beneath her, forehead pressed between her exposed breasts. His breath licked over her skin, pebbling it as he panted.

"Fuck," he muttered. "That was... *fuck*, Hermione."

She let out a little laugh, brushing the damp blonde fringe from his forehead.

Yeah, she had to agree there. *Fuck, indeed.*

The two of them remained like that, both sitting in their residual arousal. She didn't have it within her to get up or even magick away his spend clinging to the inside of his denims. Instead, she just wanted to remain there, holding him as he came down from bliss.

It felt intimate and far beyond the boundaries that they both set in their sex agenda, but it also felt... *right.*

And that terrified her.

Chapter End Notes

Wymówki! = excuses!

Zrobiłbym to, gdyby nie płacił mi pensji = I would, if he wasn't paying my salary.

I'm not translating Draco's for you *wink. wink*

I'm having so much fun with this fic! I hope everyone is enjoying it as well! Thoughts, feelings, and emotions are always welcome

Love,
Mads

Come say hi! [Insta](#)

Playlist:[The Sex Agenda Playlist](#)

Chapter 5: Wednesday: Stroke Session

Chapter Notes

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

Wednesday, June 19th Day Three: Stroke Session

After a long and what could be described as an overall shitty day in the Ministry's Curse-Breaking Department, all Hermione wanted to do was pour herself a nice glass of wine, order from her favorite Chinese takeout spot around the corner, and watch a cheesy period piece on the BBC. Perhaps even the 1995 mini-series of *Pride and Prejudice* with Colin Firth, which she recorded last week.

But she had Day Three of the Sex Agenda (*trademark pending*) to attend to. Or, as she dubbed it in their written-out schedule: hands-on analysis.

Yeah, so the name was still a work in progress.

Fingering exploration? No, she didn't like the sound of that. *Hand-job extraordinaire?* That felt wrong. *Stroke session?* Huh? Okay, not bad.

Whatever she wanted to call it, today was just about touching, exploring, and setting a rhythm under clothes. Or more specifically, finally getting into their respective knickers and briefs.

In fact, it was something they were already a bit preoccupied with, as they sat on her shabby, well-loved cream sofa, snogging.

Draco's curious hands drifted up her bare thighs, bunching up her cotton floral sundress with that eagerness she'd grown fond of in the recent days. Her own nimble fingers were already greedily latching onto his belt, feeling the soft downy hair underneath the waistband and between the V-shape of his hips.

Gods... Was it wrong for her to say that she was eager to see him? *All* of him.

Though, at this point, she'd *felt* his cock enough now to know that it was something that wouldn't disappoint and that was equal parts exhilarating as it was utterly terrifying.

Dragging her from her thoughts, Draco's mouth trailed wet kisses down her neck, mapping her collarbone. Every graze of his teeth had her toes curling against the cushions, and every drag of his fingertips under the hem of her dress had her whimpering pathetically for more.

Again, Draco Malfoy? Excellent learner. Gods, *spectacular*, even with four gold stars to boot.

They'd already discussed the boundaries of today, and the quick reminder of what they both liked and didn't. *Her?* Three fingers max; nothing rough or aggressive to cause pain or harm.

Him? Anything would fucking do as long as she put her hands on him (his words, not hers).

Draco groaned, breath hot on her skin as he found a spot that had her undulating against him. "Sweet Salazar, Granger," he murmured. "I want to—?"

His words were cut short as a blur of bright orange fur launched across the room, slamming right into Draco's chest like a rogue Bludger. Instantly, she was knocked out of the way and right onto the floor with a shrill squeak. Her head bounced against the leather trunk with a resounding *thunk*.

"*Ow*," she groaned.

"Oh, fuck, Granger," Draco laughed. "Are you—? *Gods*, are you alright?"

Rubbing the lump that was already forming on the back of her skull, Hermione glared up at him, only to find Crookshanks sitting right there on Draco's chest. *Oh, seriously?* The part-Kneazle swished his tufted bottle-brush tail back and forth, squished face looking painfully smug with himself. And, of course, Draco was absolutely not helping the situation at all. In fact, he seemed utterly amused, lips curling in that insufferable way as his elegant fingertips scratched behind the part-Kneazle's tufted ears.

Hermione narrowed her gaze, pushing herself up off the floor. "*Off!*" she commanded. "Now, Crooks! Get off!"

Ignoring her, Crookshanks just looked at Draco expectantly through citrine feline eyes as if to say: '*See? You want me here, don't you?*'

"Oh, this is excellent," he laughed.

"And why is it excellent, Malfoy?" she clipped, leveling her glare.

Draco grinned, continuing his scratches on the part-Kneazle. "I just *knew* he liked me more, Granger. You always said I was being dramatic, but I knew. I mean, gods—look at him."

A low, pleased purr reverberated around the room from Crookshanks.

Draco looked up at Hermione, wagging his brows. "See? I'm irresistible."

Bristling, she rolled her eyes. "Oh, *please*. He gets infatuated with mice."

"I think you're quite jealous," he drawled.

"I'm absolutely not!"

"*Uh-huh.*"

"What I am, though, is peeved over the fact that you're just sitting there, Malfoy." Hermione waved her hand, trying to shoo Crookshanks away. "Now, are you going to help me or not?"

Draco scratched under Crookshanks' chin. "I think the ever-loyal creature wants to stay," he mused before cocking his head. "Cunning little monster, aren't you?"

The part-Kneazle released a low mew in agreement. *Ugh.*

Hermione planted her hands on her hips, glaring down at the pair. "Fine. Don't want to help me? Great! Then Day Three of the Sex Agenda is *officially* canceled."

"Canceled?" he blurted, head snapping up at attention. "Wait? *W-What?* No. You can't cancel today, Hermione."

Gods, men were completely and utterly predictable, weren't they? It was almost laughable if she wasn't about to throttle him and Crookshanks for teaming up against her.

Hermione motioned at them. "Well, it seems you're preoccupied now. So why *not* cancel?"

Draco scoffed as he grabbed her outstretched hand, yanking her forward and right onto his lap. Crookshanks had enough common sense to get out of the way with a protesting sound as Hermione came tumbling down. The cottony fabric of her sundress bunched around her waist as her thighs straddled his.

"We're not canceling today, Granger," Draco murmured, gripping her hips as he pulled her flush against him. *Oh!* "I'm quite eager to learn everything there is to know with this hands-on analysis."

She arched a brow. "Are you sure? You seemed just as eager to snuggle up to my familiar."

"Ah." Draco clicked his tongue, fingers drifting down to her exposed thighs. "So you are jealous? It's okay to admit it, you know?"

"Again, I'm *not* jealous," she grumbled.

"And you're certain about that?"

"Uh? Yes!"

A low, rumbling laugh escaped him, reverberating into her chest as his hands continued their own exploration of her bare skin. Already, she could feel that heady, premature arousal dampening her knickers, desperate to have him drift just a bit further—*hell*, to have him touch her where she *craved* him the most.

Unfortunately, Crookshanks had other ideas, like the saboteur he was becoming. He leapt onto the back of the well-loved sofa before he began pacing directly behind Draco's head, bottle-brush tail swishing with pleasure like he was performing some animalistic mating dance.

Hermione groaned. "Crooks, *off!* Now!"

The part-Kneazle paused mid-prowl (or whatever the hell he was doing), turning slowly towards her. Crookshanks blinked once and then twice before promptly ignoring her.

Again.

"Oh, come on," she pleaded. "You know better than this, Crooks. Now, let's leave Draco alone."

Yeah, apparently that was the wrong thing to say as the creature began rubbing his squished face against Draco's pale hair. The tufted ears twitched in pleasure as he gave what could only be described as a low, pleased *purr*.

Oh, gods... was Crookshanks *flirting* with Draco?

Hermione smacked a hand over her mouth, gawking at the sight. Okay, this was so *not* happening. Absolutely, positively not, and she would not be held responsible for her familiar acting like some hussy.

Unfortunately, the evidence was right there as she watched the orange ball of fur give a flirtatious twirl of his tail.

A low laugh escaped Draco as he reached behind his head, giving an obligatory scratch under Crookshanks' chin. "This is quite the situation we have here, *no?*" he mused smugly.

Every inch of her hated that her gaze went directly to the prominent bulge of his biceps straining against the crisp white fabric of his Oxford. Did he always have those? And why had she never noticed them before?

Hermione's eye twitched just as the part-Kneazle meowed with obvious affection. Actually, it could be categorized as obscene coming from her pet.

"What did you tell me the other week, Granger?" Draco went on. "*Oh*, that's right! That Crookshanks can't stand me, and we are better off going to mine if we have to work after hours."

"Your point?"

"*My* point is that I'm starting to think that you were lying to me."

"Lying!?" Hermione gasped, pulling back to look at him. "Why, in Merlin's name, would I lie about *this*? You—? I—?" She jabbed a finger into his chest. "I'll have you know that up until this point, Crooks has a history of *not* liking *any* men. He bit Ronald so many times that I had to give him to Gin and Harry until he quite literally scratched Harry to near death."

Draco huffed in agreement, continuing his ministrations against Crookshanks.

"And *this*?" she bristled. "Clearly, there's some sort of ailment going on because you know how Crooks usually acts. It's not like you haven't been in my flat before, Draco."

"Okay, fair point," he sighed.

Hermione jabbed her finger again against his chest for emphasis. "*Uh?* Accurate point. Correct point. Undeniable point! Also, you literally got Crooks a food bowl for Christmas

that said '*The Devil's Spawn*.' So let's not pretend to be best friends now."

"Aw. You hate it when you're wrong, don't you?"

With that, Crookshanks released a steady mew in distinct agreement.

Oh, that was it.

Narrowing her gaze, Hermione scrambled off of Draco's lap as she lunged for Crookshanks. After years of dealing with the part-Kneazle, she knew to grab him by the scruff, ignoring the howling, exaggerated protests of indignant outrage.

"You're being a massive pain in my side, Crooks!" Hermione hissed, pulling the flailing creature to her chest as she turned on her heels. "And a huge flirt! Honestly, do you not have any decency? You know better than this."

Crookshanks only hissed back, talons expanding behind the tufted pale orange paws.

Ignoring the part-Kneazle (and the apparent amusement of Draco behind her), Hermione marched towards her bedroom. The nerve of both of them, honestly. Also, did they both have to team up against her, and do whatever the hell *this* was?

Toeing open the door with her bare foot, she moved to her bed. That only seemed to trigger something in Crookshanks. He clung to her shoulders like the demon-child he was becoming.

"Oh, come on!" Hermione grunted, trying to pry the creature off of her. "You're—*Godric*, Crooks! You're too old to be acting like this!"

Crookshanks released a shrill *yowl*, citrine eyes wide and desperate. His tail wrapped around her wrist as he dug his claws into her shoulders, making his displeasure known. *Gods*, anyone would've thought that Hermione was sentencing him to Azkaban with the way he was acting.

Finally, Hermione managed to pry him off, tossing him decisively onto the bed. "There!" she huffed, pointing her finger at him as he rolled dramatically around, still crying out. "Stay! And stop—*stop* flirting with him!"

Glaring up at her, Crookshanks hissed.

"Oh! So dramatic," she grumbled, shutting the door firmly as her back pressed against it. *There. Finally.*

"And tell me again how you're the dominant one in this household?" Draco mused from his sprawled-out position on her rather lumpy sofa. "That was quite the display, Granger."

Hermione groaned. "*Gods*, don't be a prat."

"Me?" he grinned. "With you? *Never*."

Rolling her eyes, she feigned annoyance even as her heart gave a traitorous little *thump-thump* against her ribs.

Silence fell over the room then as she just stared at him, and he stared at her. It felt like another bloody game of tug-of-war, wondering who would possibly break first.

Yet a part of her was thankful for the peace as she took the moment to study him. Okay, *and* his attire, because she could readily admit that he looked ridiculously good in his button-down and charcoal trousers. The sort that could only be described as bespoke and well-tailored. How he was all barefoot, smug, and absurdly good-looking, with his tousled platinum locks and starlit eyes.

Ugh.

Then again, she could also be the first to admit that he looked a bit out of place in the middle of her dusty, one-bedroom Shoreditch flat with its blue-grey walls and mismatched woods and bookshelves overflowing with cracked spines and copies of Muggle romance novels. Her kitchen? It was nothing compared to the sprawling, state-of-the-art monstrosity that he had in his penthouse.

Actually, only one person could fit within it comfortably in the kitchenette. Alright, so barely.

Whatever. It didn't matter. She wasn't a chef in the making, and half the time, she preferred to order takeout rather than cook. It was just her and Crooks, and that was all that mattered. Plus, her familiar only liked tuna from a can when he wasn't being a hussy and a massive flirt.

Yeah, that was another issue she needed to figure out, but it would have to wait.

Stretching out a single hand, Draco murmured huskily: "Come here."

Moving on co-pilot, Hermione crossed the small space. Every second felt endless as she reached him, coming to stand between his widespread thighs. Instantly, his palms wrapped around the backs of her legs, pulling her closer.

"I *really* want to touch you," Draco told her, swallowing thickly. "I've been...?" his gaze searched hers as his fingertips trailed gently over the backs of her thighs. "I know this is about you helping me with my virginity, but I want this to be good for you, too, Hermione. I want you to get something out of this."

Warmth pooled low in her belly, settling there along with his words.

Honestly? Not many men (or wizards, for that matter) ever took the time to ask her how she wanted things or what she liked or didn't. And yet, here was Draco, in their contractual Sex Agenda, telling her that he wanted to do just that.

She could picture him then: sitting in his penthouse with a glass of wine or expensive whiskey, flipping through *PlayWizard* or studying the *Kama Sutra*.

Sighing, Hermione placed her hands on his shoulders. "Actually," she started, wetting her lips. "I wanted to... touch *you* first."

Immediately, his brows rose, but she didn't miss the pretty pink flush that dotted the apples of his cheeks. Gods, and that was rather endearing, too, reminding her of *his* stark innocence and *her* experience.

"Is that okay?" she asked gently. "If I touch you first?"

"Y-Yeah—yes!" Draco cleared his throat. "I mean, *uh*, yeah, sure... that's fine. Whatever."

Giving him a tender smile, she dropped to her knees between his spread thighs. Her palms stroked up and down over his charcoal trousers, hoping to soothe that frantic and almost boyish excitement in his pale gaze.

"Okay?" she asked again.

Draco swallowed thickly, nodding.

With steady fingers, she reached for the band on his trousers, watching him as he watched her. He looked like a student who was eagerly ready for his next pop quiz, craving those top marks.

Carefully, she undid the button before tugging the zipper down, silently urging him to lift his hips. They moved almost in synchronization, as he lowered his clothes just enough before reaching for the band of his briefs. Her fingertips grazed just over the downy, darker blonde hair that trailed from his navel to the hidden bits of him.

"Still doing alright?" Hermione whispered.

"Y-Yeah," he murmured, voice thick with lust and raw need. "Just—*fuck*. Keep going."

There was something to be said about being in this position. Hell, even on her knees, kneeling before him like she was at some Muggle altar, she felt more in control than she ever had before with any other sexual partners.

She felt wanted, seen, and cherished.

She felt... *powerful*.

That thought alone was enough to make the arousal between her thighs thicken, soaking her knickers.

Fingers curling into his blue striped briefs, Hermione pulled them down in one go, only to gasp. "*Oh my gods!*"

Immediately, Draco jerked upright, eyes wide with alarm. "What? What's wrong?"

Her lips parted then, but all Hermione could do was blink at the sight before her. *Holy hell. Holy fricken hell.* There, bobbing before her, all fully erect and hard, was Draco's erection.

No scratch that: his massively, *thick* erection.

Draco looked between her and his cock. "What's wrong?" he asked, panicked. "Is it—? Is something broken? Did I do something wrong?"

Really, she tried to say something—*anything*—but no words formed as she stared. *Oh, fuck.* And that vulgar term fit the situation perfectly then, because there was absolutely no other way to describe his length filled with arousal. The mushroom head was nearly a shade of angry red, bleeding into that indigo. Blue-green veins traveled down the impressiveness of it, and even in her stupor, her mouth watered with the urge to run her tongue over them, feeling them.

Was he part dragon or something? Honestly, the question was rather plausible given the sight before her.

"Hermione!" Draco barked, voice crackling. "What the fuck is wrong? Why are you looking at my dick like—like that?"

Swallowing thickly, she shook her head. *Gods.* It took everything in her to finally look away from, well, *that*, and meet his gaze head-on.

"Sorry," Hermione apologized, her throat feeling awfully dry. "I just—? You're—? Gods, Draco, you're just very, *uh*, big."

Draco's brows pinched together. "Big?"

She nodded solemnly. "Yes, quite."

Curiously, he glanced down at where his erection lay heavy and waiting on his stomach. Already, there was a damp spot on his Oxford where arousal beaded at the tip.

"I don't understand," he mumbled. "Is that not... normal?"

"Normal?" she blurted, nearly choking on the words. "Draco, you're carrying a monster in your trousers. You know that, right? Surely one of your friends told you before?"

"No, they haven't," he said defensively. "And I don't tend to make a habit of comparing my dick with my friends."

"Seriously? None of your friends, ever—?"

"Hermione!"

She shook her head. "Okay, fine. But you were on the Slytherin Quidditch team for—*gods*, six years? Draco, I *know* how you boys act, and I've heard more stories than I'd like from Harry and Ronald."

"Five years," he corrected flatly. "And yeah, I see your point, but I wasn't openly staring at my teammate's cocks, Granger."

"Well, I'm sure they stared at yours," she mumbled under her breath.

"What?"

"Nothing."

Draco narrowed his eyes. "No, you just said something. What?"

She loosed a breath. "I just said that I'm sure they stared at yours. You never thought something was... *unusual* about it? Like how you always have to get bespoke trousers for something?"

"*Hermione!*" he snapped, running a hand through his hair. "Can you just stop? This isn't funny to me, and I'm starting to really freak out here."

Unable to help it, she rolled her eyes. "Oh, gods. You're being ridiculous."

Draco bristled. "Am I? Really?"

"Yes!"

Really, though, this entire conversation felt more ironic by the minute. Leave it to Draco Malfoy, heir to the House of Malfoy, to be obscenely well-endowed and a virgin at thirty.

Actually, now that she thought about it, maybe Lucius was onto something about binding his son's virtue into some antiquated contract. If he genuinely knew the sort of craze that his erection would cause witches in his fan club, he would've caved years ago. There was absolutely no doubt in her mind about that.

Sighing, Hermione gazed up at him. "Sorry. You're right, I was being rude."

"It's fine," Draco muttered, his throat already blotchy with stark embarrassment.

Ugh. She hated that, too.

Again, it was hard for her sometimes to remember that this was really and truly his first time with all of this. While they both had orgasmed in each other's presence now, this was a bit different from Day One and Day Two of their Sex Agenda. This was more intimate and vulnerable because they would be getting partially naked.

And yes, while she was also positive Draco did his research, she knew that he wasn't openly staring at other wizards' bits.

He just didn't know, and that was her fault.

"It's not fine," Hermione told him, rubbing her palms up and down his thighs. "I was—? I was a bit shocked, but I shouldn't have acted that way. There's nothing to be ashamed of with—" she jerked her chin towards his angry, thick erection, "—*that*."

Draco loosed a long breath, tossing his head back. A stretch of silence passed before he finally met her gaze again. "Is this—? Is this going to be a problem?"

"A problem?"

"With my dick," he explained curtly. "Is this going to be an issue? With you? And me? And, uh, having sex."

Ah, right. That.

Hollowing out her cheeks, she bobbed her head, trying to find the correct words. A part of her wanted to get up and grab her Muggle anatomy book, forcing him to read and understand, but she knew he'd only get more embarrassed. Worse? Maybe he would want to stop this altogether, and that was something she didn't want to do now that she was painfully intrigued about all *that* between his thighs.

Hermione cleared her throat. "It's not a... problem, per se. But it's going to be work."

"*Work?*" he asked.

"A bit of a stretch," she laughed, only to stop when she noticed there was no ounce of humor on his features. *Ugh.* She gestured to him and then to herself. "You, Draco Malfoy, are big. You're very well-endowed, and that's not a bad thing. It just means that there will, *uh,* be a little bit of extra effort to get you and me to fit."

He blinked at her, jaw clenched taut. Hell, he was going to crack a molar if he kept that up.

"Do you get what I'm saying?" she pressed.

And *gods*, she prayed he did because she really didn't want to have the birds and the bees talk right now while his erection was glaring right at her. Though she had to give him credit, considering even with the topic at hand, he hadn't flagged.

Impressive. Honestly.

"I—I think so?" he muttered, though it lacked its usual conviction.

"It's going to be fine," she reassured him, rubbing her palms over his thighs once more. "This is why we're doing all of this—teaching each other. It's foreplay and stuff that we all need to know and understand to make sex feel... *good.* I promise we'll figure it out when the time comes."

"You're certain about that?"

"Positive," she grinned up at him. "And I'm sorry for how I reacted earlier. I've just never been with anyone of your size before, and it... shocked me."

His lips curved smugly. "Yeah?"

Hermione rolled her eyes, but as much as she wanted to *pop* that bubble, she couldn't. He had that boyish, utterly male pride glittering behind his pale gaze, and it was better than the hurt she saw earlier.

"Can we keep going?" she asked, cocking her head. "I mean, only if you want to, Draco. We can stop whenever you want."

Slowly, he nodded. "I... I don't think I'm going to want to stop, Granger."

Warmth fluttered on her skin at his words, and the residual heat she felt spread through her veins.

Carefully, Hermione moved her hand up his thigh, brushing her fingertips over his straining erection. Gauging his reaction, she enclosed her fist around his length—or as much as she could manage—stilling. The veins throbbed against her, making her core clench with unfilled need and her mouth water. *Oh, gods...*

"Is this still alright?" she asked.

Draco only nodded, jaw taut as he watched her like she was the only thing that existed on this earth.

Slowly, she began stroking him, testing the weight and heat. *Up and down. Up and down.* Every so often, her thumb brushed over the beading droplet of arousal on his head, using it to ease her movements from root to tip. She kept her pace steady, listening to his answering moans that fueled the preening desire for praise rooted within her character.

"It's been a while since I've done this," she admitted openly. "Giving a handjob, that is."

Draco laughed breathlessly. "Well, Granger, you're doing a fucking fantastic job now."

"Am I?"

"I'd give you top marks again."

"Only top marks?" she teased, wetting her lips. Was it so wrong that she relished the way he tracked the movement? Dropping her voice, she asked, "What if I want a gold medal?"

"Ah," he drawled. "Now look who's being selfish?"

Smirking up at him, she twisted her wrist just right, earning a low, desperate moan from his chest.

Gods. Something about that sound sent a thrill through her, making her preen at the idea of knowing *she* did that to *him*. How, before her, was solid (and quite hard) proof of his need for her and his raw desire. She knew it from the way he throbbed in her fist, erect and ready. How the liquid arousal beading from his slit was all because of her.

Actually, everything about this situation was *ridiculously* hot, if she was being frank.

And maybe it was the electric buzz in her veins as she watched him, stroked him. Maybe it was the way he watched her with glazed silver eyes, all hooded and filled with lust. Or the way that his fingers dug into the worn fabric of the sofa, desperately needing something to hold on to.

The reality? Hermione Granger really *liked* being the one in charge of all this.

Was this a new kink of hers? *Possibly*. Did that matter right now? *Nope*. Not one damn bit.

"*Tu me rends fou*," Draco rasped in perfect French, pulling her out of her thoughts. "*Sais-tu ce que tu me fais?*"

For a moment, she tried to recall the familiar foreign dialect. Of course (and by now), she'd heard him speak it plenty of times, mostly in the throes of passion and ascending climax, but something about this made her brain skip over the phrase.

Unfortunately, even with summers spent in France, she could admit that she was utterly terrible at the language.

Shaking off the thought, she continued stroking him with exploring movements. She curved her wrist slightly, squeezing before dragging it back up. Draco's answering curse was enough to make her whimper and warmth pool between her thighs. *Wet*. Gods, she was so wet for him that she wanted to rub her legs together, relieving that emptiness there.

Draco cursed loudly again, tossing his head back against the cushions. The veins in his neck bulged as she felt him throb in her palm.

"H-Hermione," he grunted, hips twitching up as the first spurt of release pulsed. "Fuck. Oh, fuck! Fuck. Fuck!"

She watched, mesmerized, as his release continued to spill out of his length, decorating her fist and his belly. Hot and thick and sticky. She usually didn't find this attractive, but over the past two days, she realized there was something... *perfect* about the sight of him coming for her. The way he was utterly and completely wrecked, undone in his raw state.

Honestly? It was beautiful.

Draco's chest rose and fell as he came down, brows drawn and lips parted. "Fuck..."

She didn't answer as she reached for her vinewood wand on the leather trunk. Wordlessly, she vanished away his spend, cleaning up the mess. The crisp notes of her magic licked over them then.

Yet she didn't move from her spot between his thighs as she watched him—watched the way his body slowly unfurled and the muscles softened. His arms went slack on the back of the sofa, and there was no missing the faint sheen of sweat on his throat. *Holy hell...* The way his lashes fluttered against his high cheekbones in a way that made her feel jealous.

Hermione's heart fluttered.

Gods, she was the one to do that. She was the one to make him this undone and still panting from her touch and her touch alone. The idea that this was his first handjob ever, and she had been the one to bring him to completion.

It hadn't even been her best. But for him? It was *everything*.

And she didn't know what to think about the fact that one day, some other witch would be right here where she knelt between his spread thighs. That some other witch would have his hands tangled in her hair, teaching him new things that Hermione hadn't thought of. The idea that someone else would cause him to fall apart like this.

It was then that the stormy, emerald emotion coiled low in her gut, pushing away the butterflies she felt earlier. The envy that she didn't know *how* to categorize or lock away in her mind because she'd *never* felt like this over another before.

What the hell was wrong with her? *Ugh*

Shaking off the thought, her palms soothed over his thighs. Her touch seemed to be enough for him to crack one eye open finally.

"Are you alright?" she asked softly.

"Alright?" he laughed breathlessly, flashing her that lopsided grin. "I'm fan-fucking-tastic. That was... *gods*."

"Last time I checked, '*gods*' wasn't a form of measurement," she teased.

Draco rolled his eyes. "What do you want me to say, then? That I swear my soul came out of my dick."

"Something a little less vulgar, yes."

"Then I'll tell you that it was bloody fucking amazing, Hermione Granger. Like out of this gods-damn world." Draco leaned in closer then, lips stretching further. "In fact, I'd like to keep going with you."

She blinked, hesitating. "We don't—*uh*, we don't have to."

Immediately, that boyish humor vanished from his face as he sat up at an alarming speed. Honestly? For someone who just orgasmed, she was rather impressed at his coordination as he quickly and quite efficiently tucked himself back into his trousers.

"Granger."

And the way he said it made her pause, especially given the way his tongue worked over her surname in a way she knew meant she was either in trouble or in for a lecture.

Merlin, she *really* hoped it was the former. Though that also made her question her sanity a bit. *Ugh*.

Grabbing her shoulders, Draco joggled her. "Listen to me—there's no way in the seven realms of bloody fucking hell that I'm *not* going to get you off."

"Really," she insisted. "You don't have to."

"Yeah, well, I might not *have* to, but I *definitely* want to."

"Draco—?"

"Hermione," he clipped, leveling her with a stare. "I did *lots* of fucking research on *how* to make this good for you, and I'm *not* letting that go to waste. Like so many notes that it's really fucking embarrassing."

"How embarrassing?" she asked, curious.

Sucking on his cheeks, he loosed a breath before looking down at his lap. "I watched videos. I even—*Fuck me.*"

She waited a beat for him to continue on, fingertips trailing up and down his thighs. Yeah, she didn't miss the way he shivered slightly under her touch.

"Even *what?*" she pressed.

"I watched—?" Draco groaned, rubbing a palm down his face. "Fuck. Fine. You want to know what I did? I watched Muggle porn so I could figure out how to do this right."

Hermione gaped at him, hands stilling on his thighs. *Alright! Nope!* She did not hear that correctly. There was absolutely no way in the world that she had, because *first*, he was Draco Malfoy and someone like him (and she swore she heard him say this before) did not degrade himself to watching porn. Also, *second*, he got flushed over seeing her breasts for the first time and came in his trousers from good old-fashioned snogging.

And the thought of Draco sitting in his penthouse, watching Muggle pornographic videography? That was... *oh, gods.*

She had so many questions, starting with how did he know to find porn and also what sort of videos was he watching to learn how to get her off properly? She knew that most of that Muggle market was catered to men and the promise of a messy, wet climax with the woman screaming out in rapt pleasure.

The Male Gaze, as they called it.

What she needed (and now she guessed Draco did too) was more in the female retrospective department.

Then again, she *was* his teacher this week, so she supposed that, if needed, she could teach him.

Draco cleared his throat, dragging her back to the present. His cheeks were tinged pink in a way that she knew he was a bit embarrassed. And Godric above, *why* was that also really sort

of adorable? Draco Malfoy, the man, the myth, and the legend, who wore glasses like one of those nerdy men in naughty films, was utterly and completely flustered.

"I studied," he told her honestly and openly. "Like a bloody scholar, Granger."

Her brows rose as she let him continue, because she was also a bit curious in hindsight.

"And not all of it was useful or helpful," he explained. "That Muggle internet is a *terrifying* place, did you know that? But I took notes, and I really want to try."

"Draco, I don't—?"

"Just hear me out, yeah?" he said lowly and unshakably earnest. *Ugh. Why?* "This is about me learning as much as it is experiencing what it's like to..." Draco's gaze dipped down to the swell of her breasts in her linen sundress and then lower. "Hermione, *gods*. I really, *really* want to see you spread out and coming on my fingers."

Her breath hitched at his words.

And dammit, those horny, persistent butterflies were back, fluttering their needy paper-thin wings in her belly. Hell, they were practically *begging* her to let him please her with his hand—to show her how thoroughly he did his research over the weekend (even if it was from Muggle porn).

"Draco," she said, keeping her voice steady and in a tone she usually reserved for Harry. "You really don't have to. I'm fine."

"Again, Hermione, I want to."

"But you've already finished."

"And I don't care."

Gods, she really missed the days when her mind was battle-hardened and prepared for any argument or deterrent the world would throw at her. But this? Draco Malfoy's apparent ultimate desire to see her spread out and riding his fingers? *Ha*.

Draco's tenacity: *one*.

Hermione Granger's resolve: *zero*.

Back to a level playing field, she supposed, even if she was a bit bitter about it.

Hermione flicked her gaze up to the ceiling, letting out a long breath. "Okay, *fine*. Whatever. But let's set some ground rules again, because I don't trust that you—"

Before she could finish her words, Draco grabbed her, flipping them onto the sofa cushions. Her body bounced against them as she found herself looking up at a very determined Draco. His lean body hovered above, and for a minute, the feel of his manly form over hers did something dangerous to the need between her thighs.

Her eyes widened. "What are you—?"

He hushed her, leaning in close until his mouth grazed against hers. "You said I was a fast learner, right? I'm sure I'll catch on quick, Granger. Just let me... try."

Oh, gods... Oh, gods.

"I want you to show me what *you* like," Draco grinned, gliding his palm up her calf. Reaching the hem of her sundress, he paused. "I want to know how I can make *you* feel as good as you made *me* feel."

Honestly? For someone who was always thinking, strategizing, problem-solving, and meticulous about categorizing? Hermione Granger couldn't find it in herself to formulate a single coherent thought. Nope, *none*. In fact, all she could do was nod at him as her thighs separated in equal parts instinct and permission.

Really, it was generous of her to give him ample room for his own version of hands-on exploration.

Draco loosed a breath as he bunched up the linen fabric of her sundress. The material scraped against her tender skin, making her keenly aware of what was about to happen.

What was that word again? *Ah, yes...* inevitable. This was all utterly and irrevocably inevitable, as she felt his fingers brush over the cotton fabric of her knickers.

"Fuck," he muttered, thumb dragging a long line between her covered folds, pushing in slightly. "Gods, Hermione. You're so... *warm*, even through these."

Swallowing thickly, she watched him, taking in those bits that only she had access to at the moment in time. Again, that emerald monster swelled in her chest as she thought about someone else lying under him as she was right now. It would be someone else telling him he was so good at this, and how *did* he learn to do that trick with this thumb and middle finger?

Gods, she needed to get a better grip on herself. Honestly. She knew she needed to focus on the present rather than the unpredictable future. That she needed to live in the moment as he touched her with flushed cheeks and pale hair properly tousled. His lips parted lightly as he continued to feel her most intimate area in exploratory movements. Hell, he looked so earnest and hot and innocent.

It really was just *so* unfair.

A whimpered sound escaped Hermione then, as his pointer finger moved over her swollen bundle of nerves.

"Are you okay?" he rasped, eyes snapping to hers. "Does that feel... *uh, good?*"

Rolling her lips together, she nodded her head. Her own fingers eagerly inched up his forearm, craving to feel his skin against hers. Alright, so her digits were a bit desperate, but *whatever*. It was the only thing at that moment that anchored her to reality.

Right now? She felt just as hungry for him as he seemed to be for her.

Draco kept stroking her through her knickers, slow and experimental; his focus locked in on her face like he was trying to memorize every twitch and breath that she made. And she was painfully (or rather pleasurable) aware that he was, in fact, a devoted student when it came to learning how to do this right.

Hermione swallowed. "You can... take them off, if you want."

His brows pinched in confusion. "Take *what* off?"

"My knickers, Draco," she explained, lips twitching as she glanced down to where his hand remained settled between her thighs. "You can take off my knickers."

"Oh! Oh..."

Yeah, *oh*.

Nodding his head, the Adam's Apple in his throat bobbed. He hesitated for a moment before he hooked his fingers under the elastic. It was almost reverent how he pulled the cotton material down, like he was unwrapping the most precious gift on Christmas Day. Or maybe even in some far-off land, she was part of the divine. Something utterly holy.

Hermione lifted her hips, helping him as he slipped them down her thighs and off her ankles.

Lips parting, she was just about to tell him (or rather, *guide* him back towards her thighs) when Draco brought her knickers to his face and inhaled deeply.

"Oh, fuck," he murmured, before switching to that fluid French tongue. "*Je savais que je serais accro à ta chatte.*"

Yeah, so she had absolutely no idea what he said, but somehow she just knew it was filthy.

"Did you just—?" she started.

"Yeah," he said hoarsely, cheeks flushed but eyes unapologetic as they met hers. "I don't know why I just did that. But fucking hell, Granger... I needed to. I just needed it."

Her brain went on the fritz then, promptly reverting to the factory setting as she just gawked at him.

Honestly, she'd never, *ever* seen a man or wizard do that before. At least, no one that she'd ever been with within the last ten years of her twenties. Worse? Even if she didn't know exactly how to feel about all that, she knew for a fact that she was getting a bit aroused by it all.

Gods, especially as she watched him tuck the material in his back pocket.

Draco's first stolen knickers? *Check* and *check*.

Holding her gaze, he dipped back between her spread legs, brushing her inner thigh. In a way, it almost felt like he was afraid to look away and down where his hand was exploring. Slowly, but surely, his fingers inched higher, grazing her swollen bundle of nerves.

Bare and exposed this time, Hermione jolted off the sofa, gasping.

Immediately, he pulled away. "Shit! Sorry! Did I—?"

She grabbed his wrist, holding it between her legs. "It's okay," she reassured him, softening her grip. "I'm just *really* sensitive right there, Draco. It's like... *like* the head of your, uh, cock. You just have to be careful sometimes, but it feels *good*."

"It does?" he asked, brows raised.

Hermione dragged her bottom lip between her teeth and nodded, watching the way he tucked that information away. She could almost see it within his dilated gaze, like an annotation in the margins of their field notebooks or the way he would when revising.

Excellent learner, *indeed*.

Gently, Draco's fingers moved again, stroking her folds with more care, like he was worried about doing something wrong. *Gods*, how could she tell him that right now there was really nothing he could do wrong, but only *progress* in his skill? That, for never touching another woman intimately before, he was doing a better job than most fumbling men.

Dipping lower, his fingers slid through the slick that gathered as his breath caught in his chest.

"*Oh fuck*," he murmured, finger swirling lazily against her entrance. "You're fucking soaked for me. You barely need anything else, do you?"

Hermione whimpered, head thumping back against the arm of the sofa. The awe in his voice? The way he sounded as if he had just discovered magic for the first time? Hell, it made her stomach twist as heat bloomed everywhere within her body.

Let the gods have complete and utter mercy on her soul. *The end*. Or was it *amen*?

"Still good?" he asked, dragging her back to the present. "I mean... is this, uh, okay?"

Lifting her head, she met his dilated gaze. Though she was positive that hers looked the exact same as her hips canted up, chasing the slow swirl of his fingers at her center.

"More than okay," she murmured.

Draco swallowed thickly, nodding.

He continued to rub her entrance again, gently pushing just enough for the tip of his finger to slip inside. *Merlin*, the number of times she had watched those hands manipulate cursed objects or hold his hawthorn wand as he decoded hex grids and translated runes, was into the

thousands by this point in their decade-long friendship. But the idea that those long, elegant fingers were now inside her? *Bloody hell...*

Well, *one* finger, but she would rectify that soon.

He pushed deeper, moving to the first knuckle, causing a gasp to spill from between her lips as her hands curled into the fabric of her sofa.

Draco's gaze flew up to hers again. "That okay?"

"Yes," she laughed breathlessly. "I promise, if you are doing something wrong, I'll tell you. Trust me. This all feels... *good*."

"Just good?"

Her lips twitched. "Down, *boy*. No need to get your ego up yet until you've earned it."

Draco's face pinked then, the rosy color climbing on his cheekbones, bleeding over his perfectly porcelain skin.

Again, that innocent nature of his was something to be cherished, given the way she knew she could frazzle him with a few words. How she could unravel that meticulous composure with a simple sigh or even encouragement.

And gods, who *knew* she'd find enjoyment in *that*? Certainly not her.

"I just..." Draco hesitated, brows furrowed like he did when he couldn't solve a curse or hex. "Fuck, I just want to make you come. I want—I want to do this right."

Hermione nodded, fingertips brushing his forearm. "You are and you will."

"So, you'll tell me? I mean, if I do something wrong."

A breathless laugh escaped her. "Oh, you'll know," she promised. "And yes, Draco—I'll tell you if you're doing something wrong."

Tension bled from him then, relaxing the taut set of his jaw and the hardness of his shoulders.

Yeah, she knew he was taking this seriously, like he would when studying for his N.E.W.T.s or even his O.W.L.s. Or quite possibly prepared to write a damn thesis on her body, prepared to present it to the wizarding court.

He began moving again, finger slowly slipping in and out of her heat. Everything about it was careful and focused, and *yes*, it felt good. Like *really* good. But she knew her own body and knew that she needed more if she was ever going to reach the end of this.

Hesitating, she released a breath. "Do you mind if I—uh? If I show you something?"

Gaze holding hers, he nodded. "Y-Yeah. Please."

She reached between their bodies then, fingers slipping over his as she guided him up and out of her. "Just relax and follow me," she soothed.

Leaning forward, Draco braced one hand against the arm of the sofa near her head, while his other followed hers. He moved when she moved. He touched where she touched as she guided his pointer finger with her own. It was almost as if she were the puppeteer now and he was the marionette doll on a string. A rhythmic flow that they quickly fell into synchronization with one another.

Really, it was almost absurd how quickly he caught on.

Their fingers brushed over her clit, her own instructing his in continuous, delicious circles. The rhythm continued to build in that perfect way that had her lashes fluttering against her cheeks as she drew in a heady pull of air.

Okay, yes. Gods, that felt good.

Not only that, but through hooded eyes, she watched as his mental focus zeroed in on precisely what *she* was doing, like he was trying to memorize every damn detail. The idea that he wanted to get there with her and wouldn't stop until he did.

And hell, there was an intensity to it that she couldn't quite put her finger on (no pun intended).

She shifted their fingers lower, dragging through her folds. She was wet. So damn wet that it was nearly obscene as slick coated their joined digits with a sinful glide.

Honestly? She couldn't remember a time when she had felt this way with another man.

They both didn't speak as she guided them lower still, only to pause at her throbbing center. Holding his dilated gaze, she dipped her chin, wordlessly telling him her plan before she slowly slid their joined fingers inside of her.

Hermione gasped, lips parted as she felt the delicious stretch around the thickness of them. *Oh, bloody hell...* A low, needy sound escaped her that she knew she couldn't contain, even if she wanted to.

Spoiler: she wouldn't and quite literally couldn't.

This? Right here? It was heaven, and it was better than any toy or thing she could think of. Not because it felt good (which it did), but because there was something so sinful about the idea of her guiding his finger inward, helping him learn her from the inside. Honestly? It felt filthy and wrong and surreal, but also... *right*.

Gods, so damn right.

"Y-You...?" Draco stuttered, silver eyes wide and alert. "This is—? Oh, fucking Salazar. Why haven't I tried this before?"

Hermione's lips twitched with endearment as she curled their fingers upwards, finding that spongy, tender patch within her. Another moan escaped her as her head lulled against the arm of the sofa.

"Keep going," she encouraged breathlessly.

Nodding, Draco followed her every movement with reverent strokes. He didn't take over even as she began to slow down. No, instead, he kept the pace, memorizing her face for each breath and pleasurable sigh that came from her lips.

Oh, gods...

After a while, Hermione pulled her own finger free, leaving him inside her.

There was that unspoken branch of trust as he continued to move within her core, carefully adding another finger to satisfy her missing digit and the stretch she craved. He seemed to grow more confident with each whimper she made and the rock of her hips against his hand, seeking an inch of contact against her throbbing bundle of nerves.

But somewhere in the pleasurable haze of her mind, one thing was for sure: Draco Malfoy definitely did his research.

Chapter End Notes

I never fade to black, but the next chapter is actually so deliciously dirty that I needed to make this a little more tame. Start your guesses!

Thank you all for reading!

Much love,
Mads

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[The Sex Agenda Playlist](#)

Chapter 6: Thursday: Self-Guided Study

Chapter Notes

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

Thursday, June 20th Day Four: Self-Guided Study

Today was absolutely *not* going as planned.

With the steady influx of cursed items from the D.M.L.E., after their raid in Borgin & Burks (which required both their analysis and meticulous reports), there was barely any time to breathe, let alone eat, or begin Day Four of their Sex Agenda. And as much as Hermione would like to say that she was disappointed that mutual masturbation day (or self-guided study, as the schedule deemed) was not a-go, she was... *relieved*.

Honestly? She didn't know *how* to feel about getting off in the lab (private or not). She was the beacon of professionalism, after all, and sticking her hand down into her knickers while her colleague jerked off twelve feet away felt just utterly wrong. Then again, it was also oddly hot.

Ugh.

On the bright side, they did preemptively turn the poly-vocal Mirror of Twelve Mouths around. Hermione took that as a win in her book—*sex or no*.

Sighing, she flipped through her annotated field journal, quill hovering uselessly above the runes she'd been trying to cross-translate on the confiscated Goblin-made goblet for the last half hour. Or, in theory, she was *attempting* to decipher with each tap of her vinewood wand.

Unfortunately, with any tapping involved, it only made the object release a shrill hiss of annoyance.

Wonderful. *Honestly*.

Glancing up, she took in Draco across from her, perched on his usual stool. Brows pinched in concentration behind his eyeglasses, he glared at his own cursed object in that familiar way that she *knew* he was frustrated. Beside him, his pinstriped outer robes were draped over the adjacent metal stool in a slouchy, haphazard heap. And if that didn't explain their equal defeat and the horribly busy day, then she didn't know what did, considering they were typically hung meticulously with the fear of a single crease.

"I think the mirror is sulking," Hermione pointed out, making small talk. "It hasn't rattled in over twenty minutes."

Draco snorted, adjusting his glasses on his aristocratic Roman nose. "The mirror's just dramatic, Granger," he mused. "It will get over it, and soon you'll wish it was *still* sulking."

Trust me."

She huffed as her attention drifted back to his shirt—all crisp and white and rolled up to his elbows.

Okay, yeah, so she could freely admit that he looked good today. Like, *gods*, ridiculous attractive in his usual button down, and those fitted navy trousers were absolutely not helping her focus whenever he stood, turning his back to her.

Again, his arse was... *wow*.

Rolling her lips together, she cocked her head slightly, studying the way his fingers rested on the counter. They tapped to a gentle, unknown rhythm, and she could readily remember those long and rather clever fingers between her thighs just last night.

Heat shot through her stomach, pooling there until she could practically taste her desire.

Unfortunately, that only made her think about their Sex Agenda. *Double ugh*.

While she came into this week with barely any expectations, the agenda was rapidly becoming everything she assumed and simultaneously not. Then, there were the bits that she tried to push aside, not wanting it to be awkward. And gods, it wasn't awkward. No, not one bit. It was just... *hell*, Hermione couldn't stop thinking about Draco's fingers or the way he looked as she sat on her knees before him, stroking him to completion. Or how he felt as he touched her, filling her with his large digits in a way she hadn't felt in a very long time.

The truth? She'd gotten off more this week by another person than she had all last year.

Sighing heavily, Draco looked up then, meeting her gaze. Warmth prickled her cheeks as she realized he was, in fact, staring at her.

Okay, so more like drooling, but whatever.

Draco didn't say anything as he released another puff of air. Yeah, she knew him well enough to recognize the signs: jaw clenched, a slight pinch around his mouth, his eyes that stormy-grey, and the deep furrow cutting between his brows.

Typically, this meant that he was utterly peeved.

"Alright, what is it?" Hermione asked, treading lightly.

"What's *what*?" Draco drawled.

She arched a brow. "What's on your mind? You're obviously annoyed with something," she mused. "Why don't you just get it out instead of holding it all in, yes?"

"It's this—?" he let out a disgruntled huff, gesturing towards the necklace in front of him. "This *stupid* binding latch. It's encoded with a hex-cycle that resets every time I get close to disarming it."

Hermione frowned. "Have you tried counter-venting it with an isolating disruption charm?"

Nodding, Draco raked a hand through his pale hair, ruffling it out of its usual, perfectly styled state. A singular strand fell over his forehead. *Oh, gods.* Okay, yeah, he was really frustrated then, considering that he rarely let his failures show in his tresses.

Hermione stared again for just a second too long before clearing her throat. "Well, have you tried a passive pulse flare to override the intent magic?"

"Yes," Draco muttered through gritted teeth. "I obviously have."

"Okay, but what about—?"

"I've tried *everything*, Hermione. I think there's an issue with the rusted clasp. It has like a triple-locked blood charm, and a proximity-triggered keyed into its intent magic. And—*fuck*, I think possibly a collapsed tether to a something else that's obviously not here. Potentially a jewelry case, or maybe even a matching set of earrings?"

"Maybe the other bit is still in Borgin & Burkes?" she shrugged. "Do you want me to send a Patronus to Harry? See if he has anything else? I'm sure he'd be happy to help."

"Oh, yes!" Draco hissed, gaze narrowing across the work table. "Let's just ask *Perfect Potter*, because he's been so damn thorough up until this point! Bringing in unnecessary items to make us just go around in circles!"

Hermione just blinked in confusion.

Okay, *yeah*, she really didn't know what to say to that. Though the outburst wasn't that unusual for him on days like today, when they received a steady influx from the D.M.L.E. after a raid.

Leaning forward, Draco stared at the relic, coming nearly eye-level. "I can't even confirm anything without triggering whatever Blood Magick was used. If only I could just get past the grid wall, then..."

His words drifted away as she found herself readily distracted by the way his mouth moved over each syllable and his throat bobbed. *Gods, honestly?* She would've assumed he was talking absolute filth rather than technical artefact terminology and hex grids with the way her thighs clenched together with that raw need.

Sexy? Was that the word for it?

Hot? Not that either.

No, more like properly delectable in that nerdy way as he waved his hands in annoyance, still rambling on about the necklace's latch, and his black-framed glasses slipped down his nose.

And Hermione *knew* she should nod her head, or at the very least *pretend* like she was listening and not properly gawking at his fingers again. She should respond with something witty or equally intelligent, or say anything other than, '*you know, Draco, you are incredibly*

attractive when you're pissed off,' but she couldn't. All she could do was gawk at him and the long line of his throat and the way his fingers looked so... skilled.

Ugh. Okay, what the hell was wrong with her? *Honestly.* Maybe she should be checked for some rogue hex or curse. The notion was entirely plausible, given her line of work.

It wouldn't be the first time or the last.

The soft *whoosh* of the sterilization system cycled in the corner as a gust of crisp, charmed air filled the room. It was enough to knock her back down to earth as the heavy metal doors hissed open.

"I think that's the last of it!" Harry announced, striding into the room dressed in his full Auror leather regalia. A levitated, heavily warded, Ministry-grade obsidian containment box trailed behind him.

More cursed objects. *Wonderful.*

Draco pressed his palms into the counter, leaning back slightly. "You said that the last three times, *Potter.*"

"This time I mean it," Harry clipped, setting down the box with a thud. Whatever was in there gave off an annoyed rattle. *Great.*

"Do you?" Draco asked dryly. "Because why do I have a feeling that we'll get another '*just one more*' right before we're about to leave for the day?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, *Malfoy.* Apologies about that. I'll submit a complaint on your behalf right away."

"Thank you."

"But—" Harry went on, ignoring the blonde, "—would you rather be the one wading through cursed harps and sentient corsets in the bowels of Borgins?"

Draco just shrugged lazily. "It's not like this doesn't happen at least every other month. Maybe you lot should start penciling it into your schedules."

"And each month, I'm pretty sure I also say it fucking sucks." Harry jerked his finger towards the obsidian containment box. "That contains a lovely cursed cutlery set that attempted to stab anyone who came within three feet."

"And let me guess? It targets anyone who doesn't know a salad fork from a dinner fork?"

Harry scoffed. "Oh, piss off, *Malfoy.*"

Bristling, Hermione rolled her eyes. Yet she couldn't help the smile that curved her lips as the two continued bickering like an old married couple.

Or, as in most recent years, like brothers.

Gods, she *positively* loved it. Draco *absolutely* abhorred it. And Harry *pretended* not to like it, but he was a horrible liar, and everyone knew that.

Sighing, her gaze flicked to Draco's long fingers again, distracted by the way they flexed against the edge of the metal countertop. Alright, so she definitely had a hyper-fixation on those. Or was it an ocular-fixation? *Huh*. Was that even a thing?

But really, who could blame her? Honestly? And if they did, then they clearly weren't the ones receiving flashbacks to last night when she remembered those elegant fingers sliding between her thighs, all hesitant and tentative at first, like he was *terrified* of getting it wrong. Or how she guided him with her own hand as their combined digits entered her core. The way he caught on to use his thumb to circle her swollen bundle of nerves. How he watched her, taking in every pleasurable gasp and sigh, and moan that came from between her lips. Or when he adjusted what was right until she was clinching around his fingers and coming onto his hand and the fabric of her sofa cushions. *Oh, bloody hell...*

That molten liquid heat pooled low in her belly at the memory, and the reminder that she needed to cast another Cleaning Charm.

Yeah, had Hermione mentioned before how much of an excellent learner Draco was? She digressed.

"Min?"

Hermione snapped out of her thoughts with a jolt, jamming her knees into the underside of the counter. Okay, *ow*. "W-What?" she blurted.

"You alright?" Harry asked, brows raised.

"Yeah—yes!" she laughed nervously, hating how her cheeks warmed under both their curious gazes. "Totally and utterly fine!"

Draco hummed, shaking his head in a way that she knew that he knew that she was lying. *Whatever*.

Hermione cleared her throat, gesturing towards the far wall. "Harry, if you don't mind levitating the box into one of the empty protective casings, and we'll get to it."

"Eventually," Draco grumbled under his breath. "Fuck, at this rate, we'll be here all night."

A frown curved at her lips then, as she felt that resolute disappointment wash over her. *One*, she didn't particularly *want* to be here all night. At least, not today, or this week, for that matter, with their Sex Agenda. Which brought her to her next point: *two*, she wanted to move on to Day Four of *said* agenda. Maybe not here, but they both had their own living spaces that would suit the activity.

Plus, she wanted to watch him come because, somehow, that was rapidly becoming her favorite thing on this earth.

Unfortunately, thinking about the agenda only made her mind spin. Gods, did he think the same about her? When she was writhing on his fingers last night, nails biting into those muscled forearms enough to draw blood as she cried out his name in gasping, breathless pants? Did he want to see her come just as severely as she did him?

