

## A Box For Safekeeping

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/57747478) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/57747478>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Hermione Granger/Draco Malfoy</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Hermione Granger</a> , <a href="#">Draco Malfoy</a> , <a href="#">Narcissa Black Malfoy</a> , <a href="#">Lucius Malfoy</a> , <a href="#">Blaise Zabini</a> , <a href="#">Ginny Weasley</a> , <a href="#">Harry Potter</a> , <a href="#">Theodore Nott</a> , <a href="#">Pansy Parkinson</a> , <a href="#">Cho Chang</a> , <a href="#">Neville Longbottom</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Explicit Sexual Content</a> , <a href="#">Forced Marriage</a> , <a href="#">A very loose interpretation I would say</a> , <a href="#">Kink Exploration</a> , <a href="#">Oral Sex</a> , <a href="#">Cunnilingus</a> , <a href="#">Improper use of magic</a> , <a href="#">Improper Use of Brooms</a> , <a href="#">Frottage</a> , <a href="#">Free Use</a> , <a href="#">A touch of somnophilia</a> , <a href="#">Improper Use of a Book</a> , <a href="#">Book: Hogwarts: A History</a> , <a href="#">Minor Theodore Nott/Harry Potter</a> , <a href="#">Minor Ginny Weasley/Blaise Zabini</a> , <a href="#">Minor Neville Longbottom/Pansy Parkinson</a> , <a href="#">cum kink</a> , <a href="#">Breeding Kink</a> , <a href="#">of course</a> , <a href="#">Semi-Public Sex</a> , <a href="#">Supportive Narcissa Black Malfoy</a> , <a href="#">Supportive Lucius Malfoy</a> , <a href="#">Porn With Plot</a> , <a href="#">blink and you miss it plot</a> , <a href="#">Porn with Feelings</a> , <a href="#">Idiots in Love</a> , <a href="#">Angst and Fluff and Smut</a> , <a href="#">the tiniest bit of angst</a> , <a href="#">SO MUCH FLUFF</a> , <a href="#">Happy Ending</a> , <a href="#">Simp Draco Malfoy</a> , <a href="#">Mutual Masturbation</a> , <a href="#">Gratuitous Smut</a> , <a href="#">Inappropriate Use of Malfoy Signet Ring (Harry Potter)</a> , <a href="#">they're obsessed with each other</a> , <a href="#">because I like them that way</a> , <a href="#">Refractory Period? Never met her</a> , <a href="#">Improper Use of Sticking Charms</a> , <a href="#">Gratuitous Use of Oliver Wood's name</a> , <a href="#">Pregnancy</a> , <a href="#">Married Hermione Granger/Draco Malfoy</a> , <a href="#">Good Draco Malfoy</a> , <a href="#">Sexually Experienced Hermione Granger</a> , <a href="#">Sexually Experienced Draco Malfoy</a> , <a href="#">Marriage Law Challenge</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-08-02 Completed: 2024-10-03 Words: 33,905 Chapters: 13/13

# A Box For Safekeeping

by [Dizzle00](#)

## Summary

“We have to have sex anyway. We might as well...do it on our own terms,” she adds with a huff, “instead of letting the government ruin everything about our young adulthood.”

Gobsmacked, Draco says, “On our...own terms?”

“I’m not a virgin,” she informs him suddenly, which makes him feel a twinge of...something he doesn’t feel like examining at the moment.

“But there are plenty of things I haven’t done yet,” she continues, “and...some things I’d like to. I assume the same is true for you.”

## Notes

Hello friends! Welcome to my Marriage Law fic that’s really just an excuse for lots of smut with (I hope) a pinch of substance. I had the best time writing this while riding passenger princess on a road trip and I’ve been so excited to share!

I was blessed with three amazing betas: [Bee](#), [Nikki](#), and [Valë](#), who are all extremely talented and also very good at putting up with my neediness!

This fic is complete and new chapters will be posted on Thursdays. I hope you enjoy this unhinged little story! 🍷💕

# Not That Witch

## Chapter Summary

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“I’m not a virgin,” she informs him suddenly, which makes him feel a twinge of... something he doesn’t feel like examining at the moment.

“But there are plenty of things I haven’t done yet,” she continues, “and...some things I’d like to. I assume the same is true for you.”

“Oh gods, not *that* witch, ” Draco groans, his hands pulling at his hair, an obvious sign of his distress for him to make a mess of his normally immaculate strands.

In actuality, it makes perfect fucking sense; his karma points have been in the negative ever since all that Death Eater business during his sixth year. So *naturally*, out of every non-pure blooded witch in the entire country, the Ministry would choose *her* to marry him off to.

The *her* in question stands before him glowering, her cheeks flushed in anger and what he assumes is embarrassment, as his parents look her over. Draco has to admit the pink of her cheeks becomes her, especially paired with the white cashmere sweater she wears with a body skimming wool grey pencil skirt. It’s unseasonably cold for March this year—there’s still snow on the ground—but looking at her is warming Draco in certain neglected areas of his body and mind.

But, it doesn’t matter if she’s pleasant to look at. She is *Granger* and he is *Malfoy*, to her, a vile loathsome cockroach, and this is *never* going to work.

Narcissa shoots him a look when he opens his mouth to argue.

Draco wasn’t keen on the idea of the Marriage Decree to begin with, and there was a part of him that knew in his soul it would be her just because the irony of it would be *amazing*. When she was the one escorted through the door, he’d almost laughed out loud, until reality had immediately slapped him, and thus, *the hair pulling*.

“Miss Granger,” the magistrate begins wearily. To be fair, this stout little man wasn’t responsible for their predicament. “I need you to come and join hands with Mr. Malfoy—”

“I will do no such thing,” the temperamental witch snaps. Draco hears her voice quiver, although she tries to maintain some semblance of dignity. His own dignity is long gone, and any remnants vanished the moment he laid eyes on those brown curls, cupid’s bow lips, and a freckled, pert nose held high in the air.

She hasn’t looked at him even once. She has looked at his mother, she has looked at his father, she is glaring at the magistrate at this very moment, but her eyes carefully avoid him.

Meanwhile, Draco can’t take his eyes off of her.

The creamy white of her sweater complements her tan skin, brings out her large brown eyes framed by stupidly long eyelashes. She is ridiculously cute and he fucking *hates* her for it. He does, *really*.

Hates the perfect shape of her arse in that skirt, her delicate curves, breasts that appear perfectly sized for his hands and mouth. He doesn’t allow himself to think about what her cunt might look like. Or *feel* like. Especially not with his parents sitting there looking at him.

She catches him licking his lips while perusing her body and her eyes blaze gloriously.

“You’ve had weeks to prepare for this,” the magistrate says, scolding Granger for her sour attitude. Those golden brown eyes narrow as they flick briefly to him for the first time, then back to the Ministry official.

“I was informed about this stupid inhumane law, yes. That in no way means I am *prepared* to be forcibly married to someone, and I will certainly not be handholding with *him*.” She gestures in Draco’s direction.

For the first time, Draco notices his mother’s back stiffen. One can only take so much of listening to their son being bashed upon and it just so happened that his mother thought he was pretty spectacular. Even if this unruly other witch didn’t agree.

“Now, Miss Granger,” he hears his father say, and he cringes all the way to his toes. You’d think his father would be wise enough to keep his mouth shut in this particular circumstance. How many instances of Granger’s almost death had his father been present for?

Granger barks a laugh, interrupting whatever his father was about to say. “What? You of all people can’t possibly be okay with this? You— your entire *family* hates me!”

Draco cringes when she pulls the sleeve of her sweater up. “Your *sister* carved this into my arm,” she says to Narcissa, just this side of shrill. “And now I’m your Mudblood daughter-in-law and we’re just going to be one big happy family?”

“You’re making a scene,” scolds Lucius, and Narcissa puts her hand on Lucius’s knee to silence him. She stands and slowly approaches Hermione, her hands clasped in front of her to show she is no threat.

“Please, let me speak,” she implores softly, even as the fiery witch opens her mouth to interrupt.

But somehow, miraculously, Granger lets her speak, her eyes glued to Narcissa. “Miss Granger,” his mother says gently, “we are all in shock right now. This isn’t an ideal situation for anyone.”

Both Draco and Granger scoff, and his mother shoots them both a *look* before continuing on.

“However,” she continues, “I think you’ll find that we are more welcoming than you’d think.” Draco’s brows knit with curiosity. What is his mother playing at? He notices his father nodding as well.

Narcissa looks speculatively from Draco to Granger, and back to Draco, who wishes to sink through the floor at what she says next. “What my son feels for you is far from hatred.” Lucius snorts and rolls his eyes, nodding in what appears to be enthusiastic agreement.

Draco feels his face flame with embarrassment and something else he won’t name.

“If I may, Miss Granger,” Lucius adds, “I think what my wife is trying to say is that my son does not dislike you, and though this marriage law is not ideal nor what we may have wished for Draco...it doesn’t have to be a dire situation.”

Narcissa nods. “You can and should make the most of it, and if you’re lucky, you may find you learn to appreciate, if not even...*enjoy* each other.”

Draco still hasn’t spoken and feels like he’s left his body, floating above the scene in some strange purgatory situation, until Granger sighs and finally speaks to him for the first time, her soft voice bringing him back to earth.

“They’re... not wrong,” she says.

“Aren’t they?” he sputters in disbelief.

“Well...the Ministry isn’t going to change the laws on our account and neither of us wish to lose our right to practice magic or go to Azkaban. So...”

He holds his breath. She’s never looked at him like this before, not once in their entire lives. It’s a look she might reserve for, well, anyone who isn’t him. There’s no abject hatred or any hatred at all, in fact. Her eyes are alight with contemplation, and he wonders briefly if this is what Potter and Weasley see when she looks at them, when she’s scheming or plotting a way out of something.

He stares at her for a moment and then shrugs. “Alright,” he agrees. Who is *he* to argue with the Brightest Witch of Her Age?

The magistrate speaks again, meeting off a long piece of parchment. “You have three months to consummate the marriage, and thereafter, you are required to be intimate during Ms. Granger’s fertile window until a pregnancy is confirmed.” He looks up, clearing his throat and looking intently from Draco to Granger. “You’d do well to start sooner than later.”

Draco wants to Avada himself, knowing his mother and father are sitting there listening to what will be the plan for his sex life for the foreseeable future. Granger’s face flames, and

Draco can see her jaw clench as she once again refuses to meet his eyes.

“If, by one year, no pregnancies have resulted, the marriage may be annulled in which case you may choose to be rematched with a different candidate.”

“A *candidate*,” Granger grumbles under her breath, and Draco can’t help but nod in agreement. They’re twenty four year old adults, and they’re being treated like political pawns, or breeding stock.

The magistrate sighs and casts a Tempus. “Are you both ready? I have several other couples after you.”

Draco and Granger lock eyes, and for a moment, he’s lost in the golden honey of her eyes. There’s a softness there, a lack of animosity that surprises him. In this circumstance, at least, they aren’t enemies. They are partners in this, and they will have to figure their way through it together.

He swallows hard and offers her a hand. She takes it and he’s floating again, no longer in his body as she stutters her way through the vows, reluctant but maintaining composure. He repeats after the magistrate and just like that, Draco Malfoy is married to Hermione Granger.

And she hasn’t even hexed him to death yet.

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After the ceremony, the Magistrate ushers them out of his office, summoning the next couple—none other than Ginevra Weasley and Blaise Zabini. They chat amicably, and Draco can’t help but feel a pang of jealousy at their easy rapport. Ginny gives Hermione a sympathetic glance, while Blaise merely winks at Draco. The two witches exchange a brief hug and promise to catch up soon as they pass by.

When they step through the floo into the Manor, Draco notices she’s trembling. She looks around the room and suddenly appears relieved. The reason for her discomfort dawns on Draco, and in a brief moment of insanity, he wants to reach for her, but decides against it.

She wouldn’t want his touch, and he doesn’t want to make this worse for her. Narcissa and Lucius bid them a good night, leaving them to “get accommodated to each other.”

After a moment’s silence, Draco clears his throat. “This is my wing of the Manor. The...uh, drawing room is far away from here. And mother has completely redone it. You won’t even recognize it.”

When Granger visibly pales, Draco quickly goes on to say, “If you ever want to see it, that is. Of course you don’t have to.”

She says nothing, and the silence disturbs Draco. “Would—would you like a tour of...where you’ll be staying?”

The magistrate had put them on the spot to choose a place to live for the next twelve months, and once Granger made it known she’d been staying with Potter and Pansy at Grimmauld

Place, she'd basically been forced to agree to live at Malfoy Manor for the time being.

Draco has come to the realization that this entire thing is considerably more of an ordeal for Granger than for himself.

*He* gets to stay in his home, a place he is comfortable, while *she* is uprooting her life to live in a place where she experienced trauma, married to a man she hates. His feelings about her are more complicated, and more than he's willing to delve in to, but he *will* admit that she is pretty, and that fucking her won't exactly be a hardship. Draco can admit to himself that he certainly does not *hate* her.

She tilts her head at him, pursing her lips as she watches him, and then finally nods in acceptance of the tour. He offers her his arm; after all, she's his *wife*, and he can't help but be pleased when she accepts it.

Once the tour concludes, they stand in her rooms, staring at each other awkwardly. He opens his mouth to speak and then he receives the shock of his life when suddenly, Granger launches herself at him, her lips smashing against his, teeth clanking together and when he grunts in surprise, she uses the opportunity to plunge her tongue into his mouth.

Her arms twine around his neck, and his hands hover over her waist. He waits, giving her a chance to come back to reality and push him away. Instead, she presses closer, and he finds himself unable to resist, relaxing into the kiss and pulling her closer.

He's *married*. To *Granger*. And she's *kissing* him. Can it really be so easy?

Granger pulls away, and he releases her, looking at her wet, swollen lips and panting foolishly. He wonders if she'll offer an explanation, and hopes she might kiss him again.

"Malfoy," she starts, taking a deep, centering breath, and he refrains from pointing out that she's a Malfoy now too.

"Yeah?" he asks idiotically.

"We're stuck together for twelve months, and we can either let it be horrible or we can make it... *interesting*."

His cock, half-hard after their impromptu snogging session, twitches with intrigue.

"Interesting," he repeats after a moment. "How...do you propose we do that?"

Granger chews on her bottom lip, still watching him.

"We have to have sex anyway. We might as well...do it on our own terms," she adds with a huff, "instead of letting the government ruin everything about our young adulthood."

Gobsmacked, Draco says, "On our...own terms?"

"I'm not a virgin," she informs him suddenly, which makes him feel a twinge of...something he doesn't feel like examining at the moment.

“But there are plenty of things I haven’t done yet,” she continues, “and...some things I’d *like* to. I assume the same is true for you.”

Granger lifts a brow, as he continues to stare, slack-jawed, looking as confounded as Weasley during an Arithmancy exam.

“Malfoy?” she asks with concern, noticing his expression. “You’re not... a virgin, are you?”

“What? No, of course not.” Not since fifth year, although he’d been in a dry spell lately, mostly due to feeling bored by all the usual witches in his rotation. After a while, they all felt, sounded, and tasted the same.

What Granger was suggesting was...intriguing to say the least. And Draco really needed to get a grip.

“You seem confused or...surprised or...something, I—just want to make sure we’re on the same page about,” Granger waves her hand vaguely, “all of this.”

Draco watches her, noticing her pink cheeks and the swottiness of her tone even while discussing *sex*. With *him*.

If she’s saying what he thinks she’s saying, they are most *definitely* on the same page.

”I’m...” Draco clears his throat. ”I mean, yes, we’re on the same page.”

Granger looks relieved and oddly pleased.

He leans toward her, thoughtful, and intrigued. “What do you like in bed?”

“I’m up for anything,” Granger shrugs, then reconsiders. “Well, *most* things I should say.”

“But what gets you off?” he specifies. “During—” he gestures between his crotch and hers, a crude gesture but she just rolls her eyes.

“I can come from penetration alone,” she says matter-of-factly, “if you know what you’re doing.”

“I do,” he says. And it’s not a lie. He’d made it a point to learn how to get a witch off. He knows all the right angles and speeds and positions and such. But the idea of *Granger* coming from his cock alone is sending him into territory he’d rather be alone to ponder. She may have kissed him, but there’s no way she’s going to let him inside her this soon.

Granger smiles (a genuine smile, not a sneer) at him for the second time in their lives. The first of which he doesn’t like to think about often because it gives him a stomach ache.

“We have twelve months. We should each choose a few things we’d like to try—kinks or fantasies or whatever—and,” she bites her lip and releases it, “we can try and do them all during our time together.”

He nods slowly, his eyes glued to her plump, bitten lip. *Smartest Witch of Her Age* indeed.



“We don’t have to have actual sex yet,” she continues, “but maybe we can go slow, and just...get to know each other.”

Her honey-gold eyes drift down his body, landing on the undeniable tent in his trousers, and then flit back up to lock on his own silver gaze. “Deal?”

He is mesmerized by the pursing of her lips, and remembers the taste of her tongue in his mouth. As long as he lives, he’ll never forget.

“Deal.” *Absofuckinglutely.*

“We should each write down some fantasies, and place them in a box, for safekeeping,” she says, all business suddenly.

Draco’s mind is whirling a mile a minute as Granger conjures parchment, quills, and a small white box, while he tries to narrow down all the sexual things he hasn’t yet done but would love to do, with Granger in particular.

His cock perks up with each thing she writes down, and her fantasies inspire some of his.

She gathers all the slips, her brows raising as she reads a few of the things he wrote, and then she levitates the slips of paper inside it. “I’ve charmed them to disappear once we’ve...satisfied them.”

She casts a locking charm on the box and places it on her dresser.

“We should also choose safe words, just in case,” she suggests.

He nods in agreement. “Lioness,” he blurts immediately.

“Basilisk,” she responds, her lips twitching in a half-smirk, a gesture that makes him want to kiss her again, hard.

“Until tomorrow then,” she says, sounding suddenly shy. Her brown eyes watch him as he hesitates then leaves her alone, going next door to his own room.

Lying in bed that night, he finds it hard to fall asleep, his mind consumed with thoughts of his new wife and her willingness to make the best of their situation.

While she got the short end of the stick, he got the lucky draw. His parents know it, he knows it, it’s likely the whole world knows by now.

He’s determined to make her see that he isn’t all bad; that he can show her a good time. For at least twelve months, she is *his*.

Maybe he can even make her like him.

# Hogwarts: A History

## Chapter Summary

*She takes a deep breath and continues. "This is a good way to...get to know each other, yes?"*

*Well, his erection certainly thinks so. It's straining against the fly of his trousers, imploring him to wrap his hand around it and give it a few tugs to relieve some pressure. If this is Granger's idea of getting to know each other, who is he to argue?*

## Chapter Notes

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

Draco wakes early the next morning, peacefully enjoying the hazy state between sleep and wakefulness. A jolt of adrenaline hits him as he remembers that he's now a married man, and that his *wife*, Hermione Granger, is sleeping in the room next to his.

He also recalls Granger's plans for spicing things up between them over the next year, a wholly arousing thought.

His cock stirs thinking about the things she had written down, and imagining Granger on the other side of his own fantasies. He tries to remember all of hers.

There are definitely at least a couple of book-related ones. As Draco is a voracious reader himself, he certainly takes no issue with that. He strokes his cock absently through his boxers, wondering if Granger was as aroused reading his fantasies, as he was reading hers.

The mere thought of Hermione Granger being turned on and touching herself in his house brings his cock to full attention and he knows he needs to tend to it now, or he'll embarrass himself later, once he and Granger begin "getting to know" each other.

He pushes his silk, green pajama pants down just enough to pull out his stiff cock, giving it a few long, slow strokes before the movements become warmer and wetter as he pumps his length.

It won't take long, he knows, and he thumbs his frenulum then squeezes the head, already swollen and flushed. After just a few more strokes, thinking of Granger's fingers pressed deep inside what's sure to be a very pretty pussy, he's coming hard, long streaks of his release hitting his belly and chest, and a last weaker spurt painting the blond patch of pubic hair covering his balls.

He takes a moment to catch his breath, then gets out of bed and heads for the shower. As he indulges in thoughts of Granger, he imagines her in her own shower, soaping up her slippery

tits, washing between her legs, maybe pausing to pay some attention to her clit. When he grows hard again and paints the shower door with his cum, the water washes away his release, along with any lingering guilt about fantasizing about Granger.

After all, she's his *wife*. At least he's not wanking about another witch. In fact, since he first laid eyes on her in the Ministry courtroom with her pretty pink cheeks and anger flashing in her eyes, he hasn't entertained a single thought of any other witch at all.

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He waits for Granger outside her room so she doesn't have to walk to the dining room by herself. Even if the drawing room has been redone and is located on the other side of the Manor, it can't be comfortable for her to walk around this place.

When she emerges, he swears he sees her cheeks color at the sight of him, but all she says is "Malfoy," by way of greeting, in a cool, even tone.

"Good morning, Granger," he says. "I trust you slept well?"

Draco has no idea how she sleeps. Why would she sleep well *here*, in a place of her nightmares with *him*, a person she *hates*, next door to her? What an idiotic thing to say, he thinks, beginning to spiral but she just nods, and smiles.

"Very well, thank you," she replies politely.

He nods, relieved, and they make their way in silence to the dining room, where Lucius and Narcissa are reading the Prophet and drinking their morning tea.

He can sense Granger's nervousness stepping into the dining room, faced with having breakfast with two people who only a few short years ago, fought on the opposite side of a war, or at least sympathized with the side that did not agree with her very existence.

