

Teach me, Draco

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Teach me, Draco

by [Ramelle_Kammae](#)

Summary

Hermione Granger didn't orgasm in four months.
Draco Malfoy is determined to save her.

Mature short story with explicit language. No further warnings.

I masturbated before, thank you very much

Okay guys, first time that I dared to dip into the Dramione world. Currently there are no more than 8-10 chapters planned and updates will be happening as I get to them.

This will be a short story, porn without much plot. If explicit language is not your thing, I'd recommend scrolling.

Ramelle x

Eight weeks. That's how long Hermione Granger was able to ignore Draco Malfoy. Not that she would have had a problem with continuing her punishment of silence towards her new coworker. She preferred to live in a world where he didn't exist. She was long over the torture he put her through during their years in Hogwarts... that's what she kept telling herself.

She was genuinely fine with him having a job at the ministry after he spent years in the United States, working on his redemption. People didn't seem to remember how he almost wiped out of most of the world population with his idiotic beliefs. Turns out the time he spent away to work on his new image paid off eventually.

No matter if he changed or not, it didn't matter. She couldn't forgive him for what he did to her. She worked hard to get over the memory of him laughing at her when he had found her journal in the library. Seeing him almost every day now brought back those memories.

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“I wish he would see me for who I truly am. I'm more than my blood status.” The young Draco Malfoy spat in between words, holding his belly while reading out the lines written in a moment of weakness.

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Really, she was fine with it all. Alright... maybe she was a little upset that even Harry seemed to have made up with him. They went out for drinks last weekend. Admittedly, Harry never knew about her secret crush on Malfoy in fourth year. At least he never commented on it.

She was invited, just like everyone else from their friend group. And they all went... everyone but Hermione. She just couldn't get out of her own way to spend her free time with this man. He hated her, after all. And she felt so small for being disappointed that he had not once approached her to talk to her since he started working at the ministry.

So, she was fine with ignoring him and pretending like he didn't exist.

It just so happened that he overheard her talking to Pansy Parkinson in on Wednesday morning.

“So, why did you break up with Adrian then?” Pansy asked, sipping her coffee when they waited in the lobby for the lift.

“We were both not happy with how things were. It’s for the best. Adrian took it well. I guess we both missed a little bit of a... spark.”

Pansy laughed out loud, lowering her voice slightly but not enough for Hermione to not wince. “So, the sex was bad then?”

“I didn’t say that...” Hermione mumbled into her own coffee, trying to hide the heat wave creeping up on her.

“You didn’t deny it either. No judgment here. If he can’t make you come at least twice in one night, he’s not worth it.”

“Twice?!” Hermione’s eyes widened; her head spun towards the pretty brunette.

She didn’t even have one orgasm with Adrian. Well, there was this one time where he agreed to take her from behind. But he had stopped fucking her when she tried to bring herself to the edge with her fingers on her clit while her other hand secretly closed around her own throat. Squeezing hard to make her see stars. He had finished before she even got close.

“I think two orgasms are sufficient to show you he paid attention on how to get you off. You want someone who knows your body as good as yourself, if not better.”

Hermione fell into a brooding silence, the lift doors opening with a ‘ping’ in front of them. She huffed as they entered the small lift, “Honestly, I would be happy if I’ve had one single orgasm in the last four months.”

Pansy held her breath, almost choking on her own spit, “Hermione! For the love of Merlin, please go take care of it yourself. No wonder you have been so tense lately.”

As Hermione turned to face the hallway, she almost let out a shriek when Draco Malfoy entered right behind them.

His eyes met hers, the silver gaze daggering her so intently that she almost forgot to breathe. If she had tinted cheeks before, she didn’t want to know how mortified she must have looked right this moment. How much did he hear?

“Granger.” The calm tone in his voice equaled an ice-cold shower. He nodded once, then moved on to Pansy to greet her.

Hermione’s lips parted to acknowledge his gesture to not show him how ashamed she was. Her voice betrayed her; he already had his back turned towards her. Her heart was beating painfully fast in embarrassment. She wanted to fall off the face of the earth.

“Hi Draco, did you get Theodore’s note for his farewell party? This week Friday?” Pansy didn’t seem to sense her dilemma unfolding, casually holding small talk with her childhood friend. She was surprised Pansy never brought up the incident in the library. She could have

sworn Draco had told all his friends about it back then. Usually, Pansy didn't hold back to take a jab at her. All in good spirits of course.

"I did. Tell him I will be there." His low voice went right through her spine.

"Great! Hermione, you're coming too, right?"

She almost spilled her coffee, earning an irritated look from her friend.

"I... erm...", she cleared her throat. She really didn't want to come now that she knew Draco Malfoy was going to be there with her group of friends. Couldn't he find other people to spread his venom?

"You can't be serious, you helped him get the job and won't even celebrate with us?"

Theodore Nott had become a good friend of hers, and she shouldn't let the attendance of Draco Malfoy interfere with her social life. He couldn't bully her anymore. She was well liked by her friends and coworkers. Maybe they did have a mutual, silent agreement to just ignore each other.

With a surrendered sigh she replied, "Of course I will be there. I wouldn't want to miss it."

When Pansy got off on her floor, Hermione stayed back with Draco. Her eyes were focusing on her new pair of shoes. They were a little higher than her usual heels, but she fell in love with the shape of them. She felt like her feet looked delicate in them. She liked that.

He would need to get off one level before her – he worked in the Department of International Magical Cooperation – whereas Harry was trying to convince him to join the Auror Force. She secretly hoped he didn't succeed, although she understood Harry's motivation behind wanting a former Death Eater to join his department. It would offer them great insight of the mind of a ... -

"Parkinson has a point, Granger." Draco's voice sounded so much lower and closer than earlier, and when her name left his lips this time, he didn't even bother to look at her. She noticed because her head shot up to ogle him.

From the side she could see how he was getting ready to leave the lift, his hands tightening around the handle of his briefcase. Finest dragon leather, of course.

"Excuse me?" She usually didn't talk in this high-pitched voice, but she was horrified that he spoke to her... again. With anyone else around, for the first time in five years.

With another 'ping' the door opened, "You do look a little tense."

She stared at him as he exited the lift, turning around to face her one more time. As if they were talking about the weather he casually added, "I've heard they have a quite spacious closet across from the big meeting room in the Administration Department. If you ever need some privacy to take care of things."

“Who does the git think he is?!” Hermione was fuming when she threw her purse on her desk before she straightened her dress. A habit when she didn’t feel comfortable in her own skin. He did that to her...

“Who?” Ginny Weasley looked up from her report she had been working on for almost a week now. She joined Hermione’s team last summer and had been a tremendous help with the Improper Use of Magic Office.

“Malfoy. I don’t understand where he takes his confidence from...”

“Big dick energy, I’m not going to lie to you – I’ve heard he has every reason to be arrogant,” she giggled and winked at Hermione, which made her only more frustrated. What was in the air today that everybody wanted to talk about sex with her?!

“Shush!” Hermione shrieked and looked around the office. Nobody seemed to have overheard their conversation when she fell in her chair. She really missed her personal office when she used to lead the House-Elf Relocation. “That’s not the point. Who told you that?!”

Ginny grinned at her best friend, “Do you really want to know? You normally don’t want to partake in any kind of gossip. I’m just double checking before you will be mortified afterwards.”

Hermione pulled the new cases for the day closer, starting to distribute them to the team with a flick of her wand based on difficulty and importance.

“You’re right... I don’t care...” She replied hastily and tried to focus on the task on hand. She couldn’t care less how big his manhood was. It’s not like she’d ever get around to use it.

“Cho Chang and Angelina Jones... both since he’s back in England.”

She frowned.

Hermione decided that someone must have cursed her day. There was no other explanation why she was on her way to join a meeting with the head of the Foreign Affairs Office – where she could easily run into the blonde-haired prat. She had to cover for Ginny who, thanks to her second pregnancy, was spending the rest of the day in bed.

She was determined to walk in and out of the meeting without looking up from her path or engaging in any kind of small talk. Not if it held the risk that she could bump into him again. He probably already overshared her lack of orgasms with level 2 and beyond.

The collaboration between their offices was important, and she didn’t want to be responsible for any setbacks while they were planning the Quidditch Cup in London for the first time in ages. She was running a little behind schedule, which was why she hurried into the office of Landon Gunter without paying attention to her surroundings. Sneaking into the room, she closed the door and took a deep breath with her back facing the office.

“I’m sorry for running late, Landon. Ginny Weasley called out sick and I had to get familiar with the schedule for the stadium tour. I’m going to take over for her today.”

“Right, the pregnancy. Probably better to have you involved directly for this part.”

She froze when she discovered Draco Malfoy out of all people sitting behind the desk of Landon Gunter, his legs crossed as he was reading through notes in front of him. He didn’t look up when Hermione’s hands formed into fists at her sides.

“What are you doing in Landon’s office? Does he know you’re in here?” She hissed in disbelief as he sent some papers towards the shredder in the corner of the room. Wandless, of course.

“This is my office, Granger. If you would have paid attention to the meeting invite, you would have noticed that it was me who signed off on it.”

She was fuming now at him suggesting that she wasn’t prepared.

“Once you’re seated, we can start the meeting. Unless you need another minute to gather yourself. You don’t seem to like surprises.”

She hated surprises, but she would never give him the satisfaction of the day to think he knew anything about her.

“Oh, I don’t mind surprises at all. But I do mind if someone questions my decision as the department head to assign my team based on their specialties. Ginny Weasley is pregnant, that doesn’t make her unqualified to lead this project.” She stepped closer now, trying to keep her breath steady. She would not give him the opportunity to humiliate her at her job.

He then looked at her for the first time since she entered ‘his’ office, eyebrows raised in astonishment.

“Granger, I do apologize if my words left room misinterpretation. When I said it would be favorable for you take over this part of the project, I wasn’t suggesting that Ginny Weasley is not qualified to handle the task. I’m sure you have read the agenda; I wouldn’t expect any less of the brightest witch of her age Hermione Granger. We’re discussing the safety protocol for the event; they require a final signature by the Head of Improper Use of Magic Office. We’ll be killing two birds with one stone.”

Hermione swallowed down her anger with every bit of self-constraint she managed to gather within herself.

When he gestured for her to sit down across from him, she did. Reluctantly.

“Landon Gunter had to take a leave of absence for the next couple of months and I’m supporting interim. Since you’re so curious; the minister himself asked me to move into this office. I’m sure you trust his judgment of character for us to continue.” Draco Malfoy’s eyes lowered to catch her hands straightening her dress briefly before he met her gaze.

He wasn't being arrogant about it, but almost seemed offended. Throwing her own words back at her did not sit very well with Hermione, but she was willing to let it slide just this once to get out of this situation as soon as possible. She missed Landon already.

The meeting went better than expected. To Hermione's surprise Draco Malfoy was behaving professional and structured in leading the meeting. She was able to sign off 80% of the safety protocol without thinking twice. The rest she promised to review personally and get it back to him before Friday. He agreed to that.

Their follow up meeting was scheduled for Monday. Hermione would join the meeting and promised to look at her schedule for the stadium tour the following week. This was important for the minister and her department, so she would not let her pride get in the way. Especially if Draco Malfoy could use any mistake against her. Hermione Granger didn't make mistakes.

To her surprise he didn't comment once on their morning encounter, and she almost forgot why she hated him so much, until she got up to leave 'his' office.

"Granger, can I ask you something not work related?" His voice was curious, and she turned around to face him before she reached the door. She already regretted she didn't just march out and throw the door shut before he had the opportunity to humiliate her. He seemed to truly await her consent.

"What?"

"I was just wondering if what you said to Parkinson earlier could be really true? Four months?" He stared at her strangely, almost intrigued. She wanted to die for the second time today.

"Seriously, Malfoy?! I don't request information about your latest ejaculation either, do I?" As soon as she said it, she wanted to slap herself. Ejaculation. He frowned at her.

She turned around again, reaching for the doorknob, before he calmly said, "Ten minutes before our meeting. I did wash my hands afterwards." She froze in her movement, her eyes widening. She had heard the amused grin in his voice.

"Why are you telling me this?" She tried to push away the imagery of him jerking off in his office... or in the bathroom? His long fingers wrapped around... She shook her head and turned to face him. Her cheeks were burning at even thinking about discussing her personal matters with him. But she was shortly distracted by the way his eyes raked over her body. His lips pressed to a thin line. There was no smirk left on his face.

He probably just realized that she could file for harassment at work if she wanted to.

"Just letting you know it's not a shame to get yourself off. Smart people like us do need an outlet. You should give it a try," he shrugged his shoulders and sat up straight before he got back to work. Hermione tried to ignore that he unintentionally put them into the same box. Smart people like us...

“I masturbated before, thank you very much,” Hermione mumbled, this time truly reaching for the doorknob to leave him behind. She was as far turning it when he felt the need to speak again.

“It’s good that you broke things off with Adrian, Granger. A fine wizard doesn’t leave his witch unsatisfied. And I disagree with Parkinson, two is not enough.”

A light chapter to ease into it. Smut warning going forward. No, seriously.

Chapter 2 - That's what you do to me, Granger

Chapter Notes

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

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After her meeting with Draco on Wednesday things *changed*. Hermione was no longer able to ignore him in the mornings, or when she saw him in the hallways of the ministry. Not that she didn't try to; she surely put her best-efforts into the task.

His face was all over the Daily Prophet on Thursday morning, Astoria Greengrass pressed against him as they left a fancy restaurant in Muggle London. *Ridiculous*.

They both looked lovely. She didn't care in the slightest, but for some reason she couldn't get the picture of his long fingers digging into Astoria's hips out of her head. His hands really got to her since he told her all about his wanking habits. Surely, he didn't have to worry about that anymore now that he dated Astoria.

Draco Malfoy still seemed to enjoy making fun of Hermione though.

After she had read the article at breakfast on Thursday morning, she had bumped into him in the lobby. Pansy was nowhere to be found, so he asked her how far she was with the open points on the safety protocol for the Quidditch World cup. She reassured him it was taken care of, not wanting to tell him that she already finished the review the previous night. She worked until midnight on it, just to make sure she was prepared for the handover. She didn't make mistakes after all.

He was standing right next to her in the lift, brushing her lower arm with his long fingers when he stepped closer to make room for two Aurors who sneaked into the small space. When they got off at the next level, he didn't seem to be bothered to stay close to her.

"You're still tense, Granger" he poorly whispered before he stepped outside on his floor.

She rolled her eyes when he winked at her. As soon as the lift closed behind him, she let out a shaky breath and touched her forearm. Her skin still tingled from where he had touched her.

As soon as she got home that evening, she went back to look at the picture of him in the Daily Prophet. She tried to ignore the pulling sensation in her core. She hated him even more when she found herself with her hands in her knickers, rubbing herself to the thought of him. She got incredibly close, very fast, but then got interrupted by an owl flying against her window. She didn't dare to give it another try. She felt like a failure.

On Friday morning he walked into her office with a coffee in his large hands, his long fingers made the cup look tiny. He leaned against Ginny's desk who was still out sick.

"I will send the safety protocol to your department before lunch," she said and tried to not watch him as he picked up a feather from Ginny's desk and let it slide through his fingers. He did seem to be very talented with them, and she was sure that's what he wanted to prove to her. Whatever his reasons were for mocking her and her nonexistent sex life, she needed it to stop. The pull in her core returned within a blink of an eye, an uncomfortable wetness crept in between her legs.

"I trust you'll have it ready and approved by the end of the day," he replied lazily as he toyed with the feather.

"Is there anything else you need?" Hermione asked, now infuriated that he wouldn't even shy away from annoying her in her own department.

"I just wanted to check on Weasley, is she alright?" His eyes met hers, and for a moment she thought she would forget to breathe. He looked genuinely concerned when his silver eyes bored into hers. She hated to admit it, but the older he got the more handsome he had become.

"She's fine. Harry and her just moved and I think it was just-" she noticed how he wormed the information out of her without much effort. She caught herself quickly. "You came all the way here to check on Ginny?!"

“Oh no,” he cooed while an amused grin stole onto his otherwise stern face. “I was just finishing up in the Administration Department when I thought of you. One thought led to another, and I decided to stop by.”

The Administration Department... where he suggested her to go into the broom closet to masturbate just two days ago. He was definitely mocking her, and she hated herself for closing her thighs at that. The last thing she wanted to think about was Draco Malfoy with his – apparently massive, *yeah right* - cock in his hands. Did he just suggest he wanked off and thought of her while doing so?

Hermione’s mind was racing when he watched her curiously. “Did you even try to get rid of your tension?”

“Malfoy, why are you so interested in my orgasms?” She blurted out in frustration, not because she cared. He smiled at her, little laugh lines decorated his annoyingly handsome face.

“That’s a loaded question,” he replied smug, “to keep it simple; I’d say I’m trying to prevent that one day soon you will just...” his hands made a gesture as if something detonated in between his hands, “POUF.”

She should have been mortified at his words, but the anger was weighing so much heavier on her mind. She clearly wasn’t thinking straight when the words escaped her lips, “I’ll send you an owl right after my next orgasm.” She grabbed her own coffee to keep herself busy.

“That would be nice. Although, if you let me know prior, I might be able to assist you.” He almost hummed the words, and she spit out her coffee all over the table. He seemed to like that, a faint spark in his eyes.

“Easy there, Granger,” his voice lowered, and she wasn’t sure if she spilled the coffee over herself or if it was his voice that made her neck burn in heat. “Just a polite offer between coworkers.”

“You’re suggesting your...? Your *services* to apologize for being a dickhead your entire life? Something is seriously wrong with you.”

“Is there now? I think you’d be surprised at how addictive these orgasms can be. That is, if you’ll ever be able to shut out that fascinating brain of yours.”

When she just sat there and stared at him in disbelief, he shook his head and went on with his day. Again, as if they had been talking about the weather. She felt incredibly embarrassed at the wetness between her thighs.

Hermione was disappointed to find out that Ron didn’t join the farewell get-together. She had hoped she wouldn’t be the only single. Harry had Ginny, Theodore had Pansy, and Draco had Astoria.... and even if he didn’t have her, she wouldn’t be interested in him.

She told herself that the only reason why she ran around with wet knickers since days was because he kept talking about her need to get herself off. He wasn’t wrong, but she just didn’t know how to make herself feel the things she wanted to feel. Him pointing out her needs just made her feel... *empty*.

When she arrived at the pub where the friend group usually met, he was already there. She was the last one to join them, and she was surprised to see that Malfoy came alone. No Astoria. Not that it changed anything...

“I thought you bailed on us,” Pansy winked at her when she took off her scarf and coat. She was trying to find a free seat besides the one next to Malfoy.

“Hermione, sit down, we’re voting on baby names,” Theodore pointed towards the spot next to Malfoy on the bench. She scooped in but didn’t look at him once. She almost flinched when her knee brushed his as she got comfortable. He didn’t comment, just sipped his firewhiskey.

He stayed surprisingly quiet throughout the evening. He didn't make a snide remark since she arrived, which she was incredibly thankful for. He only talked when someone spoke to him directly. Besides the one time where Ginny asked Hermione about the meeting with Malfoy earlier in the week. He spoke for her then.

The more butterbeer Hermione drank, the more at ease she felt with the situation. She didn't even want to go home when they all decided to go to Pansy's flat for a night cap. At least not until Harry and Ginny left them, and she was sitting with Pansy, Theo and Malfoy in a small living room.

Malfoy excused himself after Pansy started gossiping, and Hermione almost forgot about him until her two friends started to snog heavily.

That's when she decided it was time to go home. Normally she would use the floo, but she quite enjoyed the short walk to her place.

"You might want to skip the goodbyes, they are busy." Hermione said when she bumped into Malfoy in the hallway. He looked over her head towards the living room and shrugged his shoulders. She was throwing the scarf around her and slipped into her coat.

When she passed him and marched towards the door, he grabbed her by the wrist. His fingers around her made her hold her breath. The alcohol forced her body to betray her.

"Hey, where are you going?"

"Home?" she looked at him in confusion.

"Their fireplace is in the living room," he noted and looked at her as if she had lost her marbles.

"Yeah, you can use the floo, I'll walk." Hermione's eyes lowered to her wrist in his grasp.

She didn't recall the exact events on how he ended up walking next to her down the narrow streets. Or how she ended up asking him about his girlfriend – just to find out they weren't dating.

The next thing she knew was that they were facing each other when she told him goodbye; only then she realized Malfoy knew where she lived now.

“Well, erm... thank you for walking me home, Malfoy.”

His cheeks were rosy from the cold, their breaths visible. She regretted his company the moment the smirk returned to his face.

“I am curious, Granger. How come you haven't taken care of your little problem yet?”

“How would you know?” Her arms crossed in front of her chest; she was freezing. The alcohol almost banished her embarrassment completely. By now they had talked about her lack of orgasms so frequently that she couldn't be bothered. “Maybe I did have a fantastic orgasm.”

“I *highly* doubt that” he commented smug, she rolled her eyes. “I'm not making fun of you, Granger. I'm trying to help. Four months is a very long time. Even for you.”

“Even for me?” She asked with a laugh, but when he didn't join the fun, she went quiet.

He stared at her for a while without saying anything else. The longer he kept quiet, the bigger the urge to say something grew within her. She shifted from one leg to the other as she caught herself looking for his fingers. He was wearing leather gloves, and she swallowed down the disappointment.

“What is that supposed to mean?” she stumbled over her own whispered words. When she looked up into his eyes again, they somehow looked darker than before.

“The fact that you haven’t touched yourself in four months tells me you don’t enjoy getting yourself off,” he said slowly as he looked her body up and down. She could have sworn he licked his lips at one point.

She looked away as she thought about the previous night. How she rubbed her clit in circles, even entered a finger inside of her. But it hadn’t felt right. Maybe she just didn’t know how to orgasm anymore. Maybe she was broken.

“Wait,” he stepped closer until he caught her eyes with his, “you tried to get yourself off, didn’t you?”

She moaned out loud as he frowned at her desperate expression. “Malfoy, I can’t believe we’re talking about this.”

“Don’t shut me out now,” he cooed and smiled carefully. His eyes did give away his darkness still, but his silk voice already had her wrapped around his long fingers. “Tell me what happened.”

“Nothing happened, okay? I think I just... I just don’t... something was missing.”

“After four months?”

“After four months,” she repeated with a lump in her throat. This was absolutely embarrassing for her. She just waited for him to explode in laughter. Just like he did in the library in fourth year.

Why in the world did she feel so vulnerable right now? “I think something might be wrong with me.”

He closed the gap between them. His hands grabbed her face and she wanted to cry. “Look at me, Granger.”

She didn’t know why but she obeyed.

“Don’t you think something is wrong with you ever again, do you hear me? You just ended a relationship in which you ran around unsatisfied for fucking four months. You’re a little rusty, maybe need some inspiration to help get things going... but there is absolutely nothing wrong with you.” He smelled like peppermint, whiskey and old parchment. Her eyes teared up and she was certain it was the alcohol forcing her to do all these things. To show how terribly stupid she felt in front of the man she was convinced she hated.

“H-how am I going to fix this?” She whispered.

He took a deep breath but not once let go of her numb face in between his gloved hands. She wished secretly he would take them off and touch her skin.

“We have to experiment a little in the beginning, but I’m pretty sure this will be easier than you thought.”

“We – as in you would *teach* me?” She wasn’t sure if she had spoken up enough for him to hear her, but then he smiled softly.

“If that’s what you want to call it, sure.” His grin died when her mouth parted, closed and then parted again. “Will you let me help you to make you feel good, Granger?”

Something snapped inside of her at the hoarsely tone in his voice. She lost it.

“Teach me, please. I need to feel good again. Fix me.”

The world around her disappeared as soon as he leaned into her, his eyes didn’t leave hers until her breath hit his lips. He kissed her with a guttural moan escaping his chest. Oh, he had the softest lips she ever felt on hers.

His fingers dug slightly along the sides of her face, until he reached her hair.

She wanted to open her mouth, let him discover her. But her brain suddenly rebooted, and she retreated. He gasped and his eyes shot open when she tried to pull down his hands from her cheeks.

“Wait,” she panted, “why would you want to do this? What is in it for you?”

His eyes widened at her change of thoughts. “You have no idea, do you?”

One of his hands around her face loosened, trailed down her body to her chest where he untangled her crossed arms. She wanted to let them drop to her sides, but he caught one of them, squeezing her right hand.

They both looked down in between their bodies, and she was dumbfounded when he pulled her hand towards his crotch. He pressed it against the massive bulge in his trousers and she almost let out a moan of pleasure. He was more than massive.

How did she not know about this? It was too dark for her to look at it properly, but she felt him twitching inside his pants at her touch. As if she was possessed, she squeezed him eagerly. He was thick too. He tried to hold back a groan. *Sweet Merlin.*

She wanted to stroke him through the fabric, suddenly so needy for his erection that she felt her walls clench around nothing. She wanted him to fill her up, stretch her and make her feel forbidden things.

He stopped her hand movement abruptly, but he kept her fingers in place as if he tried to relish in the feeling of her palm pressed against his cock.

“That’s what you do to me, Granger. Thinking about you getting yourself off, with or without me, makes me hard as *fuck*. I want to take care of you, make you feel good. You deserve that and more.”

“Oh god... Malfoy...” she had to press her thighs together at his dirty words.

“You like it when I say these things to you, don’t you, darling?” he kissed her again, rougher this time. She whimpered underneath his caress when he let go of her hand at his crotch and pulled her flush against his muscled chest. She had to grab his jacket to not lose her balance, his hands sneaked into her open coat to dig into her hips. He held her like they both were about to drown, which in Hermione’s case wouldn’t be too far-fetched.

Him calling her ‘darling’ and his filthy mouth just gave her the rest. Her nipples ached underneath her bra, the raised peaks from either the cold weather or her arousal made her rub her body against him.

Their hands wandered over each other as if they felt another person for the first time. They both wanted this, and even though she had no logical explanation for the ‘why’... she didn’t mind. The only thing she could manage to think about was how good it would have felt if he made her scream his name. With his massive cock buried deep inside her.

The door behind them opened, and they both drifted apart when one of Hermione’s neighbors left the building. Still dazed from what just happened she tried to keep her breath steady. His eyes laid hot on hers, when he grabbed her by the hand and pulled her after him. He hurried to grab the door as it closed, and they both sneaked inside.

They held hands and interlocked their fingers until she opened the door to her tiny flat. She had been worried that the spark would have faded on their way, but it seemed to only grow further.

Hermione’s mind was racing as she tried to think if there was anything embarrassing on her bedroom floor. Or when she had shaved the last time... But Draco Malfoy didn’t seem to be bothered by anything, pulling off his gloves and letting them drop on the dresser in the hallway.

He helped her out of her coat, his fingers longed to stroke her and her scarf was lost along the way. He stood behind her as he leaned down to attach his lips to her aching neck.

She moaned at the touch, and she pressed herself against his front as he added his tongue along her skin.

“So starved of touch...,” he mumbled close to her ear, licked her and groaned himself when his cock rubbed against her backside. “... gonna make you come so hard.”

She had no idea she was into dirty talk, but her center was dripping at his words. She winced as his hands moved to her front, stroking firmly over her sides and up to her full breasts. He kneaded them with just the right amount of pressure.

Draco Malfoy was a passionate man with a filthy mouth. His long fingers made out her nipples over her clothing immediately. He pinched them slightly, rolled them in his fingers and made her moan in desperation.

“Will you tell me what turns you on, or do you want me to find out for myself?” He whispered, kissed the back of her head before he let go of her mounds. He turned her around in a swift motion.

Hermione was out of breath from just letting him devour her. She was sure he was able to get her off just fine without her giving him any instructions. He seemed to know what he was doing to her, his eyes raked over her weakened body. Up and down...

She never really had expressed her sexual desires to anyone. She always just had gone with whatever was offered to her, and sometimes it was good and more often it was... not enough...

“Talk to me,” he said as he took off his jacket without ever taking his eyes off her. “You must have some fantasies you never told anyone about. Today is your lucky day, I’m sure I can fulfill almost every single one of them.”

That did make her cunt throb, and she just had to press her legs together. He noticed it with a wink; a grin on his face.

“I... what are *you* into?” She asked with a nervous laugh.

He raised his eyebrows when he nodded towards the hallway behind her. "Show me your bedroom."

She took a deep breath and led the way. He was close behind her when they entered, and she was relieved to find her room in acceptable condition. He closed the door behind them with his foot.

"Get on the bed," he ordered without wasting more time. Hermione was surprised to learn that she responded to his command with goosebumps as they erupted all over her body.

She sat down on her mattress, watching him as he stepped closer. Her anticipation grew.

"Be a good girl and make yourself comfortable," he whispered with hungry eyes that flew over her figure. It was dark in the room, the moonshine the only source of light. Enough for them to see each other clearly. He looked beautiful.

"Don't you want me to get undressed first?" She asked breathlessly, her head bended backwards to be able to investigate his face as he stepped in between her legs. His knee nudged them open without much effort.

"No."

She stared at him for a moment, unsure if he was joking. But when he started to look impatient with her, she decided to just go with it.

She crawled backwards onto her bed, until her head met her pillows and she sank down without losing eye contact. He looked satisfied with her.

"Show me how you touch yourself when you're alone," he demanded casually, no hint of amusement in his voice. She swallowed and he must have noticed how uncomfortable that

thought made her. His own hands closed around his belt buckle and the sound of the metal as he opened it made her shiver.

“Come on, Granger” he hummed, “The first one belongs to yourself.”

She was consumed by his fingers as he opened the button of his pants and the zipper followed shortly after. She could have always said no...

“That’s a good girl, I’m right here to help you.” He almost grunted out, her fingers nestled at the buttons of her own pants to open them. *‘Good girl’* really sounded nice to her. She wanted to be good for this man.

He let his knees dip onto the mattress as he kept watching her, his pants opened and one of his hands reached for her thigh. She almost moaned when his fingers stroke the outside of her leg firmly. She felt encouraged when her right hand disappeared underneath her knickers. She wanted to do this for him and herself. She wanted to come so badly.

“That’s it, close your eyes and tell me what you feel,” the way he talked was proof enough to her how aroused he was himself, “tell me what my fingers are missing out on right now.”

Something in Hermione snapped, her fingers coated in her own wetness instantly when she spread her lower lips and ran down her slick center. A rumbling thunder went through her spine into her stomach.

“God... it’s... wet...,” she whispered and her eyes fluttered shut.

“Hmmm... what made you so wet, Granger?”

“You.” She didn’t have to think twice about it.

He squeezed her thigh. “That’s right, rub that clit a little harder and I’ll tell you what I’m into.”

She obeyed him immediately and a shaky moan escaped her parted lips. The pressure she put on her sensitive clit felt good. She wondered what his long fingers would be able to do to her though.

“I like it hard, Granger,” he voiced hoarsely. “There will be nothing better than my huge cock buried deep inside that little cunt of yours. I will need to be careful to not break you when I fuck you into the mattress.”

The pull in her core awoke a little too abrupt. It went right through her spine, and she rubbed herself harder as a result. Fuck... she felt like she was drowning in her own pleasure.

“Oh god...don’t be gentle.” She whimpered and her lids fluttered in ecstasy when she heard how his clothing rustled and he shifted.

“Fuck... you like it rough? Do you like the pain?” A deep groan escaped his chest when he pulled himself with one hand out of his briefs and pants all together. Her walls clenched around nothing when she saw how big he was. Long and thick...

“Talk to me, Granger,” he stroked himself once, his eyes closed, and she couldn’t stop staring at his fingers closed around himself.

She couldn’t believe how good she felt from just his words, how much she craved for him to thrust deep into her. She wanted him to have the same pleasure.

“Your cock is so huge, Malfoy. You’ll destroy me and I will enjoy every second of it.” His fingers on her thigh dug into her so hard that she was sure he left bruises behind.

“Fuck... yeah... like that... gonna make you take it all until you beg me to stop.” He found a regular rhythm to pleasure himself and she unconsciously matched that rhythm with her own hand. Her fingertips started to feel numb, and the knot grew into a ball of energy. Her eyes

fluttered shut again as the ball started to wander inside of her. She wanted to get lost in this moment.

“Will you choke me?” She just had to ask... this was something she always wanted to try with someone. Nobody ever took her seriously.

What happened then made her see stars. His fingers left her thigh, and she felt the mattress underneath her shift abruptly. His hands closed around her neck and her eyes flew open. His face was so close to hers now that she could feel his hot and heavy breath against her temple.

“You’ll breathe when I tell you to,” he squeezed her throat without hesitation and her breath could barely escape her lungs at the pressure. *That* did it for her.

She bucked her hips; her legs shook violently as her entire body began to spasm underneath both of their rough hands. She let go and gasped for air as she screamed and came hard around nothing. Four months of tension left her body ... just like her soul.

Her mouth felt dry as the desert when his fingers loosened around her neck. They stroked down to her chest where he pressed his palm against her racing heart. Her hand slipped out of her drenched knickers.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for all the kudos :) super excited people love a little smut story in their life's hehe - hope you enjoyed the chapter. hoping to upload the next one this week!

Chapter 3 - ... how did that feel?

Chapter Notes

Ok - porn without plot is a real thing for this chapter. I apologize in advance...

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

Teach me, Draco

-

Chapter 3 – ... how did that feel?

Hermione didn't dare to move; her fingers were still coated with her own arousal and her heart was beating faster than a wild bush drum.

She was waiting for shame to overflow her senses at the filthy words they had exchanged just minutes ago. Words that had caused her to experience the most intense orgasm of her existence.

She still couldn't believe what affect they've had on her, especially when they came out of Draco Malfoy's dirty mouth.

"*Fuck... how did that feel?*" Draco murmured close to her face; his palm was still pressed against her heaving chest. His lips almost touched her temple with each word spoken and it sent intense shivers down her spine.

She let out a strained whimper, unable to talk just yet. The white-haired wizard smirked at her in return. She tried to take in all his sharp facial features; his nose and his high cheek bones. His fucking beautiful grey eyes that watched her with deep hunger.

Something inside her tried to remind her that she should protect herself from him and his wicked smile. But she didn't want to drown in regret when she could have more of this

blissful feeling inside and out.

Worried about the possibility of being flooded by her rationality, she grabbed the back of his neck and urged him to come closer. He complied with a groan.

Within seconds their lips were united and his hand on her collarbone began to wander over her heavy breasts. The moment he kneaded one of them they both moaned into each other. Hermione felt the need in between her wet thighs rising again.

He pulled away from her lips briefly to look down at his hand caressing her feminine curves. He seemed to enjoy the sight, which only turned Hermione on further. She wanted him to feel good as well; her with pleasure coated hands searched for his still hardened cock. She was determined to give him what *he* needed.

He stopped her by her wrist before she even got close. To do that he had to let go of her chest, and she huffed in disappointment.

“Let me take care of you, Granger” his voice was even darker than before, and Hermione had no idea how she would ever recover from this night.

“You already did... I want you to enjoy this too,” she admitted shyly as she half-heartedly tried to escape the grasp of him around her wrist.

“I’d rather have you tell me what I’ll find when you take those pants off.”

She swallowed. He would find her knickers ruined from her previous activities mixed with her new awakened need for *more*. She had no idea where all this pleasure stemmed from, but she felt it with every breath.

“No?” He hummed and let go of her wrist. His fingers stroked the side of her face until he held her. “You don’t want to tell me? Why?”

“I-“, she cleared her throat, “I don’t think I *can*.”

“Oh darling, you’re doing so well. Don’t get all shy on me now.” His subtle praise caused her to melt into the mattress.

Hermione was not used to be open about her sexuality. But she didn’t want this night to end, so she gathered all the Gryffindor bravery she was able to find. “Can I just show you instead?”

Even though it was dark, she saw his eyes flicker in the moonlight falling through her windows. His hair fell onto his forehead and threatened to cloud his sight when he spoke. “You would do that for me? Show me that little cunt so I can have a look at it?”

His words made her rub her thighs against each other for some needed friction. His words did things to her she didn’t know she was capable of feeling.

“I know” he whispered hoarsely, “I know you need more. And I will give it to you.”

His hand set her free at the same time as he looked down. He watched her fingers when she tugged down the jeans over her hips.

“Fuck... I can smell you Granger. *Sweet Salazar...*”

That should have mortified her. She didn’t like her own smell – it wasn’t horrible but also not *nice*. The fact he noticed it made her feel uncomfortable at first, but when she discovered the need in his own eyes she felt strangely encouraged.

With a soft peck of his lips on her forehead he pushed himself off the mattress until he sat and helped her out of her jeans and socks. He threw her clothes somewhere far away and crawled over her until his hands came down next to both sides of her head.

Hermione spread her knees in response and started to moan loudly when his hips pressed against her. His hard cock rubbed against her drenched knickers.

“Oh god... Malfoy...” she winced at the violent jolt that wandered through her body. He leaned down and kissed her with a guttural groan of need. She couldn’t help herself, grabbed his neck again and pulled him towards her. He lost his balance and covered her upper body with his.

“*Nugh*... Granger... so wet,” he moaned against her, his tongue slipped right into her mouth where he devoured her like the sweetest peach.

She bucked her hips in response and ground against his erection. He hissed and retreated to kneel in front of her. His hand nestled with the hem of her blouse; fingertips reached for her hot skin underneath waistband of her underwear. Both breathed heavily and watched how his hands unbuttoned her.

He slowed down drastically as soon as he discovered that her nipples showed through her laced bra. Hypnotized by the sight of her peaks he touched her and kneaded the flesh underneath his palms.

“Perfect tits,” his hands roamed over her curves, two fingers hooked into the sides of her knickers to pull them down. Hermione helped him to undress her, her legs and hips lifted and twisted as elegantly as possible for. When he dropped the lacy fabric, his large hands grabbed her by the thighs and pushed her legs open slowly. “Look at that perfect swollen pussy.”

The cold air tickled the most sensitive parts of her body, his thumbs rubbed soothing circles with the right amount of pressure into the insides of her thighs.

“Please, don’t make me wait any longer,” she pleaded with him, so desperate to finally feel his touch where she needed it the most.

A throaty sound escaped him; his eyes shot up to catch her hooded gaze. He didn't stop rubbing her leg.

"I'll take such good care of you, Granger. All those months were worth the wait," he let his fingers roam further towards her center. She sighed at the intensity of her feelings for his caress, her own hand wandered to cup her breasts.

"That's a good girl, play with those nice tits while I fuck you with my fingers..."

His right palm stroked with pressure over her wet core, and she wailed at the feel of him. His left hand held her open when he spread her lower lips with ease, her slick folds welcomed him without hesitation.

One long finger slid into her, and her inner walls tried to hold him inside.

Draco Malfoy was affected by her arousal, his words stuttered when he licked his own lips.

"Shit... tight little cunt... will hurt you when I push all the way in..."

"More," she shook with pleasure as he slowly fucked her with a second finger. Deep and slow, his thumb played with her sensitive clit. "Don't stop."

"Not before you didn't come all over my hand... Fuck, you feel incredible." His voice broke, which caused Hermione to swallow and moan at the same time. She wasn't sure she was able to come again, but she was hunting for that next release. Her hips moved in slight circles to get his fingers as deep as possible.

His rhythm was a heaven-sent blessing and became faster as he thrustled roughly into her channel.

"Oh gods... like that...yes", was all she managed to breathe out as she played with her own tits and pinched her nipples.

“Do you like my fingers deep inside your cunt?” Against all her beliefs she felt another knot forming in her stomach. The ball of energy moved slowly. She felt how her inner walls contracted around his long fingers.

“Sing for me,” he groaned and curled said fingers inside of her. Hermione’s eyes rolled back into her head as he hit a spot that nobody ever touched before. Draco Malfoy seemed so skilled as he fucked her with his hand. Hermione’s cunt began to flutter, and her lips parted in awe as he brought her over the edge so unexpectedly that she cried out.

“Oh... *Draco*... ahhh” her entire body shook and spasmed underneath him. She tried to buck away from the pleasure as it seemed to become too overwhelming. His other hand on her thigh shot up to her lower abdomen and pinned her down to the mattress.

Pleasure gushed all over his hand and forearm, onto the mattress and down her thighs. Her body shuddered violently.

His fingers slowed down but went even deeper as they moved in tandem inside her. He gently fucked her through her second orgasm of the night, until it became unbearable for her. She had to let go of her breasts to grasped for his wrist. He pulled out of her, and the feeling of emptiness dazed her.

He smirked and looked up from the mess they made. Without hesitation he licked her juices of his digits, his eyes locked with hers before they shut close. The sounds he made had her heaving for air.

“You have no idea how beautiful you are when you’re all spread out in front of me, dripping and moaning.” He whispered into the night, as he grabbed her thighs and pushed them down against the mattress. She felt too weak to protest, her pulse still raced like a Nimbus 2000.

He dove headfirst between her legs, and she jolted at how sensitive she was. His soothing tongue covered her folds, licked her slid up and down twice with a feral sound of satisfaction. It shouldn’t have turned her on so much, but she couldn’t keep her hands from diving into his blonde hair. She fought the urge to push him away and pull him closer at the same time. Her brain was not working with her body, it was just too much.

Both of his hands pulled at her outer lips, spread her wide open before his tongue pushed into her. The feeling was incredible, and Hermione decided to buck her hips into his mouth. He groaned against her as he attempted to clean up all her juices. As if he was a man starving, he drove deeper into her, his nose pressed against her overstimulated clit and rubbed eagerly against it.

“Oh my...” she panted, threw her head back and moaned without catching a breath. She swore she could feel him smile against her convulsing cunt. “*Nugh...*”

“Like how my tongue feels inside you, do you?” Each word vibrated against her and made her wince in ecstasy. “Be a good girl and come all over my tongue.”

He drove into her again, his tongue and nose everywhere where she at least expected it. Her juices ran all over her. One of his hands spread her arousal further, his thumb collected her pleasure and stroked it against her puckered hole.

She bucked into his mouth more aggressively and forgot where she was as he began to play with her other hole as if it was a violin. She almost felt sorry for him when she took all the air from him as soon as he pressed and pushed the tip of his thumb into her.

She didn’t expect it, but she came – harder than the two times before. She screamed his name as she drifted in and out of consciousness.

Hermione felt him press his lips on her stomach as she rode the after wave of her earth-shattering experience. He was showering her with his praise, and she quivered under every little compliment from him.

“So sexy... so good for me...driving me crazy...” He came down next to her and grabbed her by her waist. He rolled her onto the side carefully before he pulled her against his chest. Her neck hid in his shoulder and her lips pressed against the side of his neck.

“I... I’ve never...” she almost sobbed into him as she slowly came back into her body.

“I know...” He whispered into her hair as he held her close. She felt his erection against her stomach, and it reminded her that he hadn’t come yet.

Hermione pushed gently against his chest to get enough space in between them to look down. With shaky fingers she went ahead and touched him. She coaxed a hiss from him as she spread his precum over the swollen tip.

“It’s okay, you don’t have to return the favor. This was for you.”

She shook her head, closed her fingers around his shaft and squeezed the rock-hard flesh carefully. “I want to, please let me make you come.”

Her fingers weren’t even able to touch each other. That’s how thick he was. Ginny has been right, he had every right to be as arrogant as he was.

He bucked his hip against her grip. “Have you ever had a cock *this* big?”

“No,” she breathed out her answer without the need to think twice. He chuckled; the vibration of his chest shook her through the core.

“Use both hands, darling” he encouraged her, the hand around her waist left her slowly to give her more leverage. She had to sit up and let him roll onto his back.

She saw how he twitched in her hand when she decided to straddle his thighs. His pants were still where he left them earlier, the hem of them pulled down. Her wet core pressed against the fabric and the friction almost distracted her from the task at hand.

She felt a little helpless when she saw him support his upper body on his elbows as he watched both of her hands move up and down slowly.

“Spit on it,” he demanded roughly, and she clenched her thighs around him. She did him the favor, spit dripped from her lips to cover his tip. She spread it all over his massive cock and did her best to lubricate him thoroughly. He groaned in appreciation.

“Just like that...” one of his large hands covered both of hers to squeeze them around him to show her how much pressure she was supposed to use.

Hermione prided herself with being eager, so she caught onto his favored rhythm quickly. The reward in form of the little noises that escaped his chest were motivating her to finish what she started. It turned her on when she watched his eyes shut close as he dropped his hand and let her figure it out.

“You would literally destroy me for any other man,” she whispered with a hot breath and wanked harder as she discovered that he enjoyed it rougher. Just like herself.

“*Nugh...* would you like that, Granger? Having that big cock in your tight little cunt?”

She felt herself getting wet again and she shockingly found alarming similarities between herself and The Very Hungry Caterpillar. She didn’t even know she had such a high sex drive. She should be satisfied for the next twelve months... but instead she felt needy for his touch again. But this was for him... he did so much for her already.

“Yes-yes, I would like that. I want you to take me so hard that I won’t be able to walk for days.”

“Shit, go a little faster... yeah... fuck... like that...” he melted in her hands, and she’d never felt so powerful.

“Where do you want to come, Malfoy?” She rasped in anticipation as she felt her chest hurt at his handsomeness. He tried to keep his eyes open to watch what was happening, but his lips parted, and he threw his head back with a hiss when she spat on him again. The sounds of her wanking him off made her moan loudly.

“All over you... wherever you let me.” He stuttered and swore when she squeezed even harder.

“Fuck my hand until you come, Draco. Show me how much you want it.” She had no idea where the words were coming from. She shivered at them, but then she relished in the aftermath of her filthy tongue. Her words had caused Draco to lose his mind as he bucked into her hands.

His hips lifted from the mattress, and he fucked into her tight grip. He gasped and his hands tugged at the sheets underneath him in desperation. “C-Close Granger... fuck... I’m gonna...”

His voice roared through the dark room as he came, his cock twitched uncontrollably in her hands and hot semen hit her chin. He released all over himself and her hands. She had never seen so much cum in her entire life, and it gave her butterflies. His hips stuttered and slowed down.

Hermione smiled at the view and stroked him until he couldn’t stand the overstimulation any longer. As she pulled away, he gasped for air. *She* did that to him.

With greedy fingers she touched his belly and made him jolt as if it tickled him. She ignored that and picked up some of the semen from his stomach, brought it to her lips and tasted his bitter lust.

“Are you on birth control, Granger?” He asked with a raspy voice. She nodded and wanted to elaborate, but she stopped as one of his hands cupped her face, stroked along her jaw and he cleaned her chin from his cum.