Ugh. Yeah, this was actually a problem now that she thought of it.

"Hey? I promise we won't be here all night," Draco said, tone impossibly soft as it pulled her from her reverie. "We'll finish this together."

She blinked, brows pinching into that line. "What?"

"We're not going to be here all night," he repeated, yet she just stared at him in confusion. Quickly, he amended: "It's just, you looked... upset."

Oh.

For just a single second, her breath caught as she saw the familiar, gentle concern. That mundane nature that had been built on ten years of collaboration and friendship. Yet it was somehow... *more*.

Sighing, Hermione shook her head, causing a single curl to fall out of her plait down her back, tickling her cheek. "I mean, *yeah*, no," she laughed, the sound forced as she tucked the strand behind her ear. "We'll get it done. I'm not worried. I might just... have to take some of my notes, *uh*... home and review my logs for today."

His lips twitched. "Wouldn't expect anything less from you, Granger. You always strive for excellence."

Something within his gaze shifted then as that steady, heady nature filled the room. And for a moment, she felt like he was remembering last night, and *them*. She was almost positive of it as his silver eyes darkened around the edges, and he was hearing her moan, head thrown back against the sofa's arm. The way she guided his hand between her thighs, voice trembling as she whispered: '*Just like that. Gods, don't stop, Draco... Please, I'm so close...*'

The air between them tightened, licking sensually like a lover's caress over her skin.

Harry cleared his throat loudly, snapping his fingers together. "Well, alright then!" he announced. "I'm off."

Spell? Instantly broken.

Immediately, Draco leaned away, just as she jolted back, knees slamming under the table (*again*). Okay, that one hurt, and she really needed to stop doing that, because there was no doubt that she'd find two twin bruises come tomorrow morning, considering nowadays she bruised like it was her job.

Harry walked over to her, dropping a kiss on the crown of her head just as her gaze flickered up and right to Draco's. She didn't know why she did it, but *bloody hell*. Her breath hitched as she watched his jaw clinch enough that she swore she heard his molars grind. His fingers

curled against the stainless steel ledge, knuckles blanching white. And there was no way to miss that hot, dark possessiveness that filled his irises, morphing them into molten-edged eclipses.

Gods. Oh... gods. A wicked little thrill zinged through her, lighting her up from within.

Hermione had *never* seen that look on his face before. No, not that utterly territorial look he had as he watched Harry press his mouth in a usual gesture that she was certain he'd seen many, *many* times before.

If she knew any better, she'd look away—like *now*.

Unfortunately (and *yes*, this was a relatively *new* discovery), that when it came to Draco Malfoy, she did not, in fact, know any better.

And that was all just... *wonderful*.

"I'll see you on Friday?" Harry asked, utterly oblivious to her current predicament. "For game night at Lunas?"

Hermione's face fell then. *Oh, budger.*

She'd completely forgotten to Floo-call Luna and cancel. Though her mind wasn't necessarily focused on their friends' game night, between the whirlwind of drafting and executing Sex Agendas, teaching Draco Malfoy how to snog like a god, and more recently, the art of hands-on analysis and orgasm mapping.

And she would *not*, under any circumstances, miss Friday's Oral Exploration (patent pending).

"Oh!" Hermione said a bit too loudly. "Friday—*right*, Friday. Yes, well, actually, I... *uh*, something came up."

From across the laboratory, Draco arched a rather pompous brow.

"Something came up?" Harry asked slowly. "What is it?"

Hermione let out a weak laugh. "Just something, Harry. It's not a big deal."

"But *what*? You never have anything happening on Fridays."

Her eyes widened as she gawked at her best friend. "Excuse me, Harry James Potter!?"

Immediately, Harry's cheeks pinked with that familiar embarrassment.

Good! Honestly, because one, she absolutely had things going on most Fridays that Harry didn't know about. Two, there was no need for him to call her out like that, especially in front of Draco. In fact, if they were *anywhere* else (and not surrounded by glass and hundreds of objects and artefacts that would cause another Wizarding War if released), then she would've hexed Harry right then and there.

"We have department-mandated training," Draco explained smoothly, stepping in. "It's all very... uh, *hands-on*."

Internally, Hermione groaned as her skin prickled with warmth. *Great.*

Harry glanced between the two, squinting behind his circular glasses. "Since when does your department do mandatory training on Fridays?" he asked suspiciously.

Draco just shrugged. "Well, Potter, if I knew the answer to that, then I'd tell you."

"Git," Harry muttered under his breath.

"Something about needing to really give us all practical, real-life learning experiences," Draco went on, smirking. "Though I told them that Granger is a *far* better teacher, and they should just—"

"It's just new protocol!" Hermione blurted, desperate to change the subject away from this topic. "It's not a big deal! We're just... uh, busy, Harry."

Somewhere, one of the cursed objects rattled in its glass protective casing as if mocking her. Alright, point taken, she wasn't being very smooth with this, was she? Then again, she was at least thankful the Mirror of Twelve Mouths hadn't joined in on this blatant display of humiliation and lack of boundaries.

"Alright," Harry said slowly. "Well, then, why don't you just come after?"

Hermione blinked once and then twice. "*After?*"

"Yeah, come to game night after your little training session," Harry grinned, before gesturing to Draco. "Bring Malfoy if you want. You should be done by—*what?* Six? Seven? Just in time for trivia. And I'm making that cheese dip you like."

"Oh—! Oh, *no*," she floundered, eyes widening. "I don't—? That doesn't—? I don't know how long we'll be—?"

"We'll be there," Draco cut in smoothly.

Slowly, Hermione swiveled on her stool, jaw unhinged as she gawked at the pale-haired wizard across from her. Every part of her usually well-working brain malfunction as she tried to run through the arithmancy equations of the two of them, partaking in the oral analysis portion of their Sex Agenda and then going to Luna's cottage. Or would they go to Luna's before, make small talk with her friends, and then come back to his penthouse for part two of the evening? The simple fact that she knew herself well enough to know that (however the plans went), she'd be thinking about his head between her thighs, doing unspeakably wonderful things with his very virgin and curious mouth as she played trivia. '*Oh, yes, Neville, can you pass the crudité? And don't worry, I didn't just swallow down Draco's cock thirty minutes before! Cheers!*'

This was just... *ugh*.

Honestly? It felt all wrong. No, like deeply and utterly wrong, that she could probably write a ten-page essay on it with footnotes and revisions. And yet also weirdly hot? The whole post-orgasm, post-makeout, secret-glow-that-only-came-from-a-tongue-between-the-legs thing while also sitting next to her friends at game night.

Oh, hell... was she into that?

Shaking off the thought, Hermione arched her brows at Harry expectantly. "Didn't you say that you were leaving?"

"*Right!*" Harry nodded, turning on his heels as he snapped his fingers. "Promise that's the last batch of cursed items from Borgins. Min? Malfoy? I'll see you two tomorrow night at Luna's, yeah?"

Forcing a grin at the back of Harry's unruly head of dark hair, she managed to get out. "See you then!"

Right, so she would've been lying right through her front teeth if she didn't admit that she was relieved by his departure. Especially considering Draco was deep in the innuendos that Harry was about five seconds away from understanding.

Unfortunately, Hermione spoke (or rather, *thought*) far too soon.

Snapping his fingers together again, Harry paused right before he reached the metal doors. "Malfoy, I almost forgot," he said, turning back around. "Robards told me to tell you that he wants to meet today to go over the reports on the Veilstone Fragment from Azkaban."

Draco let out a long sigh. "And did he say *exactly* when today?"

"Uh?" Harry glanced up at the Muggle clock on the wall and winced. "Well, now?"

A beat of silence passed before the loud grating noise of the metal stool echoed against the floor. Slowly, Draco stood, leveling Harry with a gaze that Hermione was sure could kill. In fact, Draco practically mastered it in that entirely theatrical way.

Was that another thing they taught Purebloods? Or was this just another Draco Malfoy thing?

Straightening to his full, towering height, Draco began placing his field journals and various annotations from today in his leather briefcase.

"You know," Draco drawled dryly, snatching his wand off the table before tapping it against the lock mechanism. "I always knew that your timing was utterly impeccable, Potter."

Hermione winced, glancing nervously at Harry, who just watched the entire bit with a curved brow and parted lips.

"But this?" Draco bristled, snatching his outer robes with a flourish, draping them over the crook of his elbow. "This is just—gods. Fucking brilliant as always, Potter."

"Uh?" Harry blinked. "Thanks."

Draco pinned him with a glare. "It wasn't a compliment."

"Ah. Right... So does that mean you're coming up with me to the D.M.L.E.? Or what?"

"Obviously, Potter."

Head jerking back and forth, she watched the two of them perform this sort of male pissing match. One would almost think they were bickering like two teenage girls with their verbal sparring.

Without a word, Draco rounded the counter, passing her, before promptly exiting the room. Harry, on the other hand, glanced over his shoulder with an apologetic shrug before following the blonde wizard.

The doors hissed closed behind them with that metallic finality that she was all too familiar with, leaving her utterly alone.

"What the hell just happened?" she whispered to herself.

At that, the Mirror of Twelve Mouths rattled violently in its case, finally making itself known. *Wonderful.*

Groaning, Hermione dropped her forehead to the table with a *thump* before flashing the poly-vocal cursed object her middle finger.

* * * *

Hermione Granger did not care that Draco Malfoy hadn't owled her, flooed her, or even appeared like in some romantic comedy, banging on the door. *Nope!* Not one bit because he wasn't on her mind at all. Nor was his smoldering gaze and rather deft fingers, or their ruined plans for Day Four of the Sex Agenda.

In fact, uncaring and nonchalant was practically her middle name. She was the picture of cool as she danced around barefoot and naked in her tiny kitchenette, Pinot Noir precariously sloshing against the wineglass.

Alright, so she wasn't *entirely* naked, considering that she had on a pair of cotton knickers and one of Draco's Slytherin Quidditch t-shirts that she nicked ages ago without him knowing. But, at this point, was it *really* his anymore, considering he never asked for it back or knew she had it in the first place?

Yeah, she was going to go with a solid *no*.

Honestly, he'd have to peel it off her dead body if he ever wanted to see it again. Alive? She was almost positive she'd be kicking and screaming.

It was her favorite shirt in her wardrobe, and she didn't think he would particularly want it. One, the ultra-soft, well-worn material, had seen *several* cycles of her wash, judging by the cracked emerald lettering on the front and the collar falling off her shoulder. Two, it probably wouldn't even fit him now.

A win was a win in her book.

The Muggle radio changed songs then, filling the kitchenette with the familiar opening beat of "The Sweet Escape."

Hermione grinned, taking a sip of the wine as the notes of cherries and chocolate licked at her taste buds in mutual pleasure and agreement. Her frizzy, still-damp curls bounced with each sway of her hips, slipping from her messy plait as she danced the short distance over to the counter. The surface was cluttered with various cartons of Chinese takeaway in a glorious mix of wantons, soy and spicy mustard packets, spring rolls, Lo Mein, and Goo Goo Gai Pan.

'If I could escape, I would... but first of all, let me say... I must apologize for acting and treating you this way...'

Okay, *fine*, so this wasn't such a terrible change of plans, given her previous apprehension on the whole 'mutual masturbation' bit of their Sex Agenda.

Unfortunately, change of plans or not, it didn't stop her mind from wandering to the fact that a part of her just wanted to hear from him—hell, if not for rescheduling today, then for how his meeting with Robards went.

They were still friends (sex aside), and she enjoyed their usual recap of their respective days.

Crookshanks vaulted up onto the cluttered countertop, navigating the maze of white cartons and plastic-wrapped fortune cookies. With the careful feline prowl, he settled back on his haunches, ginger tail swishing expectantly, as he watched her curiously through citrine eyes.

'If I could escape... and recreate a place that's my own world... then I could be your favorite girl... forever, perfectly together... And tell me, boy, now wouldn't that be sweet?'

"Oh, Crooks!" Hermione sang, hips swaying and arms outstretched towards the familiar.
"Dance with me!"

A tufted brow rose then, looking more disappointed than she'd ever seen out of her part-Kneazle. Gods, it practically screamed: *'You've definitely lost the plot. I should place you in a psych ward, human.'*

Whatever.

Grinning like a lunatic, she set her wineglass down with a sloppy little *clink*. "Fine, you grump!" she huffed, dancing closer. "I guess I'll have to make you."

Crookshanks shifted, subtly repositioning his body as he glared at her under narrowed eyes.

"So, baby, times get a little crazy..." she sang off-key, ignoring his sour attitude as she grabbed his front paws, lifting him up on his hind legs. *"I've been gettin' a little lazy... waitin' on you to come save me!"*

Somehow (and by the literal grace of the gods above), Crookshanks allowed the indignity. Alright, *barely*. His paws hung stiffly in her hands like a furry hostage as he blinked at her, confused about what *his* human was doing to him. It only took a few more beats of Gwen Stefani's singing for him to finally let out an irritable '*reowrgh*', squirming out of her grasp.

Laughing, Hermione grabbed her wine, taking a sip. "Oh, you love it, Crooks," she hummed. "Don't lie."

The part-Kneazle stretched out one paw before swatting her cheek.

She froze, glass pressed against her lips, before slowly lowering it. Gawking at her familiar, she asked: "Did you just—? Did you just slap me?"

Crookshanks just blinked before raising the offending paw to give a simple, aggressive lick with his pink tongue.

'I know I've been a real bad girl... I didn't mean for you to get hurt... We can make it better... And tell me, boy, now wouldn't that be sweet?'

Hermione leaned in until her nose bumped against his squished face. "Aw," she pouted. "You don't *like* it when I sing to you? This is fun, Crooks! Fun!"

Sniffing, Crookshanks let out a short, annoyed chirrup. *Fine, point taken.* Rolling her eyes, Hermione planted a wet kiss on the top of her familiars' head before leaning back.

"Are you hungry?" she asked, watching as Crooks' whiskers twitched. "Ah. So I see how it is? You flirt with Draco when he's here and only want my attention when I mention food. Is that it?"

Of course, the part-Kneazle let out a long and completely pointed *meow* in agreement.

"Right. Message well received."

Hermione set her wineglass down with a *clink* against the granite, situating it between the white cartons of rice. Turning toward her tiny pantry, she grabbed the plastic container labeled: *'For Crookshanks Only! Do Not Use!'*

Why did she have to label it, one may ask? Well, the number of times Harry had accidentally eaten cat food instead of human food (when he was drunk and crashed on her sofa) was almost embarrassing. So, she finally had to put a label warning on it. And yes, she could have easily sent him on his merry way by the Floo, but doing that while properly inebriated *should* be illegal.

Or, at least, she thought so.

Also, Draco *might've* gotten into it by accident one time, and it was one time too many for her eardrums after he pitched a proper, Purebloodian tantrum.

Grinning to herself, Hermione opened the can of tuna with a grunt.

Of course, Crookshanks moved to where she was, folding himself into a loaf. Though he looked a bit more gargoyle than feline, as he watched her every move in case '*the human*' dropped a teeny, tiny morsel.

Really, one would think that she rarely fed the part-Kneazle, given how Crooks acted. *Ridiculous.*

Crossing the kitchenette, Hermione emptied the tuna chunks into Crooks' food bowl that Draco had given him this past Christmas. Sometimes, whenever she looked at it, she wanted to throw it out. Or, at the very least, charm it into something more respectable and polite. Hell, *anything* other than '*THE DEVIL'S SPAWN*' in bold block letters and silver etching. It practically glared back at her as Crookshanks sniffed his food once before giving a brief nod in *thanks*.

And yet, she couldn't.

The *why* and the *how* and all that conflicting in between were too much for her to think of now. Gods, especially with their no-strings-attached deflowering week.

So, she would just shove it aside, place it in her 'to-do' folder, and get to it in the near future. Right? *Right*.

Hermione sighed, raising her wineglass to her lips. The Pinot blend was cheap—something she purchased from the bodega around the corner—but it seemed to do the trick, as she felt that warm buzz of tipsy intoxication.

Unfortunately, *said* wine did nothing to stop her mind as it churned. What was Draco doing right now? Was he sitting at his kitchen island, having his own glass of wine? Was it another Sancerre or did he grab a Malbec? No, it was too hot for that. Hell, it was too hot for her even to drink this Pinot in June. Or did he grab something softer, like a Pinot Gris, and sit on his sofa while flipping through the telly? *Ugh*.

Alright. Now, this? *This* right here was a problem. A huge and terrible and utterly complex issue, because she did *not* want to think about what Draco was doing in his own home.

Gods, she never, ever did that before, so why start now?

About three guesses *why* should do the trick. Here's a hint: two words, four syllables, starts with an 'S' and ends with an 'A'.

Again, see? *Problem*.

She also blamed herself a bit because maybe they had gone too fast, too soon, on Day Three of the agenda. Maybe they should've done mutual masturbation yesterday? Or even some more heavy petting and snogging? Hell, *anything*, instead of letting him get her off with his long, composer-worthy fingers inside of her. Because now the problem wasn't the fact that he knew what she looked like when she came from manual stimulation, but her imagination kept running wild over the images that last night gave her. The way he came on her fist, spilling

himself in that utterly male way that had her squirming. Or how she knew exactly what his erection looked like in her hand—how it felt like all heavy and soft and perfect.

Worse? She felt almost addicted to it now, and the idea of knowing that this would all be over in three days did something... *odd* to her chest.

Yeah, this wasn't good.

Hermione squeezed her eyes shut, slumping against the counter in defeat. The cool granite pressed against the small of her back through the thin cotton of her (well, Draco's) t-shirt. Whatever, *semantics*. Either way, it was enough to somewhat stop her overactive mind from spiraling over deft hands, Sex Agendas, and Draco's prominent absence.

Which, again, was never an issue before this week.

She lost a breath, just as the landline shrieked from its mount on the wall.

Jerking at the abrupt sound, the red wine sloshed over the rim, dripping down her wrist and onto the floor with a resolute *splat*. Ugh.

Groaning, she jumped over the crimson puddle, snatching the cordless telephone off the wall. "Hello?" she answered. "This is Hermione Granger."

"Are you having a party I didn't know about?" Draco's rich voice drawled on the other end. "That's quite rude not to invite me, Granger."

Hermione squeaked as she realized just how loud her Muggle stereo was as it blasted the Killers at full volume. "Sorry!" she apologized. "Hold on!"

Leaping over her spilled wine, she cut off the song mid-chorus.

"*Mr. Brightside?*" he chuckled lowly. "Salazar, who broke your heart?"

Hermione scowled, shoving back a loose curl from her face. "What's that supposed to mean? And it's a radio, Draco. I can't control what it plays."

"Fair point."

Rolling her eyes, she braced her elbow against the counter. She reached for the bottle of cheap Pinot before topping off her glass as she waited for him to pick up the conversation.

"So what are you doing?" Draco finally asked. "Other than trying to rupture an eardrum?"

Adjusting the landline against her shoulder, she grinned into the receiver. "Currently drinking wine and eating Chinese. Crooks is having dinner, too—canned tuna fish."

"Ah. I see."

"It's sorta romantic," she teased. "You just missed the serenading before our entrées."

At that, Crookshanks stopped eating, raising his head slowly from his bowl. The part-Kneazle glanced over his shoulder, arching a bushy orange brow, as if to object to the libel.

Actually, he looked rather rude, if she was being frank.

"Is it wrong for me to say I'm jealous of your familiar?" Draco mused. "You two are having a nice romantic dinner together while I'm sitting alone, eating leftovers."

"Oh my gods!" she snorted, shaking her head. "You're one to talk! In case you don't recall, you were quick to point out how jealous I was over you and Crooks yesterday."

"I know. It is a little hypocritical of me, isn't it?"

Hermione's laughter deepened, and she hated the sensation it evoked within her. The way it was all gooey and bubbly, like fizzy champagne going straight to her head, making her feel all warm and fuzzy inside. *Ugh.*

"Anyway," Draco sighed heavily. "I just thought I'd... *uh*, call you. See how you were doing after I left today."

Immediately, Hermione stilled at his words as she became aware then of *who* she was talking to and *what* they were talking on, which was a telephone (for those wondering).

Okay... Now, hold on.

Brows pinched, she pulled the receiver away, staring down at the blue screen with the unfamiliar number. "Wait?" she blurted. "How are you calling me?"

"What do you mean?" he drawled, confusion prickling his tone. "I'm calling you on the phone."

"Yeah, a telephone, Draco. You're calling me on *the* telephone. A Muggle telephone. How? *Why?*"

A beat of silence passed as static crackled in the speaker.

"I never got rid of that cellular," he sighed heavily. "The one you got me on that one trip to Wales for that manor raid? Remember that one?"

Hermione twisted her lips, mind churning over the bits of information. Yeah, okay, so she remembered that one. It had been a long three weeks in Bryn, near Port Talbot, in Wales. Of course, the cell service had been utterly crap, but she had jokingly given him a BlackBerry, thinking he wouldn't know how to work it, or what to do with it.

Honestly? It was just supposed to be a good laugh, and she thought that he'd just thrown it out, or whatever.

Apparently not.

"Yours is the only number in it," he went on, tone softening. "And it took fucking forever to charge it up. But I mean, obviously I did—the phone did. And I—?" Nervously, he cleared his throat. "So, I thought I'd, *uh*, call."

Hermione blinked, unsure what to do with those four simple words: *He thought he'd call.* And gods above, it wasn't as if he said another three words that contained 'love' in them or anything.

No, he just... *ugh*.

"Sorry, I didn't come back earlier," he sighed, static crackling through the line. "Robards kept talking my ear off about the Veilstone, and they want us to do more extensive research on it. You know how it goes."

"It's fine," she told him. "Figured you'd get stuck with him for a bit."

"How long did you stay after I left?"

Hermione shrugged, swirling her wine until ruby legs clung to the sides. "Another hour-ish," she hummed. "Just wrapped up on my notes from the goblet from the raid."

"And when did the Chinese and wine come into the picture?"

"Thirty minutes after that."

"Ah."

Those damn flutters filled her belly; all needy and whatnot. Did she hate it? *Absolutely*. Was she going to do anything about it? *Nope*, probably not.

See? Major, major issue.

Sighing, Hermione took a sip of her Pinot before asking: "Did you want—?"

"I was thinking—" he started.

They both stopped then as their awkward laughter crackled between lines and across the telephone wires of London. And again, her stomach gave another rather inconvenient flutter. *Ugh*.

"You go first," Hermione said, cheeks warming.

Movement shifted on the other end, and she let her imagination conjure up what he was doing. For a minute, she could practically see him, leaning against the kitchen counter, wineglass precariously dangled between his long fingertips, his hair a mess from his own hand as it nervously raked through the platinum strands. How the sleeves of his button-down from today would've been rolled to his elbow, revealing that faded ink he liked to keep hidden. Or hell, maybe he was shirtless, standing there in his massive penthouse.

Gods...

No, she knew him well enough to know that wasn't the case. Still, the thought was rather... *titivating*.

Oh! That was her word of the day today, wasn't it?

Hermione took a rather large sip of her wine, steadying herself and her buzzing nerves.

"I was thinking," he began again, voice dipping intimately lower, "that we never got to start Day Four, Granger."

A deliciously dangerous warmth settled between her thighs as she adjusted her weight from one foot to the other. *Ugh*. Now, why did he have to sound so... *good*? So damn hot in a way that felt like he just leaned through the phone, and his mouth brushed the shell of her ear.

It was equal parts concerning, as it was intoxicating.

Crookshanks (clearly having had enough of this conversation and enough of his food) gave a disdainful flick of his tail before padding out of the kitchen. Clever feline, *indeed*.

Hermione cleared her throat. "No," she said. "We, *uh*, didn't. Did we?"

Draco hummed. "No, we didn't."

"Alright? Well, what were you thinking?" she asked, taking another sip of wine.

He didn't answer her right away as silence crackled on the other end.

Gods, was he really going to make her wait on this? To keep pressing him to just—*ugh*, spit it out for lack of better words? Drag it out to the point where her sanity balanced that precarious line?

Leaning her elbows against the counter, she stared at her corkboard, cluttered with printed photographs (a mix of magical and Muggle, of course), wedding invitations on expensive letterpress paper, ancient spell diagrams, and sticky notes that read trivial things like "*Buy more tuna for Crooks*" and "*Re-charm the bath faucet not to leak anymore*" and "*Don't forget to send in the Doxie Diadem report to Macmillan by Friday*."

Yeah, that was something she most definitely forgot to do. *Budger*.

Sighing, she began tapping her fingers to the distant beat of Madonna's "*Like A Virgin*" playing on the radio. Ironic, really, and quite on the nose. And a part of her wondered if somehow the Fates were toying with her just then, manipulating the songs.

Draco's line popped with static before he said, "I read about this thing."

Hermione's brows rose as her fingers stopped their rhythmic drumming.

"It's called—" he paused, hesitating. "Well, Muggles call it '*phone sex*' and I thought we could, *uh*... try. If you want? I mean, I'm intrigued about it after I read about it and, yeah."

"You—? You read about it?" she asked slowly.

Draco hummed. "Well, I did some research. Actually, Theo's the one who told me about it. He said that—"

"Are you talking to Nott about our Sex Agenda?" she interjected, warmth licking up her cheeks.

"No!" he blurted. "I mean, yes. I mean, no—*fuck*. Theo just knows a disgusting amount about sex, and he's always telling me things. And—" A heavy groan escaped him. "And A few months back, he told me that Muggles do this... *thing* with each other, and he tried it once with a Floo-call and it went horribly wrong. He said that he wished he had a Muggle cellular, and then I remembered that I had one. So, I thought, why not? You know? Why not try?"

"Oh," she blinked. "I... uh, see."

"I mean, we never talked about it, but I obviously haven't told anyone what we're doing," he went on. "Have you?"

Wincing, she closed her eyes. "Ginny knows, but she's not going to tell anyone."

"Not even Potter?" Draco drawled tensely.

"No, not even Harry."

"Ah," he sighed. "Alright then. I mean, I'm not planning on telling anyone unless they find out. Parks and Zabini are a bit suspicious about *why* I'm busier than usual this week, and they might figure it out later, but that's about it. You know... This can just be between me and you, Hermione."

She lost a breath, feeling oddly relieved.

Honestly, she didn't know *why* she cared that other people knew. Okay, that was a blatant lie, but *whatever*.

The bottom line was that this was supposed to be between them. And yes, she might've told Ginny, but she hadn't said a single word to her since that day at the Leaky about her and Draco's Sex Agenda. It was private, personal, and something that she, *herself*, didn't know how to properly navigate out in the open. If she needed to explain it to anyone, she wanted to have a better grip on it herself.

"Have you ever done it?" Draco asked, changing the subject. "Had phone sex, that is?"

"No," she admitted, fiddling with the edge of the white rice carton. "I haven't."

"Really?" he drawled, and gods, she could've sworn she *felt* his smirk across the line. "Granger, I'm shocked."

"Yeah, well, don't be too shocked." Her lips twisted before she added, "Plus, most men that I've dated were wizards. They wouldn't... *uh*, understand how to even operate a telephone."

"*Ah.* Right."

Again, that palpable tension crackled through the line; all electric and seductive and oh-so-damn-dangerous.

Hermione shifted on her bare feet, feeling the tile scratch against her toes.

Gods, was it hot in here? Or was it just her? What if she accidentally turned on the heat setting instead of the AC again? She should *definitely* hang up the phone and check on that instead of waiting, blushing, and doing whatever the hell it was that she was currently doing.

"What are you wearing, Hermione?" Draco asked, voice all illegally low and rough. "I want to imagine you."

Oh, fuck me.

A breathless sound escaped her. "Uh? A t-shirt and a pair of knickers."

Yeah, so that really didn't sound that sexy. Did it?

"What kind of t-shirt?" he inquired.

She hesitated, her gaze dropping down to the hem of the oversized, well-worn Payne's Grey material, with the recognizable cracked emerald and black logo printed on the front in bold lettering, to the number she knew was on the back: *seven*.

"Hermione?" he pressed. "What t-shirt are you wearing right now?"

"It's, uh...? Well, it's your t-shirt."

Draco inhaled audibly through the line. It was a sound that couldn't be covered up with a cough or a '*let's pretend that just didn't happen*'.

Worse? It made her press her thighs together, attempting to soothe that persistent ache.

"*Fuck,*" he swore, dragging her back to the present. "Which—? Which one?"

She glanced down again, warmth prickling her cheeks. Well, there went her whole never telling him that she'd taken this piece of clothing. *Dammit.*

Losing a breath, she told him softly. "The, *uh*, Slytherin Quidditch one."

"What year?"

"Nineteen ninety-six."

The sound of his dark, rough laugh wrapped around her through the receiver. Hell, a part of her wondered if he put some magical spell on the phone, making it so she could've sworn that

he was in the room with her. *Ugh.*

"I was wondering where that went," he mused. "How long have you had it?"

Taking another sip of wine, she ignored the way her cheeks flamed. Swallowing thickly, she told him: "Like, *maybe* two years now?"

"Fuck, I should've known, Granger. That's my favorite t-shirt, you know?"

"It's mine, too," Hermione said without thinking. Immediately, her eyes went wide as her skin heated further. "I mean, it's not like my favorite-*favorite*. I have other shirts that I wear to bed. I'm not strictly loyal to this one at all. I actually have another that I would've—should've put on. It's just... well, uh? It washing and yeah."

"Sure," he laughed richly. *Ugh.*

Movement stirred on the other end, filled with the subtle footfalls up glass stairs. She waited until she heard the faint click of his door, followed by the soft rustling of bedsprings and two-thousand-thread-count sheets.

Oh gods, he was in bed.

Draco Malfoy was lying in bed and talking to her on the phone. Not to mention the whole potentially doing something very naughty that started with 'phone' and ended with 'sex'.

Merlin, she wasn't cut out for this, as her brain skirted over the information.

"What—?" Hermione started, swallowing down the thick knot. "What are you doing?"

"Just got into bed," he told her simply. "I'm imagining you right now—standing in your kitchen in just your knickers and *my fucking shirt*."

She couldn't help it as she shifted again, thighs brushing together. She adjusted the landline between her shoulder and cheek, trying to gain some sort of semblance of rationality.

Spoiler: There was absolutely *nothing* rational about this.

"Do you...uh?" she stuttered nervously, heart thudding in her ears. "Do you like me in your things, Draco?"

He swore fiercely again. "*Je veux te voir habillée avec toutes mes affaires.*"

Yeah, she didn't know *what* he said, but it sounded ridiculously hot coming from his lips. Honestly? She didn't particularly care, either. He could have said that he hated her and was just using her, and she would have said, '*Thank you, kind sir.*'

Another rustled of fabric filled the line, followed by a strained exhale through clenched teeth.

Was he—? Oh, *gods*. Was he touching himself? Was Draco Malfoy fisting himself while she was still on the phone? Of course, she knew that was *just* what phone sex was, and the whole touching one's self while the other got off as well.

Yet she just thought it'd be different and not this... raw.

Unfortunately, no matter her reservations over the entire ordeal, heat bloomed into that molten, wet need between her legs, dampening her knickers. *Bloody hell*.

"Does that turn you on?" Hermione asked boldly. (Gods, who was she?). "Thinking about me wearing your things? Wearing your shirt?"

Draco groaned. "More than you fucking know."

A grin pulled at her mouth as she stared across her kitchenette, adjusting the telephone. "Well, I kinda want to know."

Yeah, alright. She didn't know *what* sort of sexual demon possessed her as her voice morphed into that sultry, husky purr.

Then again, she also didn't particularly care, either. Really, how could she? Not with the idea of him on the other end, pulling his cock out of his trousers and stroking himself to the sound of her voice. Nor with the image that *said* fantasy had painted in her head.

Draco exhaled again, long and hard. "I've thought about it before," he admitted, voice dipping lower. "A lot, actually."

She dragged her bottom lip between her teeth, grip tightening against the receiver. "Yeah?"

"Yeah," he murmured. "You? In my clothes? *Salazar*, Hermione. You have no gods-damn idea what that does to me. I—?" he paused for a minute before adding: "I wanted to put it on the Sex Agenda."

"What?"

"I did," he continued, his breath shaky. "I wanted to try out you wearing my clothes and letting me undress you in them. But I—? Fuck, I thought it might come off a little weird or maybe you'd think I was deranged for wanting that."

A soft laugh escaped her as warmth bloomed in her chest. "Maybe a little crazy," she told him. "But not the craziest."

"No?"

Hermione shook her head. "No."

"So you wouldn't have called me a prat if I wrote in: '*Hermione Granger in my shirt; knickers optional*.' Or call me a rabid dog, trying to claim his territory? Hex me?"

"Oh, most definitely," she grinned, picking up her wine as she moved unconsciously out of the kitchenette. Shifting the phone between her shoulder and cheek, she padded down the hall toward her bedroom. "If you told me you wanted to dress me up, I would've had some major qualms and footnotes about the whole thing. Then again, you're the one who wanted to try anal play when you've never seen a... well, you know?"

"A cunt?" he offered.

She winced, nudging her bedroom door open with her foot. The wine sloshed dangerously close to the rim as she stepped over a forgotten laundry basket. *Ugh.* She really needed to put that away, but that would be a problem for tomorrow when she wasn't currently on the phone with him.

"You've gotten unusually crude, Draco Malfoy," she scolded mockingly. "What happened to the old you? I want him back."

"Oh, he's long gone now," Draco chuckled darkly through the line. "You, Hermione Granger, have fully corrupted him."

She pouted. "I miss him."

"Do you? Honestly?"

Humming, she set down her wine on the slightly overcrowded nightstand with a *clink* against the ceramic coaster. Of course, the object in question was a gift from Luna a few years ago for Hermione's birthday. It had tiny animated Nargles (which, if anyone had never seen a Nargle before, they are, in fact, terrifying) that popped up and waved when moisture touched it.

Right now? They were currently doing a synchronized dance as a droplet of wine bled onto the pale slate.

Her nightstand, however, was a disaster within itself, with a precarious stack of leather-bound books in the far corner (mostly ancient magical theory texts and volumes of Curse Breakers 101), and wedged beside them were two worn editions of Jane Austen and one Wuthering Heights. Worse? Mixed within them were several paperback, modern-day romance novels—novels that had absolutely no right being beside *The Greats* with their unrepentant smut.

Hermione grimaced at it.

Climbing into bed, she settled against the smooth curve of the mahogany headboard. Sighing, she switched the landline to her other shoulder, propping her knees up.

"Did you just go into your room?" Draco asked huskily.

Humming, Hermione reached for her wine. "Yeah," she told him. "Just got into bed."

"Fuck."

She took a sip of the Pinot, letting the alcohol warm her belly. *Ugh.* She'd probably have a bit of a migraine in the morning, given she could practically taste the tannins on her tongue.

"I wish I were there, Hermione," he murmured, sheets rustling on the other end.

"Do you, Draco?" she asked playfully.

"Yeah. Fuck, yes. I wish I—I was sitting in that chair in the corner of your room."

Hermione's gaze flickered to the oversized reading chair—something old she had purchased second-hand, but loved the soft, periwinkle velvet that almost looked silver in the fading twilight. It was tucked right next to her twin built-ins on either side of the non-functioning fireplace that she filled with waxy candles. It was perfect for those quiet nights and long reads when sleep evaded her, or even for those evenings when she just wanted to escape to another world.

But now? *Gods*, now all she could do was picture him sitting there: lean, muscular thighs spread, shirt slightly wrinkled and rolled to his elbows, and silver, ethereal eyes watching her.

The image sent a welcomed bolt of arousal down her spine as her legs parted almost instinctively against the cotton quilt. The notion would've been obscene, given the cool air that kissed her heated center through her knickers, but again, all she could think of was him, watching her. *Bloody hell...*

She adjusted the phone slightly before she asked: "What would you do? If you were here?"

"I don't know," he admitted honestly, and yet it made her throb. "I'd want to touch you. But I think I'd just... I don't know. I'd sit there and *watch* you, Hermione. I'd make you *show* me what you like when you're all alone."

Unable to help it (because really, who could blame her), she whimpered.

It felt like his words covered every square inch of her, finding places she didn't know were even on her body to begin with. Better yet, it felt like he was here, in the room with her. *On* her. *Over* her. *Inside* her. And that was another problem within itself, as her knickers dampened with a fresh wave of arousal. Worse? She'd never, ever been this turned on without some sort of forced and physical stimulation.

Again, she was highly suspicious that he *had* cast some sort of spell because this was... *wow*.

Abandoning her wine, she set it back on the nightstand. One, it would end up in a crimson, spilled heap on her bed if she kept holding it. Two, she no longer needed that liquid courage with the determined virgin on the other end of the line.

"Tell me what you're wearing again," he asked, breath coming out faster, harder. "Just your knickers and my shirt, right?"

"Yeah," she hummed. "And I'm not... gods, I'm not wearing a bra."

"Oh, fuck. I bet I could see your nipples through it."

She hummed. "Probably."

Her free hand slid over her belly, feeling *said* soft and relatively thin fabric. She wasn't wrong about that one as she bunched it up, revealing the part of her thighs and the curve of her covered sex. Her gaze flickered over towards the empty chair—save for the books stacked on the velvety cushions—picturing his silver eyes watching her.

Would his jaw be clenched unbelievably tight? Would his fingers dig into the arms of the chair, attempting to restrain himself like in one of her books? Would his eyes devour hers like he couldn't get enough?

On the other end, she heard the rustling of his sheets. A belt? *Possibly*. Trousers? *Most definitely*. Yet there was no mistaking the hiss of breath and the way she just knew he was flustered, even if she couldn't see him.

"I've never—?" Draco cleared his throat, tone uneven. "I've never done this before."

"Neither have I," she confessed.

"I just—?" he laughed dryly. "Gods, Hermione. I don't want to fuck it up."

"You're not. You're doing *perfect*, Draco."

"Am I? I just—? I don't know how to talk like this," he told her honestly. "I've been trying to think of something, but my brain just keeps going back to you in *my* t-shirt. Like I keep picturing you with your thighs spread and your hand buried in your knickers, wearing my old Quidditch t-shirt. Fuck."

Hermione moaned at the raw, filthy honesty in his voice. It was oddly sweet (even with the current circumstances).

"Are you touching yourself now?" she asked, fingers gliding side to side over the top of her knickers, feeling the soft skin of her stomach.

"Y-Yeah," he breathed. "I have been for a while now."

Ha! She knew it.

And yes, maybe that was a bit immature of her to pride herself on the mere fact that she just knew he was stroking himself, but she'd take wins when they landed before her.

Shaking off the thought, she laughed. "Gods, you're such a boy."

"Well, last time I checked, I *am* a boy, Granger," he drawled, his smugness practically vibrating through the phone. There was a short pause before he added: "But I want to be *your* boy."

Her eyes widened as she stared at the vacant chair like he might just pop out from behind and shout: *'Boo!'* Which, in all honestly, would be a lot less disorienting than whatever the hell she just heard through the line.

I want to be your boy.

Okay, what the hell did that even mean? Did he have some undiscovered '*good boy*' praise kink that she didn't know about? Was this a newfound fetish that he researched on the Muggle internet? Yeah, because apparently he was into that part of this sexual journey—the researching bit. *Ugh.*

"Today?" Draco went on, pulling her from her reflections. "*Fuck.* Today, when we were working? I couldn't stop thinking about last night—about what it would be like to watch you touch yourself, knowing what you *felt* like. Hell, what you *look* like."

Yeah, all thoughts went out the window as her hand slipped lower. Gently, she grazed that swollen bundle of nerves through her cotton knickers.

"I haven't been able to get the feel of you out of my head, Hermione," he groaned. "You're driving me... *fucking* mad. I was sporting an erection like half the day."

She swallowed thickly. "You—? You were?"

"Yeah. I wanted to do it today—in the lab. I wanted to tell you to sit on the counter, spread your legs, and show me. Wanted to know how you touched yourself when no one's looking."

At that, Hermione whimpered, squeezing her eyes shut as the image filled her mind.

"You're touching yourself now, aren't you?" Draco asked lowly.

She hummed, feeling the rush of slick between her spread thighs. She dipped lower, circling slowly through the dampness of her knickers. Without thinking, she pressed in through the cotton, into the entrance of her center.

Gods...

When was the last time she did this? Like really, really done this manually with just her fingers and imagination? Okay, and *maybe* a particularly smutty scene in one of her books.

But *whatever*. Semantics.

Either way, it had been a while. And now? She was in her bed, legs splayed and Draco's voice in her ears as she buried a single finger into her sex through the cotton of her knickers.

"I'm so hard, Hermione," he confessed, breath hitching. "I—I haven't even—? *Shite*, just hearing you moan? It's like *everything* in my body just reacts."

Pavlov's dog, indeed.

"Do you want me to tell you what I'm doing?" she drawled. "How I'm touching myself?"

"Fuck... please?"

A slow, wicked smile curved at her lips as she reached down and shucked off her knickers, tossing them haphazardly onto the floor.

"I'm on my bed, Draco," she began in that honied tone. "My legs are spread wide, and I'm—*gods*, I'm completely bare. I haven't even fully touched myself yet, and I can already feel how wet I am."

"And—" he swallowed thickly. "And *my shirt*?"

Hermione glanced down. "It's pushed up under my breasts."

A guttural, almost pained sound escaped him then that *felt* more wrong than right.

"Are you okay?" she asked, nibbling on her lower lip.

"Y-Yeah," he swore. "I'm just—*Salazar*, Hermione. I had to stop touching myself, or I'm going to come just by the thought of you in my clothes... *naked* except for that. And I—I don't want this to end too soon."

Letting her head roll back against the cool headboard, she sighed. Slowly, her fingers began trailing downward, grazing over her tender peaks before dragging along the planes of her stomach. The second she touched her swollen bundle of nerves, she jolted as arousal warmed her belly and consumed the empty space between her thighs.

A part of her wondered what she must look like: legs spread wide, hand between them, while parting her folds to the vacant room. How her cheeks were flushed and how she... *gods*, wished that he was here, *watching* her. She wished that he were kneeling at the foot of the bed, talking her through it.

Again, Hermione honestly didn't think that she'd be into this. The whole mutual masturbation bit and phone sex. And yet, here she was.

"Do you like listening to me?" she asked boldly.

"Fuck yes," he groaned pathetically. "I'm *losing* it. I keep thinking about it—last night. How you got so fucking slick when I did it right. I—? I should've gotten between your thighs and watched you. I should've watched myself finger you."

A whimper escaped her again at his words.

"I want to see you stretch around my fingers," he confessed, voice rough. "See how your body reacts to me. How tight you get when you—you come. Is that—? Is that wrong? That I want to learn you inside and out?"

Wrong? *Gods, no*. But was it absolutely filthy? One thousand percent, and no one on this earth would deny that. Hell, even she couldn't pretend like it didn't turn her own to that *nth* degree.

Apparently, Draco didn't need her answer as he went on. "I can't help it," he rambled, groaning again. "I keep thinking about *it*—about *you*."

"What else?" she pressed.

"I'm imagining your legs over my shoulders," he told her. "Your hands in my hair as you use me—my mouth. I'm picturing you all pink and wet and grinding against my face."

Her fingers began building speed, rubbing firm circles around her clit.

"I want to fuck you with my tongue," he admitted. "Saw it in a magical porno. But I want to know what it's like when you use me for your pleasure, Hermione. I want to see your thighs shake and taste how fucking sweet you are when you come."

"Oh, *gods*," she moaned. "We're—? Godric, Draco, we're going to do that tomorrow."

"And I can't *fucking* wait."

Yeah, neither could she. In fact, she was now eagerly counting down the seconds until they could, in fact, put their mouths on each other—to taste her and for her to taste him.

In fact, that thought was going right at the top of her list in their Oral Analysis.

"I want that, too," she blurted eagerly, breath hitching. "I want to taste you, Draco. I want you to—to come in my mouth."

"Oh, *fuck* me," he whimpered.

Yep, that was the plan. Or it would come Saturday when the deflowering would commence, and he would be inside of her in every possible way.

Hermione's fingers increased speed, slipping against her slick as she inched lower until she felt her soft, swollen folds between her digits. Everything in her hummed—no, *throbbed*, actually—with the ache to come and the hunger for Draco to be the one to get her there verbally.

He groaned. "I'm imagining it, you know? You on your knees, looking up at me with that clever mouth wrapped around my—"

The receiver slipped from her hand, tumbling onto the mattress. *Crap*. Scrambling, she kept her pace up, rubbing her clit against the slippery arousal as she adjusted the phone on her shoulder.

"I'd ask if I could fuck your mouth, Hermione," Draco was saying, clearly rambling in his broken, honest voice. "But I don't—? Gods, I don't think I'd last. I'd just spill the second your lips touched me. You've—hell, you've ruined me." He whimpered then. "*Fuck...*"

Unable to help it, Hermione moaned, loud and high-pitched and utterly helpless.

"Tell me—?" he started. "*Please*, Hermione. Tell me what you look like right now."

"I'm flushed—sweaty," she told him, and it was the truth as her hair stuck to her nape and forehead. "My thighs are open, and my fingers are soaked. I'm—? I'm rubbing my clit, Draco."

"*Hermione...*"

"I wish you were here to see me."

"I *want* to see it," he whined. "I want to see what you look like when you come by your own hand. It's all—fuck, it's all I've been thinking about. This entire week. *Je ne pense qu'à ça depuis que j'ai commencé à travailler avec vous.* I want—? Fuck. Oh... fuck."

There was a strangled noise on the other end of the line.

And *gods*, she could hear it: the frantic rustle of fabric, the slick sound of his hand over her own mess of arousal, the stutter of breath as he moaned.

The sound was so *broken* and *wrecked* that it sent that pleasure propelling forward within her as she fell apart. Her orgasm ripped through her, utterly fast, brutal, and toe-curling. His name was the first thing on her mouth as her thighs snapped together and her fingers stumbled over the slick heat. The receiver slipped from her ear, but she didn't care—couldn't care.

Hell, she swore she even blacked out for a moment in time as that warm, tingly sensation blurred over her limbs, settling in her core.

There was only pained silence after as they both came down from their respective bliss.

Blinking up at her ceiling, her hand remained between her legs. Honestly? She didn't even *want* to move, even if she knew she should clean up or, at the very least, cast a cleansing charm.

Draco cleared his throat, the sound cracking through the speaker. "Well, I think I just saw god," he laughed weakly.

Hermione's brows rose. "Was he impressed?"

"Oh, utterly. Said it was a ten out of ten, but he did say you should be here with me next time." He paused then before adding: "And to bring that shirt."

Yeah, so, she didn't quite know what to do with that warmth reigniting in her belly. Or the way her palm rubbed up said stomach to the hem of her t-shirt—no, *his* t-shirt.

His Slytherin Quidditch tee *circa* 1996.

What did he look like in it? Not back then, but she had to of seen him wear it within the recent years before she nicked it. Right? If memory served her well, he filled it out to an illegal degree. Though at the time, Hermione didn't quite think so.

Actually, a part of her wondered *why* she never noticed how utterly attractive he was.

And Godric, not just his looks, but *everything* about him. The sound of his voice. The way his hair fell just right over his smooth forehead. The smattering of moles on his neck and chest. The way he sounded when he fell apart, just for her. How she knew more things about him than she sometimes knew about Harry or Ginny.

Again, *this*? Right here? This was a problem. A massive, humongous problem that she *should* rectify immediately.

But for now, maybe she could just pretend that it didn't matter, as Draco said: "I can't fucking wait to taste you tomorrow, Granger."

Her lips pulled into a smile. "You'll have to wait until after game night since you so kindly agreed," she teased.

"Right," he huffed. "Fine. Then I can't wait to taste you tomorrow *after* game night, Hermione Granger."

Honestly? She couldn't wait, either.

Chapter End Notes

Good morning, islanders! Christmas came early! Thought I'd drop this chapter today because I am about to go on a lovely little two week vacation. Anyways: I'm 99.9% certain I won't have time to edit and post the next chapter next week. I did break it up into 2 parts! So the good news is more chapters! Also, while writing it, I was giggling so it's a funny one!

Thank you to all those who have been reading and also sharing this with others! This fic has been my breath of fresh air while writing and getting my creative mojo back

Much love,
Mads

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Chapter 7: Friday: Taboo Parameters

Chapter Notes

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

Friday, June 21st Part One *Day Five: Taboo Parameters*

While their friend group was relatively small, they all took monthly game nights very, *very* seriously. In fact, when Hermione met up with Draco outside his apartment building in Vauxhall—so they could Apparate to Luna and Rolf's together—she made sure he understood that she was absolutely *not* responsible for her friends' competitive behavior.

Gods, especially on Charades Night—and she *really* could not emphasize that enough. Like really.

At one point, they confiscated wands at the door and forbade *any* use of magic due to how out of hand things would get. Then, there was that *whole* accident that happened with Neville's beard when Ginny accidentally hit him with a Bat-Bogey-Hex instead of Harry.

Yeah, not the best moment, but *whatever*. It was in the past, and all that other nonsense that people believed in once upon a time.

They appeared with a resoundingly familiar *crack* on the hill just on the border of Luna and Rolf's cozy two-bedroom cottage in the English countryside. Hermione always loved coming here with the winding hedgerows and the scent of fresh thyme and rosemary on the wind.

Plus, the sheep that grazed in the neighboring Muggle pastures were a happy bonus.

Expectantly, Hermione turned to Draco. "Okay," she huffed, "so we are going to spend two hours tops here and *then* go back to yours. And whatever you do—*don't* let them convince you to stay, and do *not* have one of Luna's biscuits."

Draco's brows rose. "Why shouldn't I have one of her biscuits?"

An exhausted sigh escaped her as she explained simply: "Because Luna Lovegood likes to garden."

"Yeah, I can see that," he drawled, gesturing over towards the planter beds of turnips, carrots, and lettuce. "I mean, it's excessive, but why is it an issue?"

"It's not *that* kind of gardening, Draco."

"Okay? And?"

Leaning in, she lowered her voice. "Luna just discovered the... *uh*, art of weed."

Honestly? It was a bit adorable how confused Draco looked as he squinted at her from behind his black-framed glasses. The way his brows pinched and he stared at her like she had six heads and a tail.

Okay, so he *also* looked a bit fit, but she digressed.

Hermione lost a breath. "Please tell me you know about marijuana, Malfoy."

"Uh?" he blinked. "No?"

"Mary-Jane?"

"Should I know her or something?"

"Oh dear gods!" Hermione groaned, sagging as she gripped his biceps. "Draco Malfoy, for someone who is disgustingly obsessed with all things Muggle, you aren't seriously telling me that you don't know about weed? You looked up Muggle pornography, for Merlin's sake! And you—?"

"Granger!" Draco's eyes widened as he promptly clamped a hand over her mouth. "Keep your bloody voice down!"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she grumbled behind his palm before shaking it off. Arching her brows, she pinned him with a penetrating stare. "Look, just don't eat the damn biscuits and we'll be good. Easy, no?"

Scoffing, Draco bristled as he took a step around her, pushing open the creaky wooden gate. The hinges groaned in protest, swinging wide to reveal Luna's lush garden. It looked like it had been plucked straight from an enchanted fever dream as the mid-June sun poured over the cobblestone path in golden liquid streaks. Lavender, marigold, and peppermint-green colored roses lined the white picket fence along with blooming wildflowers. The twilight air buzzed with lazy bumble bees and the soft essence of magic as their Lyon's Mane bush swayed in the wind; its sentient vines climbed up the side of the one-story cottage.

As they approached the house, Hermione couldn't help but giggle at the wooden sign that read: *'Do NOT feed the wandering buttercups! They are in a time-out!'*

In fact, *said* buttercups were currently sulking underneath the hand-made stone bench, quivering as they passed by.

Draco looked around, brows drawn into a pinched line from the moment he spotted a horde of Bowtruckles swarming a pair of levitating Wellington boots. "Bloody hell..." he mumbled. "This place is a crime scene."

"Oh, *hush!* I think it's whimsical," she mused, flashing him a grin as she nudged his arm. "You know, it's okay to like it *a little* and get out of your comfort zone, *Mr. Malfoy*. Life can be fun when you start living."

"Says who, *Ms. Granger?*"

"Me. Obviously." Hermione's grin stretched wider. "And you know I'm *always* right."

"Do I?"

She hummed. "I am your teacher this week. Aren't I?"