It's easy to make excuses, but he never felt that his mother truly subscribed to the dark side; she was just trying to keep him and his father alive.

It took nearly losing Draco for his father to see the truth. Nowadays, his parents spend a lot of time volunteering and donating to charitable organizations that help Muggleborn students. Granger can at least rest assured that they probably won't try to kill her—not due to her blood status at least.

And besides, she's a lioness—brave and determined. She sits at the table, smiling graciously at his parents while Tilly the elf fusses over her, pouring tea and serving every imaginable type of breakfast food.

Narcissa holds up the front page of the Prophet, where there is a moving photo of Draco and his new wife, stepping out of the magistrate's office door with Lucius and Narcissa behind them, Granger pausing to hug Ginevra Weasley.

***MINISTRY MATCHMAKING! FROM RIVALS TO ROMANCE?***

Draco stares at the headline and glances to Granger, who only blinks at it, taking a small bite of fruit.

“Well,” says Narcissa, “you two are the only mandated marriage who have gotten their own headline so far.” She takes a thoughtful sip of tea. “I suppose you *are* quite an unlikely match...” she zeroes in on Draco, “if one didn’t know better.”

Draco glares at his mother.

Granger clears her throat, rescuing them all from the awkward direction of this conversation. “We do have it better than most,” she remarks quietly.

He’s pretty sure he knows who she’s talking about. The whole point in the Ministry mandate was repopulation efforts. That meant that, even if a witch or wizard was already in an established same-sex relationship, they’d still be married off to someone of a different gender. Draco’s thoughts drift to Potter and Theo.

They’ve been together since their eighth year. Now, Potter’s married to Pansy, their union receiving considerably less attention than his and Granger’s, despite Potter being the *Chosen One*, while Theo’s married to Cho Chang. Fortunately for all, Pansy and Cho are open-minded.

Potter and Pansy actually get on quite well, and have developed a surprisingly good relationship, which makes meeting the monthly requirements for the mandate easier for them. Draco is well aware that there are affairs taking place, open marriages ensuring that everyone’s needs are met. The Ministry can’t literally be in everyone’s bedrooms.

Theo is an adaptable wizard who can make the best of any situation. However, it’s clear that the Ministry prioritizes its own objectives over anyone’s feelings, identities, preferences, or well-being, a fact that comes as no surprise to Draco or anyone else.

He knows his new wife well enough to know that she’ll push back against the Decree if not for herself, for the rights of others.

Maybe she’ll let him help her, he thinks, watching her smile graciously at his father when he passes her a basket of pastries.

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After breakfast, Draco takes Granger to the library hoping she may find some joy here. He watches her face light up with excitement as she scans the tomes, and he stands behind her in case any of the books are cursed or get any ideas and try to bite her or worse.

He finds himself daydreaming about the way her lips felt on his.

They pull a few books from the shelves and settle in next to each other to read on the green velvet sofa in companionable silence.

Seated close enough together that their thighs touch, they take turns sneaking peeks at each other over the top of their books. Draco feels a noticeable rise in the temperature of the room with the way she looks at him.

He's both shocked and relieved when she lays a hand along his cheek and pulls his face towards hers. He kisses her as if he's done so a hundred times, and she lets out a soft sigh when his hands begin to wander.

She lets him touch her body over her clothes, brushing over her breasts and down her belly. He wants to slide his hands inside her bra and feel the silky skin of her tits in his hands, wants to push his hand up her skirt, but he doesn't. And when she finally pulls back, he releases her lips, keeping his hands in their respectable position on her waist.

Quite breathlessly, she says, "I'd like to fulfill my first fantasy from the box."

His brow lifts and his cock throbs. "Oh?"

"I know we didn't really talk about when we wanted to start...but we're here and..." she bites her lip, holding his gaze, and he is absolutely riveted, *dying* for her to finish her thought.

Her cheeks are flushed and she's so lovely and he thinks he'll give her anything she wants in that moment. Especially when what she wants is...

"I want to go down on you while you read to me."

Draco chokes. He remembers her writing something about oral sex and libraries but there had been very little blood remaining in his head by then, his cock had been so hard.

She takes a deep breath and continues. "This is a good way to...get to know each other, yes?"

Well, his erection certainly thinks so. It's straining against the fly of his trousers, imploring him to wrap his hand around it and give it a few tugs to relieve some pressure. If this is Granger's idea of getting to know each other, who is *he* to argue?

Hermione Swotty Granger (*Malfoy*, his mind reminds him, but he can't acknowledge it or he'll implode) wants to perform oral sex on him while he reads to her.

Draco presumes this fantasy was shared by every boy who went to Hogwarts at the same time as them.

She's watching him nervously, waiting for his response and all he's done so far is cough and sputter. At this point she really is going to think he's some pathetic virgin. It's just that it's so much different when it's *her*. It's *overwhelming*.

"Are you not amenable today? I apologize if not, I could—"

"No, no, I—I am. *Amenable*, that is," he assures her. And *Salazar* he wishes he would stop stuttering.

"*Oh.*"

She licks her lips at the tent in his trousers, and she might as well have licked his cock for the way her gaze caresses him and the trickle of precum he can feel oozing out of his slit.

He's breathing heavily and she hasn't even laid a finger on him. When their eyes meet, he sees that she's just as affected as him; her pupils blown out and her lips slightly parted.

"Yes alright, um," he swallows. "What would you like me to read?"

Her hand skims over the stack of books she'd placed on the side table next to her, and then she stops on...of *course*. *Hogwarts: A History*.

She eyes him as she picks it up and hands it to him.

"It's my favorite," she whispers.

"I know." Everyone knew about Granger's love for this book. He'd not been the least bit surprised when she'd immediately pulled it off the shelf in the library. And, it just so happens... "It's mine, too."

Her eyebrows raise in surprise, her mouth forming a perfect little "O."

She looks pleased with him and he definitely does not mind that.

"So, I'll just, uh..." Lifting a brow at her, he clears his throat, opening the book, and beginning to read.

"Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry was founded over a thousand years ago in 990 AD," his breath hitches when Granger scoots forward on the sofa, and drops down onto her knees in front of him. She slides her hands up his thighs, and makes her way to his fly, where her hands hesitate for a moment before expertly opening his trousers and pulling out his cock.

Taking a deep, shaky breath as her hand wraps around his length, he continues, "by four powerful witches and wizards—Godric—oh fucking *Merlin*, Granger," he gasps, when she licks up his shaft and swirls her tongue around his tip. Pausing, she looks up at him expectantly. She manages to look prim while she waits, kneeling before him with his flushed and throbbing cock in her hand, her lips brushing against the weeping head of him.

"I—I'm not going to last long," he warns and she smiles indulgently.

"That's okay," she smiles encouragingly. "Keep going."

He swallows and continues reading, his hips jerking when she engulfs the first few inches of him into her mouth and sucks, her cheeks hollowing even as she curls the flat of her tongue around him. "G-Godric Gryffindor, Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw, and...*fuck Granger—Salazar—*"

This witch is going to make him come with just a few bobs of her pretty little head.

And *fuck*...he notices that she's slid her hand under her skirt and she's moaning around his cock and it's all *too much*.

When she takes him deeper, the vibrations of her moans set him off and he loses control, choking on a groan as he thrusts up into her mouth and begins to spurt on her tongue and down her throat before he can even warn her.

Granger takes it all in stride, giving a pleased hum as she swallows it down, his hips twitching and bucking erratically as he comes harder than he has in...well, awhile.

“Slytherin,” he sighs, finishing the last word of the *one sentence* it took for her to make him come, as the spasms of his cock finally recede and he relaxes boneless into the sofa.

Granger wipes primly at her perfect, swollen mouth and smiles at him, a proud genuine smile that he doesn’t deserve yet, but vows right then and there to make a point to deserve someday.

“How was that?” she asks, a smug expression on her lovely face.

“Come here,” he murmurs, and when she rises, he yanks her into his lap. His cock is still out, softening and sticky from spit and cum and it jumps slightly at the feel of her bare inner thigh resting on it. He remembers her hand inside her skirt.

“Did you come?” he asks in a low tone, his hands gently caressing her thighs as she watches his face in wonder or surprise.

“I—no, not yet. I was close though,” she admits shyly. “But,” her cheeks flush prettily, “I liked watching you more.”

“I barely made it a sentence,” he chuckles darkly, as his fingers skim along the edges of her knickers. He watches her eyes as he slips them inside, and notes her breathing quicken as he finds her folds, slippery and burning hot with arousal.

He releases a harsh breath, and at the same time, she squeaks. He pauses, carefully watching her face.

“May I?” he asks and she swallows and nods.

He wastes no time finding her clit and circling it, and she lets out a sweet, little breathy moan. A tortured groan escapes Draco’s throat when he slides first one, then two fingers into her slick, tight heat. “*Fuck*,” he groans. “If you feel this good around my fingers, you’re going to kill me when I finally slide my cock inside you.”

She gasps and clenches at his words, which makes him smile. “You like that thought? Want my hard, thick cock inside this juicy, little cunt someday soon?”

“Yes, *gods*,” she sighs, her hips starting to undulate in time with the movements of his hand, riding his fingers.

“Want me to read to you a little more while I fuck you with my fingers?” Draco purrs, grazing her jaw with the tip of his nose.

“P-please,” she answers, and he can tell it won’t be long at all.

Levitating the book in front of him, he continues reading, while he fucks her with his fingers, the Signet ring he wears flipped around so the “M” taps against her clit with each ministrations.

“Hogwarts not only teaches its students Potions, Charms, Defense Against the Dark Arts, and Arithmancy but also—“ he grins as Granger moans, her cunt squeezing and pulsing around his fingers, “courage, loyalty, integrity, and ambition.”

He stops reading when she leans her face into his shoulder to muffle her yelps and he keeps his hand in place, letting her ride him how she likes, while he whispers praises to her. “Yes,” he tells her with a pleased hum, “that’s such a good girl. Take what you need. Let it go. Yes, Granger just like that.”

If his cock was softening before, it’s back at full attention now, due to the sounds she makes, and the muscles of her cunt gripping his fingers. He ignores it, letting her movements slow and her body relax before he slowly and carefully withdraws his hand. He licks his fingers clean and she whines a little, watching him.

“Well, would you look at that?” he says, peppering kissing up her neck as she reels, still catching her breath, “We both completed a fantasy today.”

When she looks at him in surprised realization, he laughs softly. “Granger, you really are a wonder, you know that?”

Of *course* his fantasy was to finger Granger in the library. He’s been wanking over *that* thought for years.

## Chapter End Notes

As always, thank you to my wonderful team of betas, [Bee](#), [Nikki](#) and [Valë](#)

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# Warming Up

## Chapter Summary

*“Fuck the knickers,” he smirks up at her. “I’ll buy you more. I want to make this good for you.”*

*The least he can do for his long suffering wife is give her a few toe-curling orgasms on this lovely spring day.*

## Chapter Notes

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

On a bright, sunny morning, Draco arranges for a picnic for him and Granger on the grounds of the Manor, out near the lake.

After the initial experimentation in the library, Draco has enjoyed touching Granger and being touched by Granger on numerous occasions. They’ve gotten each other off in the greenhouse, in the conservatory, once in the dining room, and several times in the library whilst reading passages from *Hogwarts: A History* to each other.

Draco has come to the conclusion that Granger has a bit of an oral fixation, because she really seems to love having his cock in her mouth.

Now, he thinks with anticipation, it’s time for a change of scenery and a new fantasy.

She hasn’t let him go down on her, not yet, but he’s saving that for a special occasion anyway.

For now Draco is enjoying Granger’s version of “warming up” immensely. And anyway, she’s requested something else on this day, and Draco’s new kink is giving Granger things she wants.

The white box still sits on Granger’s dresser, already a few slips lighter, and he intends to make sure the box is empty long before their twelve months are up. Or he hopes to, at least.

Tilly the elf (clothed, well paid, full benefits, he might add) has packed an array of fruit, cheeses, bread, and one of the finest bottles of white wine from the Manor wine cellar.

Pouring them each a glass of wine, Draco raises his glass to clink against hers. “To getting to know each other,” he says, and she echoes his words.

He gestures toward the assortment of cheeses and picks up a cube of Comté, offering it to her. She watches him for a moment before accepting the cheese from his fingers, never taking her

eyes off his. He licks his lips, watching her intently.

After taking turns hand-feeding each other, they sit in companionable silence for a moment, sipping their perfectly chilled wine, until Granger suddenly asks, “Do you remember when we first met, on the train to Hogwarts?”

He remembers it well, and the memory causes a churning in his stomach. She’d been looking for a toad on the train—Longbottom’s toad, in fact—and when she came into Draco’s compartment, she’d smiled at him, almost like she knew him and was pleased to see him there.

Draco couldn’t help but smile back, immediately charmed by her. They’d been so young, *babies*, but he remembers thinking she was beautiful even then. Until Pansy opened her mouth. “Oh look, a mudblood.” His stomach sank, and his smile turned into a sneer.

Thinking back on it now is so painful to Draco. At the tender age of eleven, Granger wouldn’t even have known what a “mudblood” was. The knowledge that he and his friends were responsible for teaching her the meaning of the word made him feel rather queasy, as did remembering the look of confusion and hurt that passed over her face.

Pansy hadn’t known better then, none of them had. But Draco just hoped the damage done wasn’t irreparable.

“I remember,” he says, his voice taut with regret.

“I thought you were so handsome,” she says softly. “Even as pointy as you were.” She smirks.

“But you were such a little prick. Arrogant and selfish. Always so jealous of Harry, and tormenting Ron at every turn. You thought I was lower than dirt.” She licks her lips thoughtfully. “Then there was all that business with Umbridge.”

Draco nods, feeling sheepish. Aligning himself with Umbridge was far from the worst thing he’d done, but it sure was embarrassing. He has one fond memory though, of capturing Granger while chasing down the members of Dumbledore’s Army at Umbridge’s orders.

He’d sought her out specifically, unable to resist the idea of holding her body against his. He’d wanked to that memory for months, if not years.

“You only ever cared about saving your own hide,” Granger was saying. “You would’ve done anything to maintain appearances, even at the risk of others.” She eyes him pointedly, and he presses his lips together, looking away.

He knows she’s talking about more than just their school years. Poisoned mead, a cursed necklace, Imperius curses. Dumbledore on the Astronomy Tower—all actions he deeply regrets.

But it’s what happened here, in his home—now *her* home—the night Bellatrix tortured her, that has been etched into his mind, as deep as the scar etched into her arm.

The memory haunts him like a specter, her screams echoing in his head on nights when sleep eludes him.

He really doesn't deserve any ounce of kindness from her; his cowardice nearly got her killed.

"It's true," he agrees. "I am—inordinately selfish." He'd like to blame it on being an only child, but Granger is one too, and she's far from selfish. In fact, she's over the top with her compassion. However differently they'd grown up, they were two sides of the same coin.

"I cared far too much about my last name, my blood status, and showing up Potter and Weasley. But," he paused, collecting his thoughts, "I also cared about saving my mother. I cared about that more than anything," he says quietly, meaning every word, as memories of that terrible time begin to flood back to him.

Memories he used to hide behind Occlumency walls, Firewhiskey, and witches, but now, with Granger, he decides to allow himself to feel the brunt of it. He's already resolved to let her see him vulnerable, as vulnerable as Draco can be anyway. And this is a conversation that needs to be had.

She's his wife, after all. He wants her to like him, and if there's one thing he knows about Granger, it's that she sees right through bullshit. She will sense if he's inauthentic; he has to be genuine with her.

Her warm brown eyes are fixed on him, and he swallows hard.

"I'm so sorry," he confesses, "for everything. I'm truly so ashamed of all the trouble I caused you and—*everyone*." His throat tightens, and for a startling moment, he fears he's going to cry.

One moment, he's feeding her cheese and sips of a decadent, crisp wine, and the next he's tearfully apologizing out of the blue. They're simple words, inadequate to cover all the things he's done.

Granger's eyes flick to his and remain there as she nibbles her lip thoughtfully

"I think we've already established that you're a prat," she says after a pause.

"True," he agrees.

"And that you were a mere child placed into some pretty impossible situations." She cocks her head at him. "Not unlike Harry."

He nods in acknowledgment. In most circumstances, being compared to the Chosen One makes him prickly, but in this case, he appreciates her point.

"Regardless," she continues in a clipped voice, "we're married, for a year. At least."

Draco tries to ignore the twinge of hope he feels at her final two words. "Also true," he acknowledges, his breath hitching.

She leans over, gently resting her hand on his knee. “Which means, we have a whole year to talk about the past. But in the present...”

Her hand glides up, tantalizingly close to his groin and he feels a shock of arousal flood his body, his blood rushing into his cock as Granger caresses his inner thigh. “We’re getting to know each other, yeah?”

He can hardly keep himself from groaning. “Salazar. Granger, you’re—” *Perfect*, his mind says. His mouth doesn’t finish the thought.

“And I don’t know about you,” she says. “But—I’m game to—keep going. Exploring.” Her eyes drop down to the embarrassing tent in his trousers.

But the way she looks at him is anything but embarrassing. She looks at him like she wants him.

He’s made her cry, tormented her as children. She experienced trauma in his home at the hands of his aunt.

And yet—she showed up for his trial. Got him and his family acquitted.

And yet, she sits here with him. Yes, they are mandated by the Ministry to be married, but she doesn’t need to spend time with him beyond her fertile window.

And *yet*, she’s climbing into his lap, straddling him, placing her hands on his shoulders, her gorgeous eyes seeking his.

They’ve already touched each other in the most intimate places, but he can feel the heat of her through his trousers and it makes him shiver with lust.

“I want to feel you,” she whispers into his ear. “Through our clothing and then...without.”

Draco ears ring, as all the blood in his body rushes to his cock.

“And this fantasy...” she confesses, “it’s not a new one.”

He stares up at her, blinking rapidly and panting a little, his brain struggling to comprehend her words. His hands slide up her back to pull her closer.

“But,” she added, and of course there’s a caveat. There *should* be a caveat. “No sex today.”

He’s confused, intrigued, and aroused, and yet she’s still speaking.

“Not...inside, anyway.”

“Frottage,” he says immediately, remembering, and she bites her lip, nodding shyly.

Draco finds himself wishing he had worn joggers instead of his usual trousers, concerned that the fabric might be a bit too rough for her soft, delicate skin. But he’ll make do.

He grips her hips and pulls her down against him, at the same time he pushes his hips up into her.

“I wore a skirt,” she tells him with a coy smile, “just for this.”

He growls and vanishes her knickers.

“Draco!” she admonishes in surprise and to his recollection, it’s the first time she’s ever called him by his first name. He likes it. He really, *really* likes it.

“Fuck the knickers,” he smirks up at her. “I’ll buy you more. I want to make this good for you.”

The least he can do for his long suffering wife is give her a few toe-curling orgasms on this lovely spring day.

“Can I kiss you?” he asks, and she acquiesces, leaning in and brushing his lips with hers. He slides his hands down, under her skirt and squeezes the smooth, round cheeks of her bum, making her whimper softly.

Her hands find the fly of his trousers and she delves her tongue into his mouth, tasting of wine and honey. She frees his cock, wrapping both hands around it when it springs out toward her. He lets her stroke him a few times, groaning into her mouth as she works him, before quickly seizing control again.

Rolling them over, he lays her down beneath him, pulling her legs up to wrap around his hips. He thrusts against her, ensuring his cock slides through her folds, his eyes rolling back at the feeling of her heat enveloping him, simulating sex. His broad, swollen tip slides over her swollen clit with every thrust. He could push inside her so *easily*, but what she’s offering him is more than enough.

She gasps, baring her throat to him, and his mouth is drawn towards it like a magnet, licking and kissing and sucking as he fucks himself against her. He can tell by her cries that she’s already close, and he doesn’t let up, not stopping even when she whimpers and moans, “I’m coming, I’m coming, oh *gods*, Draco, I’m coming,” into his ear.

He slows his movements when her body relaxes, but he keeps thrusting, a slow, sinuous slide against her. *Salazar*, he needs to come. He could let go right then, and let himself pulse and throb against her cunt, but he holds off, his movements smooth across her sensitive clit.

“Come on, Granger,” he breathes into her ear. “Give me another.”

“Draco,” she whines. “I *can’t*. I’ve already come, I can’t come again. I’ve never—“

Smiling, nosing along her throat, he hums. “Oh, Granger, sweetheart. You can, and you will.”

Draco grasps hold of his cock, and teases her entrance. *Fuck*, he wants to slide inside so badly, but he respects her wishes, and instead, rubs the head of his cock through her slick, and

then taps it against her oversensitive clit in quick successions, until her moans grow louder and he feels her body tense up.

Nestling his cock back between her swollen, puffy lips, he increases his pace again, maintaining a steady rhythm against her, her entire body trembling as moans his name—his *first* name—and begins to convulse beneath him, coming in quick, tiny, breathy yelps. Her second orgasm of the day (that he knows of) leaves her cheeks pink, her lips red and wet, the slightest bit of drool tricking out the corner of her mouth. She looks debauched, and it makes him smile.

*Gods*, he loves making Granger come. It's a good thing he doesn't need to work, because he could really make a career of this alone.

Draco takes a beat, squeezing his cock to maintain some control, before he finally allows himself to take what he needs, pumping himself then using his hand to press his cock more firmly against her cunt, his hips moving fast and hard.

“Draco—*Draco*, I—” Granger writhes senselessly beneath him. “Please come, I want to feel you come, oh *gods*—” and Draco groans, watching her eyes roll back in her head.