She shrieked in surprise when he pushed her off with the other hand and rolled over her, so he landed in between her legs. Without hesitation he found the way with his fingers - covered with his semen - in between her legs and pushed deep into her until she wriggled underneath him in pleasure and pain. It felt like heaven.

He fucked her with his fingers until his name echoed from her bedroom walls into the night.

Chapter End Notes

Let's see what the world looks like the morning after ?! Any guesses?

Chapter 4 - You wept like a centaur

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Chapter 4 – You wept like a centaur

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Hermione was tired and a feeling of warmth spread through her limbs when she woke up in the morning. The sun was trickling through her windows, and she sighed. She felt blissful, yes almost as if she was floating on her mattress. Her eyes fluttered open, then closed again. She had this forbidden but bewitched dream about *his* hands.

She laid on her back and her blanket covered her naked body. She crinkled her nose at the heavenly smell of parchment and peppermint. Her eyes shot open again and her lungs burned at the way she held her breath. Slowly she turned her head, discovering that she was alone. The sheets looked as he had never been there. Only his smell lingered in the air, reminding her that it really happened. A wet ache in between her legs made her feel more than uncomfortable.

Right then Hermione felt dirty. She felt dirty because he had left while she had been asleep, he probably sobered up and was ashamed of what had happened the night prior.

She questioned herself and how she could have let it happen in the first place. She hated Draco Malfoy. The boy who broke her heart in her young teenage years. She tried to ignore the fact that she had felt like a different woman just hours ago. How he had made her feel things she didn't know her body was capable of feeling. Four orgasms... after four months. He hadn't even fucked her into the mattress like he promised.

Her mind was racing as she tried to think of something to do. Should she flee the country? She could call out sick for a week. She had not missed a day at work since she started at the ministry. Her friends probably would get suspicious and would worry. But the worst part would be if Malfoy would find out that she wanted to avoid him. She would not want to give him that much power. She had grown up; she would be able to deal with it casually. It's not like they were friends and had to face each other.

She slowly sat up, trying to ignore the numb feeling in her chest whenever she took a breath and his smell hit her all over again. It took her less than a minute to get up and summon the old shirt and sweatpants she usually liked to sleep in.

She decided to take a hot shower to wash off the feeling of him and almost stumbled to her bathroom. As soon as the steam clouded her senses, and the water left a comfortable burning sensation as it washed over her... she faltered. She sank to her knees and cried. It was a good cry. One that left her behind shaking and gasping for air. She hoped her neighbors didn't hear her loud sobs. Her heart-wrenching desperation made her pity herself.

She barely felt better when she was done, humbled by her overwhelming feelings of guilt and shame. She masturbated in front of Malfoy, let him finger her and if that wasn't bad enough... he ate her out. She tried to forget the powerful feeling that she had felt when she made him come all over her hands or how he then fingerfucked her *again*. Sweet Merlin.

She would just pretend like the night never had happened. She would pretend like she didn't crave his touch or the way he made her feel like she was the one and only woman for him.

She held her head a little higher when she left the bathroom and managed to get dressed properly. That was until she looked for her notebook. She felt inspired to write some thoughts down for one of the cases she would be working on next week. It hit her then, that she had agreed to attend a meeting with Malfoy and Ginny on Monday.

There was no way she would have been able to cancel it. The Quidditch World Cup was too important for the ministry. She frowned at her own misery. How by Merlin's beard did she stop thinking with her brain last night. His eyes – his filthy words – his smell – his taste.

She let out a whimper and slowly walked towards her tiny kitchen. She almost shrieked in horror when she discovered a steaming coffee mug on the counter. It was fresh... had Malfoy still been here? She felt how her limbs began to tingle at the realization that he must have had heard her having a mental breakdown in the shower. Her apartment was so small, there was no way he couldn't have heard it. Panic spread through her entire being.

"M-Malfoy?" She poorly whispered as her voice gave up on her. She held her breath and tried to listen for any sign of him in her flat. It was hard to hear anything with her heartbeat throbbing in her head.

Her feet dragged her through every room without a sign of him. His jacket and gloves from the dresser in the hallway were gone. It was like he had never been here if it weren't for that stupid coffee mug.

She freaked out, thought about what he must have thought when he had heard her sobbing and gasping for air in that small shower of hers.

Her first instinct was to run after him, convinced he must have used her floo. But she had no idea where he lived these days – and she regretted for the first time that she didn't have a trace put on her floo. She barely used it herself.

So, she did the only thing that made sense to her. Equipped with parchment and quill she wrote him a note.

Malfoy,

Can we please talk?

H.G

She spent the entire weekend in her flat, hoped he would reply to her or return to her place. She desperately wanted to talk to him to make sure he didn't misinterpret her behavior. After all, she understood that he must have understood her reaction as an indication of regretting the night. She had, but only because she thought he had left her on her own after the intense feeling he had given her.

His answer never came and when she walked through the halls of the ministry on Monday morning before even going to her own department, she was feeling anxious. She wanted to

apologize, or maybe even find out if he had heard anything.

His office door was closed when she arrived, and she sighed in frustration at the red letters at the door '*Do not disturb*'.

“Mr. Malfoy is in a meeting,” a softly spoken voice said right behind her. She almost whirled around as she hadn’t noticed the presence of someone else. It was Irma Rutherford, a young witch with short blonde hair, sitting at a small reception across from Malfoy’s door. “But he should be done shortly, if you’d like to wait a little. I could offer you coffee or tea?”

Hermione thought for a moment, before she nodded politely. She knew she didn’t have the strength to sit through a meeting with him and Ginny later on if they didn’t clear the air prior.

With a sweet raspberry tea in one hand, she sat down on a little sofa close to his office. In her anxious state she began to pick a thread sticking from her dress skirt.

Hermione was convinced the minutes passed slower than usual this morning. Every time a colleague walked by and recognized her, she nodded with a distracted smile and her eyes darted back to his door in an instant. She wasn’t even worried about someone knowing she was waiting for him. Nobody would have suspected her to have anything but a professional work relationship with him.

She nipped from her tea when the door she was watching finally opened. She got up immediately, leaving the mug behind on the small coffee table. At the same time, she felt her heart drop to her feet when she saw her friend Ginny coming out of his office. What...?

“Hermione?” She looked surprised herself, then turned around to look at Malfoy who held open the door for her. “Why didn’t you come inside? The memo was very clear.”

Hermione walked towards her friend, distracted by Malfoy’s wide frame behind her the very pregnant Ginny Weasley. He looked tense, shoulders stiff and jaws clenched. *Fantastic...*

“W-What memo?” She asked with a frown, “The meeting about the safety protocol doesn’t start for another two hours.” She had to focus on her friend to think straight and push the panic away.

“Right, but Draco sent a memo about a time conflict. I left it on your desk, I thought you’d see it right away when you came to the office.” Ginny seemed to be apologetic, she clearly didn’t want her friend to think she didn’t respect her as her boss.

“I haven’t been at my desk yet,” Hermione mumbled, still a mixture of confusion and anxiety.

“Wait. If you didn’t get the memo, what are you doing here?” Her friend looked at her with arched brows, and Hermione shifted from one leg to the other. Her eyes shot up and met Malfoy’s. Before she sank deeper into her hole of embarrassment, he took the conversation over.

“I asked Granger last week to stop by this morning for the pitch tour next week. I will need her input on the guest list.” Lying didn’t seem to be difficult for him like it was to Hermione.

“Oh... right... Okay, well then I better get going.” Ginny seemed a little thrown off by the situation, but Hermione couldn’t worry about that. Her insides were twisted, and her heart was racing so fast, she thought she could have fainted any second.

Malfoy turned his back towards her, and Ginny left the office. Hermione used the opportunity to follow him and closed the door behind her. The encounter was not ideal, but it gave her the opportunity to talk to him without addressing the hippogriff in the room right away.

“You changed the meeting time last minute? Did you try to keep me away on purpose? You know that I usually am not at my desk before nine. This is highly unprofessional.” Yes, this kept her thoughts on track. No more memories of his tongue licking her raw or his fingers thrusting into her. She clenched her thighs at the new arousal spreading through her body.
Damnit.

He didn't say a word, just walked to his desk slowly and sat down in his chair. Without a care in the world, he flicked his wand at the papers in front of him, sorting them into a folder. "Don't flatter yourself. Office hours are from 07:30 to 16:30, Granger. I don't keep track of your self-made working hours."

She huffed in frustration; her fingers formed fists at her sides. She always used the lift to her department at 8AM. She was always on time. She worked long hours, and this was the only advantage she allowed herself to have as the department head. He met her often enough in that stupid, tight lift last week. The blood that had urgently rushed into her lower abdomen shot back up to cover her neck and face. She flushed. "I know what the office hours are, what--"

He interrupted her roughly, without looking at her once. "Granger, I really don't have time for this right now. I didn't mean to exclude you, Weasley can bring you up to speed. Please do us both a favor and leave my office."

"Malfoy!" She winced and stepped closer towards his desk. He tensed visibly but raised his eyes towards her figure without any emotion in them. "Can we *please* talk?"

He must have felt sorry for her desperate attempt to get his attention, as he shifted in his office chair and took her shaking body in. Briefly and cold, but at least he reacted to her pleading tone.

"I- I don't know what you heard in my apartment, but I'd like to explain it because it seems like you misread the situation."

A cold laugh escaped his chest and his eyes darkened. "Do tell, Granger. I'm curious to hear the explanation for you having a mental breakdown in your bathroom right after you woke up from a night screaming my fucking name through the streets of London."

She pushed away the images and feelings his words forced upon her. "I thought you left while I was asleep. I didn't know you were in the kitchen."

His shoulders relaxed visibly, but his jaw clenched at her words. He still didn't want to look her in the eyes. She felt her heartbeat go wild at the view he gave her anyways. A couple of

days ago she would have laughed at herself for reacting to his presence the way she did this moment. But that was before he helped her with her sexual awakening and before she knew how passionate he could be. She didn't know anything about the man she thought she had figured out. She wanted more of him.

"Listen, I thought you left me, and I was hurt. I thought you were ashamed that you touched me the way you did. I felt used and betrayed. That's the only reason I cried."

"You wept like a centaur," he hissed with raised brows. Hermione flinched at his harsh words as she remembered the painful sobs on her knees in the shower.

"I did," she whispered ashamed and looked away from him. What was she thinking? Did she really believe he would have cared? He probably left because he felt uncomfortable with her emotional breakdown. Not because he thought she regretted the events. She had been blinded by her lust for this arrogant git. She slowly turned around.

"I will ask Ginny for a briefing then. Thank you, Malfoy." Her legs felt weaker than before when she tried to leave his office like a beaten dog. She was surprised she didn't wince with a tugged tail between her legs.

Before she could reach the door with shaky hands, embarrassed to the bone, he groaned in agony. "Why did you think I would have left without saying a word after *that* night? Do you really think I would have begged to take care of you, walked you home like a muggle and then disappeared without saying a word? After everything?"

She came to a dead stop and tried to take a deep breath when she heard how the chair scratched over his beautiful wooden floor. He got up from his desk and walked slowly around it. She didn't dare to turn around to look at him, afraid of getting blinded by his handsomeness again. But every of his calculated steps echoed in her confused head.

She had noticed the black turtleneck underneath the black suit. He looked like a model with his white hair pushed to the back. She didn't trust herself to keep a clear head if she would lay her eyes on him now.

“You sound so surprised and offended. You spent most of your life mocking me.” This time she winced audibly when she heard him come closer. She panicked. “And you didn’t reply to my owl. If you regret what happened on Friday, I can live with that. If you think of it as a mistake. But please don’t exclude me from meetings or ... or...” She faltered when he was so close to her that she felt his warmth radiating against her backside. Sweet Merlin, what had she gotten herself into this time?

“Your emotional outburst left quite the impression. I saw something in you that you’re not... that is on me, not on you.” Oh well, she surely wished he would have figured that out before he had given her a taste of the addictive feeling of orgasms rippling through her needy body.

“W-What did you see in me?”

“I don’t think it was a mistake – not at all. I enjoyed our time together. And I would have shagged you if you wouldn’t have freaked out like you were attacked by a rapist. I would have taken care of you.”

“You haven’t answered my question,” she whispered, and a shaky breath left her lungs when she felt his fingers on her exposed arm touching her faintly. Her clit was throbbing at the thought of him pushing inside her, but she would never be able to admit that to him.

“I’m aware. It doesn’t really matter what I saw in you. You not being able to trust me doesn’t make me feel like I want to discuss this with you. I was ignorant for thinking I could change your mind towards me. I should have known you’d jump to conclusions and look for a reason to not let yourself go.” His long fingers trailed down her skin and she felt how goosebumps erupted all over her body. As if she was drawn right back to Friday night, her entire being was longing with lust for this man. His caress showed the opposite of what he was saying. “And if you don’t trust me, I can’t enjoy my time with you. It’s simple like that. I told you I like it rough Granger, and I meant it. If you’re not able to submit and let me take care of you, I’m not capable of helping you. I appreciate your efforts to explain your feelings to me. I really do. But I can’t really help who I am or what I’m into. So, it doesn’t matter what I saw in you or not.” His fingers suddenly let go of her, and an ice-cold shower washed over her senses.

Her chest stung like he pushed a knife right through her upper body into her heart. “Malfoy, please don’t be like that. I’m just really confused. You did things to me... I don’t know...” She made the mistake to turn around and almost bumped into him. That’s how close they were. He was so tall she had to stretch her neck to look into his eyes. What was she supposed

to do or say? She absolutely wanted to experience this all over again, even though it didn't make much sense to her. But her body screamed for him and his touch.

He didn't reply, he just stared down at her with clenched jaws and a stern expression.

"I want to trust you; I want you to teach me how to let go. Just... give me a chance... and maybe we can talk about things."

"You want to talk?" He repeats with arched brows, a little less harsh than she expected. The flush caressing her did not stay hidden from his eyes. He looked her up and down as good as he could from his position.

"I do," she whispered, and then she said something without thinking. "Please. I want to know what you're into and what you saw in me." It took her a lot of courage to have this conversation with him, and he knew. He had to know because he did look somewhat surprised at her words.

"Why do you think this is something you want to know?" He asked baffled, and it bothered Hermione. What a stupid question – how much more did he think she had to give before he would finally return the favor?

She sighed. "I've never experienced anything like the night with you. I can't really put it into words, but I can't stop thinking about it."

His knee brushed the hem of her skirt and her leg underneath. "Did you touch yourself this weekend?" His eyes were so dark that she couldn't really make out the grey in them anymore. He looked as if he was on the hunt, lowering his gaze to study her bodily reactions, which caused her to shiver. She would be mortified if he could feel how wet she was, or how hard her nipples pressed against the fabric of her bra. All her senses craved for him and ached terribly.

"N-No. I did not."

She thought he'd be disappointed to hear it, but it seemed to have the opposite effect on him. He leaned down until his lips were close to the side of her face. When he spoke quietly, his breath hit her with an orgasmic intensity. Her eyes fluttered shut.

“Tell you what, Granger. If you really want to go there... I have a little test for you. Just to make sure you know what you're getting yourself into. If you want to hear about *my* fantasies, I want to hear about yours too. When you get home tonight, I want you to get yourself off. We both know you can do it now. When you're done, I want you to write me and tell me what exactly got you off. If you're able to do that – we can talk.”

His fingers touched her hips faintly and she shuddered under the touch. He seemed satisfied with her reaction and stepped back. “If you'd excuse me now, I have another meeting to attend. Always a pleasure talking to you, Granger.”

Wow, I'm really surprised at all the messages that reached me here but also on social media and other platforms. You guys are the sweetest. This is a side project for me – so if you need something else to read in the meantime, I'm adding a link to my main story. It's a Draco x OC but contains a lot of smut as well. If you're into that, feel free to check it out

<https://www.wattpad.com/1110631199-silver-and-gold-1-blood-and-fire-whiskey>

**The story is currently not on AO3. Might be uploaded at one point when I find some free time that I won't use to write these filthy things. Who's excited for the next chapter
? It's gonna be goooooood**

Chapter 5 - A Letter (HG to DM) (Bonus Chapter)

Chapter Notes

Just because you guys had to wait for so long on CH4 - here a little Bonus Chapter ... :)

Hermione was mortified. She had no idea what Malfoy did to her, and why she was so desperate for his sudden affection. She had been starved of touch and he had given her something she craved for what felt like an eternity.

With a dizzy head she looked at the parchment in her hands. She had written the letter an hour ago, read it over and over again. She had debated to just send him her drenched knickers as a proof of her arousal, but she knew that's not what he was looking for. He wanted her to trust him, to let go. It was so difficult for her when he wasn't there to coax things out of her with his filthy mouth.

As soon as she stepped into her flat that Monday night she disappeared into her dark bedroom with her hands between her legs. Thinking about what it would feel like to truly submit to Malfoy.

The words he said to her in his office haunted her since hours. He wanted her to submit to him, to take care of her. And she wasn't sure if they shared the same idea of submission. She wanted to test the waters...

'Malfoy,

I can't stop thinking about what you said to me on Friday. How you like it rough. How your hands closed around my throat. I can't stop thinking about what it would feel like to have you inside me. '

She frowned at her own written words. Merlin, she'd never send this to him... would she?

'What really made me come was the thought of you buried deep inside me, stretching me and holding my hips tightly in your hands. Your long fingers bruising my skin as you take me just the way you need to from behind. I imagined the noises you would make as soon as you'd lose control.'

She took a deep breath, as she knew by now that the next part was the most embarrassing thing she'd ever put on paper.

'I imagined how you'd use me for your own pleasure, so turned on that you couldn't hold back. How you would be too turned on to tease me any longer, how you'd push into me without letting me adjust. How the pain would turn into pleasure and the pleasure into pain. Urgent and desperate as you come inside me, filling me up with rough thrusts and your hands around my neck to make sure I only breathe the air you want me to. I know the way you sound when you come, but in my fantasy your moans when you fall apart in bliss push me over the edge. So, I came for you because you allowed me to. It was your hand rubbing my clit, not mine.'

She winced at the memory; all of her words were true. It was vague, but she hoped it would be enough for him to tell her what he was thinking about her. She had a feeling that he didn't trust her either; that he wanted this piece of paper as an insurance that she wouldn't use his own fantasies against him.

She maybe could have left out the last part. *'Please tell me what you want to do me. HG'*

She rubbed her thighs together for more friction. She left out the location of her fantasy, how she imagined the scene to be happening on his office floor. *Today*. Because the thought of her having the effect on Malfoy to lose his mind at the opportunity of fucking her made her squirm. Yes, she came. But the ache between her legs wouldn't fade. She never had felt that horny in entire life.

Maybe she was too desperate for him, and too afraid for him to not let her pass his *test* because he didn't think she was putting enough effort into it. She leaned back, lifted her hips, and took off her knickers. She rolled the proof of her arousal into the parchment before sealing it magically. Hermione Granger would not let herself fail. She never failed.

Chapter 6 - You want to own me?

Chapter Notes

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

Chapter 6 – You want to own me?

Malfoy had not responded to her letter. He didn't owl her back, and Hermione felt mortified when she waited for the lift in the ministry the next morning. Pansy Parkinson was standing next to her and telling her about Theo's first day at his new job. At least that's what she thought – she wasn't really paying attention to her friend since she had spotted the familiar white-blond head entering the lobby.

He didn't say a word, but still decided to squeeze into the same lift with them. Only then he greeted both witches with a polite nod.

She didn't look at him and just stared into nothingness whilst Pansy asked him about his progress on the Quidditch World cup. He didn't seem fond to a conversation and only said the bare minimum for her to lose interest. Then she turned towards Hermione and went on and on about Theo. She truly tried to focus on what the brunette witch had to say, but Malfoy was too close. His wide shoulders were right in front of her - she forgot to breathe for a moment.

His hair looked a little wild today – but she was sure he intended for it to look that way. Everything he did seemed to be calculated. Parchment, peppermint, and a nuance of musk tingled her nose, and she closed her eyes briefly as she inhaled the sweet torture.

One of his hands was buried deep into the pocket of his suit. Black, like always. No turtleneck today, instead he wore a white dress shirt. He looked very formal.

Pansy left the small lift first, as always. She was grateful for the brief waft of air rushing through the small space, before the doors closed again. She felt her throat closing, her stomach fluttered in wild anticipation for him to say something. He didn't.

The lift kept moving upwards but she felt how her heart sank at his mask of indifference.

She was sure he had either not read her letter, or he had purely decided it wasn't good enough. Her brain was working so hard, she didn't even recognize that her fingernails cut into her sweaty palms. She was a wreck, and the day hadn't even started yet.

The doors opened at his floor, and he stepped outside without turning around to see her craving his affection. She had masturbated, sent her drenched knickers to him, and had told him about her deepest thoughts. And he didn't even acknowledge it?!

She cursed herself five whole minutes, because that's how long it took for her to get to her own desk.

"You seem stressed," Ginny said with a coy smile when she threw her briefcase onto her chair and supported her weight on the backside of it. She needed to stand and breathe for a minute.

"I'm fine – just a little tired." It wasn't a lie since she had barely slept last night with the anxiety of seeing Malfoy again. She behaved like a needy teenage girl, and she hated herself for it. Maybe this had been his plan all along – to give her a taste of his body without fully giving her what she most craved. Just to see her become a puddle on the floor.

"Oh well, I don't think your day is going to get much better. This came in two minutes ago – I swear to you I asked him to give you twenty-four hours preparation time. But he insisted." Ginny got up and held out a memo to her friend. "It's from Malfoy himself – he seems to enjoy your little meetings."

Hermione's heart began to race, and blood rushed into her head. "*What?!*" She grabbed the note and stared at his handwriting. '*Granger, your calendar shows a free time slot from 16:30 to 17:30. I'd like to go over the guest list one more time. D. Malfoy*'

She barely managed to walk around the chair to let herself sink onto it, jumping up quickly when she noticed she sat down onto her own briefcase. Ginny giggled and Hermione's head shot up to glare at her.

“Since when does our department decide on the guest list, I thought that’s his responsibility?” Her eyes were turned wide in amusement. “Is he trying to hit on you?”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Hermione mumbled and drew her wand to add the appointment to her calendar. There was no guest list he wanted to discuss, shivers ran down her spine and she tried to ignore the worry creeping through her bones. She wasn’t comfortable dealing with any of this at work. Then again, she was the one who marched into his office just yesterday pleading for him to give her another chance to make her feel good again. She gulped.

“I’m not. I actually think he has a little crush on you. All these meetings and the way he looked at you on Friday when we all went out...”

Hermione ended the conversation as she took her folders for her first meeting of the day. She would drown herself in work to not even think about the meeting with Malfoy.

One thing bigger than Hermione’s embarrassment about what she craved, was the craving itself. She realized it the moment she stepped foot into his office, very timely at 16:30. He was sitting in his office chair, his eyes focused on every of her steps as she walked across the room. The way he devoured her with his eyes was making her core ache for him.

She sat down in front of him, thighs clenched together and sweaty hands on her lap. Her fingertips were fiddling with the hem of her skirt and she avoided his silver stare. At least until he finally talked. “I was at dinner last night with the minister and several of our partner correspondents for the world cup. Imagine my surprise when an owl was waiting outside of my window when I returned home.”

Her eyes shot up, although she didn’t want to. But the satisfied smirk that tugged on the corner of his mouth was worth it.

“Why would you be surprised?” She asked quietly and tried to hide the nervousness in her strained voice. He looked her up and down for a moment, his eyes almost undressing her. “You asked me to do this.”

“I have to admit I didn’t expect you to go through with it. I underestimated your desire to be the best in everything you do. You were even going for some extra credits with these,” he casually pulled the knickers she sent him out of his pocket and her eyes widened in horror. She wanted to yell at him, but her voice was gone. As if he stunned her with a curse.

He continued in the same casual tone. “Let me say I was pleasantly surprised. Quite an explicit fantasy you have there.”

“You didn’t reply... again,” she said quietly and as controlled as possible. She was still irritated why he called her to his office. He had promised her his fantasies in return.

Malfoy seemed unimpressed by her calling him out, playing with the knickers in his hand as if it was a pen. He seemed to enjoy her insecure behavior more than necessary.

“What made you think I would want to write you back?” His brows arched, but his smirk never left his lips. “I told you that if you pass the test we could *talk*. Which is what we’re doing right now, isn’t it?”

Hermione couldn’t help the sheer irritation as it flared up in her chest. She couldn’t take much more of his mocking.

“Are you enjoying this?! How I’m making a fool out of myself? You tricked me to humiliate me,” she spat and crossed her arms in front of her chest. With that movement she pushed her breasts up and his eyes laid on her chest within a second. She uncrossed her arms immediately and laid her palms back flat onto her lap. Sweet Merlin, if he could eat her up with his eyes, he would have done it.

His eyes met hers, a shade of silver and grey now. “You’ll have to learn to be a little more patient, Granger. You think that attitude is going to get you my cock?” His voice was dark, and the smirk on his lips left.

She should have been insulted – she should have left right there and then. She couldn't because his words made her hold her breath and rub her thighs in urgent need for friction. He noticed.

“Do you want to hear what I have to say or not?” He seethed with raised brows, seemingly offended.

“Yes,” she whispered and lowered her eyes, her heartbeat throbbed loudly in her head.

“Good, then have some manners and apologize properly. I don't tolerate your urge to control every situation when we're together. As much as it is an endearing personality trait, it doesn't belong into our scenes.”

“Scenes?” She asked very confused, but he lifted his brows again and warned her. She flinched at his expression and added, “I'm sorry for interrupting you.”

His entire body relaxed against his chair and his face softened. *Sweet Merlin, talk about control issues*, - Hermione thought and bit her lip to not comment on it. As disturbing as it was, it was exciting at the same time.

“I want you spread out in front of me, presented like a feast. Face pressed into the mattress and your hands behind your back in a knot. I want you on display – naked. For me to look at and to take you whenever I feel like it. I want to spank your ass raw until your cunt throbs and aches for my cock. I'm fantasizing about owning a person in the bedroom, Hermione.”

She saw how tight he held her knickers in his fingers. His knuckles turned white and his eyes were watching her reaction. *She was wet*. He had just called her Hermione for the first time, and it sounded like music to her ears. The way he expressed his fantasy to her as if he was talking about the weather made her shiver. Her most intimate body parts longed for his fantasies to become true.

“You... You want to *own* me?” She was not sure if she understood how he imagined this to be possible. She was still her own person and...

“I want you to trust me to make decisions for you in the bedroom, yes. I need you to trust me to decide what you need and how much you can take. Is that something that you would be interested in?”

If she wouldn't have had experienced his filthy mouth, hands, and tongue on Friday she would have laughed at him. But now, this all sounded like a forbidden fantasy come to life. He had been right earlier – she liked to be in control. The thought of giving away that pressure when he was buried deep inside her, was everything she wanted without knowing it.

Her voice was a shaky breath, “Yes, I am interested.”

“I never thought you and I would ever get this far. I still don't think you fully understand, and I'd like to explain it to you to avoid miscommunication.” He said slowly and let the knickers in his hands disappear back into his pockets. This seemed to be on his terms, he needed to be in power over her right this moment. And she wanted him too badly, she didn't dare to beat him in his own game.

“You asked me what I saw in you. To put it in simple terms, I like to have control in the bedroom. Consensual control. Which is why I did not sleep with you on Friday. I don't know what you are into besides dirty talk and now after your letter I would say you share one or the other interest of mine. When you agreed to let go and let me make you feel good, I had the impression you sought to be a very submissive person behind closed doors. I usually don't take inexperienced submissive partners, but you seem to be frustrated in that section and I feel compelled to help you discover your desires as long as we have rules and clear boundaries.”

Hermione nodded slowly as she tried to digest his words. All of this sounded foreign to her, but then it did spark this unknown need for more. She liked this side of Malfoy, the confidence he used before to take care of her sexual needs. For some odd reason, she wanted to know how dark he was. How dark she was besides all her inexperience.

“I will send you my full list of fantasies tonight. Take your time reviewing them and let me know if you're still interested in pursuing this conversation. If you are, we can meet outside of work to discuss everything else. Does that sound alright with you?”

Hermione was a trembling mess by the time a beautiful black owl knocked at her kitchen window where she was pouring herself a cup of tea. She had never seen such a beautiful bird before. She let it in and shared some of her crackers on the counter with the majestic animal before it flew away gracefully.

She had the piece of parchment spread out on her living room floor, trailing her fingertips over the ink. This was his soul. His very dirty, dirty, filthy soul – but it entailed his deepest sexual fantasies.

She had heard about something like this before – a kink list – when she tried to understand why she was so aroused by the thought of being choked. So, she wasn't even shocked at the things she found on the list.

It was divided into different categories like *Bondage and Suspension*, *Sexual Activity*, *Sensation Play*, *Breath Play*, *Humiliation*, *Fetishes*, *Roleplaying*... and many more... all the sections had detailed descriptions of different acts as they fit into said categories.

What she was surprised to find though was that almost everything on that list he had marked as “A lot of Experience” or “Some Experience” – only a handful answers showed “No Experience/No Interest”. She didn't even know what half of the items described.

There was a second column that he had filled out with his “Limits and Interests” from *Love it*, *Like it*, *Willing to Try*, *May try for partner*, *Neutral/Uninterested* to *Hard Limit (not willing at all)*.

The only items he marked as a Hard Limit were

Full Head Hoods

Prison Scenes

– reading those made her heart ache because she understood why these things were off the table for him and for her.

His “Love it” list on the other side was quite long.

Blindfolds

Ropes

Gags

Spanking

Cunnilingus

Anal Sex

Hand Jobs

Vibrator on Genitals

Public Sex

Orgasm Control

Breeding Kink

Wax Play

Scratching

Role play

Objectification

Edging

Breath Play

BDSM

Dominant

Hermione got up abruptly, ignoring the numb feeling in her legs from when they had fallen asleep earlier. She went straight into the kitchen, grabbed a bottle of muggle liquor from the

shelve, opened it, and took a large sip. She needed to do this before the ache in her core would make her burst into flames.

Chapter End Notes

This is going to be so much fun :)

Chapter 7 - Don't be gentle

-

Two days. Two days in which Draco Malfoy had not approached Hermione. She had waited for him to say something, figured he would reach out to her to continue the conversation they had on Tuesday morning. *Nothing*.

Hermione grew more impatient every time she spotted him in the hallways or heard his name fall in random conversations with co-workers and friends. She knew better now than to just write him letters – he never answered them anyways and it seemed to her that he liked to approach everything regarding her on his own terms. Giving up control was part of what he was trying to teach her, so she tried to be patient. She tried.

Her sanity was hanging on a thin thread, and it snapped Thursday afternoon when she entered the lift to get to her last meeting of the day. Malfoy was leaning against the mirror on the back wall – eyes closed, index finger and thumb massaging the bridge of his nose. He seemed thoroughly bothered by something.

She wasn't sure why it overcame her then, it seemed to be the most inappropriate moment for it.

“Having a bad day?” Hermione said and the moment the words left her lips his eyes shot open and his thumb and index finger lowered to his chin, where they rested as he took her outfit in.

She would lie if she wouldn't have tried to look appropriately sexy at work the last couple of days. He showed a shift in his posture and his eyes darkened slightly at taking in her cream-colored dress that was a little bit shorter than her usual work attire. The fabric ended a hand wide above her knee. It was tight, and she got many compliments today.

He seemingly just noticed her now, and she tried to swallow down the disappointment. The truth was that she had seen him today already. It was early in the morning when she was talking to Ginny and Pansy – he had just entered the lobby with the minister himself.

She really liked the dark grey vest he was wearing today with a grey dress shirt and a dark tie.

Every single time they had run into each other since he had sent her his list, all she could think about were the things he was into. And how absurd it felt to her that she never thought about many of these things, but now that she knew about them... all she wanted was for him to have his way with her. Take her into this abstract world with him.

“Granger,” he said with a hoarse voice, one of his hands disappearing in his pockets and some of his blonde strands were falling onto his forehead. “I had better days before.”

She nodded and wanted to turn away from him. The small space was shrinking by the minute and as soon as the door closed behind her she was stuck with his intoxicating scent. Heaven and hell.

“Trouble with the world cup?” She shouldn’t care, shouldn’t try to distract from what was in between them. He raised a brow at her, but then a smile tugged at the corner of his mouth. That filthy mouth of his that could do all these wicked things. Her thighs shivered at the memory of talking her through her first orgasm in four months.

“I will figure it out,” he replied and watched her without trying to hide his eyes lingering on her chest a little longer than necessary. To Hermione’s surprise he returned to meeting her gaze with hungry eyes without wanting to look away from them. She wouldn’t have complained if he had taken his time to enjoy her curves.

“I have reviewed your list,” she said quietly and almost choked on her own boldness. She had no idea she was going to say it out loud – but it was all she wanted to tell him. She was desperate for him to take her.

There was not much change in his features when she had said it, besides the way his jaw suddenly clenched. She couldn’t sort out what it meant. Again, it was probably the most horrible timing for her to bring it up if he already had a bad day.

She finally managed to escape his gaze and turned her back towards him, exhaling a shaky breath. What was she thinking?!

She heard him shift behind her, and she tensed. “You don’t owe me anything, Hermione. I knew I was putting myself out there when I engaged in our conversation. However, I’d appreciate if you would destroy the list or send it back. I understand that this might be a tad too much for you... I should have known...” he rambled on and Hermione’s eyes widened at the realization that Draco Malfoy was insecure about what he had done. Had he expected for her to reach out to him right away? She thought....

She whirled around again. “What? No... Malfoy... I... I want to do these things with you. I wanted to let you know. I wasn’t sure if you wanted me to approach you or ... I’m sorry, this is really not the right place to talk about this.”

As soon as she had said it and studied his dumbfounded expression which quickly turned into his charming mask of indifference again, the lift doors opened. Two wizards entered, and Hermione stepped to the side, out of his view to let them in. The conversation was over.

She was flabbergasted to see how he could still think his interest could be too much. After all she was wet since Friday night. Of course, he couldn’t know that for sure, but she thought her actions and looks had given her more than away.

On the next level Hermione sneaked out of the lift and hurried towards the Department of Administration for her meeting with the minister himself.

She just wanted to turn around a corner when someone carefully held her back. A soft and warm hand around her wrist, and she whirled around in surprise. Malfoy was standing right in front of her, his shoulders wide enough to make it impossible to look behind him. He was still holding her with a casual grip as she looked up at him. *God, has he always been this tall?* His scent hit her again, just like it did in the lift a couple of minutes ago. Heaven and hell.

“You really want to do this?” He asked calmly, but with a dark voice that whirled right through her bones.

She nodded, feeling unable to talk. He took a deep breath then and mirrored her nod slowly, his thumb caressing her wrist before he let go of her. She felt numb when his touch left her; her arm falling to her side as if he sucked the life out of her with his caress.

“Mrs. Granger, there you are – the minister is waiting for you,” Mafalda Hopkins appeared next to Malfoy, eying both with a curious look on her face. Nothing seemed to be a well-kept secret at work – Hermione realized, and it seemed like Malfoy registered the same.

“I’ll talk to you later,” she mouthed and turned around to get to her meeting. Leaving Malfoy behind felt oddly wrong as she kept feeling his eyes on her until she was out of sight. That’s when she was able to breathe again. She had to pull it back together quickly as she entered the meeting room and the doors closed behind her.

It was not until that evening when she stepped out of the floo into her small living room that she heard a knock on her kitchen window. It was the beautiful bird again, Malfoy’s special breed, delivering another parchment roll.

Hermione,

- Hermione held her breath and shivers ran down her spine as she imagined her name falling from his lips again –

Dinner at my place tomorrow at 7 - E Bay 100, Mallaig Scotland, PH41 4QP
D. Malfoy

She read the words over and over again, a tingle in her fingertips spread through her body and consumed every fiber of her being. She caught herself inhaling the scent of the parchment, thinking to find a hint of his musk on it – her thighs clenched.

She needed a couple of deep breaths before she cuddled herself into a warm blanket on her small sofa in the living room – a tight grip on his note before she leaned over to take his list.

She summoned a quill and starred at the things written down. Draco Malfoy seemed to know exactly what he liked – she didn't.

So she began to study through the night – read about the things he was into and every time she felt her breath hitch and her inner walls contract around nothing, she circled them. She would hand the list back to him, every of his likings engraved into her mind.

It felt weird to her, that she trusted him so much with her body – days ago she avoided him and tried to push him away. But Friday night had been everything to her, and she would be delusional if she wouldn't admit to herself that this attraction was something she had never experienced before. She was hooked.

A lot of the words made her thighs clench and she felt how intrigued she was to try a lot of them. With him. She really wanted this, and she tried to push away her curiosity of why he lived in Scotland instead of England. What would his house look like?! Or did he live in a flat? It was Malfoy after all, and she was sure rumors were true that he was swimming in money still.

She could put it off as normal curiosity of course, but she couldn't deny the attraction she still felt for him after all these years. A forbidden attraction: Draco Malfoy was a dangerous man. He would break her heart, again. Just sex. That's what this was all about.

Friday, 6:55pm

His living room was breathtaking. The fireplace was not in the corner of the room as it was common in wizarding homes. Instead it was on display in the middle of the large and open space. Charmed glass kept the flames in place, but she stepped out of it, feeling barrier dissolving on its own.

"You're early," Malfoy's voice was deep as always, a hint of amusement swung with his words and Hermione turned around to spot him in front of a wide glass front. Even though it was dark outside; the moon reflected in the waves of the ocean.

“Malfoy, your house – this view...” she walked a couple of steps, taking in the large room and the expensive looking furniture. It was a mixture of antiques and modern pieces, it worked out so well that she couldn’t stop starrng.

“It’s the closest to home as it can get right now,” he said and she looked up at him, her fingers fiddling with her purse before she dropped it next to the fireplace on the dark wood floor.

“It’s beautiful,” she hummed and smiled up at him. She finally dared to truly look at him, blending out the gorgeous view behind him as good as she could. He wore black slacks and a black turtleneck. She loved the way his hair stuck back without too much hair product as he used to wear it in his early school years. He looked dashing as always.

She was glad she didn’t see him in the office today – he would have noticed that she changed into a different dress. Black and simple, but tight in the right places.

Hermione was surprised when he led her into the dining room and handed her a glass of red wine. The room was just as large as the other one, although no modern furniture was to be found in here. It was all antiques and quite more of what she had expected from him. It almost felt like they were back in Malfoy Manor. The table sets were far apart from each other, and she tensed slightly. He noticed.

He drew his wand and carefully summoned one of the plates next to another chair at the head of the table. This way they weren’t miles apart from each other in awkwardness.

“Do you like Italian food? I should have asked...” His hand touched the swell of her back and she wanted to melt into a puddle at his soft touch.

“I love it. I wasn’t expecting for you to... for us to eat like *this*.”

He arched his brows at her words, offering her to sit down before he took the seat right next to her. The pots lifted their covers and the food smelled fantastic. Hermione spotted pasta

with fresh tomatoes and some sort of vodka sauce. “Did you expect me to attack you the moment you stepped out of the floo?”

She blushed and bit her bottom lip; that’s exactly what she had thought would happen. And she wouldn’t have minded the slightest because all of this, all of him – it was too dangerous for her. She didn’t want to fall for him – she was afraid his being would consume her through and through. “No, of course not. This is very nice. Did you order the food or do you have house elves working day and night for you to keep this place clean?”

He chuckled when he began to fill their plates. “I wouldn’t dare to have my house elves cook any food for you Granger. But then again, I could tell you whatever you’d like to hear and with some luck you’ll believe me when I tell you I cooked this myself. I love to cook.”

“You- You do?” She asked in surprise and stared at him. He smiled, looked down at his plate, then up again. He decided to not answer her question.

“How was your week?” He asked as if they were having a casual dinner conversation. Was this a casual dinner? *A dinner between two people that eventually would get intimate.* “I haven’t seen you much around this week.”

His head tilted to the side and his eyes assessed her with every second she didn’t reply.

She cleared her throat, “Oh... yes... it was good. I closed two cases we have been working on for quite some time now. It was very satisfying.”

He nodded, his eyes returning to his plate. Hermione’s fingers held onto the silverware in her own, trying to ease her mind.

“I’ve heard your team has been scaling very high on productivity since you took over as the department head.”

“We implemented some great protocols,” she smiled coyly when he lifted his head and looked at her with his grey eyes. They flickered in amusement, but it wasn’t condescending.

“So, it has nothing to do with you taking over the complicated cases and working late nights?”

She stuck her fork into the pasta and ate it slowly – she hoped he would just move on from his rhetorical question, but he waited patiently and picked up his wine glass. She avoided his gaze knowing his eyes never left her. It was like he was studying her every move and reaction. She couldn’t remember having a conversation with another male who was so interested in what she had to say about work. Even her own friends didn’t really care too much about what she did. It never bothered her, *until now*.

“I do work a lot, yes. But I’d like to think my team is becoming better every day as well.”

“Of course – and it wouldn’t be like yourself if you would just let the others do all the work.” He cooed, and she shook her head smiling.

The conversation went on, and it turned out that he had a lot of questions for her. If she wouldn’t be very aware that she was visiting him for sex, she would have thought they had an actual date. It was frustrating to her, trying to push him back into a box of pure adventure when he was so comfortable with her around. It made her loosen up too, or maybe it was the wine.

But by the end of their dinner, she couldn’t stand it anymore. “What exactly are we doing here Malfoy?”

It was almost like he was waiting for her to ask, at least he didn’t seem surprised at all. He just had finished his food, took an agonizingly slow sip from his glass, and put it down in the same speed. Then he turned towards her with his entire body, his legs brushing the side of her chair and she felt the hint of anticipation crash down on her tenfold.

“I invited you for dinner, what do you think we’re doing?” He asked, and Hermione sensed he was holding back a grin.

She huffed, “It feels more like a date than me coming over for casual sex.”

Then he tensed, the amusement wiped from his features. “You think this is what this is? Casual sex? You think you just come over here and I fuck you rough, spank your ass and send you on your way?”

His words sounded a little harsh, and Hermione shifted in her seat. His intense stare became unbearable with every passing second. “I didn’t mean it like that,” she lied, pictures of him spanking her flooding her senses.

“I didn’t know a dinner between co-workers would make you feel so uncomfortable, Granger.”

She wanted to tell him that she wasn’t uncomfortable, but something else escaped her lips instead “I like it more when you call me by my first name.”

His eyes flickered and he leaned forward a little, so she couldn’t escape his gaze any longer. She didn’t want to anyways, she felt brave now – excited for what he could make her feel. *Yeah, the wine definitely had helped with that.*

“Only good girls get they want, *Granger*.” He looked so smug in that moment; Hermione ended up swallowing air. There was a shift around them, and she wanted to keep diving. As deep as he would let her.

“You like being a good girl, don’t you?” He asked, and it was clear then that their dinner was forgotten. She needed his attention so badly.

She nodded, but he shook his head. “I want to hear you say it. I want you to answer my questions very clearly to avoid any further misunderstandings. They seem to happen too often between the two of us for my liking.”

“Yes, Malfoy, I want to be a good girl for you.” *Jesus – where did that come from?!*

“I know you do. Go on, tell me one thing from my list that you can’t stop thinking about. I can smell your arousal from here.”

She felt her blood rush with intensity, her cheeks felt warm, but she couldn’t escape the growing darkness in his eyes. She had the list in her purse, she wanted to give it to him so he could see it for himself. “Don’t overthink it, just tell me. I want you to be honest with me.”

“I... I’ve never been spanked before,” it was barely a whisper, and he tensed slightly at her honesty, but the smugness never left his features. She could have started with something else, but when he had mentioned spanking earlier she had felt the thrill in her bones.

“I wanted to start out easy with you tonight, but you want to dive right in, don’t you?” He almost hummed the words, and she saw in the corner of her eyes that he began to reach for her with his hands. Before she realized it, he had gripped the chair underneath her and pulled it towards himself. She ended up sitting face to face with him, closer than she thought. Her breaths only came out shallow and short, her cunt began to pound with the increased blood flow in her southern regions and she felt the wetness drip out of her.

“I don’t want you to be gentle with me, let me be good for you,” she whimpered when she felt how heavy her tongue suddenly felt. She was drowning in the moment, giving up her fears.

“Needy Granger, do you remember how I like it?” his words were not more than a breath either, and she truly hoped he was just as horny for her as she was for him. Surely she wouldn’t be sitting here if it wasn’t the case, right?

“Rough,” she whispered. “You like it rough and hard.” Her thighs clenched without her being able to hold it back. His eyes darted to where the movement in her lower body happened, and she noticed how his tongue wetted his lips quickly. He was as hungry for her as she was for him.

“Shit,” he said, “I need you to think about a safe word.”

She had read about that, a thought that made her feel so much more comfortable with him. She didn't expect it to be any different after seeing his well-prepared list – he did seem to take her safety serious, which made her only needier for him.

“I- I already have one, I’ve read a lot about the things from your list,” she admitted, and Malfoy didn’t seem to be surprised at all. Even he knew that she didn’t like to come unprepared.

“Tell me,” he almost grunted his demand, impatience growing with any second. Hermione felt it too.

“*Potter*,” was all she said, and Malfoy frowned. “What? You don’t like it?”

“Sweet Granger, I hate it. But I’m sure if it ever leaves your lips, our play ends right then and there. No way I can keep going after hearing that.”

“Good,” she smiled as she had intended for it to have such effect on him. It was the first thing that came to her mind besides...

“Voldemort,” Malfoy said underneath his breath and got up abruptly. Hermione looked at him dumbfounded.

“Excuse me?” She tried not to stare at his crotch right in front of her.

“That’s *my* safe word. Who knows what crazy things you want me to do to you once you got your taste!?”

He held his hand out to her, and she took it without thinking twice. When their skin touched, her fingers dug into the back of his hand. “Use the word, and everything will stop. No discussions.”

She nodded, but she knew she probably wouldn't need to use it. Besides what she had thought Malfoy to be over the last years – the way he talked to her and made sure she understood everything, how she was forced to give her consent along the way, made her feel more than safe with him.

“Get on your knees,” he said simply – pressing his lips against her forehead once. She shivered, and without protesting she dropped to the cold floor and looked up at him. He groaned, his hand reaching for her hair where he took a fist in an almost gentle touch.