If she hadn't been looking, she would've missed the way his breath hitched in his throat, or how that slight rosy warmth licked at his cheeks, spreading like Fiendfyre. *Gods...* that wasn't because of her, was it? No, it was probably just the heat, or even the wild nature around them. Or perhaps he had an allergy or some other major issue—one that she clearly didn't know about, because since when did Draco Malfoy ever have allergies?

The short, sweet answer? *Never.*

They reached the front step as the smell of honey and baked bread wafted from the house.

In the more recent years, it had morphed into a comforting scene, given how many times she'd come to the cottage. And yet, a part of her couldn't help but wonder *if* Draco would think the same? Because, here she was, bringing him into her well-oiled mix of friends, and she didn't quite know how to feel about that.

It wasn't that she was nervous, per se. No, not that—*never* that. Plus, he'd been around Ginny and Harry enough now that it wouldn't be *that* much of a culture shock for him to be thrown into their crowd.

Or... Merlin, at least she hoped.

Ugh. Whatever. Either way, Hermione crossed her fingers behind her back just in case, and maybe threw a pinch of make-believe salt over her shoulder for *extra* luck.

Honestly, though, it really wasn't that she was being dramatic about this, because one could never be too careful with game night social interactions—especially when it comes to five plucky Gryffindors, one whimsical Ravenclaw, and *whatever* house they had at Ilvermory in the States.

"Alright." Hermione cleared her throat, stepping out of the way for a stray Bowtruckle to pass by them. "Tell me the plan again so I know you understand."

"Stay no longer than two hours," Draco drawled, narrowing his gaze playfully down at her. "And don't bicker with Potter or else you will hex me."

"And?" she prompted.

He loosed a long, perturbed breath. "And *what*, Granger?"

"And don't eat any of Luna's biscuits!" she huffed, holding back her grin. "C'mon, Malfoy... we just went over this."

Glancing over at her, Draco shook his head. "You're quite obsessed with these biscuits, you know? How bad can they really be?"

"Bad," she grumbled darkly. "And if you've never had a weed-laced biscuit before, I don't recommend your first time being here at friends' game night." Hermione met his gaze then, letting the weight of her warning settle. "Let's just say that *tonight*—with us—will not be happening if you have one because there's *not* a Sober Up potion on this earth that works on them."

Draco's brows shot up to his hairline. "Seriously?"

"Seriously."

He narrowed his gaze. "Why don't I believe you?"

"Either way, your mistake."

"*Oh?*"

Humming grimly in affirmation, she raised her fist to knock on the faded eggshell blue door.

Taking a step back, she stumbled over a loose stone (that *obviously* wasn't supposed to be there, or maybe the universe just decided to toss all her luck to the wind). It was only a second, but her life flashed right before her eyes as her limbs went pinwheeling, falling right into Draco's chest with an "*Oof!*"

Instantly, he caught her, hands gripping her hips. "Easy there, Granger," he drawled, voice seductively low in her ear. "A bit too early to be falling over for me, isn't it?"

Right then and there, Hermione was suddenly aware of how pressed against the hard, well-worked planes of his body she was, as she stood rigid, unable to move. The way she could feel his formidable torso through her thin, white tee, or the way his fingers flexed slightly against the curve of her.

Oh, bloody hell... Was she strong enough for this? Her mental capacity? Did it have enough fuel for it to promptly reboot itself?

She had the strongest sensation that she wasn't. Gods, not in the slightest, given how gooey desire and wanton need pooled low in her belly, making everything around them vanish. The wind disappeared. The Bowtruckles stopped their chirping. The sun paused in its languid stretching over the uneven cobblestones, as if it were waiting to see what would happen next between the pair. Even the neighboring Muggles' sheep ceased their grazing.

And Hermione? Well, all she could do was part her lips, knowing she *should* say something—or, at the very least, step away from his firm hold—but she couldn't. Words? *Yeah*, nope. They officially abandoned her with a salute before darting around the side of the cottage. Her brain? It completely short-circuited by the feel of him thoroughly pressed to her—*on* her.

Honestly, with how she was acting, one would've thought *she* was the virgin in this situation and hadn't felt a male body against her in ages (or rather... *ever*).

Ugh.

And, because they were really cursed by the Fates, the wooden door creaked open abruptly. Luna's fiancé, Rolf Scamander, appeared on the threshold. Immediately, his gaze scanned the pair, taking in the way Hermione was pressed against Draco like a gods-damn barnacle and his hands held her right on back in that firm, manly way.

"Am I interrupting something?" Rolf asked simply, his thick New York accent making the question about a hundred times worse.

Oh gods.

A very un-Hermione-like squeak escaped her as she launched herself forward and off *her* virgin. She already knew that her cheeks were the color of those roses tucked to the side of the stone cottage, given the prickling heat on her skin.

This? Right here? Right now? It was precisely what she *didn't* want to happen during Friends Game Night.

Thankfully, somehow (and only the gods really knew), Draco didn't seem too bothered by the whole ordeal as he cleared his throat in that absurdly formal way, sticking out his hand towards Rolf. "Nice to see you again, Scamander," Draco drawled in his richly low tenor. "Lovely home you, *uh*, got here."

"You as well, Malfoy," Rolf returned. "Looking alright. Everything good, mate?"

"Perfectly fine. And you?"

"Can't complain."

Ah. Right. Somehow, between the accidental body-moulding and the lecture on the biscuits, she forgot that Draco and Rolf were already well acquainted. Actually, they played in a recreational Quidditch league twice a month together.

"Did you catch the highlights of the match between Bulgaria and Ireland yesterday in the *Prophet*?" Rolf asked, releasing Draco's hand. "Sweet Mother of Morgana—it was a brutal bloodbath. Had a few Galleons on the Irish."

"Ah." Draco clicked his tongue. "Must've missed it, mate. I was a bit... *uh*, busy last night when I got off work."

Yeah, busy having spectacular phone sex after drowning in hordes of cursed artefacts from Borgins, but *whatever*. Hermione supposed that wasn't exactly all that important in hindsight. Nor was she planning on sharing that bit of information with Rolf Scamander. Honestly, it would've been quite inappropriate (if she did say so herself).

Luna appeared beside her fiancé then, wearing a floor-length cotton sundress with billowing sleeves. Her platinum hair drifted in waves down her spine, adorned with tiny daisies.

"Hello," she hummed, crystal blue eyes glittering as she focused on Draco. "Oh, cousin! My sweet goddess! Your aura is practically radiating. Have you been doing anything different? A new routine perhaps?"

Draco just blinked. "Uh? No?"

Nodding sagely, Luna sighed before tilting her head. "I think...? *No*, that's not it... is it?" She straightened herself then, brightening instantly. "Oh! Merlin's beard! I understand now. Have you been masturbating more, Draco Malfoy?"

Oh, gods. A choked sound escaped Hermione's throat as her head jerked towards Draco on instinct. Really, though, she blamed the *years* of working together and giving each other the occasional knowing glance. Draco, for his part, looked like someone had just slapped him across the face.

Well, *that* and absolutely, positively mortified.

His soul? Right on out of his body as that traitorous vibrant crimson hue bled over his cheeks.

"Luna Flower?" Rolf hummed with amusement as he arched a dark brow. "Perhaps we... *shouldn't* ask Malfoy if he's been... *well*, you know? I don't think he appreciates that, yes?"

"Oh... but it's nothing to be ashamed of, Draco. It's completely natural and we do it all the time," Luna grinned, utterly oblivious as she held out a silver tray. "Biscuits? They're homemade. Though I think one of my Grinswaters got hold of them." Leaning in, she lowered her voice. "I would watch out for those. They *do* love a good aura."

Beside her, Draco's jaw hinged further, unsure of what to even say or do. Honestly, could she blame him? This conversation went in a completely different direction than she'd initially hoped. *Ugh.*

Unfortunately (mortification or not), that didn't stop Draco from reaching out towards the tray of biscuits.

Oh, no. That was precisely the last thing they needed. A stoned Draco Malfoy? Absolutely not.

Without thinking, Hermione swatted at his hand, yanking it back as she laced their fingers together. "Oh, uh... thank you, Luna," she said. "But I think we're all right for now."

"Are you sure?" Luna asked. "They *do* help with increased libido, you know? It could come in handy since your aura is quite vibrant right now, Hermione. Have you been masturbating, too?"

Now, it was Hermione's turn to just blink.

Yeah, unfortunately, Luna Lovegood was painfully correct about that accusation. Or, rather, last night, the other named, and she got familiar with that bit on the phone with a little tit for tat.

Self-analysis, *indeed.*

Chuckling under his breath, Rolf pulled Luna in close, pressing a tender kiss to the crown of her head. "Why don't we let our guests inside?" he mused.

"Oh, yes! Of course," Luna hummed. "Ginny will be most pleased to see you, Hermione Granger."

"Oh, goody," she mumbled under her breath, unlacing her fingers with his as she gave his arm a gentle squeeze. Glancing up at him, she sighed heavily. "Sorry about that. Are you... uh, *alright*?"

Draco snorted, watching as Luna danced her way back inside, with Rolf trailing slowly behind her. "Am I alright?" he repeated dryly. "Am I—? Well, I just got asked about my masturbation frequency, Granger. By my cousin, no less, and one with whom I rarely have contact. So, how do you *think* I am?"

"If it makes you feel any better, I got asked as well," she pointed out.

Bristling, Draco shook his head. "It doesn't. I can promise you that."

"Hey?" Hermione gently pulled at his arm, forcing him to face her. "We can leave if this is making you uncomfortable. I... I know this wasn't in our original plans, but if you—"

"I never said that I wanted to leave," Draco interjected, placing a hand on her shoulder. The touch made her still. gingerly, he moved it upward until it cupped around the nape of her neck. *Gods*. "I want to stay, Hermione."

"You do?" she asked hesitantly.

"Swear it. Look, Lovegood is just being... well, Lovegood. And I'm fine."

"Really?"

"Yes, *really*," he mused, lips twitching as his fingers played with the delicate curls against her nape. "Besides, I sorta want to see this infamous game night. It seems... terrifying."

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Oh, don't tell me that Draco Malfoy is scared of a little game night with a bunch of Gryffindors?" she teased. "The scandal! Merlin, the horror!"

Laughing under his breath, Draco wrapped an arm around her shoulder before pulling her inside the cottage. The notion was equal parts familiar, as it was comforting. Yet, she couldn't deny the odd flutters in her stomach, like those needy butterflies were doing a little taunting jig.

Ugh. They were awfully determined today, weren't they?

Unfortunately, said butterflies vanished the moment they rounded the entrance.

Immediately, Hermione spotted Ronald standing near the hearth, twirling an amber bottle of ale and giving a woman what she liked to call '*bedroom eyes*'. Or a somewhat familiar look that once had a delightful effect on her. Now? It seemed a bit nauseating watching it from the

outside looking in as he gave them to his new girlfriend. *Vivian? Vanessa? Veronica?* Oh, she supposed her name didn't matter, given she'd utterly forgotten *what* Ronald did in his personal life.

And who could blame her between the whirlwind of this week with work (Borgins be damned), and the infamous Sex Agenda with the blonde wizard at her side.

Again, didn't matter.

Sighing, Hermione turned, glancing up at Draco. Unfortunately, his silver eyes were narrowed with that unmistakable loathing directed across the room at Ronald. And to make everything worse, the redhead wizard was glaring right back. *Wonderful.*

"Oh, for the gods' sake!" Hermione huffed, nudging Draco aggressively in the stomach. "Seriously? Stop that!"

With a grunt, Draco's gaze flickered down to hers. "Stop *what?*" he drawled, lips pressing into that firm line.

She rolled her eyes, waving her hand in a flourish. "All that—*Merlin*, all that manly territorial nonsense. It's bloody ridiculous! And both of you look—look stupid! Honestly!"

Familiar warmth flushed against Draco's pale throat, climbing up into the high bones of his cheeks. At least he had the decency to look adequately embarrassed over whatever the hell *that* was. And yes, while it was a bit... *endearing* that Draco felt the need to do that masculine nonsense, she and Ronald ended on good enough terms.

Also, she'd like to point out that *she* was the one *who* broke up with *him*, and not the other way around.

See, what ultimately drove them apart was Ronald's overall unhappiness with her. They were just two people who were not fit for a relationship and better suited as friends. Really, that was all. The end. That chapter was now officially closed. Plus, was she complaining about the end of their relationship? *Nope*. Gods, especially with her and Draco's Sex Agenda this week and all those incredible newfound discoveries she was making—not only about herself but also him.

Clearing his throat, Draco muttered: "Sorry. It's just—?" He scrubbed a palm down his face, pinning her with a pleading look. "Salazar, can you blame me? You know I—I just can't stand Weasel."

Hermione patted him on the arm. "Oh... you'll get over it one day, Malfoy. I have the utmost faith in you."

"Yeah, un-fucking-likely, Granger."

It took everything in her not to roll her eyes again at his tone over his ground-breaking maturity levels. Then again, wasn't that just the entire male population when it came to these sorts of things?

"Again, you're being ridiculous," she pointed out. "Honestly."

"Am I?" Draco arched a brow. "Because I don't think I am, Hermione. Not after *how* he treated you."

The words landed perfectly in her gut, utterly blunt and entirely unexpected.

Gods, how in all the realms of hell was she supposed to react to that? What was she supposed to say when she'd never, *ever* heard those words come from him before in their ten years of friendship? Yet, all she could do was stare up at him, lips parted and breath caught in that unyielding knot in her throat, hearing his voice: *Not after how he treated you...*

Thankfully, a loud commotion sounded down the hall, and Hermione took that as a sign to shove the thoughts aside.

A blessing or a curse? She didn't know, but she wouldn't look the Fates in the mouth at this moment.

Ginny barreled through the threshold, lips stretched wide as she dragged a slightly dazed-looking and *very* flushed Harry by the hand. Currently, his circular glasses were lopsided on his nose, and there was no way to miss the half-buttoned nature of his flannel shirt.

Arching a curious brow, Hermione's gaze flickered to the dark-haired wizard's throat. *Oh, gods.* Was that a hickey? Of course it was, because why the hell not?

Though, did she expect anything less? *Nope.*

And actually, now that she thought about it, maybe she should've included hickeys in their Sex Agenda. Draco had likely never given one before (or gotten one, for that matter). And honestly, it felt like something he *should* experience at least once in his lifetime. Maybe even twice, if he was lucky. Or was that notion a bit juvenile? Would he even like it? Wearing *her* mark on *his* neck? Would he like the idea of her sucking on his skin until it bruised into that plumpy, indigo color?

Oh, hell... Her brain spun as she began mentally compiling an appendix to their agenda, titled '*Lovebite Module'*.

"Finally!" Ginny beamed, abandoning her husband to launch herself into Hermione's arms. "Gods, you have no idea how utterly boring everyone's been, Min." Ginny lowered her voice just barely as she said: "And I fucking hate my brother's girlfriend."

Hermione's laughter turned into a wheeze as the witch squeezed a bit too hard.

"Vanna?" the redhead went on with a scoff. "What sort of name is Vanna? Like, *please.*"

Ah. So she wasn't that off with the name, was she?

Pulling back, Ginny held Hermione at arm's length, hazel eyes glittering with that knowing mischief. *Oh, lovely.* "My gods! You're positively glowing, Min," Ginny purred. "I wonder what it could possibly be?"

"Ginevra..." Hermione warned.

"New skincare routine?" Ginny pressed, freckled lips stretching wide. "Or let me guess? Is it all those wonderful *orgas*—?"

"Look!" Hermione blurted, cutting the witch off. "Draco's here, Gin! Did you know that?"

Alright, so it all came out more like a shrill squeak and several octaves too high. And that was just fantastic; not at all chill. *Double ugh.*

Ginny blinked before slowly looking at the formidable man beside Hermione, like she just noticed him for the first time (even though the witch had just been speaking about him seconds before). Those hazel eyes narrowed with the skill of an analyst as she appraised him up and down, as if deciding whether to hex him or if he was fit enough to stay.

Finally, Ginny drawled, "Ferret."

Draco arched one perfectly sculpted brow. "Weaselette."

Warmth licked up Hermione's cheeks as she exclaimed, "And Harry!"

Okay, so not her best work, but with each passing second of whatever this was, she felt like she needed to defuse the situation.

"Uh?" Harry blinked, seemingly confused. "Hi... well, Min?"

"Yes! Hi! And how are you?" Hermione asked, forcing a grin. "Good? You look good! Doesn't he look good, Draco?"

Humming, Draco said: "Potter, nice to see you again and thanks for the... invite."

Harry rubbed the nape of his neck, wincing as the heel of his palm grazed over the blooming hickey on his throat. "Yeah, no problem, Malfoy."

Behind them, Rolf laughed under his breath, causing Hermione to jump at the intrusion. *Gods, what the hell was wrong with her?*

"And I'm Rolf," he mused. "And that's Luna Flower, and—"

"Okay!" Ginny clapped her hands together abruptly. "So glad we got those introductions out of the way! It's not like we didn't all attend school together! Or have seen each other around and *all* in the past month!"

Internally, Hermione groaned, wanting to palm herself right in her face.

Well, this was going utterly perfectly. *Yeah?* And there was no doubt that everyone could feel the static-like forced tension between them, with the vibe far too stiff and oddly cautious. It felt like everyone was acting like Draco Malfoy being here was a gods-damn anomaly, when there had been several instances where they all got together at the Leaky Cauldron after work or on a casual Saturday. Or that Harry, Draco, and Rolf all played intramural Quidditch

together. Not to mention that Harry (himself) was the one who invited him here. So *why* in Godric's name was everyone acting so weird?

Hell... Was there something she was missing?

Ginny looped her arm through Hermione's own, dragging her promptly out of her thoughts. Normally, Hermione would've been peeved, but right then and there, she was rather thankful for the redhead, as Ginny pulled her to the side with the kind of aggressive determination that only a female born into the Weasley family had.

"Okay, I need to hear *everything*," Ginny hissed loudly for almost everyone to hear. "And don't you dare leave out any of the good, juicy bits!"

"Ginny!" Hermione warned, glancing nervously over her shoulder. "Lower your damn voice!"

"What? I just want to know about his massive co—?"

"I swear to the living gods," Hermione interjected sharply, "if you say what I think you're going to say, then I'm leaving."

"What? I was just going to say massive coin stash."

"Uh-huh. *Yeah...* sure."

Tossing her head back, Ginny burst out laughing. "Merlin's tit! Will you just calm down? Because we know you're not leaving." *Okay, fair point.* "Also, for someone who just scheduled her orgasms like it was—"

"Ginevra Molly Weasley!"

And, of course, it was then that everyone in the room stopped mid-conversation to look at the two witches with eager curiosity. It also didn't help that the first set of eyes were, in fact, Draco's as he arched a brow at her. *Wonderful.*

But, really, what was it with her friends and their nosiness?

"Just—?" Hermione grunted, dragging Ginny further into the cottage's corner and away from hungry, listening ears. "Give me a minute and I'll tell you."

Ginny groaned dramatically, squeezing her arm. "You and I both know you will only tell me when you're good and ready, which is never."

"Yeah, *exactly.*"

"Oh! Wait!" Ginny blurted, ignoring attention span, abruptly distracted. She leaned in closer then, as she said: "I have some good bits for you—did you know that Nev has a new witch?"

Hermione pulled back. "Excuse me? What do you mean, '*new witch*'?"

"Neville Longbottom has a girlfriend." Freckled lips stretched wide as those hazel eyes glittered deviously. "For a while now," she explained. "He brought her tonight. And *gods*, Min, you're seriously not going to guess *who*? It's—"

"Hey! I thought I heard more people out here!"

Both witches turned then, just as Neville strolled into the room. There was no denying that the wizard looked pleasantly relaxed in a way that either suggested that he was indulging in Luna's special cookies or like someone in utter infatuation.

Though, as Ginny pointed out, he *apparently* had a girlfriend. Again, news to her.

Lips stretched wide, Neville surveyed the room before his gaze landed on Draco. Immediately, all that relaxed ease vanished as he muttered: "*Oh fuck...*"

The cottage immediately went silent. Gods, even the sentient Lyon's Mane plant outside, stopped their cooing and rustling against the stone house.

Then again, could she blame the astute quiet? *One*, no one (and she really meant no one) had ever heard the docile Neville Longbottom curse before. *Two*? Well, she didn't have a second reasoning at the moment, but she digressed.

Nervously, Hermione glanced at Draco, wondering what he thought about the odd interaction with her friends. Yet, the wizard seemed utterly unfazed, considering he didn't even bat an eye at the bizarre outburst. Instead, he just tucked his hands into his trouser pockets, arching a curious brow.

Neville, however, stood there like he might bolt at any given moment. "What—?" he stuttered, cheeks blanching. "What are you—? Y-You—? Doing here?"

"Potter invited me," Draco explained smoothly. "Is that a problem, Longbottom?"

"I—uh? Well? I-I... don't—? I think—?"

Hermione nibbled on her lower lip, glancing over at Ginny. Yeah, the redhead was unquestionably *no* help as she bounced on her heels, snickering under her breath.

And that was just... *wonderful*.

Leaning in, Ginny whispered gleefully. "This is about to get so damn good."

"What? *Why?*" Hermione asked curiously.

"Oh, you'll see. In about three... two..."

"Neville? *Darling*?"

Squinting, Hermione stared at the hallway, recognizing that posh drawl that belonged holding a flute of champagne or lounging on a velvet chaise. *Gods*, it was familiar—*very* familiar—yet the gears in her head lagged before she could formulate a proper thought, or even come

close to placing the voice as patent leather stilettos clicked against the worn wooden floorboards.

Immediately, Hermione's eyes went wide. *Oh fuck.*

"See?" Ginny beamed, noticing her shocked reaction. "Told you so."

"That's—? That's Pansy Parkinson?" Hermione asked softly. "Right? Or am I seeing someone?"

Ginny hummed. "Oh, yeah. That's Pansy mother-fucking Parkinson."

"Neville? *Baby?*" Pansy purred; her focus was drawn to the massive silver tray of cheeses and artisanal crackers balanced precariously in her palm. "I know you don't like the goat to touch the cranberry cheddar, but this platter you brought from your Grandmother's is unfortunately *round* and I simply could not separate—?"

"What the fuck, Parks?!" Draco blurted. "What in the fucking fuck are you doing here?"

Okay, so Hermione had to give Pansy a bit of credit, given she didn't even stumble in those towering red-bottomed heels as she stopped mid-step. In fact, she looked almost a bit prepared for this current encounter (and predicament) in a way Hermione could never be.

Silently, Harry appeared, handing her and Ginny two full glasses of Sauvignon Blanc.

Yeah, Hermione could easily thank the white wine gods for this saintly blessing. *Harry James Potter?* A wine-delivering angel, and she would put that in writing if anyone ever asked her.

Without looking away, Hermione took the beverage, desperate for a sip. The notes of crisp apple and tart grapefruit danced along her tongue.

Arching a manicured brow, Pansy drawled, "Well, I could ask you the same question, Dray. No?"

Draco huffed indignantly. "I was invited here. Thank you very much."

"And dare I ask by *whom?*" Pansy mused.

"Potter."

The witch's sable gaze flickered over to the wizard in question before leveling Draco with a glare. With a bit too much force than necessary, Pansy set the cheese and cracker tray down on the circular table with a *smack*.

Nervously, Hermione took another sip. *Ugh.* She was unquestionably getting properly inebriated tonight.

"I see," Pansy purred before placing a manicured hand on Neville's forearm. "Well, I suppose now is as good a time as any to tell you the wondrous news—Neville and I are dating."

Hermione choked on her wine, earning a pat on the back from Ginny.

"I'm sorry?" Draco laughed. "You're *what*?"

Pansy raised her chin. "Dating, Dray. Do keep up, darling. See? It's a little concept when two people are together and like each other enough to take that next step. Boyfriend and girlfriend? Two sexually compatible partners?"

Neville made a horrified sound in the back of his throat, cheeks ripening to that scarlet hue.

"And you two do have the most wonderful aura," Luna mused, resting her head on Rolf's bicep. "It's quite compatible. I can tell you two have intercourse quite a bit. Lots of orgasms."

Draco and Neville groaned in unison, finally finding some common ground other than Pansy Parkinson—even if it was sex.

Scrubbing a hand down his face, Draco shook his head. "I don't understand? How the fuck did *this* happen?"

"Oh, language, Dray!" Pansy clicked her tongue. "And it happened because I like him."

"There's surely fucking no way, Parks. You and Longbottom? No." Draco laughed, the sound forced. "No fucking way."

Yeah, so apparently that was the wrong thing to say to someone *like* Pansy Parkinson. Honestly, though, could Hermione really blame the witch? Because if this were her in those towering stilettos (that could only be classified as harrowingly dangerous), she'd *definitely* have words for Draco Malfoy.

"I'm going to need you to take a minute for yourself," Pansy hissed, gaze narrowing with that burning intensity. "And before you, Draco Malfoy, judge my relationship, I'd like to remind you that you should not throw stones at another."

He floundered, blinking. "I wasn't—?"

"Oh, but you *were*, Dray. You're acting like I just killed your Kneazle or joined a gods-damn cult!" Pansy bristled, folding her arms over her chest. "I am *in* a relationship with Neville because we have several things in common, and if I want a healthy romance with a soft-hearted Herbology professor, then I very well can. That's my fucking prerogative. Now, is there another issue you'd like to address further?"

"But you *literally* hate plants, Parks," Draco pointed out, only to raise his hands when Pansy took a mincing step forward, upper lip curling. "Okay—fuck! Fine, I mean you *love* plants. You're obsessed with them. *Gods*, it's not like you didn't accidentally set your mother's rose garden on fire when you were little because they got your dress dirty or anything."

"Oh my living gods!" Pansy bristled, shaking her dark hair. "I was ten! And also, that was my favorite tea dress, and those roses were fucking hideous. Can you blame me?"

"My point, Parks. You hate gardening."

A low, indigent sound rumbled in the back of Pansy's throat. "I was named after a gods-damn flower, Dray! I think I can find it within myself to enjoy gardening at this stage of life. People change."

"Really?" Draco drawled lazily. "Do they?"

Hermione took a long sip of her wine, gaze volleying back and forth like she was suddenly interested in interpersonal drama.

"Does anyone else know about this?" Draco asked. "Theo? Blaise? Tori? Daph? Bullstrode?"

"Oh, *please!*" Pansy huffed, rolling her eyes as she waved her manicured hand. The diamond tennis bracelet on her wrist cast about thousands of iridescent prisms on the wall. "Given how *you're* reacting to this? Salazar, I'm not planning on telling anyone else until the wedding invitations go out."

"Oh! *Wonderful!*" Draco laughed dryly. "So you're getting married now? Does your father know? Your mother? Because I'm fairly certain Posey Parkinson would have plenty to say about—" he gestured towards them, "*—this.*"

"Draco," Pansy warned. "Careful. Best not throw stones, yes? Didn't your mummy teach you that, love?"

"Uh? Hi, *yes?*" Neville cleared his throat awkwardly, taking a step forward as he attempted to defuse the tension. "No one is getting married *anytime* soon."

Pansy turned to Neville, arching an expectant brow.

"Not that I don't want to get married to Pansy!" he quickly corrected, cheeks flushing. "I mean, eventually we will get married, that is. And—and, *uh...* if we were to get married?" Neville gave Pansy a lopsided grin. "I'd make sure to write to her father in Azkaban and sit down with her mother."

"Such a proper wizard," Pansy cooed.

"But right now? I'm just enjoying my time with *my* witch." Gingerly, Neville picked up Pansy's hand, placing a kiss on her knuckles. "She's made these past few months *infinitely* better."

Hermione swore every single witch in the room swooned. And yes, she could admit that they were a pretty damn adorable couple.

Neville turned back to Draco then, leveling him with a glare. "But our relationship is our relationship, and it doesn't matter who we tell about it. So I'm only going to say this to you once, Malfoy—do not judge us when you have no god-damn idea what *we* feel for each other."

Okay, so that was a new side of Neville she'd never seen before. Then again, there was no way to miss the slight pinkening of his ears that gave way to his inherent unease with this current conversation.

"Also," Neville added, "Pans is an excellent botanist."

"Damn right I am," Pansy huffed.

Draco loosed a long breath, rubbing nervously at his nape. "Fuck," he muttered, glancing sheepishly over at Pansy. "I'm sorry, Parks. I didn't—? What can I do to make this better?"

"Oh, come off it, darling!" The dark-haired witch rolled her eyes. "You know, opinions don't matter to me. But I'll accept your apology in the form of two dozen roses from that floral shop I love so much. Then, we'll call it even, yes?"

A tense laugh escaped Draco then. "Done."

Somewhere, deep down and within the depths of a place Hermione didn't know existed in circumstances like these, that emerald monster coiled low in her belly. It was a feeling she had become somewhat familiar with over the past twenty-four hours. They were *just* flowers (and yes, she could easily keep reminding herself that), but that didn't stop the jealousy within.

Ugh.

Ginny clapped her hands then. "Well! *By Godric!* I'm so glad we got that figured out." The redhead gestured towards the new couple. "Parkinson and Nev—*congratulations!* Shock of the bloody night!"

Grabbing Hermione by the arm, Ginny pulled her promptly out of the room at an alarming speed. She barely had a chance to catch up, as her two left feet stumbled over one another, nearly tripping over the decorative Moroccan-style runner in the hall. Precariously, the crisp white wine sloshed in her glass. *Great.*

"Ginevra!" Hermione hissed as they pushed through the swinging kitchen door. "Can you *please* slow down? I'm getting a stitch in my side. And you know that if I spill on Luna's floor, she *will* set the Nargles on us."

"Oh, I'm *so* willing to risk it," Ginny grinned, releasing her as she began rifling through the chilled cabinet, searching for another bottle of wine.

"Yeah. Well, I'm not," Hermione grumbled, leaning against the counter. "Do you know how utterly terrifying those things are?"

Ginny blew a raspberry. "They can't be *that* bad."

"You have no idea."

"Oh, *whatever*. Now, please, I need to know the details of this week." The redhead glanced over her shoulder, wagging her brows. "Have you deflowered him yet?"

"No!" she blurted.

"No? What a shame."

Ginny found what she was looking for then, raising the emerald bottle of Sauvignon Blanc in the air like it was the Quidditch World Cup trophy—something she'd already won three times during her career with the Harpies.

If Ginny didn't want to brag about it, Hermione certainly would.

"You know, you don't have to play all coy," Ginny teased, grabbing the wine opener off the counter. Grunting, she yanked the cork out with a *pop!* "So, go on? Get it out. I'm your best friend, and I have every right to know if you two ventured into foreplay."

Puffing out a short laugh, Hermione shook her head. "I should've *never* told you, Gin."

"But you did," the witch sing-songed.

Just then, Luna wandered into the kitchen. Her gauzy white sundress swished around her ankles as she looked between the two. "Don't mind me," she hummed, moving over to the oven. "I won't share your secrets. Though I should warn you that Rolf is testing out a new yeast, and it might be a bit of a gossip. It has quite the mind of its own, you know?"

Both Hermione and Ginny took a sip of their wine, nodding slowly.

Not that she didn't love Luna's whimsical nature, but she couldn't find the headspace at the moment to digest the gossiping yeast and whatnot.

Swallowing, Hermione turned her focus back to Ginny. "Look," she sighed heavily. "It's not that I don't want to discuss it, but we just—*oh*, I don't know. It's complicated."

"*Uh-oh*," Ginny teased. "I thought the whole point of your seven-day sex-a-thon was supposed to remove complications. Have you bitten off too much than you can chew, Min?"

Hermione rolled her eyes, but she didn't answer. Hell, she honestly couldn't because her best friend was scarily right—not with the biting off more than she could chew, but with the complications arising.

The thing was: things *were* getting a bit... *messy*.

Now? Hermione went from being Draco's friend and co-worker to showing him sex and all the things that came with it. Not only that, but she was starting to get jealous over silly little things, like flowers and his other interactions with his friends. *His friends!* That wasn't Hermione Granger. That wasn't in her human nature to get... *bitter* like that.

Plus, the entire bit where someone else would be the one to do this with him every night after it was all said and done.

Honestly (and as much as she hated to admit this, even to herself), she was feeling a bit *relieved* that it would all be over, come tomorrow night. They would have sex, and then that

would be that. *Done. The end.* After that? They could revert to being just friends who shared a bed and slept together.

"Oh... I see now," Luna hummed in that ethereal voice. "You and my cousin are having coital relations. That explains his newfound aura and increased masturbation."

Hermione's cheeks warmed as Ginny choked promptly on her wine.

"I'm sorry?" the redhead laughed, brushing her hair out of her face. "What?"

"His aura?" Luna looked expectantly between them. "It's quite heightened, and that only comes with extreme infatuation, like *love* or reinforced masturbation techniques."

Oh, gods. Hermione craned her head back, staring at the wood beams in the ceiling. She needed a lot more wine if they were going to start talking about Draco's habits.

The door swung open again, banging against the side wall with a *thunk*. Hermione didn't have to glance up to know that it was Pansy entering the kitchen, heels clicking against the tile as the overwhelmingly dramatic scent of orchid, patchouli, and something that could only be described as rich and luxe filled the space.

And that was just... *wonderful*, because the last thing Hermione needed was for another eager opinion on the matter.

"Why does Granger look overstimulated?" Pansy drawled.

"Oh," Luna hummed thoughtfully. "Well, it might be because we were just discussing Draco Malfoy's manual stimulation habits."

Looking unfazed, Pansy asked: "And dare I ask *why*?"

Groaning, Hermione finally lowered her head, relieving the tension in her neck. "Are you sure you want to ask that, Parkinson?" she sighed heavily. "Like really, really sure."

Pansy just shrugged one shoulder, mulberry silk blouse pulling slightly against the pointed jut there. "Well, I am curious, yes. And I'm always down for a little gossip. Nott and Zabini have run out of the juicy bits, and I haven't seen my girlfriends in *ages*. I'm a bit emotionally malnourished when it comes to this bit of chitchat." Glancing between them, her blood-red lips curved. "And I kinda want something against, Dray. You understand, darling. *Yes?*"

Yeah, unfortunately, she *did* understand, and that was the issue.

But she *also* understood that this was something special between the two of them. Then there was the part of her that didn't *want* Pansy to have this knowledge, even if she *knew* Draco would most likely tell her... eventually. Right now, though? This was something just for them. *Not* for the gossip columns in the Prophet or Luna's unnervingly accurate insight or Pansy's personal arsenal of petty blackmail. Hell, not even for Ginny, even if that ship already sailed.

No, this was just for them. Her and Draco. The pair of two curse breakers turned sex teacher and student (respectively).

Nervously, Hermione took a long sip of white wine, trying (and utterly failing) to find a proper way out of this conversation.

Pansy arched an expectant brow. "Well?"

"I—" Hermione hesitated. "It's not that—? We're just—? And you see—?"

"Oh fucking gods! If you're not going to say it, then I will," Ginny blurted, leaning casually against the counter. Her hazel gaze flicked knowingly to Hermione, who could only stare wide-eyed back. "Our dear Min is taking Draco Malfoy's virginity this week, Parkinson. Now, can we get on with this and get back to the dick curriculum? *Please?*"

Honestly? Hermione was beginning to think that the Fates had it out for her.

Pansy blinked once, and then twice, before she burst out laughing. Like full-on doubled-over laughing that Hermione wasn't quite expecting from the formidably chic witch. And okay, it wasn't *that* funny—if she was being honest. *One:* this was about Draco, and that was Parkinson's friend. *Two:* again, back to the not being funny bit.

"Everything alright in there?" Harry called from the living room.

"Fine!" Ginny shouted back before flashing Hermione a mischievous grin. "Min was just telling us about Malf—"

Hermione lunged then, wine sloshing over the rim of her glass, landing on the floor with a *splat*. Gods, that was the last of her worries as she slapped a hand over Ginny's mouth, silencing her before she did any irrefutable damage.

"We're fine!" Hermione squeaked. "Just learning about... uh, different kinds of yeast!"

At that, Ginny licked her palm.

Recoiling, Hermione released a horrified noise, wiping her hand on the back of her jeans. "What is *wrong* with you?" she groaned.

"Oh, come off it, Min," Ginny smirked, wagging her brows. "It's just a little spit. I'm sure you and Ferret boy are quite used to sharing *that* by now."

If Hermione thought her cheeks couldn't get any warmer, she was utterly and entirely wrong. In fact, she was almost positive that they could set a world record.

Ignoring them, Pansy hopped onto the counter with ease. "So what's this I hear about you deflowering my best friend, Granger?" she purred, crossing one leg over her knee.

Hermione took the bottle of wine from the counter and drank right from it. The tart notes and crisp essence kissed her taste buds as she took three large gulps. No, *correction*, massive gulps that went straight to her head in that fuzzy sort of way that only wine could.

Oh... she would *so* need a Sober-Up potion after this.

Swallowing, Hermione wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. "Please," she sighed, meeting Pansy's sable gaze. "Please do not tell anyone about this. Like, swear it on your life, Parkinson."

Pansy held up her palm. "Pureblood's Honor."

Huffing, Ginny made a flourish with her hands. "Good! Great! Glad we got that all worked out. Now, for the love of Merlin's right tit, *please* keep talking, Min. I need to know about everything that happened this week so far."

Losing a breath, Hermione glanced between the three witches. Of course, Luna was already heavily distracted, her gaze turned towards the window as she hummed to herself. The others? Yeah, there was no getting out of this one when they both looked like two feral cats, practically begging for any morsel of information.

Brilliant.

"He asked me—" Hermione dropped her voice lower. "Draco asked me to help him take his virginity, and we did. Or, I... uh, sorta am? It's happening tomorrow night."

"And?" Ginny urged.

Hermione sighed heavily. "We made a seven-day intensive schedule to teach him. It's like —?" She shook her head then, tucking back a loose curl. "It's really mutually beneficial, and it's not a big deal. *Really.*"

Ginny scoffed. "Not a big deal?"

"I have to agree," Luna hummed thoughtfully. "While I do believe that the notion of losing one's virtue is antiquated, there is ancient magic that is said to be involved in the art of deflowering. It's suggested to be done during a Waxing Gibbous, if you are curious. However, that doesn't happen for another two weeks. It would be best to rub rosemary oil on your breasts and add a sprig of wheat to place under your mattress."

"Do I even want to know what that's for?" Ginny asked dryly, taking a healthy sip of wine.

"For fertility, of course."

Ignoring Luna, Hermione looked expectantly at Pansy, taking in the witch's unconcerned look like this was an everyday conversation. "You don't seem surprised," she pointed out. "*Why?*"

Pansy just shrugged one shoulder. "Because I already knew about the contract his father signed," she drawled, tone clipped. "I was a little put out back then when he wouldn't stick his hand down my knickers. Made a big enough fuss about it that he finally told me the truth."

Nibbling on her lower lip, Hermione nodded, attempting to ignore the warmth pooling low in her belly at the thought of those fingers now in his thirty-year-old body versus him in school.

Gods, okay. Now was absolutely *not* the time to think about what Draco had done a few nights ago, sticking said hands down her knickers. Not to mention, his confidence over the phone last night was a stark flip from the flustered man who prematurely ejaculated in his thousand-pound bespoke trousers on Monday.

Unfortunately, that also made her think about tonight and the following bits of their Sex Agenda: *Oral Analysis*.

"Min?" Ginny said, dragging her from her thoughts. "You alright there?"

Hermione blinked. "Oh. Uh? I'm fine. I was just... *thinking*."

Yeah, just thinking about Draco's hands and his mouth and other rather attractive parts, but she digressed. It wasn't important, given that Luna, Ginny, and Pansy didn't need to know how well Draco had progressed in the art of female pleasure over the past few days.

Again, that bitter jealousy coiled even if she knew the three witches wouldn't be the ones to do this with him in the future.

Taking another uncouth sip of wine, she set the bottle down next to Pansy a bit too heavily on the counter. It was then that the dark-haired witch wrapped her hand around Hermione's wrist, stilling her.

"Granger," Pansy lost a breath. "I'm—I'm only saying this because I love Dray like he's my brother. And while, *yes*, I am immensely pissed by his behavior earlier." She scoffed, rolling her eyes. "Utterly galling, really. But it's not going to stop me from saying that you... *gods*, you need to be careful with him."

Hermione's brows pinched as she felt that familiar prickle of confusion. "What—? What do you mean?"

"It just means that he's..." Pansy's words drifted off before she shook her head. "Just be careful with him, yeah? There's a reason he's stayed a virgin for so long."

Brows furrowing further, Hermione just stared at the dark-haired witch.

Yeah, she knew Draco had stayed a virgin because of what Lucius Malfoy did. That was the reasoning Draco told her, so it had to be true. *Right?* Yet somehow it felt like she was missing the whole picture, and there was something Pansy Parkinson was withholding.

Pansy sighed heavily. "Look, this is great and all that you're taking his virginity, but this is far from what he does. He's Draco Malfoy, and when this is over, someone is going to get hurt."

Something unsteady licked its way into her veins, and her skin tightened apprehensively on her bones, sending that caustic bile worming its way into her throat. *Fuck*. Yet, even as she tried to say something—*anything*—she couldn't.

All that kept repeating in her head was Pansy Parkinson's words: *Someone is going to get hurt*.

Yeah, that was what she was afraid of in the end.

The kitchen door groaned open then, as all four witches went completely and utterly silent. And oddly, she didn't need to turn to know precisely who it was: *Draco*.

Gods, had it always been like this? Had she always been this in tune with him, and she never even noticed? How the feel of him promptly erased all that unease within her, replacing it with something more pleasurable... *sensual*. How the beating muscle in her chest went *thump-thump*, playing an ancient tune of lovers against her rib bones. How her breath hitched in her lungs, and her skin tightened over her bones, hearing filthy words instead of a standard greeting that he would typically give her.

'That's it, Hermione. Fuck... show me what you like... yes...'

Ugh. Okay, it was decided: something was seriously wrong with her. And dare she go as far as to say she was considering checking herself in St. Mungos come Sunday when the Sex Agenda was finished? The thought was pretty high up there on her to-do list after everything was said and done. That *and* potentially Obliviating herself to forget, so she wouldn't be this blubbering, jaw unhinged idiot as she felt Draco from where he stood in the threshold of the kitchen.

Someone is going to get hurt.

"Hey," Draco said casually from behind her. "Potter's wondering if we're ready to start."

Pansy had enough decency to raise her glass at Draco, while Ginny just grinned at the wizard behind Hermione like a deranged maniac. Didn't the witch have anything better to do? Like, *oh*, maybe find some sort of fascination with the crudité board like Luna?

Slowly, Hermione turned, meeting his gaze like he was waiting for her and only her. "Everything alright in here?" he asked.

Giving herself a little internal shake, Hermione managed to plaster on a tight smile as she snagged her wine off the counter. "Everything's fine," she lied right through her teeth. "All good, Malfoy. Excellent! Wonderful!"

Draco's brows rose even higher in that clear suspicion. *Yeah, smooth. Really bloody smooth.*

Taking a sip of the Sauvignon Blanc, Hermione wiggled past his massive frame, slipping out of the kitchen. She made it a few steps down the hall before she felt him hot on her heels.

"Hey?" Draco's hand curled around her elbow gently, stopping her. "What was that, Hermione?"

Blinking up at him, her permanently plastered smile wobbled. Gods, she knew he could see right through her, and yet she still lied right through her teeth.

"I'm fine!" she said a little too brightly. "Everything's fine. Dandy!"

Draco leveled her with a look. "You're *not* fine. Did...? Did Parks say something to you?"

Ha. Oh, *did* she. In fact, it was the current reason *why* Hermione was starting to second-guess her entire gods-damn existence on this planet.

Unfortunately, Hermione also felt like she couldn't say *any* of that as she just stared up into his silver eyes. It was almost as if she were under his spell, lost within the pools of ethereal blues and haunting greys. *Beautiful*. That was the only thing she could think of at the moment.

Just... beautiful.

Otherworldly, really.

Ugh. Again, that was also an issue because she shouldn't have this hyper-fixation with Draco Malfoy's eyes, or anything else with his body, for that matter.

"Hermione." Draco's hoarse tone dragged her back to the harsh reality of the present. "Look, if Parks said something to you, just... *fuck*, don't listen to her. She has no right to get involved in—?"

"Draco—"

"No, I mean it. Whatever she said—and I fucking *know* she said something—don't listen to it," he pleaded, silver eyes earnest as he searched hers. "Please. She's just... Parks is doing what Parks does, and that's getting back at me with whatever thing she has in her back pocket."

Without thinking, Hermione placed a palm on his chest. "Draco, everything is fine. She didn't—?" She sucked in a nervous breath, lips quivering as she said: "Parkinson didn't say anything."

"Promise?" he asked, searching her gaze.

"I swear it, Draco."

And *gods*, she felt so awful lying to him. She felt that this was truly one of those sins that parents warned their children about, instilling in them the importance of never swearing, cheating, or lying. Yet whatever he saw there, he seemed to buy it as he nodded slowly.

Unfortunately, that just made her feel worse, but it wasn't anything she couldn't dwell on or with. *Double ugh*. Tonight was supposed to be fun, and she wasn't going to let a few silly words get her down. Right? *Right*.

"Okay," she grinned, the gesture too tight around the edges. "Now, should we go... *uh*, get ready for game night?"

Draco let out a sharp laugh. "Is it so wrong that I want to just go home?"

"*Home?*" Hermione arched a brow up at him. "And not stay for the battle that will ensue? *Draco Malfoy*? Are you—?" She smacked his chest playfully, feigning shock. "Oh gods! Are you scared that you're going to lose?"

"I'm *not* going to lose," he bristled.

"You sure about that?"

"Oh, I'm positive."

"Uh-huh," she teased. "Whatever you say, *sir*."

Draco leaned in, bracing one palm on the wall behind her as he closed the distance between them. His other hand gently grazed down her bare arm, sending familiar goosebumps tightening over her skin.

"I'm *highly* competitive, Granger," he purred, mouth curving seductively as he shifted closer and closer still. "You should know that I strive for excellence at every turn. And I do intend on being the *best*."

Hermione swallowed thickly, eyes wide as tea saucers. *Merlin...*

Yet somehow, she felt like he wasn't talking about game night anymore. And judging by that familiar molten heat boiling behind his moon-lit irises, she just knew she was correct.

Oh, fuck me.

* * * *

Sometimes it amazed Hermione how many people could fit into Luna and Rolf's cottage, given the quaint, homey nature of it.

Then again, it *always* managed to work. All ten of them crowded into the living room, bodies scattered on the various mismatched furnishings that looked as though they'd been thrifted from *every* corner of Great Britain. Golden candlelight flickered from the pillars lining the mantle on the hearth, pooling wax on the stone surface. The coffee table was filled with displays of cheese, cured meats, crudités, and Harry's famous beer cheese dip (though Ronald was currently guarding that like it was a golden egg). Pansy curled up on Neville's lap in the massive floral armchair, while Luna sat cross-legged on the ground in front of Rolf, where he claimed the adjacent leather wingback. Ronald and his new girlfriend, Vanna, took the opposite tartan loveseat, while Hermione and Draco took the other larger sofa with Harry.

Gods, and she was painfully aware of every time Draco's thigh lightly grazed against hers or when he'd subtly shift from his middle seat on the small space, trying not to bump Harry. In fact, Hermione made sure to curl up as far as possible against the curved arm to give Draco ample room. Yet somehow he kept touching her.

Hermione took a sip of her Sauvignon Blanc, tucking her legs under her, hoping that would rectify her problem.

Yeah, spoiler? It didn't. Not even close.

Ginny clapped her hands together. "Alright! Game time!"

Perking up slightly, Hermione straightened against the cushions, watching as Ginny made her way up to the hearth. She didn't quite know what to expect tonight, given the decision to change Charades to Taboo after Ronald pitched a proper fit over it just five minutes before.

Again, Hermione found herself wondering what she ever saw in him.

Yes, he was sometimes adorable (key word there) but more in a brotherly *I-want-to-whack-you-over-the-head* sort of way, rather than *I-want-to-shag-you-until-the-sun-comes-up*.

Really, their sex had been rather subpar (and that was *if* she was remembering it correctly), and most of the time, she was the one putting in all the work. He *hated* going down on her, claiming it wasn't hygienic, and sometimes the taste bothered him. And yet, he was all the more willing to whip out his cock and give her those green eyes and say, '*C'mon, Mione. Just suck it for a little so I can get hard.*'

Inwardly, Hermione groaned.

The thought occurred to her then: What if Draco didn't like oral?

Yes, he'd been excited for it all week, not to mention the whole bits where he kept telling her how much he wanted to taste her. But what if he didn't like it? What if it was all talk because again, he was a virgin with zero experience, so he didn't know what a woman *tasted* like, let alone her?

She was being ridiculous.

And yes, okay. She knew that already, but it didn't stop the thoughts whirling through her head, creating that devilish chaos in their wake. *Ugh.*

"The game is Taboo," Ginny said, flourishing a Muggle deck of purple and black cards as she shuffled them in the air. She glanced at Pansy and then Draco. "*Parkinson* and *Ferret*—the rules are pretty simple. You draw a card, then you try to get your partner to guess the word on top without saying any of the words underneath."

"Might need to spell it out for the Snakes to understand," Ron snickered, taking a swig of beer.

Unable to help it, Hermione rolled her eyes. *Gods...*

Draco leaned over to her then. "I've never heard of this game in my entire life," he said.

"It's a Muggle game," she explained, watching as Ginny smacked Ron over the back of the head for his side comment. "And the only reason we're playing it is because Ronald loses charades every time and almost starts another Wizarding War."

"Right. Got it, because it makes complete and utter sense that we change the original plan because one person can't win and pitches a fit."

Alright. So Draco had a fair point.

"But doesn't taboo mean like something you're not supposed to do?" he asked suspiciously.
"Like a deep social violation? Or something forbidden by law?"

"Uh? Yes?"

"So why, in Merlin's name, would you name a party game after that? It's like naming a children's toy *blasphemy* or calling a picnic event an *Unforgivable*."

Her brows pinched. "You know what, good question."

"I told you Muggles are weird," he drawled.

Rolling her eyes, she snorted into her wine. "Yeah, says the man obsessed with them," she teased.

"Alright!" Ginny snapped, turning her back to Ron. "Parkinson and Ferret? Are you two following me?"

"You know I have a name, Weaselette?" Draco purred.

"*You know I have a name,*" Ginny mocked.

"Touché."

Ginny cleared her throat. "Back to the game, yes? No rhyming, no spell miming, and if I see anyone using Legilimency, you are disqualified."

"Godric, Gin!" Harry groaned. "It was one fucking time. Can't we just drop it? I won't do it again. Swear it."

Draco leaned over again, breath licking against her ear. "Another question," he drawled lowly.

Immediately, goosebumps kissed her bare arms, making her squirm slightly against the cushions. Worse? She couldn't help but press her thighs together, needing to somehow quell that budding ache between them. Honestly? It was ridiculous and highly inconvenient of her biological nature to do this at this very moment. Then again, her ears had always been rather sensitive.

Hell, enough so that sometimes, during sex, it was the only way to make her climax when her partner wasn't exactly getting her off right.

"Is anyone in this room besides Potter a Legilimens?" Draco murmured.

"Well—uh?" Hermione cleared her throat. "You?"

And gods, she swore she could feel his smirk against the shell of her ear. "Fair point, Granger."

Ugh. Alright, he was *totally* doing that on purpose.

Then again, she never once mentioned to Draco that touching her sensitive ears could, in fact, make her come sometimes. It wasn't something she pointed out during their presentation of Sex Agendas, nor when they were enjoying good old-fashioned snogging on his sofa or in the laboratory.

"So let's say the target word is '*Pencil*,'" Ginny went on. "And the taboo words are: '*Write*', '*Eraser*', '*Paper*', '*Point*', and '*Lead*'. You can say things like '*You might use this in school, and you can sharpen it before using it*.'"

Pansy raised her hand then. "Question."

"Yes?" Ginny sighed, gesturing to the dark-haired witch.

"So if the word is, say, '*Broomstick*'?" Pansy asked. "I can only say what's on the cards?"

Ginny groaned. "No, Parkinson, you can't say anything on the cards. So if '*fly*' is not on the card, then you can use it to describe your word. Got it?"

"What if I say a word backwards that's on the card?"

"Still no."

"But it's not *on* the card?" Pansy pointed out. "It's backwards. Merlin, this game sounds stupid."