It only takes two more thrusts before he comes forcefully across her cunt, up her belly and over her tits, a hot, throbbing, electric orgasm, the intensity of it almost painful.

Beneath him, Granger bucks against him, now in the throes of her third orgasm, shuddering and crying, mindless with pleasure.

Sighing deeply, Draco collapses next to her, both of them covered in cum.

He cleans them up with a wandless Scourgify, and holds her against his side.

“That was two for me,” she whispers after awhile.

“Three,” he corrects, smugly.

“No—” she starts to argue, then realizes what he means. “Well, *yes*, ” she smiles. “But two *fantasies*.”

Propping himself up on his elbow, he peers down at her curiously.

“Two? The frottage...and what else?”

“Well...” she looks away, as her cheeks flush. “There’s the...cum kink. I mean,” she covers her face with her hands. “Yours, in particular. I want it...on me. And someday soon...in me.”

When she’d written down “cum kink” he’d thought she meant impregnation (his first thought had been that it would make satisfying the Ministry mandate that much easier if she enjoyed him getting her pregnant) or maybe she just liked cum in general.

But here she seemed to be saying she just wanted his cum on and inside her body.


He keeps staring down at her, gawking at her, as he wonders what thing he did right in his life for the Ministry to pair him with her.

He noses her hands away from her face, and kisses her, just because he can.

They kiss for a long time and Draco pushes away the thought that he'd very much like to kiss her forever.

Every day of the rest of their lives, if she lets him.

## Chapter End Notes

Up next, a broom and a sticking charm! 

Thank you thank you THANK YOU you to my incredible team of betas, [Bee](#), [Nikki](#) and [Valë](#)

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# Improper Use of Brooms

## Chapter Summary

*His cock is already stiff and aching in his pants and he's only barely licked her once. "Mmmm, you're delicious darling," he purrs to her pussy. "Like a juicy little peach."*

## Chapter Notes

The end of this chapter includes NSFW art created by the incredible [Sophie](#)

Use caution when scrolling! 😊😊

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

“Please pass the fruit,” Lucius requests of Granger at breakfast one morning, spoken from behind the morning papers. His eyes flit up and then he does a double take noticing that his daughter-in-law is shaking like a leaf in her chair in the formal dining room.

Giving Draco a questioning look, eyebrow arched, he glances at Narcissa, who is hiding a sympathetic smile.

Draco is very excited for their plans that day. Granger may be afraid now, but he resolves to have her shaking for a different reason very soon.

“Wear a skirt,” he’d instructed her the night before, after kissing her goodnight. His fingers lightly traced Hermione’s cheek and jawline as he quirked a lazy smile. “And—maybe knickers you won’t mind losing.”

It’s Draco’s turn to indulge in a fantasy, even though he knows it happens to be one of Hermione’s nightmares. However, he’s determined to ensure she enjoys herself, hoping to help her create more...positive associations with this particular experience in the hope that she might even come to enjoy it.

“I don’t feel good about this,” she says, her nails digging into his abs, her voice squeakier than normal. Granger shrieks into the space between his shoulder blades when the broom lifts off.

“I’m an expert flyer,” Draco reassures her. And it’s true. If it weren’t for his family’s reputation being in the shitter after the war, he may very likely have been scouted to play Quidditch professionally. He’s a very good Seeker, after all. Even Potter had admitted it.



“I’m not going to let you fall, Granger. Merlin.”

Her fingernails dig deeper into his stomach, and he covers her hands with his, encouraging her to hold on tighter.

“Please don’t let go of the broom,” she pleads. “Please. I’m terrified...”

While Draco loves to make her beg, he prefers her to do so in breathy moans, not because she’s afraid.

He maneuvers himself to spin around to face her, and she shrieks again. He places one hand behind him for balance, though it isn’t necessary; he’s an extremely skilled flyer, and his broom is incredibly attuned to him. However, he knows flying hands-free will only unsettle her further. At least until he can get her good and distracted.

“Granger, I swear on my life I’ll jump to my death to cushion you before I’ll let us crash. And you know how much I treasure my life,” he smirks.

“But—“

“I know you’re afraid, but I’ve got you,” he murmurs in a low, calming tone, his grey eyes locked on her golden brown ones.

“This broom is charmed to fly us around safely, no hands required. We won’t go far from the Manor; just enough to be—out of sight to prying eyes.”

Lifting both hands to rub them soothingly over her thighs, he smirks. “I’ve already cast a sticking charm on you. I didn’t want to tell you because I didn’t want to ruin the thrill.” He leans in to kiss her lips chastely before licking a stripe up her throat. “And I do plan on giving you a thrill.” He tilts his head, leaning closer. “I’d never let you fall, Granger. Trust me, just this once?”

She scoffs, but her voice is calmer when she says, “I don’t really have a choice now, do I?”

“You do have choices,” he says firmly. “Lots of them. Use your safe word and I’ll take us back.”

Granger’s expression softens as she watches him for a moment, and then, finally, she rolls her eyes. “Fine. I’ll trust you,” she huffs.

“Good,” he says firmly, kissing her again. Pulling away just enough to speak against her lips, he adds, “Now, how would you like me to get you off? With my fingers or my mouth?” Draco smirks, hearing her breath hitch. “My fantasy isn’t specific about that detail. I just want to make you come on my broom.”

“I—“ she hesitates, then her eyes flicker down to his lips. “Your mouth,” she says, “but I’ve never—no one’s ever—“

All that time with Weasley, McLaggen, and Krum and Merlin knows whoever else, and not one of them had licked her cunt? Draco is gobsmacked. He already knows that once he tastes

her, it's over for him when the time comes for him to kiss it goodbye.

When he's finally lucky enough to get her into his bed, he vows to himself that he'll make her come on his tongue at least once per day. Maybe he'll make it a point to wake her up this way. Maybe then she won't want to leave him when their year is up.

He feels a tremendous responsibility to do right by her. "I'm going to make it so good for you, Granger."

Slowly and carefully, he scoots back on the broom, maintaining his hands on her thighs for comfort. "Keep your eyes on me," he instructs gently, "and put your hands behind you. Lean back." She hesitates briefly before slowly complying, stacking one hand over the other and arching back.

"Good girl," he praises, using his hands to push her skirt up and taking a moment to admire the lacy pink knickers she wears, before suddenly ripping them off, and baring her to him.

"Draco," she protests, but he can't tear his eyes away from her glistening cunt. it's beautiful, with pouty lips, clit swollen and needy for attention as always. His mouth waters as he scoots back, positioning himself face-to-face with her center. His strong thighs grip the broom for balance while he wraps his around her thighs to hold her open to him, steadying them both.

Inhaling deeply, he hums. "Merlin, Granger. Must every part of your body be so fucking delectable?"

She jumps a little, gasping, when the tip of his tongue brushes against her clit. Then he gives her a broad, slow lick, groaning into her cunt as he tastes her for the first time. The first of many times, he hopes.

His cock is already stiff and aching in his pants and he's only barely licked her once. "Mmmm, you're delicious darling," he purrs to her pussy. "Like a juicy little peach."

Her little moans and whimpers spur him along as he suckles and slurps at her folds and then swirls his tongue around her swollen bud, and back down to her slit. He curls his tongue and pokes it into her opening, while his thumb circles and presses down on her clit. He can feel his face growing wetter and wetter with her arousal and his spit, and her hips begin moving in time with his tongue.

Sliding a finger into her, he presses the warm flat of his tongue on her clit, pulsing it slightly and she breaks, wailing and gushing all over his chin, the muscles of her perfect pussy clamping down on his finger. "Fuck fuck, *fuck*, Draco, *stop*, wait, *don't* stop. I'm—" he smirks into her cunt as he renders her unable to speak a proper sentence. For the first time in Draco's memory, his Golden Girl is speechless.

He peppers kisses to her inner thighs now slick with saliva and her cum, then with one last tender lick he pulls his head up to look at her face. Her eyes are hooded and glazed over, her lips are parted, pouty and wet, and her chest is heaving. He's never seen anything more beautiful in his life.

She's his *wife*. And he thinks maybe, just maybe, she's starting to like him, at least a little bit.

"Such a good girl, coming so hard for me," he hums, gazing into her eyes. "Was that a good one, darling?"

Granger releases a deep breath and sits up, her hands moving to grip the broom handle and closing her legs around it, still rather firmly but no longer gripping on for dear life. She watches him for a moment, licking her swollen, bitten lips. Suddenly, one of her hands is on the back of his neck, pulling his face to hers, and she kisses him hard, holding him tight.

Her other hand gets to work opening his fly, and she finds his hard, weeping cock inside, gives it a squeeze and takes it into her hand.

"Your turn," she says, still breathless.

"You know," she begins conversationally while her hand explores the sensitive ridges of his cock, "I've always had a thing for Quidditch players."

This, Draco remembers well, and images of Krum, Weasley, and McLaggen come into his mind, bringing with it a slightly sour stomach.

"My first crush was Oliver Wood." She laughs, and images of the other three are overtaken by the memory of Wood, tall, dark, handsome and truly one of the best players of their time.

"Well, one of them." Granger smirks, recapturing his attention when she uses both hands on him, sliding them up and down his shaft, then uses one to cup his sac. She pumps his base with one hand and twists the other around the sensitive head and thumb at his frenulum. When he groans, she takes the opportunity to slip her tongue into his mouth and he growls, sucking on her tongue as his balls tighten with impending orgasm.

Draco has spent what feels like half his life flying on a broom. Never once has it occurred to him to come on one, but here he is, two seconds away from doing just that at the hands of a witch who famously hates flying.

He's so worked up from finally tasting Granger's cunt, from feeling her come on his tongue and all over his face. Between the sounds she'd made and the gush of wetness when she came under his ministrations, it won't take more than a stiff breeze to get him off right about now. It doesn't hurt that Granger happens to be exceptionally good at handjobs.

It strikes him, once again, that he is living out his teenage fantasies. Nearly all the things he'd once only ever dreamed of doing, that he'd wanked to shamefully behind the warded curtains of his four poster bed, were happening in real time.

Gasping, Draco starts to come, groaning into Granger's mouth as his cock pulsates, throbs, spurting sticky cum all over her fist, wrist and fingers. He pants into her shoulder, his arms wrapped around her, waiting for his heart rate to settle.

“One of these days, soon,” he pants, “I want to cum all over your bare tits. And on your back and arse.” He looks up to find her inspecting the mess he’d made on her hand, with a dazed expression. “If you want that,” he adds. Though, based on what she’s said about having a cum kink, he’s pretty sure she does.

“I...definitely want that,” she admits quietly, still looking at the cum on her hand, then she looks him straight in the eyes, and licks it from her wrist and hand. Salazar, this witch. Then she smiles, like the cat who got the cream.

“I want it everywhere, you know,” she reminds him. “And next time we pull from the box, I want you inside me.”

It’s a good thing he’d charmed his broom. As her words wash over him, he suddenly feels dizzy and disoriented—a sensation as though he’s living someone else’s life, one he’d fervently wished for but knew he’d never attain.

Even almost three months into their marriage, he feels like he’s living a dream. It isn’t a long time, objectively, but when he only has a year to make her fall in love with him, every moment is precious.

“Really?” he breathes, as his mouth quirks up into a smile and his heart quickens. “You’re ready for me to fuck you, Granger?”

Releasing a deep breath, she nods. “We’re nearing the three month mark but also...I think we’ve waited long enough.” Granger laughs softly. “In fact, I’ll even make you a deal.”

Draco leans in closer, riveted by her words. “Let’s hear it.”

“You land us home safely on this broom today, and tomorrow...” she kisses him softly on the mouth—“you can fuck me in a bed.”

He bursts into laughter, incredulity and joy washing over him.

She had said tomorrow. She had said *home*. And *yes*, she’d said the other thing. She *wants* him.

Granger wants him to fuck her in a bed. She wants his cock inside her, thrusting and filling and...*Merlin*.

There’s no way Draco won’t get them home safely.

And of course he does, and he helps her off, wrapping his arm around her, helping her walk inside the Manor on shaky legs.

Dropping her off at the door to her rooms that night, he presses her up against the wall, kissing her hard and deep—a preview of how he intends to have her the following day.

He knows she’s entering her fertile window, and she wants him to fuck her. She’s asked him to.

Granger isn't going to lie back and think of England, oh no. Granger is going to come on Draco's cock.

By the time he's done with her, she won't even remember the name *Oliver Wood*.



## Chapter End Notes

Much love to my wonderful team of betas, [Bee](#), [Nikki](#) and [Valë](#)

Come yell at me or fangirl with me about Dramione on [Instagram](#) if you want! 💜💜💜

# Even Better Than He'd Imagined

## Chapter Summary

*If she'll let him, he'll keep her here, in her bed or his, for the next nine months, fucking her, filling her with his cock and cum, and maybe even an heir, if he's lucky.*

## Chapter Notes

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

Draco wakes from a nightmare in which he's being led to a cell in Azkaban by Potter and Weasley themselves.

In it, he looks over his shoulder to see Granger watching him go with tears in her eyes. She's quickly distracted by Oliver Wood hovering next to her on his broom, reaching out towards her, sweeping her away. Her arms wrap around Wood's neck and Draco's eyes snap open.

His chest heaves as he pinches himself to make sure he's actually awake, confirming that it was, indeed, a nightmare.

Reality slowly comes back into focus, and Draco becomes very alert once he remembers Granger's plans for them that day.

Obviously, she didn't mean for him to fuck her very first thing in the morning, though he strokes his cock to the thought of it, and to the memory of the taste of her cunt, the silken glide of his fingers and tongue inside her.

His hand twists over his leaking tip, and he thumbs at his frenulum until he comes with a grunt, making a mess of his sheets.

He can't wait to make a mess of her.

With a spring in his step, Draco rises, dressing in his usual expensively tailored trousers, charcoal grey today, a white Oxford shirt, and dragonhide boots.

He adds his long, black robes over the top, adding a cooling charm to them. It's summer after all, and Draco's already feeling a bit overheated.

After carefully styling his hair and applying his usual smoothing tonic, as well as a quick shaving charm to his face, he steps back to admire his appearance.

Draco thinks it's fair to say that he's an objectively handsome wizard.

Yes, there are those who used to tease him for having a pointy chin, and being a touch too lean but who wouldn't be scrawny when being used as a madman's errand boy?

Let alone a madman who held his parents hostage in their home, while also feeding a Professor to a pet snake on their dining room table.

Draco hadn't eaten properly after that for weeks, and even then, it had remained a struggle for several more months.

Since the war ended, Draco has made it a priority to take care of his body. He tries to eat three square meals a day, watching his sweet tooth and spending more time playing Quidditch and staying otherwise active in ways he enjoys, rather than running his arse off for the sole purpose of keeping his mother alive.

Of course, Draco has always been on the vain side, but especially now that he's grown into his features—pale, yes, but not *deathly* so; tall and lean, yet firm and solid.

He thinks about Granger, almost his opposite in every way. Petite, curvy in all the right places, every inch the Golden Girl. Her wild, mahogany curls, her warm, honey-brown eyes, her tan skin and sprinkling of freckles. He thinks of her tits and her arse and her tight, pink, *perfect* little cunt and... *Salazar*, he's hard again.

It's too late for a cold shower, so he decides to ignore it, thinking instead of unsexy things like watching Weasley destroy a roast dinner in the Great Hall.

And anyway, it's time to pick up his *wife*.

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Over the past few months, Draco has made a habit of meeting Granger outside her door every morning and walking her down to the dining room.

When he knocks softly, she opens the door immediately, looking radiant in a short, yellow sundress, with her curls loose, her golden eyes raking over him from head to toe.

Her gaze is hot on him and he feels it all the way to his balls, his cock beginning to rise to the occasion. At this early hour, Draco is grateful to be covered by the robes he'd chosen to wear that day.

"Good morning, Granger," he murmurs, pressing a chaste but lingering kiss to her cheek.

*Fuck*, she smells so good, he wants to bottle her scent and spray his sheets with it every night. Of course, having the real source in his bed will be even better.

Granger bites her lip, seeming to be mulling over something and coming to a decision.

"Are you expected anywhere?" she asks.

His brows knit in confusion. "Now?" he asks.

“Yeah,” she answers, a bit breathless. “Or...today in general?”

The truth is, Draco is entirely hers, fully at her disposal. The thought of him making other plans is laughable

“No.” He quirks a brow. “Are *you*?”

Granger huffs a little laugh and shakes her head.

“It’s just that you look so...” her hand gestures vaguely in his direction and her cheeks flush prettily.

Draco doesn’t miss the clenching of her thighs, and in an instant, he’s on her, guiding her backwards into her room and pressing her against the door, which he locks with a wave of his hand.

“What’s this?” he purrs, running his knuckles along her jaw as she watches him through fluttering lashes. “Is my pretty little wife admiring her husband today? Perhaps thinking of ways to get me all to herself?”

Rolling her eyes, she huffs. “No.” But it’s a breathy sound, and he doesn’t believe her for a second. Judging by the pebbling of her nipples beneath her little dress, neither does she.

“I should have come to see you right away,” he murmurs.

His hands slide over the curve of her hips, and around to her arse. Her hands, meanwhile, have found their way inside his robes, and the state of his cock is no longer a secret.

“When you said you wanted me today, I thought you meant tonight,” he tells her in a low, husky tone.

“So did I,” she breathes, her gaze positively smoldering as she looks up at him.

“Do *you* have anywhere to be today, Mrs. Malfoy?”

She scoffs whenever he calls her that, but he’s beginning to think she secretly likes it, seeing the way her face colours in pleasure.

It’s a Saturday so she shouldn’t have work, unless she’s brought something home with her. Although he supposed she could have made other plans.

“No plans,” Granger says as if reading his mind.

She slides her hand over the prominent bulge in his trousers, squeezing his length, while his hand slides boldly under her skirt, cupping her cunt, her legs parting slightly to accommodate him.

“I was prepared to wait all day for this and unwrap it like a little gift tonight,” Draco purrs, sliding a finger under the seam of her knickers, finding her already slick, wet, and swollen. She whines as her cunt takes his finger with ease, preparing itself for the entry of his cock.



“Can I have it now instead?” he asks softly.

He watches her face, her eyes half-lidded with long, fluttering lashes, her perfect lips slightly parted, as he teases her with his index finger while she squeezes him through his trousers.

His cock throbs, aches, demanding to be seen to. But Draco waits for her cue, needing her to want him as much as he wants her. She keens softly as he languidly pumps his finger in and out, teasing her.

“Please Draco,” she breathes. He kisses her deeply, smiling against her lips at the tinge of desperation in her voice, as he slowly withdraws his finger, causing her to shudder.

“Please what?” Draco asks, slipping his wet finger between his lips and sucking it clean.

She watches raptly as his tongue swirls around the tip, and then she *pounces*, throwing her arms around his shoulders, and plunging her tongue into his mouth.

He decides on the spot that his new favorite hobby is making Granger desperate for his cock.

Her hands move to his robes, pushing them off his shoulders and yanking his shirt out of his trousers, shaky fingers unbuckling his belt. Their lips stay locked together, both moaning into the kiss.

Granger whimpers as he gently sucks on her tongue, his hands gliding to her back to unzip her dress and slide the straps down her arms. She lets him pull it down to her waist, and he immediately cups her breasts through her bra.

He tears his mouth away from hers to kiss across the top of her cleavage, before pulling the cups of her bra down and running his tongue along her nipples and the plump swell of her breasts.

Her fingers tangle almost painfully in his hair as she holds his face to her chest, moaning. He nuzzles against her breasts once more, before pulling back to admire the flush of her cheeks and the fervent *want* in her eyes.

Their lips meet again, and her hands resume their assault on his shirt. She quickly undoes the buttons, and he wrenches it off, eager to get his hands and mouth back on her body.

She shoves his trousers and pants down in one go, whimpering at the sight of his cock bounces out toward her.

Draco fists it, toeing his shoes off and kicking his pants and trousers away. Now he’s fully nude and she’s still wearing half a dress.

She stands there, looking like a goddess, with her breasts exposed, breathing heavily, her gaze fixed on his hand moving over his cock. With a quick reach behind, she unclasps her bra and tosses it aside.

Licking his lips, he stares unabashedly at her, his hand still working his cock. “You’re so fucking pretty, Granger,” he murmurs. “Your tits are delectable. *Everything* about you is

delectable.”

He really needs to slow down.

It’s all so intense, looking at her like this with his hand on his cock. His balls are already high and tight, and things are in serious danger of ending before they even begin.

He closes his eyes for a moment, letting his cock rest in his palm, thick, flushed, and throbbing. When he regains some composure, he opens his eyes to find her watching him, biting down on her lower lip, her hand creeping down to touch herself.

A slow smirk spreads across his face.

“I can’t wait another second to fuck you, Granger,” he murmurs. “Are you ready for me?”

She whimpers something, her skin flushed and her nipples so hard, they could splice glass.

He tilts his head at her, gripping the base of his weepy cock in his hand.

“I didn’t hear you, love.”

“Draco,” she whines. “Yes, it’s a *yes*. Hurry up.” When he still doesn’t move, she adds with the prettiest pout, “please, just *fuck me* already.”

By the time he stalks toward her, she’s already out of her dress, pushing at her knickers. He drops to his knees and slips them off, helping her step out of each foot delicately.

Now he’s face-to-face with her slick, swollen cunt, ripe and juicy, ready for him to slide his cock inside.