She wanted to grab his thigh, but he stepped out of her way without letting go of her hair. “Put your dirty hands onto your knees and leave them there. If I need them, I will let you know.”

It was degrading, and nothing Hermione knew would make her even needier for him. She complied and swallowed down the protest. She still was eager to be good for him – wanted to give him what he needed from her after he had been so selfless with her the other night.

She dug her fingers into her own thighs, never letting go of his eyes that darkened even further at her obedience. “That’s a good girl. Open your mouth and stick out your tongue for me.”

Slowly she did as she was told, her tongue stuck out and while she was holding his gaze, she tried to rub her thighs together at the sound of his belt buckle being opened. He took his time, clearly enjoying the sight of her.

“Fuck... I always wanted to have you like this... on your knees and waiting for me to suck me off.”

She blinked and tried to swallow her own spit that kept building inside of her mouth while her tongue was waiting for him. She felt so needy and dirty like this – *she loved it*.

He took his cock out, half erect and not completely hard yet. He stroked it once, and it was then that she dared to look at it right in front of her face. It was bigger than she remembered,

and when he propped the tip against her stuck-out tongue, she moaned at the feeling of him. He would never fit into her mouth completely, and he was thinking the same thing.

“Shit, look at your tiny mouth wanting to take it all.” He pumped himself faster now, a grunt escaping him when he pressed his head against her tongue and slowly entered her waiting mouth. The pressure made her open her mouth wider and she tried to relax her jaw when he went deeper. “Look at me when you get the honor to suck me off Granger.”

She wanted him to call her by her first name again. But with his cock getting harder and swelling further inside of her mouth, she didn't dare to speak up. She wanted to be good for him – he had told her that he would call her by her first name when she was a good girl for him. So, this was everything she wanted to be. She met his lust filled gaze again.

The fingers in her hair tightened when his hip slowly bucked into her mouth, and he hit the back of her throat. She gagged involuntarily.

He hissed, retreated so far that she could take a breath before he did it again. He held back; she could see it in the way his lips parted further every time he gave in the urge to shove himself deeper into her mouth. She wasn't even close to take all of him when she tasted his pre-cum on her tongue.

“Fuck... you're being so good for me...” he went in deeper this time, when he felt how her jaw relaxed more. “That's it... just a little more...” He fucked her face with three rough thrusts, and it took everything from her to not choke on him. His tip entered her throat and she gasped for air when he pulled out of her completely. She felt tears running down her face, but all she wanted was to taste him again.

He hummed at her sight, his fingers loosened its grip and he held his now rock-hard cock in front of her. She stuck her tongue out just like he had asked her to do earlier, she truly wanted to be good.

“Spit on it,” he demanded and tugged some of her wild hair behind her ear. She took a deep breath and complied, her saliva hitting his tip with her harsh breath, and he moaned and rubbed his tip against her now closed lips before he forced her mouth open again and he let go off her head completely. “Suck me off, Granger. Be a good girl for me and show me how much you love sucking *my* cock.”

She complied in an instant, her mouth opening and her lips closing around his thick shaft as she took him in as wide as she could. With her hands on her own thighs, she could only do so much, but she bobbed her head eagerly to mirror the rhythm he had used on her earlier, and the way he looked down at her – mesmerized and horny, made her moan at the feeling building inside of her.

“Just like that, fucking good girl – *Hermione*.” He groaned her name and she blinked at him in desperation to show the pleasure he gave her while saying her first name. It sounded like an angel’s choir to her, and in all her gratitude she did something she never thought she wanted to do before.

She took him in so deep that she pushed him behind the end of her throat and swallowed as much as she could before her gag reflex got the best of her. He didn’t expect it either, but he fucking loved it. “Shit, fuck... Jesus Christ...Hermione.”

She fought with herself, when he suddenly gripped her by the hair with both hands and pulled her away from him roughly. She gasped for air, tears running and air filling her lungs again. Spit was running down her chin, and she wished he would just fuck her face again until he spilled down her throat. She was a naughty woman.

“Shit... look at you...” he mumbled, crouched in front of her and kissed her fiercely to take her breath away a different way. “Fucking beautiful like this.”

Hermione’s knees hurt, her heart was beating incredibly fast, and her mouth was sore. But she also felt wetness running down her thighs and she was too desperate for his touch at this point. She couldn’t stand it any longer. His lips made up for all of it – his tongue pushed inside of her to taste himself.

They both moaned and he grasped for her breasts over her dress. She arched her back, knees painfully scraping over the floor for his touch.

“Come,” he said and pulled her at her wrists with him. Her legs felt like pudding, wobbly and numb. He noticed, stopped his movements and picked her up underneath her arse. Her legs

clung around his waist on its own – one of her heels fell to the ground and shortly after she got rid of the second one too.

Malfoy carried her through his house as if she weighted nothing, one of his hands held onto his trousers to not lose them along the way – his stubble caressing her cheeks and her fingers running through his neck and the back of his head. He seemed to enjoy the caress; his chest vibrated like he was purring.

What he didn't know yet was that Hermione had felt especially thrilled and bold tonight, not bothered to wear a pair of knickers underneath her black dress. In her new position she felt his erection touch the back of her thigh and she squirmed. If he would let herself reposition, she was convinced she would be able to have him inside her in no time. She grinded against his front, her wetness coating his dress shirt, but she couldn't care less at this point. She was ready for this man.

“Promise me you'll say the word when it becomes too much,” he whispered against her temple, and she nodded.

“I will, just don't go gentle on me,” she breathed right back, and he squeezed her tighter with his arm around her waist.

“Fuck, where have you been all my life?” *Right in front of you – but you didn't see me through all the hatred.* Hermione swallowed her thoughts down, pushed her vulnerability away. This was just sex.

He hissed, then he let her down onto something soft. His couch. He stood tall in front of her, looking down at her small figure with his now dark grey eyes.

“Take off your knickers,” he said and closed his fingers around his hard cock. With determined strokes he worked himself without his eyes leaving her body once.

“I can't,” Hermione replied, surprisingly out of breath from all the need taking away the air out of her lungs. He raised his brows; something hardened his features. “I'm not wearing any.”

His patience with her broke then. It happened so fast, that the room spun around – or rather she was the one who spun. He had taken her by her hips and forced her to look away from him. Her hands gripped onto the back of the leather sofa; she faced the glass front.

She saw her reflection, the way her hair stood up in all the wrong directions and her swollen lips. Her mascara was all over the place with her tears from choking on him, she had never felt sexier before.

Then she saw him – how he pulled his own hair with one hand, the other one holding her hip in place so tightly that she was sure he would leave marks on her. She hoped so.

“You’re such a naughty woman, aren’t you?” He moaned, and she felt him pull her hips higher. She was positively exposed to this man, her dress rode up higher and higher with each shift of positions. “Spread your legs a little – you saw how big my dick is – make some room for me, Hermione.”

Sorry for the cliffhanger, but we’re going into a POV switch here in the next chapter. It will be worth it – I promise :)

Ramelle x

I'm sorry

Chapter Notes

Jeez – 10 word pages of pure SMUT, this was a tough one. I hope you enjoy. There is not too much to be revealed from Draco yet, but some of you are good in reading between the lines so we'll see... :')

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POV Draco

He didn't deserve her. He knew it, and still he couldn't stay away. How did he end up in this position, standing right behind her bare bottom with spread legs and his aching cock waiting to be buried in the depth of her mesmerizing cunt.

"Please, Malfoy... I need you," she whimpered and all he could think about was thrusting into her so hard and deep that she would cry out his fucking name. He was so determined to shag her brains out, that he almost forgot that he was not done with her yet.

His fingers dug into her hip so harshly that he knew he would leave his marks on her. He had warned her, told her over and over again that he liked it rough. She persisted to not go gentle on her, and he wouldn't. Although he only could guess she would use her safe word before he was done with her. There was no way he would be able to hold back once he started.

One of his hands let go of her hip, firmly massaging one of her perfect butt cheeks which only made her present herself to him further. Like a helpless bitch in heat she wiggled her hips and tried to push back into him. As a result, provoked by her neediness, he slapped her cheek harshly. It must have stung as he truly put more force into the first slap than he originally intended to. This was what she was doing to him - his weak and twisted mind truly at her mercy and his self-control slipped away faster than he would have felt comfortable admitting.

She yelped and wanted to pull away – which made him grasp her hip tighter. He wouldn't let her get away with her behavior. His dominant hand pressed against her heated cheek and rubbed the spot where he hit her. He soothed the pain and she relaxed slightly under the caress – lulled into a false sense of ease. He was enthralled by the flesh already thriving in a bright red color.

"So needy for my cock – time to teach you some patience Granger," he spoke between gritted teeth, and she hissed in response. He had figured out by now that her last name made it so much more impersonal for both of them. When she didn't behave like a good girl, he wouldn't call her by her first name. She didn't deserve it, he would teach her to behave like a proper submissive. His own little *pet*.

Although he wouldn't tell her that just yet. He didn't want to ruin it all before it even began. Calling her Granger was much more appropriate for the inexperienced witch than calling her names like pet, whore or slut. He would teach her to appreciate those names - as long as they came out of *his* filthy mouth - another time.

"You've never been spanked before?" This time he slapped the underside of her cheek with two quick and firm swats. She gasped for air at the thudded impact. Draco knew very well that this area would send intense vibrations to her needy cunt. Her pussy was already swollen and waiting to be stretched. The little moan escaping her chest as he rubbed her flesh right after to sooth the sting again was indication enough at how much she enjoyed this new sensation.

"How does that feel? Do you like the pain?"

She winced when he stepped closer towards her, his punishing palm closing around his own cock as he pressed his head against her drenched folds. She must have thought he had intended to take her then. But all he did was gathering her wetness to coat his shaft, stroking himself. His rock-hard length found a place in between the perfect crack of her rear end to rest there lazily.

He looked up then at her reflection – eyes closed, and her bottom lip captured by her teeth. She fucking enjoyed this, *as she should*.

"Answer me," he spanked the side of her hips once, and the loud grunt that left her body made him arch his brows in surprise. Maybe he had underestimated her... like he had done more than once within the last week.

His cock twitched at her obvious pleasure, and she let out a shaky breath. Her cunt had been glistening already – even though he hadn't touched her there once tonight. God, he remembered how tight she felt when he fingered her a week ago. She would need to work hard to take *all* of him. That is, if she could physically do it. She was so delicate and small in his hands; he had his doubts.

"N-Never been spanked before," she mumbled with a strained voice.

“A little discipline will do you good,” he groaned, and his hand came down again, this time a little softer and only with his palm, careful to not use the impact of his long fingers to make the pain unbearable. He shouldn’t have gone so hard on the first impact... he realized it when she flinched at the pure anticipation of the next hit. He didn’t want to push his luck, wanted to talk to her about it later to find out how much more she could have taken.

Even though she had asked him to not go gentle on her, he would when it came to the impact play.

For two reasons. First and foremost, he wanted her to come back to him for more. He had planned to extend their aftercare into the morning over breakfast, maybe even lunch. That was before he was ordered to spend the rest of the weekend in Bulgaria for the ministry. Which lead to reason number two; him being so far away tomorrow meant that he wouldn’t be able to provide proper aftercare in case he went too hard on her. Which was not an acceptable outcome on his watch. He knew far too well how intense her first experience might be, physically and emotionally. This had to be good for her, even after she came down.

He rubbed the red skin, massaged it really and made sure to suffocate his own cock with her flesh while doing so. All the while he thrust his hip against her, his cock covered in her slickness glided through the crack of her ass in a slow and soothing pace.

Oh, how desperately he wanted to take her there – *be her first*. He knew she had never done anal before... he knew a lot about the things she did and didn’t do yet.

Everything from his list that she circled the other night copied straight onto his original parchment role. The list he had sent her was just a bloody copy of his – charmed to portray every change made to it. So everything she circled, commented on or added question marks to it... he had seen. He wouldn’t tell her that *now*, but he fucking jerked off while watching her notes appear on the parchment in front of him. He never came so hard and quick in his entire life.

His cock twitched at the memory, and her slowly came back to the blissful scene in front of him. His hand slowly stopped the soothing gesture and with every restraint he could muster he stepped away from her, his fingers laying around his aching dick to stroke himself and look at the piece of art in front of him.

“Shit... look at that,” he mumbled to himself. Hermione was holding herself up against the back of the sofa, her figure shaking slightly to keep presenting herself to him the way he had arranged her to earlier. Ass up and her longing cunt looking at him, begging to take her hard and deep.

“Malfoy,” she moaned, and her voice didn’t sound like anything Draco had ever heard before. It was lustful and full of need, so beautiful and just for him.

“Yeah, sweetheart? Anything you need?” He couldn’t hold back a satisfied smirk, their eyes locking through the glass front.

She took a shallow, shaky breath. She was already a mess and he didn’t even start destroying her properly. Seeing what his words and his raw palm did to her made him ache for her so badly. He wasn’t sure if he had ever in his entire life felt such need for another person before.

“You,” she whispered poorly. “I need you.”

“What do you need me to do?” He asked, pushing her further. His trousers were bunched up on the floor, but he was too tense to step out of them at this point. This would need to do. “I’ll give you anything you want if you just ask for it. Be a good girl and tell me what you need.”

She huffed in frustration, and it made his heart skip a beat. He loved seeing her like this – because of him. Hermione fucking Granger desperate for him to fuck her. He still couldn’t believe it.

“I need to feel you inside me,” she whimpered and it almost sounded painful.

“You sound distressed, love. Where does it hurt?” He wasn’t surprised that her lustful torture made him put up with the discomfort of his full balls. God, he was so ready to spill into her.

She wiggled her hips, forcing him to look down at her swollen cunt again. Fuck, slick was slowly dripping down her thighs. The way he had forced her to spread her legs made it

impossible for her to find any friction. He was a sadistic asshole, but he knew it would be worth it in the end.

He just stared at her, stroking himself with a slow and steady rhythm. She was smart enough to figure out on her own that he wouldn't do anything without her explicitly asking for it.

She took a deep breath, losing her inner battle. He saw her head fall, avoiding his gaze and pressing her cheek onto the back of the leather sofa. "My pussy hurts, Malfoy. Can you please help me?"

He paused his movements around his thick cock for a moment, the erection almost able to hit his stomach while standing. That's how fucking hard he was for her. The pink and swollen head of his dick almost looked up angrily at him.

He rolled up the sleeves of his black turtleneck – he would never admit it, but seeing the Dark Mark on his forearm while fucking her would give him a different kind of pleasure. It had nothing to do with her, really – but it had everything to do with the fact that he felt like a fucking god for being able to have the woman that his family wanted to deny him.

He would fuck her because they both wanted him to. Nobody would tell him anymore who he should fill to the brim. It was his fucking choice.

He chuckled silently; one hand going back to pleasure himself – the other one reached out to lay flat on her ass. Towards the inside of her cheek which was still hot and red. It was like a firework was sent through both of their bodies in electric jolts at the touch. He didn't think it was possible but if he wouldn't feel the familiar tightness in his groin area and aching balls, he wouldn't believe that he could possibly come from just that bit of interaction with her. With his widespread fingers his thumb was touching the outside of her swollen lips, slowly spreading her to have a better look at her pink pussy.

"I will take such good care of you." His words were not more than a melodic hum when his thumb slid into her without any resistance. The agonizingly slow pace with which he let the finger disappear inside her heat was accompanied by her wet walls parting for him. It was a sweet sound, making her cry out in relief to be filled with *something*.

Draco had to close his eyes to take it all in as he dwelled in the feeling of her walls milking his thumb. He pressed into her softly but as deep as he could go.

He rotated the digit as far as he could into each direction. “Your tight cunt is dripping and making such a mess. Is that all for me?”

She arched her back in response, cheek still pressed against the sofa and he could see from his position how her eyes fluttered shut at the sensation he gave her with his finger.

“Yes, yes... It’s all for you.” The sound of her voice made him shiver, and he almost grunted at hearing her whisper: “It’s all for you, *Draco*.”

Fuck – his hips bucked into his hand. She was going to be the death of him, tight walls gripping his thumb without him doing anything really.

“How is the ache, love? Do you feel any better yet?” He slowly pulled out of her, and the strained whimper leaving her lips at the loss made his heart stumble.

“No, no... please come back... I need more.”

“Do you now? Like this?” He asked quietly, his tongue pressed against the back of his teeth when his index and middle finger pushed inside of her harshly. The intrusion was easy because of her wetness, but still there was almost no space for him. She was so fucking tight, he was going to explode inside of her from just pushing in his tip later.

He knew he had long fingers, but seeing his knuckles disappear inside of her to the hilt was everything. She took him so well for being so small. Maybe there was hope for his fat prick after all.

“More,” she moaned, losing her restraint, and pushing back and forth to start riding his fingers. He bit his tongue at the sight and feeling of her trying to get herself off, hunting for her own pleasure. “I want your cock, please, *Draco*.”

“Oh love, I want to give you my cock, but I have to prepare you a little. I can’t split you in two – what kind of wizard would I be...?” It fell off his lips so easily, although he was so close to just do the wrong thing and bury himself inside of her. Impatience spread inside of him, so he retreated both fingers and added a third and pushed.

“Oh god... yes...” she whined when he started to fuck her with half of his hand. The wet sounds with each thrust of his arm filled the air with more sex. “*Harder.*”

“*Jesus Christ...* I will fuck you so hard you will wish you wouldn’t have been so eager with your words.” He grunted, fucking her pussy harder and faster. Slickness soon coated his entire hand and the sounds she made with the need for more air made him have mercy.

He was kind and started to rub tight and frantic circles over her sensitive clit. She began to flutter around him more aggressively and he knew she would fall over the edge at any second.

“Oh god... I- I’m com-” She screamed, and with that he pulled out of her and denied her the release. He just wanted to make sure her first orgasm of the night would be around his cock. The slight edge would only make it better in the end. She cried; tears began to run over her face as she sobbed in desperation.

“Fuck... Draco... no... please... I need-“

“Shhhht...” He lifted his wet hand to his mouth and began to lick her juices greedily. Her taste was divine and everything he didn’t know he needed to survive. Pre-cum was beginning to leak from his tip again at her savor. “It’s okay – I promised you I will take care of you. Didn’t I?”

“D-Draco...” She was begging with a stutter, her eyes wide open now and looking at him from her uncomfortable position with her cheek pressed against the leather. He was fascinated at her capability of staying there without even attempting to move. His guess was that she would collapse if she would even try to get up at this point. His knees felt weak too.

“I’m so proud of you. You’re doing so well.”

She shook at his heart-felt praise.

A soft smile tugged at the corner of his mouth. *God, she was beautiful like this.* In this moment he felt it... this witch was going to be his downfall. The hint of vulnerability for the woman in front of him scared him shitless, but he was too far gone already.

“Will you let me fuck you?” He cooed when he fisted his aching cock again, a little rougher and faster this time. Just looking at her in this position came close to pure overstimulation of his senses.

“Yes... Oh god... yes... please....”

“You remember your safe word,” he said with a calmness he didn’t know he possessed at this point and time.

She nodded weakly as her eyes fluttered shut and her lips parted in an attempt to reply. His hand came down with a loud slap on her bare bottom and she yelped and shifted on her knees.

“Don’t you dare say his name *now* unless you want me to stop. Believe me, I get myself off just fine without you.” He lied; nothing in this world would feel better than shooting his seed into her.

Her eyes shot open, and he could see that she was asking herself if he would be so cruel. He smirked down at her from behind. “Don’t look at me like that. If you say your safe word we’re done, no exception. That’s the rule, Granger.”

She took a shaky breath, her brows furrowed. “You asked if I remembered it.”

“Well, do you?!” His hand slowed down significantly at jerking himself off – he was about to explode.

“Yes.”

“Hold on tight then,” he groaned and stepped closer. Her fingers dug into the leather of the sofa as he teased her folds with his tip.

They both gasped in arousal and pleasure as he pushed into her slowly. Just an inch before he stopped, both of his hands grabbing her hips so tightly that he was worried he would crush her. He needed to pause, make sure she was alright. Her walls held onto him so firmly.

They were both panting from arousal when she tried to take more of him – her rear slowly pushed against him for the next inch.

“Shit...” he hissed at the sensation of her wet walls. He was certain that he could push right in with all her slickness, but he didn’t want to hurt her. Even though he liked it rough and hard – at the first sign of discomfort because of him he would go soft as a blanket. He knew that much about himself.

He stilled again, but she wasn’t having any of it. “Don’t go gentle on me.”

Her begging caused his fingers to dig into her flesh deeper, ready to squeeze her to the point of no return. In one slow unsteady forward motion, he sheathed himself inside of her. *Fuck, she took him like she was made for him.*

Both shook at the lasting stimulation. Curses left his lips at the feel of stretching her for him. It felt like the temperature around them rose to an unbearable amount with both of their clothes still on.

She threw her head into her neck, her back arched and she pushed further into him until his tip touched something deep inside of her. Her response was a satisfied sigh and her figure

braced underneath him. He could feel every of her muscles twitch and stall in anticipation of him taking her the way he needed to. She needed it just as much.

“A good girl like you deserves to be fucked properly,” he grunted and began to move slowly inside of her. His hips rotated vaguely to feel her out, but there was not much space to move.

“Oh... Draco... so full... *fuck*,” she huffed and he withdrew to give up his self-constraint. Roughly he pushed back into her with a force that audibly knocked the air out of her lungs. He found his punishing rhythm quickly and soon all there was to be heard over his throbbing heartbeat was the slapping of skin and her cry for release.

“That’s right... take my cock, you’ve been so hungry for it...,” he grunted. “I want you to fucking come all over me.”

Draco could feel her flutter around him regularly. She was clearly still wound up from him denying her a climax earlier. He was torn between fucking her brains out or edging her one more time.

But he was captured by the way she took him so deep and hard, mesmerized by the way her lips parted in a silent scream with her eyes rolled into the back of her head.

“Oh ... my.... ah... fuck.... D-Draco...” Her cheek rubbed roughly over the leather, fingers holding on for dear life as he bent his knees to change his angle of taking her slightly, never slowing down his frantic rhythm to get her there. The couch moved with a loud sound on the wooden floor, scratching it and moving through the room.

She came hard around him, almost going limp as he fucked her through it. He felt how a film of sweat began to form on his forehead, but he couldn’t be bothered. All he focused on was her withering body around him – his head fell into the back of his neck, eyes closed to not finish inside of her yet.

He felt how her juices covered his groin area at this point, she shook and tried to catch her breath while he just kept thrusting away. At least until her arms gave out and her legs slipped away from him.

He slowed down then, grabbing her by the waist to pick her up and while still being deep inside of her, pushing her to lay down on the sofa. He stayed behind her like that, his body covered her back like a protective shield to keep her safe from the world outside.

He supported himself above her with his elbows next to her limb body before he found its way to Hermione's neck. His lips caressed her hot skin, his breath fell heavy as he gyrated his hips softly to make sure she was okay.

"Keep going," she mumbled, eyes slowly opening as she turned her face to look at him through hooded eyes.

She didn't need to tell him twice. With powerful thrusts he continued to fuck her into the couch, his teeth scraped her exposed shoulder where the strap of her dress had fallen off whilst most animalistic noises escaped his throat.

"Nobody ever fucked me this good, Draco. Don't slow down, come inside me." The way she was whispering her sultry words made him shudder.

"Not done yet," he grunted, shifting his weight onto just one side to free one hand to roam over her sides, squeezing her flesh to stroke her down where their quivering bodies were joined.

Draco loved how wet she was, how much she seemed to enjoy his rough treatment still. He wouldn't let this end without her coming again.

Hermione was unable to say anything else when his long fingers began to rub her clit purposefully with pressure. He worked her up again while his own movements stuttered in between at feeling how her walls began to milk him again.

When she came this time her legs began to spasm wildly, but he pushed into her further from behind, not wanting to stop the assault of her clit or cunt. She winced, jolted and if he wouldn't have pinned her down, she would have retreated from the overstimulation.

“Oh ... I c-can’t... too sensitive,” she hissed but began to move her hips in a manner that provided even more friction where she needed it.

“One more, love” he sighed, tongue licking her shoulder upwards until his lips attached to the side of her neck again. “One more and I’m going to fill you up... you’re doing so well.”

The sounds leaving her shaking body underneath him slowly became desperate and her moans started to sound like she was hanging on a thread. He pinched her clit in between his fingers, still frantically rubbing her sex while spreading her juices.

“Oh god... promise me you’ll come deep inside me,” she whimpered, and he felt his balls tightening. He didn’t know it was possible, but he gathered even more force to pound her harder.

“You’d like that? Feeling me shoot it all the way up where it belongs?” He grunted, unable to hold back. He pushed so deep inside of her that he felt her cervix again – giving his words a purpose. That’s where he wanted to shoot up his load...

Breeding kink. Something he told himself to hold back while being with her. The thought of impregnating her made it impossible for him to hold out longer at this point. He’d hope for her forgiveness later – he had to finish, it started to hurt.

She was gone – so was he. They both came at the same time, uncoherent words leaving both of their lips as Draco felt thick ropes of cum pulsating out of him right as Hermione’s walls held onto him in a mind-blowing intensity. He collapsed on top of her, stilling his movements to make sure every drop left where he needed it to.

When he slowly removed his hand from her cunt, he sensed that his couch would need a good cleaning spell. But right this moment, he wanted to be inside her and let the high fade.

While they pretended like he used her for his pleasure, he knew that she held the reins.

He was still twitching inside of her when he nuzzled his face into her hair and neck, inhaling her breath and kissing her skin. A knot in his throat swelling and making it impossible to swallow down his words.

“I’m sorry...” he whispered and repeated the affectionate gesture in hopes should be able to forgive him.

What do you want more?

Chapter Notes

It has been a while my friends - life is busy right now, but we keep this one going :) No worries.

Thank you for your lovely comments. I hope you enjoy the new chapter... :)

"I'm sorry..."

Hermione's body was still shaking when she tried to catch her breath. An impossible task as Draco was still laying on top of her, his clothed chest pressed against her back and his face was buried in the side of her neck. He seemed to be just as spent as she felt.

Everything was still a blur as the high from her intense orgasm faded only slowly. His proximity and caress didn't help to lessen the dream like state.

Although his cock was not hard anymore, he was still filling her and making it impossible for his hot seed to escape her body. She wasn't sure if she loved or hated the thought. *Breeding Kink* – she wasn't sure if she truly understood what it meant, even though she had looked it up after she explored and worked through *his list*.

When he said he wanted to fill her up, she was overwhelmed with arousal and the jolts he made shoot through her body as he rubbed her clit. She had begged him to come deep inside of her, thinking that this was what the Breeding Kink was maybe all about. The danger of impregnating his partner. She shivered. Surely this wasn't something he actually wanted – at least not with her. Although he had changed, although he didn't fear the physical intimacy with her, she was still no pureblood. In his eyes she wasn't worthy of carrying his child. The realization hurt, and the fact that it affected her made her panic.

"I can't breathe," she whispered and held back a cough when she tried to get him off her. He moved immediately, retreated with ease, and sat back on the leather sofa. She winced at the loss of him. Everything felt wet and... hot. She could see from the corner of her eyes how he pulled his pants back up and closed them slowly. The sound of his belt buckle made her close

her eyes. She tried to sit up and at the same time pulled down her own dress to cover her exposed core.

She avoided his gaze, tried to push away the sensation of need as she smelled him and the sex everywhere. When she scrambled the hem of the skirt, he grabbed her wrist. He held her in a firm grip and squeezed her.

“Don’t,” he said calmly but with no room for discussion. She stilled, and finally looked at him. Strands of his hair had found their way onto his forehead. He had fucked her so hard; she was sure she would feel him for days. Her ass was still burning from his firm hands. “Don’t get into your own head. Don’t regret this now.”

“I... I don’t regret anything.” She corrected him with a shaky voice, trying to take another deep breath. But before she could talk herself out of her own panic, he pulled her by her wrist into his arms. Although it was everything her mind and body needed, it was the opposite of what she wanted. Or what she wanted to allow herself to crave.

The rough sex had felt amazing, and it made it easier for Hermione to come to terms with their agreement. That this was all about sex, no feelings involved. But how could she not feel when he was like this and made her feel things, she didn’t deem capable of feeling.

She sighed and only reluctantly endured his caress by tensing as he pressed her against his side. She loved this too much, the way his body felt and his musky smell. It was heaven and hell for her.

“Let’s take a quick shower?” He asked quietly, letting go of her wrist to draw a straight line with his palm up her lower arm to the crease of her elbow and back down. She shivered with goosebumps as they erupted all over her skin.

She carefully nodded at his suggestion. She probably should leave soon and not get too comfortable, but a shower did sound nice. No cleaning charm in the world would make her feel less dirty now.

Hermione's face softened and she relaxed slightly against him before she vaguely remembered hearing his voice as she had calmed down underneath him. "*I'm sorry*"

As good as she could in her position she tried to look into his face, and his eyes fixated onto her cheeks. He quickly gathered himself and then looked up into her eyes. Steel blue, brighter than the stars bored into her. Hermione quickly turned her face away from him again and decided to nestle into his chest instead. She probably looked horrible and her make up must be all over the place.

"D... Malfoy..." She whispered, shocked at her own strained voice. The sound of it fragile and gentle at the same time. "What did you apologize for earlier?"

He shifted next to her, and his caress stilled. His hand ran through his hair to calm his own mess. She didn't dare to look at him again.

"I lost myself a little too much in the moment," he mumbled and took a half-hearted breath, she felt it in her own body.

"I thought that was the point of it all," she tried to laugh it off, but the knot in her throat still wasn't gone yet. She held her breath to avoid tears to fall— what had she said to him...?

"I shouldn't have come inside you without asking you first," he said slowly, his hand coming down from his own head to carefully stroke her wild hair out of the way so he could watch her side profile.

She shook her head in confusion, "I wanted you to, you didn't do anything I didn't ask for."

He smiled vaguely, "People tend to say a lot of things in the heat of the moment."

She wanted to protest again, but he pushed himself off the couch and carefully held onto her shoulder until he stood. Then he reached for her hand and pulled her up with him.

Hermione clenched her thighs when she felt his cum slowly finding its way out of her body. She was thoroughly spent, but the fact that she just had the most mind-blowing sex with this man was hard to forget. Her body was in a confused state of panic and arousal.

Draco watched her in alert, as if he expected her to fall to the ground. She had to admit her knees felt weak, but she managed to stand straight to prove her strength to him. He wasn't very impressed at it seemed as he mumbled a wandless cleaning charm without letting her out of his sight.

It almost felt like a gust of wind between her legs where she needed it the most. She hoped he could not sense the hint of disappointment in her body as he took his sperm away from her.

Their eyes met, and an amused grin with a cock of his brows made her bite her lower lip.

"Don't be sad, there's more where it came from," he winked and Hermione felt her cheeks burn up in flames.

He laughed and took her by her hand. The entire situation seemed surreal. A week ago she had tried everything to ignore and stay as far away from him as possible. Now she fought against the urge to press herself against him in need to be close to him. She shouldn't enjoy any of this the way she did.

To get to Draco's bathroom they had to walk through his bedroom. Hermione wanted to walk slower and linger, but he seemed to have other plans. He walked them through the dark room and opened the door, the lights turning on automatically inside. He let go of her hand and turned towards her.

"I'll get us some towels," he said before pressing his lips against her forehead, making her eyes shut close on instinct. She had to pull it together...

She slowly entered the bathroom, laid out in River Rock optic and plants -she felt like she had entered his own personal Spa. She had imagined something more traditional, not so modern and welcoming.

She stared longer than needed at the hot tub that was built into the floor. It had no cover and the calm water on ground level was so clear she could count the endless number of jets in them. She would have died to take a dip, but she was afraid she wouldn't want to leave afterwards. *You need to get out of here as soon as possible* – she reminded herself in a reproachful manner.

Ignoring a huge white bathtub in an interesting form of an eggshell in the middle of the large room, she discovered the shower; a glass box. Four glass fronts provided a *little* room within the bathroom. The shower was almost as big as her kitchen at home.

She began to pull her dress up and over her head, dropping it onto the floor. Her eyes drifted to a large mirror across from the shower room, and she almost gasped at her reflection. Her face was covered in make-up from her wild night with Draco. She turned and twisted, looking at her red bottom from his spanking. She had surely enjoyed the stinging sensation, but nothing compared to the way he massaged the pain away with his large and soft hands right after. As rough as he had been, the more cared for she had felt by the way he touched her. She had never been touched this way before.

She took a deep breath at the sight and hurried to get into the shower as she heard his footsteps coming closer towards the bathroom. She looked around to find the faucet or to turn on the water. She wanted to wash away the make-up and look somewhat presentable. Her hair looked a little wild but not too bad, which surprised her.

Hermione huffed in frustration as she discovered endless amounts of buttons and knobs. There was no way a simple rain-showerhead could be regulated in so many ways. But then again, nothing about Draco Malfoy seemed to be simple.

She stayed with her back turned towards him. She was completely naked and if he only had gotten towels, then he surely was still fully dressed. She didn't want to expose herself like this. Despite what they had done earlier, she suddenly felt even more vulnerable around him then she usually did.

She was helplessly overwhelmed with all the options, afraid to break something. Her head spun from all of it. "Why is this so complicated?"

She crossed her arms in front of her bare chest and clawed her fingers into her own shoulders. She felt incredibly stupid.

Clothing shifted behind her and soon there was this enticing sound of his belt again before it hit the ground. From the moment Draco stepped into the shower, she felt his presence surrounding her entire being. It was like a shift of temperature. A feeling of gravity changing its purpose.

“How bad does it hurt?” He whispered from behind her, and she shivered without being able to hold it back. He was so close that the warmth from his body radiated. His right palm softly laid on one of her bottom cheeks and she smiled coyly even though he couldn’t see.

“It stings a little, but it’s not bad,” she reassured him and watched with hooded eyes how his left hand reached for one of the buttons in front of her. She caught sight of the remainder of his Dark Mark but didn’t flinch once. She didn’t even think of it, being used to it from spending so much time with Pansy and Theo these days.

Draco pulled away instantly, letting go of her backside to shift and turn on the water with his right hand instead.

The water covered them, but instead of jerking away from a cold sensation, Hermione was positively surprised that the water had the perfect temperature without needing to heat up first.

“Don’t tell me you know what all of the other buttons are for...” Hermione said with a relaxed sigh.

He chuckled behind her, and both of his hands slowly covered her own. She was still hiding from him, but he gently convinced her to let down her guard until her arms fell down her sides and she took a deep breath.

“I apologize for the overstimulation of your senses,” he hummed, and he didn’t even try to suppress the ambiguity of his words. His fingers faintly brushed her arms, before he dug into her hips to pull her with him under the water completely.

Showering with Draco was the most intimate and exciting thing she had done in a while. It made her stomach flutter nervously when their hands discovered each other with soapy hands. They didn't talk, just felt, and claimed their bodies with fingertips and palms.

Hermione learned quickly that his moans made her feel a certain way. Her body responded to his sounds, his feel and at this point his pure existence.

His hands and the soap ran over her body so slowly that it almost hurt to withstand the urge to beg him for more. His palms soothed the sting on her backside, ran through her hair and over her neck. He spent a long time admiring her full breasts, weighing them in his hands and making her gasp for air when he teased her nipples. His hands discovered her stomach and even dipped in between her legs which had Hermione arch into him further. Not once did he give in to give her more than that, keeping her in a steady state of need and want.

All of their previous encounters had left a forbidden taste on her tongue, mostly because she forbid herself to let go. But then she realized that this was exactly the reason for her ending up here. Draco wanted to help her to let go – so she did.

She was fascinated at the feel and sight of his length as it hardened under her gentle caress. He let her hands roam free, didn't order her around or ask more of her.

He watched her hand close around his cock and retreat, fingertips ghosting the sensitive tip to finding a trail over his stomach to his chest. She traced along his collarbones and over his broad shoulders, over his arms down to his wrist. He tensed visibly but didn't pull away this time. He just stood still with his head lowered to watch her every move.

She gently brushed the edges of his Dark Mark as she found her trail back up his forearm, now on the inside.

"Does it bother you?" His voice was low and uncertain, and it made Hermione look back up at him. "I can put a charm over it."

“Please don’t,” her sad tone caught his attention and his eyes shot up to meet hers. “It’s important, it’s part of your story.”

They looked at each other for a long time in silence. It was peaceful, but all she could think about was how badly she wished Draco would kiss her and make the moment complete. He didn’t. And why would he? – Hermione thought sadly. They had finished what she had come for. All the gentleness now was nothing but the slow fade of their excitement.

He turned off the water after endless minutes of them touching and squeezing and teasing. He left their little heaven to grab a pair of white towels. She couldn’t help but stare at him as he walked away from her, naked and with his erection almost hitting his stomach with every step. She was incredibly aroused by all of it, and she cursed him silently for making her so needy for the next high. He had made her experience what it was like... how incredibly sex truly could be with the right person.

He was obviously just as aroused as she was, but he hadn’t made a move on taking her again. Even though he had felt for himself under the shower how ready she was for him again.

He put a towel around his lower body, tugging his massive hard-on in between the fabric and his stomach for almost a third of it still looking up at him. Her mouth watered; her sore inner walls clenched around nothing.

He came back with another towel, aware of what she was staring at until he was standing right in front of her. He held it out for her and stepped back to give her some space.

“Come sit with me, will you?” He asked as she stepped out and wrapped her body tightly into the soft fabric. Hermione looked up to see that he pointed towards a bench made from marble next to his large vanity. There was nothing but control in his features, besides the warmth of his eyes. He was calm and collected, everything she wasn’t.

She slowly dropped next to him, folding her hands on her thighs, looking up at him from the side. He observed her for a moment before he seemed to concentrate harder than the rest of the night. She held her breath in anxiousness. Did she do something wrong?

“How are you feeling after tonight?” He asked and stared as her eyes widened.

She exhaled a shaky breath in relief. All of this – the shower, the conversation... Was this his way of *aftercare*? She had read about it, and she felt stupid for not understanding that this was what was happening.

“I feel great.” She didn’t want to tell him about her internal struggles with her wants and needs. For that she would need to admit that she steered her wheel to crash straight into a wall with her spending more and more time with him.

He nodded, still concentrated. “Was there anything you didn’t like? Anything that made you feel uncomfortable? Things I said, the way I touched you...”

“I’m not going to change my mind, Draco.” She said slightly confused, she couldn’t help the furrow on her forehead building at his concerns.

“I want you to allow yourself to change your mind about things. Fantasies on parchment sometimes sound more enticing than they do in real life. I want you to know that if there was something you’re not okay with, I have to know so it won’t happen again.” He was serious, and she felt like a stupid little girl that didn’t know a thing about what she got herself into.

“I understand. I... I really can’t think of anything that made me not feel good,” she answered honestly, then she smiled coyly. “Well, there is one thing...”

He raised his brows in curiosity, and she bit her bottom lip before she continued. “After Dinner before ... you said you wanted to take it easy on me. Why?” It had bothered her immensely. He had fucked her hard and he had let go in the end, she knew it. But why did he think she was not strong enough to take it the way he liked it? She fought a war just like him, was it just because she was a woman?

He shook his head but smirked at her with a sense of reprimand. “While I appreciate your eagerness to try new things,” he took one of her hands into his and squeezed it at the sight of her wanting to look away, “we need some time to figure this out and I simply don’t have it

this weekend. To be completely transparent, I'm currently holding back to not just grab you and take you on the tiles right here. I'm supposed to be overseas right now for the Ministry."

Her eyes widened before she opened her mouth, "You what? Oh, Draco. Why didn't you say anything?"

"It's okay – I have a couple of hours before our first meeting to get some sleep. Good thing we developed something like Portkey's hundreds of years ago, am I right?" He brought both of their hands to his lips where he kissed her knuckles softly and winked at her.

"That's not funny. I don't want you to miss important things because I begged you to fuck me all week long." Before she realized what she had said, he laughed out loud.

"Believe me, I did this for very selfish reasons." His stare was intense, and she believed him. But the fact he was under time pressure just reminded her that she didn't belong here.

"I... Well, I guess I should go home then. You need to get some sleep. When is your meeting?" She looked around to see if she could spy a clock anywhere.

"Stay," he said without blinking, his eyes not showing any signs of emotion. It wasn't a question, he demanded her to spend the night with him.

Hermione knew she shouldn't, it would mess with her head only more. But how could she deny him when she needed him more than she would ever be able to admit to herself.

They laid next to each other in his bed, his sheets drowned in his scent and her mind was clouded before she could think clearly again. He had given her a shirt of his when he had pulled out a pair of black boxers he stepped into.

She was wide awake, her head resting on his chest and her arm snug around his torso as he held her just as tight. She had so many questions for him, wanted to know where he was going for the Ministry over the weekend. Even though he never denied her an answer of

some sort, she felt like he was hiding from her. He was so controlled, and nothing seemed to bother him.

He was a pure mystery to her, and she wanted to learn more. But right then was simply not the time. She didn't want to keep him up when he needed to rest, so she stayed quiet and listened to his deep breaths as he drifted into sleep quickly.

She could only do so much with her thoughts in this moment, but at some point she did fall asleep on him. It felt like five minutes before she woke up again, disturbed by the feeling of loss. Her eyes fluttered when she felt his hands on hers to slowly free himself from her tight grip. She sighed.

"Are you leaving? Is it time?" She asked with a hoarse voice and rubbed her eyes.

"I'm sorry – I hate that this is how we have to end the night." He whispered, leaned down to her until his lips pressed against her hair. She sighed and without being able to think clear from her five minutes of sleep, her fingers ran up his neck and held onto him.

He kissed her again, this time on her forehead and firmer than before. His lips lingered longer and more longingly, and Hermione shifted on the mattress in response. She had to let him go, but she just didn't want this to end yet.

"You can stay as long as you like... have some breakfast," he kissed her between her eyes and down her nose as he kept talking, "enjoy your day," another peck on her cheek and she leaned into him. His hand drifted towards her own neck then and grabbed her firmly. "Or just wait here in bed all weekend until I'm back."

She giggled and he smiled as he finally kissed her on the lips. She was greedy, opening up for him instantly and sighing into the kiss. He pushed her back into the mattress without interrupting the assault of her tongue.

She gasped for air when one of his hands found its way under her shirt and wandered up to her breast where he squeezed her with a moan worthy amount of pressure. Her nipples were already hard and firm peaks when he reached her, and she tried to pull him down to her completely.

He groaned, “I have fifteen minutes.”

She wanted this so badly, and she had overthought his Breeding Kink repeatedly while she had been lying next to him for quite some time, alone with her thoughts. She felt brave and fearless this second, driven by her need for this man that she wanted to deny.

“You wouldn’t leave me without filling me up again...” she whispered poorly and let go of his neck to touch his cheeks.

The sound leaving the depth of his throat made her shiver, and in the darkness of the night she could only make out his silhouette.

“Are you using my kink against me, Granger?” He whispered dangerously low above her, his thumb and index finger teasingly twisting her nipple.

She smiled and moaned in her sleepy state, “Is this what it is all about? Filling me up?”

“That’s only part of it,” he admitted, and she wanted to push him further, hoping he would mark her again as his. The illusion was too wonderful to ignore. But before she could say another word he leaned further into her, his hand stroking down her ribs and waist until he reached her hips. She still felt his hold from last night, and the pain that shot through her sore body made it only sweeter.

His breath hit her lips and his nose touched hers faintly before he whispered, “Do you want me to do it again? Come inside you? I need to know if you really want this or not before I’m too far gone.”

“Please, I want to feel you inside me when you’re gone,” she whispered and tried to kiss him. He pulled back instantly and watched her. He shifted and his other hand found its way to her face to stroke her hair back firmly. “I need this, Draco.”

His fingers that dug into her hips loosened and found a trail down between her legs, which she parted willingly for him. She was his, splayed out underneath him. The cold air hitting her slick folds was nothing compared to the feeling of his long fingers parting her lips and circling her clit without actually touching it.

“Do other men come in this wet cunt, Hermione?” He asked and kept teasing her drenched lips. *This man has nerves*, she thought. She practically felt the minutes drift away and she needed him as long inside of her as possible. His nose still pressed against hers and his breath got hotter with every second.

“You are the only one,” she said without thinking twice. It was true. It’s not like she had avoided it, but all her previous lovers had preferred to pull out of her or come inside her mouth. She had never complained. Not until last night and how magnificent she had felt filled with Draco’s lust for her. It had woken something primal inside of her, and she didn’t want to let go of it for now.

“Nobody ever came inside of that pretty pink pussy?” He repeated with a hum, seemingly enjoying his teasing. She wiggled and tried to push her hips into him to get more friction from his fingers. He pulled away from her completely. “And still here you are begging for my come after you got a taste last night? Did you like the feeling?”

“I could feel you pulsing inside of me” she confessed and huffed in frustration. “I want to feel it again. Feel *you* again, deep...”

The fact that she wasn’t even capable to form clear sentences anymore seemed to warm his cold heart for now. His lips met hers with so much longing that it knocked the air out of her lungs.

His tongue pushed forward, and she complied willingly, everything began to spin under his unexpected passionate caress.

He finally moved and slipped into the space in between her legs without interrupting their kiss. Her hands dug into his upper arms, strong and wide underneath her small palms. He moved slowly, nestled at the hem of his shirt she was wearing and pulled away to knee in between her legs.

She understood and grabbed the fabric to pull it over her head. Her breasts must have looked even bigger as she fell back into the pillows and threw it somewhere into the darkness of the room. He touched her stomach and rubbed her skin soothingly.

“You only have a couple of minutes,” she reminded him, and he clicked his tongue in disapproval.

“If I come late because I had to take care of the needy witch in my sheets – so be it. You deserve the time.” One of his hands wandered back in between her legs and this time he let two of his fingers sink into her.

“Draco...” she wanted to ask him to not waste more time, but the moment she felt the intrusion it turned into a lustful groan. Her eyes fluttered shut when he moved his fingers in a lazy rhythm.

“Shit, I was hoping I stretched you a little bit last night. But you’re still as tight as a vice, gripping my fingers like a bitch in heat.” The moment he had spoken his last words out loud, she felt a flood of arousal rush through her core. She winced at the feeling. His movement stilled immediately, and her eyes shot open.

“Do you like being called pet names, Hermione?” He asked with an intrigued undertone. She didn’t want to admit it, but she wanted the full experience. If he would call her anything but loving names, it would be easier to keep detached.