Another agitated sound escaped Ginny as she glanced towards Neville. "Can you do something about... that?"

"*That?*" Pansy scoffed, rolling her eyes. "I'm not an object, Weasley."

Well, this couldn't go any worse, could it?

Nervously, Hermione took a sip of the Sauvignon Blanc, letting the crisp notes kiss her tongue.

"We'll go in pairs," Ginny explained, glancing around before her hazel gaze landed right on Hermione and Draco. A slow, dangerous smirk pulled at the redhead's freckled lips. *Oh, fuck.* "Actually, I think we finally have even numbers for once. Min and Ferret? You two alright to be a couple?"

"Fine by me," Draco mused casually from beside her. "But only if Granger wants to *be* a couple with me."

Hermione felt her cheeks warm behind the hidden protection of the cool wineglass against her lips. *Yeah...* sure, let's just throw out the '*couple*' word like it's no big deal. No, none at all. Also, yes, she knew she typically came to friends' game nights solo, because she was in fact single, and messed up the even numbers. But no one had *ever* made a point of mentioning it before. So why now?

Her stomach did a slow, awkward somersault then.

Also, (and to add to her list of *whys* and *whatevers*), why, in Merlin's good name, could she feel Draco's deliberate gaze pinned to the side of her head like he was trying to worm his way inside of her thoughts? Frankly? It was a bit unnerving.

And yet, she oddly didn't hate it as much as she assumed she would.

Ginny arched her brows, waiting expectantly for Hermione's response. *Wonderful.*

Clearing her throat, Hermione lowered her wine glass, forcing on what she hoped was a breezy, casual smile. "Fine by me," she said, tone pitched far too high. *Ugh.* "I'm sure it will be helpful anyway, just in case, *uh*—? Well, only Draco has any questions about Taboo."

"Oh, yeah," Ginny smirked knowingly. "Ferret, you're in excellent hands. Min is the *best* at walking people through their first times."

Beside her, Draco choked on his beer so hard that Harry had to whack him on the back. *Yep.* Alright, Hermione's soul? Straight out of her body in a puff of dignity before it went running out of this bloody cottage.

Eyes widening, Hermione mouthed: '*Ginevra!*'

Ginny just shrugged before continuing with her instructions. Yes, so perhaps they should have reconsidered the whole "game night" with her friends. Or, more or less, bringing Draco around Ginny before the end of their Sex Agenda.

She supposed she won some and lost some entirely.

Sighing, Hermione took another long (and quite excessive) sip of wine, hoping that the alcohol would do what her brain clearly could not and quell her nerves. Or at least until internal combustion ensued, because that was becoming a relatively high possibility.

Unfortunately, the Fates were in a Puck-esque trickster mood tonight, as Draco placed his palm right on her denim-clad leg. *Oh!*

Hermione went rigid, wondering if this could've been an accident, like maybe he would pull away any minute now. And yet, he remained right there in that heavy, intentional way that made her brain give that final spark before blowing up.

What the hell was she supposed to do?

No, *really*? Was she supposed to act like this was totally normal and casual and all that unicorn shite? Was she supposed to keep listening to Ginny (who was *definitely* explaining something important to the group)? Was she supposed to pretend like she wasn't thinking about how large Draco's hand was, practically consuming the entire top of her thigh?

Oh, gods. She really, *really* wasn't cut out for this.

The touch felt like it was burning her from within, searing her to the point that she wondered if he cast a Warming Charm or, at the very least, was doing this on purpose.

Every part of her wanted to turn her head and look at him, but her muscles were locked up like she'd been hit with a low-level Petrificus Totalus. Really, all she could do was stare blankly ahead, bob her head in what she prayed was a nodding motion, and absolutely not hyper-focus on the thumb that was starting to lightly tap against her inner thigh. *Ugh.*

Now, maybe in another circumstance where Harry wasn't sitting on the opposite side of Draco and her ex-boyfriend wasn't across the room with his new girlfriend sprawled on his lap, she would've welcomed this. Hell, Hermione would've preened under the physical touch because it was, after all, her love language.

But this? Right here and now? It was sending her into a catatonic state, given how tightly coiled her muscles were under the tension and touch.

The wineglass wobbled precariously between her fingers, rocking against the joint of bone on her knee. *Oh, bloody hell,* was she having a seizure?

"Min?" Ginny's voice sliced through her thoughts.

In a jerky, uncouth motion, Hermione bobbed her head again. "What? Yes? Sorry?"

Ginny raised a brow. "I was just saying that it will be you and Malfoy's turn after Nev and Parkinson. Got it?"

"Yep," Hermione hummed. "Got it."

Yeah, that was a total lie because she did *not*, in fact, have it—not even close—because *why* was his hand still on her leg? Why was he still tapping his fingers to that unknown tune that she couldn't even focus on long enough to figure out?

Ugh. Now, what was their score again?

Draco Malfoy's thumb: about a *zillion*.

Hermione Granger's mental resolution: absolutely *zip*.

Thankfully, Ron and Vanna stood up, giving her a strong distraction for her mind to latch onto. Was it wrong of her to take it as a mercy? Probably, especially as she kept her focus solely on her ex and his *new* girlfriend.

Gods, maybe she was a bit masochistic after all.

"We've got this, Van," Ron said, cracking his knuckles as he strutted his way up to the front of the living room. "Remember, just give me *really* easy clues like we talked about."

"Oi! That's cheating!" Ginny pointed out.

Ron just waved his sister off, keeping his focus on Vanna like he was about to partake in a game of Quidditch. He crouched slightly, spreading his legs in a sort of combative stance: thighs wide, knees bent, hands outstretched, fingers flexed, brows furrowed, eyes squinted. It was almost as if he were prepared to physically catch the word out of thin air.

Unfortunately, it also looked like he was trying to pass gas without anyone noticing.

Oh... *oh, gods.*

Scrunching her nose, Hermione tried her best to ignore that off-putting prickle that morphed into a full-body, uncontained cringe.

Okay, so how in the world had she dated *that*? Found that, right there, charming? The man who was crouching there, shouting overexcited affirmations like '*C'mon, baby!*' every time Vanna got flustered over the word, or how he bounced on the balls of his feet, telling her to give him the next one before the wand timer ran out.

Sweet Mother of Morgana.

Hermione took a long sip of her wine, staring blankly into the middle distance as she contemplated her entire life up until this point.

Beside her, Draco's hand squeezed her thigh, dragging her back to the land of the living. "Question," he mused, leaning in until his shoulder brushed with hers. *Ugh.* "What happens if I use the verbiage form of the word or even the past tense? Like '*sharpening*' versus '*sharp*'?"

She blinked, attempting to focus on the question at hand. What was he asking her? Something about verbs and whatnot, and yet *all* she could focus on was that damn, perfectly large hand on her leg.

Really... Hermione Granger was fully prepared, then, to go clinically insane from one spiral to the next.

Clearing her throat, she kept her gaze focused ahead. "Well," she began quickly, "technically it depends on the enforcement of the rule being used. Some Taboo decks are lenient with word families—meaning if the root word is '*sharp*', then derivatives like '*sharpening*' or '*sharpened*' might be allowed. Though that's only provided they don't appear explicitly on the Taboo list."

"Ah," he hummed. "I see."

"However," Hermione went on, unsure what she was even saying at this point. "However, in stricter play—for example, this hybrid version that Ginny's using—any morphological derivative is considered off-limits if it implies or directly references the intended word. So, in short, *yes*, using '*sharpening*' would probably get you buzzed."

Draco let out a rumbling chuckle beside her. And hell, the sound was entirely unhelpful as it sent a low zing to her belly, coiling there like a waiting beast of desire.

Gods, had she *always* been this horny?

Thankfully, Draco decided then to release his grip on her thigh, but not before he dragged his thumb in another dangerous sweep against the inseam of her jeans.

"You know, you really are an excellent teacher, Hermione," he murmured, leaning back against the cushions as he watched Ron and Vanna play. He dropped his voice lower then. "Not that I needed any reminding of that."

Molten heat bloomed like Fiendfyre on her skin, bleeding into every crevice imaginable as she took a sip of wine, only to find it empty. *Ugh.* Stupid, flushed cheeks. Stupid wine. Stupid bloody game. And (just because she could) stupid, *stupid* Sex Agenda for making her all permanently turned on and whatnot.

"What?" Draco purred. "Are you ignoring me now?"

Scoffing, Hermione turned, intending to say something appropriately dismissive (witty, even), but her words caught in her throat. *Oh...*

She didn't know when or how he turned to face her, but somehow amid her inner conflicting emotions, she missed that usual perception she always had when others were watching her—a talent she obtained through her years of working for the Cursed Artefact Department.

Well, actually, she couldn't quite *say* that he was just watching her, given that he was quite literally staring at her.

Up this close? *Merlin*, she could see the darker slate dancing beyond his pupils like silt churning in the harbor after a ship docked. Then there were the flecks of black, like someone splattered ink over his eyes. Circling the edge of each iris was a faint, icy-blue ring that was the exact shade of a glacial lake in the dead of winter.

Gods, she never noticed that before. Then again, when had she ever been staring this deep into his eyes?

It occurred to her then as she wondered what he saw when he looked at her. Did he notice the ring of obsidian she had around the edge of her own irises?

Every bit of her wanted to know everything that circulated in the deep thoughts within his gaze.

"Ron, you bloody cheated!" Harry's voice cracked through the stillness, severing the moment like a snap of a rubber band against her bare wrist. "No! You definitely just saw that card! Gin, do—do something!"

Hermione blinked, sucking in a ragged breath of air as she looked away from Draco, towards where Harry was leaning across the coffee table, pointing his half-empty beer bottle at Ron. The amber ale sloshed precariously along the sides.

Yet, all she could think of was: What the hell just happened?

Someone is going to get hurt...

Yeah, she was starting to wonder if that someone was, in fact, going to be her. *Fuck.*

"I did not cheat, Harry!" Ron argued back. "Vanna nodded! That's not my fault."

"I wasn't nodding," Vanna huffed, rolling her eyes. "I was bopping."

Harry blinked before he blurted, "What the bloody fucking hell is bopping?"

Sighing, Hermione dragged her wineglass up to her mouth, only to discover (again) that it was empty. *Oh, lovely.* Immediately, her lips curved down in displeasure. Yet before she could even turn around, Draco was right there, reaching behind her for the chilled bottle tucked in the copper bucket. Magicking off the excess droplets, he popped the cork with the skill of someone who knew *exactly* what he was doing.

Though she *did* suppose that he wasn't a wine virgin, considering his excellent taste in Malbecs, Barolos, Zinfandels, and Sancerres.

Did she need to go on? Nope.

Grabbing her glass, Draco poured her a glass of wine without a word, eyes holding hers the entire time. *Gods...*

It was just wine (in all honesty), and it wasn't like he hadn't done that before. Actually, Draco Malfoy had *always* done that for her. And over ten years of friendship, between the push and pull, and him getting her coffee every morning and late-night mindless debates on cursed artefact exhibitions and saving each other from awkward political functions, he'd always just... *known.*

He knew *when* she needed an out.

He knew *when* she needed that quiet stillness that came with silence and the presence of another human in the room.

He knew *everything*, and sometimes (especially right now) it was utter madness.

Unfortunately (or rather fortunately), that was what came with a history built not on grand gestures, but on those small, almost invisible things that accumulated when someone had been paying attention for *far* longer than she ever realized.

Swallowing thickly, Hermione took the glass from him, fingers brushing. "Thanks," she said softly, gently.

Draco didn't respond as his lips curved up in that familiar half-smile, grey eyes glittering. Around them, the room buzzed with laughter, shouting, and Ginny threatening to toss a mini croissant at Ronald.

Yet, somehow, she couldn't hear any of it as her gaze held his and the thrum of her pulse radiated in her head.

Not for the first time, Hermione wondered if their Sex Agenda was even a good idea in the first place—if she should've done more arithmetic equations of the potential outcomes and the pros and cons. If she should've honestly thought this diarrheic beyond that lusty, horny side of her that just wanted a free-for-all sex week with a rather attractive male specimen and friend.

Yeah, key emphasis on the friend part because that was what they were: friends with that big, fat capital "F". *Ugh*.

And *gods*, she was absolutely, irrevocably in so much trouble, because Pansy Parkinson was right: someone *was* going to get hurt in the end.

One guess who.

Chapter End Notes

Oh! Hi! I'm back and greetings from London!

I was able to get some writing done while here (because why not?). But apologies for any and all mistakes!! I tried to edit through a few times, but I kept adding things! Oops! I've never actually written or played around with the idea of a character getting the ick from someone, but it's kinda fun to think about all the things someone can do that is just off-putting in certain moments.

Hope everyone has had a good few weeks! I'll see you lovely people next Wednesday!
The next chapter is a naughty one ;)

Lots of love,
Mads

Sex Agenda Playlist: [The Agenda Playlist](#)

Come say hi on Insta: [Insta](#)

Chapter 8: Friday: Oral Analysis

Chapter Notes

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

Friday, June 21st Part Two *Day Five: Oral Analysis*

Hermione wiggled again in the leather club chair situated in the corner of Draco's bedroom.

For the past two minutes (yes, precisely *two* whole minutes), since Draco had entered his ensuite to shower, she crossed and uncrossed her legs about twenty times and combed her fingers through her curls until her scalp started to ache. It also didn't help that she found herself hyper-fixating on the sound of the water permeating through the double doors, or how the scent of Draco's woodsy bergamot soap drifted out with the effervescent clouds of steam.

Sure, he told her *just* to follow him up when they arrived home from Game Night, but now that she was alone with just her thoughts, she wondered if that was such a good idea. *Ugh.*

She knew she could blame her conversation with Parkinson earlier. Then again, she really couldn't, given that the dark-haired witch didn't push the subject matter further during the intense first round of Taboo. Nor did Hermione ever catch Pansy watching them in that way that she expected after what she said: *Someone is going to get hurt.*

Hermione gave a quick shake of her head, dispelling the thoughts.

Really, did it even matter? They had one day left in this whole ordeal, and then they would go back to being *just* friends.

Right? Right.

See, no one could get hurt in *less* than twenty-four hours. There had to be a scientific study on it or something, because the thought alone felt impossible.

Plus, there was *absolutely* no way she was going to spend the night on Day Six of their Sex Agenda after the deed was said and done.

The rule? Well, it was something she just made up for herself (and she supposed him, too) in the past few minutes, but it went a little something like this: Hermione Granger would only have sex with Draco Malfoy *once*, let him experience it for all it's worth, and then she'd leave.

No *if*, *ands*, or *buts* about it.

Sighing, Hermione shifted again on the leather chair, glancing around his room.

For all their years of friendship, she'd never been up *here*—in his bedroom. Really? What reason would she have before their current agreement? And yes, while she'd spent the night in his guest room before, she'd never dared to push the silent, unspoken boundaries and intrude on his personal space.

Of course, he'd been in hers multiple times, and the only reason for that was because it was the *only* toilet in her flat.

Bedrooms were personal and private and sacred (or at least Hermione thought so).

Now? Gods, five days into their Agenda, and she was sitting in his armchair, wiggling like someone cast a Jelly-Legs Hex on her as she took in his room, knowing this would probably be the last time.

Or, okay, maybe tomorrow would be the last time ever.

Whatever.

Either way, the space was painfully neat—clinical, really—in a way that didn't quite feel lived in at all, with not a single speck of dust, sock, or spare coin in sight. What was the word? Deliberate? Possibly. Military? Undoubtedly.

It didn't have the warm, cosy feeling she was expecting, or lived-in, like how someone's space would after living here as long as Draco had. It was all clean lines and low-profile furniture in those bleached tones of whites, dove greys, and washed ash-wood. The fixtures were all cold brass with odes of navy that somehow managed to feel both expensive and impersonal, like a showroom in one of those stores that Hermione felt guilty glancing through the windows. Or like one of those upscale Scandinavian hotels that lacked any signs of actual human habitation.

Though she supposed that it all made sense, considering the rest of the penthouse matched the aesthetic—sleek, modern, and opulent.

She lost a breath, fingers curling over the armrest, gaze drifting over towards the massive king-sized bed with crisp white sheets tucked so tightly she could've bounced a knut off it. And yes, she was correct about the thread count, because there was no doubt in her mind that it was above two thousand. *Ha!* Easily. In fact, the linen duvet was folded in thirds, and Hermione almost laughed at the sight.

Gods, who knew Draco was this... *anal*. Like, okay, beyond what she already knew in his everyday life, when the pair worked together in the Cursed Artefacts Laboratory.

Then again, Draco *did* organize his quills by size and shape, and ink retention ability.

Rubbing her hands over her thighs, Hermione stood, walking over towards the only portion of his room that hinted at a dose of humanity: his ash-wood dresser.

It was filled with several photographs in Goblin-made silver frames, organized almost strategically. Yet she couldn't quite figure out the pattern between the collection of those from

school and adulthood.

There were four photographs in the front, the first of which was from his youth—something taken in the cloister at Hogwarts of Draco, Theodore Nott, Blaise Zabini, and Pansy Parkinson. Was that third year? Possibly, given the uniforms they wore with their emerald ties perfectly in order, and shirts tucked in. Nott was grinning broadly, revealing all his teeth, while Pansy was mid-eye roll at whatever Zabini had just said. But Draco was right there in the middle, looking shockingly unguarded as his mouth twisted in a familiar, signature smirk.

Unable to help it, Hermione's lips twitched, unknowingly matching his in the image.

The next was a picture of Draco and Narcissa, likely taken at one of the latter's charity galas, given that it appeared to be from within the last few years. Draco was dressed in perfectly tailored black dress robes, while she wore a sapphire silk gown with a pearl-draped collar.

Gods, she looked like she just stepped off a haute couture runway in Milan or Paris. And alright, Draco did too, considering Hermione could readily admit that he looked particularly sexy in all black.

Cocking her head, Hermione studied the photograph.

Okay, she remembered this event—it was one where Draco had invited her as a friend, but she respectfully declined, telling him that she was not suited for the world of Pureblood traditions and dancing. Plus, she *really* couldn't afford a new dress (after buying a new armchair for her living room) to top those in the Upper Echelons.

Of course, Draco had insisted that he'd buy her something if she needed it, but she told him not to be ridiculous. Actually, Hermione was positive she said: *'I'm not a charity case, Malfoy. And while I'm thankful that you would do that for me, I won't allow you to buy me things just because I can't purchase them myself.'*

She digressed.

The next silver picture frame was a bit larger than the rest, and for a moment, her brain lagged on the image as she blinked once and then twice. There, standing taller than the rest, was a photo of them.

What the hell?

Hermione remembered exactly *where* and *when* the photo was taken because they'd been in Brazil on a tediously long cursed artefact retrieval. It was two summers ago, in fact, and by this point they'd been there for three weeks. The tropical climate was lovely against her skin, but horrible for her curls as the heat and humidity made the honey-brown ringlets swell five times their usual size. Hell, she looked more lion than a witch, so she eventually gave up on Sleek-Eazy and the other potions she'd accumulated over the years.

Instead, she just braided her hair in two twin plaits to help keep it out of her face when on the retrieval site.

This was the point where they were about to give up, and their temporary supervisor at the Brazilian Ministry of Magic, *Letícia Nogueira*, had advised them to take a few days off.

They spent that first day lounging on the beach by their temporary lodgings. Draco had gotten so sunburned, even after lathering his skin in sunblock, that he looked like a Vitamin-D-deficient vampire, while she'd gotten a lovely olive-golden glow with a healthy dose of freckles. The next day, they stumbled upon a beachside Muggle bar and promptly decided to stay after they had their first sip of citrusy Caipirinhas.

Without thinking, Hermione picked up the frame, thumb gingerly brushing over the polished glass.

It was technically a terrible photo—all overexposed and slightly blurry due to the fingerprint smudges on the lens of the Muggle disposable camera Draco had insisted on purchasing at a tourist shop. Yet, there was no denying how *happy* they looked with their eyes crinkled in the corners and their skin all sun-kissed (some more sunburnt than others) and salt-worn with that hint of pure intoxication over the refreshing Caipirinhas that the bartender kept coming. That day, she'd worn a cornflower blue sundress; her tanned legs stretched out over his thighs, her body practically on his lap, with sand clinging to her bare feet and ankles. Draco had on a pair of swim trunks and an unbuttoned linen shirt.

But his gaze? It was focused solely on her as she smiled at the camera, his arm wrapped securely around her waist, while hers rested around his shoulder, her head leaning there happily.

Hermione's brows pinched, then. How, in Merlin's name, did he get this? Because she distinctly remembered him telling her that not a single one of the photos they took was salvageable when he eventually got them developed.

The bathroom door creaked open behind her as a plume of steam wafted through the air, curdling against the ceiling.

Whirling, Hermione still held the picture frame in her hand. Eyes wide and lips parted, her mouth went immediately dry, and for a moment, she swore her ovaries gave a little dance.

Oh, bloody rutting hell...

Hermione couldn't have been more obvious if she'd tried, as she gawked at him. No, correction: she *drooled* with absolutely no gods-damn shame.

It was like she'd never seen a male specimen fresh out of the shower, or at least one with a thin bathing sheet wrapped precariously around his waist. Water dripped obscenely down the muscled planes of his slightly pink chest before dipping below the towel.

Okay, was it bad that she was beginning to get *really* jealous of that? The bathing sheet? *Honestly*. Especially given the outline of him that she could see quite clearly through the damp cotton material.

Gods... she wanted to lick him, tasting the hint of his soap and the essence of the shower.

Draco cleared his throat. "Hey, you," he drawled lowly.

Startled, Hermione blinked, giving her head a little shake to rattle her back to reality. "H-Hey!" she said a bit too brightly. "How was your shower?"

Shrugging, his gaze flickered towards her right hand. At the attention, her fingers automatically curled around the cool, silver edges of the Goblin-made frame.

Oh, she was still holding that, wasn't she? *Dammit.*

"I—uh? Sorry?" Hermione laughed nervously, raising the picture frame in an awkward wave. "I was just—? Sorry, I was curious, and—" she cleared her throat. "I didn't know you had this?"

"The picture?" he asked. "You knew I took photos during those weeks, Granger."

"Yeah, I know, but you told me that they were all terrible."

Draco's brows rose before a slight flush pinked his cheeks, matching his irritated skin from the scalding shower. "I did?"

She only hummed.

"Uh, well, right," he said, rubbing the nape of his neck. "I guess I forgot that there was only one decent one. Fuck, sorry. I thought you knew."

Gods, she just *knew* he was lying, because Draco Malfoy had many tells: a twitch of his jaw, a nervous rub of his nape, a pretty little flush to his cheeks.

Dare she say *check, check, and check?*

At this point in their friendship, she could catalog them like she was preserving cursed grimoires or haunted mirrors. Then there was the whole reiteration of her *vividly* remembering him telling her that none of them were worth keeping. Actually, she'd been a bit put out over it, and he kept reassuring her that if he had some, he'd give them to her.

So *why* lie? Why keep this from her? It didn't make any sense. And where the hell were the rest of the photos? Because if he lied about this one, she damn-well knew he had more.

Unfortunately, Hermione didn't have it in her at the moment to press the subject matter.

Draco cleared his throat, dragging her from her reverie. "You can take it," he told her, gesturing vaguely towards the photo in her hands. "I mean, *uh*, if you want?"

"No!" she blurted uncouthly. The sound was too loud, too fast, and all too Hermione. Immediately, she loosened her grip, setting the picture back on the dresser. Straightening it so it fell in line with the others, her fingers lingered for a moment longer against the silver edge. "I mean, thank you—*really*, Draco. But I think... I think *you* should keep it."

"You sure?"

"Oh," she sighed under her breath, "I'm sure."

Silence filled the space as she stared down at the image, memorizing it in her mind of the two of them grinning wildly at the camera and the way her legs were draped lazily over his thighs; his hand resting on them as his gaze fixated on the side of her head.

Hermione cleared her throat, attempting to sound breezy. "Besides," she went on, "we look ridiculous in this."

"I think you look rather beautiful," Draco hummed softly, casually. "Probably one of my favorites of us."

Blinking, she glanced up at him, feeling that unfamiliar buzz radiating under her skin at his words. Yet, Draco was already making his way into his massive walk-in wardrobe, seemingly oblivious.

Ugh. Why? Why? Why?!

"That was a good trip, wasn't it?" Draco called from inside his closet.

"Yeah," Hermione laughed, again praying she sounded at least somewhat normal. "Minus your dramatic sunscreen meltdown, I'd say yes. Surprisingly good."

"I got second-degree burns," he bristled, opening a drawer. "I really don't think I was being all that dramatic."

"And yet, they were able to heal them up just fine at the infirmary, Draco. Again, dramatic."

"Yeah, but you didn't have to experience the pain of sleeping with a sunburn. Do you know how awful that is?"

Shaking her head, Hermione rolled her eyes, folding herself back down into the leather armchair. Pulling her knees up to her chest, she wrapped her arms around them as she watched him move inside his closet.

"Well, now you know never to go out without—" Hermione's words immediately died on her tongue as his towel fell off his waist, revealing his naked backside to her. *Oh, fuck me.*

That? Right there had to be illegal in ten different countries as she blatantly stared at his firm, pale, and oddly symmetrical arse. And yes, she knew she should've looked away because, *really*, any decent person would've, but she... didn't. Or maybe she couldn't, because even at nearly thirty-one, she couldn't resist the Greek-statue-grade backside of a man she just spent the entire week teaching how to snog, touch, and drive her senseless.

So, no. Hermione Granger did not look away.

And really, who could blame her? Men stared at women's arses all the time, so why couldn't she? Especially when it was right in front of her, looking like it was begging for her to sink her teeth into the toned globes.

Okay, maybe that was a bit too far. Oh, *whatever*.

Draco pulled on a pair of dark grey joggers, jumping into them slightly. Commando? *Huh*, interesting. Yeah, she definitely made a mental note of that one, though she supposed that they would both be getting undressed in a little bit, so did briefs even matter?

Turning, Draco flicked off the light switch in his closet as he braced his shoulder against the doorframe. "So?" he drawled lowly, one brow arched. "What's on the docket, Professor Granger?"

Her gaze slid down his still-bare chest to where the joggers sat low on his hips. *Gods*, and she didn't know whether to be extremely grateful that he had decided to forgo a shirt or nervous that he was leaning there, looking more like a Muggle *GQ* model than a thirty-year-old virgin.

Ugh.

But honestly? He should not look like that. No, not for a man who had never, *ever* been with someone beyond what he claimed was a polite, gentlemanly peck on the cheek. Not for someone who still didn't know the mechanics of sex beyond what he learned through his own personal research.

It made absolutely zero sense.

Then again, it *did*, because he was still a human and *not* an object. He could look perfectly fit and still be a virgin *if* he wanted. And, *hey*? That was his prerogative. He was the one who decided that he wouldn't fall victim to some archaic, misogynistic Purebloodian contract that tied his entire inheritance to the timing and politics of virginity.

He wanted control and a choice.

He wanted to lose his virginity to someone he trusted, rather than be tied down in a loveless marriage.

And (apparently) he wanted to lose it to her.

Something about that sent those persistent little butterflies fluttering their diaphanous wings in her belly.

"Hermione?"

Blinking, she lifted her gaze, feeling that unmistakable warmth lick up her throat. *Right*, words.

"Yes, sorry," she let out a pathetic laugh as she sat up in the chair, hearing the leather groan under her. "I was just... uh, *well*, thinking."

"About?" he pressed.

About you? Your abdominals? Your ability to look like a sex god and yet be so innocent? The thought of what might happen if you were married right now, and this never happened between us? Everything? Also, I'm finding that I really, really want to get on my knees and lick up your stomach. Is that bad? A yes or no will suffice.

Fortunately for her self-preservation and dignity, she didn't dare to tell him any of that. Instead, she blurted out: "Today!"

Draco arched a brow. "Yes?"

Really, smooth. *Ugh.*

Hermione cleared her throat. "Well, it's Day Five, and I was thinking that we should approach it a bit more... methodically. I mean, oral sex requires a few different, *uh*, parameters. And while I know that we know each other intimately and otherwise, I think we should probably take a few minutes for physical re-acclimation. Maybe some kissing or light fondling or just to recalibrate back to—well, *uh*? You know?"

Pushing off the threshold, Draco walked across the plush cream carpet without a word before stopping right before where she sat in his club chair. He didn't even hesitate as he leaned down, palm gently cupping the nape of her neck as he angled her head up to his and kissed her.

No, like *really* kissed her in that soft and sure way. *Damn.*

Honestly? All she could do was focus on the way his tongue traced the seam of her lips—not quite searching, and yet looking all the same for that satisfying permission. And if there was an award for the most caught off guard, then she certainly was a contender as she remained there, utterly frozen in her spot. *Holy gods...*

Draco pulled back, still cupping her nape as his fingers toyed with the delicate curls as he smirked down at her.

"What—?" Hermione swallowed thickly, lips tingling in the aftermath. "What was that for?"

"Had to do something to turn off Scary Swott Mode, Granger," he drawled, voice low and filthily rich.

She blinked again. "*O-Oh.*"

A low laugh escaped him as his fingertips trailed along her jaw, before gingerly tucking back a loose curl behind her ear. His touch lingered for a moment, and she would've been lying if she said that she didn't wish that it could remain forever.

Unfortunately, like all good things, it ended far too soon as he dropped his hand.

"As you were saying?" he murmured, standing back to his full, impressive height.

She wetted her lips. "Right, well... today is about, *uh*, oral."

"Yeah, figured that much, Granger," he said, grinning playfully with that seductive smirk. "I've been looking forward to this day all week."

Again, those needy little butterflies swarmed low in her belly, mixing in with the arousal she was trying very, *very* hard to ignore.

Godric, now, why did he have to say it like that? All husky and manly and in a way that she knew she'd be replaying for the rest of her human life. Honestly? It was pretty unfair.

"Can I say something?" Draco asked, dragging her from her thoughts.

Brows pinched, she met his gaze. "Of course."

He nodded before running a hand over his nape. "I was thinking—" he paused, hesitating. "As much as I'd really like for you to suck me off tonight, I kinda... well, I just want to go down on you."

All Hermione could do was blink.

Draco just shrugged. "I want to eat you out, Hermione."

"I—?" She cleared her throat, forcing that unyielding knot right out. "I heard you, but *why*?"

"Why not?" he said simply, yet there was no way to miss that earnest look in his silver gaze. "I'd like to do it. Preferably multiple times or however much you can handle. I won't be picky."

"I'm—I'm flattered, Draco," she laughed breathlessly, warmth bleeding over her entire body with equal parts arousal and nerves. "I really am, but this—this is about *you*. It's supposed to be your first—"

"Yeah, and it's about you, too."

"But—?"

"No, Hermione," Draco interrupted her. "It's about us experiencing this together. And while all I've been able to think about for the past few days is the idea of you on your knees for me, sucking me off. I—" Draco's lips twitched as he glanced away sheepishly. "Fuck, I've also only been able to think about what you taste like. *Gods*, it's all I fucking want."

Yep. And that, ladies and gentlemen, was the moment her brain promptly broke.

Her body (on the other hand) seemed to get his message loud and clear as those fluttering pulses quickened where her sex was pressed against the seam of her denims with its own damn heartbeat. Everything in her was aching with *need* and that *want* she felt low in her belly and down to her toes.

But her mind? *Ha*. It was still lagging on his words: '*I've only been able to think about what you taste like...*'

Well, okay, he *did* say that he wanted to go down on her multiple times. Then, there was the whole 'face-sitting' bit that was circled in red and highlighted in their Sex Agenda for this day in particular. *Oh, fuck me.*

Hermione knew she needed to pull it together now. Like now—*now*. And preferably before he noticed her utter stupor as she gawked up at him all wide-eyed and conflicted. One, she was Hermione Granger. She'd defeated Death Eaters, fought in wars, earned the *Order of Merlin: First Class*, claimed the moniker the Brightest Witch of Her Age, and she was damn good at her job. And two, she could most certainly handle Draco Malfoy begging to give her oral. Right? *Damn* right.

Slowly, she inhaled before releasing a long exhale. Yep, *okay*, she could totally do this. If he wanted just to taste her and not let her return the favor, she would be perfectly fine with that. Hell, wasn't that every woman's dream? To be pleasured for hours without having to extend the favor?

Oh, *whatever*.

Without a word, Hermione stood, fingers hooking under the hem of her fitted t-shirt as she pulled it over her head. Holding her hand out, she let it fall to the floor in a silent hush.

Immediately, Draco's breath hitched as his gaze flickered down towards her chest. There was unquestionably no shame as he openly stared at her breasts, barely contained within the lacy black balconette bra that Ginny had bullied her into purchasing. At the time, Hermione called it *utterly* impractical. But now? She supposed she owed the redhead witch a bottle of wine and a thank-you note for her impactful service.

Draco Malfoy's stupor: *zero*.

Hermione Granger's breasts: *one*.

Smirking at her current win, her fingers latched onto the metal button of her jeans. Slowly, she undid them, as if she were performing a burlesque show for him (and something she'd never really done for anyone else). Yet, she was *fueled* by the way his gaze seemed to track every movement with that undiluted hunger; how captivated he was by the sensual drag of her denims down her thighs.

Gods, and was it so wrong that she found some sort of sick pleasure in this? The idea that she could enchant him like he was under her spell?

She shimmied them off before kicking them to the side.

There was absolutely no doubt in her mind that he hated the haphazard tossing without a care. *Oops*. After all, she knew he was the meticulous type who *never* left anything on the floor and always put his clothes in the hamper. Was that a Pureblood thing? Or just something he'd forced himself to do? Because she knew for a fact that he had house-elves picking up after him when he was growing up.

Shaking off the thought, Hermione glanced up at Draco, expecting him to be glaring—brows pinched and all—at her small pile of clothes on the floor.

Yet, he wasn't.

Gods, instead, he was entirely focused on the matching lace thong like a dog begging for scraps. *Holy hell...* That look alone was enough to boost her confidence, sending her practically preening with pleasure as she walked over to his bed before climbing onto the duvet. It squished beneath her palms as she moved.

Okay, and *yes*, maybe she arched her spine just a little more than necessary, allowing him to glimpse a peek at the space between her thighs.

Behind her, Draco *groaned*.

Smirking, she inched towards the center of the bed before she turned and plopped down against the mattress. Her curls spilled over her shoulders, tickling her pebbled skin as she stared at him through hooded eyes.

Your move, Malfoy.

"You know," Draco began, voice thick with lust, "I should be the one crawling to you, Granger."

Hermione's lips twitched as her palms spread over the cool duvet. "I think I can take this sacrifice just this once."

His brows rose, but he didn't say a single word. No, instead, he moved, following her exact path up the bed. *Gods...* There was no mistaking that boyish glint that filled his eyes, making everything in her tighten.

Pressing his palms on either side of her shoulders, the mattress dipped under his weight. "Hey," he said huskily, damp waves falling over his brow. "I think I like you lying in my bed."

"Only like?" she teased.

Draco's lips twitched. "Yeah, well, I definitely *love* the view now," he drawled huskily. "Think I might just keep you here, Granger."

"I wouldn't mind staying," she laughed softly. "It's a *very* comfortable bed."

Something undecipherable flashed over his features before he schooled them. "It should be, considering that I paid a fortune for it. Nott had it shipped from Sweden."

Rolling her eyes, Hermione reached up to swat at his shoulder, but Draco quickly caught her wrist. Her breath hitched as he dragged it to his mouth, placing a tender kiss against her skin. *Oh... oh, gods.* Lips parted, all she could do was stare up at him as she felt the air shift around them in that heavier, unmistakable way that reminded her of more intimate moments with others.

Yet this wasn't just someone else.

No, this was Draco Malfoy—her *friend*, co-worker, and confidant. It was a man who trusted her enough to let her teach him the ins and outs of sex. It wasn't just another lover in her bed that she'd screw until the early hours of the morning before sending them on their merry way.

It was... *different*.

Unfortunately, that only made everything more complex, even as she continued to suppress those emotions. Because right now? She didn't quite have the mental capacity to unpack *that*.

Draco leaned over then, distracting her as he pressed a gentle, open-mouthed kiss on the underside of her jaw. She arched her throat up at him, giving him silent access as he worked his way down.

"Just so you know," he drawled in that husky, sultry murmur, "I would crawl to you if you asked me, Hermione. I would get on my hands and knees and crawl across the floor until I'm between your thighs, *begging* you to let me have any part of you."

Oh, now why did he have to go on and say that? *Really*. Because there was no way in all the magical and mundane worlds where she could come up with an appropriate response to, well, *that*.

Seemingly unfazed, Draco lingered at the hollow of her throat before he dipped lower. It was almost adorably eager how he found the curve of her breast, groaning against the soft skin as he exhaled.

Thankfully, the reverent touch was enough for her mind to go utterly blank, forgetting all about dramatic confessions and whatnot.

"Fuck, I've been thinking about these since the other night," Draco muttered. "*Tu vas me tuer un jour, et je pourrais même te laisser faire.*"

Hermione's toes curled against the expensive sheets, arching up into him as he moved lower on her breast. The wet heat of his mouth enclosed over her pebbled peak through the lace, tongue flicking against the fabric, adding an odd sort of pleasure. *Oh, gods*. The contrast felt like too much and not enough as she writhed against the mattress.

Could she come from this again? Was that what he was trying to do? Make her come again from his tongue and lips and teeth on her skin? It was highly plausible.

Sadly, that blissed-out bubble she'd been enjoying was popped the moment she felt his entire mouth enclose around her breast with a heavy, overenthusiastic suction. *Oh—okay, ow*. In fact, her whole breast practically disappeared into his mouth like he was attempting to devour her or she was quite literally his own personal chew toy.

Immediately, Hermione's fingers dove into his still-damp strands, tugging him away (or to pry him off of her).

Yet, he didn't let up.

"Draco!" she gasped, yanking again with the promise that she would cause pain to his roots.
"Draco, *ow!* Gods! Fuck! Light—*lighter*, please!"

He released her with a scandalous *pop*, lips pink, slick, and utterly swollen.

"W-What?" he asked, seemingly dazed. "What happened? Did I do something wrong?"

Mouth parted and chest heaving, she was prepared to tell him that yes, he did, in fact, do something wrong. Unfortunately, something within her promptly rebooted, latching onto the sight of him and his mouth.

Alright, *one*: How in Merlin's good name did he do that? How did he take her *entire* breast into his mouth with that much enthusiasm, like he was trying to win something? *Two*: She knew she was far bigger than a handful. Her breasts were not small, *okay*? And at this point in their ten-year-long friendship, she knew his mouth wasn't big enough to swallow her whole.

Actually, he'd choked on his lunch more times than she could count after a long period without a break, allowing his hunger to take over.

"Hermione?" Draco asked, voice laced with that raw concern. "Did I...? Did I hurt you?"

Swallowing thickly, she shook her head as she pried her fingers from his hair. "*Uh?* Sorta?" she told him honestly, tentatively, hating the resolute disappointment flickering over his features. "I mean, it wasn't awful!" *Lie*.

His brows rose. "But not... good?"

"No—no!" she stammered. "I mean, *yes!* I mean, just—just maybe not so intense. No, like an, *um*—" Hermione's eyes dropped back down to his still-wet mouth. *Fuck*. "Just not like a Hoover."

"A Hoover? Like... the Muggle vacuum?"

Hermione winced. "Yeah."

Staring at her, he seemed to try to process what she had just said. It *really* only took a second before his eyes widened in horror. "You think I'm sucking you like a Muggle vacuum cleaner?" he blurted.

"Well, it's kinda bordering on that and an overly enthusiastic Dementor trying to suck my soul out of my... well, yeah?"

"*Hermione!*" Draco squeaked, as a familiar, innocent blush crept into his cheeks. "I cannot be fucking compared to a Dementor. You know that's—*Salazar*, that's like ten times worse."

Internally? Hermione groaned.

Loosing a breath, her fingers gently grazed his forearms, hoping and praying that it would (at the very least) somewhat soothe the apparent panic within.

"Listen," she began, eyes meeting his, "I'm not trying to be... harsh. It just—Draco, my body is kinda sensitive there, and the suction was just a bit intense. Remember we talked about this? I need you to be gentle with them."

Draco nodded his head, swallowing thickly. "Yeah, okay." He hesitated, gaze flickering down to where the lace clung to her still-damp skin. "It's just... I got a bit carried away, and I'm—? You're so—? Fuck, Hermione. I just—" Lifting a hand, he gestured vaguely to her. "Have you seen yourself? I can't help myself when it comes to... this. *You*."

Her eyes widened before she quickly schooled her features, trying (and failing) to ignore his words. "It's... *alright*."

"Okay."

"Yeah, okay." A beat of silence passed between them before she whispered, "You can keep going if you... *uh*, want? Just remember there's no race against the clock. The slower the better."

"Slow," he repeated. "Got it."

"I have the utmost faith in you."

Rolling his lips together, Draco didn't say a word as he leaned back down, holding her gaze. She watched with rapt focus as he reached between them, hands a little unsure and yet painfully devoted. Carefully, he peeled back the cup of her bra, exposing her to the cool elements as the lace gave way.

"Slow like this?" he asked.

"Yes," she told him. "Slow just like that. You're doing *so* good, Draco."

If she weren't looking at him, she would've seen the way his lips twitched (just *barely*) at the praise. The way that his lashes fluttered or how his fingers pressed more firmly into her sides, and his mouth ghosted over her.

Alright, so maybe Draco Malfoy, master of control in his daily job and virgin, might just have a praise kink after all. *Huh*. Interesting. And yes, she did store that mental information away for a rainy day, because why the hell not?

Long story short? Draco *liked* being told when he did something right.

Her fingers combed through his hair again, gentler this time, causing him to hum in pleasure as his warm breath ghosted over her pebbled skin. *Holy gods...* Nothing existed beyond the press of his lips to her tender skin. He dragged his open mouth along the curve of her, lingering there before moving with a dart of his tongue out over her peak.

Hermione's breath caught in her chest.

There was a pause as he seemed to memorize her through every sound. It was a wait, a listen, a student who *wanted* to know and learn in order to ensure success. Another moment passed before he finally enclosed his lips around her nipple, suckling gently.

Her head tipped back into the Hippogriff-down pillow as her body arched instinctively into him.

Hell, everything about the sensation was electric—all sharp and sweet and perfect at once. The heat of it curdled low in her belly and sang in her veins as his hands tightened on her waist, anchoring her as his mouth worked over her, tongue circling and flattening. It drew lazy patterns that made her want to moan out.

Actually, she did.

"*Oh...*" she whimpered, tugging on his still-damp strands. "Yes... Draco, *yes!*"

Right then and there? Hermione was painfully aware that the student had outshone the teacher. Well, did she expect anything less with his impeccable learning skills? No, not really, especially when he maintained pressure just right, tugging and laving and wetting every inch of her tender breasts until she could only feel him on her. Heat bloomed like the core of flame between her thighs, making her wonder how his mouth would feel on other, more *sensitive* parts of her.

Peering up at her, he slowly (sinfully) released her peak with a *pop*.

"I could do this all day," Draco told her, tongue darting out as if he couldn't get enough, leaving a trail of shining saliva in his wake as he moved to the other. "Worshipping your breasts? *Gods...* they're so damn amazing, Hermione. You know that?"

Yeah, so she did.

And *sure*, maybe some people might call her a narcissist for it, but honestly? Let them. She had fabulous tits. Truly excellent, symmetrical, perky, and—if her past lovers were to be believed—shockingly resilient to gravity.

Hermione had grown into her confidence over the years, *thank you very much*. She knew which parts of her body she loved (her breasts, slightly toned abdominals, thighs) and the parts she didn't (a slightly flat arse, larger calves from her insistence on walking everywhere). This wasn't just some fluke or a lucky lighting situation. No, these were time-tested, moisturized-nightly, god-tier breasts, and she'd stand on that fact until the day she died.

Yet, hearing him say it? Like *that*? Well, it was an entirely different circumstance.

Distracting her entirely (and thank the gods), Draco's tongue forced the peak harder still as he watched her through curious eyes.

Okay, she really didn't know how much more of this she could take. Or how much more of his newfound and obscenely skilled mouth; how it kept torturing her in the most maddeningly patient way.

Lips encircling her breast, his tongue kept flickering just enough to make her toes curl against the expensive sheets, and somehow it made her brain forget how language worked.

Five gold stars to Mr. Malfoy for learning how to bring her to mindless bliss.

"P-Please," she whispered, words breathless in the still quiet of them. "More."

He paused, pulling back slightly with swollen, glistening lips. "More?" he hummed over her skin before pressing another kiss to the swell of her.

"Y-Yeah," she stammered. "More."

And because the gods above clearly wanted her dead *via* pleasure, she found herself spreading her legs a little wider on instinct. His hips slotted between them, as if they were always meant to be there. *Home. Haven. Perfection.* Honestly, at this point, she didn't care *what* the noun was, and maybe there wasn't even one.

Huh? Imagine that.

Draco shifted lower, finally abandoning her breasts. It just so happened that a pathetic sound escaped her at the loss.

Okay, fine. *Yes*, she liked what he was doing just then and didn't particularly want him to stop. Was that a crime? No (or at least she didn't think so). If it were, she was ready to be handcuffed, arrested, and hauled right before Wizengamot to state: '*Have you seen what this man can do with his tongue? And we haven't even gotten to the fun bits yet. He's the one who should be arrested, Chief Mugwump.*'

Still, Draco apparently had other ideas—very *in-depth* ideas—as his open mouth dragged over her, down the slope of her stomach. It was all unhurried and deliciously full of intent as he found every scar and freckle that she had etched on her.

"I love your skin," he murmured reverently against her abdominals. "I fucking love your body."

Yep! That just about did it as her brain did a little reboot before aborting altogether. And she *definitely* ignored those tiny, traitorous little wings that fluttered incessantly in her belly like horny butterflies. *Ugh.* They kept flapping around like they were the lead star in a romance novel.

Tiny jerks, indeed.

Really, though? How was she, Hermione Granger, supposed to keep her wits about her when Draco Malfoy was currently worshipping the silvery stretch marks as if they were ancient scars and murmuring sweet, perfect nothings on her skin, like, '*I love your body?*'

She was a logical woman.

No, she was a woman of reason, and there was no defense for that kind of sweet, reverent audacity.

Worse? Her mind circled back to the ridiculous little myth she'd read once upon a time—the idea that each and every mole was supposed to be a kiss from a previous lover in another lifetime. Hermione? There were constellations of them over the spread of her skin. They were on her stomach, shoulder blades, spine, collarbones, the inside of her foot, and hip bones.

Gods, there was even an odd, random cluster of them near her left knee.

Whoever her admirer was in a past life? He was *ravenous*.

Sometimes, Hermione liked to pretend that he worshipped her to no end. Hell, he was probably French now that she thought of it. Or maybe even Italian.

And apparently *very* determined to return in the present form of a platinum-blond-haired, Pureblooded virgin.

Draco glanced up at her, open mouth pressed just below her navel, with that barely there contact. And yet, it was somehow *everything*. It was as if her body already knew the answer for her, as her skin prickled with the familiar anticipation of what was to come. That intimate storm that brewed just beyond her ribs—the one that was like sipping tea on a cold winter's day.

Moving, he pressed another kiss to her hipbone, just above the scraps of dark lace still clinging to her. His thumbs swept over the hollows in quiet devotion before pulling back.

Gods... cruel man, indeed.

Hermione watched as he settled himself back on his heels, between her thighs. Of course, his frame fit perfectly, as if he were *made* to sit there. Slowly, carefully, his hooded, lust-filled gaze surveyed every inch of skin he could find, still refusing to look between her spread, knicker-clad legs.

"Are you okay?" she asked gently, breaking the silence.

Tightly, Draco nodded. "Y-Yeah," he said. "I just..." His words drifted away as his Adam's apple bobbed with the forced effort of his swallow. "I don't—? I should—? This is—? Fuck. Fuck..."

It was then that she saw it: wide eyes, flushed cheeks, mouth parted slightly like he'd forgotten how to breathe properly. It wasn't just lust or panic or even hesitation. It was... *gods*, it was nerves.

Draco Malfoy was nervous, wasn't he?

It all clicked into place like a very messy jigsaw puzzle. It wasn't the nerves of messing up this moment, but rather *not* getting it right for her. That perfectionism within him that he strived for everyday that was written in bold letters on his face as his fingers flexed over her skin.

The simple fact was that he didn't know what to do next.

Well, she *was* the teacher? Wasn't she? And it was within her duty to show him *exactly* what to do.

Without saying a word, she reached down and found his trembling wrist, curling her fingers gently around it. His skin felt warm to the touch, pulse vibrating against the pads of her digits. Tenderly, cautiously, she guided him to the edge of her knickers, allowing him to feel the lace for himself.

"You can take them off of me, Draco," she whispered, words barely audible. "It's what should come next."

His gaze met hers then, resembling something wild and soft and terrified as another flush bloomed over his bare chest. "I—what?"

"You can take them off," Hermione hummed, curling his fingers around the dark band of lace. "It's easier this way as opposed to the other option."

"What—? What's the other option?" he asked, curious.

"Well," she began, "some people just pull them to the side. I mean, if you're in a hurry, but..." Hermione let her words drift off, allowing his overactive mind to fill in the blanks of easier access and whatnot.

Seeming to understand what she wasn't saying, Draco swallowed thickly, tongue sticking to the roof of his mouth. His gaze dragged over her bare stomach to where their fingers were joined around the black lace edge.

A breath passed, and then another, before she lifted her hips for him in silent permission.

Draco got the idea as he peeled the last barrier from her body, easing her knickers down her thighs. He reached the point where he would have to reposition, but instead, the man just lifted her leg, pressing a tender kiss to her calf. He moved to the other, repeating the same motion with even more confidence than before.

Oh, bloody and merciful gods...

Was it suddenly hot in here? Or had she ascended into some form of purgatory torture?

And yes, she could readily admit that was absurdly smooth of him, given his status as a thirty-year-old virgin. *Huh?* Must've been all those Muggle porn videos he was watching.

Either way, Hermione Granger was certainly reaping the benefits.

Silence stretched between them then, settling there as he lowered her leg down. The only sounds around them were the rustle of the air conditioning and the easy, familiar rhythm of their breaths. The two-thousand thread count sheets clung to her bare skin, surrounding her as she waited with eager anticipation.

It occurred to her then just how naked she was; with her lacy brassiere pulled down to expose her breasts and her thighs spread and waiting, while he was still wearing his joggers.

Unfortunately, the part of her brain that liked a relatively even playing field (especially when it came to this part of sexual relationships), didn't necessarily care as Draco's fingers grazed over her stomach, tracing the constellation of moles before moving lower and lower. And *gods*, something about the way he was looking at her then—watching her as if she was the only thing in this universe—made her core clench with that need. The way his chest heaved with that steady rise and fall, and his lips parted with each shuddering breath. The way that she just knew she looked the same.

Hell...

There were no jokes then or quick quips and remarks as that sacred pause between permission and possession lingered, and she waited for his next move.

Slowly, carefully, his fingers moved between her thighs, grazing the skin there. She watched as his gaze fixed on her apex, as if it were some sacrosanct item. Maybe even the Sorcerer's Stone, perhaps?

"Fucking hell, Hermione," Draco groaned, the words barely audible in that gruff, husky way. "You're just...? Are you always like this?"

She swallowed thickly. "Like what?"

"This... this *wet*?"

Honestly, she didn't quite know what to say to that as she watched him stare at the most intimate parts of her.

Yet every bit of her knew that she was utterly soaked, given she could feel the air kiss the slick between her thighs. So, to answer his question—because honesty felt like the best policy in this moment—*no*, she'd never been this wet before in her entire life. Gods... at least, not with another man. And maybe even herself, for that matter. Not in any hurried, dimly lit bedroom or during some ill-timed rush of things and mouths with someone who didn't know what they were doing, even with years of sexual experience.

This? Right *here*? It was different than with anyone else. Or maybe...*maybe* the difference was somehow within the man kneeling between her thighs.

And as she lay exposed for him, it felt like there might never be a chance for them to go back after this. A point that she somehow missed last weekend when drafting her Sex Agenda. A fault line within runes and her logic. A misstep in cracking the code because there was no neat subheading for a moment like this.

Ugh.

Hermione squeezed her eyes shut, trying (and quite literally failing) to dispel the thoughts. It only became worse when she opened her gaze, meeting his own. *Fuck me.*

"Is everything okay?" he asked, a bit unsure.