He guides her back a few steps and then she’s sitting on the edge of the bed, his face between her legs, kissing languorously up her inner thighs.

“Please Draco,” she whispers, her fingers threaded in his hair, “come here please. I don’t want to wait any longer.”

Draco can’t refuse her anything, especially this.

Smiling indulgently, he presses a single kiss to her clit, and rises up to join her on the bed. She scoots back, making space for him between her thighs, lifting her legs to wrap around his hips, her ankles resting just under his arse.

He hovers over her, just watching her face, the tip of his cock nudging into her but not quite entering. He circles his hips slowly and her brows furrow in frustration as she cants her hips, trying to take him inside.

“Please,” she whines, writhing beneath him, squirming to get him where she wants. “Draco, I *need* you.”

“Slow down, love,” he tsk’s her, even as his cock leaks a trickle of precum onto her cunt. “We have all day.”

If she'll let him, he'll keep her here, in her bed or his, for the next nine months, fucking her, filling her with his cock and cum, and maybe even an heir, if he's lucky.

He wants to keep her, that he can at least admit to himself.

The thought of Granger being full of him in every way has him driving forward, finally sinking his long suffering cock into her heat. He groans at the feeling of her snug, perfect cunt sucking him in further, while she urges him on with her breathy moans.

He eases in and groans heavily when his balls meet her the plump cheeks of her arse.

"Merlin fucking *Salazar*, Granger," he practically wheezes. It's even better than he'd imagined, and he had imagined it *often*.

"Oh gods, it's so—" her words are cut off and replaced by a gasp when he pulls out and then pushes back in, as deep as he can, grinding against her swollen clit.

"Yes," she pants. "*Yes*. Deeper, harder, oh gods. *Yes*."

He gives her what she wants, hissing through his teeth at the feel of her already beginning to clamp down on him.

"I can't believe you're letting me inside you, letting me fuck you," he growls as he thrusts again, and again, and again. "Sometimes I'm afraid I'm going to wake up and find this will all have been a dream."

Her hands find his face, as he rocks into her. "It's not a dream, Draco. I'm here. It's real. I feel you and...*ohhh*."

Her cunt flutters around him now, and he has to grit his teeth at the feel of her tight heat wrapped around him. She's so *perfect*.

"Is it good, love? Tell me how it feels," he murmurs, concentrating on slow, smooth glides in and out of her.

He feels her growing impossibly wetter and tighter, her moans growing louder and her nails beginning to dig into his shoulders.

"*Fuck*, Granger," he rasps. "I just want this to be *so fucking good* for you."

"It's good, oh gods, it's *so* good," Granger whimpers. "*I'm*—I think I'm going to—"

As her heels press into his arse, he begins to move faster, harder. He's going to come any minute but he needs to get her there first.

Draco watches her face intently as he adjusts the angle of his thrusts. He groans in satisfaction when her eyes roll back, her mouth opening in a silent scream as she breaks, her cunt spasming on his cock, squeezing him so tightly, he has no other option but to come.

“Yes. Good fucking girl, Granger,” he growls. “Just like that...oh *fuck*, you’re making me come, sweetheart,” he warns her through a clenched jaw, though she’s still mindless from her own release. “Can you take it all? *Fuck*. I’m gonna fill you up, darling, here it comes.”

With a growl, his cock begins to pulse inside her, his warm cum coating her insides. There’s so much of it that it oozes out with every pull and squelches back in with every push.

For a moment, it seems like he’ll be coming forever, her cunt intent on milking every last drop he ever had hope of producing. Eventually, his pleasure recedes, and he rolls them on to their sides. He pulls her thigh up over his, settling them face to face, his cock still snuggled deep inside of her.

Brushing a curl away from her face he stares into her eyes, his own vision still blurry from the intensity of his orgasm. He caresses her face, runs a gentle hand through her now tangled hair, and asks, “Was it...*okay* for you?”

She stares back at him with wide eyes and then suddenly bursts into laughter.

“Draco,” she giggles, in a decidedly un-Granger like way. Affronted, he props himself up to peer down at her, his cock softening inside her.

“What?” he asks, arching a brow.

“You just fucked me *stupid*, and now you’re asking if it was good for me.”

Granger pulls him back down for a deep and thorough kiss. “Best shag of my life, hands down,” she whispers, and he attacks her neck with licks and nips, making her ticklish, then soothing her with kisses.

Fucking Granger in a bed covered in green, silk sheets was the very first fantasy Draco had written down, because it had been his very first fantasy back in school, daydreaming in Potions or the Prefect shower, or in his four-poster late at night.

And he’d done it. He’d fucked her within an inch of her life, and now he’s holding her, and she’s *smiling* at him.

He pinches his arm, a childish gesture perhaps, but he breathes a sigh of relief into her hair nonetheless, when the pinch hurts, just a little.

When Granger pulls his lips to hers, they kiss for a long time, slow and deep, and before he knows it, he’s hard inside her again, rolling on to his back to watch her ride him.

She’s perfect like this, taking what she wants, rolling her hips, sinking on to his cock over and over. He sits up to kiss her, as they come together, moaning into each other’s mouths.

Draco knows he’ll be well and truly fucked if she ever decides she’s done with him.

For the time being, he decides he’ll revel in the deep satisfaction of being thoroughly fucked by Granger.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Up next, a surprise birthday party and more fantasies fulfilled! The next few chapters are some of my favorites!

Thank you to my amazing betas [Bee](#), [Nikki](#), and [Valë](#)! If you haven't already done so, I encourage you to check out their work! They're all so incredibly talented and I'm so thankful for them! 🥰🥰🥰

And come say hi over on [Insta](#) if you wanna 💖💖💖

# Surprise Parties and Complications

## Chapter Summary

“Gotta be quiet, darling,” he whispers. “All our friends are out there, and we don’t want them to know what a little slut you are for me, do we?”

Hermione whimpers against his hand and he chuckles darkly. “Is this what you fantasize about, Granger?” he murmurs. “Me pinning you to the door with my cock buried so deep inside you can almost taste it, while people on the other side of the door are none-the-wiser?”

## Chapter Notes

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

Hermione hadn’t meant to fall in love with her husband. It had just happened.

While having *feelings* for Draco Malfoy wasn’t new to her, having soft, *fluttery* feelings for him, was.

Draco had long provoked emotions in her—intense ones, mostly unpleasant, but she could now admit to herself, not *entirely* so.

When she had first lain eyes on him in the train to Hogwarts at the tender age of eleven years old, she’d had butterflies in her belly at the mere sight of his pointy, posh self.

Those butterflies turned into angry bees when he tormented her and her friends, or a nest of hornets when he called her a mudblood.

Yet, she could never forget the Kneazle kittens scampering in her tummy when he’d held her against his body in Umbridge’s office, his hand over her mouth, after the Inquisitorial Squad finally got the better of Dumbledore’s Army.

She knew what she’d felt—would almost swear to it. He’d been hard against her bum as she wriggled to get away from him, his grip only tightening on her, but she’d been too angry at the time to taunt him for it.

But she often thought about it when she was alone. This particular fantasy had long been at the top of her mind, and thus was one of the first she’d written down, excited at the prospect of finally getting the chance to live it out.

Nobody else would have guessed that a moment in Umbridge’s office would evolve into *years* of feverishly touching herself to the fantasy of Malfoy pushing her up against a door, his large palm covering her mouth to smother the cries she’d make while he fucked her

senseless, all while her friends and his friends—her *enemies*—stood on the other side of the door.

It would be the ultimate in angry, biting, scratching, *delicious* hate sex.

But now she *loves* him and that fact complicates matters.

Hermione loves looking at him, watching the aristocratic curve of his lips when he smirks, his elegant bone structure, the silvery-grey of his eyes.

She loves talking with him, bantering or bickering or teasing. She loves reading with him, snuggling up on the sofa or chaise or lying together in bed at times.

She loves the feel of his skin, the warm smooth expanse of it. She loves it when he kisses her, touches her, fucks her into the mattress, sucking on her throat or her nipples, growling low in her ear when he fills her with his hot seed.

She loves him and she can't decide yet if that's a good thing or not.

Thus far, they've managed to stay quite cocooned at the Manor. Hermione had been granted two months off of work at the Department of Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures in order to acclimate to her new home, marriage, and surroundings, and she has spent nearly every minute at Draco's side, unless either of them was out socializing or when Hermione accompanied Harry to the Ministry.

Hermione had been none too happy about the unrequested time away from her job at first, but in the long run, she'd had grown to appreciate her time spent with Draco—her husband.

The most shocking part about it all is how natural it's come to feel, referring to him as such.

She's been back at work for awhile now, but she and Draco haven't often gone out socializing together as a couple, even nearly five months into their marriage. Hermione prefers to avoid the press, knowing Rita Skeeter will be hot on the prowl for any marriage decree hot gossip of any kind.

However, it's Blaise's birthday, and Ginny wants her and Draco's assistance throwing a surprise party for him.

Blaise doesn't particularly strike Hermione as someone who can be easily surprised but Draco just shrugs, smiling a little when she brings up this point.

"I'd say Blaise will probably do whatever it takes to please the Girl Weasley," he tells her in a quiet voice, kissing her temple. "We Slytherin men prefer to keep our wives happy."

"She's technically a Zabini now," Hermione reminds him, and he quirks a brow, giving her a significant look. She blushes, realizing the implication of her words.

She is technically a *Malfoy* now, though she still goes by Granger professionally. She's not willing to examine her feelings on that particular topic at the moment though, so she defers to

him and Ginny, and floos with Draco to Zabini Manor to help prepare for what they can hope is at least somewhat of a surprise birthday party.

When it occurs to her that this is also an opportunity to live out one of her longest held fantasies, Hermione's lower belly flutters with anticipation.

Draco's friends are no longer her enemies, and in fact, several of them are now *married* to her friends, but she still thinks it would be quite enjoyable to have him fuck her up against a door, while ordering her to stay quiet.

What would their friends think if they knew she was so feral for him, that she'd spent the entire party wet and waiting to get him alone, so he could push that thick, hard cock inside her and...

"Are you alright, darling?" Draco asks, pushing a wayward curl away from her suddenly flushed and sweaty face. "You're not ill are you?" He presses his palm to her forehead. "You feel quite warm, are you—" He stops when she starts laughing, covering her face to hide her hysterics.

"What's so funny?" he demands.

"It's not you. I mean, it *is* you," she gasps out through another laugh. "It's just that...I'm far from *ill*. I'm—" she bites her lip, unwilling to say the word out loud.

Draco is no village idiot and he immediately pulls her closer, turning her face up to meet his gaze. "Is my little wife feeling needy, hmm?" he says with sheer heat in his eyes and she feels her knickers becoming sticky and wet under her dress.

"Shall we pull a slip from the box later, hm?"

They rarely do, as most of their fantasies are often fulfilled on a whim or carefully planned for special occasions. Such as tonight.

"It's August and we are in the middle of a heat wave. Not everything is about sex, Draco," she points out, feigning primness, lying through her teeth.

His fingertips voyage from her hip to her thigh, making their way up to where she knows he'll be able to tell just how needy she actually is.

"I know you're bluffing," he purrs into her ear. "I can practically smell how wet you are for me."

"Am I interrupting something?" she suddenly hears Ginny's smirking voice say, and Hermione leaps away from Draco. She looks up to see her friend levitating trays of hors d'oeuvres with a grin, and Hermione's face flashes with guilt as she turns back to the balloons and decorations she and Draco are supposed to be charming to float and flutter about.

She hears Theo, Harry, and Neville laughing down the hall, and Pansy making a snippy comment in response.



“No, we’re just—” she begins, but Draco drawls at the same time, “Actually, yes, you are interrupting. Granger’s simply too polite to say so.” His hand remains on her upper thigh.

Ginny snorts. “It’s my house. You two can feel each other up all you want, later.”

“Ginny!” Hermione scolds, though Draco just wraps her up in his arms.

“We plan on it,” he says, gazing at Hermione in that familiar way that always makes her bite her lip.

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If Blaise is, in fact, surprised, they’ll never know.

But, he at least pretends to be, for Ginny’s sake, kissing her in front of everyone, almost indecently so, and then exchanging hugs and slaps on the back with the others.

Blaise gives Hermione a kiss on the cheek and pulls her in for a hug. “You’re making his whole fucking life, you know that?” he murmurs, giving her a gentle squeeze.

Hermione’s heart clenches at his words. Part of her longs to ask for clarification, a confirmation that Draco might very well feel the same way for her that she does him, straight out of the mouth of his best friend. But she holds back.

“He’s making mine too,” she whispers back, feeling a lump in her throat, and after another squeeze, Blaise releases her, bringing Draco in for a hug.

Seeing her husband in a heartfelt embrace with one of his closest friends, declaring his love for him with such raw emotion in his voice, really does something to her.

Merlin, she desperately needs to get him alone.

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Draco knows a little bit about her fantasy. He doesn’t know the origins of it, but he knows she wants semi-public sex. That she wants to get pushed up against a door, and fucked. By *him*, specifically.

Blaise would approve, she thinks, pulling a curious Draco by the hand away from their friends, down the hall, and toward a series of doors.

He catches on immediately, pulling her through the closet door, into a large, luxe bathroom, and locking the door behind them.

Immediately, he presses her back against it and kisses her, his tongue seeking along her bottom lip until she moans, opening for him, tangling her fingers in his perfect hair.

His tongue is warm and delicious, and she sucks on it, tasting mint and cinnamon and whiskey, all things she’s come to associate with Draco.

They hurriedly work together to push Draco's trousers down just enough to give her unfettered access to his cock, and when he lifts her, she pulls her knickers to the side. As he enters her, they both inhale with sharp relief, their breaths mingling hotly against each other's lips.

Hermione releases a guttural whine, and Draco lifts his hand, pressing it firmly over her mouth, as his gaze locks with hers, his eyes full of teasing and affection.

"Gotta be quiet, darling," he whispers. "All our friends are out there, and we don't want them to know what a little slut you are for me, do we?"

Hermione whimpers against his hand and he chuckles darkly. "Is this what you fantasize about, Granger?" he murmurs. "Me pinning you to the door with my cock buried so deep inside you can almost taste it, while people on the other side of the door are none-the-wiser?"

His nose grazes her collar bone as she whines into his palm. "Does the thought of coming hard and not being able to scream make you even wetter for me?"

He pulls out slowly and pushes back in, then he groans softly, her smothered moan answering his question. "Fuck *yes*, it does," he groans softly. "I can feel you becoming more desperate for me by the second, feel you squeezing me, milking me, trying to make me come."

She whimpers, feeling the urge to thrash, and Draco smiles with satisfaction, his lips brushing across her temple and then hovering over her ear, his warm breath making her shiver.

"Mmm, do you need me to fill you up, Granger? Want to walk around this party with my cum sliding down your thighs?"

Crying into his palm, she starts to come, digging her nails into his shoulders, feeling the urge to bite something. Her cunt clings to his cock as her hands cling to his shoulders, desperate to feel his release inside her.

She wants it, wants all of it, and he gives her *everything*, gasping into her neck as the warmth of his cum coats her inner walls.

They exchange kisses as they straighten up and Hermione thinks she could kiss him forever. In a fleeting moment, she considers telling him she loves him.

Suddenly, she feels a lump in her throat, on the verge of tears. He notices and gently tilts her chin up to meet his gaze.

"Granger... are you alright, love?" he asks, concern evident in his face, which only makes her heart ache more. "I didn't hurt you, did I?" The thought clearly appalls him, and she throws herself into his arms, holding onto him tightly.

"No, I'm *fine*. I'm better than fine."

He pulls back slightly to examine her. "Are you sure?"

She nods, resolute in her feelings. She knows she loves him, and she decides to believe that he wants all the things with her that he says he does.

Neither of them have actually disclosed their feelings for one another, only expressed them through sex or other physical actions. Or in a glance. Or the way he dotes on her, and the way she lets him...at times.

What she's uncertain about is how she'll cope if it turns out she's wrong and that he doesn't mean it after all. If the twelve-month mark passes without a pregnancy, will he discard her, ready to pursue another Muggleborn or half-blood witch?

If she and Harry succeed in what they're working on, will Draco ultimately prefer to marry a pureblood instead?

Just because he looks at her like she's the only witch in the world doesn't mean he wants her forever.

But maybe...just maybe, he does.

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When they return to the party, Blaise raises an eyebrow and lifts his champagne glass in their direction, his pleased smirk making his handsome features all the moreso.

Ginny tilts her head and grins. Meanwhile, Theo and Harry are huddled in a corner, completely absorbed in each other.

Harry has been attending numerous Wizengamot sessions recently, advocating for the rights of those in same-sex relationships who have been wrenched apart in order to marry and reproduce, also highlighting the Wizarding world's lag behind Muggles in regards to heteronormativity.

When Harry recruited Hermione to join the cause, she eagerly accepted the opportunity. She confidently stood before the Minister and the Wizengamot, advocating for issues like surrogacy, adoption, and the option for couples not to have children at all if they don't wish to.

Despite these efforts, the Ministry's campaign for repopulation continues, with several of the matched couples already expecting babies.

She hopes that between Harry's influence and her research capabilities (and access to one of the largest libraries in Britain) that by the time the new year rolls around, Harry and Theo will be free to be together, even marry if they wish. Hermione holds similar wishes for Cho and Luna as well.

Watching Pansy and Neville shimmy into the room looking like the cat that ate the canary made her wonder if they had just done the same thing she and Draco had.

Harry and Hermione's pet project also includes advocating for the rights of heterosexual couples who were already in committed relationships before the law came into effect.

Hermione feels a shiver of unease come over her, wondering if Draco would then proceed with his parents' original plan for him, which was marriage to the younger Greengrass sister, still unattached last Hermione knew.

If purebloods were free to marry each other, wouldn't Draco prefer to marry one? She and Draco are merely trying to accomplish their sexual bucket lists as their own personal way to stick it to the Ministry.

Weren't they?

Never mind, that it's the best sex of Hermione's life, and Draco has told her the same.

Not for the first time, Hermione considers just how fortunate she and Draco actually are.

While he may have been an utter prat as a child, and though they'd once stood on enemy lines during another war, they're partners in this one.

Partners who also happen to have incredible sexual chemistry, a shared love of reading and learning, not to mention that she fits perfectly against his body in their bed and his lips are a perfect match for hers.

Then of course, there's the aforementioned complication of her being in *love* with him.

She pushes aside her feelings and joins the party, a notorious lightweight, taking shots of Firewhiskey and sipping on whatever strange cocktail combinations Theo proudly produces.

Blaise may not have been surprised, but he seems genuinely delighted to have them all there with him, having a good time celebrating him.

Hermione smiles, feeling a sense of belonging as they all gather around the birthday boy, singing "Happy Birthday" while the hat she and Draco charmed for him showers confetti from its top.

If someone had asked her a year prior where she saw her life going, the current scene wouldn't have even entered the realm of possibility. But now that it has, she wouldn't change it for anything. She just hopes it can last.

## Chapter End Notes

A million thank you's to [Bee](#), [Nikki](#), and [Valë](#), the smartest, prettiest most amazing betas! I love you all!

Coming up next, some mutual fun! 🥰

# Tell Me What You Think About

## Chapter Summary

Now your turn,” she says, changing the subject. “Tell me what you think about when you make yourself come.”

“You,” he declares without hesitation.

It’s been her for a while, long before the idea of her becoming his wife was even within the realm of possibility. Granger isn’t the only one with fantasies dating all the way back to Hogwarts.

“And what am I doing?” she asks, her fingers moving deeper as he watches her tease herself.

Draco smirks. “Me.”

## Chapter Notes

A million thanks and kisses to [Bee](#), [Nikki](#), and [Valë](#), for beta reading and generally cheering me on! 🍷🍷🍷

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

The morning after Blaise’s birthday party, Draco and Granger both wake up hungover beyond belief, and even after a hangover potion each, followed by water, toast, and tea, the two opt to spend the day in bed.

Granger has more or less moved into his room with him, leaving only a few things—including her elderly cat, who prefers a lot of personal space and quiet time—in her own room.

She’s slept with Draco every night since the first time he was lucky enough to be inside her and he’s grown quite used to early morning sex, or even during-the-night sex, if one of them happens to wake up feeling needy in the midnight hours.

This morning, Draco is *unbearably* horny, his erection refusing to ease without being seen to.

He’s too tired and dizzy to be able to fuck Granger properly, which is a real shame considering she’s fully naked in bed with him and it’s his very favorite morning activity.

Curled around her, he can't resist grinding his cock against her arse, humming when she pushes back against him.

He's debating the merits of simply lifting her thigh and sliding into her sleepy body from behind and just letting her warm his cock until both of them come. Smoothing his hand up between her legs to see if she's as ready for him as he is for her, Draco receives a lovely surprise, when he encounters Granger's hand already exploring her cunt, moving slowly against her center, playing with herself.

Suddenly reinvigorated, he tears the duvet away, suddenly desperate to watch her get herself off.

Yes, he'd written it down and she'd hummed in either approval or intrigue or both when she'd seen "mutual masturbation" in Draco's elegant script. His eyes dart toward the white box that now sits on his dresser, knowing he's about to make it one slip lighter.

Granger knows exactly what he wants and shifts onto her back. Her hazy eyes meet his as he props himself up to watch. His cock jerks enviously when she slides her middle and index fingers inside, pressing her thumb down on her clit.

She moans softly, her teeth worrying her bottom lip. His gaze travels up her smooth belly to her breasts, watching intently as her free hand fondles first one, then the other, teasing each nipple in turn.