“I- I don’t know,” she said truthfully and bucked her hips to make him continue his attention on the aching spot inside of her.

“We’ll find out,” he mumbled and pulled his fingers out of her, licking them clean quickly as he began to free his rock-hard length from his briefs. It hit her inner thigh and she moaned.

“Spread your legs a little wider for me,” he cooed and she complied, ignoring the stinging sensation that shot through her core at the feeling of the head of his cock teasing her entrance.

He rubbed the tip between her folds to find as much lubrication as possible, stroking and covering himself in her juices before he pressed against her again.

“Oh my....” She gasped when the first inch entered her. Her walls began to vibrate and her heart threatened to jump out of her chest.

“Breathe for me, this is going to be a tight fit, darling,” he sounded concentrated when he pushed in further. Hermione’s eyes rolled into the back of her head, her hands reaching for his shoulders to ask him to come down to her. She needed something to hold on to.

“Shit,” he hissed at the same time as she did when he leaned forward. His arms and hands built a protective wall around her head. His cheek rubbed against hers as he stilled. He wasn’t even half inside of her and she already felt full. But she had taken him last night and she was determined to do it again. She began to slowly rock her hips to encourage him to go deeper. He did, this time until his hip bones met her skin and she felt him hit her cervix.

“Fuck, you feel so good,” he whispered against her ear lobe and kissed her. The echo from his gesture made her shiver and her fingers held onto his shoulder blades when he started to slowly fuck her in the dark room. He was so much taller than her, stronger and more muscular. She felt every of his careful moves and his groin rubbed her clit deliciously with every thrust. She needed more of it and started to meet his movements eagerly.

There were no words spoken after that. Moans, grunts and indescribable sounds left their bodies and he searched her lips and kissed her in such an intimate way that she began to contract around his cock.

The sex with him was different than what they had shared last night. He didn’t fuck her, he made love to her and she hated him for it. She felt the sweat in between their bodies build and her toes curled. She had to cross her legs behind his back to hold him in as deep as possible.

She came so quickly she would have been embarrassed if it wasn’t Draco. He did that kind of stuff to her. He knew what he was doing. Every of his movements was designed to make her shatter underneath him. White lights danced in front of her as he sped up his thrusts and his movements began to resemble a desperate rut.

He hit spots inside of her that made her scream in ecstasy and her orgasm didn't want to fade. Everything felt hot and slick, his kisses became harder, and their teeth hit each other twice.

He pulled away from her lips, and he pushed his upper body off her to gain more leverage with his hands next to her shoulders.

"Come for me," she muttered drunk from her high, and he almost pulled out of her completely to pound into her without mercy now. She arched her back towards him and she felt her breasts bouncing in rhythm as he finally began to fuck her harder.

"You want my cum?" he grunted and she nodded frantically. "Tell me how much you want it."

"I..." she paused as he hit deep, and she screamed in pleasure. "Yes, please... Draco... I want it."

He kept going, his rhythm stuttered with time but he didn't seem completely happy yet. The angle he fucked her at now didn't provide her with enough friction to her clit, but somehow there was still another tingle building deep inside of her.

One of his hands scooted closer to her face before he softly closed his palm around the side of her neck. His thumb deliberately pressing a spot on her throat to make her gasp for air. She went wild underneath him, and he pounded her so hard that she began to see stars. Her core clenched and she was ready to let go.

"What do you want more? My cum or air?" He loosened his grip and she felt how the sensation ebbed away.

She wanted him to do it again, so she grunted in between breaths. "Your cum.."

"Fuck..." he took her air away again and rutted her frantically like an animal as she felt the pressure in her head build. With it her core began to clench again and when she felt his cock pulse inside of her she followed him right over the edge. He let go of her throat slowly and held her face softly as he thrust into her two more times.

The way her body convulsed around him and his seed made him grunt so loudly, Hermione almost didn't hear her own scream as she milked him for all what he had to give.

What had they done to each other?

Change in plans

Chapter Notes

Wow - you guys -... 1K Kudos - I'm speechless. I'm so happy you guys enjoy this story so much, I'm growing quite fond of it myself. To not let you wait too long I uploaded the first part of this chapter as we're having another POV switch, but I felt it was important to have a little more insight in Draco's head over the weekend. Bare with me, the next chapter will be quite intense and maybe not what you're expecting. Or maybe you do - I never know with you lovelies haha

Enjoy!!!
Ramelle x

Draco had never been bothered by his working hours over the weekend. In fact, he was quite used to it from his time in the states. He liked his job, and he never had much of a life outside of work.

Sure, he had made some friends along the way – but spending too much time with them was never his priority. He was used to being alone, he liked it. That was until the day he left Hermione in his sheets, sweaty and thoroughly fucked.

He shifted on the uncomfortable leather sofa in the hotel lobby. He just couldn't stop thinking about her, still able to catch faint hints of her smell when his mind drifted to earlier this morning.

He closed his eyes, index finger and thumb massaging the bridge of his nose as he was waiting. They really had to make progress for the world cup, there was not much time left before they had to have all parties aligned to make this event a success. With Landon being out and him still being new to the ministry – he had to prove himself.

They have been going back and forth with their support for security as if this was a fucking birthday party for a toddler.

“Ahh.. Draco Malfoy, what an honor to see you in person again,” the deep voice with a hint of sarcasm forced Draco’s eyes to shoot up towards the bulky man. He was wearing a dark dress shirt with a vest, his pants tight around his muscular thighs.

“Krum,” Draco strained a polite smile onto his face and pushed himself off the couch to greet the Bulgarian man. The strong handshake turned into a welcoming hug from the former Quidditch player which Draco endured. *Grin and bear it!*

“Sorry for letting you wait – are you ready to go? We have a full day planned for you old friend. You finally put on some weight I see.”

Draco’s mouth twitched in a condescending smile. *Fucking idiot.*

He truly hated the man who walked arm in arm with Hermione Granger into the festivities of the Yule Ball in fourth year. Of course, he never let anyone know that he fancied the wild haired witch back then. Or even now.

He just couldn’t stand the thought that this dumb individual potentially could have been her first. He really didn’t *need* to know if he was, but he had to admit to himself that it was likely.

He still remembered the way his fingers had dug into her waist when they walked past him and Daphne Greengrass. Now that he thought back at it, it most likely was the first night that he had fucked a girl’s face roughly to get the frustration out of his muscles. Greengrass had liked it – so did he. It hadn’t helped that he had seen Granger’s out of all faces when his cum spurted down the girl’s throat. Back then he didn’t think he would ever be able to bury himself deep inside of Granger’s delicate legs.

It was easier for him to pretend that the meeting was as pleasant for him as it seemed to be for Victor Krum. Because the witch had slept in *his* arms tonight. *His* seed was running down her soft thighs when she would get out of *his* bed. A smile tugged at the corner of his mouth all morning.

The day was filled with meetings in the headquarters of the Bulgarian Quidditch Committee – the large conference room was filled with wizards to ask questions and negotiate the dirty way. Krum translated politely – his English had improved massively over the last decade.

He had hoped that they would finish the signatures by the end of the day. He had hoped that maybe Hermione would still be at his place when he would return on Saturday. But those Bulgarian bastards made him commit to another meeting on Sunday morning.

Krum took his chance to invite Draco out for *evening entertainment*.

He only had a couple of minutes in his hotel room to get changed and take a shower. When he was sitting on the edge of the large bed, a towel wrapped around his lower body he let his eyes wander over his suitcase.

He grabbed his neatly folded black shirt but stopped in his movement when he spotted the parchment role stuck in between his clothes. His original kink list. He dropped the fabric and opened the parchment slowly.

He furrowed his forehead in confusion when he saw that her notes had changed since the last time he had looked at them.

She had crossed out things that he was certain she had thickly circled and favored like *Cunnilingus, Kissing and Praise*. Instead, she seemed to focus on different items she previously had wanted to experiment with. They seemed to become her new choice of play.

Degradation, Role Play, Impact Play and Ropes. His eyebrows raised on its own and he wondered why she had re-worked through the list today. Why did she not want them to *kiss* anymore?

His heart began to beat faster as he went through the list all over again. Even though he disliked the items she deemed to be not acceptable anymore, his cock began to ache when he imagined her tied up in his house on display.

He had underestimated her desire for adventure. Obviously, she didn't know that he had access to her notes, and he would have felt bad for reading them without her knowledge. But he was well aware that she wasn't brave enough to ask for what she wanted. So he had to get inside of her head somehow to know what he was walking into with her, to not scare her away.... He had waited so long for his chance with her. Now that he had her he was hesitant on how to proceed.

He desperately wanted to touch himself, but a look at the watch at his wrist made him growl in frustration.

The establishment Krum had chosen for their after-hour drinks was questionable for ministry business. No, it was unacceptable.

It was a high-end muggle strip club in the middle of the bright city of Sofia. Loud music, muggle liquor and naked women. Muggle money – a lot of it as Draco believed, was thrown at the young women who rubbed themselves against Krum who clearly seemed to get the most entertainment out of the evening.

Draco was frustrated, he didn't want to look at their fit bodies and wonder what Hermione would look like dancing for him like that. He didn't want to sit here with her ex-lover and pretend like he enjoyed the time. But he had to.

The evening felt like it would never end, his only escape from his misery deep glasses of Whiskey without the beloved burning sensation he become so accustomed to over the years. Eventually Krum began to throw money at a young blonde woman, subtle curves and soft skin, to pay special attention to Draco.

He watched her lounging in front of him, saw every inch of her skin as she presented himself to him until he waved her off. His head in his neck as he stared into the violet light above his head. The music was awful, too loud and not even worthy of being called music in the first place.

He was glad when Krum seemed to have enough in the early morning hours and ordered them a taxi. Both men were too drunk to apparate, and his hotel wasn't connected to the Floo-Network. If it was, he certainly would have knocked at Granger's fireplace.

Oh, how much he hated this third world country.

“How is Hermione doing? I’ve heard she works at the ministry still,” Krum asked when they squeezed their tall bodies into the back of the small car.

Draco tensed, but his stomach fluttered in excitement just thinking about her again. He wondered what she was up to. She probably was asleep in her own apartment, curled up in the bed he had first tasted her in. He shuddered and looked out of the window.

“She’s doing great. Very successful.” Short and sweet, dry and calm.

“Not a surprise. I should reach out to her again, I haven’t talked to her for way too long. Does she have a husband?”

Draco’s jaw clenched. “No.”

“You British wizards don’t know what you’re missing out on,” he hummed, and Draco’s heart dropped. He knew very well what he was and wasn’t missing out on. “What about your engagement? I couldn’t find anything in the Daily Prophet since your return to England.” – the bastard had studied him just like he had done once he knew who he needed to work with for this project.

Draco kept his mouth shut. He knew exactly what Krum played at; he was brought up in a traditional pureblood family as well. By now he should have been married or at least publicly engaged. His parents pushed for the same answer, getting more and more nervous about the years passing. If only he would care about any of them girls he took out for dates and slept with. It would make his life easier.

Now he tangled himself in a web with Granger out of all women. He knew she wasn’t interested in anything more than their freshly discovered lust for each other. What for Draco soon would swap into an emotional disaster with a lot more damage than he already carried would be a faint memory for the pretty witch he couldn’t get enough of.

Krum was the prime example of a pureblood of their generation. His wife Lydia Krum was at home, pregnant from what he was able to find out about her. Whilst her husband spent his time in muggle strip clubs. Classy.

Sunday morning dragged by only slowly and at the end of the day Draco was left with everything he needed besides one signature. The most important of them all – Victor Krum's.

"I'll owl you my friend once I've made my decision," he had said and slipped the papers in the inside of his dress jacket in the late afternoon. Draco had clenched his teeth and nodded respectfully, not wanting to provoke the dumb wizard he depended on. "Or maybe I'll visit you in London in the coming weeks. Tell Hermione my best wishes, will you?"

Apparating into his own home on Sunday evening should have felt like freedom, but he tensed only further when he noticed that Hermione had left his place. He had expected it, but what caught him by surprise was the fact that there was no sign she had been there in the first place.

Everything looked and smelled like it always did. Even his pillowcases... he had sat on his mattress, pulling the pillow she had slept on to his face and had tried to gather her scent. It was gone. She had cleaned up, and it made him feel lonelier than ever before.

She didn't want him to remember her, it was as clear as a bright summer day.

He loosened the tie around his neck, opened the first buttons of his dress shirt and sat there for a while. Maybe all of this had been a horrible idea. Inviting Granger to his place, messing with his brain like that. It was probably his personal punishment for doing the same thing to all the other witches in the past.

He stowed his wand on the nightstand and got up to stop dwelling on being an idiot. Instead, he stripped down to his underwear and grabbed a pair of sweatpants before disappearing into his fitness room in the basement.

He enjoyed the physical pain as it overshadowed the mental sting. It was easier to let out his frustration on the machines than it was to deal with his own emotions.

Tonight, it didn't seem to have the desired effect on him, but he pushed through anyway until he was a sweaty mess and his arms and legs shook from exhaustion. The sweat running down his torso disappeared in the hem of his waistband and his hair clung to his forehead. He decided to take a shower before having dinner.

Usually, Draco liked long and hot showers. Today the water felt dull and images of Hermione's naked body in front of him gave him nothing but a headache and a massive hard-on. With a frustrated groan he closed his fist around his cock and began to stroke himself. Harsher than needed, just so he could relish in the memory of how tight she had felt around him on Friday night.

He shuddered, his tired muscles aching as he began to move his thumb over the head for additional pressure. He moaned and his head fell back into his neck. The water covering his face made him heave for air when his caress became frantically as he relished in the memory of fucking her from behind. How with every thrust the couch underneath them had moved and scratched the floor.

His other hand shot up to find hold at the glass surrounding him. His sounds of pleasure echoed through the bathroom and only spurred himself on more when he heard her voice in his head.

'Don't go gentle on me.'

His hips jerked forward as he fucked his hand hard and he groaned in ecstasy.

He was panting by now, not sure if he was burning from his own hand or the hot water pouring down on him.

'Nobody ever fucked me this good, Draco. Don't slow down, come inside me.'

He shuddered and his fingers felt numb at the unbearable amount of pressure he stroked himself with.

He was so close – so fucking close to come all over his hand and the shower. Just one more thought, one more of her words in his head. His mind drifted to the early Saturday morning hours when she had seduced him in his own bed. How his fingers closed around her throat and he offered her air instead of him coming deep inside of her.

How she had longed for his control when he forced her to make a decision.

‘What do you want more? My cum or air?’ – ‘Your cum...’

With a loud shout from deep within thick spurts pulsated out of his throbbing cock and he almost stumbled backwards at the intensity of his relief. He was still holding himself tight, stroked slowly until the last drop left him to be washed away by the hot water.

After his shower Draco put on a simple white T-Shirt and black sweatpants, not even bothered to put on briefs or any additional confinement.

He sauntered into his kitchen where he fixed himself a sandwich for dinner. With the plate in one hand, a bottled butterbeer in the other, he moved to the dining room.

Draco hesitated when he saw an arranged parchment role in the middle of the wooden table, leaning against one of *her* heels. He sat down and finished his dinner slowly, staring at the parchment role that he recognized to be the copy of his list. She left it here for him to find.

He wasn't too eager to open it but watched the display in front of him with a calm demeanor. Once he had finished his dinner, he gulped down the butterbeer and showed some mercy. He leaned over the table and pulled the parchment role with her heel closer. Touching the leather heel made him hum in satisfaction. He remembered how she had lost them along the way after he had carried her from the dining- to the living room in his arms.

He held the heel in one hand, his other unfolding the parchment with ease as he scanned the page. It was the same version he had seen yesterday afternoon in his hotel room.

He felt how a hint of anger flared up in his chest. She wanted to seduce him with the promise of rough sex, just the way he liked it whilst denying him to kiss and devour her body. He hated the idea, and he was frustrated that he couldn't grasp an answer to the *why*. She clearly had enjoyed their time together, and he knew he was an excellent kisser.

His fingers played with the shoe as a small note from inside the parchment roll fell onto the table. Intrigued he picked it up and bit his tongue as he read the words in Granger's delicate handwriting. *'I hope your trip was successful. Hermione'*

A smile tugged at the corner of his mouth at her words, picking up his mood slightly. Maybe he misinterpreted her doing on the list – it wouldn't be the first time that happened. He sighed and with a snip of his fingers the plate in front of him disappeared and he got up.

He decided to write her back, just to let her know he was back home. It was the least he could do after seeing her message. It had been thoughtful of her to leave the note, and he wanted her to know that he appreciated it. Even though he had been sparse with sending her owls over the last week compared to her reaching out over and over again... that was before he had fucked the witch. Now it felt rude to just ignore her until the next opportunity presented for him to have her again.

'Hermione, I was surprised to find my bed empty when I returned tonight. I hope you enjoyed the rest of your weekend. I have to apologize to you for leaving you in the middle of the night. You forgot one of your heels on my dining room table. DM'

He sighed when his personal black owl, a rare and beautiful bird he acquired in the states, took the note, and left with a loud screech from his kitchen window.

The sky was black without clouds tonight and the full moon shone through the windows of the barely lit kitchen. He walked over to his Espresso machine – a gift from Blaise Zabini from his time in Italy. As spend as he felt, he wanted to stay awake and prepare for the upcoming workday. He didn't get much done in Bulgaria outside of the endless meetings.

He still had to review the agenda for the stadium tour with Weasley on Tuesday and had to prepare four meetings for tomorrow. In one sip he emptied the ridiculously small cup and

went straight for a refill.

When he was hovering in his office over the tour agenda he heard his owl screeching from the open kitchen window and got up abruptly. He hadn't expected a reply from her, not so soon. But he took the note she wrote eagerly and fed his bird one of his favorite crackers.

'Draco, how foolish of me to forget my shoe. I must have been in a hurry. I wanted to wear them tomorrow, but I guess I have to think about something else,' Draco smirked at her flirtatious words and pressed his tongue against the inside of his cheek. *'I assume you're exhausted from your trip, so I better not show up unannounced to pick up my belongings. P.s. Your bird is absolutely stunning and very well behaved. Hermione '*

He arched his brows at her boldness and his mind spiraled at the same time as his eyes shot up to look at the clock on the wall. It was nine o' clock and he was tempted. He could invite her over to continue where they left off and he surely was curious to find out what her intentions for her changes on his list were about.

He sighed and gripped his pen tightly when he used her own note to scribble underneath it. *'Come over if you're brave enough. My floo is open until 11.'*

Draco was not convinced she would actually show up, but he just couldn't help himself. Having her at his place again was too tempting to not take the opportunity. He could work longer hours tomorrow to finish his prep work for the rest of the week. He should be good for his schedule on Monday.

He returned to his desk and dove back into work until he decided he was ready for another shot of Espresso at 9.45pm. He heard the roar of his fireplace as he faced the door of the kitchen to the living room with his back and smiled to himself.

He waited, nipped at the hot drink, and listened to her taking a deep breath.

"Draco?"

Chapter 11 - Hate me

Chapter Notes

Hello friends,

I was traveling for a while and just got home and get to upload here. Sorry for the wait. I had to re-write this chapter a bunch of times to not get too extreme as I was getting carried away.

There has been quite the development in the world lately and I don't want to get political on here, but I just hope that some people can use this story (or any for that matter) to distract themselves and dive into another world. It sure helps me to cope with the visuals and emotions that overwhelm most of us these days!

I love all of you xx Ramelle

Edit: please be aware of verbal degradation ahead. It was brought to my attention that a warning would have been appropriate and appreciated. Thanks for bringing this to my attention. Love you all xxx

The only source of light in the dark room came from the magical fire surrounding Hermione as she stepped out of the flames. She blinked and tried to adjust to the night. Deep down she knew she should have never showed up at this time of night – especially since it was Sunday and they both had to work tomorrow. However, she had convinced herself that she had to take control of her situation, of her body and mind.

Hermione took a deep breath. “Draco?”

“Kitchen,” his deep voice made her body quiver in anticipation. She had missed the sound of it, had missed the way it made her hairs stand up in the back of her neck and how it caused her mind to whirl loud and wildly. No other voice had this effect on her.

She could make out his silhouette in front of a window when she turned around to look for him. He was standing with his back turned towards her, his hands supporting him on both sides of his body on what she believed to be the kitchen counter.

Her heart hammered in her chest when she took her first step forward. When she came closer, without being able to take her eyes off the man in front of her, a small light over the stove turned on and made it easier for her to see more of him.

She swallowed silently. The white T-Shirt he was wearing hugged his shoulders tightly. As much as she enjoyed the view of him in his fancy suits and turtlenecks, this was far more intimate to her. She herself was wearing a simple pair of black muggle jeans and a white blouse. Her hair was still in a knot on her head from her dinner with Ginny and Harry.

Her eyes drifted to his exposed forearm, the Dark Mark showing as she stepped in front of the kitchen island in the middle of the room. Her hands clung to the edges of it and helped her to stand steady. She had felt so brave earlier; it all had faded with him in front of her.

“H-Hey...” she whispered and waited.

“You came,” he stated calmly and finally turned around to face her. His eyes were brightening the faintly lit room and she smiled coyly. His hair was not styled, and blonde strands fell onto his forehead. His expression was unreadable when he looked into her eyes.

“I came,” she repeated and let go off the countertop in front of her, her fingers began to tuck hair that had fallen out of her knot behind her ear to do something.

“Your belongings are on the table in the dining room where you *forgot* them,” he said in the same unruffled voice, and she bit her tongue in response. He couldn’t possibly think that was the reason for her to show up this late. When she just stared at him, he tilted his head to the side, and she noticed how his lips quivered to hold back a smirk. “That’s what you came for, no?”

“Amongst other things,” she replied with a smile of her own and relaxed when he finally let his amusement take over.

He straightened his shoulders. “Do tell,” he cocked his brows quickly, “I’m intrigued to hear what else you could want.”

Her stomach fluttered with butterflies. He played his part so well, was always so controlled. She had initiated this, so she had to find the boldness that had urged her to practically invite herself to his house again. "I assume you've seen that I returned your list."

"It's yours to keep, it's a copy." He simply stated and kept quiet after that.

"A copy?" She repeated puzzled from his statement.

"There is an original version of it, it is linked to the copy I gave you."

She hesitated before she dared to ask, "You're saying..."

"I'm saying that I've seen your notes the day you first added them. I wanted to tell you on Friday, but somehow you were eager to kneel in front of me. I got carried away."

"I... Oh..." she was perplexed, but then again, she should have known that this was something a person like Draco would do. "You *should* have told me."

"Are you upset?" He asked calmly at the same time as his arms crossed in front of his chest. He seemed truly curious to find out how she felt, and she had to think for a moment before she decided to be truthful.

"No. I'm just surprised and maybe a little embarrassed is all."

"Is that so? You saw all my interests on there, I needed to know what you wanted to get out of this experience. I wouldn't dare to assume what you're into and since you didn't tell me straight away, I wanted to be sure to make this good for you."

"For both of us," she added eagerly and bit her tongue again, harder this time and she flinched at the sudden pain she inflicted upon herself.

“It’s only good for me when you’re enjoying yourself, Hermione,” he said, and it was the first time his eyes changed into something softer. She wanted to drown in them, but she had to remind herself that this was exactly what she tried to avoid. If she wanted to continue this – whatever this was - with *him*, she had to keep it together.

No more softness, no more of his tongue and especially no more of the sweet kisses he had shared with her. It had been all too much for her – too intense. She could feel how her body was longing for him in more than just a sexual way and she knew that if they continued like this she would fall apart sooner or later. She had to protect herself.

“What do you think about my notes?” It took her a lot to ask him directly without looking away. She didn’t know how to tell him what she wanted from him, what she needed to set herself straight. She needed him rough and without mercy. She couldn’t endure to hear her name falling from his lips in a sensual moan when he shuddered in and above her.

“I’m intrigued,” he stepped closer. The kitchen island was still in between them, “but I’m curious to find out what exactly made you change your preferences and likings after Friday night.”

She held her breath as he slowly began to walk around the isle and stopped two feet away from her. If either of them wanted to, they could touch each other without much effort.

“I liked everything we did so far,” she answered somewhat honestly. She had liked it too much.

“Usually, I would tell you now that you’re being such a good girl for telling me this, but it seems like you have no interest in my praise anymore,” he said dryly and she heard how his tone turned bitter even though he clearly tried to hide it under a mask of indifference.

“No,” she said quickly and eventually looked away from him. Her body was starved for his approval, she wanted to hear him praise her over and over again. The problem was the swarm of butterflies that came with his words and the threat to take over her entire being with it.

“Hm. What do you want me to call you instead?”

This was her chance to end all the gentleness between them. This was what she needed; she was certain. “If you feel comfortable with it, I would like to try something more... *degrading*.”

She carefully looked up to watch his reaction. The corners of his mouth were hanging down as if he was frowning but his eyebrows were raised with something close to excitement in his eyes.

“You want me to humiliate you?” He asked with pure interest, and she felt how her cheeks flushed. “Is that something you’re into?”

“I- I think I would like to try it out?” Her words were merely a whisper at this point. This was hard for her, but she had to push herself to change their paths. This was the only thing she could think of. To protect her heart, her soul and mind from him. That, or to end it all here and now. She didn’t even try to fool herself into believing that she was capable of making such decision for herself.

He closed the gap between them, and his fingers brushed her hip as if he was toying with the idea to pull her closer. He didn’t.

Hermione closed her eyes, sudden goosebumps erupting all over her body.

“You don’t sound very convinced,” he commented smug, and her eyes shot open to see him with an arrogant smirk.

No, no, no – she would not fall for his charm. Not tonight. She cleared her throat and straightened her shoulders, just now noticing how slouched she stood in front of him. He stroked the outside of her hip a little firmer now and she shuddered under the caress. “I’m sure of it.”

He hummed and his eyes scanned her figure with steady composure in his features.

“And you don’t want us to kiss anymore?”

Her heart sunk at the hint of disapproval in his tone. Oh, she wanted to throw her arms around his neck and press her lips on his – taste his sweet tongue and moan into him as soon as the fireworks inside her brain would cloud all her rational thoughts. But she couldn’t tell him how she really felt, she had made up her mind for good.

“I-is that a problem for you?” She asked with a shaky voice, swallowing down the tight knot forming in her throat.

Their eyes met and Hermione swore that something in his silver gaze had changed. The stars usually dancing in them seemed a little dull in the dimly lit room and her hands grabbed the counter tighter. Would she survive if he said he couldn’t agree with her request? Could she let him go like that?

He slowly shook his head, his jaws clenched before he blinked twice. His entire face seemed cold out of a sudden, but his grin had never left his lips. As if he held on to a thought that was distracting him from their conversation right here and now.

“No, it’s not a problem. May I ask what is so unappealing about my lips on your body?”

She took a deep breath and decided it was time to be honest with him about her feelings. His fingers found a trail up her arm until his wrist rested on her collarbone and his palm stroked the juncture of her neck. Her eyes fluttered shut instantly and she took a shaky breath.

“It’s not like that... it’s too intimate for me,” she whispered.

His fingers left her so unexpectedly as they had appeared in the first place, and her eyes shot open at the loss of his skin against hers.

“I see,” he said, coldly and detached now to match his unreadable mask.

“It’s just that-“ she wanted to explain herself as soon as she registered how he reacted to her admission of feelings for him. But he didn’t let her finish and harshly interrupted her.

“- don’t worry about it. You’re right, I should have thought about that myself.” His words cut through her heart like knives. Of course, he understood. He knew how she had felt for him in school, and she should have been more vocal about her worries about falling for him all over again.

“No, I should have said something right away.”

To her surprise he didn’t want to dwell on it or discuss it further. He respected her boundaries and continued his questioning.

“And you seem to be interested in role play,” he said slowly and watched her reaction. She nodded slowly. “How so?”

She held her breath when she blurted out the words that she had practiced inside of her head over and over again. As if she had waited for it since she had left the list on his dining table. “I thought... I didn’t know if you’d be wanting to do anything like this, but I think I would like to pretend for us to be someone else.”

“Who do you want us to be?” He asked with a smooth chuckle, but she caught in the corner of her eyes how his hands clenched to tight fists on his sides. She licked her lips, feeling how arousal spread through her core at the direction their conversation was going. Her nipples began to ache inside the lacy brasserie she wore tonight. “Because I’m not interested in fucking anyone else but Hermione Granger.”

She quivered on the spot and tried to avoid clenching her thighs at his words. She let herself believe for just a second that what he had said was true. Just once. “I- I don’t want you to be anyone else but Draco either.”

He smiled with almost too much consideration to not make her shy away, “Tell me, what could a bright and proper witch dream about when nobody is around?”

She would regret asking him this, she was afraid to speak it out loud. But the only version of Draco she could think of that she truly hated was before he changed his views and beliefs. When he loathed her existence and yes, even her blood status. But before she could overthink it, she spoke out what she thought she could handle.

“You probably don’t remember this, but in sixth year at school, you and I spent quite some time together in the library in separate sections.” She felt how her cheeks flushed crimson as they grew incredibly hot.

Draco’s eyes flickered in the dark kitchen and his smug expression disappeared. Before he had to admit to her that he had no idea what she was talking about, she continued in a hurry.

“It’s stupid, but there was one night where I was paranoid you were lurking around every corner,” she said and decided to leave out the part where she had cried over her best friend regularly snogging Lavender Brown. “I wonder what it would have been like back then, if you would have ever let your frustration out on me.”

He kept his mouth shut, but she saw how he tensed his shoulders. The way his jaws clenched looked almost painful to her. “You really think you would have let me touch you before you would have been able to send curses my way?”

Her eyes lowered to find the courage to continue. He was just polite; *he* would never have touched *her* back then. Draco knew very well that she would have let him.

“It’s just a fantasy, Draco. I know who you are now, but you asked me over a week ago about my fantasies...”

“Granger,” he muttered behind gritted teeth, “what exactly are you asking?”

She took the deepest breath she could fathom without coughing. “I want... I want you to *use* me, Draco. I want you to take what you want and how you want me without being considerate or careful.”

He didn't move, just kept looking at her when she dared to meet his eyes again before they shot back to his left forearm.

She wanted him to be mean and heartless – just so that she could remember what it had felt like to loathe him. To remind her why he would never want her the same way she wanted him in the first place. To take her back to a time where he laughed at her for fancying him.

“Hermione...” he hesitated before he raised his brows, “are you asking me to hate fuck you?”

She swallowed. Yes, she knew he had hated her just as much as she had hated him, if not even more. But to hear him confirm it stirred up something deep inside of her. She nodded and forced herself to a coy smile. “Yes, Draco.”

He clicked his tongue once and she met his gaze in return, still wondering what he was thinking underneath his unreadable mask.

“Tell me,” he closed the distance between them and Hermione held her breath when he reached for her face. As if she was about to break underneath his touch, he stroked her cheek and held her gently before he continued. “are you so afraid of intimacy that you're trying to avoid any kind of passion? You'd rather have me call you a needy whore and use your body than letting me take care of you? Am I really that horrible?”

He smirked, seemingly amused by her request. Hermione shook her head slowly, trying to calm her racing heartbeat. His fingers on her skin made her anxious, butterflies fluttered through her treacherous body.

“I'm not afraid of intimacy. I like it hard and rough, and I think to remember that's to your liking as well.”

One corner of his mouth tugged upwards quickly before he hummed in agreement.

Hermione nodded and straightened her shoulders in anticipation. “So... Where do you want me?” She asked and began to fiddle with the upper button of her blouse.

Draco’s features were bewildered, and his hand shot out to grab her by her wrist. He pulled her hand down before she could proceed. She wanted to ask him what was wrong, when he turned her around without much effort until her back hit his chest. She shrieked and held her breath in expectation. Her heart pounded in her head; her blood was rushing into her most intimate of places. Her brain and in between her legs – a great combination.

His nose pressed against the most sensitive spot underneath her ear, and she shook in his arms when he held her tight at her waist with one hand and at her wrist in front of her chest with the other. His erection was rubbing against her backside, hard as steel. He inhaled her scent, she heard and felt it. Then he spoke with his lips pressed against her skin. “How can you ask me for this when you should be still sore from what I did to you two nights ago?”

She smiled with her eyes closed in pleasure. “I could barely walk when I left your place,” she admitted and enjoyed the vibration of his satisfied hum against her “so I bought myself a potion.”

He groaned, and his cheek was almost gently rubbing against hers when he whispered, “Are you sure you want me to treat you like that?”

She nodded without needing to think twice. “Yes, I want this.”

Hermione whimpered and couldn’t help but mold into his chest, her hips swaying to cause this delicious friction with a moan escaping her. This was better than being his good girl – this was detached and without her being afraid to feel these utterly strong feelings for his caress.

This was the most exciting thing she had ever done in her entire life. Masturbating in front of him, having him take her rough in his living room, begging for his seed and having him take her air away... nothing compared to the tingling sensation of adrenaline shooting through her veins just now.

The arousal in between her legs was unstoppable. Her need for him to control and dominate her too much to bear. Hermione trembled and leaned into his soft touch, not sure if she was able to resist kissing him once he was buried deep inside of her.

His hands slowly wandered around her waist and dug into her stomach to pull her closer against him before he began to open the button of her jeans. She didn't move, just let him open her pants with two rough hand movements before he dove right underneath the waistband of her knickers and discovered the effect all of him had on her.

"Shit..." his index and middle finger disappeared in her drenched folds and he purposefully and without much teasing rubbed over her swollen clit in a circling motion. She whimpered and spread her legs as far as she could in her position with her tight jeans till hugging her.

He pulled his fingers away from her abruptly and held them up. Both of them watched her slickness cling onto his digits as he spread them in demonstration of his power. He hummed and without a warning, he pressed them against her lips before she could protest.

"Taste yourself."

His fingers pushed passed her closed lips and forced her to obey as he began his intrusion. Her own taste was overwhelming and strange, but her tongue met him eagerly. She was sheerly unable to hold herself back from wanting to please him. He chuckled into the side of her neck before his dark voice vibrated against her sensitive skin.

"You want to know what it would have been like if I had fucked you in school?"

Hermione trembled against him and nodded with his fingers still in her mouth. He clicked his tongue and grabbed her by the waist. "Words, Granger. I don't have the patience for your mind games tonight."

He sounded cold, and if it wasn't for his erection pressing against the swell of her back she would have been convinced he was annoyed by her.

“Yesch, pleasch,” she spat and with every word she bit his fingers in a provocative way to tease him. He groaned before he slowly hooked his fingers into one side of her cheek and with that forced her to turn around. She felt like a fish on a hook, trying to follow his hand without getting hurt.

He didn’t retreat his hand, even when he stared down at her with a dangerous look on his face. He seemed angry – and she loved it.

“I won’t hold back, little lioness. You asked for this. You know how to get out if you need to.” He said calmly and without waiting for her approval this time, he dug his fingers into her tongue with so much pressure that he forced her head down. All she could stare at was the enormous tent in his sweatpants and she was certain he wasn’t even wearing briefs. *Sweet Circe.*

Draco’s free hand grabbed her hair to make her look up at him, and his tired but arrogant smirk brought her mind right back to their days at Hogwarts. Just like she had hoped for. It was thrilling and intimidating at the same time.

She fought to hold back a grin, but he noticed and raised his brows in surprise.

“Oh, you think this is funny, do you? Get on your knees before I’ll make you.”

She fell at the same time as he yanked her head back and pushed further against her tongue and therefore put more pressure on her tight jaw. The pain he caused her was making it easier to submit to him the way she needed to. This felt right.

The way he held her by her hair in his tight grip she had no other choice but hold his gaze as her knees dug into the kitchen floor. She must have looked ridiculous, maybe like a dog. The way she was panting in front of him on the floor and tears started to fill the corner of her eyes made her feel small. She tried to swallow down her saliva as he forced her mouth open with his fingers still inside of it.

“Don’t look at me like that. You really think I would ask you for permission to use your holes? Are you not even trying to fight me? You actually like this, don’t you?”

She shook her head and spat a “No.” around his fingers. He used her jaw movement to intrude her mouth further and began to roughly fuck her with his fingers until she had to fight with her gag reflex. He went deeper than she had expected, and it took all of her will power to calm her responses.

“What are you gonna do about it, Granger? Call your little ugly friends to come and save you?”

She choked on a whimper and his hand at the same time as he fucked her deeper. She felt her own arousal on her lips, saliva began to run down the sides of her chin and tears began to run. She shivered in a mind-blowing mixture of emotions. Pleasure, pain, anticipation and thrill.

Her eyes fluttered when he pulled his fingers away from her completely and dismissively rubbed her fluids all over her face with his palm. He then cleaned himself on his sweatpants as if he was too good for her.

When she watched him doing so her eyes fell onto his crotch again.

Her instincts wanted her to lean forward and lick him through his trousers, but she didn't want to break character. She wanted to be at least half as good as him at this role play, so she leaned away from him instead until his hands grabbed the back of her head and forced her nose and mouth against his clothed cock. She gasped, steadily trying to pull away but he didn't let her. Like he wanted her to suffocate on his arousal.

She cried out in desperate need to touch herself right then, but instead she held onto his thighs to get away from him. She tugged on the fabric of his pants, inhaling his scent. When she looked up at him again she almost drowned in his hooded gaze.

“Fuck,” he mumbled behind gritted teeth, staring at her from above with strands of his hair falling onto his forehead. “Where's all your Gryffindor courage from a moment ago? Huh? I can't hear you... open your mouth.”

He mocked her, not allowing her to speak when he bucked his hips against her mouth, gyrating when he took her air away repeatedly. She became dizzy from want and need. She wondered if she'd ever have this kind of erotic experience again with someone else. This felt more than special.

“That’s right, let me show you what men like me do with whores like you.”

He seemed to be more affected than he wanted to admit, but when he shoved her backwards and she almost fell, he took a shaky breath. He quickly pulled himself out of his sweatpants, never letting her out of his sight.

Hermione was panting, trying to crawl backwards on her knees. It hurt, and she was certain she would be bruised all over after tonight. All she managed to do was to stare at his thick cock when he stroked himself slowly.

“Where do you think you’re going?” He growled and stepped forward without stopping to pleasure himself. With his free hand he grabbed her hair and forced her forward again. “You basically asked for me to stuff your mouth with something useful. You should be honored.”

She shook her head, but she licked her lips at the same time in anticipation. She hoped he would be just as harsh with his administrations as he had been on Friday night. Maybe even rougher. She wanted to feel all the frustration and hate between them. No affection, no confusion of what she was here for.

“Don’t do this... please...” She was surprised how her voice shook as she spoke, her throat felt dry and drained from all the spit that was smeared all over her face. A part of her body wanted to flee from this version of him, and then it didn’t. She wanted him to own her in every way possible.

He laughed coldly, pulling her face harshly towards him and angling her the way he needed to. In a moment of silent pants he shoved his balls against her lips and nose, taking her air away again.

“You want to live? You want to breathe? Fucking use your tongue like a proper toy.” His words came out strangled, and she hesitated just for the sake of the play before she let her flat

tongue come in contact with his soft skin. Eagerly she tried to cover as much of him as possible.

He kept stroking himself and his head fell back into his neck when he groaned loudly. Seeing him in such deep pleasure from their play made her try to rub her thighs together on the hard, cold floor. She felt the fabric of her jeans getting wet with how aroused she was.

His fingers scratched her scalp almost gently and the sweet caress made her flinch.

No, no, no – not like this.

She needed him to keep his masquerade of aggression up for this. Her heart began to pound, her stomach to flutter and with one panicked gasp she pulled back so hard she hurt herself with his fingers deeply tangled in her hair.

She groaned and panted, wanting to escape him to make him get angry with her. He held her firmly in his grip and she twisted herself around his hand, her eyes shut close to avoid his frustrated features.

“Stop fighting,” another tug and she stilled at his loud and threatening tone taking over her entire being. “This can go one or two ways right now. Either you suck me off without being such an insufferable bitch or I’ll take your ass. Your choice.”

She felt captured in arousal and an urgent need to plead for his mercy. When he jerked her back into position he showed nothing but impatience for her.

“Please... *Malfoy*...”

“I don’t fucking care. Don’t you get it? I don’t fucking care about *you* Granger. You’re nothing to me.”

He said the words so calmly and her heart suddenly shrank and expanded at the same time. A knot forming in her throat from something else but his erotic torture.

Draco's face softened as he seemed to be unsure if what he had said crossed a line. It didn't. It hurt, yes – but that's what she had wanted all along. Pain and pleasure. Nothing else.

His tongue pressed against the inside of his cheek before he let go of himself and his lips parted with a worried look on his face. She shook her head quickly, smiled coyly and whispered, "Keep going..."

Yes, she wanted him to lose his patience with her completely. Rut her into the kitchen floor and make her feel how it should have been all along. Nothing but thrill and raw lust. This was exactly what she needed to hear from him. She knew he didn't hate her; he was playing his role better than the young Draco Malfoy could have done it himself. But he didn't have feelings for her either – and it truly didn't matter what she felt for him. He would fuck some sense into her, teach her how to let go of her mind and discover the darkest parts of her soul.

He straightened his shoulders, his large hand closed around his rock-hard length again.

"So, what will it be, Granger? Will you suck my cock, or will you let me use that ass of yours?" He growled and tugged at her hair, so she had to lean back as he forced her to look into his grey eyes. His pupils were blown wide and his cheeks were tinted in the faint light from the kitchen counter behind them. "*Tick tock...*"

She swallowed her saliva down, and without another attempt to fight him she opened her mouth and tried to lean forward to get closer to his exposed groin. He still held her tight and didn't even allow her to get near him. Instead, the hand around his cock retreated to have his fingers dig into her chin and jaw, forcing her to open up further.

"That's what I thought. Swotty Granger is hungry for some pureblood cock..."

She wanted to tell him that he was right, but she just blinked up at him through tears when he forced himself into her mouth. He let himself sink into her with vigor, soon reaching her throat with his head to make her gag. He let go off her face and brought his hand to the other on the back of her head to make sure she couldn't pull away.

The grunt escaping him as he stilled and enjoyed her contracting muscles around him was everything Hermione ever wanted to hear from him. Over and over again she wanted to coax

this reaction from him. The sweet-salty taste of his pre-cum made her moan in excitement.

Her nostrils flared for air when he retreated and pushed back in, fucking her face slow but dangerously deep as she tried to relax her jaw to accommodate him. He was so large, and she couldn't stop herself from pushing against his shaft with her tongue.

His hips bucked into her face and when she felt like she regained some control she surged forward slowly for him to push deeper. She was prepared this time and was able to control her gag reflex as she felt him in her throat and his blonde pubic hair began to tickle her.

"Always knew this is what you truly wanted. You're a little cock loving slut... ahh... *take it!*" He got rougher quickly, and she felt a new surge of tears streaming down her face as she tried to breathe and fought her own reflexes who urged her to get rid of the uncomfortable intrusion.

He used her like a worthless hole, and she whimpered underneath his treatment. Until he pulled out of her so suddenly that she gasped for air. Strings of saliva connecting her still with him before he took his cock and spread her fluids, mixed with his own pre-cum all over her face, avoiding her eyes as she shut them close.

His hand in her hair held her firmly still as the stinging pain slowly became too much. As if he knew she became more uncomfortable he let go of her with both of his hands at once.

"Turn around," he ordered with a heavy breath of his own and she stared at him. She could swear that she was about to orgasm from the pulsating ache between her legs alone.

However, this time panic rose in her at the other thing he had implied earlier. Even though she was open to Anal play, she had never truly done it before. Draco had been the first man to ever play with her forbidden opening with his finger. There was no way she would be able to relax to accommodate his massive length on the kitchen floor.

"I- I did what you asked me to do. Let me finish this..." She began to ramble, and he rolled his eyes at her.

“Do you know what you are to me?” He whispered poorly and without a warning crouched in front of her – still so tall that he still looked down on her from his new position.

Hermione shook with arousal and tried to calm her breathing. Her face was wet with their fluids, and she felt dirty.

“You... always call me a M-*Mudblood*,” she almost choked on her own spit.

His brows arched and he remained silent for a while, clearly uncomfortable with her using the name he had called her in school. She used to hate it, it was cruel and humiliating. The word had lost meaning for her over the years though – now in this adventure it felt safe to play around with it for her own mental torture.

“So smart, aren’t you?” He commented with a strained voice before his icy mask slipped right back onto his dangerously handsome face. “You’re a mudblood whore, Granger. You were born to take pureblood cock in every place I desire. You like putting on these tight jeans and short skirts and wiggle your ass in front of us knowing you make us hard, don’t you?”

“Malfoy...” Her halfhearted attempt was recognized with his hands grabbing her upper arms on both sides roughly to force her to turn around. Everything hurt and she was so glad she had a pain potion at home to take care of herself later.

“*Malfoy...*,” he imitated her with a condescending sneer and reached around her chest to pull her flush against him. Without hesitating he ripped her blouse open, buttons flew everywhere, the noise of them hitting the floor made Hermione press herself further against him without being able to control it.

His large palms cupped her breasts over her brasserie and found her nipples hard and waiting for him. Then he rearranged the lace impatiently, shoving the fabric up to her chest to have her breasts bare for him to grope.

He pulled her nipples and made her whimper and moan, rubbed them soothingly after and then began to knead her full chest with rough hands.

“I wonder...” she jolted in his arms when his lips almost touched her earlobe as he spoke, “are you a virgin? Did you save yourself for someone to make sweet love to you?”

Her lips parted but he shushed her with a hissing sound. “Don’t answer that, I will find out for myself. More fun to see how far I can go before you cry out in pain. Tell you what, if you had someone else in your cunt before I promise I make sweet love to your ass instead.”

She shook when he began to pull her jeans roughly down to the middle of her thighs. Then he pushed her upper body down against the floor, so her ass was up in the air for him. The cold air hit her exposed cunt and made her contract around nothing.

Her entire body was hot and sweaty by now, her cheek laid flat on the cold stone as she closed her eyes to wait for him to have his way with her.

Soon felt all of him against her, rubbing his head teasingly through the slickness he could reach from behind.

“Shit... you’re actually enjoying this. You like being used by a pureblood cock?”

He thrust into her hard and she screamed as her face rubbed over the cold floor, her wet face making her slide easily. Her hair clung to her face, and she moaned and cried at the same time at the sensation of him filling her again. She felt then that she was still sore despite the pain potion she had used. It was a good pain, a sting that made her feel complete.