Hermione blinked before nodding her head against his hippogriff-downy pillows. "Y-Yeah," she told him, forcing her voice to remain soft and measured. "Yes, I'm okay."

"You sure?"

Okay, now *why* did he always have to do that? Why did he always have to know her *so* damn well that he could catch the slightest tell? *Oh, whatever.* It didn't quite matter in that moment, because she knew that they both had to keep going or else she would lose her common sense.

Though what was new there? *Honestly.*

She offered him a soft, wry smile. "Draco, I promise that I'm okay," she told him, even if she was lying through her teeth. "And if you don't like it—*oral*—or want to stop at any point, we can. No pressure, okay?"

Everything about her tone was casual (she made sure of it) because she needed it to be that way. Hell, especially when Ron had told her many, many times that he didn't like the taste, when he wrinkled his nose or asked her to take a rinse first. Then, when he made it feel clinical, like a chore.

And yes, she knew Draco was looking forward to this, but there was also the strong possibility that he wouldn't in the end.

"I won't want to stop," he said, dragging her from her thoughts. "Not once."

Hermione laughed faintly. "You can't be certain of that."

"Can't I?" Draco mused, pressing a kiss to the inside of her thigh. "Look, Hermione, I've been dreaming of this for a *long* time. I'm going to want to spend *hours* between your thighs. Trust me."

Alright, so surely she didn't hear that correctly. And not the whole '*I want to spend hours between your thighs*' tidbit, but rather the whole '*long*' part. Surely he meant since the start of their little Sex Agenda thing. Right?

But before she could ask outright, Draco added a bit more sheepishly, "I... uh, well, I might need a bit of help on where to start, though."

And *that*, ladies and gentlemen, promptly broke the spell (something she was rather thankful for).

A small, threaded with disbelief laugh and something dangerously close to affection escaped her. "We'll then," she breathed, reaching down, "lucky for you, I'm an excellent teacher, Mr. Malfoy."

Silver eyes glittered then. "I expect nothing less from you, Ms. Granger."

Hermione reached for him again, fingers brushing his wrist as she led him between her legs, allowing him to feel the raw heat of her. "You can keep touching me," she said huskily. "I'll

tell you if anything feels wrong. Promise it."

Draco swallowed thickly then, throat working against the tendons of his neck. *Gods*, what a perfect sight, even as the nerves flickered over his face—all visible and fleeting. There was that innocence there still, lingering in the tremble of his fingers and the way his mouth parted with hesitation.

Was it so wrong that she liked that? That she liked these bits of him that she knew were going to be gone in a matter of days?

And part of her wondered if he would come to work on Monday, a changed man? All cocky and sure of himself with *everything* he did in his personal life? Yeah, sure, he was like that sometimes with work, but what if he changed?

Ugh. She couldn't think about that now.

Yet the longer Hermione watched him, the more she saw that primal, male shift within. It was almost as if something possessed him, taking over. It wasn't rough or rapacious, but rather deliberate. Hell... focused like he knew what he wanted, and he wanted it *now*.

Without a word, Draco's thumbs spread her apart for his viewing pleasure.

Oh... oh, bloody hell.

Hermione gave a quick Hail Mary, wondering if she was strong enough for this—the whole '*let him have a good look before he dives in*' bit of the agenda?

Spoiler: She unquestionably was *not*.

Another guttural, raw sound escaped him then. "So fucking pink and wet," he murmured huskily, and maybe just a bit unhinged. One thumb brushed between her folds, dragging up to her swollen bundle of nerves. Instantly, her toes curled. *Oh...*

Draco glanced up. "Does that feel good?" he rasped.

Honestly? What was she supposed to say to that? *Yeah. Duh. Absolutely*, because that was an extremely sensitive area, and right now she was burning from within with untethered arousal.

Yet, she somehow managed to get out was a simple: "Yes."

His gaze darkened further at her answer, laced with hunger as he did it again and again. This time? He watched with rapt focus as her hips twitched and her lips parted on a breathless gasp.

Confidence? Unlocked.

Okay, and so *maybe* she spoke too soon on that whole 'ravenous' and 'rapacious' bit because, *Good Godric*. Also, it didn't help that he was also insufferably hot about the whole thing, like he just cracked her code and downloaded the entire Kama Sutra into his brain.

Really, it was deeply unfair.

Then again, maybe that part of her should've wished for him to remain right where he was because the second he shifted lower on his stomach between her thighs—*game over*. His tall, languid frame stretched out, hanging slightly off the bed as if it didn't matter.

Actually, it didn't matter at all when his gaze focused solely on her spread, arousal-slick center. And *gods*, she knew he could see everything then: every twitch and flutter and tremble.

That? Yes, that was totally and entirely fine. She, Hermione Granger, was cool as a bloody cucumber. *Completely* chill. Relaxed even, that she wondered if she might just fall asleep, even if she was spread out and displayed for him to see like a gods-damn feast. *Ugh*.

"Salazar," Draco swore under his breath. "I don't...? This is...? You're just...?"

Throat bobbing on a thick swallow, she managed to get out a raspy sound as she asked: "I'm just *what*?"

He met her gaze then, eyes locking on hers. "You're so... *perfect*. Unbelievably so, Hermione."

That? Those words? They did something to her, and she was sure it wasn't the word itself because he'd been using that adjective all night. Hell, he tossed it out so simply. But here? Now? It wasn't flattery or the only word he could think of. No... it was reverent awe, and she could feel that in her bones. The simple idea that somehow she just knew that he didn't quite believe she was real and lay before him—*naked*.

Well, Draco Malfoy, join the gods-damn club.

She watched then, unable to look away as Draco leaned in closer, damp breath ghosting over her swollen center. *Oh gods...*

The sensation? *Maddening* with each warm exhale blooming over her skin in equal parts tease, taunt, and undiluted promise. It made her hips twitch, knowing she was roughly three seconds away from begging him for something... *anything*.

Then again, would it be so wrong for her to beg when he was being *such* a good boy?

Hermione bit down on her bottom lip, attempting (and failing) to stifle the whimper building in her throat as that prospect formed. This? Right here? Was torture. Slow, anticipatory, and deliberate torture. And somehow, Draco Malfoy was wielding nothing but air and direct eye contact, and it was the most erotic thing she'd ever seen or quite possibly experienced in her thirty-one years of life.

Ugh. Pull it together!

Honestly? Now was not the time for power dynamics or praise-fueled spirals. It wasn't the time to stay calm, cool, and collected.

Unfortunately, Draco had another idea in mind.

He didn't look away from her as his tongue flicked out, tasting her with a slow drag over her seam. *Oh, fuck... oh fuck me.* Instantly, her hands fisted the duvet, needing something—*anything*—to ground her into reality. Her nails bit into the thousand-thread count sheets, uncaring in a string of desperate noises and begging sounds that tumbled without remorse from her lips into the stillness of the room and the wet drag of his tongue. He licked languidly, slowly through her folds, pausing just long enough at her clit to make her whimper.

Each time was slower, deeper, and *far* more confident. And the bastard (and she said that lovingly) was good at it.

Like, *okay*, suspiciously good and a concerningly fast learner. The idea that her body was an instrument, and he'd already memorized the sheet music with that photographic brain of his, halfway through the second verse.

His tongue circled, flicked, and dipped. A sharp gasp escaped her, causing her thighs to tremble on either side of his head. It was hot, seductive, and utterly filthy in that *best* way possible.

The worst bits of them all (but really, what could be bad about good oral) was that he was still looking at her. He was *still* watching her every tick and jolt of her hips, like this was his favorite form of entertainment. Onyx completely obscured silver, pupils blown, lips shiny, and brows slightly furrowed in concentration, like how he did when he was engrossed in his favorite cursed artefact in the laboratory.

Very, *very* committed to that extra credit, she was planning to reward him afterward with a medal in oral skills.

But just as soon as it started, it ended as Draco pulled back.

No—*no!* That wasn't supposed to happen. Hell, he wasn't supposed to stop. It also occurred to her that he might not like it as much as he initially promised her.

Disappointment curdled like spoiled milk as she prepared herself to tell him that it was *okay*, when he beat her to it.

"Gods," Draco groaned, licking his slick lips with a pure look of hunger. *Oh...* "You taste so fucking good, Hermione. *Tu es comme ma propre Amortentia.*"

Yeah, all she got out of that was '*Amortentia*' and, other than that, she didn't have it in herself to even attempt to translate the rest. Thoughts? *Poof.* A cloud of fairy dust and utter nothing.

Again, did she care? *Nope.* Not one damn bit.

Draco's hands gripped her thighs then, holding her firmly there as he spread them slightly further. He didn't say another word as he dove back in, mouth enclosing over her clit with no ounce of remorse or care other than the sounds that escaped from her.

Everything within her promptly went blank as Draco consumed her like a man possessed. And yes, that was the correct word for that because... *bloody hell*.

Draco worshiped her, laving over every inch of her sex until there was nothing left to be discovered. His tongue dipped lower then, teasing her sensitive entrance as he nearly drank from her.

"Oh!" Hermione gasped, head tipping back as she widened herself even more. "That's—Yes, gods! Draco! K-Keep!"

Unable to finish her sentence, her body finished it for her as she rolled her hips instinctively, chasing each and every stroke of his tongue and flick against her swollen bundle of nerves. He seemed to understand, taking the instruction with a stride as he maintained focus right at her entrance.

That? Right there? *Sinful*.

Actually, she was pretty certain some kind of animalistic noises were slipping from her mouth at this point. Oh, *whatever*. It didn't matter when he gave her one of his own, pulling his tongue out of her.

"I knew I'd be fucking addicted," he admitted against her lowly, *darkly*, sending pleasurable vibrations into her soul. "I want to eat you out for days... fucking weeks, Hermione."

Her brain? Offline. And really, who could blame her when the words left her dizzy and drunk?

She reached down then, threading her fingers through his still-damp hair. It was borderline offensive how his strands felt like they were made of luxury, imported, or possibly enchanted silk, like something found in Diagon. Something that she knew her wild honey-brown curls would never feel like.

Again, was this a Pureblood thing? The whole idea that they passed down these genetic traits like candy?

But when had she ever felt another Pureblood's hair before?

Okay, well, she *supposed* she could include Ron in that, but his hair was always salty with sweat. Plus, *again*, Ronald didn't like to go down on her, so she never really had the proper comparison of a man between her thighs and feeling his hair.

Whatever. She didn't care as his tongue slipped back inside her, reaching a place she never imagined anyone could or would go.

A strangled sound escaped her. "*Oh!*"

Instantly, Draco froze, pulling away from her with startled eyes. "What—? What's wrong? Did I do something wrong? Are you okay?"

Hermione just blinked down at him before she promptly yanked a fistful of his stupidly perfect hair, dragging him back between her throbbing core.

"Nothing's wrong," she panted, arching her hips up into his waiting mouth. "But I swear to Merlin if you stop what you're doing right now, I'll hex your gods-damn tongue and finish the job myself. So please, for the love of all things holy, keep going!"

His lips curved almost smugly against her center as his luster silver eyes held hers. And gods above, that—*right there*—was probably the sexiest thing she'd ever seen, especially when she felt his tongue circling her swollen bundle of nerves.

Without another word, Draco dove back in (even if it was laced with clumsy enthusiasm), like he was making up for the audacity of stopping.

Honestly? The lack of finesse made him ten times hotter, because he took each and every sound she made, noted it with that practical skill, and applied it without hesitation (even if it was wrong at some points). But she didn't dare try to stop him or even correct him. No, she knew he could figure it out himself. It was almost as if he was chasing her release as *desperately* as she was.

Good boy, indeed.

* * * *

Hermione Granger didn't quite know how many times she'd come, but she knew she had enough sense in her to know that it was more than two and less than five. So, three? Four?

Ugh, *whatever*.

Did that truly matter? No. Absolutely, positively *not*. Hell, not when Draco was still down there, completely and utterly occupied with the art of learning to wreck her. Or quite literally destroy her into a boneless heap.

He continued to kiss and lick and lave over her dripping center, all the while muttering words of how much he *loved* the taste of her—how he wanted to bottle it up and keep it so he could *never* forget it. What had he said before? Something about Amortentia or *whatever*. And, *gods*, she knew he meant it because every time she came apart, he licked her through her orgasm, drinking her arousal like it was the Elixir of Life.

Actually, she was already so close to coming apart again, thanks to the newfound expert handling of her body. It wasn't just his tongue, but everything. It was how his hands cradled her hips just right and the subtle way his thumbs spread her open, like he might miss something critical.

"*Fuck, please,*" Draco groaned, the sound desperate and broken. He pressed a kiss to the inside of her thigh before his ridiculously aristocratic nose dragged over her clit. "I need—*gods*, I need to fucking do this again. I can't stop. I—I need to taste you again."

Okay, it was official: Draco Malfoy was, in fact, feral, unhinged, and drunk on lust.

And right now? She was his favorite vintage.

Or she only assumed that was the case, given that no man or wizard ever said that about her. Like *ever*. Yet here he was *beseeching* her (and yes, that was the correct verbiage there) to let him keep going like Mr. Darcy in his monologue.

Wait? That wasn't right, was it?

Again, *whatever*, she couldn't find it in herself to care as her brain kept short-circuiting as he suckled on her clit—all swollen and throbbing from almost an hour of his attention against it.

"Draco," she moaned. "I—I can't. I can't..."

He only hummed, flicking his tongue decisively with that newfound skill. Releasing her, he pressed a kiss just above her mound, holding her gaze.

Alright, yep. He was drunk.

"You can," he promised her. "I—I know you can, Hermione. You can give me one more."

Hermione thrashed her head against the pillow, laughing breathlessly. "I've come more than I usually do by my own hand."

"You're telling me you only come two times? Normally?"

Ah. So there was the number she was looking for: *three*.

He scoffed then, breath hot on her twitching center that she swore had its own heartbeat by now. "That's not nearly enough," he told her darkly. "You deserve more."

Yeah, well, if anyone had paid as much attention to her as Draco currently did, then maybe she would've thought that. Unfortunately, no one (and she *literally* meant no one) had ever made her reach a third or fourth orgasm. It felt like the mythical idea of the Sorcerer's Stone.

Then again, that was a real object, so the possibility was, in fact, there. *Ugh*.

"Please," Draco whispered, genuinely pleading with her now as his hands gripped her hips, holding her captive. "Just let me try, Hermione."

"Draco—?"

"No, *please*," Draco begged, cutting her off. "It's not enough. I—I need more."

Another breathless laugh escaped her. "No one has ever wanted to do this, well, *this* badly," she told him.

"I do," he said with conviction. "You taste like—*fuck*, I don't even know. I'm so addicted, though. Like honey and sex, and I'm obsessed and not even close to sorry."

"You should be," she mumbled under her breath, taking in his hooded, lust-filled eyes as they peered up at her. "Fine. *Okay*. Gods—just one more. But are you sure I can't return the favor?"

Draco shook his head, cheeks pinking slightly. "Granger, I've already come in my joggers twice from eating you out. You've given me more than enough."

Oh!

Her lips parted with a response of something—hell, *anything* to that—but she couldn't. All that she kept picturing in her mind was all those moans he gave that bordered on pleasure, and little did she know he was experiencing an orgasm of his own right in his joggers. Was the spend still there? Had he non-verbally magick'd it away with that impressive skill? And why the hell did she want to know?

"Can I make a request, though?" Draco asked, dragging her from her thoughts.

Hermione's brows rose in silent permission.

"Can you sit on my face?"

Oh. Fuck me.

And, to be fair, she knew that particular tidbit was highlighted and circled in bold on their Sex Agenda, so could she *really* be surprised? *Nope*. Not really. Was she about to die, anyway? *Yes*. One thousand and one percent.

Hermione's teeth sank into her bottom lip as she gave him the slightest nod ever. It was barely anything, but it gave him the answer he was looking for as a crooked, boyish grin that was *so* devastatingly charming stretched across his face.

Immediately, her core clenched in helpless anticipation. *Ugh*. Dammit.

Slowly, carefully, Draco moved, pressing one last kiss to her inner thigh and hipbone before moving up her stomach with the open drag of his mouth. He worshiped everywhere, grazing the direct path up her sternum, before he hovered over her. This close? She could actually see just *how* swollen his lips were from their hour-long adventure between her legs. *Gods...*

That? Right there? It should be illegal.

"Is it alright if I kiss you?" he asked, his statement low and reverent. "I mean, I *know* you wanted me to ask before and after... well, oral."

Oh, right. She'd put that on their Sex Agenda under '*Soft Limits*' and '*Let's Talk First*'. Sensible categories that she'd annotated and starred like a responsible adult.

But somehow in the mix and haze of everything, she'd kinda just... forgotten.

And now? Looking up at him with his lips still kiss-bitten and glistening with her arousal and his lust-filled eyes all unsure? She didn't particularly care that she'd circled '*No Kissing After*

Oral' on their Sex Agenda. She didn't care that he had *just* licked and sucked and worshipped her sex, and now wanted to snog her.

In fact, that idea alone sounded rather fantastic.

Without another thought in her head, Hermione grabbed the back of Draco's neck before pulling him soundly down against her lips.

It was a little uneven and undoubtedly clumsy, like he wasn't sure if this was *really* what she wanted after he just made her come twice with his tongue. Yet that was where he was wrong because, for the first time in her life, she *wanted* to taste herself on his lips.

No, she wanted to taste *them*—together.

She parted her mouth in silent invitation as she intertwined her fingers in his impossibly silky-soft strands, still tousled from their adventures moments before. She didn't wait a single second as her tongue flicked out, tasting the lingering trace of herself—all salty-sweet, earthy, and something uniquely hers.

Okay, *gods*... it shouldn't have been *that* hot. Logically, Hermione knew that (because *when* had it ever been like that before), but it was. It really and truly was as they shared the flavor of her on his mouth.

And it turned her on more than she cared to admit.

Oh.

Oh, no... Was this a new thing for her? A new kink that she was just now discovering? Kissing after oral? Sharing arousal? And would he want to do the same if the roles were reversed?

Draco moaned into her mouth, distracting her from her newfound kinks and whatnot. His hands tightened on her waist, pulling her closer, as his hard, insistent erection pressed through his joggers against her bare, drenched center. Her own hips arched up without permission, chasing the pleasure as she ground against him.

That act alone deepened the kiss.

Everything about it morphed into that slow, languid, and gooey slide of his mouth—*their* mouths—and the comfortable, heavy weight of him on her. That familiar pressure of another body, which she hadn't realized she was missing until this week.

When he finally pulled back, the room was filled with only their panting sounds and heaving breaths. *Gods...*

"Please," Draco pleaded, the tone guttural. "Please. Can you sit on my face, Hermione? I—I need it. I *want* it."

Well, who was she to deny when he begged so prettily?

Laughing, Hermione hooked her legs around his hips (before she could talk herself out of this), flipping them over. She straddled his hips, staring down at his face. Her curls were wild, sweat-slicked from his previous ministrations that stuck to her bare shoulders and back.

"I've never actually done this before," she admitted, cheeks warming, despite *everything* they'd done moments before.

Draco blinked up at her, stunned. "Never?" he asked incredulously. "Like... not even with Weasel?"

Losing a breath, she shook her head. "No. Not with him."

She didn't expand further. *One*, she didn't want to get into the whole ordeal of Ronald's issues with oral and her. *Two*, she also knew how Draco felt about her ex and their old schoolmate—feelings that were still present, given his reactions tonight to seeing him for the first time in a long time. *Ugh*.

Yet, Draco must've misread her silence for hesitation. "Hey?" he said gently, hands sliding to her hips. "If you don't want to do this, we don't have to. I mean, I *really* fucking want to, but if this is something you're not into, then—"

"Oh," she laughed, shaking herself out of her inner thoughts. "I *want* to do this, Draco Malfoy. And we're doing this before the end of our Sex Agenda. Is that understood?"

That crooked, stomach-fluttering grin came back in full force.

"Good," he mused, voice a little lower and a bit rougher. "Come here, then."

Well, he didn't need to tell her twice.

In fact, he seemed to take control of the situation as he tugged her gently forward until her knees were on either side of his head. Her fingers curled around the ash-wood headboard, gripping onto the structure for dear life as she stared down at him. His eyes? They were all dark lust and glittering intrigue, like he hadn't just been between her thighs minutes before.

"Okay," she whispered.

Draco smirked, breath hot against her center. "*Okay*."

His hands gripped her hips tighter, guiding her down until she was fully seated onto his mouth.

Oh, this was so happening, wasn't it?

His tongue slid out, dragging over her with what little room he had under her body. The confidence? It bordered on reckless as he licked through her folds, devouring her like this was his favorite dessert.

Every moan and growl and whimper he gave her was felt tenfold in a way she couldn't explain. Hell, it practically permeated through her into her soul as she watched the entire

thing happen. And that alone should've been enough to make her come on the spot. Well, *that* and the way he was devouring her like it was the last thing on this earth he'd ever do. Like he wanted to write his name with his tongue on her slick sex.

"D-Draco," she gasped, nails digging into the expensive wooden headboard. "That's—? Oh, holy gods!"

He alternated between broad, greedy strokes and tight, precise circles and firm suction. There was that adept perfection as he applied what he learned moments before, knowing exactly what to do without being told.

Really, he shouldn't be *that* skilled right now, but he was. Actually, she could categorize it as rather effective.

Her entire body was trembling as her thighs quaked. She tried not to squeeze them shut, fearing that she might just suffocate him, or possibly smother him. And yet, he pulled her down harder; nose brushing against her swollen bundle of nerves while his tongue fluttered inside her.

A sound escaped her. "Draco!" she shouted loud enough for the entirety of London to hear. "Oh—fuck—I'm gonna—I—please!"

Yeah, too late.

Her orgasm slammed into her, all raw and utterly explosive, tearing through her with a force that stole every ounce of breath from her lungs. Those phosphenes prickled her vision in technicolor blotches, blinding her with white-hot light, as her thighs clamped around his ears. Her spine arched, and her body writhed over his awaiting tongue and lips, and aristocratic nose.

It was... madness and the best orgasm of her entire gods-damn life.

Slowly, her pleasure faded, and she tried—genuinely tried—to lift herself off of him, but he held her still.

A rumbling, feral sound escaped Draco, vibrating against her as his hands tightened their grip with enough force to leave plumpy fingerprint marks on her waist. *Oh gods.* Was she about to suffocate him? Drown him in her arousal that she could feel dripping from her into his awaiting mouth and down his chin?

Draco gave one last long lick up her folds.

"Oh my gods," she whimpered. "I can't..."

Pressing a kiss to the inside of her thigh, he laughed softly. "I knew you had it in you."

Taking the moment of reprieve before he got any more ideas, Hermione lifted herself off of him, collapsing onto the mattress. She stared up at the ceiling (because she couldn't bring herself to look at him), trying to ignore the still-there pulse between her thighs, echoing her frantic heartbeat. Everything in her was utterly limp as she sprawled there, boneless and brain

still buffering. Worse? She was sticky and soaked from the waist down, knowing most of it was her own arousal mingling with his saliva.

Gods, she wanted to magic'k it away, and yet she couldn't bring herself to.

Actually, she didn't really *want* to.

And maybe that was sick of her to want to keep any part of him on her body she could. Maybe it was a newfound fetish. Either way, she didn't care.

"I don't know if I can make it home," she admitted, voice all loose and fuzzy. "I feel... *boneless*. No bones. None at all. Like someone actually deboned me, and now I'm just a pile of soup."

Beside her, Draco let out a hoarse laugh. "The best tasting soup there is."

Warmth flushed her cheeks as she flopped an arm over her eyes. "You can't keep saying things like that," she groaned.

"Why not?"

"Because it's—" she grunted. *Ugh*. "It's unfair."

"Unfair, *huh?*"

All she could do was moan out her displeasure, still refusing to look at him. Really, it was unfair for him to keep making all these wild statements to her that he had never heard from his mouth. Like ever.

"Well," Draco continued, voice softer, "if you can't make it home, you're more than welcome to stay here." He paused before adding: "In my bed."

Okay. Double ugh.

Hermione peeled her arm off her face, finally turning to look at him. Her gaze flickered traitorously down to the slick wetness still clinging to his swollen lips.

Yeah, she *really* needed to ignore that.

"Draco," she sighed, forcing her focus to his blue-grey eyes. "You know I can't."

His brow furrowed. "*Can't* you? You've stayed before."

Not like this... she wanted to say, but couldn't bring herself to admit that aloud. Instead, she found an excuse within their well-written, ironclad Sex Agenda and held onto it like a lifeline.

"No staying the night after orgasms, remember?" she whispered.

"And what if I want you to stay?" he asked, voice low and so damn earnest. "What if I don't care about the rules post-orgasm?"

Now, why the hell did he have to say that?

Hermione blinked, her eyes burning with the pressure of his words and the truth that was right there between them; the sort that if she wanted to reach out and grab it, she could.

Yet that would make this all irreversible, and that was not something she could backpedal from with a clever joke or a shrug or even a smile.

Yeah, *this*? Right *here*? It was the line in the sand that she needed to draw and reinforce and draw again. The one labeled '*Don't Think About It!*' in bold Sharpie. The silent rule that she had made for herself an hour or so ago when she was sitting in his leather club chair, waiting for him to shower.

Her heart gave a little pathetic pitter-patter at that, which sounded a lot like *stay*.

Closing her eyes, she inhaled slowly before exhaling, using the moment to ground herself into reality and the pillow-top mattress beneath her.

"I can't," she told him again, peeling her eyes open to meet his. "I have to... *uh*, see Crookshanks."

"See Crookshanks?" he repeated.

"You know he gets anxious if I'm out too long," she lied right through her teeth. "It's actually becoming *quite* serious. Did I not tell you about this? He shredded one of my limited edition collector's books last time I got home past eleven."

"Right..." he said slowly, disbelieving. "No, you didn't tell me about that, but yeah... *uh*, sounds serious."

"Yeah, can't risk another literary casualty."

His gaze searched hers for a long while before he said: "No, you can't."

And yes, she *knew* that he didn't believe a single word out of her mouth, but, hey? It was worth a shot. Right? *Ugh*.

"Can I at least walk you to get a cab?" he asked.

"That's—It's not necessary, Draco," she whispered. "I can get a cab by myself."

Without a word, he reached forward, brushing a loose, sweaty curl behind her ear. His fingers lingered longer than they should have—all tender and soft with the kind of promises she wanted to ignore. The promises that she *knew* she *should* ignore.

Well, that was if her brain were properly working and not held together by the sheer willpower of four back-to-back orgasms from his tongue.

"You *might* be able to do that," he murmured huskily. "But I *want* to do that, Hermione. Let me take care of you for once. Please."

Hermione gave a soft, incredulous laugh, waving a vague hand toward the general aftermath zone of her thoroughly wrecked body. "Oh, I think you've taken care of me *plenty*, Draco," she pointed out. "Really, I'm fine."

"Yeah, but you deserve to be taken care of *more* than what I just did."

Immediately, she froze, her eyes holding his as she witnessed firsthand that rawness there. Something so damn steady and sure.

"That?" he went on softly, almost reverently. "Right there? That's the *least* I could do for everything you've already done for me. For everything you already are."

Her breath hitched, stilling in her chest like a tuning fork had been struck deep inside her and down her spine. *Bing*.

Now, *how*, in Merlin's good and honest name, was she going to be able to argue with that? He just said the thing—*yes*, the *thing* that every woman, witch, and reader of great romance novels secretly (desperately) wanted to hear. Not '*I love you*' or '*I'm obsessed with you*', but worse. He said the parts that made her feel... *ugh*.

It made her insides all gooey, like honey on a warm day. And it sure as hell made her feel even more boneless and wrecked than before.

Mr. Darcy? Captain Wentworth? Heathcliff? Eat your gods-damn heart out.

"Fine," she muttered. "If you really insist."

Without a word, Draco nodded, but there was no way that she didn't miss that unreadable expression that danced over his features. Something that looked a lot like relief.

Something she *would*, for the next twenty-four hours, ignore.

Chapter End Notes

I have a headcanon that Hermione is very messy and Draco is ~extremely~ neat. I don't know why, but I always seem to write them that way.

Also, the whole Draco being enthusiastic over Hermione's breasts is totally from my re-read of the Love Hypothesis!

See you next Wednesday! Please feel free to share thoughts, feelings, and emotions!

Much love,
Mads

Come say hi! [Insta](#)
[The Sex Agenda Playlist](#)

Chapter 9: Saturday: Preliminary Findings

Chapter Notes

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

Saturday, June 22nd Part One *Day Six: Preliminary Findings*

The beating rays of the sun penetrated the glistening SPF 50 sheen on her skin, because the last thing Hermione Granger needed was a sunburn. Gods, especially on the *last* day of their Sex Agenda.

But the weather? The soft hum of Tears For Fears' "*Everybody Wants To Rule The World*" playing on Draco's state-of-the-art Muggle speaker system? And the slight breeze that rippled over the concrete, sending ripples into the glittering obsidian-lined pool? It felt like the *most* perfect day.

Or what potentially *would* become such in a mere few hours.

Per Draco's instructions—when he walked her downstairs to hail a cab last night after his romance-worthy insistence—she was to come over mid-afternoon to enjoy *said* amenities of the penthouse, and he would cook them both dinner tonight before the deflowering began. Unfortunately, last night, Draco had *also* kissed her on the cheek goodbye, and there was a strong possibility his hand lingered far too long on the small of her back as he leaned over, telling the driver where her flat was and to get her home safe.

And Godric, and there was no way she'd ever be able to get the intensity of his gaze out of her head as he closed the cab door before knocking twice, finally separating them.

Ugh. Whatever.

She kept shoving down the memory, pretending like she didn't sag against the sticky black seats, touching the imprint of his lips against her cheek like it was the most treasured thing on this earth. How, for the first time in a very long time, she felt like one of those silly female leads in a movie, clutching their collar and reliving the montage in their head.

Stupid. That's what she felt—utterly stupid—but she also felt another emotion she couldn't (or more particularly wouldn't) name for the foreseeable future.

Now, Hermione supposed it didn't matter—not the ache in her shoulders or between her thighs from last night—as she lay stretched out on the tan teak lounge chair; all sunblock and sweat slicked, her bright red string bikini stuck to places she tried not to think about too hard. Her arms draped lazily above her head, drumming out the familiar beat of the song playing on the speakers.

"Help me to decide... help me make the most of freedom and of pleasure..." she sang softly to herself, keeping her eyes closed behind the dark rims of her cat-eyed sunglasses. *"Nothing ever lasts forever... everybody wants to rule the world..."*

It had been a leisurely afternoon. Really, and they both hadn't done very much, just floated between the shaded edges of conversation as Draco moved back and forth from inside to the lounge beside her. Every time, he apologized, swearing that he was going to murder Robards for bothering him on a Saturday with the report of the Veilstone Fragment from Azkaban earlier this week. Tuesday, to be exact—or as she remembered, *'The Riding Simulation'* portion of their Sex Agenda.

She digressed, because really? Was that bit important in hindsight?

Actually, what *really* mattered was that this was normal (for them). The whole bits that felt more like muscle memory because they'd done this before.

Hermione had lain out by his pool more times than she could count (or the tan lines on her body had acquired). The moments when Draco would cut slices of juicy watermelon and strawberries that they would smash against their lips and teeth, laughing over something small and inconsequential. The half-sarcastic sunscreen arguments she'd give about reapplying and the water still dripping from her legs as she leaned against the teak table, chatting with him while he poured them glasses of crisp white wine—a Sancerre, a Sauvignon Blanc, a Pinot Gris.

Again, natural.

Or it *had* been before today.

She would be the first to admit that everything felt...*different*. There was a low, expectant hum beneath it all. *Why?* Well, wasn't it obvious? In a few hours, they were going to have sex for the first time. Like proper, slightly uncoordinated sex. The kind they'd scheduled in their Sex Agenda for this final day. And now, the trademark, patent-pending name was no longer hypothetical.

No, it was their harsh reality, and another more on-the-nose word: inevitable.

A shadow passed through her eyelids and the tinted lens of her sunglasses, eclipsing the sunlight. Immediately, Hermione's skin prickled with that newfound anticipation.

Slowly and sun-drunk, Hermione peeled one eye open and then the other to where the tall silhouette of a man loomed over her. Draco stood, of course, shirtless, and his lips curved in that newfound, ridiculously unfair, seductive smirk.

"Hey, you," Hermione sighed, smiling up at him like how she always did.

Again, normality was *key* here. Yes, just a sun-drenched afternoon. Nothing to see here. Gods, *certainly* not the man she was planning to sleep with in a matter of hours.

"You know," Draco drawled, "I *would* make fun of you for how *awful* you are at singing, but I'm terrified you'll hex me."

A small, breathless laugh escaped her. "Your guess would be correct, *Mr Malfoy*."

"Ms. Granger!" Draco replied, mock-affronted as he raised a playful eyebrow. And her heart *definitely* didn't perform a somersault, pitter-patter in her chest. "You would really hex me? And ruin all our fun plans? I thought we were in this together."

"And I thought *you* said you knew me?" she teased.

"Oh, I do," his voice dipped lower. "Which is exactly why I waited until after the fourth chorus. Didn't want to die prematurely."

Hermione snorted, fixing her sunglasses on her head and in her mess of curls. "You're lucky I'm in a generous mood today."

"Generous?" he hummed, tasting the word. "How generous?"

"I wouldn't push it, but fine—what is it?"

"Oh? Well, I *was* thinking that you might help me with this Veilstone Fragment report for Meathead Robards. I have to draft a full presentation, and the font that Potter chose is fucking revolting. Does he *not* know the difference between *Times New Roman* and *Georgia*? It's revolting."

"Salazar, only you would get disgusted with font choices," she laughed, the sound all warm and relaxed.

"Comic Sans *is* offensive and hostile," he huffed. "I will stand by that until the day I die."

Gods, she hated—no, *loathed*, actually—how much she loved this version of him. Not the teasing flirtation, but the ease between them. The way it made her heart flutter like a stupid, love-struck thing. All needy and whatnot.

And again, it wasn't that this was new (really). It was routine and mundane at this point, but now there was that underlying note that she could taste like sweet wine on her tongue—the very sort that made her want to snog the living daylights out of him.

Preferably right this very instant.

Sighing, she pulled her sunglasses back down her nose, hoping that they might just hide her away. "You're being dramatic," she pointed out.

"Am I?" he mused.

"Oh, quite."

He hummed, leaning over her as he pressed both hands on either side of her head. The cushions compressed under his weight, and she had the mental awareness of how his breath

ghosted her cheeks and lips. *Gods...*

"You look good, Granger," he murmured, nose brushing hers.

Her breath hitched then. And hell, it wasn't the words themselves, but the way that he said it, all protective and claiming and, well, *ugh*.

Then again, she also knew that she did, in fact, look rather good. Objectively so.

She was wearing her new red string bikini—the exact one that Ginny declared was '*slutty in a classy way*' over their morning Floo-call to debrief on Game Night and the subsequent deflowering. And Ginny was right: it was a bit scandalous. But the color flattered her (and she *always* looked good in Gryffindor Red), and it hugged her in all the right places. Her breasts? Michelangelo couldn't have sculpted them better if he'd tried. Her arse? *Okay*, it needed some work, but *whatever*.

She digressed.

Still, she hadn't exactly anticipated being actively studied by Draco Malfoy (or for him to really notice).

Unfortunately, her body had other ideas, as she felt her cheeks flush with the same blooming color as the scarlet on her swimming costume. And that was just... *wonderful*. In fact, she was vaguely convinced that she might just pass out, and not in that fun, *sweep-you-off-your-feet* way, but rather the *I'm-having-a-stroke* sort of way.

Okay, so now that she thought of it, maybe the reason she was so damn dizzy was from not having enough water. Hydration was the key to sustainability (and surviving Sex Agendas) after all. Right?

Sure. Whatever.

Pushing off her lounger, Draco smirked down at her before he dove headfirst and without warning into the pool. *Gods...* The water rippled with his perfect, almost Olympic-worthy form as he broke the surface.

Curiously, Hermione propped herself up on her elbows, watching (alright, *ogling*) him as he popped back up in the middle. Water rolled off his torso in glistening rivulets, dripping droplets from his collarbones down his chest where they traced the lines of muscle that she now knew quite well.

"Good gods," she muttered to herself, ignoring the way her glasses slid down the sweaty bridge of her nose.

But really? Who could blame her? Because here, under the golden sun, she almost swore his porcelain skin nearly twinkled. Yes, *twinkled*, like that vampire from that cult-followed series that she kept hearing Muggle teenagers giggle about on the Tube when she used it to commute to work. Apparently, the main female protagonist had to choose between a shirtless best-friend werewolf and a sparkling immortal vampire.

Or that was what she knew from *said* giggling Muggle girls and their teen-obsessed yapping.

In all seriousness, if the vampire looked *anything* like how Draco Malfoy did now—with his hair slicked back and droplets running like crystal beads down his chest—she didn't understand the holdup, because *holy hell...* *Pick the vampire, girl.*

It was really the only logical thing to do.

Hermione released a breathless, dreamy sigh, tilting her head in a not-so-subtle way as her gaze drifted over the sharpened lines of his shoulder blades and the *completely* illegal cut 'V' in his lower back where his swim trunks clung obscenely low on his hips.

Oh, there was absolutely *no* reason for anyone to look like that in broad daylight. *Torture,* really. Machiavellian, sadistic, and almost masochistic suffering.

Bring on the chains and the whips, people!

In fact, he was something that could easily compete with the glossy centerfold of *Wizarding GQ* or *Witch Weekly* as he stood to his full height. She wanted to tear it out and study it for educational and scientific purposes.

Hermione's head tilted further, taking in the droplets of water that trailed down his chest. Yep. *Okay.* This, right here, was criminal. Hell, it was so gods-dam illegal that there should be a law against it.

There, she said it, and she'd gladly put it in writing if needed.

He turned to look at her then, silver eyes meeting hers like he knew exactly where her attention had been moments before. Those cat-eyed sunglasses slid further down the sweaty bridge of her nose without a single care in this world.

Draco's mouth curled dangerously. "Come join me," he drawled.

"I'll get all wet, Malfoy," she retorted.

A guffaw escaped him as he subtly tilted his head towards her, haunting eyes never leaving hers. "I'm already *quite* acquainted with you and being wet, Granger."

Oh. Okay, now what could she say to that, because, well, *ugh.*

Gathering her wits about her, she stood, feeling how his heady gaze followed her like a hand dancing down each knob of her spine. She crossed the tiled deck of his terrace, ignoring the sharp ping of heat on her bare feet. And *gods,* she swore she heard him exhale (just barely) when she bent to sit at the edge of the pool, legs slipping into the cool water.

"Happy?" she mused, pushing her sunglasses further up her nose.

"*Oh,*" he chuckled darkly, "I'm fucking delighted."

Draco swam over then, the water rippling around his pale frame as he placed his hands on her knees. His thumbs rubbed slow, lazy circles against her sunblock-ridden skin like it was the most casual thing in the world. And all her mind could focus on was the *feel* of him—the *touch* of him. Gods, how the familiar scent of crushed coconuts and the soft hit of something citrusy like sun-ripened pineapple filled her lungs.

It reminded her of long-ago holidays in the South of France with her parents.

"Nice day," Draco said, all mock-innocence as his eyes trailed up her thighs blatantly. "Isn't it?"

She hummed, shifting slightly. "Scorching."

"I bet you are."

Warmth bloomed up her throat onto her cheeks, and she'd never been happier for her very tinted sunglasses, hiding her reaction to that—his words; his *everything*.

"We should do this more often," he drawled, drawing mindless patterns on her knees.

Her brows rose then as her mind scanned each of the six words in that sentence. *Do what? Hang out together? Have sex? Perform mind-blowing oral, giving me four orgasms? C'mon? What?*

"Swim more," he clarified at her silence. "I rather like having you in my pool."

"Oh," she muttered breathlessly. "Right. Uh, yeah... this summer has been busy, hasn't it?"

"Yeah," he nodded, wetting his lips as his fingers trailed up her thighs, sending cascading water droplets down them and the oily, sunblock sheen there. "I have to admit it's not a bad view either, seeing you lying out in... *this*." He pulled slightly at the flimsy crimson string of her bikini, letting out a ragged, barely contained breath. "I like seeing you in red, Granger."

Yep. *Alright!* And there was no denying that her stomach did a nice little tumble like it was on a ride at those fairs that appeared overnight. Gods, that was just ridiculous, given how she was feeling about him.

No, correction: it was stupid, foolish, and outright idiotic.

But it was also *really* dangerous as that molten pleasure pooled between her thighs.

Draco's hands drifted higher, soothing over and under the thin band of her bathing suit. "I really want to taste you again, Hermione."

Dear and merciful gods.

Swallowing down the knot in her throat (like that would do anything), she managed to get out: "I'm all sweaty, Draco. Trust me, you don't want to do that."

Tilting his head, his silver gaze flickered down to the apex of her thighs. "I don't necessarily care if you just ran a marathon," he told her simply, casually. "I want to taste you again."

Oh.

Oh...

Hermione's brain scrambled for a response (or anything resembling the English language), but her body was already moving five steps ahead, reacting wantonly to his words and the low, sexy rasp of his voice; the way his fingers teased along the edge of her bikini bottoms like he wanted to see her break.

Spoiler: it wasn't *that* hard to accomplish.

"Draco," she began, words cracking against the surface, "I don't—? Really, you don't want to do this—*that*. I'm all sweaty and gross, and I only showered last night when I got home, and I'm just—"

"And I don't care."

"You should," she grumbled.

Draco pinned her with a leveling look. "I told you that I wanted to do this," he said without room for argument. "And I meant it. Every time. As many fucking times as you'll let me or as humanly possible. And currently I have this *filthy*, borderline indecent fantasy of fucking you in my pool, making you scream loud enough for all of Vauxhall to hear."

A puff of air escaped her then as her lips parted.

"But we're *not* having sex... *yet*, Hermione." His eyes dropped to her mouth for a split second. "So, if it's all the same to you, I'd really like to taste you again. Because your cunt? *Hell*, it's something out of my gods-damn dreams."

Her eyes widened just a fraction, but really? How in the world was she supposed to respond to *that*? Also, when did he get so... mousy?

Not that she was particularly complaining about his mouth, but *yeah*.

"People should absolutely fucking warn a man before they come anywhere near you, *Granger*," he rasped, taking a step closer in the pool, water rippling around his lithe frame. "It's the sort that ruins a man, and it's all in my head now—your taste, your scent, your *everything*. And those sounds you make? I'd like to hear them again, and properly this time. Fuck, I'd love for all of London to hear, knowing that I did this to you—that I've wrecked *you* as much as you've wrecked *me*."

Hermione Granger? Yeah, she was not strong enough for this or his words that completely contradicted everything she knew about him—her friend, co-worker, and Sex Agenda adjacent and partner. Like *everything*.

"But don't worry," he went on, flashing her a roguish grin, "I'm not asking for anything. I'm just telling you what I want right now and how I plan on doing it. So, if it's alright, I'm going to make you feel good now, okay?"

Okay? Okay??! That was all he was going to say? Oh, bloody rutting hell, because she didn't know if it was *okay* or *not* because... *damn*. And perhaps add a few more explicatives for emphasis. It wasn't beneath her to curse, and sometimes her favorite word was, in fact, *'fuck.'*

But right *here* and *now*? Well, she didn't know if there was a word to describe how she felt. Honestly.

Without waiting for her response, Draco parted her thighs impossibly wide (or wide enough for his shoulders to fit between them). Hermione squeaked then, staring down at him like he was one of the Seven Wonders, unsure what to *say* or *do* as she watched this confident, firm version of him that wasn't there at the beginning of the week.

That alone? Well, it was enough to short-circuit something in her.

Gods, this wasn't the same man who came in his bespoke trousers on Monday, or the one who blushed that bright red when he saw her breasts for the first time on Tuesday. He wasn't the one who fumbled slightly, asking, '*Is this okay??*' on Wednesday as his fingers slipped between her thighs. It wasn't the one who confessed things to her over the phone on Thursday, or the one who lost himself devouring her yesterday.

No, this was someone who was now so sure of himself that the look in his silver, glazed-over eyes looked like he could conquer the gods-damn world.

It was, *well...* sexy.

Languidly, his thumb dragged up the gusset of her bathing suit bottoms as a low curse escaped his lips, feeling what she knew was her arousal there. Or, *okay*, maybe that was French.

Honestly? She couldn't be that certain given how dizzy her mind was and how close she was to the edge of a full-on meltdown on the left hemisphere of her brain—or more specifically, in her prefrontal cortex, where all logic and analytical rationality were stored. The part of herself that she typically prided herself on in her day-to-day life.

Fuck me.

"Can I?" he asked.

Nibbling her bottom lip, she nodded her permission. Really, she couldn't find it in herself to argue with him or anything, for that matter.

Smirking, Draco pulled her closer, her backside scraping gently across the smooth tile as he positioned her exactly where he wanted—legs open, bared, and flush against the edge of the glittering pool.

"Lean back for me," he murmured huskily. "Back on your elbows, Hermione, and let me have a proper taste."

Alrighty then. *Yep. Okay!*

Moved by the sheer force of his words, she braced herself on her forearms, spreading her legs a little wider to him as he hooked one over his shoulder.

Gingerly, he pressed a tender, open-mouthed kiss to her inner thigh.

A violent, pleasurable shudder rippled through her, pooling in her core as she felt a rush of arousal escape her. *Gods*, could he see it? That wet spot there darkening her bathing suit bottom into a russet rather than a crimson? Did he know what he did to her in a way that she didn't even want to acknowledge herself?

Ugh.

Draco's lips were wet and warm and undeniably soft against her salty and sunscreen-drenched skin, tongue flicking erotically with every graze of his mouth. And Hermione watched him, too, unable to look away as his lids fluttered and those impossibly dark lashes framing his eyes kissed his cheeks.

Perfect. He was really and truly bottled-up, Pureblooded perfection, and yet, she wouldn't dare tell him that aloud (or *ever*, for that matter).

Whatever. Semantics.

Peering up at her, those silver eyes locked on hers with a hunger that was quiet, focused, and utterly consuming. They watched one another as his mouth moved slowly, tortuously close until he dragged his tongue slowly over the fabric of her bathing suit. *Oh... oh gods.*

Instantly, his hot breath dampened the fabric, mingling with her already-there arousal.

A moan slipped from her mouth before she could stop it; the sound wanton and not quite her own (if she was being frank). *Fuck...*

Draco wickedly grinned against her before his lips latched onto the now-wet cloth, suckling gently in the same way she remembered last night. *Hell*, was he practicing or something? Was he learning how to properly and adequately torture her like she wasn't already a goners?

Either way, she couldn't think about it as her head tilted back, sunglasses slipping promptly off her head with a smack on the tile.

This was really happening, wasn't it? He was doing this right here, out in the open, because he was craving to taste her?

And, okay, *yes*, they were *technically* alone on the top floor of the penthouse and private terrace, where he was the only occupant. But still, there were other buildings—*office* buildings—with glass windows and a spectacular view onto the private space where someone might just see two voyeurs. Like, what if someone was working late on a Saturday? What if

some unsuspecting intern looked out from their cubicle and caught a full visual of Draco Malfoy (though they wouldn't know his name, would they?) going down on Hermione Granger by the rooftop, penthouse pool? Would they see how his broad shoulders that were framed in sunlight, settled between her thighs, and his palms gripped her arse like a sacred text?

Warmth bloomed dangerously at the thought.

Oh, wonderful. Was that another hidden kink she didn't know about? Voyeurism? Being an exhibitionist? *Ugh.*

Hermione had to bite back another moan as she felt him suck right on her swollen bundle of nerves.

Alright, it was decided that she didn't care. If someone was watching her—intern, employee, janitorial staff, security camera—she'd tell them to enjoy the show and hoped they'd clap afterward.

Was that wrong? *Oh*, yes, she'd bet Galleons on that fact alone, but twist her wrist.

Draco dragged her out of her spiral of thoughts as his fingers hooked under the gusset of her bikini, promptly pulling the fabric to the side. Nope, *not* off. And *yes*, she made a mental note once more that he was a relatively fast learner, especially considering they'd only discussed this particular move *once*.

More gold stars for Draco Malfoy.

Whimpering, she felt the warm summer air kiss her heat-soaked center. Her hips lifted in silent request, and he didn't waste a single minute as his mouth descended on her. *Oh, gods...* His hands spread over her thighs, pushing them impossibly further, anchoring her to the pool's edge. Pleasure rippled through her as her toes curled against his sweat-slicked skin on his back, dipping into the water.

It was all hot breath, wet tongue, and direct contact as he devoured her like she was his last meal.

And honestly? The more time that Draco spent between her thighs, Hermione Granger *thought* (and was almost convinced) she might die.

If she had to compare the two instances—because, *yes*, of course, that still-working part of her brain *insisted* on cataloging each moment like she was prepared to write a research paper on Draco's expertise—it was far different.

Yes, it was sloppy and a bit uncoordinated, but he listened to each and every sound she made, learning from it and improving. But today? Right now? Hell, there was an air of confidence and lingering devotion, layered in with something hungrier and needier. In fact, this time, his eyes remained locked on her, refusing to look away as his tongue dragged one flat, slow move through her folds before flicking up to circle her clit.

And he did it again and again without concern or care; all unhurried, unapologetic, and unbothered by time or the state of them, laid out with her swimming costume to the side and his head between her thighs.

Long story short: from last night to today, it was even better, and she didn't know *how* that was possible.

Honestly, the entire female population would really benefit if more men treated cunnilingus with even *half* the commitment that Draco Malfoy was currently giving her.

Actually, scratch that.

Perhaps then everyone would be happier as a whole and in a better place altogether. Hell, Hermione certainly knew that she was a better person when she at least had one proper orgasm.

Dragging her from her thoughts, the slick, pooling mixture of her arousal and his saliva dripped down the crease of her arse and onto the tile of the pool deck.

Gods... Yep! Okay, she was done for. The bloody end. Here lies Hermione Jean Granger.

Draco's tongue dipped deeper inside her, firmer still. His hands gripped with a force that couldn't be reckoned with, and the promise of thumbprint plumpy bruises that she'd wear like a badge of honor. His mouth suckled and laved *anywhere* they could find or reach. *Hungry...* so damn hungry. And that maddening rhythm shot bolts of fire into her bloodstream, focusing right there—*right there*.

Hermione moaned, fingers scrambling blindly for purchase with anything: herself, him, the patch of grass that separated the pool deck from the terrace. *Anything*.

"D-Draco," she whimpered, not particularly caring how wrecked she sounded. "Oh, gods... *don't*—please."

The heat? The pleasure? The current state of them? All open and exposed in the world? It was honestly too much, mingling with the audacity of how good he was at this, like he somehow practiced again after she left last night.

Or maybe he was *just* that good at reading her body.

Draco's palm pressed down over her stomach while his other hand gripped the underside of her thigh, holding her open even wider for him to consume. His tongue continued to dip into her, drinking and licking as his actions grew sloppy—*messy*. It felt possessive and needy, as if he was just as drunk off of this action as she was, and that did something to her.

Hell, it rewired a chemical reaction in her brain, making things frizzle.

Slowly, carefully, that pleasure began to build and build as the intense tightness coiled through her. It warmed her toes as it trailed up her legs and settled into her lower spine.

It was right *there*. So damn close that she could almost see it behind her lids and reach out and grab it.

His tongue kept working her, sliding impossibly deeper, as his thumb came up to rub at her clit with those tight circles she taught him. Every suck he gave on her center and every flick pushed her closer and closer to that edge.

Lips parting, she tried to warn him, but it was no use as her orgasm slammed into her.

And *gods*, everything about it was fast and unforgiving as her thighs squeezed around his head and her spine arched as she screamed silently towards the crystal-blue sky and golden sunshine above. He didn't let up, even as she bucked her hips into his awaiting mouth that was drinking every last drop of her.

Oh, bloody hell... that was honestly the fastest she'd ever come in her entire life.

Draco gave one last long lick, groaning against her before finally pulling back. "Fuck, Hermione," he drawled lowly, huskily.

Yes... fuck, indeed.

Panting, all Hermione could do was lie there, limbs boneless, chest heaving, and her eyes hooded as she watched him. Draco pressed a kiss on her inner thigh before adjusting her bathing suit back into place. Holding her gaze, his mouth trailed wetly up her covered, sensitive core before pausing under her navel. The touch was soft, open, and warm in that unhurried way that made her heart do odd, strange things.