The slick sounds of her finger sliding in and out of her cunt draw his attention back down, and he notes the puffiness of her lower lips, her clit becoming glossy and swollen as she works herself. He'll never get over how pretty her cunt is, pink and slick and welcoming.

Draco licks his lips seeing how wet she is and his fingers itch with the desire to touch her; his tongue thirsts to taste her. He doesn't want to do anything to interrupt the glorious sight in front of him, though, and he contemplates sitting on his hands to keep from touching her.

"Are you close?" Draco murmurs, breaking the silence. "Show me how you make yourself come." He notices her cunt visibly tighten at the sound of his voice, clamping around her fingers, as her eyes glide down his body and linger on his hard and aching cock, her hips twitching with every slide of her fingers.

Granger smirks at him, her hand pausing its movement. "I want to watch you too. It's supposed to be *mutual*, after all."

She doesn't have to ask him twice.

Draco wraps his hand around his length, giving it a slow pump and then a squeeze at the base, as he keeps his eyes on hers. Granger's pupils are huge and dark as she watches a trickle of precum seep out his slit and onto his fingers.

"What do you think about?" she asks breathlessly.

"I want to hear yours first," Draco says, because it's *his* fantasy after all.

“Aside from sexual acts taking place in libraries?” she laughs softly, and he gives her a petulant look.

“Oh fine,” she sighs teasingly, rising up to sit on her knees, her thighs spread wide enough to give him a show. He kneels in front of her, lazily stroking his cock, hoping to make this particular fantasy last.

She takes a deep breath and met his eyes. “Do you remember fifth year, during all the stuff with Umbridge?”

His arousal flags a little at the name “Umbridge” and his hand stops moving.

“Yes?” he says testily, which makes her huff a laugh.

“Okay, well,” she continues, biting her lip and with a mischievous glint in her eyes, “do you remember the day you hauled me down the corridor after the ‘Inquisitorial Squad’,” she says the two words with a healthy dose of sarcasm, “finally caught us out after DA practice?”

Draco looks at her like she’s lost her marbles for a moment. “Yes?” he says again, his tone questioning and perplexed. He’s not sure how any of this could be remotely arousing to her.

“Well, then,” she smiles coyly, “do you remember holding me in Umbridge’s office? I don’t remember who else was holding whom, but...” Granger pauses, biting her lip, sliding two fingers inside herself this time.

“I’ll never forget the way you held me, your hand over my mouth, pulling my head down against your shoulder, your other one at my waist, and I could feel you, Draco.” Granger lets out a soft, breathy moan, and he already knows exactly what she’s talking about.

His hand resumes its motion, pondering the possibility that she had been just as affected as he had been in that strange, pink office filled with meowing kittens.

The only thing he’d felt in that moment was her warm, slender body against his, and the only thing he’d heard was her rapid breathing and the words she spat for him to let her go, even while she pressed closer against him.

“You made me so hard,” he says, his voice quiet and cracking slightly.

“I—I thought about that for a long time. Your—cock against my hip. I used to imagine you’d pulled me into her office with everyone else still outside in the corridor, and you’d keep your hand over my mouth, and you’d—” Granger breaks off on a moan.

“I’d what?” he asks in a low tone.

“You’d push me against the door, and fuck me from behind, with your hand over my mouth to keep me quiet.”

“Fuck,” Draco breathes. “All the way back then?”

“Oh yes,” she confirms, watching him through her lashes as the movements of her fingers begin to speed up.

“And then, as I grew older, it became much less about *that* moment and more about you just... pushing me up against any wall or door and fucking me silly, which is why—”

“Last night,” Draco whispers with the sudden realization. “Your semi-public sex fantasy.”

“And you did it exactly as I’ve imagined, probably hundreds of times.” Her eyes meet his and he sees so much emotion there, his heart pangs a little.

“Now your turn,” she says, changing the subject. “Tell me what you think about when you make yourself come.”

“You,” he declares without hesitation.

It’s been her for a while, long before the idea of her becoming his wife was even within the realm of possibility. Granger isn’t the only one with fantasies dating all the way back to Hogwarts.

“And what am I doing?” she asks, her fingers moving deeper as he watches her tease herself.

Draco smirks. “Me.”

Granger snorts, through her haze of arousal. “Can you be more specific?”

His smile widens, his expression morphing into a slow, Cheshire Cat-like grin. “Do you *really* want to know what I think about?”

“Of course,” she sniffs in a prim, swotty tone, belying the fact that she’s currently staring ravenously at his cock, while her thumb makes circles around her clit.

“You, lecturing me,” he licks his lips. “Topless.”

“Or,” he says, his hand stroking himself lazily. “You, spread out before me like a feast on a table in the Hogwarts library.”

He swallows, his eyes drifting up from their laser focus on her fingers in her cunt, up to her hooded eyes, noticing her brows drawn together, a telltale sign that she’s close. “I *will* fuck you at Hogwarts one day,” he vows.

“I’ll sneak you into the dungeons and take you hard and fast in my old bed with the curtains charmed closed, just like I used to imagine back then.”

He hears her sharp intake of breath and then she releases it on a moan, high pitched and breathy, as she comes on her fingers at his words, while he kneels between her legs, groaning at the squelching sound her cunt makes with each pump of her fingers.

Moving closer, Draco fists his cock, a steady stream of precum leaking out, twisting his hand around the swollen head, his breathing harsh as he strokes himself in the wake of watching



Granger come for him. He unhands his cock, leaving it to twitch and bounce, so close to coming it's truly a miracle he's held on this long.

"Merlin, Granger," he groans. "I want to be inside you so badly. I can't decide if I should come all over your tits, your arse, your cunt or..." his face is warm and flushed, and he bites his lip as he ponders his choices.

"Inside," she moans. "I want it inside."

She doesn't have to ask him twice. Growling, he scoots closer to her in an instant, his knees pushing her legs to further open to him. She's so wet, his cock slips through her folds, meeting her entrance, and it takes just one single thrust to slide to the hilt inside her.

He wishes he could make her come again but it only takes one slow pull out, and another equally slow push in, and then he's groaning, long hard pulses of cum spurting deep inside her.

The sounds he makes are new even to him, somewhere between a whimper, a growl, and a sob, as he fills her impossibly full of him, coming so hard he thinks his legs go numb.

He collapses on top of her, hangover forgotten as he inhales, sucking in deep breaths of her scent, so intoxicating to him, he wants to bottle it and hoard it for the rest of his life.

He finally pulls out, rising back up to kneel between her legs, pushing her thighs up to watch his cum ooze out of her. She clenches around nothing, instinctively trying to keep as much of it inside her as she can, and then her fingers move down to her cunt, pushing his leaking cum back inside herself.

Draco sighs, watching her fingers work. If he wasn't already in love with her, he would be now.

"You were fucking made for me, Granger."

"Hermione," she says suddenly, confusing him, as she wipes her sticky fingers across her nipples.

"Hmmm?" he asks distractedly, staring at her cum streaked tits. If he wasn't already married to her, he'd be proposing at this very moment.

"That's part of my fantasy too—you call me Hermione."

Draco will call her anything she wants, as long as she doesn't leave. He'll say and do anything she wants in order to keep her.

For a moment, he contemplates telling her just that, but instead he leans down and licks his cum from her nipples. It triggers something in him—a protective, possessive thing, and for a moment, he imagines her ripe with his child. A halfblood Malfoy, the first in history, or so the tapestry shows.

The thought of her birthing his children has his cock hard again far sooner than expected, and he rolls her on to her stomach, pulling her hips up and slips back inside. He keeps his lips busy marking her neck and shoulders, hoping it will be enough to prevent him from saying three little words that actually feel extremely huge and a little too real for him on a day where his brain isn't fully functioning.

He's known for a while how he feels about her, but he also knows better than to tell her. The last thing he wants is to scare her away. He's not sure he could survive it.

But when he comes inside her, in throbbing pulses, this time she comes with him, and he groans her name as she clenches around him.

Not Granger, but *Hermione*.

## Chapter End Notes

Up next, a little dabble in free use. 😊

# Free Use, Baby

## Chapter Summary

“Free use,” she’d explained, and of course his witch produced a book explaining the sex practice (along with a few other ideas to add to their repertoire).

“Anytime I want?” he’d asked.

“With exceptions, of course.”

## Chapter Notes

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

Ever since Hermione had come into his life, into his home and, especially, his bed, Draco has been waking up without the sinking, existential dread that’s haunted him every morning since he was sixteen.

Her presence here soothes him, excites him, gives him things to look forward to. For the first time in his life, Draco feels like he has a partner, someone who understands him better than anyone else ever has.

As such, he goes out of his way to please her and take care of her, in any way she’ll let him.

He makes sure her tea is prepared just right, that she has breakfast before she goes to work. Of course he’s always waiting near the Floo to greet her with a filthy kiss when she arrives home in the evening.

But his favorite thing to do is make her fantasies come true in the same way she’s made so many of his dreams a reality.

Just the night before, after he’d fucked her on her hands and knees, while she’d clutched the headboard and he’d played her clit like a fine-tuned instrument, they’d discussed one of her more...risqué fantasies.

She’d blushed, burying her face in his chest as she told him that she used to make herself come to thoughts of him taking her body and using it for his own pleasure any time of day, no matter what she was doing.

“Free use,” she’d explained, and of course his witch produced a book explaining the sex practice (along with a few other ideas to add to their repertoire).

“Anytime I want?” he’d asked, incredulously.

“With exceptions, of course.”

“Such as?” He’d lifted a brow. “I’m assuming when you’re sleeping is off-limits.”

Hermione had blushed and bit her lip, shaking her head. “No, it’s very much *not* off-limits when I’m sleeping. That’s...part of the allure for me. The idea of you needing me so badly, you can’t even bother to wake me up, and you just...slide inside and fuck me, taking whatever you want.”

Draco’s cock was fully hard again by then, and he wrapped his hand around the base to calm himself down. “So what *is* off limits?”

“Well, not in front of your parents, obviously. Nothing degrading or painful. And I have the right to use my safe word at any time.”

Draco was nodding fervently. “Yes, of course. I support all of this.”

She’d smiled beatifically, pushing him on to his back and sinking him into her heat, riding him until they both came, with his gazing up at her in awe.

His wife never ceases to amaze him.

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The next morning, Draco wakes up to find her soft bare bum pressed tightly against his crotch, his morning erection cradled between her cheeks. A thought occurs to him. They’ve never discussed sex in places other than her mouth and cunt.

He’s pressed his thumb against and licked her sweet little pink pucker many times, but he’s never considered whether or not she’d let him *fuck* her there. He supposes it could work in reverse as well, and the thought is far more titillating than he expects.

It’s something to ponder another time though, he thinks, as he lifts her thigh to bring it up over his hip and after a quick test of his fingers to make sure she’s wet enough to take him, aims his cock into her tight little entrance and begins to nudge inside her while she sleeps.

“*Fuck*,” he groans at the feel of her hot, wet cunt, still full of his release from the night before, enveloping him, and bites his lip in an attempt not to rut her awake.

After only a few slow thrusts, Draco is almost ready to come. She’s so hot and slick and snug, and she’s beginning to murmur and push back against him.

He thumbs at her clit, uncharacteristically clumsy although it’s also uncharacteristic for Draco to prematurely ejaculate, which he is about two seconds away from doing.

Hermione gasps his name, laying her head back against his shoulder. When she clenches around him, he’s done for, biting her shoulder as his hips jerk erratically into her and he fills her with warm cum.

“Shit, sorry,” he pants. “I was too worked up and you felt *so* fucking good and I...” but she shushes him.

“The whole point of free use is that you use my body to chase your own pleasure,” she tells him in a clipped, swotty voice. “I don’t need or expect to come every time,” she clarifies. “Although... I would have, had you kept at it just a little longer.”

Draco is nothing if not a generous lover and there’s no way he’s leaving his wife unsatisfied. He flips her onto her back and crawls between her thighs, swirling his tongue through her center, tasting his own salty release. He gently suckles her swollen clit into his mouth while he slides a finger inside her.

In seconds, she’s crying out her orgasm, her fingers tightly threaded in his hair, tugging at it just the way he likes.

He’s already hard again but he’ll wait to take her when she least expects it. It’s her fantasy, after all.

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Hermione is reading on the chaise in the library when her husband approaches her. She glances up to find him standing before her, his hand palming the large tent in his trousers, and a devilish look in his eyes.

She watches as he opens his fly and his cock springs out into his palm, then her eyes flick up to meet his gaze.

He kneels slightly, crouching to get his cock level with her face, and she keeps her eyes on his when her lips part, sticking her tongue for him. Humming, he taps the head of his cock against her tongue and then brushes his sticky length along her lips, until she opens for him.

Holding her book in one hand and the base of his cock in another, she mouths along his length, licking and sucking wetly at the tip.

The taste of his precum makes her moan, her cunt clenching around nothing as Draco grits his teeth and comes into her mouth with an apologetic grunt.

Cum and drool spill out of the corners of her mouth and down her chin, and he tuts softly, buttoning himself up, kissing her on top of her head, telling her to have a good day, but first, to *please* clean herself up.

He saunters away and she watches him go, biting her lip. She’s been wet all day, and now she’s fucking *soaked*.

After lunch, he fucks her from behind while she’s bent over the dining room table. His parents had cleared out quickly, seeing the feral looks in their eyes and the flush on her cheeks, knowing something was afoot that they did not wish to be a part of, while also seeming rather...pleased.

On this gorgeous, unseasonably warm fall day, Hermione decides to take her book and head out by the lake to read in the sunshine. She carefully packs a blanket and pillow into her beaded bag, using the expansion charm that has proven invaluable over the years.

After a short trek, she settles by the lakeside, arranging herself comfortably on her belly with her ankles crossed behind her and quickly becomes absorbed in her novel.

While reading a particularly riveting part, she feels a pair of hands on the back of her thighs, and the skirt of her dress being flipped up, exposing her bare bum to the sunshine. She smiles to herself when she hears a familiar voice drawl into her ear, "Enjoying your book, darling?"

"I am, rather," she replies in a swotty, clipped tone, while Draco chuckles, gripping her hips, pulling her toward him. After slapping his hard cock against her arse a few times, he slides home, groaning as he buries himself to the hilt.

"This perfect pussy tempting me all day. Can't think about anything else except taking you," he rasps, fucking her hard and fast, the sound of his balls slapping against her wet flesh making her moan and arch back into him.

She's close, *so* close, but again, he's quick to come, his thumbs pressing hard into the cheeks of her arse as he stills, throbbing within her and filling her with cum for the third time that day. He kisses her shoulder, and after adjusting his clothing, he bids her a good afternoon.

Hermione moans in frustration watching him go. She considers slipping her hand under her skirt but she likes this game he's playing more.

It's her fantasy, and he is giving it his all, just as he always does for her.

Hermione feels too warm, and after she's done reading, she decides to shower before dinner to wash off the sweat and grass from sitting on the ground, not to mention the cum oozing out between her thighs.

It's beginning to feel rather slippery, not that she minds, but it seems inappropriate to sit and look at Narcissa's and Lucius's face while their precious son's semen drips out of her and all over their dining room chairs.

As Hermione is washing her hair, she hears the shower door open, and familiar, calloused hands reach around to cup and squeeze her soapy breasts, rubbing thumbs over nipples.

She feels his cock slip between her wet thighs and she squeezes them together slightly. With his erection nestled between her legs, he fucks against her a few times, his tip brushing her clit, before he pushes gently on her upper back, encouraging her to bend forward a bit, shampoo still in her hair.

The tip of his cock nudges her entrance, and with a few short thrusts, he's back inside her, nipping at her neck and groaning in her ear.

"Always so slick for me, aren't you, Hermione? You think about my cock as much as I think about this sweet little cunt? I think you must or you wouldn't be positively *dripping* every

time I touch you.”

She gasps as he grips her hips, pulling her up a little to change the angle, and she reaches behind them to loop her arm around his neck as he fucks her with the shower water rinsing the shampoo out of her hair. Suds slide down her body, and she’s so sensitive that even the feeling of the soap on her nipples pushes her closer to the edge.

She pulls away from him, suddenly turning around and pushing him back toward stone bench in their large luxurious shower. He sits obediently, looking up at her expectantly, his cock bobbing and twitching as he waits for what she may do next.

Without a word, she crawls into his lap, aims him at her entrance and sinks down, her head falling back as she releases a deep sigh of relief at the feel of him buried deep inside her.

Draco lets out a husky laugh, his hands skimming down her sides and moving back up to fondle her tits.

“Couldn’t take it anymore, could you, darling? Had to take some control back, hmm?” he purrs into her ear. “Let me have it, I want to feel this little cunt squeezing me, coming all over my cock.”

She keens and pants as she rolls her hips, taking him deep, clenching and squeezing and whimpering, and...she breaks, wailing out her long awaited release in a series of breathy yelps.

“Such a good girl. Needed to come on my cock so badly, yeah?”

She’s still deep in the throes of her pleasure when Draco growls, his hips beginning an erratic jerk up into her, pulsating heat as he comes inside her, miraculously filling her yet again.

Resting her forehead on his shoulder, her arms cling tightly to him. Draco kisses her head and summons her conditioner, gently working it into her hair and then helping her rinse it out while she sits in his lap.

“While I thoroughly enjoyed the many times I gratuitously fucked you today,” he says, “I much prefer making *you* come.”

When he says these things, Hermione wants to climb him like a tree.

“I love giving you pleasure too though,” she says, looking into his grey eyes. Hermione loves seeing him like this, relaxed and sated, and chatty and drowsy.

After enjoying a leisurely dinner with his parents, Draco and Hermione make an early night of it, laying in their bed as he makes her come with his hands, mouth and cock so many times, she loses count.

Hermione sighs after, snuggling deeper into Draco’s arms as he pulls her tighter, brushing his lips against her temple.

She knows something this perfect can’t last forever. But she hopes it does.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you again to the world's best, betas, Bee, Valē, and Nikki! Forehead kisses for all of you!

Coming up next, a breeding kink is acknowledged! 😊❤️



# Forever, If She'll Let Him

## Chapter Summary

“I want you, Hermione,” he tells her, his voice full of an earnest sort of pleading.

“You have me,” she tells him, staring at him a bit bewildered, trying to understand what he needs.

“I mean, I want you. I want our marriage. I want to fuck you until you’re pregnant. I want you to have my children,” he confesses, his breath shaky. “When the year is up, I want you to stay. I want to be your husband, forever, if you’ll let me.”

## Chapter Notes

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

Ever since the day Draco had spent hunting Hermione down and fucking her for sport (which had been *her* fantasy mind you), he’s noticed she’s been extra needy for him.

And Draco fucking *loves* it. Lives for it, even.

But there’s something that’s been top of mind for him lately.

It’s one of few things they don’t discuss, even among the things they’ve written down and placed inside the white box, now nearly empty, but there are always new fantasies waiting to be realized.

He can’t stop thinking about the way it looks when his release drips out of her after sex.

How *satisfying* it is for him to know that her knickers are wet with his cum when they’re surrounded by their friends, or sitting in a restaurant, or walking down a public street, or, and he hasn’t examined this too closely, sitting in the Malfoy Manor formal dining room with his parents.

When Draco and Hermione first started having sex, she’d told him that she uses a Muggle contraceptive pill—something the Ministry hadn’t considered when they paired the Brightest Witch of Her Age with a wizard she notoriously hates.

*Hated*, Draco thinks. *Past tense*. He’s pretty sure.

In fact, she seems to like him quite a lot when she’s panting his name, or begging him to fuck her, or falling asleep on his chest afterwards, curled up in his arms.

As much as Draco loves making Granger beg, he loves giving her what she wants even more.

It's not just sex he's good at giving her.

Draco thinks he has grown quite proficient at making her smile—even better, at making her laugh. He's gotten much better at opening up to her about personal things and Hermione has grown comfortable sharing important aspects about her life with him as well.

They've been married for almost eight months and during the course of it, they've had several, very meaningful, life-changing conversations.

He's apologized for his previous misdeeds through words and actions, and she has shown him that she forgives him in just as many ways.

Draco knows that her parents are in Australia and that their memories of her are long gone, something she grieves over.

He's held her as she cried on more than one occasion, her grief stoking his own guilt for things she's already forgiven him for. Things that he sometimes wishes she'd punish him for.

They've discussed the fact that she'd lost her virginity not to Weasley, as the world assumed, but to *Potter*, during a tipsy, misguided night in a tent in the Forest of Dean when they were both pretty sure they were going to die.

They've discussed their other sexual partners as well: for Hermione, there was Potter, Weasley—during their short sad attempt at a relationship—a few Muggles, and, much to his dismay, a one night stand with none other than Draco's new nemesis, *Oliver fucking Wood* himself.

For Draco, there were, well...not quite as many.

With the exception of Astoria, for whom he'd been doing his best to develop feelings during the bleak year their parents had them betrothed, it had all been casual sex.

He and Astoria had technically been in a relationship and had had sex a handful of times before they'd both begged their parents to release them from the contract, and luckily (and shockingly) they'd acquiesced.

Draco had a hunch that the dissolution was more to do with Astoria's preference for witches than anything to do with his own wishes.

Nevertheless, he'd breathed a deep sigh of relief and had gone on somewhat of a tear among both magical and muggle folk, before deciding it was time to take a bit of a dry spell. He was burned out on mediocre sex with people he felt no connection to.

Then the Ministry had taken charge of his life and future, certainly not for the first time, but for once, it benefited him. They'd unwittingly given him the greatest gift he'd never known he could receive.