When he filled her to the hilt, she felt one of his hands on her lower back, the other one stroking her hair before leaning further into her. He grunted at their closeness, and she shook under him.

He spat his next question as he stilled to let her adjust. “Who fucked your cunt before me, Granger?”

“Malfoy,” She whimpered while his palm wandered from her hair to the cheek facing him and he slapped it teasingly he almost pulled out of her to fuck back into her with force. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head at his roughness, her lips formed a sudden ‘O’.

“That’s who you belong to from now on...” He fucked her rough and deep; her knees rubbed over the floor as he rutted into her. His assault made her inner walls convulse around him unexpectedly. She tried to brace herself with her hands over her head as she felt how bruised her knees already were. “But I’m not happy that you’re getting fucked by others. What are we gonna do about that?”

She knew it wouldn’t take long for her to come like this, and she didn’t even try to hold it back. Her arms went limp, and she felt herself drool on the floor with her cheek rubbing over the cold stone as he took her without mercy. This was what it felt like when he didn’t hold back. It was intense. Both of their moans filled the air, pants and slapping of skin made her mind whirl around without being able to think of anything else but his big cock buried deep inside of her.

His movements were urgent, as if they were under time pressure. Then the hand on her back moved up to her bum. He stretched her half-heartedly before she heard him spit. She felt it hit her puckered hole and soon one of his long fingers pushed inside. He massaged her and it didn’t hurt but felt amazing. Just like it had the last time.

Her body thanked him with a blinding climax that made her scream out in ecstasy. It came so abruptly and fast that it almost became painful when he didn’t slow down.

She wasn’t sure when her orgasm ended and where his own began. Just that it was so powerful when he kept thrusting even though he already had spilled his seed deep inside of her. She reveled in the sounds he made before he stilled completely and his grip on her hips loosened. Their role play was over. She could feel it in the way his fingers danced on her skin as if he intended to soothe her and she let herself enjoy the sweet caress for just a moment. He pulled out of both of her holes slowly and she was convinced she had never felt emptier in her entire life.

Hermione was still panting, her exposed chest heaving. Her nipples tightened ever so often against the cold floor and caused another surge of goosebumps running down her spine.

Her eyes were shut close, and she tried to calm herself down – tried to catch a deep breath. Her entire body was still shaking, and she wasn't sure if she would survive his sudden gentleness.

He was everything she needed him to be after being so rough with her.

A new wave of silent tears stole themselves out of the corners of her eyes, mixing with other fluids and making it impossible to think clearly.

“Are you alright?” He pulled her up as he fell back onto his heels and his seed began to slowly find its way out of her.

She tried to hold back a sob as she didn't want him to think that he had done anything wrong. Her body was just a treacherous device of torture, now flooded with their joint force of pleasure.

She nodded quickly and tried to speak between gasps, “Y-yes. I- .. it was perfect.”

His arms wrapped around her upper body from behind, her chest and his chin pushed into her shoulder so that his lips pressed against her neck once. He didn't kiss her, just made her aware that he wanted to. He respected her boundaries, but she had to admit to herself that she didn't want him to do that.

She wanted to feel his lips on her skin, make her feel loved and cherished.

Very carefully he urged her to turn around as he scooted backwards. He stopped when his back hit the kitchen cabinet and their eyes met. He let go of her to reach for her face on both sides, to hold her gently in his large hands and stare into her eyes.

“Are you hurting?” He asked with a hoarse voice, his thumbs began to stroke away tears, make-up and her saliva as far as he could reach. “Was this too much?”

She shook her head with a coy smile, taking a deep breath and leaning forward. He didn't hold her back, but he also didn't move to accommodate her. Hermione's heart began to race again when her lips met his left cheek for a soft kiss.

Her eyes fluttered shut and her hands reached for his still clothed chest, her fingers dug into his T-Shirt to find hold.

He was sitting in front of her like a statue when her lips rested against his heated skin and her throat tightened around a growing knot. She wanted to sob, wanted him to kiss her back. He never did.

Chapter 12 - Mixed Signals

Chapter Notes

Wow, your comments have been amazing and everything I was hoping for. I know my Hermione is very frustrating - she's trying to figure this out. Be easy on her :)

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

Chapter 12 – Mixed Signals

Hermione Granger felt like her world was falling apart in front of her. Everything she had tried to gain back control over her body and mind had only make her fall deeper into a pit of confusion.

She had moments of rationality that she tried to cling onto whenever she encountered them. Moments where she could logically admit to herself that she had feelings for Draco Malfoy that were overwhelming her with longing and sadness.

Her actions to push them away seemed to make her feel worse about it. After she had left his place on Sunday night she had cowered in her shower, crying silent tears of desperation for what she had done to herself.

It wasn't Draco's fault that she reacted to him the way she did, she knew that. He had done everything in his power to fulfill her request of distance. So why didn't she feel loathe for him? Deep down she knew nothing in their scene had been real.

He didn't want to call her a mudblood, or even a whore. Not like this, she knew that. He had done it anyway, and while the sex had been rough and fantastic, she was aware that it hadn't been real.

She knew deep down that all she could do to gain back control over her life was to end things with him. The sad truth was, that it was the only thing she could deem to be fair to both of

them.

Hermione had never been egoistic; she was used to put others first. So why was it impossible for her to be selfless and let him know that she was suffering with their agreement? This was doing her more harm than good as soon as they were apart.

The way he had endured the caress without returning the affection because of the boundaries that *she* had set was something she couldn't forget. She had been determined to apologize to him on Monday for how she had kissed him on Sunday, even though it was only on his cheek.

They didn't run into each other, and she was too agitated with her own behavior that she hadn't pushed her luck to go look for him. Tuesday morning she found herself next to Ginny at the apparition point of the stadium they needed to tour. Her friend was polite and stopped asking after the third time that morning what was going on with her. They had travelled with Harry's flying car to the stadium parking lot and walked over to the meeting point Ginny had agreed upon with Malfoy since she was too pregnant to safely travel via apparition. On their way Ginny had told her about the argument she had the previous night with Harry about finding a name for their second born. She had difficulties following and overheard her asking for her opinion several times. The rest of the ride had been unusual quiet for the two witches.

She fidgeted with the pen in her hand on the clipboard with the protocol checklist. She was nervous to see Draco for the first time after they had parted ways on Sunday.

When the crack of his arrival sounded from behind them, she almost jolted in surprise as her thoughts were too far away from this place.

He looked forbiddingly handsome in his ministry robes, and their eyes met in a long second of silent acknowledgment for each other. Hermione smiled coyly before Ginny cleared her throat.

"Right on time, Malfoy," the red headed witch clapped her hands in approval.

“Ginevra,” he said with a cock of his brows without wanting to take his eyes off Hermione who shuddered at the intensity of his silver orbs.

“Granger,” his voice lowered an octave and Hermione tensed. There was no way that Ginny didn’t get suspicious with the way he looked at her and talked to her in his sex voice.

“Yes, we’re all here,” Ginny said with a confused frown. “Can we start or are we waiting for McMinn?”

“He’s waiting for us in the lobby,” Draco’s eyes shot to the little witch next to Hermione before he walked ahead to lead the way.

That was the only direct interaction she had with him all week. He had mainly spoken to Ginny as she was the project lead and Hermione only signed off on everything silently, directing her questions only to McMinn as the representative of the stadium management.

When their task was done the two witches left Draco behind as he had other meetings on site. Hermione felt awkward walking away from him, knowing he might have watched her exit. Ginny managed to stay quiet until she started the motor of the car and pushed the invisible button after she had made sure no muggles were in sight.

“So, what exactly is going on between you and Malfoy?” She asked with a strict voice, no room for misinterpretation. A blind puppy would have sensed the tension in Hermione’s body and his stupidly attractive way of greeting her had given them away.

She took a deep breath, “What do you mean?”

“Oh, come on, ‘Mione. I know you for most of my life. Recently you guys have been behaving strangely polite towards each other when you normally wouldn’t even acknowledge his existence.”

“You guys befriended him, I thought this would be in your interest as well.” Hermione said calmly, trying to not let the high pitch of her voice take over when she lied. She was a horrible liar, and she knew it.

“You know you can tell me if you want to have sex with him. He’s devilishly handsome, if I wouldn’t be with Harry, I would give it a go myself.”

“Ginny!” Hermione didn’t dare to look at her best friend.

“Even Pansy said you behaved strangely around him lately. I mean, I know he’s no relationship material with the number of witches he gets photographed with... but I told you about the size of his dick! Angelina Jones told me herself that-”

“Stop!” Hermione raised her voice before she could control herself. “I don’t want to hear this.”

“Well, he’s definitely interested. Thought he was going to undress you when you talked to McMinn. I bet I would have seen his hard-on if his cute robes didn’t hide his best qualities.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” she hissed and felt her cheeks flush.

“I’m not! He has asked Harry about you, you know. When he came back to London he asked if you were seeing someone. I bet he held back for Adrian’s sake. Since that bloke is out of the picture Malfoy seems like he’s about to go crazy to ask you out.”

“What?” Hermione’s eyes shot to the witch behind the wheel. “He asked if I was seeing someone?”

“Yep,” Ginny grinned and winked at her friend before focusing back onto their flight path. An undefinable sound of disagreement left Hermione’s lips at the odd information, and she fell silent for the rest of the ride.

Nothing made sense, really. And even though she had felt the spark of sexual tension between them that morning she didn’t hear from Draco the rest of the week.

She felt stupid for not having the courage to talk to him without him initiating the contact. She knew it was up to her to apologize to him if she wanted him to know that her regret for the way she had behaved Sunday night was genuine.

On Saturday morning, when she left her flat to get to London for her brunch date with Pansy, she made the decision to owl him later when she had sorted out her thoughts from the week. She would ask him to meet her and make him listen to what she had to say. She wasn't quite sure yet if she wanted to try to end things with him or not. Well, she didn't want to, but it was probably for the best.

When she entered the fancy muggle restaurant Pansy chose for their hangout, she not only found her but also Angelina Jones at the bar. Hermione was always friendly with her, but since she had heard from Ginny that Draco had slept with her recently, she felt a childish antipathy for the witch. Of course, she was aware of how wrong she was for feeling that way, Angelina was a lovely girl, and she could see why Draco had found interest in her. She was athletic, tall and her exotic genes made her so much more attractive than others. Next to her Hermione felt almost invisible.

"Hermione!" Angelina and Pansy greeted her in a perfectly harmonized choir.

"I love your dress! Wow!" Angelina touched the fabric of Hermione's tight yellow dress that she had gotten from her vacation in Paris last year. She had never worn it out but needed to treat herself after the sobering week.

"Thanks, you look fantastic Angelina. I haven't seen you in forever," she said politely and took a spot next to Pansy to sit as far away from Angelina as possible.

Hermione felt more comfortable after her second London Margarita and some food in her stomach. She enjoyed herself, forgetting about what had bothered her so much earlier. Angelina's questions about her love life were somewhat bearable and Pansy took over the conversation quickly. She was talking about Theo and their plans to travel to India this year.

The light buzz Hermione reached had her smiling and finishing her second drink. She giggled about Pansy's worries to visit the elephant sanctuary and how muggles could be allowed

taking care of such wild animals without any magical abilities.

The waiter began to serve another round of drinks to all of them, when Hermione held up her hands quickly.

“We haven’t ordered anything,” she said and smiled coyly. She shouldn’t be drinking so much during the day.

“The young gentleman at the other end of the bar sends his polite greetings,” the middle-aged waiter nodded towards someone in the background. Hermione turned around to look into the same direction.

Her heart dropped to the ground, and she felt how her entire face began to feel numb. Draco Malfoy lifted his own drink towards the group and Pansy laughed behind her.

“Well, thank you sir,” she said loud enough for him to hear, and he winked at her before his eyes briefly roamed over Hermione. He turned back to engage in a conversation with another wizard. Hermione thought him to be one of Harry’s Aurors but she didn’t care about anyone else but the blonde git.

All of her joy faded with longing and desire for the handsome looking man. He was wearing a black suit jacket over a white dress shirt, his hair neatly styled to the back.

Just looking at him she knew how heavenly he smelled.

“Sweet Circe,” Angelina mumbled underneath her breath, “I haven’t seen him since we hooked up. He’s getting hotter every time I meet him.”

Hermione wasn’t sure if it was the alcohol or the witches’ words that made her feel sick to her stomach. She lowered her eyes and stared at the drink in front of her.

“You have to tell us *everything*,” Pansy whispered poorly. “Is he still as kinky as he was in Hogwarts? How did you guys end up in bed together?”

“Oh Pansy, do you really want to hear this?” Hermione muttered underneath her breath without looking up. Angelina already had leaned forward and ignored the weak protest.

“I was shocked when I saw him in Hogsmeade. I was out with some friends there,” she sounded ecstatic at the memory. “I didn’t know he was back from the states, he invited me for a drink to catch up. It got kind of heated when we started arguing over the last Quidditch match we played against each other in school...” Angelina chuckled. Pansy joined in and Hermione closed her eyes, her fingers roaming over the glass in her hands.

“Don’t you dare leave out any details!”

“Alright. He got so angry with me for not admitting that I fouled him twice, that he said if I wouldn’t give in he would need to find another way to refresh my memory. I told him to try me, and oh Merlin... does this man know how to kiss. In the middle of the Three Broomsticks... he almost fucked me on the bar. Well, we made it to the loo at least. I couldn’t walk for days.”

Hermione got up abruptly and almost stumbled to the ground as she slipped from the highchair. Pansy and Angelina looked at her with surprise, but she laughed it off gracefully. “Continue, I just have to use the loo.”

“You’re such a lightweight,” Pansy laughed and put her hand on Hermione’s shoulder to pat her friend in pity.

“Do you know if he’s dating someone right now?” Angelina asked Pansy.

“Oh please, Draco hasn’t had a girlfriend since Hogwarts! But I’m sure he’s up for another round with you. Go talk to him!”

Nobody paid attention to Hermione wincing when she left the bar to find the restroom.

She took her sweet time; not sure what outcome would be the most bearable when she returned. Angelina and Draco both gone? No... that would be gruesome. But Draco and her had only casual, wild sex - they never had talked about any sort of commitment that would forbid him to take Angelina home with him.

Her heart ached at the image of him with another girl in the kitchen... in his dining room... in his bed... in his shower... Hermione's reflection in the mirror looked suddenly pale and sick. Maybe she needed to be present when he decided to move on from her. Maybe her heart needed to feel that much pain to finally let go.

She took a deep breath and returned after several minutes of self-loathing. Pansy took a sip from her drink, watching Angelina Jones standing closely with Draco on the other side of the bar.

It hurt to see him smirk and talk to her. As if he senses her eyes on him his face turned towards her, looking at her briefly from afar.

Her heart was racing and she wanted to die right this second. Of course he would go after a witch like Angelina, she couldn't even blame him.

She forced herself to a smile and took a seat in her spot again. She pushed the drink he had bought for her away, not wanting to look at it one more time.

"Angelina really has balls," Pansy snickered quietly. "I bet he's going to take her right to the loo. I'm glad you found your way back in time. I already saw you hiding in a stall, listening to them doing it like wild animals."

Hermione choked on her own spit at the words and coughed out loud. "Salazar, Hermione. Are you alright? Do we have to find you a wizard too? The four months without orgasms really seem to mess with your head."

"I'm fine," she hissed and straightened the skirt of her dress in an attempt to do something that didn't give her the opportunity to look over at Angelina and Draco again.

“She’s coming back,” Pansy hushed, and Hermione couldn’t help but look back up at Draco one more time. He leaned against the bar and met her gaze as if he had waited to catch her again. He seemed bothered but didn’t shy away. It was Hermione who looked away from him quickly.

“Aaaand?” Pansy asked in delight when Angelina sneaked back to her chair.

“How embarrassing…” Angelina muttered quietly. Hermione’s eyes shot towards the brunette witch. “He said he’s flattered but not in a position to start seeing anyone.”

“Merlin, did you ask him to marry you? I thought you just wanted to have sex with him.” Pansy chuckled and emptied her drink. Angelina did the same, quickly and clearly drowning in her bravery that got her nowhere.

Hermione felt somewhat relieved at her failure. She wondered why he had denied the flirt. Well, he did have manners after all – she knew that. He probably didn’t want Hermione to see him disappear with another witch after all. She was thankful for his thoughtfulness.

“Of course, I clarified that,” Angelina said with a half-hearted sigh. “He laughed and said that he didn’t want to lead me on. He’s somewhat involved with someone else.”

“What?!” Pansy shrieked and her head shot towards Draco Malfoy. He must have looked at her then too because the witch waved awkwardly in his direction shortly after. Behind clenched teeth she whispered. “Draco Malfoy has a girlfriend?! Are you sure?”

Hermione was frozen in time. No, he *didn’t* have a girlfriend. He had lied to Angelina to make Hermione feel better about herself. She probably just dripped with insecurity from where she was sitting. He knew very well that Angelina would mention it.

Another twenty minutes passed before Pansy and Angelina headed out. Hermione stayed behind. She knew that Draco was still sitting on the other side of the bar and his Auror friend had left at least five minutes ago.

Maybe he would come and talk to her, maybe she could finally apologize to him for kissing him.

It took him ten long minutes, before he spoke behind her: his voice deep and hoarse.

“May I?”

She looked over her shoulder to see him approaching the chair next to her. She nodded and turned towards him. Her bare knee brushed his outer thigh when he sat, and she felt how her determination to make it all right faltered slowly. Maybe he wasn't even upset about what she had done, maybe he had just been busy all week.

“Is there anything wrong with your drink?” Draco leaned over, his hand slowly reaching for the London Margarita in front of her. She watched him lift the glass to his nose. He smelled it and took a short sip. He shrugged his shoulders. “Seems fine to me.”

“There is nothing wrong with it,” she said quietly and met his gaze. His expression was not as playful as she had expected it to be. She had difficulties reading him at all.

He handed her the drink, and she took it carefully in one of her hands. She almost winced at their fingers brushing.

He watched her with an expectant look, waiting for her to take a sip.

Hermione decided then that she probably needed all the courage she could summon for what was unfolding, and she emptied the glass eagerly. Not once did he let her out of his sight, and she felt drunk from just looking at him.

“You didn't want to hook up with Angelina in the loo again?” The words had left her lips before she could hold them back. She sounded bitter, more than she had intended to. If Draco was surprised at her blunt words, he hid it well. Without looking his hand reached for the

empty glass and pushed it further away from them. Then he rested his elbow on the counter and leaned towards her until they were close enough to whisper intimately.

His breath hit her face when he spoke, “Not with Jones, no.”

He was serious, and her insides twisted and fluttered all at once. Why did he coax these intense feeling from her with just a couple of words? She was at a loss when it came to him.

“Too bad, she was very disappointed.” She put effort into sounding friendlier now.

He hummed; his index finger reached for her bare shoulder. His digit found a trail down her arm, and she trembled under the caress. There was no way he didn’t notice the goosebumps erupting all over her skin. “Would you have wanted me to fuck her? Is that next on your list of things you want? Watching me take someone else?”

Again, he didn’t show any playfulness in his features, and Hermione sensed how frustrated he truly seemed to be with her. She shook her head. “No.”

“Then be careful with your words, Granger. You’re sending a lot of mixed signals these days.” He looked away from her then, ordered another round of drinks and returned his gaze to her.

Well, this made her huff in irritation as she furrowed her brows. “You’re one to talk.”

“*Oh?*” Draco’s eyes roamed over her body, and his brows raised to make sure she understood how surprised he was at her words. “Am I sending you mixed signals, love? I didn’t know there was room for misinterpretation on this one. I’m eager to fuck that pretty cunt of yours. *Again.*”

Hermione’s eyes widened at his loud voice, and she tensed as she made sure nobody had heard him. If the muggles had caught his words, they surely didn’t want her to know. Nobody was looking at them.

His dirty talk always touched something deep inside her as his words released a wanton storm of arousal in between her legs. She winced and crossed her legs quickly.

He laughed coldly and shook his head in disbelief as the waiter brought the drinks he had ordered. He pushed the London Margarita towards her as he took a small sip of a brown-golden drink himself. Whiskey, she guessed silently with a sigh.

Hermione felt unsettled at the way he talked to her today. He was detached, which was something she had yearned for. So she had thought at least. Now, that he didn't seem to worry about making her upset with what he had to say, she hated the way it made her feel.

Good – she thought to herself. This would make it easier over time. She didn't have to end this just yet. Not if he was able to make her feel miserable so she could fall out of love with him sooner than later.

“I don't want to send you mixed signals,” she said softly and nipped at the Margarita. She was tipsy, but still in control of her thoughts and words. She just felt more vulnerable like this. Maybe even a little adventurous.

“I can't believe I'm saying this,” he didn't look at her but watched the alcohol in front of him sway back and forth as he moved his wrist in a soft circling motion “but maybe we should have a little talk.”

Her heart ached at his words, and panic rose inside of her. No, he couldn't end this between them. He couldn't punish her for her feelings for him. He wanted her to keep her own boundaries. Detached and wild sex, without her falling for him? She could do this.

In her newfound desperation to keep whatever they had going she whispered with a whimper, “Can you keep a secret?”

Her tone made him look at her from the side. She had caught him off-guard and what she did next was only possible because these bloody Margaritas gave her the courage.

Her fingers reached for him. They gently closed around his wrist and tugged his it towards her. She uncrossed to spread them slowly. Her dress was short enough for her to take his hand and guide it towards her hot middle underneath the bar.

Draco let her, but he held back a groan once his knuckles brushed her underwear. He had felt the damp spot right at her opening, and Hermione held her breath as she kept his gaze with hers. She truly hoped nobody saw what she was doing, but she couldn't really care when she saw Draco lose his attitude towards her.

He wasn't frozen for long; he regained control of her attempt to seduce him quickly. In typical Malfoy fashion, with a quick smirk at the corner of his mouth when he leaned in close enough, his long legs and wide shoulders soon covering what was happening. His hand left her core, just so he could grab her by her thigh and dig into her flesh with a possessive squeeze.

"No talking then?" He asked with a hoarse voice, his silver orbs darkened with lust. Hermione trembled on the inside with neediness for his touch. She needed him one more time. If he wanted to end this, if she could be honest with him about why she could not do this to herself any longer... then she needed him *one more time*.

He wanted her. Not Angelina... *her*.

Her head spun with things from his list that she knew would intrigue him to do with her. Things she wanted too. *Kissing*... she wanted him to kiss her one more time. She knew that she had lost her right to ask for it when she had changed her list. She swallowed and pushed the desire away.

She leaned in closer, her free hand toying with his dress shirt. When she pressed her flat palm against the fabric his skin radiated with warmth. She smiled and looked at him through her lashes. "They have a really large mirror in the ladies room."

Draco groaned silently; she could see his Adams apple bob at her tease. To get him giving in to her made her feel so powerful, as if she had gained back a little bit control over her fate. Seducing him on her terms made her feel more at ease.

Hermione felt high from her arousal when she sneaked into the loo to make sure she was alone. She peeked in every single stall, took a deep breath, and then pushed the door open to pull Draco inside.

He casted a wandless '*Colloportus*' to lock the door. Hermione wanted to draw her wand from her purse to let the '*Muffliato*' follow, but he grabbed her wrist and took her wand from her. She looked at him dumbfounded when he just smirked wider.

"Where's the fun in *that*?" He asked and turned away from her to place her wand on one of the vanities, just so his wand could follow and lay next to hers shortly after.

"I don't think I can be *that* quiet, Draco," she laughed uncomfortably when he looked at her through one of the mirrors with his back turned towards her.

"I don't really care," he said calmly without letting her out of his sight. She felt how her cheeks flushed with heat. She exhaled a shaky breath. She'd never had done it in a public space before, it felt forbidden.

"Come here," he said with so much confidence in his order, that she didn't even think when she walked towards him.

He eventually turned around and looked down at her. A mocking arrogance stole onto his face. "Take off your dress."

"What?" She looked at him with wide eyes. She wasn't planning on undressing in here. She would have slipped off her knickers and lifted her dress for him to take her. They didn't have time for much more than that. People would soon start to complain a blocked restroom.

He crossed his arms in front of his chest. "Did I speak parcel tongue?"

She blinked at him bewildered, before he took a deep breath, his features softening slightly.

“What is it?” He asked and stepped closer, his hands reached for her upper arms and squeezed her. “Not what you had in mind?”

“Sorry,” she said confused about her own hesitation. “I just...” She paused again. What was her damn problem? This was perfect, everything she needed. Cold, detached bathroom sex. Maybe it was because he was about to pull the control from her so easily without her being able to fight it.

He looked at her without any change in his facial expression, but he never stopped studying her eyes. “Do you have any plans for later tonight? Let’s stop this here and talk about things.”

She shook her head quickly, desperation clinging to every fiber of her body. The panic came back. She could not let him break her heart like this.

“No... here...,” she grabbed the seam of her dress in a haste as she shook off his hands on her arms. She pulled it all the way up over her hips before he finally came back to life and started to unbuckle his belt. The sound of it made her smile and become more confident again. She wore a white set of lingerie, and his eyes raked over her thoroughly. He nodded in agreement, hummed when he took himself out of his pants.

She couldn’t help but whimper at the sight of him holding his half erect cock as he began stroking himself while looking at her body. “Take off your underwear.”

She moved quickly, feeling how everything was aching to be touched by him. The thrill of standing naked in front of him while he was fully clothed made her oblivious to her loss of control. He was too good at this.

She lost her bra; she lost her knickers. And when she leaned down to attempt to take off her heels, he clicked his tongue. “Leave them on.”

She smiled and met his lust filled gaze again. Her body was covered in goosebumps and her nipples were hard from the mixture of excitement and pleasure. She awkwardly left her arms hanging down her sides, not knowing what to do with her hands as he kept stroking himself. His breath was heavy when she saw that he was ready to take her.

Their eyes met again and then he nodded behind her. "Is that the mirror you were talking about?"

She turned around and smiled at the mirror covering the entire door. She saw herself, naked and needy. She saw him, getting off on her reflection now.

"Walk over there and brace yourself against the mirror. I want to watch your face when I come inside you."

She shivered and nodded, doing exactly what he said. She walked towards her reflection, her hands pressing against the mirror as she leaned forward to present herself. She shook in anticipation as he followed her. They never let each other out of sight.

He stopped pleasuring himself when he was so close that his hard cock pressed against her ass, his hands grabbing her by her hips gently before his knee nudged her legs apart from his position for her to spread further.

She did so, enjoying the feeling of him thrusting against her backside playfully to feel his pre-cum on her skin. This was so raw.

"Show me how much you want to be fucked in here. Take my cock and put it in your cunt." He rasped behind her, not shying away from the eye contact. She would never understand how he could say these dirty things without blushing once.

She certainly reddened but wanted to feel him after almost a week of nothingness. One of her hands on the cold mirror moved behind her back until she got a hold of his penis. He was so kind to crouch somewhat, but the height of her heels helped immensely.

She thought about lubricating him with her own wetness, but she felt herself overflowing with pleasure and wanted to skip that part. He let her, hissing when she positioned him properly without hesitation at her entrance. She was hoping for him to push in, but he didn't move. They both were breathless from want, Hermione struggled to hold herself back.

"Take what you need, come on," he urged her and inched inside of her just so much that she felt it before he stilled again. She moaned before she bit her tongue, remembering that people probably could hear her if they waited outside.

Draco finally looked flushed himself, squeezing her hips and holding back to not thrust into her. She braced herself with both hands against the mirror again and pushed herself on his cock in one quick thrust. They both hissed and Hermione trembled under the stretch of him. She was wet, but he was so large that she needed time to adjust.

He didn't move, just pressed his clothed chest against her bare back and breathed against her neck. "That's it. Now fuck yourself on my cock."

She winced at his words, moved back and forth to cause friction. She was desperate for him to participate, but he just held her and gave her support, but he didn't fuck her properly. He let her do the work, and it wasn't enough for her. She tried, watching him with pleading eyes as his eyes rolled into the back of his head as he discovered her bouncing tits in the mirror.

"Shit, you're so tight. So needy." He ground into her skin with his teeth and scraped her shoulder, then her neck again. She whimpered in pleasure, slowly finding a rhythm that helped her enjoy the stimulation.

"Draco," she whispered in between pants, still staring at him behind her. He looked so devilishly handsome; her insides clenched around him from what his pure presence did to her. "Please help me."

"Help you with what?" He replied quietly, close to her ear. She didn't need to stare at him to see his smirk, she would have recognized in his voice alone.

She was about to lose herself in desperate need for a release. "I can't do it. Please fuck me."

He pulled out of her abruptly, and she gasped at the loss. He spun her around without hesitating, crouching to grab her by her thighs to pull her up. Her legs automatically hugged him and crossed behind his back. She held onto his shoulders for support when he adjusted her and pressed her roughly against the cold mirror. She yelped but moaned at the same time when he helped her down onto his cock.

Then he took over without teasing her any longer. He rutted into her; his face buried against her shoulder when he used her body to muffle his moans. She almost couldn't breathe at the intensity of it all, but the way he was buried deep inside of her and hit her clit with his pelvis made her see stars. She tried to speed things up, rubbing herself against him while getting fucked against the door of the loo of the restaurant she just had brunch in.

She came quickly around him, milking him for his own orgasm. He fucked them both through it until he softened inside of her. His face rubbed against hers, his cheekbone caressing her chin.

What she did next was unaccounted for. When she turned towards him, she kissed him against better judgement.

His lips trembled as he had issues to fill his lungs with air even without the new sensation. Hermione winced as she tasted him and the whiskey, her tongue asking for entrance when he pressed further against her.

Her hands were about to dive into his perfectly styled hair when he suddenly pulled away and slipped out of her. She stumbled to find her balance. The door behind her, such as her hands that grabbed onto his shoulders helped her to not fall blindly.

"What are you doing?" He asked, his voice rough and a little higher than usual. He was panting, so was she. She could only stare at him through her fluttering eyelids.

He cursed underneath his breath and began to close his trousers as he turned away from her. She knew she shouldn't have kissed *again*. But they had kissed before, it was her boundary, not his. She didn't expect him to reject her like that.

“I... I’m sorry... I didn’t mean to- I wasn’t thinking...” she trembled for words, but he was clearly not having it with her.

“You have to make up your mind about this Granger. I’m not interested in this back and forth. Do you want me to kiss you or not?” He almost spat the words, and Hermione knew better than to assume he wanted a true answer.

He started to collect her clothes. She took them silently and began to dress, ignoring the feeling of his seed dripping out of her. Of course, he was right, she was saying one thing and then doing another. *Again*. She wanted to cry – her treacherous feelings for him ruined everything!

She felt humbled while her inner walls still contracted around the loss of him, and her brain felt dizzy from the orgasm he just had given her.

There was a knock at the door. Hermione flinched and began to pull her dress over head in a hurry.

She didn’t want them to part ways like this. “Draco, I’m sorry. I didn’t want to upset you.”

“I know,” he whispered poorly as he began pacing while she tried not to cry. There was something wrong with her; she was just as irritated with herself as he was with her. “We have to sit down and talk. I mean it. I won’t touch you until you know what you truly want.”

“Okay.” Hermione felt ashamed of herself, just took her wand silently as Draco grabbed his own and casted a cleaning spell over both of them. The gesture together with his words almost felt like he wanted to punish her for being so stupid. She deserved to be robbed of it all. “Now?”

He shook his head. “I’ll owl you later. I have some things I have to take care of first.”

“Alright,” she whispered and lowered her head to avoid his stressed features. He was so upset with her; she felt like a horrible human being.

The knock on the door returned, more urgent this time. Draco sighed and stepped towards Hermione, his fingers lifting her chin up in a much gentler way than he had spoken to her. She looked up and saw the conflict in his eyes.

“You look very pretty today.”

With a crack he disappeared, the sound echoing through the room and making Hermione jolt backwards.

Chapter End Notes

You wanted a talk ? You'll get a talk!

Lessons(1)

Chapter Notes

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

Hermione was sober by the time Draco had send his owl to let her know he returned home and was ready to see her.

She was painfully aware of the fact that she was not ready to end their agreement. She was so deeply touched by him that she was willing to sacrifice her heart and mind if it only meant he would touch her again.

When she stepped out of his fireplace, she was wearing jeans and a thin white shirt with long sleeves. She had changed two minutes ago, not wanting to show up in the same dress from brunch.

She found him in his dining room, pointing towards the same chair she had sat in when he had invited her for dinner. He had dinner served, and by the looks of it he was just getting ready to eat.

“Have you eaten?” Draco asked her calmly when she sat down, unable to escape his gaze. He seemed calmer now, still wearing his white dress shirt, the first buttons open to reveal enough to make her miss his warm skin. She was glad they had both time to take a breath in between their talk and their little moment in the restroom.

“No” she said quietly but forced a smile onto her hot face, “but I’m not hungry.”

He looked at her for a moment, as if he was waiting for her to continue. But when she stayed quiet, he shrugged his shoulders and began to cut his steak. She took a shallow breath when he looked away from her.

“Meals are important, Granger. You shouldn’t skip any, especially when drinking alcohol.” He was not mocking her; he simply stated a fact. She hated that he had started to call her by her last name.

When she didn't reply he looked up at her again, with a daggering stare. She nodded quickly but kept quiet.

He continued his meal in an agonizingly slow pace, no more words were spoken until he put down his fork and knife.

Hermione tensed when he slowly cleaned his mouth with a napkin he picked up from his lap.

He caught her body language and considered her with a sigh. "Would you care for a glass of wine outside?"

Alcohol. Yes. She should have alcohol. Maybe wine and some fresh air would make this less stressful after all.

"I would love that."

She was wondering how many women he had invited for a glass of wine outside. Now that they were standing on his massive balcony, listening to the ocean waves crashing right in front of them with the cold breeze making a mess of her hair. She was upset with herself for not putting it up in a ponytail, but she was fascinated by how gorgeous Draco looked with his hair all messed up. The unique chaos on his head made him look even more attractive than he already was. It wasn't fair.

She had a feeling that he wanted her to start talking, and she tried to put it off. But the longer she waited the calmer Draco seemed to get. So, when he was handing her a soft blanket to cover her shoulders, she clung onto her glass and took a deep breath.

"Draco...", she turned towards him, determined to just tell him what it was that she wanted. Her eyes fell to his lips, kissable and soft. She sighed as she met his gaze, looking up at the tall blonde man that had driven her crazy since her early childhood years. "... I really want you to keep teaching me."

That's how it all had started, right? Him wanting to teach her...

He cocked his head to the side, not breaking their eye contact but his brows raised at her words. “Keep teaching you?”

“Y-Yes. When we ... you said you would teach me how to let go,” she said quickly, embarrassed that she might have brought up a memory he hadn’t deemed to be important. Maybe he had already forgotten about it...

“I know what I said. When you’re saying you want me to keep teaching you; that would suggest that I’m currently teaching you.”

She didn’t understand – she was a smart witch, but she didn’t get what he was saying. He figured that out too, his features hardening as he kept talking. “You’re not letting me teach you anything. You’re desperately clinging onto every crumb of control. I told you I would teach you how to let go, but I can’t do that if you’re fighting me every step of the way.”

Her lips parted in her defense, but no sound left her mouth. She stared at him dumbfounded, replaying his words in her mind twice before she had to admit that it was accurate. Or at least she could see why he would see it that way. He didn’t know how hard she was falling for him, and how she only tried to protect herself from misery.

He couldn’t know what it felt like to suffocate on butterflies whenever she thought about him. Every minute of the day.

“So, before you say you want to continue our agreement, you better be aware that if we continue this, we will do it my way. You won’t have a say in any of it.”

“I-...” she was speechless. Hermione was never speechless; but right this second she was overwhelmed by his confidence.

“Let me do the talking for a moment, Granger. Just listen. You know by now I don’t want to engage in any activities you don’t feel comfortable with. The list I gave you is a guide to understand hard limits between partners. I can’t trust you when you change your list based on-“ he paused, put down his own glass of wine and took hers out of her hand.

Then he stepped closer, grabbing her face and pulling her so close that he had to lean down to press his forehead against hers. His thumbs were stroking her cheeks and Hermione's vision became blurry. Her heart jumped violently inside her chest, and even though she wanted to keep looking at him her eyes fluttered shut.

"Forget the fucking list, Granger. If you want me to help you to let go, we'll do it my way. I will kiss you whenever I feel like it, I will not let you tell me to hate fuck you because you think that's what you need. You don't make decisions when you're with me unless I ask you to make one. Because I will always know best what's good for you. How to make your toes curl and show you places you've never been to before. You don't even know they exist." He pulled back, softly caressing her cheeks before letting go of her face. Hermione almost choked on her shallow breaths, stumbling backwards until she could cling onto the balustrade of his balcony. "If you can't deal with that, you have to look for someone else. You have your safe word, and you are allowed to use it. I'm done with you trying to control scenes, that's not what I signed up for."

He was so calm and controlled, it drove her insane. All of this scared her immensely. She knew she had control issues, but to give him the right to do whatever he wanted to her without her knowing what that was... it was dangerous. But she wanted this. She wanted him. Everything she had done sexually before him was bland. He could make her feel things, and he had never done anything that she didn't like. He always was making sure she was feeling good if she just gave him the chance.

"No more lists," she whispered, and Draco nodded slowly.

"Just you and me," he replied with a low voice, and she felt how weak her knees suddenly felt. She held onto the balustrade tighter.

"I- I can do that." Relief washed over her. He hadn't asked her to spill out her heart to him. He didn't force her to tell him how she felt. She was thankful for it. Thankful she could live in denial longer. She was addicted to him, and the longer she could keep her feelings to herself, the longer she could have him.

He cocked his brows at her and crossed his arms in front of his chest. "A couple more things, before we seal the deal."

Hermione stilled, abruptly aware that he probably wanted to test her. That was something a Slytherin like Draco would do.

“We never talked about this, but your comment earlier about me fucking another woman while you were in the same restaurant made me realize I wasn’t clear before.” The way he talked, with this unapologetic confidence, set her skin on fire. He could tell her to shave her head, and she probably would agree to it if he just kept talking to her like this.

Draco drew his wand and began to calm her wild dancing hair on top of her head. It almost felt like his fingertips were passionately scraping her scalp as he put her hair in a ponytail with just his magic. He didn’t look her in the eye when he continued to talk to her in his dark voice. “I’m not fucking other women. I expect the same from you. If you sleep with anyone else, our deal is over. I don’t share what’s mine. As long as you want to be mine, I will be yours. Understood?”

Hermione swallowed at his tone, but she didn’t have to reconsider. She actually was relieved that he brought it up. Her body relaxed slightly, knowing he wasn’t interested in sleeping around. “Done.”

He finished his magic in her hair, finally looking into her eyes again.

“Tuesday and Saturday evenings. Make sure you clear your calendar each week for the near future. Can you make that happen?” Based on the way he talked to her tonight, he wasn’t truly asking. So, she nodded quickly. Hermione appreciated an organized schedule. This was clean and easy. She wouldn’t need to fear how long she had to go without seeing him.

“Here’s your first decision to make, Granger. Today is Saturday. Would you like to stay tonight, or would you like to postpone your first lesson to Tuesday evening?” He picked up both of their glasses again, handed her hers and took a slow sip.

“My first lesson?” Hermione wasn’t sure why she felt a mixture between arousal and worry. She loved to learn, after all these years that hadn’t changed. But the way he had said it, made her nervous. Somehow, she believed to understand that his lessons wouldn’t be nearly as easy to take as her usual studies.

He hummed, appraising her with his eyes in a thoughtful pause. “I know how much you appreciate a good class.”

“I do,” she whispered and smiled at the flicker in his eyes.

“You were very frustrating this week,” he said and winked at her. “Don’t think I forgot about it.”

Chapter End Notes

You guys - I didn't want to let you wait even longer, so I'm giving you the first part of the chapter right now. Hoping I can get you the rest this week. Promise you it will be intense. And good. And ... tag worthy.

Curious to see your faces - the talk probably wasn't what you guys expected. But promise here too, everything is going according to plan. We're doing all of this for a reason. Trust the process.

Sending love xxx

Lessons(2)

Chapter Notes

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

Hermione's vigilant eyes were focused on Draco's figure. The way he massaged the back of his neck with one hand while the other was busy looking through files on his desk.

He had brought her into his office, where she sat on a brown leather chair. *'Just do me a favor and be quiet while I finish work. You may not speak or move until I say so.'* His tone had been indifferent to the doubt in her eyes when he had demanded her to do nothing but breathe silently.

She thought it was ridiculous, and her fingertips itched to reach for the Daily Prophet on the side table to her right. But she knew better than to throw away her second chance.

Draco clearly wanted to test her, see if she truly was able to give him all the control he wanted. This was an easy task, to sit and watch him work. He looked concentrated, not looking at her once as he went to work. He ignored her, and after minutes of it she had felt peaceful to observe him closely.

It was so quiet in his house, not a single sound that could give her any distraction from how beautiful he was.

Hermione used the time to study him. The way his nose crinkled slightly when he found something he didn't agree with on the papers in front of him. His lips, his pretty-pretty lips were forming a straight line when he was thinking hard, and his hand ran through his hair when his eyes squinted before they widened when he solved the problem.

Her own hands were resting flat on her thighs, her fingers digging into the fabric of her jeans and the flesh underneath to hold back a sigh. She swallowed and the tiniest sound that escaped her throat had him look at her with his grey eyes.

She wanted to apologize for disrupting him, but when her lips parted, he cocked his head and raised his brows as if he wanted to warn her silently. She kept quiet, her cheeks filled with warmth, and she knew he recognized her blush for what it was.

He lowered his head again, drifting back into work. She wondered if he wanted her to disobey his simple request. Maybe this wasn't a test, but an unavoidable trap for her to run into. To give him a reason to teach her a real lesson. *To punish her.*

Her mind drifted to the night where he had spanked her. The sting, even though long in the past, suddenly surrounded her. Her thighs and bottom instantly tingled with the memory. Her fingers dug harsher into her legs, and she held back a shaky breath.

Something was definitely wrong with her. Yes, she had a crush on Draco. Her feelings growing by the minute. But he wasn't the only wizard she had fallen for. However, her previous boyfriends didn't make her mind wander places without provoking it.

Draco didn't do anything purposely to stir her arousal, nevertheless she felt slowly growing wet from just seeing his hand muscles twitch when he wrote. Just seeing him breathe had her heart fluttering nervously at this point.

She was a hopeless case. She was addicted to his attention, loved the way he held himself around her. Confident as he led their interactions. He had ruined already ruined her for any other men.

But she was done running away from this. From her own feelings. If sex was what he had to offer, she wanted to take it as long as he let her.

Being here in his house again provoked memories to flood back to her mind and core.

His home, where he had used her face for his pleasure, where he had fucked her for the first time in his living room. His shower, where they had discovered each other's bodies with soft touches and strokes. His bedroom, where he had pretended to make love to her in the early morning hours. His kitchen, where she had asked him to hate fuck her.

Her thighs slowly followed her weak mind, searching some friction in between her legs when she shifted.

“*Granger*,” Draco growled without looking at her. She flinched, trying to relax her muscles. He couldn’t have possibly seen the tiny movement, or...?

“I can hear you thinking from here. Stop it.”

“I didn’t-...” she wanted to protest when she remembered his rule. Her attempt to speak was swallowed, but he looked at her finally. His eyes immediately drifted to her legs, and she tried to sit as still as possible.

“Get up,” he said calmly, but with so much certainty, that she followed his command eagerly. She was embarrassed that she couldn’t even sit still because all she was able to think about were the things he could do to her body.

He had fucked her earlier today – she shouldn’t be so needy for him. Deep down she knew it hadn’t been enough all along. She yearned for his lips, for him to take and kiss her.

“Come here,” he said quietly, and she was too impatient to wonder where his playfulness went.

She had to take a deep breath, slowly putting one foot in front of the other as she walked towards him, around his desk until she stopped right next to him. Hermione took a glimpse to discover he was working on a contract for the ministry.

“Take off your shirt,” he demanded, and it took everything from Hermione to not question him. After all she wanted nothing more than for him to finally touch her. She was starving for his lips on hers, for his soft fingers to cover her skin.

She grabbed the hem of her shirt, took it off slowly and let it drop on his lap.

She expected for him to look at her and comment her action, but he didn't. He focused on the paper in front of him.

"Your pants and your bra," he commented lazily, almost bored. Hermione huffed in irritation at his disinterest, but she started to unbutton her jeans anyway.

"Anything wrong with my request?" He asked with raised brows, finally turning his head towards her. He didn't pay attention to her body, just looked her straight in the eyes. She kept quiet, pulling down the zipper slowly before peeling herself out of the tight fabric. She tried to look as gracefully as possible, never letting him out of her sight.

"You may answer," he hummed, a satisfied flicker in his eyes. He enjoyed bossing her around, and Hermione tried to ignore the burning desire to gain back control. When she stepped out of her pants, she straightened her shoulders and reached back to unclasp her bra.

"There is nothing wrong with your request," she simply said. He nodded, but as she stripped the straps off her shoulders and the fabric fell from her, his eyes drifted to her chest. She bit her lower lip to hold back a satisfied smile. She cooed, "if you think this will teach me something valuable about letting go... I'll do it. *I trust you.*" She didn't trust him with this, he was being ridiculous.

His eyes shot back up to her face, and he caught her smug grin before he cocked his brows at her. "I'm sure by the time I'm done with you, you'll even mean it."

Their eyes were arguing silently with each other, until Hermione opened her mouth again.

"What now?"

He got up abruptly, and she would have fallen backwards if he hadn't grabbed and whirled her around. Her exposed back crushed against his clothed chest, and she quietly whimpered at the feeling of his hands around her neck. His other hand caught her chin, making sure she wouldn't turn back around to face him. As if he knew that all she wanted was to finally have him kiss her. He tried to avoid it, and it left her wanting it even more.

“I don’t think you take this seriously, Granger. I don’t want you to speak unless I ask you to. And when I let you answer a question, I expect you to stay quiet after that.” He groaned into her ear, and his lips almost touched the sensitive spot underneath. He made sure they didn’t, but she still relished in the feeling of his hot breath hitting her.

His words went right to her core, and even though she had no explanation for it, she had to admit to herself that this side of Draco was incredibly arousing. She didn’t dare to move as her eyes shut close and her mouth opened to breathe in enough air to stay calm.