Dear gods...

And maybe for good measure, she *should* do a Hail Mary.

Fingers rubbing soothing strokes against her inner thigh, Draco rose to his full height from between her legs. She had enough sense to notice her arousal glistening on his swollen lips and chin under the golden midday sun.

"Y-You—?" she stuttered, but that was the only word she could get out at the moment.

He arched a cocky brow. "*Me?*"

She hummed. "Dangerous."

"Am I?"

A breathy sigh escaped her then. "Quite."

She watched then as he climbed effortlessly out of the pool. Crystal droplets of water cascaded down his toned body, splattering across the tile in little abstract Rorschach blots she couldn't make sense of because (frankly) her brain was soup.

Again.

Draco's frame eclipsed the sun for a moment, haloing him like a fallen angel as she lay there on the pool's edge, still unable to move. And of course, like any female, she took the moment to appreciate all his long lines and golden light radiating off of him in that casual, post-orgasm way.

Honestly? It was rather unfair, but she digressed.

Leaning down, Draco cupped her chin, thumb dragging over her jaw reverently, before he kissed her like it was the most natural thing in this world. *Gods...*

Draco pulled back then. "I just have to finish up a report for Robards," he murmured huskily against her lips. "Feel free to make yourself at home, Hermione. I'll start on dinner in a few hours."

She blinked up at him, dazed. "Oh—*Okay*. Do you not want me to, *uh*, help?"

"*Help?*" he asked.

Her gaze flickered to the erection tinting his swimming trunks, clinging to his thighs. Following her gaze, Draco released a low, throaty laugh as pink tinged his cheeks.

Ah. Yes, there it was; that innocence she thought she'd lost for a moment with his newfound oral confidence.

"No," Draco drawled. "I want to save that for tonight."

Hermione blinked slowly, almost as if her brain was trying to catch up with his words. Oh... *oh*. Right.

Leaning back down, he pressed another kiss on her mouth. This one was slower, deeper, as his tongue traced her seam, savoring her one last time, before he finally stood and walked away. Unable to help it, her lips stretched wide with that stupid, sun-drunk, and quite goofy grin as she watched him enter through the glass door of the penthouse.

Merlin, he looked good.

Sighing heavily, Hermione collapsed backward onto the tile with a loud, contented sound. Her limbs sprawled as she smiled up at the ceiling like she was trying to imprint her joy up into the clouds. The sun was warm on her skin, soothing the rapid rise and fall of her chest, mingling with the pitter-patter of her heart.

Yet even with the sun warming her face and her pulse pounding within the vicinity of her ears, she realized something with sudden, horrifying clarity. *Oh gods...*

That? That kiss? It was not casual at all, was it?

* * * *

Hermione's skin had pruned with deep rivets from the pleasant bath before she dared face reality. She had contemplated her life choices up to this point, wondering how on earth she

had ended up here.

Okay, so she *knew* how she got here; she just didn't quite know *how* they got here—*here* to this odd perpetual state of domesticity. And yes, that was what she'd describe it as right now, given Draco was currently cooking her supper, looking like a walking advertisement.

Italian, he had told her earlier as she slipped inside the cool air-conditioned room, a pool towel wrapped around her body. *Your favorite.*

Ugh.

She padded barefoot down the glass stairs in a pair of loose Levi's and a fitted waffle-knit Henley; her ringlet curls were thrown up into a messy French twist with tendrils framing her sun-kissed cheeks and freckles. On the Muggle sound system, '*The Best*' by Tina Turner played to the thumping rhythm.

'Better than all the rest... Better than anyone... anyone I've ever met... Ooh, I'm stuck on your heart... I hang on every word you say... Don't tear us apart...'

Pausing on the last step, her fingers curled around the cool glass banister, watching as he stood there in the kitchen with his back to her, stirring something in a large silver pot on the stove. His body swayed slightly to the music in those tight-fitting Levi's that (again) should be illegal, doing everything in their magical power to accentuate him. *Dear gods...*

Swallowing thickly, Hermione made her way off the last step, following the invisible, heavenly aroma of garlic, basil, onions, and fresh tomatoes.

Draco turned then, brow furrowed in concentration, with a wooden spoon pressed thoughtfully to his lips. The low, golden glow of the sun poured through the towering glass windows around him, casting his silhouette in amber. What had she called him earlier?

Ah. Yes, a fallen angel, indeed.

Catching sight of her, there was no way for her to miss that unmistakable shift; how his eyes softened almost perceptibly, shifting from pale grey to striking silver with a softness that made her stomach do *things*.

"Hey," he flashed her a roguish grin. "Was beginning to wonder if you drowned, Granger."

Ignoring him, Hermione huffed, walking around the oversized marble island, snagging the pre-poured glass of Cabernet on the surface. *Gods*, he knew her so well. And it was really beginning to become a proper problem. Maybe she should change up her routine—her habits—like perhaps she should drink rosé, move to Rieslings, and pretend to like gin so that he wouldn't be *so* damn accurate with everything he did *for* her.

Then again, she sorta (okay, *really*) liked it.

For courage, Hermione took a healthy sip of the delicious wine, tasting the notes of dark cherry, blackberry, and the faintest hint of smoke on her tongue. Everything about it was bold, complex, with the right amount of age, expense, and drama.

Merlin, he picked a damn good bottle, didn't he? In fact, as she glanced towards the label, she almost laughed: *Château Montrose, Saint-Estèphe—circa 2005*.

It was basically Draco Malfoy in wine form.

He turned back to the pot, stirring it carefully with the same intensity that she knew he had with potion making. "Sit there," he mused, jerking his chin towards the stretch of counter beside him. "I want to show you something."

Of course, she did it without question or without even thinking, really. Then again, this *was* normal for them, and something she constantly had to remind herself of when her mind would nitpick at every gesture, word, and action.

Ugh. This was going to get old—*fast*.

Whatever.

Her bare feet swung back and forth, occasionally bumping against the wooden cabinets in time with the music drifting through the expensive sound system.

'Each time you leave me, I start losing control... You're walking away with my heart and my soul... I can feel you even when I'm alone... Oh, baby, don't let go...'

The horns picked up in the bridge, and Hermione noticed Draco's head bobbing ever so slightly to the tune as he stirred the sauce. The act alone was enough to make her lips twitch as he held the spoon in the air, like he was about to offer her a taste.

"What?" he asked slowly, catching her staring.

"I've just... *gods*, never heard you listen to Tina Turner before," she told him honestly, trying to hold back her grin. "It's... cute."

"Cute?" Draco narrowed his eyes playfully. "It's *not* cute, Hermione! It's Tina *fucking* Turner. It's—" he grunted, and *gods*, it was honestly adorable. "It's iconic."

"Iconic?"

"Yes!" he huffed. "She's timeless, Granger. This came out in—what? The late eighties?"

Hermione's brows lifted. "Oh? So, you have an opinion on decades now? Is that it?"

"And you don't?"

"Of course," she grinned, leaning forward slightly as her hands hooked on the underside of the counter. "*Obviously*, the seventies were better. Fleetwood Mac? Bowie? Earth, Wind, and Fire? Please."

"Disco was and is chaos," Draco muttered, turning back to the sauce, but she didn't miss the way his lips twitched. "Everything sounds like drugs, love triangles, heartbreak, and regret."

Hermione gasped, feigning shock. "But you're forgetting rock and roll."

"And you've *clearly* been spending too much time with Potter, Hermione, if you think that's music."

"It is music!" she argued, tone pitching. "And Harry is my best friend—and I *personally* think he has excellent taste." She paused then, taking a sip of her red wine to steady her thoughts. "Okay, some of his stuff is a little questionable, I'll give you that."

"Thank you," Draco drawled.

"But," she went on, ignoring him, "it's mostly Sirius's and I think he knows—*knew* music better than any of us, considering he *did* grow up in that time."

He rolled his eyes. "It's heavy metal, head-banging shite. Metallica? Sex Pistols? AC/DC?"

"And the Stones and Queen and David Bowie—?"

"Alright," he interrupted her with a scoff. "I get it, Granger. You're very passionate about music, just like you are with everything else."

She grinned at him. "Thank you."

"But—" he continued, not missing a beat as he stirred the bubbling blend of tomatoes, garlic, and oregano, "—if you're *so* opinionated about my choice in music, then what would you rather hear, then?"

She waved him off. "No—*no*, it's almost over. And I'm painfully curious about what you're planning on playing next."

Draco paused in his stirring, glancing at her sidelong. "So you *do* know this song?"

"Of course I *know* this song! I have ears, don't I?"

Shaking his head, he turned back to the stove with a smug, self-satisfied smirk. *Ugh.* "You know, it's okay to like things I like, Granger. It won't kill you."

"Oh, really?" Hermione challenged, taking a sip of her wine. "Alright, Malfoy—tell me what *you* like then, and we'll *see* if I agree, yes?"

Draco straightened just a little bit. "I like espresso over tea—"

"Already knew that," she cut in smoothly. "But carry on."

Slowly, he glared over at her, yet there was no mistaking the playful glitter in his eyes that did something (again) to her stomach.

Ugh. And here went those damn butterflies. Always so *frickin* needy.

"I like winter over summer," he went on, holding her gaze. "But *again*, you already know that since you *always* make fun of me for being born in the wrong season *and* month."

Hermione smirked against the cool rim of the wineglass. Oh, he wasn't wrong about that, but she didn't dare point that out. Hell, not when she could still remember the last (and annual) 'snow makes him brooding' phase.

"I hate dancing, but I know I'm good at it," he drawled, stirring the sauce once. "I like pretentious art and unnecessarily thick books because they challenge me—and you seem to *always* recommend those, anyway. I still read the physical paper every morning with my espresso. I like Muggle things because they intrigue me, not because I'm trying to repent for my sins. I hate when the Cannons lose, because that means Zabini has bragging rights for the next month. And I *really* fucking like when you tie your curls back with a pencil when you're focused at work." *Oh...*

Her fingers tightened around the fragile wine stem, daring it to break. And *gods*, she didn't quite know where this was going, but judging by the way she could see that teeny-tiny blush creep up his pale neck, under his dark t-shirt, she could only assume.

"I like when—" Draco hesitated, focused intensely on the crimson sauce. "You do this... *uh*, thing with your mouth, too. I mean, when you're reading. It's almost like you're chewing on the words, trying to eat them. And I like that perfume you wear sometimes—the one that Ginny gave you for Christmas a few years back."

Hermione let out a little, breathless laugh. "What? Have you been cataloguing me, Malfoy?"

Finally, Draco glanced up at her. And *gods*, she didn't miss how his eyes were strikingly darker than before. Like the slate found on his terrace when it rained—all slick and that almost charcoal color.

"Maybe," he murmured huskily, and she ignored the way her heart thundered like a war drum behind her ribs. He cleared his throat, voice dropping lower than before. "And maybe... I like doing this with you, too."

Blinking, she tried to laugh it off again. "What?" she asked. "Cooking together?"

He shrugged one shoulder. "Well, yes. *That.*"

Waiting, she watched as he reached over to the second burner on his ridiculously expensive Gaggenau range—yes, the very one imported from France that cost *more* than her rent for a year and then some. Carefully, he adjusted the dial so the bubbling silver pot of noodles simmered without boiling over.

Did he have to be so damn smooth with everything he did? It was unnerving, but also familiar.

The song changed as the recognizable horns picked up the signature intro of '*Try a Little Tenderness*' by Otis Redding.

"I also like just... having you here," Draco told her, voice quiet again. "In my kitchen, lounging on my terrace, and just—just in my apartment. And fuck, I really liked you in *my* bed last night. I liked waking up, smelling you on my sheets, like you were just there, and I might find you barefoot in my kitchen."

Lips parting, her breath lodged in her throat until she swore that someone had their hands locked around her neck. Worse? She didn't know what to say.

No, actually, what in Merlin's good and honest name could she say to that?

Thankfully, Draco (seeming oblivious to the emotional earthquake he'd just triggered) dipped the wooden spoon into the sauce, turning back to her expectantly. And hell, even if she wanted to look away, she couldn't as he moved towards her, nudging her knees apart.

Of course, she obliged, allowing him to find that sacred space where he belonged.

"Here," he drawled lowly, holding the spoon up towards her lips. "Open for me."

Oh, dear gods...

Still, she did (rather obediently for their current predicament), lips enclosing around the wood without a single thought in her mind.

Okay, so she could readily admit that Draco Lucius Malfoy was a damn good cook. Not '*he can boil pasta and survive*', or '*he adds salt and pepper to eggs*', or '*makes me pancakes in the morning*' good. But like hand-crafted, precision-seasoned, taste-bud-melting good. Like, actually, *beyond* any man or wizard she'd ever dated before.

And really, she'd marry him if she could, just for his cooking alone.

A decadent moan escaped her as her lids fluttered shut, savoring the rich flavor. Had she just died and gone right to heaven? The idea was *highly* plausible, given how the spicy arrabbiata clung to her tongue. It was flavored with Calabrian chili and a hint of roasted garlic, which she *knew* he had prepared himself. There was heat, yes, but it wasn't overwhelming. Actually, it was quite seductive (if pasta sauce could be categorized in that way) with the notes of honey and black truffle. That slow-building burn lingered on the back of her throat long enough to make her want more.

Unfortunately, Draco pulled the spoon away, gaze still locked on hers. A small streak of crimson sauce dribbled onto her chin.

"Crap..." Hermione mumbled under her breath, reaching up to wipe it away. Yet before she could, Draco was there, grabbing her wrist, stopping her. *Oh...*

"Here," he murmured deeply, eyes trained on her mouth, "let me."

Frozen in place (because Hermione couldn't move even if she tried), Draco's thumb delicately stroked against the crimson sauce, gathering it on the pad of his finger, tenderly grazing her sensitive bottom lip. *Bloody hell.* A delirious sensation pulled like a hook in her core, sending that familiar rumble through her chest as she watched him watch her.

A push and pull that felt *a lot* like a game of tag. Or maybe even something keen that she couldn't put a name on.

"Did you...?" Hermione started, voice breathless and not entirely her own. "Did you get it?"

Draco only hummed, pulling his thumb away. Apparently, he wasn't finished there as he dragged said thumb right up to his mouth and sucked.

Oh, fuck me.

Lips parting, she watched entranced as he laved against the digit, eclipsed gaze refusing to leave hers. His mouth wrapped around it in an intentional, toe-curling way. In fact, *said* toes were currently tightening against the wooden counter as her fingers found purchase with the underside of the marble, like that might just ground her in reality instead of this sexualized fantasy she was dangerously teetering towards.

Actually, now that she thought about it, the act alone was rather filthy as he tasted the sauce that had just escaped her mouth on his fingers. It reminded her of last night when he couldn't stop licking her sex over and over and over again.

Ugh. And that, right there, only made her stomach tighten further in anticipation.

If she were being honest with herself—and she should be, all circumstances aside—every bit of her wanted to just tell him to forget dinner altogether. Hell, to just unbutton her jeans right here in the kitchen and bend her over the counter and put that erection she could feel pressed against her thigh to good use.

But she wouldn't—*couldn't*.

Her reasoning? Well, there were several, but at the top of the list was that, for all the lust clouding her brain, some tiny, rational part of her still knew that this was his first time. And it shouldn't be some sexualized, rushed thing on kitchen counters, surrounded by boiling water and balsamic reductions and tomato sauce.

No... it should be slow and caring and delicate.

Draco Malfoy, of all the virgin, Purebloodian wizards in the land (and the greater London area), should have his first time be something special.

Also, she really, *really* wanted to suck his cock properly on her knees. Or, more preferably, with his hands fisting her hair, telling her how *good* she was doing before he came down her throat in that premature, overly excited way.

Unfortunately (or fortunately), he seemed to have other ideas as he pressed himself further between her widening thighs, setting the spoon down on the counter without a care. A smear of sauce was surely left behind (if she dared to look), streaking across the once pristine black-and-white marbled countertop. Yet, she couldn't even think to remove her eyes from his lust-ridden, quartz ones. *Gods dammit...*

Draco's fingers curled around her wine glass, digits brushing hers with that gentle touch as he asked: "May I?"

"Uh?" she managed to get out. "Yeah—yes?"

Really, really smooth.

Then again, Hermione couldn't quite find it in herself to care that she was being reduced to a babbling nothing, like the arrabbiata sauce on the stove. *Merlin*, not when Draco skillfully removed her wineglass from her death-like grip and set it far enough out of reach—or far enough that it wouldn't get damaged in what was about to come.

Hands free now from their wine-ridden confines, she reached out and fisted the hem of his t-shirt, fingertips dipping just slightly below the band.

Gods, was his skin always this soft?

Draco moved too, his own hands finding the curve of her waist, pulling her impossibly close to him, notching himself right there between her spread legs. His other cupped her jaw, guiding her face up to meet his.

"Beautiful," he rasped.

"I—I'm not," she laughed, the sound breathless.

He hummed. "You are, Hermione. But I have a feeling you just don't know it yet."

It took everything in her not to focus on his words—because can anyone blame her?—but rather how painfully aware she was of his height; something she'd recently discovered this week, even if the pair had been friends for a decade now. Like, okay, how was that even possible? All six-foot-what of him? The kind of staggering tallness that, even with her sitting on his counter, she had to crane her neck up.

Really, it should be illegal.

Leaning in, Draco's lips brushed her own, breath ghosting over her skin in a sensual caress. Their noses brushed, and their lashes fluttered closed as their chests rose in perfect synchronization. Hell, everything about it was delirious and intoxicating; far more electrifying than the expensive bottle of Cabernet that sat on the marble countertop.

"Hermione..." Draco drawled reverently. "*Gods*. I need to tell you something."

"What?" she asked, fingers curling further against his t-shirt.

"I—?" he started. "I need you to know that I've—"

A loud, shrill hiss filled the open kitchen. Immediately, their connection was severed like a rubber band against bare flesh. *Ugh*.

"Shite—!" Draco swore, jumping back from her as steam burst from the stovetop, flooding the air in a hot, white cloud.

Blinking rapidly, Hermione stared (still a bit dazed) as the water boiled over, flooding the burner and the fifteen-thousand-euro range-top.

Cutting off the stove, Draco grabbed the pot without thinking. "Salazar, dammit!" he yowled, dropping it with a loud, shrill clang onto the tile. "Ow! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

Eyes widening, Hermione watched in horror as pasta went *everywhere*.

"FUCKING—*fuck!*" he barked, waving his hand in the air as he hopped promptly onto the puddle of once-boiling water and rogue, squishy cavatelli. "Bloody—! *Shitting—!* Morgana's left tit—*fuck!* Fucking shite—*fuck!* *Fuck!* *FUCK!*"

Somehow, she managed to jolt back into reality, launching herself off the counter. "Draco!" she snapped, grabbing his burned hand by the wrist. "Stand—!" she grunted, squeezing slightly. "Stand still! You're only going to make it worse, and you're tracking noodles everywhere!"

"I don't fucking care about the noodles," he growled back, tears glistening in his eyes as he tried to glare down at her. "There's pasta between my toes, and my hand is burned, and your dinner is—is ruined."

"Oh gods! I don't care about the dinner, Draco! I care that you're bloody hurt!"

That seemed to shut him right on up. *Good, honestly!*

Losing a breath, she gently maneuvered him over towards the stainless-steel sink. Turning on the water, she waited until it was cold before guiding the blooming, angry pink burn under the surface.

Draco hissed. "*F-Fuck...*"

Hermione glanced up at him. "Sorry? Are you... alright?"

A grunt rumbled from his chest. Yet there was no mistaking how rigidly taut his jaw was as he watched the cool water cascade over the swelling mark on his palm.

She wondered then if the icy touch offered some relief, knowing that her mum used to do this all the time whenever Hermione got a bit too excited about the oatmeal cookies in the oven, or she became too overly enthusiastic when her parents bought her a small, at-home potion-making set for one Christmas.

The kitchen was quiet then, save for the hiss of water from the spicket, their heavy breathing, and the sounds of Maroon 5's '*She Will Be Loved*'.

"Where's your Dittany?" she asked softly, breaking the tension.

Glancing at her, his lips curved into a pained smile. "How do you know I have Dittany?"

She gave him a flat, unamused look. "You organize your quills by size and ink retention. You alphabetize your coffee collection by region of harvest and don't even get me started on the wine, Draco. So, I know you have some Dittany on hand in case of emergencies, probably in a drawer with matching calligraphy tags. And this—" she jerked her chin downward, thumb grazing his pulse point"—is an emergency."

Draco was silent then for a beat too long as she reached for a towel, dabbing the edges of the burn as gently as she could.

"Hermione," he murmured huskily, dragging her attention back up to him.

Oh, gods... He was staring at her. No, like really staring at her as *that* something shifted behind his grey eyes; something deep and honest and real.

It was that same *something* she'd tried to ignore the night before.

"I hate that you know me so well, Granger," Draco said, his tone quiet. "And yet, I hate how every time you see right through me... I, *gods*, I just want you to keep looking and never stop."

The world around them paused as the water kept running, splattering its icy chill into the metal sink, and the lead singer of Maroon 5 kept singing on about how he somehow wanted more.

And yet she was so painfully aware of everything: how their hands touched, and the kitchen smelled of basil, garlic, and truffle, the burnt pride of him and the openness of her, the squished Cavatelli pasta on the floor, and the abandoned *Château Montrose, Saint-Estèphe* Cabernet on the counter.

Then there was him... *Gods*, standing there barefoot and staring at her like she was the rising sun that vanished the stars.

It was a look that would make any woman, witch, or even man lose their damn minds, like something out of a fable-book or those spine-bent paperback novels she kept on her bookshelf. It was... lust, *yes*, but also something more.

That unnamed, hazardous, and *should* come with a warning sign thing.

And that? That wasn't supposed to happen, and yet it was happening right before her very eyes as her thumb brushed gingerly over his thundering pulse. The only thing that hinted at his vulnerability was his nervousness within the heartbeat.

Draco cleared his throat, then, offering her a playful, slightly wobbly smile. "So," he said, cocking his head, "the Dittany is, *uh*, upstairs in my bedroom—bathroom."

Swallowing thickly, she nodded. "Right. *Yeah*. Upstairs, and in your bathroom. Makes sense."

"Yeah, right."

Ugh.

Hermione dropped his wrist then, busying herself with folding and unfolding the hand towel like that might just distract her from the way he was still watching her.

"You know," he began, "we *should* probably eat a little something before tonight. Fuel up and carb-load and whatever people do before sex. Or, I just... well, I assumed that's what people did." Draco gestured towards the surrounding mess. "And that was the plan, but I guess dinner sorta went out the window with... *yeah*."

Hermione just shook her head. "Dinner doesn't matter, Draco."

"Shouldn't it?" he countered. "I mean, I should probably feed you before I get too carried away."

Finally looking at him, she curved a brow. "And I should probably put some ointment on you before *you* get too carried away."

Draco winced before grinning down at her. "Okay, '*ointment*' does *not* sound that sexy when paired with the thought of you taking my virginity."

"Oh my gods!" Hermione laughed brightly, swatting at his shoulder with the hand towel. "You're such a prat, Malfoy!"

His grin only stretched wider.

Huffing, she moved to turn away when he grabbed her hand with his unmarred one, pulling her promptly back around to him. The movement was quick, sure, and so *painfully* smooth that she barely had time to register the press of his chest against hers or the way his hand cradled her face.

Alright, and him kissing her, but *whatever*.

Hermione couldn't help herself as she sighed into him, feeling the way it undid something in her, toying with all those unyielding knots in her belly. Everything about it was slow and gooey and perfect with the confident slide of his lips against hers that completely contradicted the same kiss she felt six days ago (if she was being exact) in the Cursed Artefact Laboratory.

Dear gods...

Pulling away, Hermione was left there utterly breathless, blinking up at him with parted lips and wide eyes.

"What—?" she murmured, trying to find the words on her tongue. "What was that for?"

Draco's smirk tugged up on one side, all crooked and warm and him. *Dammit.*

And there it was again—that familiar, goofy part of him that she'd known for years. The one that came out when he was a little off balance, like that time when they accidentally released

a Decoy Detonator in the laboratory, sending that glittering, obsidian smoke everywhere. Or when he opened up a cursed jewelry box, releasing a potent love charm that caused him to blindly confess his love to *anyone* who passed by.

Actually, *gods*—she'd forgotten about that.

They'd been cataloging dark artefacts from the D.M.L.E. when he opened one of the obsidian containers without checking the bright (and in bold) label that read: *DO NOT OPEN WITHOUT PROTECTION! DANGEROUS, CURSED OBJECT!*

She only remembered that day because the charmed air conditioning had been broken, and it was stifling. In fact, she'd removed her clothes, wearing only a pair of jeans and a thin tank top, which did nothing to hide her pebbled nipples peeking through.

Yeah, probably not appropriate now that she thought about it. Oh, *whatever*.

Either way, Draco had opened the box, claiming he was distracted, and was hit immediately with a potent love charm. A powerful one that was eventually classified as Level-Eight on the Cumulative Unified Measurement (C.U.M.) and a solid S5 on the Severity Evaluation of Xeno-Hexes (S.E.X.) scale. Draco ended up spending the next twenty-four hours confessing his undying love to anyone and everyone who passed by—Robards, Harry, Kingsley, the janitorial elves, the healer that came to escort him to St. Mungos—but surprisingly *not* her.

"Had to do that before I got too carried away, Granger," he drawled, eyes crinkling as he dragged her from her thoughts. "The pasta sorta ruined the bit I had planned earlier, didn't it?"

"Uh?" Hermione blinked. "Yeah. Uh, right."

Draco just shrugged nonchalantly. "C'mon. The Dittany's upstairs in my bathroom."

Before she could even have a chance to respond (or find her voice for that matter), he was already moving towards the stairs like that kiss hadn't just knocked the wind clean from her lungs.

In fact, she just stood there like a proper idiot, staring wide-eyed at his back.

Without thinking, Hermione absentmindedly reached for his abandoned wineglass, swallowing the rest of the expensive Château Montrose Cabernet Sauvignon in one quick (and rather loud) gulp. The notes of chocolate and sharp cherries burned her throat, but she couldn't bring herself to care as she stared at his shapely arse.

"Oh, fuck me," she whispered.

Chapter End Notes

I promise the deflowering is coming! Burned hand or not! It will prevail! All 16K words of it

Much Love!

Mads

Come say hi: [Insta](#) and [Tumblr](#)

Chapter 10: Saturday: Bed Chemistry

Chapter Notes

This chapter is just smut. Roughly 16K words of pure, filthy, and virgin-no-more smut.
Enjoy ;)

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

Saturday, June 22nd Part Two *Day Six: Bed Chemistry*

Hermione didn't quite know *how* they'd gotten here.

Okay, fine. *Whatever*. That was a complete and total lie, because she did know how the pair ended up in this position... relatively easily, in fact.

But to fill in the blanks for those curious: one minute, Hermione was kneeling between his thighs, putting Dittany on his burned palm, watching with clinical satisfaction as the angry crimson skin magically soothed and healed with a blink beneath her touch. Yes, it was all very responsible, very platonic, and very by the book (if she did say so herself). And then the next? Draco Malfoy was snogging the living daylights out of her.

Again.

He'd grabbed her face with both hands before yanking her up onto his lap on the stool he'd been perched on; his tongue slipping between her lips as she promptly melted like a puddle into him.

And *yes*, that was entirely the most accurate description.

Then (and really only the gods knew *how* he maneuvered this situation), Draco seized her, lifted her, and tossed her promptly over his shoulder with her giggled protest and her swatting at his arse.

Actually, Hermione was pretty positive she'd called him a barbarian.

Okay, and she *also* ogled it from that topsy-turvy angle, but *whatever*. Did that really matter? *No*, not particularly when she felt the firm slide of her body against his as he set her down at the foot of his bed or when his mouth molded against hers and his hands were tangled in her wild curls like he couldn't get enough.

She wasn't complaining (in case anyone was keeping track). *Nope*. Not one bit. But she *was* swooning and readily forgetting all the rules she set for herself tonight when prepared to

Deflower Draco Malfoy (trademark pending).

She digressed here.

What *did* matter, however, was that her fingers were now eager little things, fisting the hem of his t-shirt and yanking it promptly over his head. She tossed it somewhere into the abyss of all lost clothes on bedroom floors, eyes and hands too busy entertaining themselves as they smoothed their way over the firm, obscene ridges of his chest and toned abdomen.

Hermione sighed dreamily. *Gods...*

Really? Who could blame her, given that he looked like *that*? All innocent and moonstruck-eyed and *still* a virgin (though he wouldn't be one much longer). And how, in Merlin's good and honorable name, could someone—who challenged her mentally, physically, and emotionally—wear glasses, like Clark Kent, giving Superman a run for his money, and still be this... *ugh*.

Everything? Wonderful? Sexy? Brilliant? All the above? And did it even matter what the pronoun or adjective was in hindsight? *Honestly*. Again, nope.

Gods, not when he was kissing her like, well... *that*.

The slow, deep drag of his lips against hers felt like they might just mould, immortalizing themselves there. The way her knees went all wobbly and love-struck as she braced her palms against his burning chest, feeling the smooth planes, like this was the first time she had ever touched a male specimen before.

Really, who was the virgin here?

Pulling away, Hermione whispered breathlessly: "Lie down."

Okay, she was gasping a bit, but *whatever*.

"Yes, ma'am," he drawled, silver eyes glittering.

Yes... Good boy, indeed.

He backed up until he hit the bed with his calves, gaze refusing to leave hers with that same dazed, reverent look he'd given her earlier. It felt magnetic then, as tension crackled between them—a live wire that was precariously close to standing water. Or something that *should've* come with a warning label at the beginning of this week.

And yet she promptly ignored it, flicking that tiny voice on her shoulder away with the swat of her hand.

Ugh. Pesky thoughts.

Sinking into the mattress (that was *apparently* imported from Sweden or something utterly ridiculous like that), Draco moved backwards, obeying her.

Gaze flittering over him, Hermione didn't quite know where to look: His toned pecks? The sharp cut of his abdomen, which was somehow even more enhanced by the seductive, moody lighting in his bedroom? His erection straining his jeans?

Dangerous... *oh*, so *damn* dangerous.

Then again, she didn't particularly care, did she?

"Okay?" she asked, checking in.

"Y-Yeah," Draco hummed.

Steadying herself, Hermione didn't say a word as her fingers latched onto the first metal button of her Levi's. With a deliberate *flick*, she undid one and then another, eyes holding onto his. With each one undone, it seemed to ignite something unknown within him, like a stoked fire, fueling her as she slid her jeans down inch-by-glorious-inch.

Alrighty then. Step one? *Done*.

Next came her Henley as she tugged it over her head, letting it drop into the same careless heap of clothes on the floor, as if it were yesterday, making it nearly *déjà vu*. She waited for him to say something—mostly about her continuous need not to fold her things—but it never came as he just stared at her.

Actually, she was positive he didn't blink.

Instead, Draco remained utterly silent, lips parted and chest heaving with every breath he took. Those silver eyes just watched her like she was that cresting moon echoing in the city-polluted sky outside, rising above the glittering skyline.

She batted her lashes. "Feel free to tell me how pretty I am."

"You're..." Draco's throat worked on a swallow. "You're *beyond* pretty, Hermione."

Arching her brows, she waited as his gaze traced over her sun-kissed skin and the bits of lace she left on.

"Gods, you have no idea how fucking sexy you look right now," he rasped, voice gravelly.
"No idea."

Well, *okay*, maybe he was off on that one, because she *did* know. After all, she'd selected her matching emerald lingerie with expert precision (and Ginny's wild opinion on the matter during their early morning Floo-call and subsequent debrief).

And *yes*, she did *just* that, knowing it was his favorite color.

Hermione grinned then, slow and utterly smug, as she placed a knee on the bed. "Do I?" she mused coyly. "Tell me what you like then, Mr. Malfoy?"

Draco groaned, tossing his head back against the hippogriff-down pillows. "You can't—? Fuck, you can't *say* things like that to me."

"Like *what*?"

Grunting in that pained, manly way, Draco lifted his head again as she placed one hand on the mattress. "Be so... so *fucking* sexy and ask me to tell you what I like about you and call me '*Mr. Malfoy*', which shouldn't be that hot, but I'm oddly into it. Yeah, *no*, I'm really fucking into it."

Her grin stretched wider. "Sounds like a *you* problem."

"Oh, it's a total *me* problem, and that's the bloody issue." Draco's piercing, lust-filled gaze traced over her throat down to her breasts, about to spill out of her lacy balconette bra. "*Gods, dammit*... you're fucking spectacular."

His eyes continued to sweep down her body, lips parted and brows pinched as his hands fisted the two-thousand-thread-count sheets.

"I like the way the lace hugs your hips," he admitted. "And how your—your bra doesn't hide your nipples. I can see them... so fucking hard. And that green, Granger? *Fuck me.*"

Well, that was the plan (eventually).

"I like your curls right now, too," he went on, rambling. "How they're all wild from lying outside and being in the bath. It's my favorite look on you, you know? When you're natural and you don't try to control them. It makes me want to—to—*gods*, *all* I want to do is fist my hands in your hair. And I don't even think you *want* to know what I want to do there, Hermione."

Placing her other knee on the bed, she began crawling up the mattress, fingertips grazing his denim-clad calves. There was no way to miss the erected strain on his jeans or the slight darkening patch of his arousal leaking through.

"And what if I want to know?" she asked, curious.

He grunted. "*Salazar...*"

"Humor me."

Draco only hesitated for a moment before he told her: "I have this fantasy of... *us*. Well, *you*, really. And ever since you wrote in your agenda that you were okay with, *uh*, deep-throating, I—" his gaze flickered back down to her breasts to the planes of her abdomen as she paused right at his hips. "I can't—*fuck*, I can't stop thinking about it."

"Letting me suck your cock?" Hermione asked innocently, arching a brow.

Another groan escaped Draco as he squeezed his eyes shut. "Bloody hell, Granger."

Her lips twitched as she leaned down and pressed an open-mouth kiss right above the waistband of his jeans. And gods, how wrong was it that she relished in that delicious sound he made, or the way he smelled like expensive peppercorn, citrus, and bergamot soap.

"*Fuck*," he muttered, utterly wrecked.

Hooking her fingers into the waistband of his denims, she dragged them slowly over to the button. Holding his gaze the entire time, watching as his eyes darkened with raw need. Finally, she undid the metal clasp with a *pop*, sliding the zipper down.

Draco's breath hitched, teeth grazing his bottom lip as if restraining himself from helping.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, lasted about maybe... *oh*, three or four seconds? She was being generous there. *Honestly*.

The second her fingers began to tug the denim down his hips, he practically bucked into the motion, wriggling with eagerness. It was pretty damn adorable, like he was trying to be smooth about it, and yet wanted to rip them clean from his body and get to the good bits.

Then again, could she blame him?

Hermione laughed softly under her breath. "Easy there, Malfoy."

"I *am* being easy," he grumbled, nearly kneeing her in the ribs as he tried to kick the jeans from his ankles, only to tangle himself further. "*Dammit...*"

Shaking her head, she placed a palm on his shin, stilling him as she tried to untangle the mess from his calves. Really, she was relatively efficient at it as she pulled them off and balled them up, before tossing them haphazardly onto the floor without a second thought.

"So messy..." he muttered, eyes tracing the movement.

"Oh, I'm not *that* bad."

Draco arched a brow. "Have you seen yourself? Crookshanks is neater than you, Granger."

Grinning, she leaned back over, pressing a kiss to the downy, translucent hair on his thighs before moving towards the band of his briefs. Her mouth lingered there, inhaling deeply. *Gods...*

"So it *did* bother you?" she murmured, nuzzling just above the band as she peered up at him. "Why didn't you say anything?"

Draco shrugged. "Why would I?"

"I don't know. But if it really bothered you that much, I would *try* to be better."

"Well, we'll cross that bridge later when it happens again," he told her casually. "And with *you*? It's a flaw I'm readily able to overlook."

Hermione stilled then, eyes widening for a fraction of a second. Alright, did she hear that correctly? Certainly not. No, he probably meant in the Cursed Artefact Laboratory when she kept her half-drunk coffee cups out for the entire day and then just put them in the sink without forgetting to wash them. Or when she didn't hang their protective lab coats on their designated hooks. Or... Or... *ugh*.

Sighing heavily, Hermione hooked her fingers under the elastic band of his black briefs. Her palm grazed dangerously over his prominent erection, earning a desperate groan from him.

She looked up at him through her lashes, asking: "May I?"

"Yeah, *fuck*..."

Grinning to herself, she pulled down his briefs in one fluid motion. Immediately, his cock sprang free, bobbing against his stomach, all full and weeping.

Swallowing, she wetted her lips, unable to take her gaze off of him. Okay, *Merlin*, somehow she'd forgotten how... *big* he was. Also, how in the world was that possible? He was so thick and heavy, in the sort of way that made her mouth water with the utter dying need to taste him and that salty, male essence, or feel him fat and throbbing with arousal on her tongue.

And *yes*, she said that with absolutely zero shame.

Back to the point at hand: he was massive in a way that gave his Latin forename a *whole* new meaning.

In fact, given the flushed deep shade of indigo at the tip and the cobalt vein that looked like it was craving for her to reach out and drag her thumb over it, she wondered how this wasn't in some sex museum somewhere. Honestly, Michelangelo would've lost his gods-damn mind over it, craving to chisel this thing into marble and immortalize it for the entire universe to witness, and other males to become utterly jealous of.

"Are you... uh, alright?" Draco asked cautiously.

Oh. Right. She was just staring at his cock like someone who'd never once seen one in their lifetime, wasn't she?

Hermione cleared her throat, snapping out of her erection-induced trance as she met his gaze. "Oh, I'm fine!" she squeaked. "Totally fine!"

"Is this—?" he hesitated. "Is this about my... cock again?"

"Draco—?"

"No, Hermione," he huffed. "Be honest with me here, yeah? Is this going to be an issue because I know you said it wasn't, but I'm starting to think you were lying and... *fuck me*."

Okay, he was actually adorable right then and there (minus his monster erection glaring right at her).

But all jokes aside, he was vulnerable and worried, and she could see the flush pricking his cheeks that tugged against a soft emotion within her chest. The one that realized he was, in fact, a bit insecure about all of this, and she was being relatively insensitive. *Ugh.*

"No," she sighed, rubbing her palms up the expanse of his thighs, feeling the delicate hair there. "It's not an issue, Draco. We'll make this work—*together*." Hermione offered him a wry smile. "Foreplay? Remember?"

Swallowing thickly, he nodded once. "Foreplay. Yeah... *uh*, right. Foreplay. Got it. And when should we do that?"

Leaning forward, Hermione pressed a gentle kiss to his navel, peering up at him. "Relax, Draco," she soothed softly. "Let me take care of you for once, okay?"

Tension bled from his bones like smoke as he obeyed readily. *Good boy*, indeed.

Slowly, Hermione's fingers danced across his stomach, watching as his muscles contracted and flexed under her ministrations. *Gods...* That? Right there? It was something she could readily get addicted to, knowing that she did something to him with the barest of bare touches. It was intoxicating in a way that she somehow understood *why* women fell into the world of being a dominatrix—the promise of control and obedience and power.

Again, unquestionably quite addicting.

She roved over the blonde line of hair smattered there, feeling the soft curls before tracing the prominent muscled cut between his hips. It was indecent, *really*, how defined he was, and how he rarely showed off this side of himself. In fact, she only saw it when he raised his hands overhead in the laboratory, stretching, or those moments like earlier today, when the two of them stripped down into their swimming costumes, daring to beat the heat.

Was that only this afternoon? *Merlin*, it felt like a lifetime ago.

Losing a breath, her fingertips dipped lower, near the base of him. And for once, she was the timid one as she hesitated, mentally trying to calculate how to do this—how to wrap her hand around his length and stroke him, while also forcing her mouth to stretch obscenely wide to take him.

The weight? The veins? The thick, indigo head? It was all arithmetical and runic calculations in her mind.

Yeah, *so* the time for a Hail Mary was right about now.

Strapping on that Gryffindor courage—because this was *totally* what the founders of Hogwarts meant when they established sorting requirements—Hermione wrapped her hand around him.

Oh, gods. He was soft, velvety, and just... *perfect* as he twitched in the palm of her hand. He was that identical word he kept calling her last night as he worshiped between her widespread thighs.

Perfection.

Hermione peered up at him through her lashes, watching the way his jaw clenched and his chest rose and fell in that shuddering breath. "Is this alright?" she asked softly, giving him a gentle squeeze.

A reckless, breathless sound escaped Draco. "More than, Hermione."

Pleased, her lips twitched as she began to stroke him, fingers encircling his girth with a few centimeters to spare. "Good," she hummed. "Like I said, just relax."

Slowly, deliberately, she moved from root to tip, dragging her palm back down, working him up to that feverish abandon with one goal in mind. Yet she couldn't figure out where to look. His eyes? His heaving chest? His abdomen that flexed every time she brushed her thumb over the tip? The veins that lined his shaft?

Gods... It was a bloody smorgasbord for Hermione Granger and Hermione Granger only.

She shifted, settling lower between his thighs, the mattress dipping slightly under her. "Draco?" she asked, keeping her voice calm and measured.

He hummed. "Y-Yeah?"

"I'm going to suck your cock now," she mused, peering up at him. "And you're going to lie back, be very, *very* good, and let me do just that. Alright?"

Draco tossed his head back, throwing an arm over his eyes as he cursed colorfully. "You can't—? Gods, *Granger*, you can't look at me like that. And you can't—? You can't fucking say things like that. Not—? Not when.... and you're—? Dammit."

Grinning to herself, she leaned over, tongue tentatively reaching out to taste the bead that pooled right at his tip. There was a sort of expensive sweetness to him, mingled with musky salt and something that was completely Draco Malfoy, making her almost drunk, like she'd consumed half a bottle of wine.

It made her body sing with the wanton, needy feeling that came with the entire situation, making her thighs clench in eager anticipation.

Gods, was she about to become addicted to this? The taste of him? All of him? And would that be such a bad thing in hindsight, because really, he was unlike any man or wizard she'd ever tasted before, and that was saying something.

Not that she was comparing them or anything. Merlin, *no*. Who would do such a thing? Not her. *Never*.

Ugh. *Whatever*.

Shaking off the thought, Hermione focused back down on her job at hand—*literally* and *figuratively*. She continued stroking him, using the budding, dripping need as she spread it over his length.

"Salazar, Granger," Draco hissed, earning her attention. "I don't—? That feels—? It's too—? Oh, fuck... fuckity, fucking-fuck."

She hushed him, giving a subtle shake of her head. "Just relax."

"Yeah," he grunted, "easier for you to say. You're not the one dying over here, watching the *lo*—" Draco quickly cut himself off with a click of his teeth.

Pausing in her movements, she looked up at him. "*What?*"

"N-Nothing."

"No," she insisted. "What were you about to say?"

Draco stilled then. And for a moment, she could've sworn that the entire room followed him like some sentient thing that only obeyed its master.

Yet, there was no way to miss the look that was written so plainly over his features—the same one she now felt like she was old friends with. That flush had softened, replaced by something gentler and aching with the need to speak and be heard.

Immediately, those needy butterflies were back, fluttering to life in her belly and thumping against her ribcage, begging to escape.

Worse? She somehow just knew what he was going to say, but if she even dared to think it into existence, it wouldn't come true? Or would it just be some mixed-up confusion that ultimately led to heartbreak? That she couldn't remember the last time that she let someone in this much? Or cared for that matter, because all those late-night Muggle bar hookups or blind dates that led to in the dark fumblings didn't matter.

No... not like this.

Not like now.

Double ugh.

Draco cleared his throat, then, dragging her back to the stark reality. "I was, uh, just going to say—" he began, tone rough around the edges, "—that it's not what I expected. This part. The —this moment, Hermione." His gaze flickered up to the ceiling as he grumbled: "Getting head by you."

Sighing, she held back her laughter. "Oh, Malfoy," she drawled teasingly. "This isn't even close to what a blowjob is."

"It's not?"

She only hummed before she smiled sweetly at him, forcing her eyes to remain locked on his. Slowly, deliberately, she licked a stripe up the angry, flushed tip of his cock, circling the head with practiced ease. The taste of him settled on her tongue like something utterly male and completely him.

Draco swore under his breath before rasping: "*Tu vas me rendre fou et je m'en fiche complètement. J'en rêve depuis des années maintenant.*"

Yeah, she didn't know what the hell he had *just* said. And to be rather frank about the whole thing, she didn't care. *Nope*. Not when the taste of him made her body sing with the wanton neediness of the entire situation. *Gods*, was this how he felt about her? When he asked if he could spend hours between her thighs, drinking from her like she was the most expensive champagne or vintage port in the world?

Taking another lick, this time tracing his slit with her tongue, the tang of salt burst on her taste buds, filling her mouth. It was everything, and not enough.

In fact, she wanted him and wanted him now.

Closing her eyes, she widened her mouth, lowering herself down, feeling that obscene stretch. *Bloody hell*. And the part of her that she didn't think existed wanted to know what she looked like as she took him in her mouth and on her tongue. There was no way that she would get all the way down to the base, so she continued to stroke him, starting at the root, until her knuckles brushed her lips.

But Hermione Granger was nothing but determined, and she would do this properly, for him.

Opening her eyes, she peered up at him through her lashes, meeting his dilated irises. *Gods*... Warmth pooled between her legs, and she nearly swore that she felt herself dripping through her knickers. *Hell*, she was soaked beyond what she even felt last night, and his wicked, eager ministrations between her thighs.

That was honestly saying something (all things considered).

With every heaving groan and slight tilt of Draco's hips as he tried to get Hermione deeper, she felt like a goddess. And, okay, yes... that was a bit cheesy for her today, but it was the truth.

Really, she just wanted more—*needed* more. It felt like *something* she craved; a raw thirst within her and that damn second-nature response. Okay, and gods, how quickly could a Pavlovian response form? *A second?* *A minute?* Because right now, her mouth watered with the need to taste more and more and more.

Was that possibly greedy? Yes, without a single living doubt, but then again, she didn't quite care.

Humming, Hermione traced the cobalt vein that ran along his shaft, feeling it throb under her tongue before pulling away. Her gaze focused on the anatomy, trying to memorize the angry, swollen head of him, to the way her fist tightened around the base, using the droplets of arousal and her saliva to coat him. And hell, she knew it was only weeping for her, just as she was dripping with need for him, slicking the space between her thighs with the nexus of pleasure.

"Fuck—*fuck!*" Draco ground out. "That's—! And you're—! You're so good at this, Hermione. Fuck me."

Yeah, that was the plan.

Still, it didn't hurt that she preened a bit under his praise. Alright, she preened a lot (she was, after all, entitled to her opinion). *Whatever*. She relished in it, just like she cherished the heavy weight of him on her tongue, filling her mouth as she swallowed him whole, settling there. The slight gag in her throat only made him more wrecked above her—cursing and throwing out French like it was his second job.

"Gods, you're going to kill me," Draco groaned. "It's humbling how *badly* I want you, Hermione."

Experimentally, she pressed the flat of her tongue against him, hollowing out her cheeks as she continued the motions.

"Oh...*fuck*," he swore. "You don't know how often I think about—about this. About us. Together. In bed and in my shower and—gods, you're doing so good," he praised, sending a burst of arousal between her thighs. "So damn good."

No, *good* wasn't enough, and she could *do* better.

Hermione was the Brightest Witch of Her Age, and she would suck Draco Malfoy's cock like her life depended on it.

Every bit of her strive-hard and determined nature wanted to become the best at this—for *him*. She wanted to be the one to draw those needy noises from him as he watched her swallow him down. She wanted to be the last one ever to do this to him and to erase all those stolen moments between lovers who never were. She felt that *want* and *need* in her bones, even as she tried to ignore those voices in her head and the *thump-thump* of her heart.

And, *gods-dammit!* She wanted to give him the best blowjob he ever received (even if this was his first and certainly not his last).

Was that too much to ask for? *Honestly*.

Loosening her throat, she took him deeper still, forcing him to go where no man had ever gone within her. The craving propelled her forward as Draco's breath quickened and his fingers curved around her jaw.

The touch was enough to spark that fire within her—*drive* her—and turn her into something molten.

Hermione somehow lost herself then, slipping into that sliver of space that made her mind and body blank; focusing only on him and him alone as she sucked him down. The feel of him. The weight. The soft sounds he made every time her mouth dragged back, lips stretched wide and cheeks hollow before sinking down again.

"That's—?" he rasped, voice crackling as fingers finally found their way into her hair. His blunt nails scraped her scalp, but that only made her moan more. *"Je veux te revendiquer."*

Hollowing her cheeks further, she dipped again—deeper, slower, *harder*. She didn't care that her jaw ached or that her throat was fluttering around him. No, all she kept focusing on was relaxing and breathing through her nose. Honestly, *anything* because... *gods*, Draco was huge, and if she lingered on that fact too long, she could feel her body tense up in equal parts horror and lust.

A strange combination, really, but whatever.

"Oh, *f-fuck*, Hermione," Draco whimpered above her, grip tightening. "I think I'm gonna—? I might just—? I don't know what's—? Fuck! Fuck! *Fuck!* I'm—oh, holy rutting hell."

She could feel him thicken inside her mouth, hardening even further to the point where it felt impossible. The salty arousal changed then like a magical flavor profile, mingling more with the sweet, musky maleness of him.

Again, she liked it. Like *a lot*.

Draco tossed his head back then, veins and tendons straining in his neck. She felt his hips jerk up, thrusting deeper into her mouth and her throat. Far too readily, she became a mess—*physically* and *mentally*—as his grip tightened in her hair and his body undulated underneath her.

Draco was *close*.

She knew it, like she knew that if she just touched her wet core, she'd fall apart. *Easily*. She'd probably come in seconds if he just glanced at her.

"Please—?" he begged. "*Please* don't—don't you dare stop. Just like—? *Salazar... Hermione.*"

Yeah, spoiler: she wasn't planning on it.

Moaning along his length, she peered up at him, meeting his gaze. Everything about him screamed pleasure, from his parted lips to his lust-filled irises eclipsed only by molten onyx to the way he just... *gods*.

And yes, she could readily say that he was beautiful in that haunting way that only fallen angels (or Pureblood heirs) could be.

The room seemed to grow still around them, connected only by the sounds of him and her. It was like a spell that neither of them wanted to break, even as he thickened further in her throat and on her tongue.

"I'm—?" he tried to say. "I'm going to—? Can I—?"

In silent permission, Hermione's fingers tightened instinctively at the base, squeezing just right as he gave a strangled, guttural moan.

There was no warning before he spilled down her throat, flooding her taste buds with a slight sweetness she wasn't used to—not with past lovers, that was. Actually, it almost tasted like a salty sugar quill. *Huh?*

Okay, *obviously*, he didn't taste *exactly* like a sugar quill, but something about her favorite sweet was there.

It was the ones that he would bring her to work that she never asked for, but he always knew when she needed them (or wanted them). The kind that she just knew he had a stash of them in his top drawer in the laboratory for those days when a sugar fix from Draco Malfoy was all she needed.

Hermione's heart fluttered traitorously in her chest as she tried to push down the thoughts and subsequent emotions. *Ugh.*

To the best of her ability, she gave one last slow suck, swallowing everything before her tongue licked gently across the tip in a sort of reverent farewell.

And hell, was it so wrong of her to say that she would miss his cock?

"Merlin's left tit, Granger," Draco gasped, collapsing back onto the mattress with a thud. "That was... *holy shite*. You're—*fuck*. I want to do that again. Like now. Or—? Or, hell, forever with you. Yeah, forever might work."

Laughing softly, Hermione soothed her hands over his trembling thighs. "You're quite ambitious, Malfoy."

He just shook his head, eyes glazed as they stared up at the ceiling. "*Épouse-moi. Prends-moi. Sois à moi.*"

Instantly, she stilled, palms pressed over the pilous hairs of his upper legs. This time? She racked her brain, scanning over the very meager French that she knew before going to Hogwarts and the light dabbling she did during her summer holidays in the countryside with her mum and dad.

But Salazar, she *knew* she wasn't going crazy because that sounded a lot like... *no*.

Okay, *yeah*, nope!

She was promptly ignoring that particular bit circling her head. The sort that had no business being naked in bed with *them*.