Being with Hermione was different than any other sexual experience he'd ever had, for a myriad of reasons, the biggest being that he fucking *loved* her.

He fucked her as hard as she wanted, but even then, he was making love to her.

But thinking about getting her pregnant?

If he hadn't already been fucking her daily, he would have made a mess of his sheets regularly just imagining it.

Hermione was the first and only witch he'd *ever* fantasized about impregnating, since long before she was his wife.

*Years* before, back when it was the most taboo thing he could have ever dreamed up, and he did dream of it, *often*.

Sometimes fantasizing about it was the only thing that kept him sane, especially back in the days of mutual so-called hatred, when his life was in the shitter.

It had been his one joy, that he'd had to keep locked down and hidden away from his aunt and everyone else trying to pry into his mind and business.

He remembers imagining Hermione spread out on his green silk sheets under his green snake canopy (a very common setting for wanking back in the day) as he spilled his precious, pureblood seed inside her, dismantling an entire legacy of Malfoys in one very satisfying climax.

The thought of it is still incredibly arousing to him, and even more so now that it's in reach, literally lying next to him in bed every night, reaching for him every morning, gasping and moaning in his ear as he fucks her hard, deep, into their mattress.

He knows she loves his cum, yet another thing he loves to give her. Knowing she loves it as much as he does makes him weak; he can't get the idea of it out of his head.

Watching her eyes roll back in her head as she gathers his cum on her fingers and pushes it back inside herself had ruined him for her, for eternity. This was something he was certain of.

But one very important thing he's not sure of, because they haven't yet discussed it, is whether or not she actually *wants* to be a mother.

Draco has never been fussed either way about becoming a father. It had been understood as a child that he *would* be. He would produce a pureblood heir, who would be just like him, as he was just like his father, and his father before him.

Obviously, none of that had panned out, and Draco is far from disappointed about that fact.

He has *Hermione*. What more could he want? To ask for more seems far too greedy, even for him.

But *fuck*. The mere thought of her nursing a few curly-haired, swotty, half-blood children who would make his ancestors frown makes Draco happier than he'd ever imagined.

He knows they need to talk about it soon because before they know it, they will be closing in on twelve months, at which time they'll either need to produce a pregnancy or risk being matched with others. He doesn't want to lose her—he couldn't bear it.

And he's pretty certain that she shares at least *some* of the same tender feelings for him that he has for her.

It's in the way she looks at him sometimes, the way she strokes his cheek, or runs her fingers through his hair and scratches his scalp in the way that almost has him purring.

The way she likes to stare deep into his eyes when she comes, until the sensation becomes too much for her and she has to close her own.

But they've never explicitly discussed pregnancy or becoming parents, and Draco knows they need to.

So when Hermione wakes up and pulls him out of his reverie by reaching for him, murmuring sleepily that she needs him inside her, he decides right then and there, that it's time.

What better time to talk about something so intimate then when they are joined in the midst of the most intimate act?

Kissing down her body, Draco tries to express all the reverence he feels for her. He sucks her nipples, making her moan, then kisses and mouths along the swells of her breasts.

He pokes his tongue into her belly button and swirls it around, making her thread her fingers in his hair and tug.

*Fuck*, he loves it when she does that.

He kisses her hip bones and her soft lower belly, which makes her writhe.

And then, he slides his arms under her knees, opening her legs for him as wide as he can, and feasts on her cunt and the sounds she makes while he flicks and swirls and laps through her folds, plunging his tongue into her entrance, and kissing her sensitive, throbbing little clit.

Hermione tugs at his hair. "Please Draco, I'm too sensitive I can't—"

When he sucks her clit into his mouth, she shrieks, her hips bucking up, so he holds her down, prolonging her orgasm for as long as he can, lapping circles around her clit, and sliding his middle finger inside for her to squeeze.

She's always receptive to his touch, but is it his imagination that lately, she's been more sensitive than ever?

He waits until her body relaxes before he slowly removes his finger, and kisses his way back up, retracing the same path he had taken on the way down. He lingers a little longer at her lower belly, pressing kisses to the spot where one day his child might grow, *if* Draco plays his cards right.

By the time they're face-to-face, she's reaching for his erection, humming happily at discovering the streaks of pre-cum his cock has been steadily leaking since he'd dipped his tongue into her cunt.

She gathers it up with her fingers, slicking it over the head and down his length, while he thrusts into her hand, groaning into her mouth.

He's not going to last if they keep this up.

Draco places his hand over hers, stilling her movements, and slowly guides their hands to press into the mattress above her head.

As if a magnet to her cunt, his cock knows exactly where it needs to be, the slick, swollen head nudging inside her entrance. All it takes is one quick snap of his hips to bury himself inside her, matching moans forcing their ways out of their lips, and then her thighs slink up to wrap around him.

Hermione places her free hand against his cheek, her glassy eyes searching his, as he slowly pulls out and pushes back in with more force. He gives her slow, hard, deep thrusts that make her tits jiggle and his balls tighten.

"Draco," she breathes. "You feel so good inside me. *Merlin*. Nothing's ever felt so good."

He practically sobs in answer, sliding his tongue into her mouth and groaning, almost coming on the spot when she sucks gently on his tongue. With each slide inside her, he feels her flutter and tighten, clamping down on him, her legs trembling, and her breathing ragged.

Draco knows exactly what she needs to push her over the edge, and he angles his hips just so, rolling his hips into her one last time. Then she's gasping and panting and crying out, her hand squeezing his and him squeezing back.

He stills, letting her take what she needs, watching her face as the pleasure overtakes her, the flutter of her cunt threatening to end this far more quickly than he wants, since they have a conversation that really needs to be had and he wants to have it like this: face to face, chest to chest, his cock deep inside her.

When she digs her heels into his arse, he begins rocking into her again, slowly, cautiously, desperate to please her.

"I want to feel it, Draco, *please*," Hermione pleads, her breath moist and hot into his ear, making him even harder somehow.

As she begs for his cum, he slows his hips, still studying her beautiful face.

"What if... what if I get you pregnant?" he asks. "How will you feel?" His hips make lazy circles against hers even as he waits for her response to a serious question.

Hermione seems stunned by either the question or the timing, but her eyebrows knit together and she bites her lip as she attempts to gather her thoughts at a time when her brain is

distracted by the feeling of his cock fitting perfectly inside her, scraping against every sensitive nerve deep within her.

“Do *you*—want to have children?” she asks breathlessly.

“I want *you*, Hermione,” he tells her, his voice full of an earnest sort of pleading.

“You have me.” She blinks up at him, a bit bewildered, trying to understand, and this is another thing he loves about her—how the brightest witch of their generation can become completely mindless when he’s fucking her.

“I mean, I *want* you. I want our marriage. I want to fuck you until you’re pregnant. I want you to have my children,” he confesses, his breath shaky. “When the year is up, I want you to stay. I want to be your husband, forever, if you’ll let me.”

“Draco,” she gasps, her cunt tightening around him telling him all he needs to know. “I ran out of pills last month and I just...didn’t get more.”

His hips thrust, *hard*, his movements beginning to speed up.

“I was going to talk to you about it but...sometimes it takes a while for...and I’ve been casting contraceptive charms just in case but...”

“Just say the fucking word,” he rasps. “If and when you’re ready for it, I’ll making getting you pregnant my full-time fucking *job*.”

Hermione gasps as he thrusts hard, and he takes the opportunity to delve his tongue into her mouth, licking around every sweet ridge of it, before releasing her. His balls are aching and the burn of his orgasm is climbing up his spine, his entire body tensing with the pleasure of it.

“I’m going to come, darling. Tell me where you want it,” his voice low and dark. *Possessive*.

Her thighs squeeze his hips tighter, holding him inside her.

“Inside me, please Draco, oh *gods*...”

He stares rapturously down at her as her eyes roll back in her head and her cunt—her perfect, sweet, snug little cunt, grips him like a vice. His eyes roll back too, with a growling, grunting hiss, giving his wife what she asks for.

As his hips thrust jerkily into her, he grits his teeth against the sheer pleasure of his cock emptying inside of her, twitching and throbbing with every hip stutter, and he thinks he can’t breathe but he doesn’t really care. He comes longer and harder than he ever has, which is saying a lot at this point.

When he’s finally spent, he rises up onto his haunches and slowly pulls his softening cock out of her, watching his cum spill out as he exits her body. But Hermione’s eyes lock on his, his *smart girl*, and she keeps her thighs up as she reaches down between her legs and...

“Fuck yes, baby,” Draco breathes. “Push it back inside you. Yeah, just like that.”

He gathers the rest up on his cock and sinks back inside her, staying still, pressed deep inside her, his cock keeping her full of him. He'll keep her full forever, if that's what she wants.

"Such a good fucking girl," he praises her quietly, shaking his head in disbelief at his luck for landing this witch.

"*Your* good fucking girl," she reminds him with a smirk.

When he holds her afterwards, she pointedly leaves her wand on her nightstand.

"No charm," she whispers, and Draco's chest expands as he squeezes her tightly.

*Merlin*, he loves her.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you as always to my dear friends and betas, Bee, Nikki, and Valë!

Coming up next, we enter the angsty portion of our fic. There's gotta be a little rain before a rainbow. ❤️👉

# Malfoy's Midnight Mistress

## Chapter Summary

“While this family bonding time has been a delight,” Lucius drawls sarcastically, while the elves clear the table, “what, if anything, do you intend to do to rectify this situation?” he asks, leveling a look at his son.

Draco glares back at him.

“I hear my daughter-in-law has been very busy with the Creatures Rights Fund, not to mention the whole... “ Lucius gestures with a hand, “upending the marriage decree thing in the name of Potter and Theodore.”

“Although,” his sire continues, “it’s only for a few more months. Perhaps it would be best to simply count your losses and try again next time. The McLaggen boy’s marriage didn’t pan out. I’m sure he’ll be eager to take her off your hands. Or,” Lucius’s cool grey eyes, so like his own, land on Draco, “there’s that tall Scottish Quidditch player. What’s his name.” He puts his chin in his hand, pretending to think.

“Ah yes, Oliver Wood,” Lucius’s eyes gleam and Narcissa tries to hide her amusement. “A very charming and talented young man. He’s quite enchanted with your wife, from what I’ve heard. I’m sure he’ll snatch her right up.”

## Chapter Notes

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

“How will I survive?” he groans, collapsing on top of Hermione, after fucking her within an inch of both of their lives for the third time that morning.

“It’s only for one night,” Hermione soothes, stroking Draco’s hair, as he buries his face in her neck, pouting.

He’d woken her up that morning to say goodbye before he had to leave for Blaise’s winery (well, one of them) in Tuscany for the stag party Theo had insisted they throw Blaise.

Blaise and Ginevra had a true love match, and even though they’d already been married by a Ministry official, the Weasley Matriarch was insistent that they have an actual wedding to commemorate their union.

If nothing else, it was an excuse to celebrate their friend’s happiness. Blaise had had his eyes on Ginevra for almost almost as long as Draco had his on Hermione.



And thus, Blaise was pulling out all the stops in order to please his in-laws, including inviting Draco, Theo, Greg, Potter, and none other than Ronald Weasley himself, who'd avoided the Ministry mandate by marrying Romilda Vane two years prior—to a weekend in Tuscany.

Hermione had jokingly referred to Weasley and Vane's sudden, rushed wedding as a "Shotgun" ceremony, likening it to the traditional Pureblood "Wandpoint" weddings Draco remembered hearing about from his youth.

When Draco asked if Weasley's marriage had bothered her, she laughed.

"Please," she said, her lips twitching with humor, "Ron and I were a *disaster* as a couple. We figured that out about three weeks in."

Draco recalled she'd been quite unattached in their Eighth year, and he also remembers watching the flurry of wizards tripping over themselves to gain her attention once she was single again.

Draco had watched them all flail about with a curl to his lip, secretly wishing he could snatch her away from the likes of Goldstein, McLaggen, and even Theo who always seemed to hang around her—until he realized that Theo only had eyes for Potter.

Despite his own longing for her, Draco kept his distance, knowing that *he* of all people had no chance with her.

But now that she's finally *his*, against all odds, he intends to keep it that way.

A knock on the door startles them.

"Put your cock away and let's get going."

Fucking Theo and his terrible timing. Although, Draco supposed, showing up ten minutes earlier to interrupt him buried balls deep in Hermione would have been far worse.

Hermione kisses the top of Draco's head, her hands stroking soothingly down his back.

"You have to go," she says softly. "I'll see you at dinner tomorrow evening."

Grumbling under his breath, he drags himself away from her, and after dressing, he levitates the bag he'd packed for the night onto the bed, checking to make sure he has all the necessities for the trip.

Theo knocks again. After ensuring Hermione's naked body is out of sight in the washroom following her escape for a shower, Draco lets him in.

"Come on, you great annoying git," Draco grumbles. "Let's go."

"Good morning to you too, sunshine," Theo laughs, his eyes particularly bright that morning. Draco softens, realizing he's likely excited about the prospect of spending the night with Potter.

Despite Pansy and Cho's understanding of Potter and Theo's relationship, they're still obliged to spend every fertile window together until they either conceive or the arrangement ends, prompting a new match.

Draco is struck, not for the first time, by how unfair this law really is, and why his wife, always an advocate for equality fights it so hard for the sake of their friends and others.

Once again, he's also struck by how fortunate he is to have been matched with Hermione.

Draco is *keenly* aware that he got the better end of the deal. But he can imagine how dreadful it would be to be forced to marry someone else while being in love with another. Even worse, if the person you loved was married off to someone else.

Yes, Draco is a lucky bastard indeed, being married to a witch that he's in love with and all. He hasn't yet expressly told her in those words, but he plans on rectifying that as soon as he gets back from the trip.

Theo laughs. "If it weren't so cute watching you moon over your wife, I'd say you were pathetic. It's *one night*, mate."

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After apparating to Zabini Manor, the group portkeys together to Blaise's Tuscany home.

The group had originally planned on staying in that night, enjoying all the amenities the winery had to offer. But at the last minute, Theo decides that they need to go out.

"Blaise will only have one stag night—Or so we hope," Theo snickers. "Let's make the most of it."

All Draco really wants is to go home. Throughout the evening, he sits with his friends, quietly contemplating ways to sneak out early and return home to his wife. Blaise, however, sees right through him.

"Cheer up, mate. Distance makes the heart grow fonder and all that," Blaise reminds Draco, slinging an arm around him.

He knows he's right. And besides, Draco can't miss Blaise's stag night; they've been best friends since they were in *nappies*.

Hermione will be waiting for him at home the next day, he reminds himself, and decides to stop moping and join in on the festivities.

And so, the group of them all apparate to a nearby pub, known for being on the...well, raunchier side.

The place is too loud for him, with blaring music, bright lights, and too many bodies crammed into one space.

They all take shots together in Blaise's honor, then some of them go out to dance. Draco loses sight of his friends, and decides to go out for some fresh air.

Feeling overwhelmed by the crowd and the chaos, Draco slips out through the doors.

Tuscany is cool this time of year but much warmer than Wiltshire, where the grounds are buried in snow. He feels a pang of homesickness at the thought, imagining being cuddled up with Hermione in front of a fire while the snow fell gently outside the window.

Leaning against the damp wall outside, he takes a deep breath, attempting to clear his head from the haze of alcohol.

Salazar, he misses Hermione.

He misses her beautiful face, her swotty voice, her moans, her kisses, her tight little body. Her smell, her taste, the warmth of her snug little cunt—

Groaning, Draco scrubs his hands across his face. He can't believe how hopeless he is, that he can't even make it one night away from her without pining.

A sound catches his attention, and Draco turns to see a woman approaching him, her heels clacking on the sidewalk. Her long blonde hair gleams under the moonlight, and her eyes are fixed on him. Her hips sway with each step, a sultry smile tilting up the corners of her lips.

He's never seen this woman before, but she seems to know him well. A sudden feeling of foreboding tightens his gut.

"Draco Malfoy," she purrs, her voice flirty and suggestive. "Fancy meeting you here."

"Can I help you?" he asks, snippy and annoyed. Can't a half-pissed man pine for his wife in peace?

"Oh, I'm certain you could." Her eyes glint in a way that makes him very uncomfortable.

"I'd recognize that head of hair anywhere." The witch—for he's now certain she's a witch—eyes him from head to toe, licking her lips.

He just wants to *leave*. Arching a brow, he replies. "Is that so?" He couldn't be less interested if he tried.

The witch steps even closer, until they are within touching distance. "Oh, yes," she laughs softly, her hand lightly brushing along his bicep. "Everyone knows all about *you*."

Draco's discomfort intensifies as the witch's intentions become unmistakably clear with her shamelessness. He takes a step back, holding his hands up.

"No," he admonishes her, shaking his head. "I'm not interested."

The witch is undeterred, moving closer and reaching for him again.

“I’m—”

“Married. To Hermione Granger. Yes, I’m aware,” she laughs, her voice sounding slightly slurred from a few too many drinks.

Her hand trails down his chest. “You poor thing. It’s only for a year; why should that stop you from having some fun? Everyone knows she *hates* you. But not me—I’ll show you a *good* time.”

Draco’s jaw tightens, his heart clenching at the idea that everyone assumes Hermione still hates him. He hates the sound of her name in this witch’s mouth.

“I said no,” he repeats, and gently but decisively pushes her away so he can slide past and find his friends, hoping to talk them into leaving.

She stumbles then, a tipsy giggle escaping her lips as she falls forward into him. His arms instinctively lift to catch her around the waist, her lips landing on his neck.

As Draco works to disentangle himself, his annoyance grows at the sloppy witch who can’t seem to take a fucking *hint*.

He somehow misses the flash of a camera from someone lurking in the darkness.

Potter and Theo appear suddenly, looking for him, and together, they manage to help him escort the witch back inside to a group of drunken, laughing witches and wizards. Draco returns to brooding over missing Hermione, his chin resting in his hand as he sulks.

“What was *that* all about?” asks Potter, gesturing toward the strange witch, and Draco is immediately prickly about the note of suspicion in his voice.

“Clearly she was *pissed*,” he bristles, and Theo tuts at them both.

“We all know Draco only has eyes for one witch these days,” Theo grins, “and it appears to be decidedly mutual, which would explain why we’ve hardly seen you two in *months*.”

Draco can’t help the proud smirk that overtakes his face as Theo and Potter give him a hard time for being such a sap for his wife.

The incident from earlier slips Draco’s mind and the evening is salvaged, fun even.

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The next day, the group lazes around a bit in the morning and then after taking their hangover potions, they end up touring the winery, followed by a festive brunch.

The day whizzes by and soon enough, the group portkeys back to Zabini Manor. From there, Draco gratefully floos home, feeling an eager glee to reunite with his wife.

After arriving at Malfoy Manor, Draco immediately goes looking for her, but he’s surprised when he can’t find her anywhere.

He checks his rooms, her rooms— where he notices her cat is gone—the library, the gardens, down by the lake, the greenhouses—all to no avail.

He feels in his soul that she's not there. It's a Sunday evening; where else could she be? Draco remembers they'd planned a hen party for Ginny the night before and has a brief burst of optimism that she's merely late returning home from a celebration with her own friends.

Eventually, he finds his parents in the formal dining room. Lucius grunts a greeting, but Draco immediately knows that Narcissa is angry at him.

"Where's my wife?" he asks, a swell of panic beginning to rise in him.

Without a word, his mother hands him that morning's Daily Prophet.

On the front page is a photo of Draco standing outside a pub, with a young blonde witch in his arms, kissing down his neck, accompanied by a screaming headline:

### ***MALFOY'S MIDNIGHT MISTRESS***

**By Rita Skeeter**

"*Fucking Skeeter*," he growls, feeling a jolt of adrenaline shoot through him. The whole scene with the blonde witch at the pub had made him uncomfortable. He'd somehow known in his bones that it would come back to haunt him, even though he hadn't done anything wrong.

Lucius lifts a brow at him. "Language, son."

"Fucking *fuck*," Draco spits. "It was some drunk slag trying to pull me. Nothing happened."

The gravity of the situation hits him as he realizes why he can't find Hermione at the Manor. He squeezes his eyes and puts his head in his hands.

"Did she see it?"

Lucius made a sound somewhere between a laugh and a growl, and Narcissa just fixed him with a glare.

"Whether or not anything happened, married men shouldn't put themselves in situations that fuel the rumor mill," his mother sniffed. "We've raised you better than that. And I'll tell you that *yes*, she saw it and it *sickened* her."

All Draco can do is rub his eyes, hoping he'll wake up and this will be a nightmare. His parents are silent, and he wants to scream.

"She's with the Weasley girl," his mother finally says "At the *Burrow*," she clarifies, distaste evident on her face.

Draco stands and immediately heads for the Floo, but he can't get through to the Weasley household; the Floo just keeps spitting him back out into the sitting room of the Manor.

He whistles for Orion, scrambling to find parchment and a quill, sending one message after another, but each letter comes back to him unopened.

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Draco is nothing if not persistent. Unfortunately, Hermione is the smartest witch of her age after all, and has all her bases covered.

When he tries to see her at work, she's elusive. Her secretary claims to be clueless on her whereabouts, outwardly neutral and professional, but Draco recognizes the contempt in her face. It's the face of someone who believes that Draco Malfoy, of all people, would cheat on Hermione Granger.

Blaise and the Girl Weasley attempt to console him. "I've been talking to her," Ginevra says. "I know you wouldn't do anything to hurt her now. She knows it too, deep down, I think. She's been humiliated, though. And she's scared." She eyes him intently. "You'll need a grand gesture to get her back."