His grip around her softened at her stillness, “There you go. I knew you would catch up eventually. You’re really trying to be a good girl tonight, aren’t you?”

His hand around her neck rubbed lower, caressing her collarbone. Her breasts ached for his attention. Of course, he denied her that pleasure. She sensed his joy with every tease.

“I want you to answer the next question,” he murmured as he leaned further into her. He rubbed the tip of his nose along her lower jawbone, making her crave him even more. His hips shifted so she could feel his length against her backside. He was hard. Bossing her around had the same effect on both of them. “I vividly recall you coming on my cock earlier today in that bathroom. How many orgasms do you think you can you take tonight?”

Hermione shivered in his hold, fighting the urge to lean into his touch. The answer to his question came easier than she would have thought.

“As many as you’re willing to give me,” she whispered, savoring the vibration of his satisfied purr.

“Careful with your choice of words. If I would be so foolish to believe you, you could soon be begging me to stop because your cunt will be too sore to take them all.”

The thread of that promise had her inner walls clench around nothing. She remembered too well how he had forced another orgasm on her when he had taken her properly for the first time on his couch. His fingers on her clit had been relentless, and she suspected this was just

a weak demonstration of what he was truly capable of. She gave in and pressed further into him, focused to not run her mouth when she wasn't supposed to.

He continued to speak with a subtle mock in his voice, "I won't lie to you. I still haven't made up my mind on if I will let you come at all tonight."

It pained Hermione to even think about it. She had lived without orgasms for months on end before she had allowed Draco into her head a couple of weeks ago. By now she was addicted to them, as long as he was the one to gift her the sweet release. Being here with him, having him touch her and feeling how hard he was resulted in her body preparing for him. Inside and out.

She couldn't help but tense in his arms, a knot forming in her throat. He had broken her. He had transformed her into an orgasm hungry slut for him. She didn't even try to deny it at this point.

"You may speak if you'd like to add something to the conversation," he playfully teased her, and she opened her eyes as she stared at the wall. A shelf of books right in front of her, but it was the first time in Hermione Granger's life that she couldn't care less about them.

"Please don't do this. I promise I will be good and keep quiet, just don't make me wait," her words were a nervous ramble as she rubbed herself in desperation against his crotch. His hard cock pressed into her, and his hips bucked on its own accord. "Don't you want to come? I don't understand."

He chuckled, "Don't worry about *me*, sweet girl. I will have as many orgasms as I please. Maybe I will use every single one of your holes tonight to mark you properly."

She felt like she did something forbidden when her body reacted to his filthy words. Wetness spread; her core ached for him. Her damp knickers began to make her feel uncomfortable between her legs, so she shifted again.

"Tell you what," he was smiling behind her, she could hear it in his voice, "why don't you show me how much you want to come tonight."

Hermione nodded in her the sudden excitement. The promise of him making her feel good was enough for her to do anything for him.

“Go into my bedroom, kneel in front of the bed and rest your hands on your thighs while you wait for me until I’m ready for you. You’re currently distracting me.”

He let go off her all at once, and she lowered her head as she walked away from him. She could do this.

He clicked his tongue as she reached the doorway. “Oh... and keep the lights turned off. Will you?”

Hermione’s mind drifted places as she was sitting in the dark, her shoulders and back straightened to look as gracefully as possible when Draco would finally follow her into the bedroom. She frowned. How much longer was she supposed to wait for him?

She was alert when she tried to listen for a noise that would give him away when he decided he had worked enough for today. She wondered how he could even focus on his work when he had a naked woman squirming on the spot for him. She had felt his erection herself. He was torturing her with his absence, and she was certain that he was more than aware. He did it on purpose.

Her fingernails dug into her exposed thighs until they hurt. The new pain distracted her from her sore knees on the hard floor.

The room was pleasantly warm, but her body was covered in goosebumps without giving her senses a break. She took a deep breath when she felt like the minutes didn’t pass fast enough. She focused on the way her lungs filled with air, the feeling of relief when she breathed out.

What would he do if she would just disobey his demand? If she would burst into his office, grab him by his handsome face and kiss him. She could straddle him, rub her cunt on his crotch for the much-needed friction.

No – she shook her head with a silent plea for mercy on herself. She didn't want to disappoint him, but even more she wanted to be strong enough to withstand her urge to take back control.

Patience. Was this the lesson he wanted to teach her tonight? Or was he just punishing her for the way she had behaved towards him? For clinging onto everything that resembled control of the situation. She huffed out a hot breath. She hadn't been fair to him, but she also hadn't done it on purpose.

Hermione tensed when she heard slow footsteps from far away. Since he had asked her to face the bed, her back was turned towards the door.

He walked like a predator approaching his prey. She shuddered at the vivid image of him taking what he wanted from her. At the same time she made sure her position was proper and elegant, her head held high and her eyes opened wide in the dark.

She tried to control her breathing, but the closer he seemed to get, the faster her heart was pounding inside of her chest. Her palms felt sweaty, her limbs were stiff and aching.

The moment he stepped into the room she felt the temperature drop and rise at the same time. Her mind almost felt dizzy when he stopped in what seemed to be the doorframe. At least she suspected that was where his voice came from.

“Hermione Granger on her knees, waiting for Draco Malfoy to come and use her. A sight to behold.” He was calm, his tone dark and dangerous.

It took everything from her not to move, not to show him how much his words affected her.

He hummed, stepping closer slowly. She was worried he would change his mind after all.

But then she felt his clothed knees brush her naked spine. A tease. She held her breath, her eyes fluttered close. His feet began to nudge her ankle gently.

“Spread your legs for me, Hermione.”

It was uncomfortable to shift on the floor, but she did her best to follow his request. As she moved she felt how her arousal had made a mess between her thighs. Her cheeks grew hotter as blood shot into her face.

She felt him crouch behind her without touching her again. His breath hit her shoulder blade, and her back arched at the tingling sensation overwhelming her.

“If you could just see yourself right now. So beautiful and good for me.” He whispered, and she visibly shook under his praise.

He shifted on the floor behind her, and it was painful to not turn around and look at him. She couldn’t care less about what *she* looked like. All she could think about was *him*.

Her eyes were still closed when she felt a breeze, his fingertips ghosted her upper arms. He leaned into her, his chin pressed into the side of her neck before his tongue surged against her earlobe. She suppressed a needy moan, but she leaned further into the lustful caress.

“Open your eyes,” he groaned and as if it was natural to follow his command her eyes flew open.

She couldn’t see his bed anymore, she stared at her own reflection. He had conjured a life-size mirror to float in front of them.

Her lips were parted, her eyes wide to see something in the darkness. The only source of light came from the hallway. Then her eyes met his in the mirror. Dark and greedy, almost

possessive.

“Look at yourself, love. Look at your perfect body,” he whispered, his tongue again stroking her earlobe before he kissed her skin. The sound echoed through her head, and she fought to not give into the urge to close her eyes.

Her eyes drifted from his back to her own reflection. Her neck and chest looked flushed, her breasts full and her nipples hard from all the anticipation.

Where his fingertips had touched her upper arms, he began to brush over her body, almost hugging her from behind. He stroked her flesh with a comfortable amount of pressure, and she watched as he began to knead her breasts firmly.

She gasped, almost falling backwards. But he held her upright and watched her breath grow heavier with his eyes fixated on what his hands were doing. She took a glimpse at him through the mirror. He didn't even try to hide his desire for her vulnerability.

Slowly his hands left her upper body, stroking over her arms as he leaned backwards to let them roam over her sides. He cupped her bottom cheeks with a tight squeeze, before playfully slapping her. It didn't hurt, but she was so tense and needy that she whimpered anyway.

He lifted her up slightly, and her muscles ached.

“Stay like this,” he ordered with a rough tone, before he disappeared. She could see him lay on his back. Without much effort he slid in between her spread legs from behind with his head. His face directly underneath her throbbing core.

“Don't hold back, be a good girl and be as loud as you have to be.” He groaned, and she was mortified at how strong the scent of her arousal must be from his new position.

“*Evanesco*,” he hissed, and before she realized that he had vanished her last piece of clothing he had grabbed her by her hips and pressed her firmly onto his face.

She shrieked, falling until her hands shot backwards to brace herself against his bend thighs. She didn’t know what to do next. She was caught in between the need to cry out from the sensation of his lips and tongue lapping at her drenched cunt and the urge to watch him.

Her eyes drifted from the blonde head in the mirror to looking into his eyes when she lowered her head. The sounds he made were nothing in comparison to the electric jolts of pleasure running through her body, making her toes curl in ecstasy.

She was paralyzed from the tidal waves crashing over her, deciding to focus on the view in the mirror. She looked like a goddess, sitting on his face as he was eating her out as if he was a man starving. She balanced herself on his strong thighs, every muscle underneath her fingertips tense and firm. The fact that he was still fully clothed only made the moment sweeter.

She moaned loudly when he began to press her further into him, his nose digging into her swollen and sensitive clit before he began to make out with her core. “*Draco!*”

One of her hands shot forward, leaving her only with one arm to balance herself. Her fingers disappeared in his soft hair, fisting it without being able to control it.

He mimicked her moan, the vibration only making the knot in her core grow tighter.

He rode her on his face, maneuvering her around as she began to gyrate her hips in desperation for the knot inside of her to release with a scream.

“Oh ... oh... ahhhh... Draco, I- I-....”

She wanted to watch as her legs began to spasm with the fastest orgasm she had ever experienced. But when he fucked her through her climax with his tongue, her eyes rolled into

the back of her head.

She fell when he suddenly lifted her off him, both of them panting. Her naked backside welcomed the cool floor underneath her, and her head swam in dizziness from what had happened just seconds ago. She couldn't be quite sure, but she thought to be still in the middle of her orgasm.

Draco followed her, until his face was just above hers. The weight of his body not fully on her as he supported himself with his elbows on her sides.

„You...“ Hermione gasped for air in delight. She felt light like a feather. „You did let me come.“

A smile tugged at Draco's mouth, „I had a change of heart when I saw you ready and wanting in here.“

„Thank you,“ she whispered and allowed her eyes to drift to his wet lips. She could smell herself, weirdly aroused by the fact that he seemed to like her taste and scent. Her wetness was glistening on his lips, cheeks, and chin. He had gone all in.

She craved his kiss, but he pulled back swiftly and her with him. Her knees were too shaky to carry herself. But he swooped her up with ease before moving her around his bed to gently put her down onto his mattress. She wanted to grab his neck, but he retreated easily, stepping back and appraising her from above. He looked down at her patiently, as if she was everything he could ever want.

He was still fully clothed, and all she could think about was how much she missed him being close to her. He had given her an orgasm, he had touched her skin briefly, but it wasn't enough. She was greedy and needed more. She needed him to let go too.

“What's going on inside that pretty head of yours?” He asked her, curiosity in every single word.

It was so easy to not overthink her answer after he had made her swallow down her words for so long.

“I need *more*,” she whispered quietly in the darkness as their eyes met. She almost forgot to breathe when she saw him deciding *something*. She wasn’t sure what it was, but the expression in his features changed for a split second.

“What is it you need more of exactly?” He questioned patiently, as if he was taking her order in a restaurant. She swallowed and let down her guard for a sweet moment of torture.

His hands reached for his belt. His eyes never left hers.

“I need more of *you*, Draco.”

He stopped in his movement, his fingers digging into the belt buckle to hold onto something. She saw it from the corner of her eyes, her heart racing in vulnerability.

“Don’t you think I’m giving you enough already?” He countered, and suddenly this conversation wasn’t about sex anymore. Not for Hermione at least. It was her own instinct that made her hands glide over her own body when spreading her legs for him on the mattress. Fully exposed to the man she so desperately had fallen in love with over physical attraction. To a man she shouldn’t have such intense feelings for.

“How could it ever be enough?” She questioned with a painful contraction in her throat. Oh, what was happening to her? „I need *all* of you.“

She couldn’t be certain with the poor lighting, but she made herself believe that she saw his Adam’s apple bob as he swallowed. They were talking about sex, but why felt it like she requested his heart and soul.

„Come and get it then. Undress me.“ He didn’t leave any room for an argument. Not that she would have denied his request in the first place.

She pushed herself off the mattress, sitting in front of him when her legs crossed behind his knees as he was standing in front of her without faltering. His knees hit the mattress, the fabric covering his thighs caused a delicious friction to her still sensitive clit when she started pulling out his dress shirt out of his slacks.

She mastered button after button, her fingers tracing along his defined V-line. She couldn't stop staring at his perfect skin, covered in scars. Soft skin with a body made of steel.

He sucked in a deep breath when her hands wandered up his chest, goosebumps erupting wherever she touched him.

She let her hands slide underneath his shirt at his shoulders to get rid of the fabric. He didn't help her, but his breath hit her cheek when she leaned forward to inhale his heavenly scent.

His shirt fell, he got rid of it himself in the end, and she leaned back to have more space in between them when she started nestling at his belt.

He bucked his hips into her attempt to open it. His massive bulge was too enticing for her to not palm him over his pants.

The noise leaving his chest made her shudder. It was then that he lost his temper with her. He grabbed her hands and pushed them off his pants roughly.

She startled but lost the newfound tension when she saw that he just wasn't patient enough to let her continue. He took over, almost ripping of his belt when the sound of it opening echoed through the room. His zipper followed before he pushed down pants and briefs in one motion. He leaned into her, straddled her torso so she fell backwards onto the mattress as his hard length pressed into her abdomen.

„I'm going to give you everything, Hermione“ he reached for her breasts as he climbed up higher. He looked down at the way the tip of his cock pushed against the slit that formed

from him pushing them together. Spit was slowly drawing a line from his lips, hitting her breasts and covering his length. „As long as you can take it.“

He entered his own paradise with a long and strong push forward. The feeling of him thrusting in between her breasts made her cover his hands and push them further together.

He groaned, retreating and pushing back in.

„That’s right, let me fuck your tits like you will let me fuck the rest of you.“

She moaned, the sensation strange and new but addicting whenever he pushed past her cleavage towards her throat.

She lifted her head, watching him fuck her tits with long and deep thrusts. The way he slid over her chest had the rest of her body craving for more. His thumbs rubbed her hard peaks, and she brushed her damp thighs in search for her own pleasure.

„I can’t see your tongue, Granger. Stick it out and take what I’m willing to give you. Just like my own personal *cockslut*.“

Her mouth watered at the way he had called her his cockslut. It was degrading, but the way he had said it showed more admiration for her hunger than anything else. So her lips parted and her tongue darted out to welcome his tip.

The moment his pre cum covered head pressed against her tongue they both moaned in union. Her hands fell off his as he kept pushing further. What happened next caught her by surprise. He slapped the outside of her right breast hard and she whimpered in between pain and pleasure – she wasn’t quite sure.

He then let go off her tits all together, grasping her chin and jaw. „Open up. Now.“

His thick cock was pushing into her mouth without waiting for her to accommodate him fully. She gasped for air, tears filling her eyes when his head quickly nudged the back of her throat. „Tap my leg twice if you need me to stop.“

He moaned with her; eyes locked on hers as he began to fuck her. He used her face, made her bop back and forth as he thrustured into her far enough to elicit her gag reflexes. Her first instinct was to tap his legs as panic rose in her chest, but she fought against the urge. Instead, her nose flared violently as she tried to breathe.

„Let go, Hermione. Nuuugh... let go and take it. What a fucking good girl you are for me and my cock.“

His taste was divine. The silk in her mouth everything she yearned for in this very moment. She took it as he handled her roughly. The noises he made went straight to her core, just like the pain from his tight hold around her head. She choked on him, coughed, swallowed and licked. It was messy and dirty.

„Shit, you're the only one who can take me like this,“ he loosened his grip as he kept his pace to wipe away tears coating her skin. She moaned again, taking him as deep as she could. Her tongue gave him additional pleasure as she sucked him.

His head fell back, and he grunted in ecstasy, holding her face softly as if she was about to break in contrast to his harsh thrusts.

She let go, her vision became blurry and she lightheaded. She was floating, warmth and comfort surrounded her as he withdrew from her quickly without letting go of her face.

It was almost an out of body experience as she drifted through the night. He got off her, rolling her onto her side in one swift movement. She mourned the loss of him with a cry, her chin and cheeks wet from all the saliva that had escaped her wanting mouth.

“Please... Draco,” she sobbed in blissfulness.

“I’m right here,” he reassured and lifted her upper leg to open her body like a book for him. Everything between her legs was slick and sensitive. His touch was her ultimate purpose.

“Fuck me, please fuck me and don’t stop. I need you.” She felt the words vibrating from her throat, but they didn’t sound like something she would be able to say without him making her.

He straddled her lower leg, positioned the head of his cock at her throbbing entrance and pushed in slowly but without stopping. She held her breath, the stretch stinging and causing her inner walls to clench around him.

“Breathe for me,” he muttered in soft affection as he held her leg straight upwards, against his chest. His cheek rubbed her lower leg up in the air, his fingers wandered south to harshly dig into her thigh. “There you go. Relax and breathe.”

He pushed in further, and she didn’t understand how he had ever fit inside of her before until he was buried to the hilt. It felt so deep in this new position. His pelvis pressed into her, providing the ultimate friction where she needed it the most.

“Deeper,” she pleaded with tears running down her face, her hands grabbing into his sheets next to her shaking body.

He complied with her plead, accompanied by an indignant grunt from deep within his chest. His free hand spread out flat on her belly, holding her down as he used his grasp around her thigh as leverage when he began to fuck her slowly but deeper than he had ever done before.

Every single time he bottomed out he hit a barrier inside her, and she cried out loud through her floating experience.

This was everything. *He was everything.* “Oh gods... Draco... never stop...”

“Fuck...” he cursed underneath his breath, and she looked at him through her blurry vision to recognize him as a mess of a man. He held onto everything he could to give her what she

needed.

She couldn't be sure how much time passed when she came around his cock, her walls squeezing and tensing. Her body shook with jolts, her chest hurt from the violent breaths she tried to take. She fisted the sheets in her hands, electricity in her entire body making her whimper as he fucked her through the second orgasm of the night.

She was so sensitive, but the pain that had her back arching was the biggest pleasure she had ever experienced. His hand on her belly retreated and came down with a slap on her cunt.

She moaned and whimpered at the same time; her eyes wide open as she stared at him in a daze like state. "You like that, don't you?"

He slapped her again, harsher this time, right on her clit as he almost slipped out to thrust into her deeper. He slid in and out of her quicker, his rhythm with a purpose now.

She held onto his sheets for dear life, unable to talk or to think straight. Every time he fucked into her; he knocked the air out of her lungs. She couldn't breathe properly, but she wanted *more*.

"Harder..." she sobbed and nodded her agreement, and he slapped her again and again. His fucking was relentless, her leg he was holding onto began to feel numb under his tight grip. She knew she would be bruised, and she loved the idea of carrying his marks.

"So. Horny. For. My. Cock." To emphasize each word, he slapped and pounded away, and by the time the last word had left his lips she felt how her body began to shake uncontrollably. Her insides were convulsing around him, her third orgasm washing over her so violently that she saw white lights dancing in front of her eyes. Pressure inside of her threatened to push him out from her core, and he groaned at the wetness coating both of them. The wet sounds of skin slapping and fluids spreading echoed in her head as she tried to remain conscious.

She heard her name somewhere in the distance as she was covered under his warm embrace. She came back into the world when she felt him rearranging her underneath him without ever leaving her empty.

She felt like her insides were cramping when he kneeled in between her legs, his hands pushing them wide open and pinning her knees into the air towards the mattress.

With shaky fingers she tried to help him. She could feel his rhythm falter as he kept rutting into her. She held herself open for him, her legs still shaking aggressively and making it so difficult to keep the position.

“Oh shit... fuck.... Hermione...” A deep roar escaped his chest, and he thrust into her three more times before he stilled and pushed his seed deep inside of her.

She took everything she could get from him until she wasn't able to control her emotions any longer. She sobbed hysterically from the overwhelming pleasure that still shook her limbs. She was thoroughly spent, not able to think clearly.

Not until he leaned down further, his breath hitting her chin before he captured her lips with his.

In this moment, Hermione's world stopped spinning all at once. Her universe aligning with its purpose when her lips parted to taste his tongue in a passionate kiss.

Chapter End Notes

Woah.

Next chapter will continue where we left off. DRACO POV ahead.

I love you guys - your comments mean the world to me and are so fun to read.

Ramelle x

More

Chapter Notes

welcome to a little draco pov - feelings that turn into heavy smut. Just a warning, mind the tags, they are there for a reason. Enjoy!

By the time Draco softened and slipped out of her, Hermione was still shaking. Still kneeling and straddling her thigh he rearranged her with gentle touches. This way he was able to drop next to her spent body and pull her into his arms. Her face was wet, just like everything else.

Their bodies were drowning in sweat, their peaks of arousal running down his shaft and her thighs. Her sobs filled the room and sucked the air out of it.

He soothed her, lifted her onto his own body so she was straddling his naked torso. Soon he felt his own come leaking out of her body slowly. It took him a lot of willpower to not push it back with his fingers. Instead, he hugged her tightly, until she was muffling her cries into his shoulder and neck.

“*Shhh...* you did *so* well tonight. I’m so proud of you.” He mumbled the words into her hair, still in a chaotic bun on top of her head. Where he had charmed them to stay earlier in the evening.

While one of his hands held her by her back, the other stroked over her naked form until he reached her head. With a snip of his finger, he broke the spell, her hair raining down on him. He inhaled her floral scent quietly as his eyes fluttered shut.

“I- Draco...” she moaned and sobbed at the same time, and he couldn’t help but smile when his head fell back onto his pillows. She finally had let go, and he had to admit she had surprised him tonight. Based on her current state he was certain she experienced her first time falling in and out of subspace. He wouldn’t leave her out of his sight tonight. He was convinced she would be in dangerous territory to experience a subdrop within the next couple of hours if he wasn’t taking care of her properly.

He would have expected it to happen after their first night already. Maybe even after he had treated her ill in the kitchen. His heart contracted painfully at the memory, and he stroked the back of her head with gentle pressure.

“Come here,” he groaned and sat up with her still pressed close to his chest. She winced slightly, and he grasped her cheek when he looked her up and down in the dark. “How are you feeling?”

She took a deep breath, disrupted by another sob, but she blinked when she saw him studying her like a book. “I’m fine. I just... it was intense.” Her voice was hoarse, and he wondered if his cock in her throat earlier had helped her sound so incredibly sexy.

“I know,” he hummed and stroked her cheek with his thumb to try to wipe away some of her dried tears. She had stopped crying, her breath slowly regulated itself. His chest was swelling with pride for her. “What do you need? Tell me, and I’ll make sure you get it.”

He was about to insist to bring her water, but her lips parted without her overthinking his question.

“Kiss me,” she whispered. The need in her voice was something Draco had a weakness for.

She had been so stubborn to make her own rules while pushing her craving for intimacy away. Even if he had wanted to deny her the wish, he physically wasn’t able to.

He pulled her closer, kissing her bottom lip first before slowly deepening the caress to steal both of their breaths. Hermione Granger was his weakness. He knew it the day he had stepped into the ministry for his new job. No, it had started earlier. One lonely night in their sixth schoolyear, when he had wandered through the castle to find distraction from his miserable life.

She had broken down on a set of stairs, and he had been frozen in an alcove close by. The sounds that had left her body soft and weak, just like he had begun to feel that year with all the pressure from his unforgivable task to destroy and kill.

For just one second, he had thought none of it mattered. When Potter had joined her and she had cried into his shoulder, he had felt a sting in his chest. He had avoided her back then, no matter how much he had felt drawn to her. The unexplainable attraction to her had started too late... when she already had been over her childhood crush on him.

How could he have admitted the dilemma to himself back then? He hadn't been allowed to fancy her.

His lips tingled when Hermione parted hers and her tongue darted out to meet his. He robbed her of a deep breath and pulled her impossibly closer to him. Her fingers learned the depth of his hair, pulling playfully to make sure he knew how much she needed this. He needed it more.

His hand began to roam over her skin on her delicate back. She felt soft, every inch he could reach felt like a blanket of warmth and comfort. She shivered in his arms, and he wasn't unaffected either when her hands let go of the hair in his neck to discover his sweaty chest.

When she had asked him to give her everything earlier, he had known how deep he had fallen for her by now. It scared him, knowing how his feelings for her had pushed her away before. After he had made love to her in the same bed in which they were making out sweetly now.

She was everything he wanted in a witch. She was witty and smart, the best of her kind. Her intelligence made her so interesting to talk to, her laugh was the sweetest torture to him. She was beautiful, sexy and he never had felt more attracted to another person before.

For some idiotic reason hope had flared up in his chest when he had heard her talking to Pansy in the lobby weeks ago. When he had found out that her and Adrian had broken up. He had recognized his chance, despite of how he had pushed her away in their early childhood years.

He loathed himself to this day for the way he had reacted when he had found her journal in the library.

'I wish he would see me for who I truly am. I'm more than my blood status.'

He had been a silly teenager with an emotional range of a straw. He had laughed at her so nastily; and even though it had happened so many years ago, he still felt ashamed for the way he had treated her.

But he also had hope that whatever had her fancy him back then might be still there. That was the only reason he had went all in. Why he had made it his priority to flirt with her, escort her to her flat...

And even though they had come so far, he still felt unable to open his soul to her. Physical intimacy was his love language – the only one he knew and spoke. And while this had been enough before, it became unbearable to hold her and keep his deepest feelings to himself.

The hand on her hip wandered higher, until his digit explored the side of one of her perfect breasts. They were round and full, her rosy nipples hard; so responsive for him. He weighted her curves in his hands, and they both moaned when he rubbed over her flesh.

He had realized he'd never have a chance to truly win her heart when she had told him that the intimacy was too much for her. With her rules around him kissing and praising her, he had tried to retreat. Without success.

And now, as their tongues melted into each other and he nipped at her bottom lip, he knew he could never stop. Hermione Granger would be the death of his, but if the sex was what would keep her around, he would give it to her. As long as she could handle it.

He tensed slightly, feeling how his tired dick rose to life again.

She felt it too; in between her slick legs. And even though she must have been sore and spent, she began to rub her core against his sensitive skin.

He hummed but broke the kiss; his breath hitting her pretty face. Despite the darkness surrounding them, he believed to see her cheeks flushed to cover her bodily exhaustion.

“I’m afraid to break you little witch,” he whispered, kissing the tip of her nose before slowly sinking back into the pillows. Hermione watched him, her hands roaming over his chest. Her knuckles stroked his abdomen and she looked at his half hard cock between them.

“A little too late for that,” she muttered with a soft smile in her voice, her fingers reaching for his length. His hands stopped her gently, and her pout turned his growl into a warning noise.

“Patience is a virtue you still have to practice.”

She rolled her eyes, which made him slap the outside of her thigh in a playful manner.

“Careful, Granger. Don’t try me.”

“Granger, is it?” Hermione sighed.

“Granger, it is” he said slowly. “Now be a good girl so I can get you something to drink.”

He had watched her empty a glass of water, fed her the freshest fruit he was able to summon from the kitchen. And as soon as she was stretching her tempting body in his sheets, he had ordered her to turn on the shower for them.

She had obeyed eagerly, shaky legs carrying her while he stayed behind to clean the sheets from the sticky mess they had made with a flick of his wand.

He smiled to himself when she turned on the water, listened to her closing the door of the shower and ruffled his own hair before he followed her into the bathroom.

Her body was exquisite, bruises on her neck and hips from where he had marked her earlier. The water running down her curves made him thirsty. He didn't trust himself with her being so dangerously tempting like this.

He watched her clean herself from his touch, their eyes meeting through the steam when she rubbed her responsive skin with the soap.

"Don't you want to join me?" She had called with a coy smile. His heart had fluttered like the wings of a hummingbird at her beauty right then. But he decided to stay quiet while she finished.

By the time they were both clean and dry, Draco was certain she would drift into a deep sleep right next to him. Under the covers their naked bodies aligned perfectly. He laid behind her, his hand stroking over her abdomen to feel her one more time.

But then she made this little noise that made his blood turn hot and fresh, their breaths slowly turning heavier.

His tired cock pressed into the swell of her back, and she shifted skillfully in front of him. The sweet friction making him press his palm into her abdomen with a silent demand for more.

Like the irresistible minx she was, she spread her legs awkwardly to make room for him to take another dive. He couldn't resist her; he just wanted to make sure she still felt the same as half an hour ago.

He spread out his hand, fingers reaching and his palm moving over her mound to slide in between her soft folds. He hissed at the same time as her body leaned further into him.

"Are you always this wet and wanting?" He just had to know. His breath hit the back of her neck and she whimpered silently. Even though he had barely touched her cunt, he felt the slickness sticking to his digits as he spread her arousal over the inside of her thigh.

He lazily grabbed the covers and pulled them off until they only covered their lower legs. He wanted to see as much of her as possible.

“I don’t know what you’re doing to me,” she mumbled as if she was close to drift into sleep. He wanted her to rest, but she wouldn’t allow it. Her foot searched for the back of his knee where she hooked herself to him. This way her core was undeniably exposed under the covers, and he couldn’t resist to explore her folds further.

His satisfied hum made her wanton, and he felt her hands roam over her own body, her right elbow brushing his torso when she began to knead her own breasts.

He loved how deprived she was of his touch, even though he had made her come three times earlier. She seemed to be always ready for him. Addicted to the high.

His middle finger dipped into her hot center, pushed inside, and made her moan out loud. He sunk into her as deep as he could from this angle before pulling out and spreading her slick up to her swollen clit.

She was still sensitive from their earlier activities, her body jolting and his dick twitching in response.

“You enjoyed yourself when I spanked you earlier,” he whispered, before his tongue drew figure eights underneath her ear. She nodded and rubbed her backside against his leaking tip. He groaned in privation.

This was not normal. Their chemistry and raw need for each other. They should be incapable of moving – so how was it they couldn’t stop?

In this moment it felt like it would never be enough. No matter how often he sank into her, no matter how often her inner walls would convulse around him. They would never get tired of each other until their bodies would fall apart from exhaustion.

“It really turned me on when you were riding my face” he teased her, his middle finger dipping into her again.

She keened his name, “Oh Draco...”

“I almost came in my pants like a teenager,” he chuckled deeply and lapped at her earlobe before sucking the skin into his mouth purposefully. “You’re such a filthy witch for me.”

He pulled his finger out of her, smiling to himself when she winced at the loss. His index and middle finger began to roll her swollen clit in between them, his thumb pressing against her entrance where it disappeared in her heat. Her head turned to the side, and he used the moment to lean over her from behind to capture her lips with his.

“Please,” she begged, “Don’t stop.”

He kissed her again, his hand became relentless and his movements faster. The rhythm he set left no room for interpretation. His only intention was to make her come for him. Roughly he rubbed and twisted – until she broke. A silent scream left her lips when her body began to quake.

Draco swallowed her noises of pleasure and exhaustion with his lips again, his hips bucked into her back. He was fascinated by how wet she was, how she coated his hand with more of her sweet juice when she came undone. She was so sensitive by now, that she couldn’t help but try to escape his hand when she rode out her orgasm on his fingers.

He whispered praises and admirations into her ear before he leaned back and looked down at his length pressing into the crack of her perfect ass. How badly he wanted to take her *there*.

Her cunt always gripped him tightly, how much more heavenly would it be to sink into her ass?

He didn't expect her to let him do it tonight. He found his piece with the outlook of a good wank when she would fall asleep. At least that's what he thought until she pressed herself against his cock again, grinding and wincing at the way he thrust his length into the place of his desire. He groaned at the feeling.

His slick coated hand retreated from her cunt, gripping one of her cheeks to spread her ass. This only pressed his shaft further into the crack. He watched captivated how she presented herself to him. How she was still eager to please when she had just come for the fourth time.

She behaved like she was a bitch in heat, and it drove him only crazier for her. It gave him the weird sense of power over her body. As if he was the only one who could drive her to madness with his touch.

Both of them were breathing heavily, and Draco decided to just play with her a little longer. He pushed her gently to roll to her front, one of his legs holding hers in place before he nudged them further apart.

He spat onto his hand, their fluids mingling, before he dove back between her legs to gather more of her juices to stroke them up from her slit to her puckered skin. She tensed and sighed nervously.

"Relax," he said calmly and began to massage her with his thumb. His touch was gentle and longing, he wouldn't dare to hurt the witch.

She took a deep breath. "Why does this feel so good?"

"You did like it when I played with your ass before," he reminded her with a hoarse voice, his cock pressing against the outside of her thigh now that she was laying on her belly.

"*More*," she moaned into his pillows. Her hands were clinging onto his favorite bedsheets.

Draco didn't need her to tell him twice. His thumb pressed into her, the tight ring fighting him until he dipped into her with a hiss. He didn't go deep, just began to finger her gently to get her used to the strange sensation.

"You set the pace," he reminded her, going just a little deeper before retreating and going back.

"*Oh...*" she huffed, and he almost came when her tight entrance gripped his thumb possessively. If this would have been his cock, he would have blown his second load of the night instantly.

"So nice and warm for me," he mumbled and pressed his lips against her cheek, his eyes drifted close at the sensation they both felt.

"*More,*" she demanded with a shaky voice. She wanted to kill him; he was sure of it now.

"Fuck," he hissed when he pulled his thumb out of her. He gathered new slickness from her warm cunt to go back at it with more lubrication. When he began to push in again, he used his index and middle finger all at once. There was less resistance, so he began to slowly thrust into her ass with his two fingers. Deeper and a little harder than he intended to, but she seemed to enjoy every second of it.

His cheek rubbed against hers, and her breath became heavier with the little moans that left her delicate body.

"I've never done this before," she whimpered, but it sounded more pleased than pained. He bucked his hips into her without being able to control himself.

"I know," he groaned at the same time as she threw her head back as a reaction of him going deeper and a little faster, "and I won't make you."

“Why not?” She murmured and he stilled his hand movement abruptly. Draco felt sticky fluid leaking from his painfully hard cock, clinging onto her thigh. He was a goner when she suggested, “I mean, what if we tried it?”

“Are you sure?” He asked in between shock and surprise. “We don’t have to.”

“Draco,” she sighed and turned her head as far as she could, her lust gazed eyes meeting his in the dark. “I’ve never done this before, but I want you to be the one. *I trust you.*”

This was all he ever had asked of her – to trust him. He would be lying to himself if he said he didn’t fantasize about doing this with *her* out of all witches. However, he knew that this was not something that a lot of women enjoyed in the end. He wasn’t small, and he just didn’t want to hurt her.

She must have felt his hesitance, when she chased his fingers inside of her and encouraged him to continue. “*Please.* All I’m asking is for us to try.”

Well, it sounded sweet and easy when she said it. Only that he was certain he wouldn’t be able to stop once he felt her insides gripping him.

She was persistent though, and her hands that had held onto the sheets began to wander to her ass where she spread her cheeks for him. He swallowed and grunted at the gesture all at once, his fingers slowly retreating to add a third one. Agonizingly slow described the pace with which he entered her again.

The moan that left her lips was guttural, something he hadn’t heard before from her. It made him move. Careful to not slip out of her he pushed himself up without stopping his newfound rhythm.

When he forced her legs further apart, kneeling behind her spread cheeks, his other hand started to rub her cunt with vigor. She cried out in pleasure, loud and without worrying about how needy she sounded. Salazar, he loved this woman.

How could she do this to him? How could she lay in front of him like his own personal fuckable buffet?

His hand was coated in her juices, and he began to spread the slick all over his silky length that twitched in anticipation. He made sure his swollen head was coated with her lust for him.

“Fuck, I can’t believe you want me to,” he whispered, thrusting his fingers into her a little harsher to test her resistance. Her noises truly sounded like she was stuffed, as if she was at her limit already.

“Sweet Circe...yes, please” she mumbled incoherently, disarming Draco from all his self-restraint.

He held his breath from the moment he pulled his fingers from her to the moment he aligned the dripping tip of his cock with her stretched skin.

“Just a little,” he told himself and maybe even her, slowly inching into her. She tensed, and Draco grasped her cheeks to keep them spread apart. He didn’t want to miss one second of this view and feeling, her back arched dramatically. “Breathe, sweetheart.”

She tried and, in the end, loosened visibly.

He pulled back before pushing in again. A little further this time, and the tightness of her anew virginity made him hiss and her moan loudly at the same time. He repeated it several times, each time inching deeper.

“Is this okay?” he asked, out of breath already when he stilled halfway in. He honestly didn’t need to go much further before he would tumble over the edge. He was so aroused by her willingness to do dirty things with him... he could work with what she was able to take.

“*More*,” she huffed out a shaky breath and turned her head to look over her shoulder. Her lips were parted, and his hands desperately dug into her hips. “All of you, Draco.”

Their eyes met in the dark when he gave up and pushed in slowly without pulling out again. Her eyes were the first to roll into the back of her head, slack-jawed at the intrusion. She didn’t make a sound when her head fell to rest against the pillows.

Draco held his breath at the feel of her channel around his thick length. It took him a lot to loosen his grip on her hips, to trail his fingers up her spine to praise her silently. He couldn’t believe how eager she was for him to do this – how well she took his size.

“Sweet Merlin,” he warned her “You have no idea what you do to me.”

“Show me,” she rasped with her cheek pressed against a pillow. *So fuckable.*

“You like being taken...*ngh*... like this, don’t you?” He grunted when he began to take her with shallow movements first. He wanted to make sure she was doing alright, but his hands were already pulling her cheeks apart again, spreading her wide for him so he could watch himself being eagerly swallowed by her tiny hole.

What happened next was something Draco hadn’t expected, and it almost made him spill into her in astonishment.

She went senseless underneath him. Her movements to chase him got erratic to deepen his thrusts. Her entire body was begging for a steady and hard rhythm.

“Oh Draco... sweet... please... ohh...don’t stop...” she muttered in her trance, and Draco couldn’t help himself but get lost above her.

He took her like he owned her, knocking the breath out of lungs and losing himself in the feeling of how she felt around him. Tight, wet, like a manmade heaven.

“Look at you...fucking perfect...” he mumbled in between pants, forcing her to take him a little deeper which made her shake violently in response.

Draco knew that he wouldn't last long like this, almost falling when one of his hands loosened its grip on her ass to dive in front of her body to disappear in between her spread legs.

With uncoordinated but firm flicks of his middle finger on her abused, but drenched clit he wanted to make her come quickly. He couldn't handle this any longer, but he wouldn't forgive himself if she wouldn't get anything out of it.

The way her muscles contracted around him when she convulsed had him almost lose his consciousness.

He wasn't exactly sure where her orgasm ended and his began, pulling out of her with quick strokes around his cock to see his come spilling out of him. The sensation made him groan out loud when she whimpered underneath his thick, and twitching length.

Seeing her arse and back covered with his seed left him trembling above her before he sank back onto his heels, his vision blurry and his voice shaking. “Fuck me... are you alright?”

He was afraid to hear the answer, tensing until she nodded and began to mumble sweet nothings into his bed. One of her hands reached backwards, her fingers stretching towards him. He understood, his own hand taking hers and squeezing it.

“Taste you...” she whispered with her eyes shut close. His thumb stroked her knuckles with care, but she pulled her hand away. “Let me taste you.”

His brain worked too slow for her demand, and by the time he understood she had already taken matters into her own hands.

Draco's soul left his body when he watched Hermione Granger gather the come she could reach on her back to swallow the proof of his demise around her own fingers.

Sick day(s)

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everyone who Kudos or even a comment. I love you all so much - it means a lot to me that people actually read what I write and... feel compelled to leave a little note. It means the world to me.

Enjoy this short but important chapter.

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

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Hermione woke up next to Draco in the morning. He laid on his back, his naked torso exposed as the covers had ridden down his hips. He slept peacefully, completely out of it to be exact. The position he was laying in looked positively uncomfortable. His arms were spread wide and one of his hands was tugged in between her thighs.

She laid on her side to watch his chest rise and fall lazily.

His legs were tangled up weirdly with hers and she didn't dare to move. Not only because she didn't want to wake him, but because she physically couldn't. Every bone and muscle ached, the exhaustion from the night evident in every one of her breaths.

She wasn't sure how long she watched him before his nose crinkled, his brows furrowed, and he sighed quietly. She bit her lip to stop herself from smiling. His long blonde lashes fluttered before he rolled around and away from her. The loss of his hand in between her thighs when she let him roam left her feeling empty. All left for her to look at was his back – his muscular and defined shoulders. She even could see the crack of his arse as the covers slipped further.

She probably shouldn't overstay his welcome. It was Sunday and he had been clear about wanting to see her Saturdays and Tuesdays from now on. Almost as if they were in a relationship. *Almost.*

She shook her head and closed her eyes for one more minute, intrigued to test how long he would sleep if she'd just let him. The sun was brightening the room already, and she had plans to visit Ginny later today to help her with the nursery.

A rustling noise from somewhere inside his house made her eyes shoot open. She listened closely, the clicking sound of heels slow but deliberate.

Hermione froze, cold blood running through her veins as she tried to think of who would visit Draco in the morning. She didn't know anything about him – the realization leaving a bitter taste on her tongue as she covered her body with the sheets and almost pulled them from the godlike body next to her.

He rolled around again, disturbed in his peacefulness. He grumbled something undefinable, his hand searching for her body as he tried to pull her into his arms.

“Draco!” She hissed with a whisper, trying to shake him awake with her hand grabbing onto his lean but muscular arm that held her. She winced at the pain shooting through her at the movement. “Someone’s here. *Wake up.*”

Hermione’s mortification grew with every step echoing through his house – the bedroom door was wide open. She sank deeper into the pillows, her right elbow bumped into his hard chest. Only then he began to wake, his tired eyes meeting her panicked ones.

“What’s wrong?” He asked with a husky voice, and she wanted to curse him for being so sweet in such a horrifying moment.

Her lips parted to reply, but his visitor beat her to it.

“Draco, are you still sleeping? I know you’re at home, your floo is wide open... don’t hide from me. You promised me we’d do this today!” A women’s voice, sweet and quirky rang to their ears, and Hermione felt her heart sink. She stared at Draco with wide eyes, who didn’t seem too flustered over what was unfolding.

As the steps came closer, Hermione held her breath in painful anticipation.

“You’re too early,” Draco called out before leaning towards Hermione, his lips brushing her cheek faintly.

She didn’t grasp the nature of their situation. Even though her heart had sunk a minute ago, she understood that this woman couldn’t be a love interest of his. If she would be, he wouldn’t stay so calm... besides, he had just told her last night that he wouldn’t engage with anyone else while they were... *seeing each other on Tuesdays and Saturdays*.

His hand dove underneath the covers, roamed over her naked body until he reached one of her breasts with his fingertips. She shuddered, parting her lips to question what was happening.

“Get up you lazy, little-“ the woman apparently had reached the doorway, and Hermione’s cheeks flushed crimson at the thought of someone seeing her like this. Someone she didn’t know. At least that’s what she had thought until she turned to look at the witch.

Long, dark hair fell over her shoulders in waves. Her striking brows were raised high, and her eyes clearly were just as surprised as Hermione felt.

“Oh...I didn’t know you had company, Drake.” Her face was a mixture of surprise and amusement. “That explains the open floo policy today.”

Hermione wanted to die of embarrassment when she starred at Astoria Greengrass.

“Don’t be rude,” Draco mumbled and sat up slowly, his fingers brushing the outside of Hermione’s breast so subtly that she wasn’t sure if he intended to give her goosebumps or not. “I’ll meet you at Madam Malkin’s in fifteen.”

“Hmm,” Astoria grinned with a cock of her brows, her eyes not leaving Hermione. “What extraordinary circumstances to see you again, Granger.” They hadn’t seen each other in

years. Well, Hermione had studied the picture of her and Draco in the Daily Prophet a while ago.

She took a deep breath, forcing a smile onto her face.

“Indeed.”

Astoria snorted in between amusement and confusion, but then her eyes shot to Draco as he cleared his throat. He ran his fingers through his adorable nest of hair, but he didn't seem affected by Astoria knowing he had spent the night with her out of all people.

“Fifteen minutes,” she reminded him with a sweet singing melody before turning around and not looking at the witch in his bed again.

As soon as her footsteps wavered away, Draco's hand nudged Hermione's hip under the blanket.

“I'll eat a broom if I ever get to have breakfast with you.”

She smiled coyly at the thought, her tongue darted out to wet her lips. He caught the gesture and winked at her. “How are you feeling?”

They both listened to his fireplace roaring as Astoria disappeared.

“I'm fine,” she said calmly, shifting to slowly sit up without wanting to show him how much it hurt.

He got up in a swift movement, not caring about the fact that he was completely naked as he walked over to his dresser.

“Let me get you some potion before I leave,” he said, unimpressed by her attempt to downplay her discomfort.

She watched him grab some briefs and a black turtleneck.

“You’re going to Madam Malkin’s?” She was too curious to not ask him about it.

He hummed with his back turned towards her. “I’m making Astoria go to the world cup with me. She made me promise her new dress robes in return.”

“Oh...” Hermione said, weirdly affected by the thought of him being photographed with her again. Someone like Astoria would be worth to be photographed with. She was beautiful, her family was rich and well known in the pureblood community. No wonder Draco wanted her by her side for this.

She noticed how he turned around to look at her, studying her. She smiled carefully. “I have to get going too. I promised Ginny to help with the nursery while Harry is out of town.”

Hermione hated being late. She thought of it to be rude and careless. Nevertheless, she found herself stumbling through her best friend’s floo thirty minutes after their agreed meeting time.

The pain potion Draco had given her in the morning hadn’t dissolved quickly enough, and she had enjoyed herself too much under a warm and soothing shower at her own place.

She had despised the moment the water and soap had washed away his scent, but she was too afraid that her friend would smell him on her.

“There you are, I was about to send a Patronus for Harry to file a Missing Witch Report on you.” Ginny mocked her bushy haired friend, sitting on the ground with mountains of baby clothes in front of her.

“I’m sorry Ginny, I fell asleep again,” Hermione lied uncomfortably and whirled around to see how she could make herself useful. When her eyes met Pansy’s in a chair at the dining table - working on some kind of checklist - she almost jolted backwards.

“Very unusual for you to take a nap on a Sunday morning,” she smiled wickedly, and Hermione’s heart began to race without a warning. She felt how her cheeks flushed when the brunette continued. “Did you have a *rough* night?”