Unfortunately, it was then that Draco raised his head as she continued gawking at him, unable to figure out how to snap her jaw shut. *Ugh.* And that was just superb timing. *Really.*

Immediately, that lazy, post-orgasm haze faded as his brows snapped together. "What?" he asked abruptly. "What's wrong, Hermione? Did I—? Did I do something wrong?"

"No." Hermione shook her head. "N-Nothing."

"No, what is it?" he demanded, worry evident, and *gods*. Reaching out, he grabbed her wrist. "Is there—? Is there something wrong with me? Something wrong with you?"

"What? Gods, no!" she blurted, eyes widening as she met his gaze. "Swear it, but it's just... well, did you know you curse in French? I mean, when you're, *uh*—and—" Hermione shook her head again, trying to find the correct wording. "It's just—? Well, what I mean is that when you are excited, you seem to, *uh*, speak in French."

"Oh." Draco blinked slowly, something churning behind his gaze. "Do I?"

She hummed. "Yeah. You, *uh*, don't notice?"

Draco shrugged, fingers falling off hers as he suddenly became utterly fascinated with anything *but* her. "Not really," he drawled. "I mean, I guess I've never... well, been in a situation with others that I would notice. You know?"

Nodding her head, she considered this before she asked: "What did you just say?"

A slight pause filled the space between them then. And *Merlin*, it was a heavy, unyielding weight against her chest.

"N-Nothing important," he told her briskly, shoulders rising. "Just—just French gibberish, I guess. I don't remember it, honestly."

Yet somehow, she knew it wasn't just that.

No, not with the way she could just *tell* that he was lying to her. Not in the way she just *knew* those words *had* to mean something. Right? *Sure*. But right now? Hermione wouldn't call Draco a big, fat, Pureblood virgin liar and ruin the moment. Nothing dampened the mood like calling someone a prevaricator while their spent cock was right in front of her face.

So instead, she just lost a breath, trying to regain her wits about her.

It was, in fact, easier said than done.

Clearing his throat, the sound pulled her out of her thoughts, and that was something she was painfully thankful for (all things considered). "Can we...?" Draco started, voice a little tentative. "Can we keep going?"

"Yeah, but do you, *uh*, need a moment?" she asked.

Draco scoffed. "Granger, I'm a virgin, not dead. I have a perfectly *spectacular* libido, thank you very much, and will not be categorized with a monk living in virtue rather than sin."

A small, breathless laugh escaped her as she pictured Draco in some stony nunnery (or *monk-ery*?). Okay, *wait*, where the hell did monks live? A monastery?

Ah. Yes, that was it.

She could picture Draco, then, dressed in a clerical collar or some faded, unfashionable robes, and preaching about purity. Maybe even with his platinum hair long and tied back with a leather thong like his father, delivering lectures on chastity and restraint.

"What's so funny?" he hummed.

"You," she told him honestly. "And you're just... gods, *you*."

"Is that, *uh*, good?"

She shrugged, palms smoothing over his thighs. "Sometimes."

"*Sometimes?*" he guffawed before clicking his tongue. "Oh, that won't do, *Hermione Granger*. That will *not* fucking do."

Before she even had a chance to react (or at the very least retort with something *terribly* witty), Draco grabbed her, fingers sliding under her arms as he dragged her promptly up his body. Immediately, he found her waist, anchoring her against him before one hand fisted her hair and pulled her down to him; their mouths crashed against one another in that needy, impatient, *can't-have-enough* way that made her toes curl against the expensive bedsheets.

And yet, all she could think about was the fact that he could probably taste himself on her lips.

Then again, he must not have particularly cared as his tongue traced the seam of her mouth, demanding entry. *Oh, gods...*

Unable to help it, Hermione moaned, melting right into him.

Everything felt messy and perfect and oh so damn good. *Wonderful*, even. Utter and extreme bliss that only he seemed to be able to give her in that moment.

Hand shifting on her right hip, he moved between them until she felt his fingers wrap around the lacey edge of her knickers in a vise-like grip. Honestly, nothing could prepare her for *what* was about to happen as Draco yanked firmly before the elastic gave way with a dramatic *pop!*

Hermione gasped, head reeling back as she tore her lips from his. "What did you—?" she spluttered, gawking at him. "How did you—? My—! Draco Malfoy! Those are my brand-new knickers!"

Gazing up at her, Draco gave her a completely unrepentant, roguish smirk. "I'll buy you any sort of knickers you want, Granger. Lace? Silk? Cotton? Something imported from France? Anything—*anything* you want." He leaned forward slightly. "And I'll be happy to keep buying them for you if it means I get to take them off of you. Any day. Any time."

Yeah, all she could do right then and there was stare at him like he had just sprouted three heads and a rainbow tail to match. If utter and complete stupor had a picture in the Oxford Dictionary, she would be the spokesperson *and* mascot.

Then again, words seemed to be pretty damn feeble to her right about now as her brain promptly melted into nothing but goo.

Gods, what the hell just happened?

Draco tossed the ruined scrap of fabric haphazardly across the room with zero care. "See?" he drawled. "I can learn to be messy too, Granger. Whatever makes you happy."

Okay, now it was entirely and irrevocably appropriate of her to wonder what, in the seven realms of hell, just happened.

Worse? There was no way to deny the traitorous *thump-thump... thump-thump* of her heart beating wilding beyond her ribs like some stupid, idiotic mating call. Something that screamed of *more* and *please* and *I-don't-know-how-to-feel-but-I-sorta-like-it-and-hate-it-at-the-same-time*. The simple idea that if she *were* smart—like her chosen moniker so-claimed—she'd stop this right here and now.

Hell, she'd call off the Sex Agenda and tell him that this was a mistake and they shouldn't do this.

But she wouldn't—*couldn't*.

Internally? She was already filing a formal, human resources-level complaint with herself, and her outright stupidity was a significant factor. Externally? Well, that was a whole different situation entirely, creating some emotional mess between her heart and needy sex between her thighs.

Ugh.

Seemingly oblivious to the war within her (or maybe he just didn't care), Draco reached between their naked bodies. A gasp escaped her as she felt his fingers drag through her slick folds in one slow, methodical, and utterly wicked stroke.

Madness, really. That was the only word for it: *madness*.

Draco's eyes darkened, pupils swallowing silver in one gulp. "Gods, you're so..." he breathed, the sound wrecked and wonderful. "Wet. So wet and hot and—fuck."

Yes, eloquently put, Mr. Malfoy. *Fuck*, indeed.

Rolling her hips, she arched against his hand, needing more friction that she knew she wouldn't beg for (yet). Unfortunately, that factor alone felt rather inevitable, just as the idea of him losing his virginity tonight.

Double ugh.

Draco circled her clit slowly with the pad of his thumb, remembering what she taught him a few nights ago on her sofa with a rather flirtatious Crookshanks attempting to intervene—or in more vulgar terms (though when did that matter), cock-block their '*Stroke Session*.'

"I've never..." Draco started, swallowing thickly. "Well, obviously I've never done this, but—okay, I *have*."

Hermione's lips twitched.

"It's just—?" He shook his head, trying to find his words. His gaze traveled over her, taking in her heaving breasts, to where his hand was situated between her thighs. "But *this*?" he rasped. "With you just sitting there, straddling me, looking like—? Salazar, Hermione. What do you want me to do? What do—? What do you *need* me to do?"

Well, wasn't that a loaded question? Then again, she supposed she *did* have the answer in hindsight.

Wetting her lips, Hermione told him simply: "Why don't you take off my bra, Draco?"

Blinking, he gave another brisk shake of his head. "Right," he said. "Okay, yeah. Got it. Taking off your bra."

"Don't think too hard about it," she teased.

His starlit gaze flickered back up to her as he leveled her with a look with equal parts concentration and raw curiosity. And, gods, she really couldn't help the soft laugh that escaped her as his non-occupied hand trailed featherlight up her sides.

"What—?" he stuttered, voice cracking slightly. "Did I—? Did I *do* something wrong?"

Gods...

Hermione shook her head. "No," she sighed dreamily, wiggling slightly against him. "I'm just... ticklish."

"Oh... *oh*. Okay."

Was it so wrong that she'd miss that side of him? That earnest, gentlemanly side of him that sought her permission and kept asking her if he was doing everything right. How he strived for perfection in the same way that she saw in him every day within the Cursed Artefact Laboratory?

How, after tonight, they would never, *ever* do this again.

The thought, alone, sent that bitter, sour thing churning low in her belly. But that was the deal, wasn't it? The rules they both set forth, and by midnight, this would all be over, and the Sex Agenda would be no more.

Swallowing thickly, Draco continued, careful not to touch her sides as his fingers drifted to her back with a focus that could only be described as cautious optimism to get this right. His other hand? Well, it had gotten a pinch clumsy as he bungled in his rhythm between her thighs, slowing unintentionally.

He grabbed the clasp of her brassiere, and *gods*, was it evil of her that she held her breath?

Never mind, don't answer that.

Grunting, Draco's fingers slipped once and then twice. Okay, three times. *Whatever*. With a soft curse, he tried once more, fumbling with the latch. "Dammit," he whispered, brow furrowing into a taut line. "Almost... oh, *fuck me*. Do you have a spell on this or something?"

A soft chuckle escaped her. "It's only two hooks, Draco."

"No, it's fucking sorcery, Granger," he sneered, flickering his eyes to her. "It's also stupid."

"Yes, well, the stupid thing is currently holding my breasts," she pointed out. "I thought you loved that part of me, no?"

"Yeah, I *love* your tits. But I fucking *hate* this—this *evil* contraption designed to drive men mad and stump them from getting what they want. Who designed this? Satan? Demons? Dementors?"

Shaking her head, she bit her lip, trying and utterly failing to hold back the burst of laughter that escaped her. "Let's not get accusatory now. It's just a damn bra, and it's okay if you don't know *how* to take it off."

"But I *should*," he grumbled.

"Oh, grow up!"

At that, Draco looked utterly mortified as his cheeks blushed that familiar shade of crimson, like someone had dipped their paintbrush into watercolors and drawn them on his face, down the smooth, muscled planes of his chest. *Oh, wonderful.*

Yeah, *yeah*, okay. *Whatever*. So, she also knew that most men had their egos knocked down once or twice when they couldn't figure out how to clasp or unclasp a bra properly. But see, she had years of practice, having received her first training bra at thirteen, and then in subsequent years, when she had to figure it out herself, or help those men who tried to undress her.

Either way, Draco would *eventually* learn how to take off another woman's bra.

And again, that curdled feeling clouded the once-there lust in her belly. Gods, she really, *really* didn't like that stupid, foolhardy sensation. *Ugh.*

Exhaling heavily, she reached behind her back, fingertips gently nudging his away as she unhooked the clasp with a practiced flick. The emerald straps slid down her arms as her heavy breasts freed themselves from their confines with a *sigh* that she swore she could outright hear. Immediately, her skin ignited with goosebumps from the combination of the central air conditioning in the room and the contrasting heat in Draco's gaze as he froze under her.

Hell, his eyes were glued to her chest, as if he were terrified that he might miss something if he even dared to blink, let alone breathe.

"Oh... *fuck me*," he groaned under his breath.

All dazed and dizzy, his palms traveled over her back, around the curve of her waist to the underside of her. The icy chill peaked her nipples, pebbling them against the air conditioning through the vents above. Tenderly, he cupped them in his hands, groaning as he leaned in, mouth brushing against her skin. *Sweet Merlin...* Somehow, he managed to find that tender, achy spot that had her moaning. Pulsing pleasure traveled from where his tongue licked over her, down every nerve ending in her body, all the way to the resumed molten heat in her core.

"I don't think I'll ever get enough of your body, Hermione," Draco told her heatedly, open mouth dragging along the contour of her.

A desperate whimper pooled from the confines of her throat as she impatiently dug her nails into his shoulders.

"I don't think you understand," he went on, voice shaking and breath hot on her tender skin. "You're driving me wild—and it doesn't matter what you do. It's like... *hell*, everything—*anything* you do is just *wow*."

His other hand slipped from between her thighs, and she whimpered at the loss. Yet he had another idea in mind as his palm grazed over the curve of her waist before moving higher, cupping her breast. She was painfully aware of the way it splayed perfectly in his hand like it was bespoke just for him—something god-sent and carved out from the heavens for Draco Malfoy and Draco Malfoy only.

And honestly? That thought alone made her all dizzy and confused.

Distracting her, his thumb brushed experimentally over the hardened peak until she was rubbing her dripping core over his lower abdomen. Hermione arched into his hand, eyes fluttering shut on a shaky inhale. *Fuck...*

"How's this?" he asked, dragging his digit over her nipple again and again. "Good?"

She hummed, nibbling on her lower lip.

Yeah, it was more than *good*, but she couldn't quite find the right words there as his hands squeezed slightly, flustering her.

And again, Hermione was painfully aware of just how much he'd improved. *Gods*, even just from last night. He had taken just about every critique and suggestion she'd given him in stride and improved tenfold. He was better, more confident, more focused, and responsive. He was... *everything* that she could dream of in a man who wanted to know the ins and outs of sex.

Huh? Maybe she was an excellent teacher, after all?

Mentally, she patted herself on the back. Job well done, Hermione Granger. Job *bloody* well done.

Her hands threaded through his silken strands, needing something to hold on to, as he suckled and kissed her chest. The pressure and consistency were enough that it had her wondering if he was trying to place his mark on her skin.

Okay, so maybe that hickey module was needed, after all.

"What do you need?" he asked, pressing a reverent kiss on her sternum before continuing his greedy ministrations with her other breast.

"Keep—?" she sucked in a breath, arching into him in encouragement. "*Please?* Keep touching me—down *there*. Between... between my legs. Please."

Alright. So the begging came sooner than expected, but whatever.

Groaning, Draco obeyed as he nodded against the curve of her, nose nuzzling her peaked nipple. His other hand slid back down between them, over the planes of her stomach until he found home between her slick thighs. The sound that escaped her then wasn't entirely human (more like a rabid beast, if you asked her) as his finger parted her folds, spreading them open.

Oh, Mother of Morgana.

Everything—everything throbbed with need as he outlined her sex, feeling how utterly and completely *soaked* she was, dripping onto his hand in offering and salvation.

It wasn't normal, and it sure as hell wasn't even the best bits of this night, but it felt... *unbelievable*.

"You'll—?" she swallowed thickly, trying to find her words. Actually, what *were* words? It beat her. *Honestly*. Gathering her wits, she managed to get out: "Prepare me, Draco."

"Prepare you?" he asked, brows pinched. It was only a second before realization dawned on him. "Oh! Fuck. Right... uh, yeah. Right. The whole cock issue. Right. Got it."

Gods, there was no way to miss that continued spread of crimson over Draco's pale skin, highlighting the random smattering of moles and freckles. And for a moment, she wondered if hers would align with his—if there were a bit of truth to that whole fable of those being soulmate markings from a previous life.

Not that they were soulmates or anything. *Merlin*, no. Absolutely not, because for as mythical and magical as their world was, there was no such thing.

And yes, Hermione Granger had done her research on that several years prior, letting her romantic curiosity get the better of her. Honestly? She blamed all those Muggle romance novels for giving her that false sense of hope sometimes.

She digressed.

Draco slid two fingers between her slit before entering her core, pulling her back to the present.

Everything in her trembled at the slight intrusion, aching with throbbing need and blooming arousal. If she *really* focused hard enough, she could hear the wet, swift, and clumsy movements of him as he pumped one digit out of her. *In and out... In and out... In and out.* Honestly? It wasn't pretty, and it wasn't clean.

No, it was messy and oddly perfect as he learned, fumbled, and figured out what was right and wrong.

And the sounds she made? The way she arched and ground against his palm, pressing her swollen bud against his skin? It was all for him—all for the male and wizard she was prepared to bloom from within.

"Keep going," she encouraged breathlessly, and he swore vibrantly against her breasts. "That's it... yes. Add another finger, Draco, *please*. I need—I'm going to need more."

"A-Another?" he asked hesitantly.

Hermione nodded, knowing he'd get her point: he'd need to prepare her appropriately if she were to take him.

Fingers were, in fact, a must.

Pulling out slightly, Draco carefully, methodically added another digit. A moan escaped her then as she arched into him, desperately seeking... *craving*.

"Is that—? Is that good?" he asked huskily, pumping in and out of her tight channel.

"So good," she assured him. "You're doing so well, Draco. Keep—keep going." A breathless laugh escaped her then. "Trust me, I'll tell you if you do something wrong."

"Yeah," he exhaled. "Y-Yeah, okay."

Hermione only hummed as Draco continued to move; all gently and rhythmically like he'd slipped into her mind and figured out exactly how she liked it.

Alright, so that notion wasn't entirely that far off, considering he was, after all, an accomplished Legilimens and Occlumens.

Either way, every moan she made seemed to fuel him as he filled her with his fingers, stroking her walls. Every whispered word in his ear of '*you're doing so good...*' and '*just like that...*' and '*I like how you make me feel...*' made him more and more sure of himself. Hell, every drop of her arousal on his palm made him more feral, feeding into her lust, as she felt that need within her blood like a familiar song.

In fact, she was pretty sure that she was drunk on desire and ecstasy and *clearly* not thinking straight.

Adding a third finger, Hermione whimpered, and Draco's teeth grazed against her skin in retort; the sound all loud and wanton and needy with the feel of him *stretching* her... *preparing* her for him and what was to come.

"Let me take care of you," he drawled huskily, mouth finding the tender peak of her breast once more with one lazy, open drag of his lips. "Let me make you feel good. Let me... do *this* for you."

Oh, she so would.

She absolutely, positively would, and there was no question about that.

His fingers curled within her, still working her with that slow, slightly unsteady rhythm like he was trying to remember everything she taught him and more. But by the gods, he was learning fast as his thumb found her swollen bundle of nerves again, circling tentatively.

A moan escaped her then as she rolled her hips against him, riding his hand. The slick, obscene sounds of his fingers moving in and out of her filled the room like music.

Oh, Merlin. Should they have had music playing? For his first time? Was that a thing people still did? A sex playlist? *Ugh.*

Draco distracted her then as he hooked his digits *just* right, hitting that decadent, wonderfully hidden spot within her that had her palms pressing harder into his chest.

Instantly, her breath hitched.

"You're soaked," he rasped, voice cracking slightly. "Dripping all over me. Is this—? Is this for me?"

"Yes," she whimpered without a thought in her head. "All for you. *Only* you, Draco."

A desperate, overwhelmed sound escaped him then. "Are you—? Are you going to come for me?" he asked, equal parts broken and earnest. "On my hand?"

She only hummed, lids fluttering shut as her nails bit into his shoulders.

Oh, yes, it was quite possible.

In fact, she'd equate it to being inevitable as it began building, rapid and brilliant, within her as it trickled up her thighs and into the base of her spine. It bloomed like wildfire low in her belly until it was all she could think of in that moment.

"That's it," Draco murmured. "That's it, yeah? You're going to—? You feel so good, Hermione. Fuck—*please* come. I want—I *want* to feel it. *Need* to feel it."

At that, she shattered around him, her pleasure ripping right through her as she clenched around his fingers. Everything within her focused on that feeling and that feeling alone. And she was vaguely aware of the desperate whispered words Draco was spilling beneath her, but she couldn't find it in herself to care as bliss pulsed through her.

Finally, Hermione felt herself grasp onto reality, sinking her nails into it, as she caught her breath. *Dear gods...*

Slowly, surely, she peeled her lids open, only to find him watching her. Alright, *no*, like staring at her like she'd just done something holy in the name of the divine.

It was the kind of look that she'd only really seen a handful of times, and mostly in fictional, cheesy movie settings as she munched on popcorn with Crooks curled in her lap. A scene between Richard Gere and Julia Roberts in *Pretty Woman* or Colin Firth and Jennifer Ehle in the 1995 BBC *Pride and Prejudice* Mini-Series. The kind of quiet, ruinous awe only found on papered pages and love notes.

But it wasn't... *no*, that wasn't right, was it?

Draco Malfoy wasn't watching her like the moment had just cracked open his heart, and he was prepared to hand it to her on a platter with that resolute yearning.

Nope. *Nuh-uh!* She wouldn't believe it. Hell, she couldn't believe it, even if she wanted to.

Or... that was what her brain told her to do as her heart slammed up those guarded shields and her head went on full panicked security mode with those logical rationalizations she'd spent years constructing.

It wasn't that.

It wasn't *anything*.

It was just her mind, all post-sex endorphins with oxytocin and human biology and movie montage nonsense. It was something that sounded logical and was soundly explained away.

Draco's thumb brushed over her waist, soothing her as his gaze flickered between her mouth and eyes, unsure where to look first. It almost felt like he was minutes away from a confession that she could feel teetering on the invisible tightrope between them.

Ugh. And that couldn't happen, because she was not, under any circumstances, ready for confessions.

Hermione blinked once and then twice before she let out a breathless laugh, trying to break the odd tension between them. "That was... *gods.*"

"Good?" he asked earnestly, hopefully.

She hummed, wiggling her hips in a silent request for him to remove the hand still between her thighs and the fingers within her. Though there was no denying that the stretch was rather pleasant. And if she were going to take on that *monster* that she could currently feel pressing against her arse, she'd need whatever she could get.

Gently, he removed his digits from her, flashing her a sheepish, crooked grin that had her laughing again as she situated herself to straddle his hips.

"Are you okay?" she asked, checking in.

"Yeah," he sighed dreamily, leaning forward to kiss the curve of her breast. "With you? Always."

Hermione swallowed down the thick, unyielding knot in her throat, heart thudding rampantly in her chest. *Gods*, could he feel it? Feel the way he made her pulse race with a few simple words?

Okay, she needed to pull it together. Like now—*now*.

Without thinking (because, really, she couldn't think too hard in this current situation), Hermione reached between them, wrapping her palm around his cock. Everything about him was thick and hard and twitching in her hand as she stroked him once, then twice, before notching him at her entrance.

A choked sound escaped him as his hands shot to her waist, holding her like his entire existence depended on it, or he might just die.

"Wait—*wait!*" Draco gasped, eyes wide as he squeezed her hips. "Just wait."

"Are you alright?" she asked, blinking. "Do you want to stop? Because we can if—?"

"No! Fuck *no!* I mean—?" Draco shook his head rapidly against the hippogriff-down pillow. "I just... I *need* to say something to you, okay?"

Immediately, her pulse racketed as her nerves prickled with that knowing.

Draco wetted his lips, silver eyes locked intently on her. "Thank you," he told her softly. "For doing this, I mean. I don't—? I don't know what I did to deserve this or you or anything, but I wanted to tell you that I—"

Their mouths were pressed together before he could finish. *Oops*. Hermione kissed him soundly, sweetly, and oh-so-damn certainly. She kissed him like she wanted to chase the word—*his* words—down like a prayer and drown in it. She wanted to bathe in them for all eternity, relishing in the genuine nature of him and those eyes that looked like eclipses.

Unfortunately, she also knew what was best for herself (and her mental well-being and whatnot), and she promptly shoved those thoughts down, down... *down*.

Another day.

Another issue.

Or whatever the saying was, either way, she couldn't—*wouldn't*—care about it. Not now, at least, when she was quite literally dripping against his cock notched at her entrance, and the thick head of him was throbbing there like a warning sign.

Plus, there was the whole bit where she was currently kissing him like her life depended on it, gently cradling his face as her thumbs brushed over the slight stubble on his cheeks. *Gods...*

Sucking in a sigh, Hermione pulled away a hairsbreadth. Her gaze searched his own, attempting to spot any lingering regret or uncertainty, because there would be no going back after this. Yet, all she found was devout clarity as his eyes flashed that ethereal, wondrous silver as if to say: *'I've been waiting for this for a long time, Hermione...'*

Ugh. Yep! She was going to ignore that, too, because... well, *yeah*.

Hermione stroked his erection before lining it up with her entrance once more. A breath passed, and then a second beat in time, before she slowly, *slowly* slid down him.

"Oh... Salazar," he groaned lowly, eyes widening and lips parting. "Oh, that's—? And you're —? *Hermione*. Oh, *fuck*..."

Again, she couldn't have put it better herself. *Gods*, not with the way that he filled her (and he did, *in fact*, fill her) or how she could feel him throb within her and those thick veins pressing against her walls as he swelled further.

And yet, she couldn't get all the way down, stuck halfway, feeling the utterly obscene stretch at her core. Okay, how was she doing this? With him?

Spoiler: she *wasn't*.

She was still hovering with her thighs quaking and burning like she didn't use the Ministry staircase daily with her extra-large leather workbag and devout determination to make it up all eighty-four flights (twice a day). And *if* she were being rather analytical about it, that would be approximately eight hundred and forty steps *per* week, and three thousand six hundred and ninety-six in a month.

Well, *okay*, that was if her arithmetical equations were correct.

Either way, she had thighs of steel (if she were to brag), and yet she remained stuck, unable to move further with said thighs quaking like they'd never seen a Muggle gym before.

Internally, Hermione groaned. Though she'd admit that his cock was a solid ten out of ten.

Dragon, *indeed*.

Briefly, his gaze flickered down to where they were joined. It was almost magnetic the way his pupils dilated, expanding until only a thin band of silver remained. Draco swore fiercely. "*Tu étais faite pour me détruire rien qu'avec ta chatte.*"

Was he talking about a cat? Comparing her to a cat? Was that even French for cat?

Merlin, she didn't know and *really* didn't quite care.

"Are you okay?" Hermione whispered, watching him intently.

Draco bobbed his head rapidly. "*Uh*, y-yeah. Yes. I'm... I'm fine. I'm just about two seconds away from coming inside of you like a teenager, but it's *totally fucking* fine, Granger. Don't worry about me."

A soft laugh escaped her, and Draco groaned.

"Sorry," she apologized, stilling herself. "That probably doesn't help, does it?"

"No," Draco squeaked, hands squeezing her hips in a vice-like grip. "Just—*Just* give me a moment, yeah? I'll—I'm *going*—I'm going to make this good for you."

She blinked, taken aback a little. "You don't have to make this good for me," she pointed out, palms smoothing over his firm chest. "This is about you."

"And it's about you, too, Hermione," he countered, pinning her with a look. "I want—*need* to do that for you."

"Draco—"

"No, let me take care of you."

"But—?"

"No, Hermione. Look, I know this whole thing started because I was trying to lose my virginity. But, *gods*, this hasn't been just about that for a while now. And I—I think you know that."

"Draco," she whispered, heart thudding unevenly in her chest because, honestly, she was terrified of precisely *what* he might say.

"I want to make this good for you, too," he went on, unperturbed. "And I'm getting really sick of you arguing with me about it, okay? Because I want to make you feel good—*gods, need* it. And if you don't mind, I'd just like a few minutes not to blow my load inside of you, thank you very much."

A soft laugh escaped her.

"And you *cannot* keep doing *that*," he groaned, the sound pained as he squeezed his eyes shut. "You're so—*fuck me*. You're so tight and wet and hot, and I never imagined it would feel like this—*sex*. I never imagined it would be like this with you. Hell, not and any of my daydreams, and I've had fucking plenty about this moment and—and *you*."

Hermione blinked slowly, wondering if she had heard that correctly. Surely he was just talking about the past six days of them and their Sex Agenda. Right?

Right... Sure.

Unfortunately (or maybe even fortunately), before her brain could promptly reboot, Draco let out a shaky breath, dragging her to the present.

"Now, I'm going to ask you to ride me," he explained, voice rough. "And I will most likely come really soon, but I promise—I promise, Hermione—that I will get you off again. I don't want to... disappoint you."

She reached down then, brushing her fingers through his silken strands. "You *won't* disappoint me, Draco," she whispered. "Swear it."

"You don't know that."

"And if I do?"

His lips curved up in that familiar, crooked, and boyish grin that she loved more than she should. *Ugh.* "Then I'll bet my entire inheritance on it, Hermione Granger."

"I'll hold you to it, Draco Malfoy. But—?" she loosed a long breath, nails scratching against his scalp. "But we can go as slow as you want, okay? We have time—all the time. This doesn't need to be a rushed thing between us. It's supposed to be about you and what makes you feel good."

Draco's throat bobbed as if craving to argue with her further, and yet, he managed to only say: "Okay."

"Good. Now, let's try this again, yes?"

"Can I, *uh*, try this time?"

Hermione glanced down to where she was hovering halfway on his throbbing erection, arching a brow. "You want to...?"

"Just try," he said huskily. "I saw something before, and—well, yeah."

Right. In his Muggle pornos that she still didn't know if she approved of them or not. Honestly? She'd need to do further research to make a sound decision on the matter.

Then again, this was going to be the *first* and *only* time they ever had sex. Right?

Hermione swallowed thickly, answering: "Okay, you can try, Malfoy."

Lips twitching in that utterly pleased male way, Draco squeezed her hips once, then twice, grounding himself within her. Slowly, carefully, he guided her upward by the waist, lifting her just high enough for the head of him to stretch against her entrance. *Holy hell...*

Yeah, okay. *That?* Right there? Illegal and filthy and utterly, blissfully wonderful.

Her fingers tightened in his hair, using it for leverage as she allowed her body to adjust itself to accommodate him—*all* of him.

Gripping her hips tighter, his jaw clenched, and the sounds of his molars grinding together echoed in the room. And it took everything in her not to reprimand him for ruining his surprisingly straight teeth (even without having had orthodontics in his youth).

Then again, that really wasn't an appropriate conversation when his cock was doing... well, *that*.

This time, Hermione was the one to lower herself downward in a measured glide; all slow and confident and trying very, *very* hard to look like her thighs *weren't* on fire. She made it about halfway before she froze, breath catching in her throat as her brows pinched into a taut line.

Honestly? She felt a bit like she'd been punched in the gut by the gods themselves. And no, she was not being dramatic at all.

"This is..." he rasped out.

"Insane," she responded, trying to wiggle her hips to adjust herself. *Oh, gods...*

No, actually, insane didn't quite cut it. Madness? Euphoria? Torture and pleasure? Hell, whatever it was, she'd never, ever felt *anything* like this inside her before.

And gods, what kind of Dark Magic had Narcissa and Lucius conjured to produce a man like Draco Malfoy? All pale, refined Purebloodian charm, who never had a hair out of place, looking all innocent, and yet carrying around a weapon in his trousers. Better yet, was this a Malfoy trait? Was this a result of ancestral genetics passed down through the male line? A blessing of endowment through bloodlines?

Hermione winced as a new flood of images filled her head.

Alright, she should *not* (under any circumstances) be thinking about Lucius Malfoy's *thing* at this moment. *One*, it was not appropriate. And *two*—well, she didn't have a second opinion on the matter, but it sure as hell circled back to the first bullet point that it was not, at all, appropriate.

Draco made a sound then, dragging her attention promptly back to the present moment. Small blessings, *indeed*.

Glancing down, she met his gaze then, feeling her breath hitch. Gods, he was staring up at her, watching her, like... *well*, she didn't know *what*, exactly. Honestly? It was a bit of a desperate mix of hunger, confusion, and maybe unrequited yearning. Though she couldn't be too sure about that last part, considering she was a bit dizzy herself and he was starting to blur beneath her. Also (for her own sanity, of course), maybe she should just ignore it altogether and *not* focus on how he was still looking at her like that. *Ugh*.

And that was just confusing; it made her want to scream, cry, and quite possibly snog him deliciously.

But she didn't do any of that.

No, instead, she began to move, rolling her hips just slightly... *tentatively*. She forced her brain to focus on something far more pressing, like the fact that she was currently impaled on Draco Malfoy's utterly unfair cock, and how his eyes hadn't left hers once. *Never*. Hell, not even when she moved, her body undulating above him, all slow and steady. Or when she started sliding up and down, working her way onto his thick length with a hunger entirely her own.

Gods...

Sitting up, Draco banded a hand around her waist, grabbing her as he pulled her flush against him. Their sweat-damp bodies molded together as her fingernails sought purchase on his shoulders, mouths lingering in that barely-there graze.

Each inhale she made, he returned, breathing himself into her lungs.

Each brush of their noses against one another felt like another type of joining.

And Hermione had the strangest epiphany right then as she felt him pick up speed, undulating under her as she rolled skillfully against him.

This? Right here? Right now? This was what they were both made for—*sex*. And maybe they didn't even *need* an agenda to find it. Maybe this was just how they should've always been. It was in the way that she found her rhythm on him, riding him as she used his stiff cock to get off with every undulation of her hips. It was in how his hands found their purpose on her waist, moving her in how his body told him and his mind followed, chasing the pleasure of her squeezing around him. It was how he moved to her arse, spreading it slightly as he used the leverage to quicken their movements.

It was sex and lust and primal worship.

It was the same dance humans had been doing since the dawn of time, between one another. Men and women. Men and men. Women and women. Those who didn't want to categorize themselves within the confines of society. *Everyone*.

It was the same curiosity that she read in books, and that he searched for on the Muggle Internet and in magazines.

It was how he wanted to know every part of her body, their chests pressed in that familiar joining, and their moans became one breath. Something so holy and sacrosanct that nothing felt like it could ever separate them.

A blessing and a curse.

"Hermione," Draco whispered her name devoutly, mouth grazing hers. "*Hermione...*"

Yeah, she didn't quite have words for that moment as her tongue darted out, tracing the seam of his lips, needing to taste him. Or how with each graze of her tender peaks against his chest, she was diving closer and closer to pleasure.

"I'm—" he panted, mouth dragging downward. "I'm going to—gods, *Hermione*, I can't keep —fuck—fuck!"

Draco was barely coherent, rhythm faltering under her as his hips jerked up. The deepened motion of his cock made her moan, clutching onto his sweat-slicked back and weaving her fingers into his hair like he was her anchor.

"It's okay," she soothed, nails stroking his scalp. "It's okay, Draco. If you need to come, just do it."

Shaking his head against her breasts. "I don't—I don't want to yet," he rasped. "You haven't—? Oh, Salazar—and I just—just *want* this to be good for you."

"It's fine," she promised. "Really."

And she meant it as his hips stuttered once more, thrusting deeper into her to her hilt.

Gasping, she arched her spine, allowing his mouth to lave over her salty skin. Every move he made grazed that familiar spot within her, but (unfortunately) that pleasure that was teetering on the surface just wasn't there, and she didn't have it in her to reach between them to get herself there.

Gods, not when he was so close that she could taste his arousal on her tongue.

Draco swore then, mouth open and gasping on her chest as his eyes squeezed shut. "I'm—? I'm going to—? *Hermione*."

She watched, utterly entranced as the blue-green veins in his throat bulged and his jaw tightened on a curse as he came deep inside of her. The warmth of it? The feel of him spilling inside her, pulsing and filling her to the brim? It was a pleasure that she'd forgotten after years of forcing her one-night stands to use a Muggle condom.

Hermione's eyes widened then as realization dawned. *Oh fuck*. They didn't use protection. Hell, it wasn't even a conversation between them, and she didn't even *think* to cast the Contraceptive Charm beforehand.

And Hermione Granger was always, *always* careful.

Swallowing thickly (and not necessarily wanting to ruin the mood), she tried to move off of him to cast the charm, but Draco held her still against him.

"You feel so damn good," he groaned, mumbling against her skin as his breath, wet and hot, licked against the swell of her. "Gods, you can't—? You shouldn't—? I think I just died."

She grinned. "Oh, you didn't die."

"You sure about that?"

"Positive. If you're dead, then I'm dead, too."

Draco hummed, arms tightening around her. "Maybe we died together, Granger. And if this is the afterlife for us, I'll *gladly* fucking take it."

And gods, something about that made that unresolved emotion swell within her, because here he was, refusing to let her go with a simple hold. Hell, something that shouldn't have that much meaning, and yet... did.

Ugh.

Carefully, she peeled back from him, trying to wiggle her way out of his hold, yet he just held on tighter, pressing a kiss between her breasts, mouth dragging languidly.

"Stay," he grunted, shaking his head. "Don't—*Don't* leave yet. Please, Hermione."

"Draco..." she sighed heavily, regretfully. "I have to."

"Do you?"

A slight, breathy sound escaped her as she felt him twitch inside of her. "Unfortunately, yes," she told him. "Because we both didn't cast the charm, and the last thing I need is to be pregnant with *your* offspring."

"*Our* offspring," Draco hummed thoughtfully, dreamily, nuzzling the curve of her as he peered up at her with lust-filled eyes. "And I kinda *like* the idea of you being—?"

"Oh, no!" Hermione clamped her palm over his mouth, silencing him. "No—no! Don't you dare say what I think you're about to say, Draco Malfoy! I will *not* have you even speaking that word into existence!"

A low, dangerous chuckle reverberated against her hand.

Rolling her eyes, she lifted herself off him, collapsing onto the mattress beside him as she placed her palm against her stomach, muttering the charm that she knew by heart, and the one that Professor McGonagall taught them (embarrassingly enough) during their fourth year.

Warmth bloomed over her then, filling the room in a hazy periwinkle light before focusing right at her uterus.

A nervous, relieved breath escaped her.

"Done?" he hummed, curious.

"Y-Yeah," she answered, heat prickling her cheeks as she glanced over at him. "Sorry, I—I don't know how I forgot to do that."

His eyes searched hers for a moment before he reached for her, pulling her flush against his chest. "*C'mere*," he drawled, the sound lazy and syrupy slow. "Let me just... hold you for a minute."

Instinctively, her thigh hitched around his waist, and her fingers curved over the slope of his shoulder. His skin was warm, damp beneath her fingers, body still buzzing with the aftermath, and she could feel the steady *thump-thump, thump-thump* of his heart under her cheek—all strong and rhythmic and soothing.

Just a minute...

Yes, she'd stay here for just a minute more because, *see*, that was her plan—*her* rule.

They had sex, and he *obviously* wasn't a virgin anymore. The Sex Agenda (trademark *still* pending) was officially complete. Mission bloody accomplished. Now? Now, they would go back to being friends and colleagues with that comfortable chaos of *their* Department of Cursed Artefacts and Magical Objects, and the Mirror of Twelve Mouths would rattle and annoy them to no end.

Everything would be totally normal, typical, and mundane. *Right?*

Silence stretched between them, save for the soft rise and fall of their joined breaths. And yet, there was something unnameable that thickened the air; far too weighed to be dismissed as she drew patterns on his chest.

"Was it everything you hoped for and more?" Hermione asked softly, unable to stop the question as it pressed against her throat and possessed her tongue.

Draco hummed against her hair, lips brushing slowly back and forth. "Better," he said simply. "But I think I'll keep that truth close to my chest for now, Granger. Can't have you knowing all my secrets."

Hermione laughed, the sound catching nervously in her throat. "You and your secrets."

"I don't have many secrets," he pointed out. "I'm a pretty open book when it comes to you."

She lifted her head then, meeting his gaze. "No, you are not!" she scoffed. "You kept the secret that you were a virgin for almost—almost *ten* years. For the ten years we've been friends, mister! And you had *plenty* of opportunities to tell me."

Draco rolled his eyes. "Why would I tell you that I was a virgin? It's... embarrassing."

"No, it's real and honest."

"Oh, just like you're being *so* real and honest with me?"

Hermione blinked, lips parted as a puff of air escaped her. Honestly? He was pretty on the nose with that one, even if she would dare to admit it aloud.

Yet before she could react (or even think of a semblance of a retort, witty or something), Draco grabbed her, flipping her onto her back. Every muscle in his chest and biceps flexed as he came to hover over her. His forehead glistened faintly, pale hair falling over his brow into his eyes.

And *gods*... he looked completely wild with that raw energy that buzzed against her skin.

"Draco," she breathed, the sound not entirely her. "What—? What are you—?"

He hushed her then. "*Ah.* Just let me, okay? You still haven't come, Hermione."

"I'm fine."

Ignoring her, Draco dragged his palm down her stomach, between her thighs, fingers grazing over her slick, swollen core. He swore feverishly, eyes widening. And yet, all Hermione could do was gasp, feeling his digits spread her, feeling *everything*.

"I need—*fuck*, I *need* to see it," he murmured, sounding dazed. "I need... *gods*."

"What? See *what*? Draco!"

He didn't answer her, lips already kissing their way down her sweat-soaked sternum, between her breasts, before moving lower and lower still. His open mouth grazed every inch of her that he possibly could, hands finding their home as they wrapped around her thighs before spreading them open for his viewing pleasure.

Oh.

Oh... Oh, gods.

Now this? She wasn't expecting this from him as he parted her, opened her, and his gaze locked on the slick evidence of what they'd just done and his seed spilling from her, pooling onto the sweat-damp, two-thousand thread-count sheets.

A warm flush painted over her chest, crawling up her neck at the attention—*Merlin*, at the way he was staring right at the most intimate parts of her.

His jaw flexed, unable to look away. "Is there... a kink for this?"

"It's, *uh*—?" she blinked. "Well, it could be considered a breeding kink. Or... *uh*, maybe a spend kink. I think? I'm not quite sure, though."

Draco looked positively delighted as he ran one finger over her swollen center, feeling the spend there as if trying to paint her with his name.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Enjoying this moment," he hummed. "Enjoying you."

"Yes, I can see that, but—?"

Without any warning, Draco leaned forward and *licked*.

And hell, not just that, like *really* dove in there without any pretense or thought; only consumed by the heady need to clean her up as the molten heat of his tongue dragged from her center up to her swollen bundle of nerves. The sensation drove her near insanity as those glittering stars bloomed behind her lids every time he repeated the motion, knowing that it wouldn't take long to reach the peak of climax.

Draco groaned, lingering longer at her throbbing core. "Hermione," he whimpered. "You should see yourself right now. See how—*how*—fucking wet you are for me with my seed dripping out of you. And the taste of us? *Together*? Gods-damn perfection."

The words? The image and filthy picture that it presented for her in her overactive imagination? *Dear heavenly gods...*

Hermione's fingers created rifts within the bedsheets, and her knees spread wider, only held up by his tightened grip on her inner thighs. Draco's fingerprints moulded there, acting as a reminder for when she woke up the following day in her bed and found that delightful soreness.

The thought alone made the impending pleasure radiate in her bones and throb behind her teeth.

Draco's tongue dipped into her, lingering there with a laving flick that had her writhing against his mouth, needing more. *Greedy*. Yes, she was so damn greedy, and she didn't particularly care. *Why?* Oh, well, the reasoning was simple because she'd never, ever done anything like this.

Like *ever*.

Not with Ronald (though they didn't do much in general), and sure as hell not with her other one-night stands. She didn't even think about this thought when she pleasured herself or read about it in her filthy romance novels.

"P-Please," she stammered, before whimpering his name like it was the last thing on earth she'd ever say.

Arching into him, she just craved everything he gave her as his tongue licked; how his fingers pressed against her swollen flesh, parting it for his access. Gods, everything felt sweltering hot within her, moulding with that residual, tender ache that he created.

"We taste so good together," he rasped against her, all sex-drunk (or come-drunk) with that heavyweight shadowing his silver gaze as he peered up between her thighs. "Could—*gods*, Hermione. I could spend an eternity down here, tasting *you*... tasting *us*."

His mouth enclosed around her swollen bundle of nerves, suckling and licking and tugging until Hermione thrashed against the sweat-damp sheets, her nails biting into the material. Her toes coiled, her spine arched, and her thighs trembled as that resolute pleasure shot *right* through her without any semblance of remorse or reprieve. If she was being accurate about the whole thing, it felt like she was electrocuted, lit up like London's electrical grid as it ignited in her veins, powering up, and making her glow (literally) from within.

Everything about it was all wild and alive and untamed, with that tangible hum of want and wonder wrapped around them as though the very fabric of the universe had just come undone in the wake of his touch. Magic sparked around the room, licking against her flesh and his in shimmering waves, as she writhed and he continued to worship her. It was a plexus of fire and lust and wonder as he didn't let up, and she just kept coming, clinching around nothing and feeling painfully empty.

And yet, even as she shook, heart slamming against her ribs and nails digging rivulets into the bedsheets as another burst of pleasure tore through her at his ministrations, she

surrendered to him completely—devoutly.

He drove her unmade and holy in the palm of his hands. Or (if she was being quite literal about it) by the skilled muscle of his tongue. *Sweet Morgana...*

Draco only let up after her second (smaller) orgasm on his mouth, grinning from ear-to-bloody-ear as he pressed a tender kiss to her inner thigh and then her hipbone. Hermione? Well, she was a heaving lump of nothing as she lay there panting, taking in the slickness of his swollen mouth and the glitter in his dilated eyes. *Fuck.*

"Gods, Hermione," Draco groaned, pressing a languid kiss to her navel, peering up at her. "I just came from that."

Her brows rose then as she managed to get out: "S-Seriously?"

"Yeah," he hummed. "You have no *fucking* idea what you do to me."

Lips curving, she dragged her foot up the inside of his thigh to where his erection was already thickening rapidly. *Yeah*, well, she had a pretty damn good idea.

Fast refractory period? *Check* and *check*.

Without thinking, Hermione laced her fingers through his damp strands, tugging him up as their bodies pressed against one another and her thighs wrapped around his hips, feeling his cock graze her sensitive parts. Yet that was the last of her concerns as their mouths crashed together then, all rough and wanton and uncaring. Boldly, she traced the seam of his lips, asking (okay, *begging*) for entry. His whimpering moan into her mouth was all the answer she needed.

And hell, she couldn't get enough of their shared taste on his tongue and lips and teeth.

Okay, so maybe she understood *why* he was so addicted to it, given how wrong and a bit taboo the whole notion was of, well, *that*.

Mentally, she stored that knowledge on her shelves, wanting to come back to that when he wasn't currently notching the thick head of himself against her still-throbbing entrance.

A breath, and then a beat passed between their wet kisses before his hot length pressed inside of her, sliding home.

Oh gods...

Draco bottomed out within her, stilling right at her hilt as their mouths parted just barely an inch from one another.

"I think—?" he swallowed thickly, palm pressing beside her head as he lifted himself from her. "I need to see this, too."

Settling back between her thighs, he stared down at the place where they were joined; where he was currently stretching her on his rigid length, splitting her open just for him... *only* for

him.

And as perverse as it felt in her head, she honestly wanted to see what he saw right then and there.

"You're—?" Draco shook his head, tongue darting out to wet his lips. "Hermione..."

Easing down the knot in her throat, she asked: "I'm *what?*"

"I don't... I don't know." He shook his head again before reaching down and feeling the space where they were joined, tracing the curve where she stretched around him. *Oh.* "You're..." he swore under his breath, eyes hooding. "Hell, *everything?* All of it? Then again, I don't think there's anything in this world to describe this—you."

Goosebumps pebbled over her skin, making her shiver as they both remained still.

And as much as she wanted to blame it on the central air conditioning kicking in with a *thump*, she knew she couldn't. Perhaps it was a combination of factors and the intensity of the moment. The first being the fact that she could feel him, touch her, right there in the area where they were joined. The second? Well, his words alone were enough of a reason, and she'd stand on that hill.

Honestly? Who *wouldn't* turn into a pile of goo when someone was telling them, well, *that?*

Draco's fingers pulled away then, moving towards her thighs as he hitched one around his hips. "Ready for me?" he asked.

Nodding, she tried (and failed) to say the words that were thick on her tongue. They felt heavy with the raw nature of what they were both about to do in a matter of minutes, and the residual effect of his words that *still* echoed within the narrowed space of her mind.

Slowly, methodically, Draco pulled back out before easing in, and that alone was enough to make her moan out for *more*.

"Oh, fuck," he cursed, gaze flickering back down to where they were joined. "This is... is... Sweet Salazar. *Fuck.*"

Hermione hummed, the sound sleepy and sex-drunk. But *yes*, she'd agree with that sentiment. *Fuck*, indeed.

"I don't know how I went this long without it," he went on, voice low and thick. "Sex. And—and this? Seeing this? Watching me fill you?" Draco swallowed, eyes darkening with awe. "*Fucking* addictive."

"Please," she whimpered, wiggling her hips slightly. "M-Move."

Warmth bloomed on his cheeks. "Yeah. *Uh*, right. Got it. Sorry."

Every bit of her wanted to tell him that there was no need for him to be '*sorry*', but then again, she didn't quite have the energy within her to push the subject matter. Eventually, he'd

figure it out when he became more confident and sure of himself in this activity, particularly when he did it with someone else.

That sour, caustic emotion filled her lungs. *Ugh.*

Pushing away the thought, Hermione focused on the way he began to move within her, sliding deeper with a groan that manifested from the depths of his soul. His hands pushed her thigh out further, widening her as the tip of him grazed that sensitive, elusive spot. *Oh! Oh gods...* Her breath caught on a gasp as her eyes widened, realizing just how full and ruined she was at that moment, stretched around his length. And hell, he was the one doing it.

All of it.

Draco leaned in then, mouth brushing over hers. "There are so many things I want to tell—to tell you right now," he rasped. "So many things."

Reaching up, Hermione threaded her fingers into his hair, dragging them down his sweat-slicked back. "Don't," she hummed softly. "Don't..."

"*Hermione...*" he whispered her name like a prayer, pleading for something she didn't know how to give or was a bit too scared. "Please."

"I—I know. Gods, I know."

And that was the truth as Draco pressed his forehead to hers; it was within every flutter of truth and quake of her bones as she tried desperately to hold on to her reality and the *feel* of him.

They didn't speak again.

Or maybe they couldn't, as they both relied on the silent hold of what words they weren't ready to carry or say.

Really, she didn't know if it was a blessing or a curse.

Palms splaying over his shoulder blades, Hermione felt the sinew and muscle tense with every deep thrust he made. And honestly? The sounds that came from her were obscene, each one scraped from her with each push of his hips and hike of her thighs around his. The only sound louder was the wet, slick slide of him inside of her, and the ragged breaths filling the minuscule space between their mouths.

Right then and there? They were just two bodies, tangled together chest-to-chest and nose-to-nose and forehead-to-forehead.

"Is it—?" he stammered, gasping. "Fuck, is it always like this? With you—? And this feeling —?"

But Hermione couldn't speak as her legs trembled and her vision grew blurry. A single tear leaked from the corner of her eye as something foreign swelled in her chest, blooming there

in a way that felt more magical than emotional. A feeling that wasn't sorrow, but that eternal human connection that most people have searched for years to find.

It felt like... *gods*, she couldn't even *think* it into existence because then it would be real.

Instead, she focused on the raw, needy desire blooming low in her belly; a feeling that she knew like the back of her hand or her own wand. She focused on the broken words that he whispered against her lips, words of praise and pleas for mercy and release. Every deep, long push and pull fueled the warm, silken feeling within her, teetering on a nexus of tension crystallizing there. The heaviness that she could feel, chasing the pleasure like a dream.

Actually, Hermione's entire world narrowed, right then and there, to *just* the sensation of him—to Draco Malfoy.

Her spine bowed, muscles tightening as her orgasm slammed into her.

No, *correction*, it shattered like something unholy and equal parts divine.

Her breath shuddered as her skin grazed his in that intimate way, and his cock thickened inside her quaking core. It filled and filled and filled, and she came, crying out *his* name.

Finally, her vision cleared as she settled down; her core still contracting in fluttering pulses around his length. And yet, Draco was just staring down at her, his hips slowing their movements and chest heaving rapidly.

"*Gods*," he swore under his breath. "I love that."

She hummed. "Love *what*?"

"Watching you come for me and me alone," he rasped. "Knowing that I did that to you. It's better than anything—*anything* I've ever seen."

A soft laugh escaped her, but Draco took the opportunity then to hitch her thigh higher, opening her. Strokes deepening, she moaned, feeling the languid drag of his cock over that sensitive spot within her.

"That. Right there." Draco's exhale sounded like a snarl. "I need to feel that—you again, Hermione. Need to *feel* you squeeze me so fucking tight with that perfect cunt. Need to make you—*fuck*."

Hermione ran her fingers through his damp, sweat-soaked hair. The flush on his cheeks deepened, and she was quick to realize how much she adored that part of him—the boyish, timid bit, even with his filthy, mature words.

Gods, she *adored* it.

"It's okay, Draco," she soothed.

"It's not fucking okay when you're—you're *everything*, Hermione."

The word felt weighted... *heavy*. And yet, it also didn't. It felt genuine and trustworthy, and a bit terrifying.

Dropping his forehead to hers, Draco cursed under his breath as he squeezed her hips *hard*. Hell, she just knew there would be coin-sized bruises blooming that lovely shade come tomorrow morning, and that sick part of her couldn't *wait* to tally them up on her fingertips.