Theo, Cho, Pansy, and Potter have ideas too. Sitting in the Manor parlour, drinking Firewhiskey, Theo suggests with an excited tone, "You could buy the Prophet?"

"No!" shout the others in unison.

"That would make you look *so* guilty," Cho points out.

"*Extremely* guilty," agrees Pansy. "If anything, you should buy her a library or something."

When she sees the aghast expression on Draco's face, she protests, "What? She likes books!"

"Yes, and I already happen to own one of the largest libraries in Great Britain."

Blaise looks thoughtful, and Draco waits to hear what he has to say.

"Have you actually thought about what Granger might consider a grand gesture?" he asks gently.

Draco opens his mouth to defend himself, because *yes, of course*. He's been to her work on multiple occasions, he's even tried Apparating to the Burrow twice. Both times he had been turned away by those gigantic older Weasley brothers, though the matriarch at least had looked at him with pity.

But has he tried hard enough? Probably not.

A few Firewhiskeys deep, Draco prepares to stand, ready to fight those ginger menaces tooth and nail to see her, but Blaise holds up a hand, rolling his eyes.

"Sit down, mate, you've had too much to drink tonight. Showing up drunk trying to fight Charlie Weasley isn't going to earn you any points." Draco knows Blaise is right, but he's desperate, ready to crawl out of his skin to get to her at this point.

“Listen,” his friend goes on to say, “Granger has interests very near and dear to her that need funding, and your vaults sit there, untouched. If it’s a grand gesture she needs, you have all the means to give her one.”

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At dinner that evening, nobody speaks for quite some time.

Draco pokes at his plate, glaring sullenly down at the table linens.

Narcissa eats practically nothing, watching Draco over the rim of her wine glass, her lips pursed in disapproval or disappointment, or a mix of both. He’s used to receiving that look from his father, but he can’t remember the last time his mother looked at him in this way.

“While this family bonding time has been a delight,” Lucius drawls sarcastically, while the elves clear the table, “what, if anything, do you intend to do to rectify this situation?” he asks, leveling a look at his son.

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“Although,” his sire continues, “it’s only for a few more months. Perhaps it would be best to simply count your losses and try again next time. The McLaggen boy’s marriage didn’t pan out. I’m sure he’ll be eager to take her off your hands. Or,” Lucius’s cool grey eyes, so like his own, land on Draco, “there’s that tall Scottish Quidditch player. What’s his name.” He puts his chin in his hand, pretending to think.

“Ah yes, *Oliver Wood*,” Lucius’s eyes gleam and Narcissa tries to hide her amusement. “A very charming and talented young man. He’s quite enchanted with your wife, from what I’ve heard. I’m sure he’ll snatch her right up.”

Draco’s eyes nearly go crossed from the blood boiling through his veins as he rises from the table.

“Nobody will be snatching up my wife but *me*,” he sneers at his parents before marching out of the dining room. But, Draco can’t help but notice, finally, a tiny smile of approval from his mother.

That night, Draco doesn’t sleep a wink, tossing and turning in sheets that smell of her, drawing up plans in his mind to get Hermione back in this bed and back in his arms.

I know, I know. But, I posted two chapters today so we wouldn't have to wait *\*too\** long for a resolution. 🙄💖



# For Better Or Worse

## Chapter Summary

Gritting her teeth, she judges herself for ever letting him pull her knickers off (hundreds of times probably, but who's counting.) She huffs, recalling the time he'd pulled them off with his teeth.

She had believed the earnestness in his eyes when he'd said he wanted her, when he'd kissed her so soulfully. When he'd fucked her with the intent of getting her pregnant, even though she already was, she just hadn't known it yet.

Then he had to go and get caught with some slag.

All of a sudden, everyone's eyes turn toward her as the pile of parchment in front of her bursts into flames, and would have quickly raged into an angry inferno if it weren't for Malfoy, of all people, dousing the fire with an Aguamenti, his eyes intense on her. Too intense.

## Chapter Notes

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

It's been two weeks and one day.

Fifteen full days since Hermione's in-laws watched her unravel at the breakfast table upon seeing the picture of her husband—their beloved *son*—being intimate with another woman in the *Daily fucking Prophet*. Some blonde *slag*.

Hermione's first instinct had been denial. But then the photograph replayed in front of her very eyes: Malfoy's hands squeezing the mystery woman, letting her kiss his neck—a spot which Hermione knew well, was one of his most sensitive.

And with that realization came acceptance: she'd promptly vomited over her breakfast plate and the front-page photo of the Prophet.

Narcissa had been horrified, vanishing the mess along with what she called *that pitiful excuse for a newspaper*, then folded a sobbing Hermione into her arms, attempting to shush and soothe her while Lucius took his leave.

Vomiting, hysterical women weren't his cup of tea.

Since that awful morning, Hermione has thrown herself into work without respite, her typical response during times of duress, something her friends know well. If she focuses on the

Magical Creature Fund or the fight against the Ministry to abolish the Marriage Decree, then maybe she'll forget he even exists.

She wants him out of her sight, out of her mind, out of her life forever. She can't believe she ever thought he'd changed.

That his feelings for her were sincere or deep enough to keep him from womanizing. She hopes he and his slag will be very happy together. Actually, she doesn't hope this at all. She hopes they make each other *miserable*.

Perhaps it hadn't all been lies; maybe he was being genuine when he said he wanted to stay married to her, but loyalty was beyond him. She should have assumed that. He was a *Slytherin* after all.

Such pretty words, his claiming to want her forever and start a family with her.

But one thing she couldn't quite figure out, was why he'd want to start a family with her, if he had immediate plans to go slutting around with other witches?

He knows the law, and once there are children, they're bound for life.

What kind of miserable life would that be?

He claimed time and time again to want something so much different than what was originally planned for him.

Sometimes, she'd watch as he pinched himself, to prove to himself that he was awake, living a dream he'd never thought possible.

Unfortunately, it seemed that you could take the Dark Lord out of the Manor, but you could never really take the shitty, antiquated pureblood traditions out of a Malfoy.

Perhaps, it was the normal thing to do in their circles: marry out of obligation, get your wife up the duff, and then whore around while on a stag weekend with your best friend who happens to be married to your *wife's* best friend.

Hermione grits her teeth so hard her jaw aches.

Although, she supposes, to be fair to Malfoy, he didn't *know* she was up the duff, because she had been waiting to surprise him with the news on the evening he got home from Tuscany.

Now she flat out refuses to speak to him at all.

She just can't.

Again, the vision of him and the other witch pops into her head unbidden, and though her stomach lurches, she manages not to vomit all over the conference table.

She feels so *stupid*.

Up until today, she's managed to evade him completely, hiding out at the Burrow as she is. She'd informed Orion, Malfoy's Eagle owl, not to bother delivering anything from him.

Orion had given her a hoot, and what she thought was a nod of understanding (or maybe it was a roll of his eyes).

She wasn't overreacting. She *wasn't*.

She's already shut down Theo and Harry's insistence that Malfoy was innocent, as well as a very apologetic Blaise, and, Ginny of all people, who's been kind enough to let her stay in her childhood bedroom even though she thinks Hermione might be blowing things out of proportion.

"Pictures can be deceiving. Maybe you should just hear him out," she'd suggested gently. "And we *know* Rita Skeeter is a fucking liar who has it out for you." She'd put her hand over Hermione's. "Do you really think he'd cheat on you with all your friends around?"

Well, he clearly had....right? The woman's lips were on his neck. He'd held her against him, thinking they were alone, according to the accompanying story. Written by, yes—Rita, who'd once been a friend of the Malfoy's.

And so she won't do it; she can't face him.

Speaking to him would hurt too much, and if he lied to her face, she'd know. And it would *break* her.

Ginny gives her knowing, worried glances out of the corner of her eye while Hermione pretends to be fine, just *fine*, casting silencing charms in the bathroom as she sobs and vomits then sobs some more.

Hermione would prefer to pretend that Malfoy doesn't exist at all, obviously an impossible thing to do in her condition, especially when *he* can't leave well enough alone.

So naturally, he's managed to insinuate himself into everything that's important to her, meddling in all of her latest projects at work and beyond, going above her head to offer funding, influence, anything at all to help pass the legislation important to her.

Earlier in the morning, he attended a session with the Wizengamot in which she, Harry, Theo, Cho, and a handful of others presented evidence regarding harm done to same sex couples being forced to separate and breed with members of the opposite sex like mechanical cattle.

Hermione had been too fired up over the blasé attitude of most of the governing body to pay much attention to him outwardly, though her body was very in tune with his presence.

It had been easy to escape him then, fleeing when he was busy shaking hands with some ancient high-ups on the panel of mostly conservative judges, appearing to be attempting to schmooze them.

Now this afternoon, he's sitting in on a department meeting, promising enough money to fund the Magical Creatures Conservation Fund indefinitely.

Hermione's been stuck listening to him prattle on to her boss all afternoon during their monthly budget planning session, offering to transfer whatever amount is necessary from one of his vaults at Gringotts into theirs.

She shifts uncomfortably, scoffing quietly as she uncrosses and then re-crosses her legs, anything to avoid looking at him.

Currently, she focuses on her notes, making faces at her parchment, letting her quick quill jot down the details. Meanwhile her *cheater* of a husband attempts what she assumes is a grand gesture, likely prompted by his friends or parents.

Merlin, he's *insufferable*.

Gritting her teeth, she judges herself for ever letting him pull her knickers off (hundreds of times probably, but who's counting.) She huffs, recalling the time he'd pulled them off with his *teeth*.

She had believed the earnestness in his eyes when he'd said he wanted her, when he'd kissed her so soulfully. When he'd fucked her with the intent of getting her pregnant, even though she already was, she just hadn't known it yet.

Then he had to go and get caught with some *slag*.

All of a sudden, everyone's eyes turn toward her as the pile of parchment in front of her bursts into flames, and would have quickly raged into an angry inferno if it weren't for *Malfoy*, of all people, dousing the fire with an *Aguamenti*, his eyes intense on her. *Too intense*.

She refuses to look at him as she feels his gaze boring into her, having the gall to look concerned and *was he trying to use Legilimency?* Oh hell no. She shut down her mind like a steel trap.

Justin nudges her. She's well aware that everyone knows about the turmoil in her marriage. They've all seen the papers, the photograph and the mocking, speculative headlines that have followed for days.

They all see the smoking pile of parchment in front of her.

"You okay, Hermione?"

Justin spares a twitchy glance at the ends of her hair, which are currently sparking, and make it quite obvious that she isn't okay at all.

Malfoy's eyes continue to watch her, reminiscent of the wounded puppy dog look he's given her every time she's accidentally glanced in his direction.

She blinks rapidly, giving Justin a sweet smile with lots of teeth, one that only serves to make him increasingly nervous on her behalf.

“I’m *fine*,” she reassures the room, vanishing the mess in front of her and then gripping the quill in her hands, snapping it in two under the desk. “Just great.”

And though she knows there’s no escaping Malfoy, as soon as the meeting concludes, she bolts, practically running down the corridor to get to her office.

This time, he follows, his long strides easily catching up to her.

Hermione doesn’t turn around at the sound of his voice calling her name. She scurries quickly into her office, raising her wand to slam the door in his face, but he’s too quick for her, his own enraged magic practically taking the door off its hinges to get to her.

“Stop *running* from me,” he growls, pushing his way into her office, the door flying shut behind him, the telltale buzz of privacy and locking charms following without so much as a spoken word or a twitch of his fingers.

She hasn’t been face to face with him since their last morning together over two weeks ago, when she’d stupidly thought he would come home to her. When she’d planned to welcome him wearing a smile and nothing more, the muggle pregnancy test waiting on the bathroom counter. She’d been so excited to share her news with him, she was positively *giddy*.

When she lifts her wand to hex him, he’s quicker, disarming her with a simple wave of his hand and pocketing her wand.

“Don’t make me bind and silence you,” he warns through clenched teeth. “Because I’ll do it, if that’s what it takes to get you to *fucking listen*.”

Hermione opens her mouth to protest, but he cuts her off.

“You think I was unfaithful to you because of some stupid fucking headline in the *Daily Prophet* and a misleading photograph Rita fucking *Skeeter* bought off some skeezy looky-loo in an alley in Tuscany because they all knew Harry Potter and Hermione Granger’s *husband* would be there,” he seethes. “She was fishing for any scandal she could find. But you already know that.”

“You used to *love* Rita Skeeter,” Hermione retorts, rolling her eyes.

“Yeah, well, *you* didn’t. And she hates you even more now.” His tone is low, angry, and his hand runs through his hair as he growls in frustration.

“She could’ve gotten a snap of Theo and Potter, but she didn’t. Because nobody would care, and she knows that. Pansy wouldn’t care, neither would Cho. Everyone knows by now that they all have their own things going on. But you already know that too.”

Hermione is silent, watching as Draco rages, unable to keep from admiring how handsome he is. It’s so *unfair*. Stupid hormones.

She’s supposed to be angry, but she just imagines how it would feel to surrender. To just fall into his arms and let him hold her and then...

“No,” he continues spitting, “instead she gets a well-timed photo of some drunk bint falling into me.”

Okay, *fuck* him and fuck this. Her scoff is loud enough to momentarily put a pause on the tirade Draco is currently on.

“Oh, she *fell* into you, did she? And I suppose you tripped and your cock fell into her—”

“I didn’t fucking *touch* her,” he hisses. “I don’t even *know* her. And you know what, Granger? Even if I’d wanted to, I wouldn’t have been able to. You know why?”

He doesn’t wait for her to respond.

“Because the whole time I was away from you, *you* were the only thing I thought about. You and your stupid hair, and your stupid eyes and your stupid...” Draco waves his hand in a distracted wild gesture, “everything about you—”

“My stupid *what*?” It really *is* stupid, that him calling her stupid is what it takes to finally make her understand. And the realization hits her like a Bludger to the gut.

Rita fucking *Skeeter* indeed.

“And the worst part,” Draco continues bitterly, “is that you believed it without question. My mother told me how you reacted.”

“She believed it too,” Hermione whispers, on the verge of tears yet again. She’s been crying for days, weeks really, but the past few days have been especially hard. “I could tell by her face. And if your mother of all people believes you did it—”

“Nobody knows me better than you, Granger. For better or worse,” he laughs bitterly at his choice of words. “*Nobody*. Not my parents, not Theo nor Blaise. And certainly not *Rita fucking Skeeter* or some lackey photographer she sent to start rumors and ruin the only thing I’ve ever truly wanted.”

Hermione can’t take her eyes off him now. Her mind whirls, searching for words anything at all. She notices for the first time how exhausted he looks.

“This whole thing is *stupid*. I just want—” Draco rubs his eyes in frustration, then he rounds on her, pinning her against her desk with his body, hands gripping its edge on either side of her hips.

She doesn’t even pretend to struggle.

“Let me be perfectly fucking clear,” he growls, his silver gaze boring into hers, the molten rage in his eyes sending a thrill through her.

Her breasts tingle, her nipples are hard, her clit throbs, her cunt is *soaked*.

“I fucking love you, Granger. Get it through that brain of yours. I. Love. You. *Only you*. I don’t fucking want anyone else, and I didn’t fucking *touch* that floozy.”

*Love*, her brain echoes, stunned.

And she finally lets the tears fall, letting out a relieved sob as she fists his collar, and kisses him.

## Chapter End Notes

Phew! Now all that's left is the final chapter and epilogue , both of which will be posted next week! If you've been following along on this journey, thank you so much. I love you endlessly. 🧡

# Kiss It All Better

## Chapter Summary

Draco inhales deeply, brushing his nose through her wet, silken folds, and she jumps a bit when he bumps her clit. He closes his eyes briefly, exhaling slowly before opening them again, and flicks his gaze up to meet hers, full of heat and promises for the punishment and pleasure he plans to give her.

“Bring that sweet little cunt closer,” he breathes, “so I can kiss it all better.”

## Chapter Notes

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

Oh gods, the relief at kissing him again makes Hermione want to fall to her knees and praise Merlin.

His reaction is instantaneous, reaching for her and snatching her against him, lifting her up onto her desk, never removing his mouth from hers, not even for an instant.

He whines, a long-tortured sound, as his hands yank at her buttons on the front of her dress, until he becomes frustrated and just rips it clean off, leaving her shivering in her knickers.

Not because she's cold, *oh no*.

The blood surging through her veins is hot, hotter than it's ever been in her life, and she gives back as good as she gets, tearing open his ridiculously expensive trousers and using her heels to pull him between her legs.

With a whimper, she grinds her overly-sensitive cunt against the throbbing bulge in his pants, practically weeping with relief.

He moves to sit in her office chair and pulls her onto his lap, squeezing her waist to lift her onto her knees, looking down at him.

For a moment, they just stare at each other. She'd been so, so *stupid*. How could she have ever doubted him, this?

“I'm so sorry I didn't listen,” she whispers, tears threatening to form in her eyes. “I couldn't think clearly.”

Draco doesn't say anything, just brings a hand up to glide between her breasts, cupping her jaw and then down her throat, pausing there, before his hand goes to the back of her neck, tugging her face down to his.



She bends down to find his lips again, and he kisses her fiercely, nipping at her bottom lip at the same time his yanks her knickers down around her knees.

Then, leaning back, he squeezes her bum, guiding her bare cunt in front of his face while she holds onto the chair's back, where she sits every workday.

Draco inhales deeply, brushing his nose through her wet, silken folds, and she jumps a bit when he bumps her clit.

He closes his eyes briefly, exhaling slowly before opening them again, and flicks his gaze up to meet hers, dark, full of heat and promises for the punishment and pleasure he plans to give her.

"Bring that sweet little cunt closer," he breathes, "so I can kiss it all better."

He pulls her towards him, lining his face up with her core, and gives her a slow lick with his warm, slippery tongue, and then pulls back to study her face, biting his lip before he speaks.

"Here's what's going to happen, *Granger*," he says in a low, dangerous tone that has her dripping down her thighs for him. It's *unfair* what he does to her.

"When I'm done making your delectable little pussy quiver all over my face," he parts her with his thumbs and licks through her slit all the way up to her clit, "I'm going to fuck you, hard and fast. I'm going to come so deep inside of you, it'll be trickling out for days. Impossible you won't be pregnant after this."

Something jostles in her mind—an unconscious thought that evaporates as he smiles up at her, a dangerous tilt of the corner of his mouth that makes her throb even harder.

"Do you know *why*, darling?" he rasps, his voice so low that he's practically whispering. He sounds positively deranged and she feels every bit of it.

She shakes her head, not sure what he's asking, but willing to tell him anything he wants to hear if it gets his mouth on her faster.

"N-no—"

"Because you're *mine*. My *wife*. It fucking *kills* me to think of someone else—anyone else—touching this," at this he slides first one, and then two fingers into her slippery cunt and crooking them slightly, "and I'm going to see to it that nobody else ever does again."

"Especially," he growls, "Oliver *fucking* Wood."

Hermione is confused by the sudden mention of Oliver, but her brain is mush by now. The things he *says*...the way he says them.

She'd always known she had a few...kinks...here and there, but she had no idea that her greatest fetish would be the sound of Draco Malfoy whispering strange, vile things into her ear.

With him, she has discovered so many new things about herself.

Suddenly, a rational thought flashes through her mind, reminding her of the discovery she'd made the day before he left for Tuscany.

The test she'd almost left on the bathroom counter, but had snatched it up at the last minute to bring it to the Burrow with her.

Her period had been two weeks late, which she figured was likely due to the recent decision to stop the contraception she'd been on for the past seven years—since she was seventeen.

The breast tenderness and the fact that she was even more feral for Draco than usual had made her think it wouldn't hurt to take a test. She wasn't expecting it to be positive.

They'd been diligent about contraception until they weren't. But even so, no birth control was one hundred percent effective. Especially not with the amount of sex they'd been having.

She'd gone to the apothecary and bought a handful of tests. The first one immediately flashed 'pregnant,' shocking her so much that she took three more, each test flashing the word brighter than the last.

Which only made her reaction to the Daily Prophet that horrible morning—seeing her husband with another witch—that much *worse*.

And makes the realization that it was *all bullshit* that much sweeter.

With his face buried in her cunt, Draco makes her come in seconds, holding her to him, fucking her with his tongue until she yelps, crying out his name.

In between stabs and flicks of his tongue, he pauses to murmur things into her cunt.

She hears things like, "Mine," and "*stupid*" and "love you," and "fucking perfect cunt" and it makes her heart swell with love for him.

Her legs threaten to collapse but he holds her steady, supporting her, as she weeps, riding his mouth, gushing and convulsing so hard, she's afraid she might drown or smother him.

When she begs for mercy, he releases her, wiping a hand across his mouth, licking his lips, and smirking deviously up at her.

"I'm nowhere *near* done with you yet," he says, and she quakes. Or rather, continues to quake, her entire body trembling from the inside out.

Draco lifts her on to the desk and pushes her to lie back, her knickers, which had been stuck around her knees, falling to the floor.

He stands, pushing his pants down enough to free his cock, stroking himself almost languidly, considering that she's never seen him so swollen or flushed, the veins of his cock visibly throbbing, the head almost purple, and shiny. There's so much precum that she'd think he'd already come if she didn't know better.

Stepping between her legs, he pulls her thighs up to wrap around his hips, and then gripping his cock, he teases her entrance with slow shallow thrusts—just the tip—until he notices the tears on her cheeks and stops altogether, wiping away her tears and staring down at her in concern.

“Please Draco,” she moans, her thighs clenching to tighten her hold on him. “I need you. Please, *please* don’t stop.”