Pansy cocked her brows at her, and Hermione felt how her palms began to feel sweaty. She tensed under Pansy’s wary eyes. There was no way she knew where she had spent the night. It just wasn’t possible.

She calmed herself with the certainty that nobody knew about Draco and her activities. Well, Astoria did since this morning – but as far as she knew Pansy and Astoria weren’t particularly close. They despised each other. Draco hadn’t told Theo... or maybe he had?

“No, not at all,” Hermione said calmly – maybe too calm. She saw out of the corner of her eyes how Ginny’s head shot up at her tone. “I actually found an old book of mine and read it in one sitting. ‘*Twilight*’ – fantastic book, you should read it.”

Pansy’s brows furrowed, and the pen in her hand pressed with a dangerous amount of strength onto the pages in front of her.

“Oh, I’d love that,” Pansy lied with a mischievous smile.

Hermione relaxed slightly, convinced her spontaneous lie was solid enough. It sounded like Hermione, and it wasn’t even a real lie. Just that this had happened a few nights ago and not yesterday.

“Mione can you help me over here?” Ginny asked in a feather light voice, and she took the distraction eagerly – not looking back at Pansy. Not until the brunette witch cleared her throat again, clearly not happy with how the conversation had unfolded.

“Have you girls seen Draco recently?” She called from the dining table and Hermione closed her eyes with a sigh. *She knew*. How in the world did she find out?

“Malfoy? We see him almost every day at work,” Ginny said slightly confused, but not suspicious.

“Right,” Pansy hummed again, and when Hermione looked up, she met her friends’ eyes from afar. She had put down the pen and rested her chin on her palms, her elbows on the table in front of her.

“We saw him yesterday at brunch, remember?” Hermione said quietly and began to fold a tiny blue jumper, looking back down at her hands. She began to shake slightly.

“You know actually...,” Pansy got up smoothly and crossed the room slowly, almost snakelike, “...I was at Diagon Alley this morning to pick something up for Theo at Gringotts. I ran into him and Astoria Greengrass.”

Hermione swallowed, pretending to focus on the tiny piece of clothing in her hands. In reality she tried to keep her breath steady.

Ginny became curious. “Uh - are they dating? I’ve seen their photo in the Daily Prophet a couple of weeks ago.”

“I was wondering the same, since he turned down Angelina Johnson yesterday at the restaurant.”

Hermione giggled uncomfortably, “You should have just asked him then?”

Pansy almost copied Hermione’s laughter in a mocking tone. “Oh, *I did*, Hermione.”

Hermione closed her eyes, fingers digging into the fabric and ruining her previous folding efforts.

“Aaaand?” Ginny dropped what she was doing, Hermione’s eyes wandering to her friend. Her breath became shorter, almost panicked.

“You should have seen my face when Astoria said,” Pansy cleared her throat and imitated the dark-haired witch almost perfectly with a high-pitched voice, ““Oh Pansy, I caught him snuggled up with *Granger* in the sheets this morning. If we were dating, he wouldn’t be standing in front of you right now.’”

The heavy silence in between the three friends was so painful that Hermione swore everybody heard her heart hit the floor as it sank.

Three hours. That’s how long it had taken Hermione on Sunday to convince her friends that she was in fact *not* dating Draco Malfoy.

Ginny’s initial shock had passed quickly, wanting to know how she ended up in bed with Draco and how often they had done it. After the shock she briefly reached the stage of disappointment and frustration to keep up with Pansy over the fact that Hermione had kept it a secret.

Hermione felt uncomfortable answering their questions, only giving halfhearted excuses and explanations.

She wasn’t surprised that Pansy was offended at her lying several times in the previous days. However, she didn’t expect Pansy’s harsh judgment to soften so quickly when she asked her friend if she had feelings for Draco.

It was then that it broke out of her – a tidal wave of helplessness in the midst of her misery. She admitted to her friends that she had fallen for the wizard, hard and fast. What had followed was a conversation between Ginny and Pansy.

- *'Does he know she's in love with him?'*

- *'I told her he asked Harry about her relationship status.'*

– *'She should tell him, he obviously is crazy about her. He didn't even flinch when Astoria spilled your dirty little secret.'*

– *'I've never seen Draco turn down a witch like he did with Angelina yesterday. You have no idea how huge this is.'*

– *'Talking about things that are huge. Are the rumors true? Is his dick really as massive as the witches say? Mione?'*

Hermione had shut her friends down. She had left them both behind, frustrated and with tears in her eyes without answering one of their questions. She had felt humiliated.

Monday had been the first day of her career where she decided to call in sick at the ministry. With her floo and blinds closed she had locked herself away. Her newfound cage gave her a bubble of safety, and she didn't even try to make herself feel better about it all.

She felt humiliated and confused.

She felt humiliated because her friends now knew how desperately in love she was with a man she could never truly have. How they didn't set her straight right away but encouraged her weak heart. She kept it going, knowing she would get her heart broken in the end. She was upset that her friends encouraged the small part inside of her that was hoping for *more*.

She felt confused as to why Draco didn't set Astoria straight when they had run into Pansy. He out of all people had done nothing to keep Astoria from discovering her in his bed. As if he didn't care about her reputation at all.

She ignored the letter from Pansy, apologizing for the way she had handled her knowledge in front of Ginny, not considering her feelings.

She ignored Ginny's Patronus – the majestic white horse – asking to let her know if she needed anything. She didn't apologize directly, but Hermione truly didn't care. She was too busy drowning in self-pity.

When Hermione woke up Tuesday morning, she felt a heavy pit in her stomach. She was not ready to return to work, not ready to face the day or Draco.

She had concluded that Pansy must have told Theo about her feelings for Draco. Theo possibly could have reported back to Draco, and she just wasn't ready to have a conversation about any of it.

Especially not on a Tuesday. She didn't forget the promise she had given to clear her schedule for the man to devour her to his liking. He surely wouldn't be upset with her if she was sick though.

So, she sent off an owl to the ministry, calling in sick for the second day in a row.

She decided to scribble a quick note to Draco, excusing herself for the evening because of her sickness and promised to be back in no time to make up for it on Saturday. Only then she flicked her wand to make sure no owl was able to drop off anything in return.

She knew she behaved like a coward, but it was an easy way out. For now.

Hermione was in the middle of watching her favorite muggle movie 'Titanic' for the second time on Tuesday, when a subtle knock on her door made her flinch. She just had buried her hand in a bag of crisps, when she had sunk deeper into the cushions.

"Hermione, it's Harry..." the muffled voice from her best friend rang through the tiny flat, and she huffed in annoyance. She was surprised it took him this long to show up at her doorstep after he must have had discovered she had closed her floo for visitors.

She kept quiet, not even bothering to pause the movie. Another knock, "Can you at least let me know you're alive? Ginny is really worried about you."

Hermione rolled her eyes and picked up a handful of crisps.

"Listen, she told me about what happened between you girls and I ... uh... just want you to know I'm really happy for you. As long as you are happy... and if you're not... if Malfoy hurts--"

She felt the familiar panic of her feeling being exposed rise. Without her consent. Again.

She closed her eyes, shouting in frustration. "Harry! I know you mean well, but I'm sick and I don't want to talk about any of it right now. *Please.*"

"Of course, I'm sorry. But you know how to reach me if you change your mind. We've won a war together; I don't think this can be much worse than what we've been through. Don't forget that." He said, his voice filled with concern. She sighed and nodded before she realized he couldn't see her.

To compare the war with her feelings for Draco felt a little odd. She wouldn't dream about connecting those experiences.

Falling for Draco had been way too easy, as natural as breathing. To admit her feelings to anyone but herself was rougher. Knowing that he would drop her like a hot potato once he'd find out about her true feelings was impossible to deal with.

The war had been unavoidable – something worth fighting for.

She only relaxed and exhaled a deep breath she hadn't realized she was holding when she was confronted with silence from outside her door.

She continued eating the crisps silently, staring at the TV. Minutes passed, her hand again buried in the bag of crisps, when Harry knocked at her door *again*. Much more demanding and impatient this time around.

Hermione jolted off her sofa, the crisps flying all over. She screeched in frustration, anger flaring up in her chest. Her subconscious tried to tell her off from shouting at her best friend for wanting to be there for her.

She marched towards her entrance door and wondered when she had moved the last time. Her muscles ached and were stiff.

“I can't believe you guys – what else do I have to do to have a couple of days without you people peppering me with stupid questions?!”

Her hand was on the doorknob as she finished her sentence before pulling it open in a hasty movement. She startled at the man on the other side. Tall and broad shoulders, his white-blond hair in a perfect contrast to his silver eyes.

“*Granger*,” his deep voice rumbled through her body as she stood in the doorway. His scent mixed with his perfume hit her completely unexpected. “Lots of people yearning for your attention today?”

“I thought you were Harry... *what are you doing here?!*” She stared at him, still confused to see him. Merlin, how could he look so handsome? He was wearing his tailored grey suit with a white dress shirt. In his large hands he held a paper bag, and an amused smirk was tugging at the corners of his mouth.

“Making sure you’re taking care of yourself,” he answered calmly, stepping forward as he entered her flat without asking for permission. Hermione stood her ground, until he was so close that his knees brushed her thighs. She looked up at him, catching his grey eyes roaming over her face and hair. “May I come in?”

“Do I have a choice?” She asked between gritted teeth, stepping backwards to let him pass.

He shrugged his shoulders, taking the door in his hand to close it behind him. “You always have a choice, darling.”

She shook her head, crossing her arms in front of her chest as she stared up at him. She was aware of how hideous she looked next to him and his neat appearance. She hadn’t brushed her hair since yesterday, her body was hiding behind a navy-blue jumper that was a couple of sizes too big for her with old pajama shorts covering only a minimal amount of flesh on her thighs. She hadn’t even bothered to put on socks.

“You’re sick,” he said as if he had to remind her of her own lie. Then he forced a paper bag into her hands. She didn’t have much of a choice but to untangle her crossed arms and take it. “I brought you some soup and pepper up potion, freshly brewed.”

“Oh um…” Hermione looked down at the sweet gesture and then back up at him. “That’s very sweet of you.”

“I owed you back earlier but imagine my surprise when my bird returned with an undeliverable letter. I wanted to make sure that you were alright,” he furrowed his forehead in wrinkles and looked over her head when he heard the noises from the movie in her living room echo through the hallway. “Are you having a party in there?”

“I’m watching a movie…” she said quietly.

“Muggle entertainment,” he simply stated, intrigued. His eyes began to flicker.

She started to walk backwards, smiling at the bizarre situation. “That’s what muggles do when they are sick. They watch movies, snuggle up under blankets, eat soup and drink tea.”

He followed her slowly into her living room, never letting her out of his sight.

She hurried to the coffee table to grab the remote and pause the movie. She put the bag with soup and potion on the same desk. When she turned around to face him again, he inspected her ‘*camp*’ with an irritated look on his features. He had walked around the furniture, leaning over the back of it to pick up a single crisp from the seat to inspect it in the air.

She felt her cheeks flush in embarrassment at the mess she had left behind. His eyes shot towards her helplessly standing there.

“Muggles clearly don’t take recovery as serious as we do?” He questioned between amusement and reprimand.

“I was hungry,” she half-heartedly defended herself.

He dropped the crisp back onto the sofa, stood straight and drew his wand. With a flick of it the crisps disappeared before he tapped out pillow and blanket. Then he pointed onto the sofa with the tip of his wand, his face not leaving any room for arguments.

“Sit down and eat your soup,” he said, watching her follow his command with hesitating steps.

When she slowly lowered herself with her back turned towards him, she heard fabric shifting. She had to lean to the side awkwardly to see what he was up to.

“What are you doing?” She asked when she saw that he had taken off his suit jacket. He placed it over the back of the sofa before taking off his cufflinks and rolling up the sleeves of the white dress shirt.

“Making you tea,” he said as if it was the next logical thing to do. He left the room with his fingers tightly closed around his wand.

She faced the soup in front of her, swallowing down her heavy heart. She felt horrible for lying to him, making him believe she was suffering from anything else but heartache. She sighed quietly as she told herself that lovesickness technically was an illness; one she didn't know how to cure on her own. But it barely eased the guilt she felt.

“Peppermint or Chamomile?” He called from the kitchen and Hermione sighed.

Even though she wanted to say Chamomile she replied, “*Peppermint.*”

She had never enjoyed Peppermint tea, until she had learned that it tasted like Draco's kisses.

She opened the paper bag in front of her to take out the steaming hot soup he had brought. Chicken noodle soup. *Why was he doing this?!*

She wondered if he knew about her embarrassing departure on Sunday from Ginny's place. Did he feel sorry for her? Did Pansy tell him or Theo about her desperation in face of her situation?

He returned with a tea for her and put it down onto the coffee table. Draco took the remote control from the desk and looked at the many buttons with raised brows.

He sat down next to her, handed her the device, and nodded towards the TV.

“What?” She asked with a sudden grin on her lips. He was adorable when he tried to be casual about the muggle world. He clearly had no idea what to do. “You want to watch the movie? Are you sure? I'm already half through.”

“I'm sure I can follow. Now eat your soup witch,” he muttered and leaned back into the sofa, his eyes still focused on the TV. Hermione wanted to warn him about the movie, but then decided to just let him figure it out as she ate the soup.

She really tried to not look at him, but she couldn't help but take glances at him when he shifted or tensed in his seat the further the movie progressed. She wasn't sure if this was his first muggle movie experience, but he seemed invested. He asked Hermione several times about details he had missed in the storyline, but he never took his eyes off the screen.

Not until Hermione had put down the soup and sat awkwardly next to him. His fingers brushed the outside of her thigh and their eyes met. As a reaction goosebumps erupted all over her skin and she felt her heart beating faster.

She had made up her mind; neither Pansy nor Ginny had mentioned anything to him about their fight. There would be no discussion, no confrontation. *For now.*

"Come here," he mumbled. He invited her to nestle into his side, and even though she knew that he just tried to be nice, she felt her stomach twist in excitement.

"You really don't have to do this," she reminded him softly, hoping he'd tell her otherwise.

"I know," he replied calmly, his grey eyes boring into hers. "But I want to."

With that she gave up and scooted closer to him. Their bodies fit together perfectly, like two lost souls united for the moment. She felt him look down at her when she allowed her face to nestle into his chest. Without hesitation he lowered his arm to hold her by her waist.

Everything else happened quickly, naturally. Instead of paying attention to the movie, her hand reached for his shoulder. She dug her fingers into him and pulled herself closer. He reacted instantly, almost pushing her up onto his lap until she straddled his thighs and her face nestled in between his shoulder and neck. She hugged his torso as tightly as she could from her position.

He pulled her incredibly close before his cheek rested against her forehead. Hermione decided then she wouldn't leave this spot until the Titanic had sunk. She closed her eyes and listened to his steady heartbeat, calm and reassuring.

Wednesday came too quickly. Draco had left after the movie - not once had he tried to kiss her or take advantage of her vulnerable state. He had never asked her what exactly had been wrong with her – he had simply stayed by her side.

The weird evening with him, the feeling of familiarity and intimacy in her bones, had caused her anger towards her friends to fade drastically.

When she returned to work the next day, she even decided to visit Pansy at her desk before lunch. She was ready to apologize for the way she had reacted.

Pansy hugged her tightly when she arrived, not wanting to hear Hermione's apology. Instead, she was the one asking for forgiveness. Hermione smiled at her calmly, before dropping next to her on a free chair.

"Thank you," she said underneath her breath, "you know, for not telling Draco about our conversation on Sunday."

Pansy looked at her with a startled expression on her face.

Hermione sighed, "I was afraid you could've said something to him about our fight."

"You mean that you ran off and decided to hide in your apartment because we found out about your *dirty 'little' secret*?"

Hermione gritted her teeth to suppress a huff, "Yes."

Pansy's face turned into an apologetic mask. "Don't get mad at me again, but I kind of *did* tell him."

“You *did*?!” Horror washed over Hermione, she felt it in form of cold blood running through her body. She hated the feeling.

“Don’t get your wand all twisted, Hermione. I didn’t tell him about your feelings. I just told him that you were upset with me for confronting you about your... *thing*.”

Hermione just stared at her treacherous friend.

Pansy continued, “He wanted to apologize for the way Astoria had talked to me, and he wanted to know if you knew that I knew...” she shrugged her shoulders. “I was honest with him and said that you were quite upset after you found out and that you had locked yourself away without wanting to talk to us. Didn’t he stop by to talk to you about it? He had mentioned he would...”

“No,” Hermione mumbled with a heavy heart, “I mean yes, he stopped by, but he didn’t mention your conversation with one word.” So, Draco had known she hadn’t been sick? But he had taken care of her, he even had brought her soup. She frowned.

“You guys are idiots, both of you!” Pansy snapped, “Keep dancing around each other until someone falls off the broom.”

Chapter End Notes

We're setting the scene my lovely friends.

This kind of stuff(1)

Chapter Notes

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

Saturday evening.

Hermione looked at her reflection in the mirror for a long time. She was straightening the fabric on her stomach of her dark red dress meticulously. She liked the way it complimented her chest – it was everything but distasteful.

She took a deep breath, trying to convince herself that she put too much weight onto the night ahead of her. By now she was convinced that Draco wouldn't bring up his conversation with Pansy on his own.

During the rest of the week, she had seen him several times, politely greeting her in the elevator with their coworkers and friends around. He had not sought any other conversation than the one yesterday during lunch time.

Ginny had been away from her desk, when he had slithered smoothly into her department and dropped some papers onto her best friends' desk instead of sending them via the usual note system.

"Hey," Hermione had looked up from her case, returning his knowing grin with a coy smile of her own.

"Are you ready for the weekend?" Draco had asked without lowering his voice, sounding casual as he slowly had walked through the isle to stop in front of her desk. He had looked at her; had leaned forward until his large hands rested on the wood. She had met his grey eyes and her heart had fluttered wildly in her fragile chest.

"I can't wait for it to begin," she had replied with warmth spreading into her cheeks. She had to swallow down all her questions and accusations towards him.

Weirdly enough she had wanted to know what he was thinking about her. About them. Why he had showed up at her flat to pretend he believed her to be sick. But she just hadn't been able to ask him then and there.

When he had spoken again, his voice had lowered and was merely a dark whisper in her ear. The way he had leaned towards her secretively had his scent reach her nose and it had taken everything from her to not let her eyes drift close at the sensation whirling up deep inside of her.

"I'm picking you up at six o'clock tomorrow at your place," he had hummed with his lips tugged upwards to show his mischievous smirk. She had been confused as to why he would want to pick her up, but before she could ask, he added, "I'm taking you out for dinner. We are dining together on Saturday's."

Hermione had shaken her head and smiled. She had wanted to tell him then that he didn't need to court her to get into her knickers, but by now she felt like she knew him good enough to tell that he would have been offended at the comment.

So instead, she had bitten her tongue and had exhaled a hot breath, "Will you wear a suit?"

He had seemed extremely satisfied at the question, as if he had expected her to protest. "Yes, and you will wear a dress."

Hermione's eyes drifted to the clock in her bedroom before she decided she was as ready as she could get for the night. She wasn't wearing any underwear, no bra, no panties. Her dress was too tight to hide any fabric underneath. The slit of her skirt was revealing one of her legs. She watched her reflection in the large mirror across from her in the hallway to the living room.

She startled when she discovered Draco was standing next to her fireplace, hands folded and resting in front of his body. He looked up at her through his long lashes as she entered the room.

They both inhaled a sharp breath at ogling each other.

“You look...” he whispered, straightening his shoulders in his black suit. His appearance was intimidating, his hair styled to the back and his silver eyes wide on her figure. “...*stunning*.”

Hermione flushed but held her head high as she walked carefully towards him. She held onto her black clutch. She wore the same pair of black heels the day he had first approached her in the elevator weeks ago.

“You look handsome yourself...,” she replied with a soft smile. She watched him raise his hand to his pocket square, and with a snap of his fingers the white fabric turned into the same red color as her dress. Her heart jumped, and she was wondering how he could expect her to not fall for him when he was so attentive and caring.

“As much as I love seeing your shoulders, Granger,” his eyes roamed over her body again before he locked eyes with her. “Scotland is a bit chilly during this time of year. You might want to take a jacket with you.”

She cocked her brows at him, “Scotland?”

“I will be visiting Mallaig, the place where I live. Unless you have an objection?” He was calm, unimpressed by her surprised features.

“No objection,” she quickly said and stalked backwards to grab a black jacket from the hallway. When she walked towards him again, he offered her to take his hand.

“I thought you’d feel more comfortable in a small town where nobody knows you. London can be quite crowded with people we both know. I figured you wouldn’t want that.” He said quietly as she leaned into his gesture and their fingers entwined. His thumb rubbed over the back of her hand firmly when they apparated side by side.

Hermione was quite busy analyzing his words – wondering if he wanted to bring up her fight with her friends after all. But he didn't say another word as they walked next to each other through the narrow streets of Mallaig. It was dark outside and chilly, the cobblestones forced her to walk a little slower than she wanted to with her heels.

He matched her pace, pulling her closer by her hand until he let go off her fingers to rest his hand on the swell of her back instead. It was almost as if he was ready to catch her should she fall.

Hermione was unsure about the entire situation. *This* felt like a date – a *real* one.

Behind closed doors, once they got intimate and clothes shed, their touches were intimate and consuming. Now they were careful and calculated to not cross an invisible line.

The restaurant he had chosen had a table ready and waiting for them in the back of the small place, away from any kind of audience.

“Carl,” Draco said smoothly, but she still felt his gaze on her as she studied the wine selection. “Do you have the Special Reserve still on the menu?”

“I had them put away a bottle for you, Mr. Malfoy” The waiter answered with a hint of pride in his voice. Draco ordered his bourbon neat. She chose a sparkling wine, meeting his eyes from across the table. There was a candle burning in between them, and she wasn't sure if the heat in her cheeks came from the flame or her nervousness.

“You come here often?” Hermione assumed.

“Hmm,” Draco hummed, leaning back in his chair. “It's nice to not have Rita Skeeter lingering around every corner.”

“Right,” she mumbled and folded her hands before resting them on her thighs. And then she just had to ask, it was eating her alive. “Are you worried we could add to your Daily Prophet title page collection?”

He tilted his head, his face between surprise and amusement. She wanted to slap herself across the face. This was not a date- this was Draco and her having a nice dinner before he would *fuck* her to an inch of her life. She swallowed, afraid of his words as his lips parted.

“Hermione,” he said with a deep voice. The rasp of it shot through her spine without giving her time to dwell in the way he looked at her. “If there would be *one* witch, I would want the world to see me with ... it would be *you*.”

She laughed the twist in her stomach away awkwardly. Her hands began to tuck her hair behind her ears. She avoided his eyes then. “I think Astoria Greengrass in your arms had the readers excited enough.”

Alright, Hermione promised herself silently to flush her head in the toilet until she would drown in her stupidity. What was wrong with her?!

Draco kept his unimpressed mask in place, “I meant what I’ve said. I’m not interested in sleeping with anyone else.”

Hermione’s lips parted, but she shut her mouth quickly when she saw Carl return with their drinks. He was discrete when he presented the menu for the night, but not once did Draco or Hermione manage to take their eyes off each other.

She didn’t want to know how expensive the food or drinks were. There was no menu to look through it seemed. She couldn’t decide, so Draco took the initiative and asked her if there was anything Carl had mentioned she didn’t like. When she shook her head, he ordered several items for them to share.

As soon as they were alone again, he raised his glass and winked at her.

“I’m not jealous of Astoria,” Hermione said quietly when she put her glass down after the first sip. Draco smelled the liquor in his glass before following her example. “*Not the way*

you think at least.” The last sentence was not more than a whisper, Draco was not able to hear it as she looked down onto her fingers playing with the glass in her hands.

“I need to apologize for the way she behaved,” he slowly said and Hermione looked back up at him. This time his eyes were busy watching the bourbon in his hand.

Okay, this is happening- she thought, holding her breath. He would bring up that he had known about her fight with her friends.

“There is nothing you need to apologize for,” she replied with a shaky voice, hoping he didn’t notice. She felt him looking back at her when her eyes lowered again. “It was just very unexpected.”

“I should have closed my floo after you arrived. It is my fault that she was able to march in on us. I should have protected what we have with more care.”

“Draco,” Hermione exhaled a nervous breath. She needed to get this off her chest. Maybe he needed to get it off his too. “Pansy told you about our fight.”

He just looked at her, patiently waiting for her to continue. She didn’t really think about what she wanted to say to him exactly. When she kept quiet, he slowly nodded. “She did.”

She felt stupid, he was so unbothered by it all when she overthought every action and reaction.

“Why didn’t you say anything on Tuesday? You knew I wasn’t really sick.”

“Would you have wanted to talk about it?” He simply asked and raised his glass again to take another sip.

“I...”, her mind was racing, but she already knew the answer. Even though she had sent Harry away, ignored her friends’ messages and locked herself in her flat. “Yes.”

“If that’s the case,” Draco remained calm, “then I have another reason to apologize.”

“No, I’m not upset. I’d just like to understand why you didn’t say anything.” She said more firmly than she thought to be possible with her racing heart.

“Listen,” Draco put down his glass, leaned forward and supported his upper body on his elbows when their eyes met. “You and I both wrote history, but mine is not as glamorous and heroic as yours.”

She wanted to protest, but he lifted one eyebrow as a warning until she swallowed down her objection.

“No need to deny it, Hermione. Even though a lot of people have forgiven me on the outside, there is still rejection inside of them. And that’s absolutely fine. Whatever this is between us, it was not up to someone else to make it public. It should have been our decision, your decision to be exact. You deserve better than being gossiped about from people that don’t even know you. You should have decided if you wanted your friends to know or not. And I apologize that I contributed to the situation. I never asked Astoria to keep it to herself. I didn’t think she would make a comment about it to the first person we’ve met. And then it was Pansy out of all people.”

Their eyes never left each other, and Hermione’s breath came shallow through her chest. *‘Whatever this is between us.’* If she didn’t know better, she could have mistaken his words for an indirect hint towards his own desires. But she knew that wasn’t possible.

“She told me you were upset about her finding out and called in sick. The only reason I showed up at your doorstep was to check in on you and to give you the opportunity to yell at me and get it out of your system.” He leaned back, and there was an awkward silence filling the air. Before they could dwell in it, their food was brought out and they began to eat.

Hermione's mind was battling between wanting to find out more, and the stupid urge to finally tell him the truth. The longer she waited, the heavier her heart felt and the more difficult it was to open her mouth. It was a waste of effort.

He moved on from the conversation, asking her how she liked the shellfish.

It felt wrong, things were still unsaid, and she felt this unsettling pit in her stomach. She had missed her opportunity to tell him how she felt about it all. It was easier this way, she didn't put herself out there and he didn't seem interested in pushing her to say anything else about it.

She did what she thought to be the smartest in her situation. She suppressed her true feelings, knowing they would only destroy what they had.

The dinner they shared was *nice*. Their casual conversations danced around any topic that could lead back to Tuesday or their earlier exchange of words.

Draco even asked her if her shoes were comfortable enough for a short walk through the town before a nightcap. She agreed but regretted it when they stepped into the cold air outside. The moment they had left the restaurant, things felt... *off*.

He walked incredibly close to her, but always making sure they didn't touch. His hands were buried in the depth of his pockets, his eyes fixated on the cobblestone.

Sadness, mixed with a steadily growing hint of frustration rose in Hermione's chest. The feeling almost tasted bile on her tongue.

"Draco," she whispered with a broken voice, stopping next to a small boutique that already had closed for the day. They were pretty much the only people around, even though it wasn't that late yet.

He lifted his head and came to a stop as well, turning around to face her with a questioning look on his pale face. His eyes were alert, even though his body seemed to brace for impact. He waited for her to speak.

She took a deep breath, her heart hammering and knocking the air out of her lungs. She didn't want to tell him how she felt, no – she wanted to hear what was going on in *his* head.

All the words from her friends echoed in the back of her mind - *'I told her he asked Harry about her relationship status.'* – *'...he obviously is crazy about her. He didn't even flinch when Astoria spilled your dirty little secret.'* – *'I've never seen Draco turn down a witch like he did with Angelina...'*

“Ginny said something to me the other day, and I don't know... I was wondering what it meant...” she said somewhat shaky. He didn't flinch, but his hands left his slacks so he could cross his arms in front of his chest. He stepped a little closer, looking down at her as she stretched her neck to keep searching for any kind of cue that told her to just *shut up*.

“Let's see if I can enlighten you,” he replied slowly, clearly confused as to where this conversation was going.

“She told me that Harry told her...” she swallowed, but then it blurted out of her with furrowed brows, “that you asked about my relationship status when you returned from the States.”

The sound that left his chest was undefinable. Something in between a hiss and a gasp, but his face remained to be a mask of indifference. He just looked at her, and Hermione felt sick to her bones at what she had just said. She was an idiot. It was his fault – his manners and his eyes... him being so attentive towards her needs. She was confused.

“Never mind,” she said, crossing her own arms in front of her chest to mirror him as she turned around and wanted to keep walking.

“Witch,” Draco finally moved, and his hand closed around her upper arm gently to pull her back. She took a deep breath and turned around, insecurity dripping from her pores. “I didn't

hear you asking a question for me to answer yet.”

She swallowed down the urge to throw curses his way for making her formulate an actual question. The only reason she was able to do just that was that he sincerely seemed to be unsure of what she was asking.

“*Why* did you ask him that?” She huffed out, meeting his gaze again.

“Why?!” He repeated, tensing slightly. But then he exhaled a breath he was holding and smirked at her. “You weren’t particular eager to have a conversation with me when I first returned, and I was curious as to why you weren’t wearing a ring on your finger.”

Hermione didn’t really know what to say, feeling even dumber than before. She stayed quiet, her teeth digging into her tongue to not ask more questions. He beat her to it.

“Would you have expected a deeper meaning behind it?” He pushed, voice lowering slightly and his mask of indifference slowly turning into a curious face. Almost provocative, sneering – her walls build up unexpectedly. As if she was thrown into her memory of him laughing at her for finding out about her crush. It was idiotic, he wouldn’t laugh at her today. The worst that could happen was that he apologized for sending her mixed signals before he ended their *affair*.

“No, of course not.” She whispered with a shallow breath, disappointment and irritation washing over her all at once. “I don’t know what I was thinking.”

She lowered her head, closing her eyes and trying to find her own strength to continue the night with him. She felt like she wasn’t allowed to be disappointed.

She flinched when she felt his warm fingers brush her cheek. His scent became more intense, and when her eyelids fluttered open, she saw that he had leaned in closer. He made her look back up at him.

“Sometimes I feel like we’re saying all the wrong things,” he mumbled and something in his eyes seemed suddenly soft and ... *sad*?

“I like you, Hermione. I really do but I’m just not good at *this* kind of stuff.” He sounded pained, and Hermione felt dizzy from the way her blood rushed through her veins with a fast heartbeat. He drove her crazy.

“*This* kind of stuff?” she asked coyly, not sure if she understood what he was saying exactly. If he thought he was bad at breaking her heart, he was clearly mistaken.

He rolled his eyes, and his free hand suddenly reached to slip under her jacket over her chest. He pressed his palm right over her heart, the beat of it wild and untamed. She felt her cheeks flush in embarrassment. There was no hiding from him, no hiding at what this conversation did to her.

He stared at his own hand, the palm of it warm and a heavy contrast to the cold night around them.

She was terrified when she saw him swallow down his realization of what he did to her. But before she could find an irrational excuse for her heartache the hand holding her cheek retreated and grasped her left wrist.

Hermione still had her arms crossed but let him lead her hand against his own chest, right above his heart. He pressed her palm firmly against his dress shirt, the warmth from his skin radiating to keep her captive.

Her lips parted in shock, when his own heart was beating against her palm with so much strength and speed that she felt like hers slowed down.

“*This* kind of stuff,” he whispered with a strain in his usually confident voice. “Don’t make me say it out loud.”

“I don’t-...” Hermione began without finding her voice. She didn’t understand – she didn’t know what to say – she didn’t know what to do – she didn’t know how to breathe.

“You don’t have to,” he said just as quietly. Her eyes shot up to meet his grey ones in the night.

He ignored her restraint, took control of her racing brain and crashed his lips onto hers, before they both tumbled into the most disorienting apparition she had ever experienced.

Chapter End Notes

oh my... your comments and words were absolutely stunning and ughhh... thank you!!
I'm sorry for the cliffhanger, but I promise we're not done yet. How could we?! Have you met my Hermione and Draco?!
Yeah ... :)

not many chapters left my sweet friends. SMUT and Draco POV ahead.

This kind of stuff(2)

Chapter Notes

Fluffiness ahead

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

He swallowed her gasp and pulled her into the apparition, crushing into her further as they landed in front of his entrance door. He pressed himself against her fragile body without giving her the chance to say another word.

Her lips tasted like the sweetest sin to Draco. Like everything he had always wanted to savor, as if he needed nothing more to survive. Holding her like this helped him to stay in the moment, and in this moment his mere existence depended on her breath filling his lungs.

She bit his lip, and he wasn't sure if it was an accident or intentional. Nevertheless, it elicited a guttural growl from his chest. His cock hardened instantly as his long fingers stroked down her sides and squeezed her hips.

He had seen the rejection in her eyes. The confusion in every of her features when he had *almost* managed to tell her the truth.

He *almost* had lost the one thing that kept him sane – *her*. He was blinded by his frustration, the agonizing feeling of almost fucking all of it up. He wasn't sure anymore why he had thought that maybe, just maybe she could have been able to feel the same.

He had felt her heartbeat, and for seconds his world had stood still. He still felt the fluttering sensation of her fragile heart against his palm, even though his hands kept roaming over her perfect body now.

He was such an idiot. He shouldn't have taken her out to dinner, shouldn't have courted her like he had always dreamed of. Yes, he was mental for having misread her coy movements tonight.

But fuck, he had fallen for so hard that it hurt to not be around her. And here he was, presenting his heart on a silver platter to the little lioness who just wanted him to teach her to let go in the bedroom. That's what this was for her.

He had stopped her when she'd started to speak out her *own* truth.

-

'I don't...- ' ... want you.

'I don't...- ' ... feel the same way.

'I don't...- ' ... want to hurt you.

'I don't...- ' ... think we should continue seeing each other.

'I don't...- ' ... want to know.

-

He had seen it in every of her movements, had heard it in every of her words tonight – how she had struggled with speaking the truth. Her questions about the things that had been said and done, all of them just led to the unavoidable end of it all. And he wasn't ready let her go yet, he wasn't capable to form his deepest feelings into words to not scare her away. There just weren't enough words in this world to tell her what she meant to him.

He needed *more* of her. By now he was sure that whoever would come after Hermione, would never last a chance. No witch would ever compare to her.

He had hoped that *maybe* she would have been able to fall for him, despite the things he had done. At least until he had seen the confusion in her eyes tonight. The moment he had

revealed his true feelings, the moment her hand had felt his racing heartbeat... he had seen his hopes crumble in front of his foolish eyes. The realization that she would never be able to feel the same had hit him harder than her fist in third year.

Whereas he was utterly consumed by her mind and body, falling harder for her every moment they spent together – her reaction resembled her sheer panic of having to break his heart. She wasn't a heartless monster after all.

He swallowed her tongue, stroked her sides possessively as their kiss intensified. She clung onto him like she was afraid he could let her fall. Her fingers were tangled in his hair in the back of his neck, scratching and grabbing onto every inch she could reach.

His hands roamed longingly over her body, until he caressed the slit of her dress. Her exposed leg felt like smooth silk underneath his digits as the touch made both of them breathe heavier. To make sure she understood how *badly* he needed to take her, as soon as they would enter his house, his hand wandered higher to sneak under the fabric of her tempting dress to reach for her perfect apple shaped ass.

He whimpered into her as he found her not wearing any knickers, just like the first night she had let him fuck her. He hissed involuntarily.

“Are you trying to kill me?” He groaned into her mouth, feeling how his prick twitched in excitement when she pulled his hair in desperation. He kneaded every inch of flesh he could reach. *Fuck.*

“*Draco wait,*” she winced, pulling away until she hit the wood of the door behind her harshly. His eyes observed her with a never-ending hunger inside of them. Her brown eyes looked heavy through her lashes when she watched her own hands how they stroked down his neck over his chest again. He wanted to pull away – didn't want her to feel his wild beating heart ever again. It felt too intimate after her reaction earlier. “I need to know what this means, please.”

Their pants filled the space between them, and his fingertips dug into the outside of her thighs harshly. *Why did she do this to him? Why did she have to ruin it all?*

He leaned back in, until his nose brushed hers as her eyes shut close and her breath hitched. “It means that I don’t want this to end.”

He pressed himself against her again, her fingers dug into his chest muscles as his lips caught hers faintly in a teasing manner.

“I’m so confused,” she whispered, and her warm breath hit his lips. The shiver it caused to run down his spine was heartbreaking. She arched her body into him as he began to kiss the corner of her mouth, along her cheek bone down to her neck.

She sighed, and the little noise escaping her throat made him only needier for her. There was no way his feeling came as a surprise to her. However, he would never push her to admit just that. He had nothing to prove to her. He was at *her* mercy. The only thing she couldn’t know was how utterly fucked he was for loving her in the end.

“Let me help you with that,” he whispered in between kisses, his tongue tasting her soft skin.

Hermione shook her head, but a nervous laugh betrayed her body at the same time. “I think that will only make it worse.”

He smiled sadly against her neck; his hands roamed up to close around her tiny waist. When his fingers dug into her, she squirmed. “I want you in the worst ways, you brilliant witch. Let me take care of you.”

She jolted but couldn’t move in his tight grip. He began to gently nibble at the sensitive skin underneath her ear.

“Oh Merlin, Draco, we- we need to talk about this. *Please.*” She huffed out of breath, and her urgency to rip his heart out had him stop his caress on her neck. He let go of her waist, pushed the door open behind her and made sure she didn’t fall into his hallway. While he did so, his cheek brushed hers and he felt how she held her breath in anticipation. “You want to talk?”

Under no circumstances did he want to talk. But how could he ever deny her a wish? His heart ached in distress.

The door swung open, and he still was smiling miserably at the way she stiffened against him. He stepped back to give her space so she could turn around and lead the way, his arm gesturing into the hallway.

She stepped inside on shaky legs, her heels clicked on the wooden floor and made him shiver. He could only follow her slowly, feeling how a familiar wall of dissociation rose inside of him.

He watched her enter his dark living room and stopped in the hallway. She stood with her back towards him, as he began to get rid of his suit jacket to have it float to its hanger on its own.

Draco observed her tense figure in the moonlight closely. The reflection from the water shone onto her and made her olive-colored skin look beautifully pale in the distance. He was drawn to her like goblins to gold – his feet carried him step by step towards her.

“We can talk,” he whispered as he closed in behind her. His hands laid on her delicate shoulders before stroking up her neck to offer his help for her to get rid of her own jacket.

His house was comfortably warm, and he smiled to himself when he felt her shoulders covered in goosebumps as soon as they were bare. He let the jacket in his hands float to the ground – carefully and with as much patience he could afford.

She didn’t turn around to face him, but she took a deep breath that was visible in her strained back muscles. *Salazar, he loved her figure.* Her body was sensual and feminine, curved in the right places and kissable from head to toe.

“Or did you change your mind?” He asked quietly, his fingers roaming over the dress at her waist before gently touching her.

Draco pulled Hermione flush against his chest, until his cheek rubbed her temple as he leaned forward. A deep, satisfied hum formed inside of him as he felt her shift against his still painfully intact erection.

“You’re distracting me,” she complained, but he could hear the defeat in her voice. He made sure that the vibration of his purr as a response was detectable in every of her bones. He leaned down to kiss the side of her face. His lips left a trail of longing from her ear to her neck.

He breathed heavily against her sensitive skin and felt her squirm in his arms. “Am I? Maybe you’re the one distracting me.”

She sighed audibly, before her hands grasped his fingers as they dug further into her waist. As if she would be strong enough to brush him off.

To his surprise, she put more pressure onto his hands – encouraged him to hold her tighter.

He groaned, shifting behind her to find some much needed friction.

“You want me to hold you like this all night long?” he asked, heat setting his skin on fire. Without being able to avoid it, pictures of her naked form appeared in front of his closed eyes. Her tits bouncing up and down as he rutted into her – always holding and squeezing her by her waist to make sure she couldn’t get away from his deep thrusts. He would shoot his load right where it belonged.

“You know I’ll give you everything if you ask for it nicely,” he moaned.

She whimpered quietly, and he almost came in his pants at the sound. He stepped back abruptly, his fingers retreating from her glorious form. If he let himself go too far, he’d waste his seed to end up in his briefs instead of inside her. She turned around; her eyes filled with worry.

It was unsettling for him to watch.

“If that’s true,” she reached for his hands and looked down at how their fingers entwined on their own. “If you really mean that...”

“Anything you want,” Draco confirmed without hesitation. His voice was hoarse from his aroused state.

She looked up into his eyes, the moon behind her had her fearful features hidden in the shadows. “Tell me what you’ve meant earlier when you said you’re not good at *this kind of stuff*.”

The way she squeezed his hands in a comforting manner had him take a deep a breath.

“Granger,” he said and pulled his hands from her, he couldn’t say it out loud. He was so afraid for her to push him away once he did, that he felt like couldn’t breathe.

“Don’t do this,” she whispered almost disappointed. “Don’t shut me out.”

He turned away, walked towards his bedroom, and began to open his cufflinks.

“I don’t know why you want me to say it. You *know* what it means.”

“Well, I don’t!” She must have stepped out of her heels, because when she followed him, he heard that she was barefoot now.

He huffed, rolled his shoulders, and began to unbutton his dress shirt. “Listen, I’m fine with the way things are. I shouldn’t have said anything.”

“But you didn’t say anything!” She sounded angry now, and her hands came to rest on his shoulder blades as he began to tremble slightly. “You have to meet me halfway with this.”

He kept quiet, his fingers desperately trying to unbutton the last of his shirt. He became distracted by her pressing her lips onto his clothed back. He began to sweat, he felt it in every of his pores. Panic set into his bones and he didn't know what to say or do.

"I like you too, you know," she breathed into the fabric of his shirt. "A lot."

"Don't start something you can't finish, Granger" he grumbled behind gritted teeth, his muscles tense and strained to pure exhaustion.

Her hands snug around his chest to find his shaky fingers. She gently pushed them away and continued opening the stubborn buttons. He closed his eyes and leaned into his dresser. She was fucking perfect, and he behaved like a coward. But the fear of rejection was too overwhelming for him to overcome.

"It's Hermione," she said quietly and began to nestle at his belt buckle. Draco wasn't surprised he was still hard from their earlier activities, painfully so. Her hands so close to his member didn't necessarily help his situation. It was like his blood was busy making sure he was able to rut into the witch at his earliest convenience, his brain in desperate need for some fuel.

"Well, *Hermione*" he hissed, and hated himself for shifting his hips as she managed to open his belt in an agonizingly slow pace. "I don't think I can tell you *how much* I like you without scaring you away."

"Try me," she whispered with a lot less confidence suddenly. "Show me."

He swallowed at the same time as her tongue pressed against his clothed back before she bit him teasingly. They were running in circles, it was dizzying. She began to play with the button of his trousers, and he let her.

"Show me how much you like me. Make *love* to me, Draco."

What happened next was a reaction out of desperation, fear, and the pure need to own the witch. He grabbed her wrists harshly and pulled them from his zipper that she was about to attack next.

He dragged her around him firmly, until she was trapped in between him and his furniture. Her back arched and her hands tried to escape his tight grip.

His vision blurred when their eyes met in the dark. “Don’t say things you don’t mean.”

Her features were soft and forgiving, she shook her head in disbelief. A switch inside of her must have been turned on; he didn’t quite understand.

“You really don’t get it, do you?” She asked him baffled. “You felt my racing heart in your hand, just like I felt yours. How can you not understand?”

They looked at each other for a long time in silence. He was unable to think clearly, his thoughts stumbled over his words that didn’t escape his lips when he wanted them to.

“Do you have feelings for me Draco?” She whispered, and her eyes closed in horror of his pending answer. He shifted, his grip around her wrists loosened and soon his arms were hanging uselessly by his sides.

It almost felt like his tongue was tied, and the longer he took to reply to her, the more frustrated she seemed to get. She sounded irritated when her index finger pushed into his naked, heaving chest.

“Because I do. And if you don’t feel the same way, then... then I...” her breath came heavy, and she swallowed down the end of the sentence audibly.

“You have feelings for me?” He asked almost dumbfounded into the night, his face began to feel numb from the way his jaws clenched. This wasn’t possible. He surely would have noticed... she would have said something. She wasn’t capable of hiding her feelings from

him. She was basically running around with them on her tongue. *Fear, anxiety, the urge to hold onto her control... anger, irritation, lust.*

“How could I *not* have feelings for you? You’re not an idiot, Draco Malfoy. What’s the matter with you?”

Draco heard something crack in her soft voice. Desperation and sadness, maybe a hint of disappointment when he just stared at her.

He quickly realized that she was about to misjudge his silence. He awoke from his numbness as his hands grasped her delicate face on both sides. He forced her to look at him and hold his gaze, his thumbs stroking her lips in a dream like state.

“Fuck, Hermione – if you don’t mean this, please take it back. I don’t know if I can deal with this when you change your mind again.” It was his voice; he was sure of it – but it sounded foreign in pitch and range. His vocal cords were vibrating, and he felt a tight knot forming in his throat.

If this was a dream – he didn’t want to wake up from it. It felt surreal.

“Draco...” she breathed and blinked her own set of tears away as she stood her ground. Her own hands came up to his wrists, her fingers clung to them to ensure he wouldn’t withdraw his touch anytime soon. “You don’t believe I would joke about something like this, do you? After everything...”

He didn’t think she would joke about her feelings. Salazar, no. She barely joked if not speaking sarcasm. But how could a witch like her fall for someone like ... *him*? And how could she hide it from him? Why did she let him suffer in silence when she had felt the same?

“I’m fucked up, Hermione. Deep down I’m still this insufferable idiot who was too proud to admit how special you were. I don’t think you understand how damaged I am. When I’m saying I’m not good at this kind of stuff, I mean it.”

“Wow,” Hermione smiled with furrowed brows. “You do know how to make a case for yourself.”