"Hermione..." Draco whispered, dragging her from her thoughts. "Tell me to make you come again."

"Draco—?"

"No, tell me to make you come on my cock," he pleaded, panting wildly. "Tell me to make you come harder than you ever have before. I want—I *need* to be the one to do that. With you."

She moaned his name again, but he kept rambling.

"Ask me—? Ask me what I would do to keep you here, Hermione. *Forever*. What I would give up for you if you just asked."

"*Please...*"

"Ask me."

Unfortunately, Hermione couldn't, as that pleasure swelled within her. A blessing or a curse, she didn't know.

Without any sort of pretense, or hell, even a lead-up, she came right then and there. White-hot pleasure and desperation blanketed her vision and filled her soul as she squeezed around him, milking him and giving him what he wanted.

What he *needed*.

It felt more like a natural disaster: devastating and unsettling. And gods, maybe even a bit holy if she really squinted there.

A pleading sound escaped him as he thrust right to her hilt, mouth seeking hers as he spilled deep within her—*filling* her with that hot, sticky seed. It felt like he kept coming and coming and coming, throbbing within her as that weaker, involuntary orgasm propelled through her.

Eventually, they collapsed against each other in a mess of sweat-slicked limbs and shared breaths in the quiet, gentle aftermath. The room buzzed with the fading hum of magic and the scent of sex and salt and that genuine softness that came in the afterglow.

Huh. So much for one time and one time only with her not-so-virgin wizard.

Then again, was she really complaining about, well, *that*?

Draco shifted just enough to pull her close, wrapping his arm around her back as he tugged up the duvet they somehow tangled around their ankles at the foot of the bed. She didn't protest or object or anything of that sort.

No, instead, she curled into his side just as before, cheek resting against his shoulder; her thigh hitched over his waist; his seed buried within her, marking her.

"Stay," he murmured, fingertips dancing over the knobs of her spine. "Just for tonight, Granger."

"Uh-huh," she hummed with a sound that she *swore* was a protest, but then again, was it? Honestly, she couldn't find the words in her throat.

Okay, actually, she couldn't really do *anything*.

And yes, she knew she should magic'k away the sticky evidence of him between her thighs. It was the proper and hygienic thing to do, but *gods*... she was too damn tired and sated to move.

Just a few minutes.

Yeah, she'd stay for just a few minutes (even if she knew these were the exact thoughts she had before), and then she'd get up and leave. She'd stick to her ironclad rules, and the minute she walked out of his penthouse, into the lifts, they'd go back to that mundane normality of co-workers and friends.

Unfortunately, the longer Hermione lay there, listening to the rise and fall of his breaths, those damn rules felt few and far between, slipping right on through the cracks.

Lids heavy, she began to close them, relishing in the satiated way she felt and the warmth against her cheek and just... *him*.

She didn't know how long they'd remained quiet, because really, time felt feeble right then. But after a long while, she felt Draco press a kiss to the crown of her head.

"Thank you, Hermione," he whispered, lowly and reverently. "*Thank you.*"

Chapter End Notes

The next (and almost final) chapter will be up next Wednesday (maybe sooner)! Had to split these up again. Sorry!

I am posting more on Insta! So if you want to be friends, come say hi! [Insta](#)! I'm also posting some sneak peeks of the next few chapters!

[The Sex Agenda Playlist](#)

Much love, Mads

Chapter 11: Sunday: Emotional Variables

Chapter Notes

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

Sunday, June 23rd Part One *Day Seven: Emotional Variables*

The soft drizzle of rain sounded against her windowpanes in that familiar *pat-pat-pat* pattern, followed by the lethargic, rumbling roll of thunder in the distance.

Humming lowly, Hermione nuzzled her cheek into the soft, downy pillowcase. *Merlin*, and when did her pillow get so damn comfy? So fluffy, like sleeping on a cloud? Utter bliss, if she were being critical about it.

Another crack of thunder sounded, rattling the windows as the rain picked up.

Everything about her felt heavy in that slow, syrupy way that made her want to curl up further under the cool duvet wrapped around her *very* naked body. And honestly? Hermione always *loved* Sunday mornings when it rained, especially when it broke the streak of a stifling heatwave and the slight drought they'd been experiencing in London during June. How the room behind her lids was dim, washing in that grey-blue hue that only came with overcast mornings.

Fingertips stretching out over slightly warm, crinkled bedsheets, Hermione instinctively searched for the telltale tufts of orange fur on the part-Kneazle. Really, she knew he couldn't be *that* far. And *gods*, what time was it? Crookshanks should've woken her up by now (if not from the rain and his fear of thunderstorms), but because her familiar was rather (okay, *very*) demanding when it came to being fed at seven-thirty sharp. No ifs, ands, or buts about it.

Unfortunately, she came up completely empty with no part-Kneazle in sight.

Hermione's brow furrowed. What in the world?

Slowly, she peeled one eye open and then the other before a sharp gasp escaped between her lips. *Oh, gods*.

Okay, so it was pretty blatantly obvious that she, Hermione Granger, was not in her bed. *Nope!* Not at all, considering she stared across the massive, imported from Sweden king-sized bed and right on into what she knew was Draco Malfoy's ensuite. And yet all she could focus on was the vacant spot next to her.

Holy hell... she stayed the night, didn't she? Well, okay, that was blatantly obvious, all things considered.

Ugh. *Idiot*.

Grunting, Hermione rolled onto her back, staring up at the ceiling; eyes still comically wide, and she did, in fact, tuck the overly fluffy duvet under her chin for good measure. Worse? There was absolutely no escaping the flashes of last night as they made themselves known with open-mouthed kisses against skin and hands on spread thighs and sounds of their joined pleasure. Then, there were the whole bits where she knew she was sore in all the right places that mattered, because they'd had sex *not* once, not twice, but... *gods*, four times.

Four *bloody* times!

Who did she think she was? Having sex *that* many times, like she was some twenty-something-year-old with a high libido.

Though, okay, she did have quite a healthy sex drive.

And apparently... *so* did Draco Malfoy.

Dear gods above, and maybe throw in Salazar, Morgana, Hecate, Godric, Helga, and Rowena for good measure.

Why? Oh, because Hermione could *vaguely* remember him waking her up as his wet, desperate mouth trailed lazily down each notch of her spine before pulling her hips up in the air. And yes, he had her full permission as she whimpered sleepily, '*Please...*' Hell, she'd widened her thighs as his thick cock slid into her from behind, his tongue and lips lavishing on her shoulder, whispering filthy, obscene things about how swollen she was and other things that she could *not* (under any circumstances) think of this early in the morning.

The next time? Well, that was all Hermione's doing as she hitched her leg over his hips, angling his already erect length into her with a steady slide; how their mouths tangled sleepily in panting breaths and whimpered kisses. His words of: '*You're everything to me*' and '*I want to do this every night with you, but if tonight is it, I'll take it*' and—ugh.

And for good measure, Hermione covered her eyes with her hands, kicking her feet against the bedsheets like that just might rectify everything.

Spoiler: it didn't.

Worse? Her heart was currently hammering its way in her chest, all nervous and fluttery. In fact, if she *had* to label it, it felt a lot like the kind of anxiety one might experience after certain unpredictable emotions. So, really? Could anyone honestly blame her toddler-like tantrum as she kicked and thrashed against the bed, rolling her head from side to side?

Wait, don't answer that.

Squeezing her eyes tightly, she waited until she saw those prickling phosphenes dance along her vision before she opened them once more. The shadowed droplets of rain speckled the ceiling in watercolor blotches, reminding her of where she was at this point in time: Draco Malfoy's bedroom (or more specifically, his penthouse).

Alright, so she needed to come up with a plan, considering that was the most logical and human thing to do at the moment. Right? Right.

First things first: she'd need a way to get out of here (maybe even without him noticing). And if he *did*, in fact, notice, then she needed to figure out what, in Merlin's good name, she wanted to say to him. Obviously, she couldn't just stand there, gawking at him, and remembering every explicit, filthy detail of the night before as it played in slow motion in her *once-brilliant* mind.

Hermione let out another mortified grunt, head lolling to the side. It was then that she noticed the sheet of stationery on his pillow. *Huh?*

Curious, she sat up, reaching over as her fingertips curled around the expensive cardstock. There was no way to ignore the wild hammering of her heart as it beat a steady rhythm against her ribs as she read:

*HG
Come down when up
Making breakfast
I'll have coffee waiting for you
- Xx D*

Hermione stared at it, then promptly re-read it and did it again and again and again.

And guess what? *Again*.

Letting the note drop onto her lap, she scrubbed at her face, hating the way the vital muscle in her chest clenched at the notion and the promise it all held.

Gods, okay, he didn't need to do that. He didn't even need to offer her to stay the night—which she somewhat remembered him whispering to her last night, and her half-hearted protest—*nor* did he have to do anything for her. Their little arrangement was done, complete and promptly filed away as one satisfying, well-executed footnote in his newfound sexual history.

And yet... he'd written to her, telling her to come downstairs when she was up because he had breakfast waiting, along with coffee *just* the way she liked it.

In all honesty, Hermione didn't know *why* she felt like this. Hell, not this full, fractured feeling that was thick in her throat and hot behind her eyes; not this lodged deep thing in the hollow of her chest that felt painfully permanent. Nor this force-field of emotion that pressed against her soul, vibrating on like a beck and call.

Unfortunately, she also knew that there was no unfeeling it. *Gods*, not this time.

No, there was no tucking it away neatly into a box and pretending that this was just some... *thing* built on precise checklists and agendas. Then again, maybe she could if she tried very, *very* hard, and Hermione Granger was nothing but determined and strong-minded.

If there was a will, then there sure as hell was a way.

Sighing heavily, Hermione peeled back the fluffy duvet and climbed out of his massive bed. Gaze darting around the room, she searched for her clothes, only to find her knickers lying on the floor like shredded evidence.

Gingerly, she picked them up, holding them before her eyes. "Jesus H. Christ," she muttered, blinking at the clear two separate halves. "What did he do to you? You—you poor thing."

Okay, *really*, he owed her a new pair because those were brand new, and last night was her first time wearing the scandalous emerald bits.

A part of her wondered if Draco had some hidden beast form or maybe an illegal Animagus registration for a velociraptor or bear because... *gods*. And no, she was not being dramatic in the slightest when she said that there was no magic on this earth that could mend the bits of lace back together.

Ugh. What a damn waste.

Then again... was it?

Frowning, Hermione dropped the shredded knickers back onto the floor. "Well, dammit," she huffed, glancing around the room. "Now what?"

Everything in Draco's bedroom was neat and disgustingly tidy (which should've made it easy to find her things), and yet her clothes were nowhere to be seen. She had a sneaking suspicion that he'd picked up after them this morning while she was sleeping away, utterly undisturbed (*apparently*). And she didn't quite know how to feel about that just yet.

Ugh.

Though she supposed she should focus on the other (and far more pressing) issue at hand: how the hell was she supposed to leave this room? Because there was absolutely, positively no way she was walking downstairs to his supposed breakfast and coffee bare-arsed and breasts out.

Hermione, at the very least, had *some* dignity. *Right?*

Okay, so don't answer that. Or not now, at least. Later? Sure, go right on and take a good old swing at her, because she would certainly need it with the way her thoughts were heading.

Double ugh.

Hermione's gaze slid over towards the walk-in wardrobe. Alright, so she could work with that. Closet? Meet clothes, and what if he just so happened to have a few extra shirts and briefs to spare? It wouldn't be the worst thing for her to make herself at home and take something. Would it?

The debate in her head took about two seconds before she made up her mind. After all, if he *could* destroy her knickers, the *least* he could do is provide replacements.

Standing, she padded across the plush cream carpet before opening the massive double doors. The rich, warm, and devastatingly male scent bombarded her, wrapping around her in smoky oud and amber as she stepped inside. *Gods*, something entirely Draco that made her breath hitch and her knees wobble.

It was also obscene and utterly ridiculous.

In fact, everything was meticulously organized with the precision that she *knew* he held in high regard. His button-downs were pressed, hung in precise, color-coded order from crisp white to navy to deep plum. Hell, there was an entire section for dress robes and tuxedos. Along the shelves, he had each cashmere cardigan and tailored jeans folded in department store-like lines. A glittering glass case held various bits of jewelry, from his Malfoy signet ring (that he rarely wore nowadays) to the collection of vintage dragonhide watches and some Muggle ones that cost more than her entire savings.

Stepping inside, her fingertips glided across the row of shirts, feeling the delicate fabrics of cotton, linen, and chambray.

Gods... This was absurd, and yet totally Draco Malfoy.

She stopped right by his Oxfords and ended in a military-like line with a centimeter of space between each hanger. Without thinking, she leaned over, pressing her nose against the sleeve of a cornflower blue number. Inhaling deeply, the citrus-bright scent of grapefruit and bergamot cut with dark spices of saffron and rose filled her lungs. It smelled like forbidden things and long-kept secrets; expensive, collector's editions of books wrapped in parchment; two-thousand thread count sheets and him.

Of course, it smelled like him. *Gods above*, it *was* him in every way possible, considering he wore this shirt just last week.

Yet she couldn't stop herself as she let herself inhale further, eyelids fluttering, and lips curving into a subtle smile. Her heart made that *thump-thump, thump-thump* rhythm in her chest, feeling *terribly* girlish in a way that made her want to write love letters or quite possibly some poetry.

Eyes shooting open, Hermione gasped, taking a staggering step back before colliding with his wooden island. "Oh, what the hell?" she muttered, cheeks hot. "No... No. No. *Nope!*"

That? That feeling right there, worming its way up her throat, was not something she wanted to acknowledge in the slightest.

And yet... it was there.

Merlin, it was right there lingering on the surface, begging to crawl out of her and scream for the entirety of London (alright, Vauxhall) to hear her confession. It was a declaration to the beat of war drums in her mind, sending out a signal to all those who had ever felt like this before; the quaking, necessity of him—*them*.

Shaking her head, Hermione pointed one accusatory finger at the row of perfectly ordered shirts. "Don't—!" she squeaked. "Don't look at me like that!"

The Oxfords remained utterly silent.

"I do not under any circumstances have feelings for him! That's just—just ridiculous! I'm not—! We're not—! *Ugh!*"

Again, silence, because they were not sentient things, and she was, in fact, going crazy. No analytical reasoning or scientific logic could argue with that fact as she stood there, glaring at the perfectly pressed shirts like they might just come to life and partake in her much-needed verbal spar.

Dear gods...

Rubbing at her brow, she loosed a breath. Okay, she needed to pull it together. Honestly, this was getting rather ridiculous, if she did say so herself.

Gathering her pathetic wits about her, Hermione yanked the cornflower Oxford off the hanger, slipping it on without a thought (because if she *did* think, she would start crying or screaming or both). Her fingers trembled as she tried to button the material up, fumbling slightly as a few slipped. *Ugh*. Finally finishing, she opened one of his drawers (okay, several of his drawers) before finding his underwear. She pulled out a pair of blue-striped boxer shorts and held them up.

Unfortunately, the size only reminded Hermione of Draco's masculine hips settling between hers as he slid inside of her; how his hot breath licked against her collarbone as he panted against her; their bodies all slick and—

Nope! Stop that!

With a muttered charm, she wandlessly shrank the waistband, stepping into them with a grunted, slightly clumsy jump.

There. Alright. So, she was clothed (mostly), and now it didn't matter that he had destroyed her knickers last night or that her jeans and favorite waffle-knit Henley went *mysteriously* missing this morning. Right?

Oh, *whatever*.

Sighing heavily, Hermione raked her fingers through her tangled curls, wincing as they caught on a knot near the crown of her head. Now *that* was going to be a disaster to get out when she got home. Then again, that was precisely the karma she got for having sex four times in one night and staying over when she *specifically* promised herself she wouldn't.

Really, it was easier to ignore one's emotions when one didn't have to face the other party head-on after a one-night stand.

Ugh.

Swatting away the thoughts, Hermione turned, prepared to leave the walk-in wardrobe, when her gaze landed on the floor-length mirror across the space.

It was near instantaneous how her breath hitched as she took in her reflection.

Merlin, something—no, *everything*—about her was nearly unrecognizable as she stood there in his cornflower blue button-down that fell to her mid-thigh, obscuring his briefs she donned. Her curls were utterly wild, though the length and heaviness made them fall over her shoulders past her breasts. And her eyes, *gods*... the brown was almost a glowing amber, like magic was hiding behind her irises, morphing them into whiskey in a crystal glass. Her lips were pink and swollen, most likely from the hours of kissing and the memory of them being stretched around his thick cock.

Honestly? She just looked well and truly shagged. And okay, maybe a bit dazed, but that didn't quite matter, did it?

Hermione's palms trailed slowly down the front of the borrowed Oxford, thumbs twisting the tailored hem. Draco's scent clung to her in that familiar way that she'd known for almost ten years now; all masculine and woodsy and just perfect. Ten years of just knowing one another well enough that she could map out each of the fragrant notes and accords.

Something about that fact, *alone*, made her throat tighten as she thought about... well, *them*.

The near decade of their lives spent together, only to be marked by shared laughter, sugar quills hidden in drawers, morning cups of coffee, and cursed artefacts. *Everything*. All of it. And yes, *okay*, a part of Hermione wondered if she was afraid of just what might be between them if she let herself feel for once in her gods-damn life, or if this was just the aftermath speaking.

But even as she stared at herself, standing there in Draco's wardrobe, there was no way to deny the feeling and epiphany that settled into her bones like gravity.

"Oh..." Hermione whispered to her reflection.

Yes. Oh, indeed.

* * * *

Rain streaked steadily down the crystal floor-to-ceiling panes, blurring the London skyline into a soft, dripping blot. Thunder rumbled low in the distance, like a gentle reminder that the world outside existed, and it wasn't just her and him in this massive penthouse.

Hermione's fingers curled around the cool glass banister, the hem of his too-large button-down brushing the backs of her knees with every step she took.

One...

Two...

Four...

Six...

Nine...

Ten...

Twelve...

She paused, then, on the third-to-last step, watching as Draco moved seamlessly around the kitchen—all barefoot and shirtless and *wonderfully* him. He had a dish towel slung over his shoulder, one hand nursing a porcelain cup of coffee, the other flipping something deliciously alluring that had her nose twitching in a pan.

It was so painfully familiar, and yet it wasn't.

Gods, she'd been in this exact position before, with the late-night projects and a stack of folders filled with runes that needed decoding and hexes that needed breaking. The nights when she'd sleep in his guest room, too tired to make it to the Apparition Point home—because he *refused* to put a Floo-network in his *very* Muggle penthouse—or when she didn't want to get a cab ride home. Then, there were the dinner parties he would host on his terrace during the hot, sticky summer months, attempting to blend their friend groups together, like oil and water. The after bits of that, when she helped him clean up in the kitchen, nursing one last glass of wine as they kept their voices low. The memories of them listening to the complete discography of the Cranberries and their shared favorite, Van Morrison's "*Into the Mystic.*"

But this? In the afterglow of what had been eye-opening and heart-wrenching and mind-achingly good perfection between them? The fresh memories of tangled sheets and open lips against skin, kissing the hollow of her throat, whispering words?

Hell, she didn't feel like that line drawn in the sand was still there—the one she kept reinforcing all week, like it was one of her shield runes on her projects.

No, this was... *different*.

It pressed against the inside of her chest, just beneath her sternum. It was a pressure that felt like a fluttering knowing. It was something that throbbed behind her teeth, begging for that unspoken thing to finally be *said*.

Was this the effect of last night? The reminder that they crossed a line? *Gods*, she didn't know.

Draco turned around then, sensing her in that way he always, *always* did.

The world seemed to narrow to him, pinpointing to the curve of his jaw, the formidable angle of his brow, and thick dark lashes that highlighted the haunting grey of his irises. His lips tugged into that familiar, absurdly unfair smile, revealing those twin dimples in his cheeks. The ones that she was now getting flashbacks of herself tracing in the darkness of his room as they moved together as one.

"Hey," he said softly, *lowly*, waving his spatula. "Hungry? I made you pancakes."

He made her pancakes.

He made *her* pancakes.

Draco Malfoy made Hermione Granger gods-damn pancakes. Which, frankly, felt more like an engagement ring on her finger than a morning-after gesture.

Internally? She *screamed*.

But externally? Hermione didn't move. And, *gods*, she didn't even breathe.

No, instead, she just stood there on the glass steps, toes curling over the ledge like she'd completely forgotten how legs worked, or mouths moved, or how humans had conversations in the morning. Her brain? *Empty*. Her heart? Well, that was another issue entirely, but she was much more concerned with her ability to blink at the moment.

Yeah, so that was apparently gone.

And Godric above, how long could she go without blinking? How long would it take until her eyes shriveled up in their sockets and fell to the floor in a goopy heap? *Oh*, and the trauma that would most likely cause on Draco, watching her perish on the spot because he made her pancakes and looked like a reborn sex-god in his state-of-the-art kitchen, and she was just.... *Ugh*. Broken? Ruined? A piece of crumbled paper at his bare feet? Feeling utterly and completely dizzy with a singular thought in her head?

She didn't quite know the descriptive of herself at the moment, and frankly, she couldn't find it in herself to care, because that emotion that she didn't want to name or ever address was right there.

It was right there.

And *oh*, bloody hell.

Unfortunately, Draco must've also seen the paleness in her cheeks and the widening of her eyes because he asked: "What's wrong? Is something wrong? Hermione? Are you okay? Are you—?"

"I think I'm in love with you!"

Chapter End Notes

Come say hi on [Insta](#)! I've been posting a few more sneak peeks of the next chapter!
Also, there may or may not be a few announcements coming! *Wink Wink*

Last chapter will be posted next Wednesday!

Much love,
Mads

Chapter 12: Sunday: Final Results

Chapter Notes

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

Sunday, June 23rd Part Two *Day Seven: Final Results*

"I think I'm in love with you!"

If Hermione simply *had* to describe that moment as anything, it could only equate to something violent. In fact, it felt a bit like the words had a mind of their own, and she couldn't even pray to the gods above to stop them as they tumbled forward.

Unfortunately, it took her about another minute to realize what she'd just done as she stared with comically wide eyes at a *very* frozen Draco Malfoy.

"I—uh, oh gods!" Hermione stammered. "Oh... good gods! I didn't—? I shouldn't—? Just—! Can you...?"

Hermione really wondered then precisely *what* she was saying to him as the words kept coming out of her again and again and... *again*.

In hindsight, none of that mattered because her brain was still lagging on what she had *just* said a few moments prior. No, *no!* Not the stammering bit—the pathetic and desperate confession bit.

Yeah, that was the one. *Ugh.*

Gods, she couldn't believe she'd just said that—*those* words—out loud. Okay, not even *said*, considering she quite literally screamed them out like projectile vomit. And hell, *why* was he just looking at her, holding the rubber spatula in the air, shirtless (mind you), with joggers slung dangerously low on his waist?

The critical need for a Time Turner was right about now.

The silence stretched on before Draco finally said, "Alright."

Hermione's fingers tightened around the glass banister. "I—? What—? Is that it?" she hesitated. "Just *alright*?"

Shrugging, Draco flipped a pancake with obscene ease on the stovetop like they were simply discussing the weather or their findings in the laboratory, and *not* what she just said to him.

Fine, blurred, but *whatever*.

"Should there be more?" Draco asked, brow curved as he focused on his cooking.

Lips parting, Hermione tried to say something, but her mouth went terribly dry. Okay, so why did it choose now to do that when a few moments ago she was just profusely spewing words like they were a free-for-all?

Was this karma? Was she being hexed by someone? Cursed? *Oh gods!*

Hermione imagined then, someone (preferably a deranged witch with long hair and bony fingers like out of a storybook) in a wooded cabin, holding a voodoo doll of her and stabbing it with sewing pins.

And cue the cackled laughter.

Gently, Draco pushed a cup of coffee forward on the Calcutta countertop, dragging her from her thoughts about... well, that. "*Come.* Sit with me and let me feed you. I made your favorite." Draco's lips curved as he smiled at her. "Pancakes, Granger."

Hermione blinked precisely once and then twice.

Alright, did she just fall through some kind of time-and-space continuum? Was she in an alternate dimension where Draco Malfoy had been replaced with someone else? *Oh, budger!* What if she broke him last night? What if they accidentally—?

"Hermione," he sighed heavily, dragging her out of her spiraling thoughts. "Come. Here."

Before she could even think for herself, her feet were already padding across the hardwood; his Oxford swishing around her thighs as she crossed the living room into the open kitchen.

Unfortunately, her mind was still buzzing with the curiosity of what in Merlin's good name was going on. *Why?* Oh, well, because this? Right here? It was *not* normal.

Okay, so it *was* normal.

Ugh. Whatever. She digressed, because what she meant to say was that *how* he was acting—all casual and whatnot, flipping pancakes like he was on Top Chef and ignoring what she just said to him—was not regular. In fact, he was currently buzzing around the kitchen, chatting about the weather and how it was a '*proper shite day*' but perfect for them to stay in and watch one of those Muggle movies she liked so much.

Draco snapped his fingers just as she slid onto the custom-designed leather stool, feeling the coolness bite into her bare thighs. "What's that one?" he asked, waving the spatula around haphazardly. "The one with Hugh Grant and Colin Firth?"

She squinted at him. "*Bridget Jones's Diary?*"

"Right!" he grinned, twin dimples appearing on his cheeks. "That! Let's watch that today. We can set up camp in the living room and maybe crack open a bottle of wine around noon? I can order from that, *uh*, Chinese spot you like so much."

Draco continued prattling on, explaining their supposed plans for today and whatnot—plans that Hermione *knew* she didn't agree to yet.

Then again, she supposed it didn't matter when her mind still circulated over what the hell just happened. Actually, *why* wasn't he saying anything else to her? Did he hear her? Did he hear her massive projectile word vomit she made just minutes before?

Anxiously, she pressed her fingers against the underside of the counter.

No, of course, he heard her because all he said was '*alright*', as if this was a simple exchange about runic translations or deciphering the Dialect of Inherited Curse Knowledge (*D.I.C.K.*), and *not* her confessing her feelings towards him. But what if—? *Gods*, what if that was just a reflex, and he was trying to pretend like it never happened? Maybe the use of the modern slang '*alright*' was a generic placeholder, and he misheard her?

Unfortunately, she knew that he didn't. *Ugh*.

That knot twisted further in Hermione's belly as her fight-or-flight defenses activated promptly.

Okay, so maybe she could just Disapparate, like right now on the spot. *Poof!* Just *pop!* She'd be gone so fast that maybe (and the gods willing) he'd forget she was here in the first place. Except, she knew he had Grade-A wards that not even she could break with her skill alone. And yes, she'd tried in the past (just for fun).

Alright. Scratch that, then.

Her mind churned as she thought of her Plan B: she could walk out the front door into the private lift and onto the London streets.

But again, that quickly fizzled away as she thought of what she was currently wearing (his button-down and briefs) and the humiliating possibility that she would get arrested by Muggle policemen.

Nope. Never mind!

Hermione Granger did not want to spend her Sunday in jail for public indecency, unlawful exposure, and whatever else might be covered in that category. And she supposed she had another, more adult-like, mature option in her pocket; one that would be more responsible for her if she could just say the damn words.

Yeah, easier thought than done, or whatever that saying was.

Hermione's hands curved further around the edge of the marble counter. "I—?" she started, swallowing thickly. "Can we just pretend like I never, *uh*... said that? Any of it?"

"Do you *want* me to pretend?" Draco asked, pouring himself a cup of coffee. "Because I can if that's what you want, Hermione."

A shuddering breath escaped her as she closed her eyes. Was that what she wanted? To go back to normal? To venture back into the mundane way of their friendship? Colleagues who *might've* had incredible, toe-curling sex, and whatnot? Return to shared notes, runic translations, and sarcasm to break the tension during the workday?

Honestly? She didn't know, and that terrified her.

Okay, correction: she *did*, in fact, *know*, but it was all messy and overwhelming and currently punching her right in the gut, turning her inside out.

Her brain? It wanted to throw open those glass doors and swan dive right off this building.

Hermione wetted her lips, staring down at her mug. The oily sheen rippled on the surface, swirling around like her own conflicted thoughts. "I—?" she started, not quite sounding like herself. "Gods, Draco. I know I said—I *promised* that this wouldn't become like, well, *this*. Like I swore it wouldn't be messy or complicated or romantic with all these—these feelings. And I meant it. I *really* did. Because—because I *thought* I could handle that, and at the beginning of the week I meant it, but...?"

"But?" he prompted.

"But then you had to—to do that!" she grunted, gesturing towards the food being prepared before her. "You had to go and ruin everything by being sweet and making pancakes! And I don't want bloody pancakes!" Her eyes widened then. "I mean, I *do*. I do because I know they are *very* good, and I'm actually quite hungry, considering we didn't eat last night, and I'm sure if I did the arithmetic calculations, we would've burned quite a bit of calories. But I—I want something. I want... I don't know."

Draco didn't say a word as he leaned against the opposite counter, sipping his coffee slowly. *Ugh.*

Somewhere in the near distance, thunder crackled, rattling the windowpanes. *Gods*, the last thing she needed was for them to break. Then again, would that really be such an awful thing? At least it would pull them from this awkward conversation.

Alright. So something was seriously wrong with her.

"I'm sorry," Hermione whispered, breaking the silence. "I feel awful putting you in this situation because it's stupid." A nervous laugh escaped her as her fingers tightened around the warm porcelain mug. "*I'm* stupid. Honestly! And I know we had rules. I wrote the gods-damn rules, but I just—I just—*Godric*, it should've just stayed at fun and keeping things easy, because that's what you expected of me, and it was just sex and whatever version of this that we invented for ourselves with the agenda. It should've stayed at just me and you, having sex because that's what we planned and I—I—!"

"Are you quite finished?" Draco drawled lowly.

Blinking up at him, she managed to get out: "Actually, yes. I am."

"Good."

Good? Good?! That was all he was going to say? Good?

Draco set down his mug with maddening slowness, and gods, she would've been lying if she said her heart wasn't beating out of control. Honestly, she felt almost positive she was about

to have a heart attack. *Wait?* Was this what it felt like to be in cardiac arrest? Was she about to keel over right here and now? It also didn't necessarily help that he was looking at her with that maddening look that would've had her crumpling to the floor if she weren't already sitting down. *Ugh.*

"You think this is just about getting off?" Draco asked lowly, huskily, eyes never leaving hers. "About the sex?"

"Well, *uh...* yes? That's what the entire agenda has been about, Malfoy—sex."

Draco stared at her for a moment too long before he let out a cold, bitter laugh. The sound echoed in the stillness of his penthouse. "Gods, you're so fucking oblivious sometimes," he rasped, shaking his head.

She bristled. "Pardon?"

"Have you seriously not noticed anything?"

"Should I?"

Draco's gaze flickered to the ceiling. "You're a gods-damn idiot, Hermione Granger. Do you—? Do you really not know? Like how—? *Fuck.*" His eyes found hers again, all stark silver and utterly haunting. "How I've wanted you for *years?*"

At that, Hermione's breath hitched, emphasizing the cloying feeling in her throat. Nervously, her fingers curled around the warm mug again, wondering if it would ground her.

"How every time you walked into a room and didn't look at me the way *I* looked at *you*, it killed me a little? How I could've quit my job years ago, but I stayed because I liked what we had, and sometimes seeing you just brightens my fucking day?"

Draco's words felt guttural. Worse? She didn't know what to say as she just stared at him.

The *pat-pat-pat* of the rain intensified against the windows, accompanied by the booming thunder that vibrated through the air in the penthouse. And yet, everything within her focused on him, and *gods*, she didn't hate it.

Not in the slightest.

Draco pressed his palms into the marble countertop, fingers biting slightly. "I've never wanted anything as desperately and as persistently as I want you, Hermione." Those silver eyes nearly burned into her, and, *gods* help her, she couldn't look away. "*I want you.*"

Something surrendering forced its way within her, making everything focus on *him* and *him* alone.

"I want you more than I want to erase the entire gods-damn war. I want you more than taking back selling my soul to the devil and getting the Dark Mark. I want you more than receiving my entire inheritance, and if that fucking clause stated that the first person I had sex with would become my wife? I would've slept with you *ages* ago."

Lips parting, she *prayed* that some semblance of the English language would come forward.

Unfortunately, it refused to move from where it remained lodged in her chest.

"Nothing on this gods-damn earth has chewed me up and spit me out quite like you have." Draco ran his tongue over the inside of his cheek before he added, "I want you. I want you *more* than my own personal achievement in life or even my own happiness, Hermione. And I'd throw everything—*everything* away for you if you just asked."

Her eyes searched his, hating the swollen lump in her throat. *Gods*, when had she gotten so damn emotional? Honestly. She never, ever used to be this... *sensitive*.

Or, okay, she *did* when she was younger. But in her twenties? With a handful of breakups, bad dates, and overall disappointment of adulthood? She learned to become harder, tougher, and sometimes a bit meaner.

She didn't cry on a random Sunday, and she sure as hell didn't cry over a boy.

Then again, was Draco Malfoy really just *some* boy?

"Absolutely nothing has consumed me as mercilessly as you have," he went on. "Every day. Every hour. Every gods-damn fucking minute... I wake up *thinking* of you and the *way* you smell and *how* you laugh and *what* you might wear to work that day. And I go to bed replaying our interactions when I fall asleep, praying to the gods above that I might just dream about you."

Oh.

"And this—?" Draco motioned between them. "*Us*? Last night? This morning? Gods, *Hermione*, waking up next to you was something out of my fantasies, because I really fucking liked seeing you in my bed." His gaze dragged downward towards her chest and the cornflower blue Oxford she donned. "And I *love* seeing you in my clothes when you came downstairs, knowing that you have nothing on underneath."

"You ruined my knickers," she pointed out, trying to push down her rapidly firing emotions. "That was rude, Malfoy."

A slow, dangerously smug smile pulled at the corners of his lips. "I did, didn't I? Consider it a noble sacrifice to the cause of virgins, Granger."

She narrowed her gaze. "They were brand new!"

"So they died with honor." Draco lifted his mug in mock salute. "Gone, but not forgotten."

"You owe me a new pair."

Taking a sip of coffee, he swallowed thickly, purposely, before meeting her gaze. "I do, don't I? I'll buy you ten new ones. *Done*. What color do you want? Emerald? Silver? Black? *Red*? I told you... I *like* red."

"Are you going to keep destroying them?" Hermione asked, breath hitching as she realized the words that she had just said and the whole possibility that there would, in fact, be more. *Oh, budger.*

"Of course," he drawled, unperturbed. "I plan on doing *many* things that may or may not involve your knickers."

She arched a brow, taking a sip of her coffee.

"And you want to know something else, Hermione?" he rasped, dragging her back to the present. "I want to keep making you come with my mouth until you forget your own gods-damn name. I want to fuck you on every surface in this place—*preferably* starting with my pool, then this counter, and up against that ridiculous bookshelf in your flat that you alphabetize by subject and author." His eyes sharpened into quicksilver. "I want to claim you so thoroughly some nights that I have to physically peel you out of *our* bed and get you dressed for work in the morning, still aching for me with my come *dripping* down your thighs."

Hermione's eyes widened as she choked on her coffee. It burned her nose, searing her lungs. "D-Draco!"

He leveled her with a look. "I told you I was a virgin, *not* a gods-damn saint."

"Could've fooled me," she mumbled under her breath. "*Mouthy.*"

"What was that?"

"Nothing." Hermione flicked her gaze up to the ceiling. "I was just saying that you've gotten rather... *uh*, mouthy in the past week." She shook her head, glancing back down. "But honestly, Draco, you can't say things like—like *that*."

"Can't I?" he drawled, arching a brow. "Can't I tell you that I want my come inside you always? Every day and night? That I want you full with some gods-damn part of me? That I want to wake you up with my tongue deep inside your cunt until you're drenching my face? That I want you to wear no knickers to work, so on the off chance I reach under, I'd find you aching and dripping as my fingers fill you?"

A gasp escaped her then. Alright, so, it was more like a moan as she shifted against the barstool, trying to soothe the throb that manifested its way between her thighs.

Honestly, though, who the hell was this man before her, because clearly he was not *her* virgin.

"But more than that," he sighed heavily, gaze softening. "I *want* to just be yours, Hermione."

A crack of thunder echoed in the penthouse.

"I want to make you coffee in the morning, cook you dinner at night. I want to watch you steal my button-downs and complain because I want to listen. I—I want *all* of it. Every version of you."

"Draco," she whispered.

"I want to show up at the Ministry, and *not* because we just pulled an all-nighter on a project," he told her earnestly. "I want to do it because we're a couple, and you just spent the night in my bed. I want to do it hand-in-hand, and I don't care if the *Prophet* photographs us and we're blasted all over the cover for the next month."

"Yeah, well, I might," she grumbled.

"I want to go to Human Resources and report that *we're* dating. I want to tell them that, *no*, we won't use the Cursed Artefact Laboratory for anything debased and unsavory, even if we're both lying through our teeth. I want to watch you work so damn hard that the only thing to pull you out is the Mirror of Twelve Mouths antagonizing you. And I want—*Salazar*, I want to keep giving you sugar quills when your—your—?"

"Blood sugar?"

Draco snapped his fingers. "Yes! *That!* I want to keep giving them to you because you get grumpy when that happens, and *yes*, it's a bit terrifying. But I actually love Scary Swot Mode, Hermione," he told her openly. "I love it when you get so caught up in your own thoughts, and I want to figure out *how* to get you out of there. I want to learn you beyond the taste of your skin and your laughs and the sounds you make when you feel pleasure. I want it all. And gods above—I want to get you those books at *Flourish & Blotts* that you've been eying, but I haven't been able to get them for you because they're the first editions of *The Artis Codex*, and Parks said that's *too* much for a friend to give their *supposed* best friend for their birthday."

Warmth pinked Draco's cheeks then, and *gods*, and Hermione swore her heart fluttered nervously in her chest.

"But that's the thing, Hermione, I *want* to spoil you." Draco loosed a breath, holding her gaze as he anchored himself to her. "I want to do anything that makes you happy, because you deserve *that*—you deserve *everything*. And I want to know more about you than I already do, like what shampoo you use so I can keep it stocked here, and that brand of sunblock you like, but I can never remember the name when I go into that Muggle pharmacy—*Boots*. And I want to always have a glass of wine waiting for you and a bath drawn, because I know you like that after a long, stressful day. And—*gods*, I may even take baths with you because I just know I won't be able to resist even if I think they are ineffective and *slightly* boring."

Unable to help it, she huffed a small laugh, loving the fondness that bloomed behind her sternum.

"But I know—I know *you* like them, so if it makes you happy, it makes me happy."

"Draco, it's not—?" Hermione hesitated before blurting out: "I'm messy!"

He tilted his head subtly. "Like I said, I'm willing to overlook it with you. Remember?"

"No, like I'm *really* messy," she insisted, hands flailing as she tried to find the right words. "My apartment is a disaster half the time, and I shove things in cabinets and close the door, pretending it doesn't exist. And sometimes it's hard for me to stay focused, and I get sidetracked when I find an old book that I've been looking for or a note about something that I forgot to pick up, but now it's too late for me to do anything about it. And I have clothes on my floor from like—like *weeks* ago that I *know* should be put away, but I don't—I *won't*. Godric, and I know I annoy you half the time."

"Most of the time," he added, lips curving.

"Trust me, I'm not someone most people want to date," she went on, ignoring him. "I'm nosy and bossy and a bit too Type-A sometimes, and I don't have loads of money like you're used to. And I'm sure you'll have the whole dating pool now—" she motioned at him vaguely—"after, well, losing your virtue."

He arched a brow. "And how do you know I didn't have that before?"

"I mean, you *did*, but you didn't—well, now you don't have the constraints, you know?"

A sharp, direct laugh escaped Draco as he shook his head. "So fucking oblivious," he muttered under his breath. "So... *gods*."

Hermione blinked slowly. "I'm *what*?"

"I've had my pick of the dating pool for a while now, and my virginity wasn't the thing stopping it." Draco met her gaze then. "You were."

Oh.

Everything within Hermione stalled—no, diverted—as her heart, mind, and possibly soul all slammed on the brakes, skidding across the marble countertop. It was, in fact, a full-system shutdown as she traced those words with the part of her brain still functioning.

Alright, *barely*. Whatever.

"Do you know how hard it is to date anyone," Draco continued, "when you've been in love with your friend and colleague for *years*?"

"I—I'm sorry," she laughed nervously, raking her fingers through her tangled curls. "*What?*"

"I've been in love with you for a while now, Hermione Granger. So it's about time you caught up, don't you think?"

At that point, Hermione could readily say that she just stared at him, like he was about to vanish into thin air.

"I only ever wanted you," he whispered, eyes glittering with emotion as he held hers. *Oh, gods...* "It's why I never rushed into anything. Why risk it? Why take the chance of losing my virginity to someone else, you know?"

"Is this a rhetorical question?"

Draco chuckled under his breath. "Hermione, I've only *ever* wanted it to be with you."

"I... uh, see."

Honestly? That was all she could say, to, well, *that*.

"Alright, well, within the last few years, I've only wanted it to be with you," he amended. "Before that? I just didn't want to get stuck in a loveless marriage and end up bearing a child with someone else I didn't even *like*, let alone *love*."

Clearing her throat, she managed to ask: "How—? How long?"

Draco pinned her with a look then. "For longer than I ever care to admit, Granger."

"*Oh...*"

Nervously, he raked a hand through his already-rumpled hair, cheeks pinking slightly. "So in hindsight, I'm actually very grateful for this whole Sex Agenda that you proposed—" he paused, lips twitching. "Alright, and those extra shots of Firewhiskey at the Leaky. Do you know how easy it is to bribe Tom?"

It took her a minute to understand what in Merlin's name he was saying. The words lingered there, along with a flashback to last Thursday and the pair of them slung up at the sticky, never-washed bar, downing the amber liquor like it was water.

Hermione gasped, smacking her palms into the counter. "Draco Malfoy! Did you—?! Did you get me drunk on purpose?!"

"I got *myself* drunk on purpose," he corrected, lifting a brow. "Liquid courage and all that. You were just a happy bonus in the mix. Besides, I didn't quite expect you to be so eager about the whole thing."

"I was *not* eager!" she argued.

"Weren't you?"

"Oh my gods!"

Clearing his throat, Draco's tone pitched to something that she really prayed wasn't *actually* what she sounded like. "*Oh, Malfoy! What if I did mean it? I'm not in the habit of offering sex, but if you want to have sex with me, we can. A sexual mentorship, if you will. Just a little experimental sex for research purposes, obviously!*"

"I did *not* say that!" she squeaked.

Humor bloomed over his handsome, chiseled features. "Well, it went a little something like that."

A grunt escaped her then as she pressed a cool palm to her forehead. Of course, her own frustrations did nothing to cease the rumbling laugh that reverberated through the room from him and straight into her. And she most certainly did not squeeze her thighs together.

Honestly, she blamed the perpetual ache from their advantageous *four* times last night and early this morning.

"So let me get this straight," Hermione said pragmatically. "You've had feelings for me this entire time, and you agreed to the Sex Agenda so that you could have sex with me?"

Draco tilted his head. "Among other things."

Hermione narrowed her gaze. "You know, I should *really* be offended."

"Are you?"

The question caught her a bit off guard, drifting over her as she considered it, because, in reality, she *should* be a little bit put off by him. And yet, she wasn't.

It actually felt a bit like... *relief*.

Over the past few weeks, Hermione had sensed a shift between them, and perhaps the Sex Agenda was to blame, or maybe it was the very idea of it all. Perhaps it was that extra cup of coffee that she always knew would be waiting for her because Draco Malfoy never missed a day of bringing her caffeine. Or maybe it was the notes they'd passed back and forth for years whenever they shared runic translations or when they would debrief with wine and a nice meal at the end of a long day. Maybe it was how this week, Draco had touched her better than *any* man had in a long time; he'd learned her, studied her, and made sure she was benefiting, too.

Hell, sometimes *more* than him.

But at the end of the day, Hermione knew one thing without a hesitation of a doubt in her mind: she didn't want to go back to being *just* his friend, and she certainly didn't want to go back to just being his colleague, either.

No... she wanted *more*.

At her silence, Draco rounded the counter. And, *gods*, she was already spreading her thighs, turning her stool to face him and welcome him into the space between them. Her fingers greedily hooked into the waistband of his dark joggers, tugging him closer as she tilted her face up to meet his ethereal gaze.

Draco's palm found her cheek, then, as his thumb brushed softly over the hollow. "Are you cross with me?" he asked, voice low and hesitant. "For what I did? Because really, Hermione, I swear I wasn't trying to pull one over on you. I—I was actually working up the courage to ask you out that night—at the, *uh*, Leaky."

"*Seriously?*"

He hummed. "Yeah, but then you started talking about your horrible sex life, and I just... *panicked* and told you about my virginity and what my father did. I didn't sleep that night. I was so damn worried about what you might do or say the next day, and then you didn't remember it, and I—I should've just left it at that."

"But you didn't," she mused.

"No," he rasped, mouth curving as his thumb grazed her bottom lip. "No, I didn't."

"And I offered pretty readily, as you pointed out."

"Yes, you most certainly did, Ms. Granger."

"You know—?" Hermione started, swallowing down the thudding heart lodged in her throat.
"You know I don't think I could ever be cross with you, Draco."

"You say that now, but you never know."

"Oh, I'll *definitely* get annoyed with you. And you'll *probably* get annoyed with me, too. Gods, that's a given." Hermione hesitated for a moment, the sound of thunder crackling in the distance. She lost her breath. "But you know, if we do this? *Us*? Then things will... *change*."

"So? Sometimes change is a good thing."

She nibbled on her lower lip, considering. "Okay, you have a point."

"I always do, Granger."

"*Merlin*, no need to brag, Malfoy."

Leaning forward, Draco angled her face up to his as his fingers swept gently, reverently, over her cheekbone. Hermione barely had time to inhale before his mouth pressed soundly against hers. Willingly, readily, he distracted her with the languid slide of his lips against hers.

Gods...

If she had to describe the kiss in simpler words, it was damn *exquisite*.

There was no rush between them, or awkward fumbling, because after a week of kissing each other, they both knew what they wanted. It was just the glide of his tongue tracing hers as she parted from him with no hesitation. He tasted like the coffee in his cup and that familiar honeyed warmth that she wanted to consume for as long as he'd let her.

And she had a sneaking suspicion that he would, in fact, let her.

Hermione's fingers clung further to his joggers, twisting them in the cotton as she pulled him closer. Her toes curled against the metal bar, as if she were trying to latch onto it like a bird. Hell, every nerve ending within her lit up, and every moan he gave her, she easily swallowed it down like fine wine. *More. More. More...* She'd beg for it if she needed to and wouldn't feel the slightest embarrassment.

Okay, so maybe a little.

Unfortunately, Draco pulled away as she whimpered, feeling the phantom imprint on her now-swollen lips. *Ugh. Why?*

"I have something else to propose," he told her, voice gravelly.

Hermione blinked, trying to organize her thoughts. "You—? You do?"

"Yeah," he laughed, pressing another chaste kiss to her lips. "Stay right here—and *don't move.*"

Arching a brow, she watched as he pulled away, rounding the counter. Draco reached into a drawer on the kitchen island and pulled out a sleek, familiar leather-bound folder. Carefully, he pushed it across the marble before he moved back towards her.

"What's this?" she asked, curious.

"Open it and see. And let me know what you think, Granger."

Loosing a breath, she held his gaze as she undid the neat leather string around the folder. There was absolutely no way that she could miss the eager anticipation glittering behind his pale eyes as the sun broke through the storm clouds outside. A beacon towards the future, and if she believed in Fate—but really, it was all rubbish—she might consider this a sign.

But for the first time in longer than she could remember, she wasn't afraid of what might come.

No, *gods*, she was thrilled.

Hermione's fingers paused, curling over the dragonhide-bound folder as that emotion caught in her chest and that knot yielded for once with the knowledge that she knew without a doubt in her mind.

"Just so you know," she whispered, looking up at him. "What I said earlier? About... *uh?* Well, I wasn't just saying that at the moment. And I think I *do* love you, but maybe *not* quite in the way that you *think* or *how* you feel right now. But it *is* love. It's just not... love-love. Does that make, uh, sense?"

Much to her surprise, he didn't look even the slightest bit taken aback (or how he'd acted earlier). *No*, instead, he reached for her hand, cradling it gently in his own as he pressed a soft, deliberate kiss against her knuckles.

"I know," Draco told her simply. *I know.* "And for now? I'm *more* than capable of loving you enough for both of us."

Something in the air shifted then, in that slow, tender way that felt almost holy, like the inhale before a vow.

Something utterly ancient and seismic.

Something just for *them*.

Hermione blinked, swallowing down the knot of emotion rising in her throat. And it wasn't out of fear or sadness, but rather the truth of his confession. The permission to take her time and not rush, allowing her to feel it slowly... *wholly*. The idea of being loved like that *so* openly and honestly with unwavering certainty that didn't require her to meet it exactly, just to hold space for it in the future.

Warmth bloomed, spreading over her and into the marrow of her bones. Oh, *gods*... how it bloomed, spilling into every hollow part of her that she didn't realize she was missing in her twenties and would soon discover in her thirties.

See, some kinds of love don't ask. No, instead, they *offer* and they *wait*, patiently and perfectly.

And here was Draco Malfoy, doing just that with the entirety of his heart without asking for hers in return.

Shaking off the feeling, Hermione removed her hand from his as she glanced down at the marble countertop and the leather-bound folder there. Her fingertips ran over the expensive silver edging, taking it all in before she opened the agenda and read:

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FOR DRACO L. MALFOY AND HERMIONE J. GRANGER'S EYES ONLY

Warning: Those who tamper with this charm will be hexed immediately. May require St. Mungo's intervention and a skilled level of healing.

Even then, good fucking luck.

D.L. Malfoy presents:

THE DATING PLAN

Version 1.0

(Subject to amendments by H.G., of course)

TO BE CONTINUED...

Chapter End Notes

Wow.

I'm going to be so honest here, I did NOT plan on THE SEX AGENDA going how and where it did. It was supposed to be a two-shot for the wonderful Deflower Draco 2025 Fest, but then my lovely best friend suggested I turn it into a 7-day, 7-chapter fic. Which, of course, turned into a 12-chapter, 100,000+ word story. Sigh.

I have to say that this version of Hermione and Draco is my favorite version I've ever written so far. Like ever. They were silly, sexy, fun, innocent, awkward, a bit older (maybe wiser), and I hope I did them justice. I wanted this fic to feel like you were right there with them, embarking on one crazy sex plan with someone you may or may not have feelings for. And I'd also like to thank my current obsession with men who yearn. Hugh Grant? You've done your due diligence. Conrad Fisher? Keep yearning for me.

Thank you to everyone who followed along with this WIP, commented, and also just supported silently with each read and share to your friends and fellow fanfic readers. Thank you from the bottom of my heart. I wish I could yap with you all!

Another thing I didn't plan on was making a sequel to this fic. Hopefully, the ending led you to believe that, and if not, SURPRISE! I present: THE DATING PLAN

While working on the last few chapters, I began drafting an outline (and am obsessed with how they are already shaping up) and now have the first few chapters fully written. When I tell you I'm beyond excited to share this with you all—I'm thrilled (but even then that doesn't equate to how I'm feeling about this fic). Plus, I have an amazing beta this time around who is making The Dating Plan already come alive! This is going to be more about the trials and tribulations of dating, navigating that, more curse-breaking, some slight accidental possession, and one meddling Narcissa! Bonus mentions for a sassy house-elf, a still obsessed-with-Draco Crookshanks, more Panville, Pureblood courting methods, and Draco still in those slutty little glasses but just a bit more experienced (*wink wink*).

Edit as of 8/24/25: THE DATING PLAN IS LIVE ([link here](#))

Feel free to follow me on Instagram or Tumblr (linked below) or do whatever your little heart desires! I'm also on Reddit, and if you recognize me, feel free to say hi as well!

Anyhow! Thank you all from this silly little author/fanfic writer! Your support is incredibly valued, even if I don't express it often! ALSO, a massive, huge thank you to the hosts of the Deflower Draco 2025 Fest and the Dramione Fanfiction Forum for putting on this event!

And that's all she wrote! (sorta?)
All my love,
Mads

Insta: [ethereal_madss](#)

Tumblr: [Tumblr](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!