Watching her face closely, he pushes inside to the hilt, and they both gasp, never, for a second, taking their eyes off each other.

“*Fuck*,” Draco rasps with a desperate sounding groan, as he pulls out, then slides back in. “Please don’t ever keep this from me again—I couldn’t fucking take it. Don’t keep anything from me, darling. Please. I can’t—“

She can’t help it, she begins to cry in earnest.

He stops moving, but remains buried to the hilt inside of her, throbbing and twitching as her cunt grips him...but his eyes are concerned.

“Why are you crying?” He helps her sit up, so they’re chest to chest, pressing kisses to her temple, cheek, and lips, tilting her face up to his. “What’s wrong, love?” he asks, his arm around her waist, holding her close. “*Please* tell me.”

“I’m pregnant, Draco,” she manages to say between sobs. “I was going to tell you when you got back from Tuscany, but...”

His body stiffens, and she dissolves into tears.

“But then that fucking article came out,” he breathes, sounding devastated.

He stares at her in awe. “Are you...can we...”

“I want to keep it,” she says, placing a palm on his cheek, her eyes red-rimmed and wet. “Draco, I love you too. I have for...a long time now.”

He relaxes a fraction but doesn’t say anything, instead keeps staring at her with a mix of pain, shock, and joy. She takes a deep breath, releasing it shakily.

“When I saw the picture in the Prophet, I—I vomited all over your mother’s breakfast table,” she confesses, feeling a hysterical bubble of laughter building in her chest.

“Right onto the mahogany, I heard,” he says dryly, huffing a laugh. “I guess I should have put two and two together when she told me that, but... I was still stuck on the part where you had left and refused to see me.”

“But,” he admits, lost in his thoughts even while his cock is hard and thick and demanding in her cunt, “I probably would’ve reacted even worse if the tables were turned.”

“Draco?” she asks softly, and his attention immediately snaps back to her.

“Will you please fuck me now?”

He growls, pulling her hips into him at the same time he pushes deeper inside, so deep it almost hurts, but Hermione doesn't care.

“You love me,” he pants incredulously, and she nods, humming her agreement as the orgasm builds quickly in her womb.

“I love *you*,” he goes on to say in a deep, breathy tone, his speed increasing as his control begins to wane. “And you're going to have my baby.”

She uses her heels against his arse to encourage him even deeper and tangles her fingers in his hair, pressing her lips to his pulse point, and then in a decisive move, sucks on his neck, hard enough to leave a mark.

“If I'm yours,” she murmurs, “then you're mine too.”

“Salazar, fucking...I'm close, love. You feel too good, I'm going to—“

“I'm close too,” she says, clenching around him. “So close. Come for me, Draco.”

He growls and kisses her, and at the first pulse of warm cum inside her, she lets go, whimpering into his mouth as she comes, pulsing and squeezing his cock.

They clutch each other tightly, as light explodes behind their eyes and their future suddenly seems brighter than ever.

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Afterward, Draco lounges in her desk chair with her sprawled across his lap. He plays with a curl, and she half dozes, finally able to rest.

“I think we can retire the box,” he muses with a chuckle, laying a warm hand to rest on her lower belly, then sliding it upwards to fondle her tits. “All my fantasies have come true.”

“So, you're all finished exploring with me?”

“*Merlin*, no. There are a million things I have yet to do with you that I plan to do before I die.”

He stands, pulling her with him, making a fuss of repairing her clothes, and helping her step into her knickers.

Hermione lets him take care of her, knowing how much it pleases him when she does.

She sits perched on her desk as she watches him dress, an inexplicable wave of mourning washing over her as he zips his fly and buttons his Oxford over his pale throat, now dotted with her claiming marks.

Draco's eyes remain on her face the entire time, studying her, attempting to suss out what she's thinking.

In the best of times, he's been more proficient than any other person she's ever known at reading her, but now that she's pregnant, and in light of all they've been through, he's in for a challenge.

One he's more than up for, it would seem.

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Walking her through the corridors at the Ministry, even though she has a Floo in her office (blocked to Malfoy Manor at the moment but it would only take an mere incantation to unblock it), she lets him claim her.

She laces her fingers through his while they wait in line at the public floos, and she kisses him soundly.

When it's their turn, they step in together, kissing again while the green sparks swirl around them.

"We don't have to see my parents tonight," Draco says nervously, glancing around the sitting room at Malfoy Manor. "I just..."

"I'm fine, Draco," Hermione stops him, squeezing his hand gently.

"...don't want you to get overwhelmed," he continues, babbling in that nervous way she finds so endearing.

"It's dinner time," she says, glancing at her watch.

"We could have the elves bring—"

"No," she shakes her head. "I mean, your parents will be in the dining room," Hermione interrupts, trying not to sound exasperated. "I *want* to see them."

Clearing his throat, Draco says gently, "I'll understand if you don't want to tell them yet."

Hermione cocks her head at him in confusion. Does he really not know? Was it a secret? Well, Hermione isn't willing to keep any secrets from Draco. After everything they've been through, there's only space for honesty.

"At Grimmauld, there's the Black family tapestry," she begins. "I assume there's a Malfoy one—"

"Holy *fuck*," Draco interrupts understanding immediately, shock evident on his handsome face. "No, there is. There absolutely fucking is. Gods," he mutters, burying his face in his hands, "my family are *creeps*."

“Well,” Hermione shrugs. “All of Pureblood culture is inherently creepy, just like any other cult.”

Before he can react to what she’s said, Draco comes to the same realization she does at precisely the exact same moment.

“Potter—”

“Pansy!”

“Oh Merlin. Theo, Blaise, Ginny... Everyone knew before we did, didn’t they?”

Draco turns toward her, his eyes reflecting the devastation she had seen earlier, the same pain she had tried to kiss and fuck away.

“Tell me about when *you* found out,” Draco says, his voice thick with emotion.

“I—” Hermione begins, and it hasn’t occurred to her until now that she never prepared for this conversation, because everything after had happened so quickly.

“Let’s talk about this in our bed,” she says after a moment.

Entering Draco’s room — their room — they watch each other strip down. Their clothes are already ruined, and she doesn’t care about salvaging them. Nothing is more important to her than Draco.

His eyes flick over her face with intent, searching for something, as he unbuttons his shirt and trousers, kicking his clothing away. He sits on the edge of his ridiculously large bed, with the emerald green and silver bedding—which she’d initially teased him for, but had *missed* so much—his gaze hot and heavy on her.

She approaches him, and he pulls her to stand between his legs, his cock heavy and half-hard against his thigh as he looks up at her. For a long moment, they just stare at each other.

Her tongue swipes along her dry lips, and his eyes track every movement, before flicking back up to meet hers, and licking his own lips.

He lowers his face, nuzzling against her lower belly. She tangles her fingers in his hair, watching him whisper and press kisses against her skin.

She loves him, and she tells him so.

“I love you,” she breathes, choking on a sob that threatens to escape.

He presses one last kiss, right above the thatch of trimmed hair covering her cunt, and pulls her down onto him, laying back on the bed.

“You’re exhausted,” he says, sounding almost accusatory, but she understands it’s not directed at her, it’s directed *inward*.

“I’m tired of not being home with you,” she confesses, her voice quiet and full of regret.

He releases a low whimper from deep in his throat, kissing her lips and when she gasps, he slips his tongue into her mouth and rolls over, taking her with him, somehow gracefully. He pins her beneath him, and then pulls back to watch her face.

“Tell me,” he breathes, imploring, his thick, hard length lying along her belly, warming her and making her sticky, two of his favorite things to do.

They both cry as she tells him about her tender breasts (he kisses each one gently in turn) then the exhaustion, and her obsession with his cock (it twitches) more than usual. And then the tests, her shock and her acceptance and the excitement she’d felt about telling him.

She’s around eight weeks pregnant, she figures, which is *early*, she warns. They’ll see a healer in a few days, and they’ll know more then.

Draco’s cock is throbbing on her belly and she twists and writhes around trying to get it where she wants, until he rolls her onto her front, and enters her, holding her breasts in his palms, groaning at how tight and slick she is.

“You always feel so fucking good,” he whispers urgently, “but now you feel more...” he chokes on a groan as she rolls her hips to push back against him. “Swollen. And tight—” his breath comes out harsh and hot against the back of her neck, and she squeezes him when he pulls out and pushes back in.

“If I hadn’t already known, I think I might have known by how plush your cunt is. So hot, and wet. So soft. *Mine*,” he sighs as she clamps down on him.

He hums, a pleased, satisfied sound in her ear.

“You’re going to have my baby,” he tells her in a hushed tone. “A few of them, if I’m lucky.”

She moans, and reaches back to hold his face to the crook of her neck and close to her as he murmurs.

“We’re going to take care of the house elves, and the centaurs and the unicorns and whatever fucking else tugs at your heartstrings. Your brains and my money... We’ll do it all.”

He cracks a groan into her ear, and she knows he’s about to come.

“And we’re going to make sure Potter and Theo and Pansy and Cho and everyone else aren’t married off like breeding stock ever again,” he tells her through gritted teeth.

Hermione listens to his voice, her heart exploding, taking deep breaths trying to hold off, edging herself a little—she wants to come with Draco.

“That they’re free to marry who they please, and fuck who they want and procreate if they feel like it and...” he breaks off, feeling her clench around him and he thrusts into her hard. “Fucking *Salazar*, Hermione—“

She can't hold off anymore, and starts to sob as she comes, but they're happy tears. Her womb contracts when Draco's cock begins to spurt inside her, and she comes again.

After, he wipes her tears and holds her close, somehow knowing they aren't sad tears, they're just *emotional* tears and she notices him smiling softly, mentally bracing himself for at least seven more months of this.

She knows he's more than up for the task. He's not the cold, arrogant, selfish boy he once was. He's warm and brave and loyal, and she can feel his love for her in every touch.

He'll be a devoted father, and doting husband. And though he claims she's the courageous one, he makes her brave too.

## Chapter End Notes

You know I'll always have them in deep conversation mid-thrust. 🥰🥰

Only the epilogue to go (which is posted also) I can't thank you enough for being here with me. Kisses you all! 💋💕



# Epilogue/Draco Malfoy, Certified Wife Guy

## Chapter Summary

Before Hermione, and even for the first several months of their marriage, Draco had never considered the possibility of ever having a large family.

He had grown up believing he would marry whomever his parents chose for him—assured that she would be first and foremost, a Pureblood—an obligation. They would have one son, and the cycle would continue.

His wife changed everything, turning his life and that of his entire family upside down in all the best ways.

The Manor, which had once felt cold to him, a place of duty and familial obligation but very little joy—now feels warm, cozy, and even chaotic at times—like a true home.

Hermione seems happy too.

She's always beautiful, but in Draco's opinion, she's at her most lovely when she's carrying their children.

Her cheeks fill out, her skin glows, and Draco can't get enough of her. He watched her breastfeed their babies with a reverence he had never known he possessed.

Some might even call it a kink, although, Draco supposed, his real kink was really just...Hermione.

## Chapter Notes

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

Draco Malfoy is a man who is undeniably obsessed with his wife. A *certified wife guy*, as Potter calls him. It's a fact he's neither ashamed of nor has any desire to change.

When they're apart, she's all he can think about, and when they're together, he can't keep his hands off her.

He'd had to leave her behind for a week while he tended to business, and today he keeps watching the clock, waiting for the exact second when he can portkey home.

It's late back home and she'll likely be sleeping but he has plans for her anyway.

Sure enough, he finds her curled up on her side, wrapped around the pregnancy pillow Ginevra had given her when Hermione was pregnant with the twins.

It's become somewhat of a joke among their friends and family how easily Hermione gets pregnant when they're not actively trying to prevent it.

Draco's pureblood seed, exalted for centuries, is happy inside his pretty little Muggleborn wife, a thought that would infuriate his ancestors but he really couldn't care less.

"Draco could get Hermione pregnant from just brushing past her," Theo had snorted at a recent celebration for the twins' third birthday.

"They're the first couple to actually become pregnant from a kiss," Potter chortled.

"The way he looks at her would get me pregnant too," said Ginevra, who *really* has no room to talk having just given birth to her and Blaise's third. Her comment was met with a chorus of groans and one of Blaise's perfected eyebrow arches.

"I'll get you pregnant the usual way, right here, in front of everyone," Blaise purrs, pulling her into his lap.

"Oh, *please* don't," Pansy grimaced. "Then Draco will have to get Granger pregnant with triplets, and the last thing the world needs is *more* Malfoys." She rolled her eyes, Neville agreeing fervently.

Well, *fuck them all*.

Draco happens to think their children are pretty fucking spectacular.

They'd had their twins first, Lyra and Scorpius, and Hermione had quickly fallen pregnant again with Cassie. When they announced that a fourth child was on the way, Lucius had grimaced but Narcissa was delighted.

"No better than a Weasley at this point," Lucius had muttered under his breath. To this day, Draco doesn't know what Narcissa had done to his father under the table to make his face change from one of slight disgust into one of an enthusiastic grandfather-to-be, but clearly something had shifted quickly.

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He had grown up believing he would marry whomever his parents chose for him—assured that she would be first and foremost, a Pureblood—an obligation. They would have one son, and the cycle would continue.

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Her cheeks fill out, her skin glows, and Draco can't get enough of her. He's watched her breastfeed their babies with a reverence he had never known he possessed.

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Climbing into bed behind her, he gravitates to her like a magnet. She's warm, soft, and smells like home. His hand slides over her hip, his palm cupping the beginnings of a swell in her lower belly where their fourth child grows.

His hand moves down, slowly and carefully lifting the bottom of her silk chemise and...sure enough, she's gone without knickers, an open invitation as he knows well by now. He smiles against her shoulder, as his cock hardens against her smooth, bare bum. He dips his fingers through her lower lips and finds her swollen and dripping. He smiles again, wondering if she'd gotten herself off earlier to thoughts of him, of *this*. He'd certainly done enough wanking this week for both of them.

He pumps his cock slowly, imagining her touching her pretty pink cunt, making herself come. Then, he carefully lifts her thigh, ever-so-slightly, just enough to aim his cock at her slick entrance. He inches inside and bites his lip to hide a groan: he doesn't want to wake her, not yet. Her breathing is slow and even, and her body is relaxed.

Draco slides his hand up her middle, from belly to chest, then cups a breast. He keeps his movements measured and slow, even if all he wants is to roll her onto her stomach and rut hard until he comes. It's been a week and he intends to savour her.

He buries his face in the nook of her shoulder, and she moans softly when he pinches a nipple at the same time he thrusts into her.

She's beginning to wake, her breathing coming slightly faster now. She reaches behind to tangle her fingers in his hair, slowly circling her hips. Her moans become louder, needier and his movements speed up, harsh breaths into her ear, until he feels her shudder around him, and he stills, groaning and pulsing cum deep inside her.

Once the pleasure recedes, Hermione turns over to face him, pulling his lips to her and kissing him soundly.

"I missed you so much," she whispers against his lips and he kisses her harder.

"Missed you more."

\*\*\*

Hermione has been stressed lately due to work and a never ending battle with the Wizengamot, and Draco doesn't like it.

After a long argument, she finally agrees to go to bed early and let him put the children to bed by himself. It's no easy feat, but he gets them all bathed, read to, and tucked in.

As he enters the bedroom, Hermione is lying in bed, reading a book. She's wearing one of his shirts and her legs are stretched out, crossed at the ankles. She looks up at him, their eyes locking in a silent exchange as he begins to undress

The desire he sees there makes him shiver, and his cock stirs, well on its way to being hard under the scrutiny of her gaze by the time he makes his way over to her. She puts the book down, rising onto her knees and crawls across the bed to him, coming face to face with his cock, pressing a chaste kiss to his tip.

He groans softly, using both hands to hold her hair away from her face so he can watch as she puts her mouth on him.

Looking up at him through her lashes, she licks along his length, pausing to press hot, wet kisses to his sac, along the underside of his cock, and finally, to his swollen tip. She sucks him into her mouth, and he hisses as her cheeks hollow, and her head begins to bob, slow measured movements that make him *weak*.

"Shall I summon your book?" he asks in a strained voice, only half-teasing, and she hums, the vibrations going straight to his bollocks.

When she slips her hand between her legs under the shirt she wears, and moans, Draco places his hand on her cheek, stilling her movements. She pulls off with a wet pop and he tilts her face up to his, running the pads of his thumbs under her eyes, along her cheekbones and jaw. Her lips are beestung, her eyes are hot on his.

She's *beautiful* and he resolves on the spot to make her come so unbelievably fucking hard, she'll see stars.

He thinks back on the session with the Wizengamot he had sat in earlier that day, watching her argue with the ancient members of the council.

*"You cannot possibly turn a blind eye to this," Hermione fumed, and Draco could hear the frustration in her voice, her hands balled into fists at the bored, blasé faces of the members of the Wizengamot.*

*"This discrimination has plagued our society for long enough. Love is love!"*

*Across the room, Draco watched with a mixture of pride and concern, knowing she's put her heart and soul into this and hearing the tears of frustration in her voice that she's trying to hide from everyone in the chamber.*

*Tiberius Ogden lifted a hand, his voice full of disdain.*

*"What I don't understand Ms. Granger—"*

*"Mrs. Malfoy," she interrupted snappishly and the old man nodded as if she had proved his point.*

*“My apologies, Mrs. Malfoy. What I don’t understand is— and I apologize if this is presumptuous—is why you’re so adamantly against the law, when it seems to have worked in your favor.” His eyes stared pointedly at Hermione’s obvious baby bump and a few others cleared their throats in nonverbal agreement.*

*Draco braced himself, almost pitying the mostly narrow-minded wizards and witches who sat before his wife.*

*Hermione spoke calmly, leveling the whole lot of them with her glare. “Unlike many of you, I’m capable of caring about people other than myself. I happen to know and love several people who’ve been victimized by this law. Including Harry James Potter, the Savior of the Wizarding World, in case you’ve forgotten.”*

*Draco’s eyes darted to Harry, who kept his gaze straight ahead, the flush of his cheeks the only sign of his warring emotions.*

*Hermione, meanwhile, continued to stare at them, meeting each of their eyes.*

*“And not that it’s any of your business,” she went on to say, “but Draco and I had feelings for each other before this. We were merely fortunate to be paired together.”*

*Several pairs of eyes landed on him, and he nodded his fervent agreement.*

Gods, she’s so fucking *hot*, his groin aches.

He knows they’ll win eventually. They’ve already convinced the court to allow for petitions for exemption if anyone selected for the marriage decree is already proven to be in a committed relationship, even if it’s same-sex or any combination of blood status.

Now, they’re fighting for future generations, for the rights of their children and grandchildren.

The marriage decree is still in effect despite the caveats, but they along with their friends and colleagues, are pushing hard to scrap it altogether, fighting for *equality*—a term that makes the conservative majority in the Wizengamot collectively shiver.

Not only has Hermione shown him what it means to love and be loved, but she’s also radicalized *him*—a fact that his parents find both endearing yet bewildering.

And now he’s going to ravish her.

“You’ve had a hard day, love,” Draco croons to his wife on her knees before him, stroking her curls. “You don’t have to give me anything.”

“But—“

He knows she loves to suck his cock and he’s certainly not one to deny her of that. He’ll always be a *little bit* selfish.

“Move back on the bed,” he commands softly, and she obeys. He climbs in next to her, laying his head on a pillow, and leans in to kiss her lips, still a bit swollen from sucking his cock.

“Ride my face, baby,” he whispers. “I want you to bring that sweet honeypot up here and come all over my tongue.”

She hums, and crawls up to sit on his chest, leaving a damp trail in her wake.

He expects her to sprawl over his face, a knee on each side of his head, facing the headboard, but instead, she shifts, turning around until her perfect arse is in his face, and she leans forward, offering her cunt to him, while she sucks on the tip of his cock like a lolly.

“Oh *fuck*,” Draco groans into her cunt. This position is definitely a favorite of his, tasting her, letting her grind against his face and mouth, while she moans around his cock down her throat.

He squeezes the cheeks of her arse, pulling her sweet pussy to his mouth and devouring her, as she devours him.

*Salazar*, he loves this witch.

\*\*\*

The white box Hermione conjured on their first night together still sits on their dresser, never empty. It’s filled with notes they write down, capturing everything they dream of doing together—not always kinky things or sexual fantasies, but hopes and dreams their life.

Every night, Draco and Hermione jot down something to place in the box that started it all. Occasionally, they draw a slip out, but more often than not, they manage to fulfill at least one fantasy—some old, some new—before drifting off to sleep tangled up together so tightly, it’s hard to tell where one ends and one begins.

Many nights, at least one of their children ends up in bed with them, snuggling up close. And Draco will lay awake, just holding them tight, sometimes wishing he could keep them *all* in a box for safekeeping.

The marriage decree was horrendous; no one could deny that. However, it had unexpectedly given Draco and Hermione something they had both secretly longed for, something they might never have had without the intervention of that ill-fated law. It had given them their *family*.

*Eat shit, Oliver Wood*, Draco thinks smugly.

Ahhhhhh, we made it! Thank you so so much to all you lovely readers! Your comments and love bring me so much joy every day! 💕💕💕

Endless thank yous to my friends, [Bee](#), [Nikki](#) and [Valë](#) for beta reading and cheering me on! I adore you all!

Find me on [Insta](#) if you want to say hi, yell at me, or just generally fangirl about all the amazing Dramione fics we are blessed with in this amazing community!

Thank you for reading! 💖💖💖

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