Draco just stared at the witch in front of him as he held her pretty face in his hands. Even though it was dark he knew how flushed her cheeks were right this moment. He felt it under his palms. Her lips were slightly swollen from the kisses he had stolen from her previously, his thumbs tingled from feeling them. “I’m yours, Hermione. If you truly want my heart, take it. I don’t want it back.”

He never in his entire existence had offered his soul to anyone. He never had found anyone that he desired this way. And he hoped his words were good enough for her to understand that he was completely lost in her embrace.

“I don’t *just* want you, Draco,” Hermione trembled slightly. “When you say it like that it sounds like I have a choice. I’ve never stood a chance – the moment you talked to me in the elevator for the first time, I knew it would all come crumbling down on me. That’s the reason I tried to push you away so hard. I thought you knew...”

Draco had done enough talking for his capabilities. Even though he wanted to hear her talk, his mind was not able to comprehend any of it. Instead, he leaned down to press his lips onto hers firmly to end their verbal conversation.

Later, when he had taken care of the witch, he would ask her all his questions. But in the moment, he needed to feel her to know it was real. That his darkest desires became reality with her in his arms.

She opened her mouth for him willingly as his tongue robbed her, pushed into her and his hands enjoyed the sensation of her jaw muscles moving. He felt her own hands leave his wrists, and soon he realized she was impatiently tugging on her dress to get rid of it.

He broke the kiss to mumble against her hotly, “Would you please stop undressing yourself?”

“Why?” She panted, her eyes fluttering in awe. Draco smirked at her with raised brows.

“Turn around,” he said lazily, amazed by the way her lips curled up into a grin. He saw her bite her lower lip as she followed his demand without questioning him. How she trusted him enough to take care of her.

His hands were patiently opening the zipper of her dress. She almost wiggled herself out of it as soon as she could, as if his movements were too slow for her.

“I know you like it rough,” he said quietly when her arms were free of the fabric, and he began to pull the dress down her body until it pooled on the floor. She was completely naked in front of him, and she eagerly pressed her arse into him. He stepped away before his throbbing cock could meet her flesh. She huffed in frustration.

He laughed voicelessly and gave her a quick and playful slap against her waiting cheeks. She arched her back further, her ass waiting for him to touch her. He shook his head, still trying to convince himself all of this was happening.

“I don’t think I want to rut you into my furniture tonight,” he whispered, his hands closing around her waist and squeezing gently.

Her body tensed in anticipation, until she let him turn her around for the second time tonight, facing him with hungry eyes. It took him nothing to not stare at her full breasts, but instead studied her eyes in the dark. “Fuck... is this *real*?”

She huffed out the coy laugh he so much liked.

When she closed the gap between them and her arms reached around his neck to pull him down towards her, he let her. Her lips met him wanting, and her bare chest pressed against his. The feeling of their skin rubbing against each other made him forget what he wanted to do with her first. It felt new, and he wanted it to be perfect. *This* was what he was good at. Sex.

His hands found the globes of her arse, firmly closing around them before he squeezed harshly. "Please," she sighed into him. "Take me."

As much as he liked teasing her, he needed her too desperately himself. He guided them backwards to his bed, where he sat down sloppily and pulled her down with him.

She willingly followed his lead, straddled his thighs, and met his confined erection with her exposed core. She was slick, and he groaned at the realization that she would ruin his best suit pants.

He kept holding her by her ass, never wanting to let go as he guided her lower body to rub against his pained erection. They both moaned in union as he repeated the movement and bucked into her at the same time.

She shuddered and held onto his shoulders for support before kissing him hungrily.

"Again," she whispered, and he swallowed the words greedily.

"You're making such a mess already," he tugged at her lower lip and made her grind against his cock with more force.

"Don't stop," she trembled before breaking the kiss to moan loudly and let her head drop onto his shoulder. Her hot breath hit his skin when her hard nipples rubbed against his chest.

"If you come like that, I'm going to waste my first load," he really wanted to push her off, but the words only made her needier. She dry-humped him like it was the last thing she got to do in her precious life. "Hermione I'm serious."

"Oh Draco... I can't stop."

"Needy witch," he mumbled behind gritted teeth when he decided he just had to bring her to orgasm fast enough before she could take him over the edge with her.

He fucked up into her roughly and fast, his head rubbing against her slick core. He felt the wetness coating him when he slapped her ass twice – harsh and without hesitation before forcing her back and forth on his dick.

She cried out whilst trembling, shaking, and squirming. He held his breath until her legs were aggressively jolting next to his thighs and she twitched in his arms.

The moment she climaxed, he had to lift her abruptly off him to not shoot into his briefs. It had been such a close call that he shut his eyes and took several deep breaths, as she was thanking him frantically, her lips brushing his neck. It had been a while since had to edge himself unexpectedly.

Her hands found his face as she lifted her head and kissed his jawline with a heavy breath. The last time he had made a girl come like this had been in Hogwarts. Back then he barely had felt anything, now he still struggled to not spill into his pants.

He growled and pulled her with him once he let himself sink onto the mattress.

His fingers felt stiff when he loosened his grip on her backside, stretching them before he stroked firmly over her arse and back.

Fuck, all of this didn't make any sense to him. Maybe it did and he was just too caught up in his beliefs that he wasn't good enough for her.

But here he was – holding her tightly when she had just told him that she had feelings for *him*.

He stared at the dark ceiling, both of their breaths slowly regulated when suddenly her body vibrated and a soft sob shook her on top of him.

He lifted his head to look at her, but all he could see was her bushy hair as she tried to hold back another gut wrenching sound from escaping her naked form.

“Hey,” he whispered and loosened his hold on her to have one of his hands reach for her chin.

With a soft tug he asked her to look at him, but she stayed in place, silently shaking her head. “What’s wrong?”

His heart ached and his chest tightened whilst he thought of all the things she could say next. She changed her mind, she regretted spilling out feelings driven by lust. He stiffened underneath her, and all he wanted to do was kiss her tears away that she so desperately tried to hide from him.

“I... Draco... I thought you were going to send me away. I thought you didn’t want me like that.” She whispered with a hoarse voice and then her tears found their way onto his bare chest. They were hot and tingly.

He did the only thing that felt right in that moment. He held her as he scooted backwards further on his mattress until he could somewhat sit up at his headboard. She didn’t help, but sobbed again. As if something had broken loose inside of her with her first orgasm.

He hated and loved seeing her like this. Because of him. Because of what they had build over weeks.

He loved her, he truly fucking loved the witch on top of him. But he couldn’t just tell her – even though she had just opened up to him... it was too early. There was no way her feelings were on the same high as his.

He sighed and closed his eyes.

“I’m not going anywhere,” he calmly said and waited for her breath to become steadier.

“I need you,” she lifted her head and finally managed to look up at him, wet cheeks, and a trembling breath. “Now.”

Chapter End Notes

You guys are absolutely amazing. It is so incredibly how much love you have been sending for this story and I couldn't be more proud to getting to an end here soon. 2 more chapters to go. Almost there. ALMOST.

Much love xxx

Yours

Chapter Notes

Fluff ahead.

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

It was the first time that Hermione didn't fear his intimate touch when he gently laid her on her back. He hovered over her for a while, studied her face and wiped away the tears she had spilled because of him with the pads of his thumbs.

Her feelings were a whirlwind between confusion and relief. Both emotions raged through her fluttering core for the same reason; Draco had feelings for her.

There was no more hiding, no more drowning in her own misery. She was allowed to be happy, allowed to take in every second with the intent to never forget the way he made her feel when he was looking at her the way he was right now.

Observing the concentrated furrow of his brows when she let out a shaky sigh had her smiling up at him in a daze. How was any of this possible? How had she suffered for weeks, convincing herself she was the only one in their arrangement that had lost her heart to the other.

Draco was still dressed when he pushed himself off her naked form and knelt in between her spread legs. He didn't take his eyes off her as he began to lazily take off his dress shirt.

Every of his moves was slow and deliberate, as if he was waiting for her patience to crumble. Little did he know she had thrown all of it overboard the moment she had felt his fluttering heartbeat in the alley of Mallaig in front of a random boutique. She thought to remember the faint sparkle of Jewelry in the window next to her when she had decided to finally get answers. Never in a thousand years would she have allowed herself to dream it would lead her straight to heaven.

“Hurry up,” she whispered and bit her lip when he tilted his head and smirked at her in the dark room. His eyes were glowing like diamonds in the moonlight, and she felt another chill running down her spine at the realization that this unearthly handsome man was attracted to *her*. That he out of all wizards had feelings for *her*.

“Patience, witch,” he mumbled and leaned down, before he scooted back and buried his face in one of her thighs.

Hermione winced and wanted to escape his hungry lips as he began to caress her with playful bites and his talented tongue.

She was wet from her previous orgasm and the feeling of his erection in between her naked thighs. He had grinded her to his liking over his crotch until she had come undone. She had enough of the teasing, she wanted him inside of her. No more waiting, she wanted to be full of him, knowing she would be able to relive it over and over again. She wanted to be *his*.

“Draco, please, I need you inside of- ohh” she moaned and threw her head back into the pillows once he without warning pushed a finger into her slick cunt. He hummed, and in an instant, she felt his tongue on her swollen clit. She jolted, but her hands immediately dove into his hair to keep him in place and push him away at the same time.

Her knees shot up and her thighs rubbed against the stubble on his cheeks. They both moaned at the same time, and Hermione wanted to protest. She really wanted to, until he pulled out of her just to push back inside with two long fingers.

The way he sucked on her clit so gently in contrast to the harsh thrusts of his fingers made her gasp for air and bite her lip in an attempt to stay in the moment with him. Her hips moved on its own with his eagerness to coax another high from her.

He suddenly pulled his mouth away and when she lifted herself up on her elbows to look at him, she met his dark gaze from between her legs as he looked up at her. His fingers stilled at the same time, and Hermione whimpered and tried to encourage him with a soft push of her hips to continue. She had to hold back a frustrated groan when he didn't.

“One would think I’ve stretched your pussy properly by now,” he spread his two fingers inside of her and her eyes rolled into the back of her head. The way he spread her to emphasize his point left her core tingling.

“Are you-,” she huffed and bucked her hips again more aggressively now to chase his fingers as he threatened to pull them out of her. “-I don’t think this is how it works.”

He chuckled and ignored her eager attempts to get off on his hand when he pulled out of her completely without hesitation. Instead, he grabbed her by her hips and leaned back to watch her squirming motions carefully. The feeling of his slick fingers on her skin made her blush. She felt how her entire core was drenched and wet from what he did to her. She didn’t want to know what a mess she had left on his sheets.

“You’ll be always this tight for me?” He mumbled with a needy huff before he leaned into her neck to suck on the sensitive skin. “Is that what you’re saying? I can fuck you to an inch of your life, stretch you and use your cunt... and you’ll always be this tight for me?”

They both groaned at his words.

“Y-yes... *oh my...*,” she whispered, and with all the impatience inside of her, she began to fiddle at the side of his slacks, demanded him to pull them down to finally take her properly. She felt like a cock hungry mess. And somewhere deep down she found it amusing of how easily the dirty talk left his lips, when he struggled to find the words to describe his own feelings.

“Please, I need you...” she kissed his cheek sloppily and let him push her back into the pillows. He followed her slowly and when he spoke again his voice was a dark rasp that made the coil in her core tighten quickly.

“I know,” he breathed. “I know exactly what you need and I’m going to give it to you.”

She whimpered silently at the promise and noticed with great relief that he took over in between their bodies to open his trousers and belt. While doing so the back of his hand kept brushing her slick folds purposefully. Hermione moaned in need.

“*Draco*,” she whispered with lust and grabbed him by the shoulders, her nails scratching taut skin over his defined muscles.

“Spread your pretty legs for me,” he mumbled into her neck and kissed the sensitive spot underneath her ear, at the same time as he freed his length from his restraints. As much as he was teasing her, he didn’t have the patience to get rid of his pants completely. Instead, he had pushed his briefs and slacks just underneath his ass to be able to give them what they needed.

Hermione followed his demand without hesitation, and when she gave him the access he requested, she felt him rub his tip through her folds to lubricate himself with ease.

Then he pushed in. Slow but without letting her tight walls distract him. She felt how tight the fit was, the stretch stung and burned for a moment, and she took a deep breath when he hissed into her ear at the resistance.

They both let out a shaky breath when he finally filled her completely, and quickly his hand from between their bodies was free and tangled in her hair. His lips kept caressing her neck and ear, his voice strained and full of want for her. His body stilled abruptly.

“Damn,” he breathed. “I’ll never get enough of you and your perfect cunt. It’s like you were made for me.”

“I... I was... oh Merlin... so full...” she replied, gasping for air as she held onto him.

“Shit,” he grunted as he began to take her slow but deeper than she thought possible. He lifted his head and both of his hands grasped to hold her face as he began to kiss her with so much unspoken affection that they sighed and grunted into each other.

Draco didn’t *fuck* her that night- he made love to her. She felt it in every of his movements. He sped up in between, raw and honest as his hips snapped against hers. She rolled them towards him to increase the friction. With all his weight on her, she felt safe and wanted. His efforts made her toes curl when he hit a spot deep inside of her. She was dreaming – this was a bloody dream she hoped to never wake up from.

His tongue parted her lips and they both breathed each other's air with so much longing, that it almost hurt to have the coil inside of her tighten further, ready to explode. Her fingers dug into his shoulders; she wasn't sure if she was drawing blood when he hissed under the pressure. Her insides convulsed around his thick cock, held and milked him as an orgasm caused her muscles to spasm underneath him and she whined out her sweet release.

He didn't falter, kept thrusting to make the feeling last forever.

He kissed the corners of her mouth, her jaw and her neck and their sweaty bodies made it so much hotter when his lips touched her neck when he whispered.

"I won't last," he sounded pained.

She smiled and moaned as his movements became slightly harsher, her hands roamed over his shoulders.

"Come for me, Draco" she exhaled a shaky breath right next to his face. She felt him shiver and his movements stuttered just slightly.

"I don't want this to end," he admitted and kissed her neck with his tongue. The taste of salt on her skin made him grunt loudly. "You deserve it."

When she felt his muscles tensing with self-restraint, she shook her head and hugged his body with her legs tightly to keep him deep inside of her body.

Draco had proven to her over and over again that he could last. When he fucked her hard and rough, he could last until he was tired of having her come around him. She knew that. That he was so affected by their feelings for each other, made her chest swell with pride. *She* did that to him, and she loved it.

She couldn't understand why he insisted that she would change her mind. It was hurtful to think he doubted her so much. He was all she wanted. Now and forever. She wouldn't be able to tell him just that, but she wanted him to know how serious this was for her.

“I’m not going anywhere, Draco. Please, make me take it all and come deep inside of me. I’m yours now.”

Something about her words made him groan in desperation. He shook his head and his movement slowed despite of her attempts to convince him to let his instincts take over. She wanted him to chase his orgasm with need. She wanted to feel him break above and inside her.

“Yes, I’m yours if you want me to.” She insisted, her hands roaming over his back as far as she could reach before hugging him.

He never let go of her face in between his large and shaking hands.

“My witch,” he moaned and lowered his forehead to rest on her lips, his hot breath hit her throat and tickled her softly. She sighed and rolled her hips to encourage him again.
“*Nugh...*”

“Yes, make me yours Draco. Make sure everybody knows.” She whispered and smiled in awe as something in him snapped at her words. Pain mixed with pleasure when he began to rut into her harshly. All she could hear was her own heartbeat and the slapping of skin as he pounded relentlessly.

The noises leaving both of their chests, mixing into each other were inaudible just like the words he mumbled as he lost himself inside of her quickly. “Fuck... tight little... perfect... heir... round... ripe and... FUCK....”

She felt him twitch, his muscles tensed with his orgasm. She closed her eyes peacefully before he collapsed on top of her. His warm seed was filling her perfectly – and she couldn’t think of any place she’d rather be.

When Hermione awoke the next morning, she didn't have to think about where she was. Draco's scent surrounded her in the sheets, and she smiled as soon as her eyes fluttered in the morning light.

She rolled around in the massive bed to find his warmth. Her nose crinkled in dissatisfaction when she opened her eyes completely to find the bed next to her empty.

She noticed the neatly folded towels they had used for a late-night shower. Her dress next to it – he had cleaned the room. At least she hoped it had been him to tidy the space. The image of poor house elves cleaning while they were tangled in a room smelling like sex made her shift uncomfortably.

She sat up slowly, the sheets pressed to her naked chest as she listened to any sign of him in the house. There was a clanking noise from further away. It sounded like dishes, so she assumed he was busy in the kitchen.

She couldn't hold back a smile at the thought of him doing mundane things like cleaning the kitchen or preparing his own food. Then again, he knew how to make tea.

She got up slowly and grabbed his white dress shirt he had worn last night from a chair close to his door. She would have felt stupid to slip into her dress in the morning, and she couldn't deny the butterflies as the smell of him hugged her with the soft fabric.

Without knickers – she didn't think that decision through properly – she closed the buttons lazily. His torso was so tall that on her his shirt felt like an oversized dress.

The moment she stepped into the kitchen where he was leaning against the counter she noticed his clenched jaws and serious expression on his face. Something felt off.

“Good morning,” she whispered and smiled carefully. His eyes and head shot up to look at her – he had been lost in his thoughts.

A warm smile tugged on the corners of his mouth and his demeanor changed slowly but not fully. He was wearing his black sweatpants, nothing else. But she couldn't relish in the view of his naked torso, because his grey eyes caught her attention.

"Did I wake you?" he asked with a hoarse voice, and Hermione shook her head. She stopped a couple of feet away from him, not sure if they could just continue the physical intimacy from last night or if they needed to talk again.

"Mhm," he hummed and let his eyes drift over her body. "As good as you look in my shirt, I would have preferred if you would have stayed the way I left you behind."

She grinned and her tongue darted out to lick her lips quickly. "You should leave me a note next time."

"Next time," he repeated with a sigh and reached for her with one hand.

Relieved at the gesture, she stepped closer. Her eyes fluttered shut as soon as he grasped her waist gently to pull her into him. She hugged him and pressed her face against his warm chest. It came so naturally to her to snug into him, as if she had practice with it.

"I don't want to put you on the spot now, but not saying anything would be... *wrong*," he said quietly as his chin rested on top of her head. She exhaled a deep breath and tensed slightly. She tried to remain calm. He hadn't changed his mind now, had he?

"We haven't really talked about the things that were said last night – and to be honest I wasn't planning on having serious conversations this morning."

"Draco," she stopped him with a heavy rock in her stomach. "I meant everything I said last night. Why are you doubting my words?"

He kept quiet for a moment, then he shifted and without a warning he lifted her swiftly and turned around to put her down on the countertop. He stepped in between her legs, and she

couldn't even worry about the fact she wasn't wearing any underwear. Her arms snug around his neck and her fingers scraped the back of his neck and spread into his soft hair.

His eyes were glued to hers, his hands reached for her face the way they had last night when he had held her.

"Will you just let me talk?" He asked with a deep voice, without any amusement. Hermione nodded slowly and bit her tongue, watching the hard lines of his serious face. Something not only felt off – something was terribly wrong. She felt in her gut.

"Thank you," he mumbled and stroked one of her cheeks with his thumb before his other hand let go of her to reach for something behind her.

"You might not like this, and I'm sorry to have put you into this position. I have no idea *how* this happened, and I ..." he took a deep breath and closed his eyes in concentration. He looked pained and Hermione's heart began to hammer wildly in her chest.

She wanted him to spill it out, but she bit her tongue so hard that it hurt. She flinched and tried to relax her face.

What happened next took a minute to reach Hermione's brain fully. He pulled a paper from behind her, and handed it to her, stepping back to give her space to unfold and read it. It was the title page of the Daily Prophet.

Her heart dropped when she saw a picture of Draco with his hands on a woman's chest, leaning forward to kiss her boldly. Her world stopped moving for three long seconds.

"I shouldn't have underestimated Skeeter," Draco mumbled somewhere in the distance. His voice echoing through her head as she read the headline.

'FROM ENEMIES TO LOVERS'

“What is this, Draco?” Hermione whispered with wide eyes on the moving photograph.

She scanned the lengthy article briefly, her eyes always coming back to the image of him kissing her in front of the boutique. She swallowed silently, feeling how Draco studied her.

‘Is this the love story we didn’t know we needed? Although young Draco Malfoy was seen courting several witches over the last couple of months, we spotted the unlikely couple.’

Hermione huffed out a breath she had been holding. *Unlikely couple...*

‘We spotted the odd match on a romantic date in Mallaig, Scotland where the highly coveted bachelor resides since his return from the United States. The charming pureblood wizard stole a passionate kiss from the war heroine Hermione Granger in public, clearly sending a statement to those who have criticized the Malfoy heir in the past.’

Our request for comment with Malfoy Senior remains unanswered.’

Hermione had forgotten to breathe, and only flinched when Draco pulled the paper down in between of them. His grey eyes were stern, his features a mixture of concern and anger.

“She reached out to your parents?” Hermione whispered in disbelief. In all the weeks she had been trying to ignore her feelings for the blonde man, she hadn’t even thought about what his parents would think about his newfound taste in women. “What will they say?”

“Frankly,” Draco said calmly, but Hermione heard the tense vibrations from his throat. “That’s the least of my worries.”

He avoided her gaze when he threw the paper back onto the countertop. Instead of touching her again - when she felt like she needed it the most – he stepped backwards and turned around.

His back muscles were tense, every of his movements visible in his shoulders as he took a deep breath.

Hermione felt incredible stupid. When she had opened her eyes just minutes ago, she had felt so peaceful and happy. For the first time in a very long time. She hadn't even had any expectations for the next steps. She was just incredibly relieved that Draco had feelings for her out of all witches, that she hadn't even thought about what would happen next.

As she watched him, she understood that he clearly hadn't intended for anyone to find out. Hermione was more hurt by the words used to describe what they were in the public's eye than the fact that people would be talking about them.

"Draco," Hermione said quietly, and she herself could hear the fragile tone in her voice. "I can set things straight with the Daily Prophet. It wouldn't be the first time I had to do it. You don't have to play along with this."

"Play along?" He turned towards her with a puzzled look on his face.

She nodded, her eyes lowering to the ground as she slipped from the countertop until her bare feet met the cold ground.

"Yes, I mean... This brings you into a difficult situation with your family and maybe at work after such vile words. I would never ask of you to keep this new narrative up if you feel uncomfortable with it." The smile she forced onto her lips was painful.

"Oh please..." Draco groaned and closed the gap in between them so quickly, that Hermione didn't even realize he was in front of her again. His hands wrapped around her shoulders, he lowered his face and leaned forward until his nose brushed hers. "Where were you last night?"

"I- what?" Hermione blinked dumbfounded as she tried to understand what he was asking.

“You were right in front of me when I told you that I’m yours, no?” He whispered poorly when she felt an endless number of shivers running down her spine. The tingling sensation reached the tip of her toes and her cheeks flushed crimson at the memory of him offering his heart to her.

“Oh Draco,” Hermione mumbled and leaned forward, his hands squeezed her shoulders lightly before he gave in and let his fingers roam up to her neck where they rested against her pulse point. Her eyes fluttered close at the touch, and she couldn’t even be mad at the words written about them. No matter what they had to say about the ‘*odd match*’ – she wanted Draco with all her heart. She would not let anyone ruin this for her, not now after all this time. “I don’t care what they say about you and me. If you don’t question this…” she gestured in between them, and his eyes followed her hand movement before they settled on her face again. “...if you don’t question *us*, then I don’t understand why you are so upset about it.”

He shook his head and pressed his entire body against her until his lips met hers fiercely. She gasped, tried to kiss him back when he already retreated again. His forehead pressed against hers and their eyes were locked onto each other.

“This article takes away your chance to decide how and when you tell your friends about us. If that was even on the table,” he sounded bitter and Hermione shook her head quietly, her nose rubbed against his tip faintly and she smiled carefully.

“Draco, I want you. I will always want you. We don’t have to hide from this.” She muttered, still in awe that he for some twisted reason seemed to feel the same for her. “Sure, it would have been nicer for them to find out from *us*. But there is not much we can do right now to change it.”

“Hermione Granger,” he cooed, capturing her lips fleetingly before his tongue darted out to wet his lips. His grey eyes dominated her with an undefinable expression she didn’t dare to name. “I want the entire world to know.”

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter / epilogue to go. It has been a pleasure to hear your thoughts and frustration with the characters.

I'm planning to do more Dramione O/S's, maybe another story. If you want to keep up to date follow me here or on Wattpad :)

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

Guys, this is it. Thank you for being so patient. I have a couple of comments at the end of the chapter, but I don't want to hold you up any longer. Enjoy <3

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

Friday night. Five months later.

Hermione watched Draco with a mixture of amusement and worry. She had never seen him drunk. Sure, she had drinks with him before but he never in five months of their relationship had even been tipsy around her. Not until tonight.

He argued with Theo about the side effects of a poorly brewed Polyjuice Potion. Apparently he had a bad encounter with such in his fifth year in Hogwarts. To Hermione's ease nobody in this room knew about her *own* experiences with said potion. Draco swore that the misbrew was the reason he hadn't been able to grow a proper beard in his early adulthood.

Hermione snorted silently at the same time as Theo and Pansy rolled their eyes at the blonde wizard; his own blue eyes squinted to slits as his forehead was covered in wrinkles.

Pansy emptied her glass in one big gulp, slowly getting up to throw out her guests. It was late after midnight already.

"I'm so glad I don't have to be the one who puts up with your drunk arse anymore. About time you got yourself a girlfriend to take care of that."

"You always took good care of us, sweetheart," Theo stretched out lazily on his sofa, ignoring Pansy's attempts to call it a night. Hermione sighed and decided to help her friend with a quick cleaning spell. As much as she enjoyed seeing Draco relaxed for the first time this week, she didn't want to overstay her welcome.

Draco groaned quietly the moment his glass floated into the kitchen without him being able to finish it. Their eyes met, and she couldn't hold back an apologetic smile. His own smirk tugged at the corner of his mouth.

"I've tried," Pansy hummed, obviously feeling flattered by Theo commenting on her caring side. But then her eyes fell back on Draco as he let his head fall back into his neck and starred at the ceiling.

"However, Draco always had to be the most difficult one. I lost count of how many times I had to drag him back into the dungeons in the middle of the night just to keep him from breaking into other common rooms to hook up with random witches."

Draco didn't move at the comment, closing his eyes. Hermione shook her head and tried not to imagine him sneaking around with other girls. Especially not in Hogwarts. Even though they've had developed a unique relationship over the last months, she still wasn't able to fully grasp that he was hers. Being around him with his group of friends always made her feel uncomfortable as soon as the topic Hogwarts came up. Too many memories that had caused her tears during her childhood years were still making her feel not worthy of his affection.

"Stop being so over-," Draco managed to find the motivation to lift his head again, "-dramatic."

Theo chuckled quietly. "I don't blame him. The bloke tried to get rid of his bloody virginity for way too long. Climbed up that Ravenclaw tower tons..."

Hermione looked up with raised brows, looking at Theo curiously now when Draco avoided her gaze skillfully. She had never asked him, when or even who he lost his virginity to. She had just assumed that it must have happened early on. At least she remembered the rumors in school about his... *skills*.

"Why Ravenclaw?" Pansy asked, now intrigued herself. Apparently, this version of their childhood seemed odd to her too. "You had tons of girls in Slytherin trying to get your attention. Why go out of your way like *that*?"

Hermione got up slowly, hoping the conversation would end sooner than later. She really didn't want to know who he lost his virginity to. Now that she thought about it, she was relieved that it didn't seem to be Pansy after all. There had been rumors...

Draco knew. He knew how her insides twisted from listening to the playful banter. So even though he was wasted, he searched for her eyes without lifting his head to watch her intently.

"I tried to get Granger out of my head," he lied and shrugged his shoulders and followed her example to slowly get up as well. "It wasn't easy to find someone with the same sort of fascination for books."

"Alright mate," Theo snickered.

"Talking about Granger," Pansy squeaked with excitement – she still couldn't get over the fact that her two friends found together after all these years it seemed – "Hermione told me you're finally going to introduce her to your parents on Sunday."

Draco and Hermione both tensed visibly at the comment. *For different reasons.*

His parents had known about their relationship since the day they decided to be together - thanks to Rita Skeeter. However, they had never bothered to actually meet Hermione. After the history they all had she couldn't blame them. Draco had insisted repeatedly that they were *fine* with it.

She never believed him. It was too obvious why they wouldn't support his new relationship.

'They don't get to choose my witch anymore, love. Don't worry about it, they will leave us alone. I made sure of it,' he had whispered into her ear when she tried to talk about the for her very uncomfortable situation a couple of weeks into their relationship. She hadn't been brave enough to bring it up a second time. Not until he had asked her to join him for tea at Malfoy Manor the upcoming Sunday.

Of course, she had agreed. And she had been a nervous wreck ever since.

Despite everything his family went through after the war, she knew that Draco loved his parents unconditionally. She wanted to be *liked* by them. She wanted them to support their relationship. Knowing that this would never be the case made her heart ache with sadness for both of them.

“It’s about time, isn’t it?” Draco asked calmly, suddenly sounding less drunk than he had within the last two hours. The mood in the room had shifted, and Hermione felt like she had been punched in her butterfly filled stomach.

Since he had invited her between gritted teeth, he had been stressing about the upcoming Sunday just as much as her. She knew because he hadn’t talked about it. He had been absent and worked long hours. Usually, they saw each other several times a week and all weekend long unless one of them had other appointments. But even those had developed to shared activities instead of time apart.

This week had been different. Without warning he had to leave town Monday night to go to New York. He had returned today. He was supposed to arrive after lunch, they had planned to get ready together for their evening with Pansy and Theo.

Hermione hadn’t told him, but she had left work early today to surprise him at his place in a new set of lingerie. He had sent an owl shortly after that said to meet him at Theo and Pansy’s place at seven instead.

She had been feeling down, until she had stepped into the living room and been greeted by a soft kiss of his lips. Of course, they didn’t have any time alone just yet, but she was at ease that he enjoyed himself tonight. Something about his loose, drunken ego gave her hope that they could enjoy the rest of the weekend without feeling more anxious about Sunday than necessary.

Now, that Pansy had brought the topic up, her hope was suffocated by the cold air around them.

“What will you be wearing?” Pansy turned towards Hermione, who tried to steady her breath. “I mean, it’s not every day you get invited by the Malfoy family. Dress to impress so they don’t kick you out right away.”

Her friend was teasing them, but she couldn’t find the humor in it. Quite the opposite, she began to panic, not daring to look into Draco’s face. Her palms began to drown in cold sweat. She didn’t want to see his reaction.

“Merlin, I’m about to pass out.” Theo was a blessing in disguise at times. He loved to tease and push people, which resulted in him being very sensitive to the energies around him. He felt the shift in temperature just as much as Hermione, she was sure of it. “I don’t want to be rude, but you guys should get going.”

“Was that really necessary?” Theo fell into their bed, completely dressed as he watched Pansy peel out of her clothes.

She rolled her eyes at him, “Yes. Do you have any idea how he behaved this week? Hermione is freaking out already and he thinks it’s okay to make himself scarce.”

“It’s none of our business, Pans.” He corrected her, his eyes drifting to her exposed back when she opened her bra. “He’s been freaking out just as much, believe me.”

“I just couldn’t stand how relaxed he was tonight when *she* didn’t eat properly all week. I was the one who had to listen to it. Not him.”

“Don’t be too harsh on him. You know how he is when he *feels*. He disappears and retreats. But he’ll come around eventually. I mean, would you have thought he would settle for a committed relationship? After all these years?”

Pansy sighed and slipped into her PJ's. "I know, but she's our friend too and one of us has to be on her side Theo."

"You're adorable, you know that?" He pushed himself off the pillow and reached for his witch, pulling her onto the mattress with him.

Hermione stood in his enormous bathroom, brushing her hair before braiding it slowly. It took a while for her to notice that Draco was leaning against the frame of the bathroom door, watching her through the mirror.

He had taken a fair amount of Pepper Up Potion as soon as they had stepped through his floor. She could see his eyes clearing up the longer she allowed him to hold her gaze. He was wearing just his boxers, ready to go to bed. His naked torso distracted her for just a second before he spoke to her.

"Is the dress in the closet what you were going to wear on Sunday?" He asked calmly, watching her closely without giving away any hint of his current state of mind. She nodded shortly and withdrew her eyes. Instead, she began to brush her teeth and left the water running to fill the silence.

He waited patiently until she had finished and turned around before he continued.

"It's perfect for the occasion." He meant it; she could hear it in his voice. "When did you bring your things here?"

"Before I arrived at Pansy's," she said, making sure she spoke the truth. She didn't want him to feel bad for not making it home earlier. It wouldn't do the night any good.

"You should just move in here," he whispered, dimming the lights with a snip of his fingers. She was already wearing one of his T-Shirts, her most favorite sleep wear since she had visited his place for the first time.

He reached for her hand and pulled her into his arms, until her cheek rested against his naked chest. She inhaled his scent and drowned in the warmth of his skin. Her eyes fluttered close at the sensation of his arms surrounding her. His lips met the top of her head, kissing her hair once.

“Too early,” she muttered into him, before he lifted her up with ease to carry her to bed. He didn’t let go of her as they drifted into a dreamless sleep.

Hermione awoke in the middle of the night, her face by now pressed into his neck. She sighed and tried to untangle with him to roll onto the other side of the bed to stretch out a little.

As soon as she moved, she felt his hand tightening around her, his fingers digging gently into the small of her back.

He spoke as if he had been wide awake. “Did I wake you?”

She shook her head, but relaxed into his arms again, not wanting to go anywhere anymore. He was sweet like that, not wanting to have any distance between them during the night. It warmed her heart, even though her body ached from resting in the same position for hours.

“I’ve missed this,” she whispered with a hoarse voice as her own hand roamed up his sides, over his chest to his neck where she held onto, stroking his warm skin to comfort him.

“I’ve missed *you*, Hermione.” He spoke softly, before looking down at her at the same time as she looked up at him. Her grip around his neck tightened in anticipation when she felt his fingers discovering the knickers she was wearing. Red lace, the new set.

“Did you now?” She teased him, feeling still a little drunk from sleep. Heat started to stir her tired body. It felt like a fire spread through her veins. He hummed and palmed her ass cheek as good as he could from his current position. His gentle touch became urgent and almost possessive in a way. She needed *more*.

“Hmmm,” his fingers reached as far as they could, almost reaching her core from behind. “Have you touched yourself this week?”

Hermione pulled herself up as far as she could on his neck, allowing him to discover her covered heat as she threw a leg over his side to make it easier for him. He didn’t act on it though, waiting for her honest answer.

“No.”

He palmed her cunt from behind, his middle finger teasingly pushed against the fabric. She gasped, her hips moving to accommodate the touch.

“I vaguely remember teaching you how good it can feel to take care of yourself. Didn’t I?”

She flushed in the dark, remembering her first night with Draco all these months ago when he had made her masturbate in front of him before he had ever touched her. “Do you need another lesson?”

She shook her head again, not needing to think about it. He chuckled without making a sound, she felt the vibration in his chest.

“It’s not the same when you’re not there,” she admitted. She swallowed down the words that would tell him how sad his absence had made her feel. She didn’t want to be that kind of person.

Something in her words made him soften his touch anyways, and he loosened his grip around her to gently lift her off him to then grasp the hem of the T-Shirt she was wearing. She helped

him get rid of it without hesitating.

It almost felt like the past week drifted slowly away. That the worry about Sunday was getting smaller and smaller, as long as he just kept touching her with want.

She fell back into the pillows with her breasts exposed and being admired by his eyes in the night as he reached for them. They almost hissed at the same time when his fingers grazed her nipples, instantly hardening at the touch.

“Look at you, *love*” he rasped with urge now. He came back to hover over her; his lips grazed at her collarbone before he discovered her chest with his tongue, teeth and lips in a fusion of soft kisses, teasing licks and bites.

He held her by her waist to make sure she couldn’t twist away from the sensations shaking her body.

She arched her back, her hands pulled his hair and tugged him closer to her breasts at the same time. Caught in need and desperation for him to never stop.

He devoured her tits, and she watched. Aroused by the way his eyes were shut and his breath became heavier as their bodies began to grind against each other.

After days of his absence, she needed him deep inside of her. The way his erection grew harder against her hip made her wanton.

Sometimes it was funny to her how they could do this for days and nights, not getting tired of feeling each other. She silently hoped each time that *this* would never stop. That their dynamics would never change. She wanted to be his, *forever*.

Her impatient hands sneaked in between of them, and she began to stroke his cock through the fabric of his briefs. He was so hard already that she shivered with eagerness. Her thumb rubbed against the engorged tip of his cock pressing against the fabric keeping them apart.

With a growl he let go of the breast he was ravishing with a *pop*, almost panting when he pushed her hand away to undress himself more efficiently.

“My needy little kitten,” he whispered with a rumbling sound escaping his chest.

She bit her lip, her fingers now nestling at the red lace covering her heat.

Draco stood up slowly, his eyes not leaving her exposed body as he pulled the covers from her at the same time. Her skin was burning, so she appreciated the cold air hitting her heated body. The goosebumps covering her had her lungs escape a shaky breath.

He pushed his briefs down in a swift motion before climbing back on top of her. With force and ease at the same time he pried her legs apart until his naked body pressed against her underwear. He positioned himself so the length of him rubbed against her clit underneath the dampened fabric.

Hermione moaned out loud, not able to hold back. She felt his smirk when he buried his head into her neck as he began to rock his hips to tease her further. He had a kinky appreciation for her desperation for him – but she enjoyed his games just as much.

“I’m going to fuck you so good,” he muttered into her shivering skin; hissing when her nails raked over his taut shoulders. She whimpered in need, still ravishing in the fact that his dirty mouth made her so much more aroused than she was able to fathom. *After all these months...*

“Please, Draco...” she whispered before he finally began to pull down her knickers. He carefully propped each of her legs to do so, enjoying the way she was pudding in his hands. She cursed him in this moment for not doing it earlier. This way he had to retreat from her again, and she hated the short-lived loss of his hot and heavy body.

He threw them behind his back without care before he pushed her legs apart until her knees almost touched the mattress.

He looked at her, giving his heavy cock a few lazy strokes.

“Take it like a good girl,” he said with a low voice as he positioned himself above her entrance and pushed into her without warning. He didn’t do this often, knowing how it made her sore for days. But this was what they both needed tonight; she relished in the pain he caused her because she knew he would make it go away. It was her favorite thing in the entire world when he took care of her, *when he put her back together*.

He kissed her hard to swallow her cries of the unexpected intrusion. He didn’t stop until he was fully sheathed inside of her. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as his tongue parted her lips without accepting a fight.

He held himself still for a moment, breaking the kiss to allow both of them to take a shaky breath between pants. “Try to relax a little.”

She couldn’t speak, all her senses focused on his hard length filling her to the brim. She loved to drown in the most delicious pain of his stretch.

He kissed her cheek with a hot breath, and she tried to spread her legs wider to offer herself further to him.

“Fuck me,” she whimpered stuck between a moan and a sob for air. “Fuck me hard.”

“You’re so fucking tight, so hot...”

She wanted to close her eyes, but she couldn’t miss a single second of his facial expression when his jaw went slack at the sensation of pulling almost completely out of her to rock back. *Hard.*

“Shit,” he hissed and buried his fingers in her hair. The sting on her scalp as he pulled them together was something else.

He began a raw rhythm. He fucked her so deep that she couldn't ignore the tingle in her spine with each thrust. Each movement almost knocked the air out of her lungs.

He pressed his lips onto hers as he got rougher, his pace became animalistic. He swallowed her desperate moans and cries with his tongue.

"You fucking love this, don't you?"

"Yes. Fuck, yes." She whimpered and he kept rutting her with a merciless need for release.

"Fuck," he rasped into her mouth as he let go of her hair with one hand to push himself off awkwardly to create space in between them.

His fingertips rubbed over her clit harshly, and she bucked her hips into him at the same time as he drove into her again, making him bump her cervix as her walls began to pull him in further.

"Come around me," he rasped. "I can't stop, you're going to make me cum so fast with you squeezing me like that." His skin was slapping against hers as her clit began to swell under his rough touch.

She loved when he forced her orgasms from her. This one hit her hard and fast as she held onto him when she threw her head into her neck, rolling over to bite into the pillows to stifle the overwhelming scream as her climax blinded her sight. Her body jolted and her inner walls contracted around him.

He followed her over the edge quickly as she was still milking him. She wasn't sure how her muscles managed to tighten without any room left, but they both took it.

The low groan as he came made her quiver as he fucked them both through their highs.

"Unfuckingbelievable. Love this. Love you." He stayed inside of her for minutes... stroking the hair out of her face and wetting her lips with his tongue.

“Do you want me to be pretend I’m sick?” Hermione mumbled the question into his shoulders. She was hugging him tightly from behind as they were showering together. The ambient lights were the only way for her to see anything; the sun hadn’t come up just yet.

The sound he made was a confused question as his hands kept spreading the soap over his chest.

Everything felt so perfect. If they decided to *not* visit his parents on Sunday, they could just continue to live this blissful life. She still felt sticky in between her legs from his seed and her own wetness.

“I mean... I’m not stupid Draco... I know you don’t like the idea of us visiting your parents. If it makes you feel better, we can postpone it.” She kissed the water from his back before he tensed slightly. She sighed.

“Don’t be silly,” he said quietly and stepped away from her. She let him, watching him turn towards her before starting to spread soap over her shoulders. His eyes met hers with an unspoken warning to not push it further.

She felt how her peaceful high ebbed away. “I’m not being silly. You’re clearly uncomfortable with the situation.”

“They want to see you,” he said simply, breaking the eye contact again to look down where his knee urged her on to make room for him to wash her. Something he loved to do after he made a mess of her.

She hissed at his touch, feeling more sore than usual. He massaged her outer lips softly, kissing her collarbone at the same time.

“You’re worried they won’t like me,” she stated and tried to turn away from him. She knew he was trying to distract her. He gripped her thighs quickly, forcing her to stay still.

“Stay still,” he mumbled, his finger teased her sore entrance until her hands raked through his wet hair. Then he retreated and stood straight with his wide shoulders in front of her. His eyes catching hers again. “I’m not worried; they will adore you.”

She let out a frustrated breath. “Are you afraid I will argue with them about their beliefs? Did I ever do-“

“Stop it.” He said firmly, pulling her flush against him the moment she tried to step away from him again. “I’d be delighted to take you to my parents, I’m proud of what we have. Can you just let it go?”

She frowned with a little butterfly coming back to life inside of her.

“Well, *what* is it then?” She made sure to let her fear spill out of her now, her eyes began to sting. She couldn’t stand the feeling of him hiding something. She hated it.

As soon as she heard Draco’s soft sigh, she knew she had won.

“You do realize I was raised in a ... very *different* world.”

A mask of indifference stole Hermione’s usually open book policy. She couldn’t shake the feeling of ice-cold water being thrown into her face.

“Yes, I’m muggleborn,” she said calmly and a matter of fact. “When they invited me for a cup of tea, they surely didn’t forget about the time they wanted to hand me over to Voldemort.” The scar on her forearm stung and she had to hold back tears. She knew that this would somehow stand in between them. That it made her not worthy of him, at least in the eyes of his family.

His face lost color as his tongue darted out to get rid of the water pearls harassing his perfect lips.

“They don’t care about your heritage. Not anymore. We’ve all changed-” His fingers wrapped around her lower arm to touch the reminder of her torture. Torture that happened under his parents’ roof, right in front of him. They had talked about it once during their relationship. It had ended with Draco not leaving her side for three full days. He had behaved like a puppy with separation anxiety. To be honest, she had needed it back then. It had been lifting heavy on both of their shoulders.

“*You* brought it up,” she mumbled in frustration, looking down at her forearm where his fingers grasped her tightly.

“No, *you’re* jumping to conclusions.” He was calmer than she expected, controlling the conversation before Hermione could get truly mad at him.

“Because *you* won’t tell me what’s going on.”

Then he sneered, “Don’t tell me I didn’t warn you.”

She kept quiet and turned her head away from him. He wasn’t having it. With ease he took her face into his large palm and waited patiently for her to look at him again, his thumb rubbing over the edges of her scar.

Once her eyes met his, he took a deep breath. “When I’m saying that we grew up in different worlds... I’m not talking about your *blood*. I’m talking about the fact that my family has very different traditions than yours. We’re *old-school*... my parents have wanted to invite you since the day we landed the title page of the Daily Prophet months ago. I have ignored their request because I know that after our visit everything will *change*. I’m happy with you Hermione, I don’t want things to *change*.” His voice became more frustrated with the situation, or himself; Hermione couldn’t tell.

“Oh Draco,” she whispered, her throat contracting around a growing knot at the realization that it all lead back to *his* past. “Nothing that your parents say or do... would make me see you with different eyes. My feelings for you won’t change. *I love you*; you know that.”

He smiled sadly and kissed her forehead fleetingly before he shook his head in disagreement. “They’re not happy with me, but I can live with that. What I don’t want is for them to drive *you* crazy with their expectations.”

She thought about his words for a moment, not sure she understood what he was trying to say.

“So, you’re telling me...” she raised her brows as he rolled his eyes in a playful manner.

“I’m telling you, that when I ask you to marry me, I don’t want you to think that I’m asking you because of my family’s expectations. I’m saying, that when I get you pregnant, I want to do it because you and I want to have children of our own. Not because my mom is asking you every week when we will carry on the Malfoy heir.”

He let go of her face to grab both of her hands and pull them up to his lips before kissing her knuckles.

“Quite honestly I’m afraid you will run for the hills on Sunday. We’ve been dating for five months. I’ve never been this *happy* before, and I don’t want to blow it all up. Great things can break under pressure.”

She felt the blood rush to her cheeks – the realization of his worries hitting her unexpectedly. She simply hadn’t thought about any of it. She had never considered that there was anything else but her blood status to be the worry of his parents regarding their relationship.

He watched her with increased worry. “I freaked you out, didn’t I? I’m such an-”

“No!” She shrieked and he flinched at her unexpected enthusiasm. “Sorry, I... I didn’t think about the possibility that this would be... Do you think about things like ... marriage?”

He smiled sadly. “How could I not? My parents are trying to force me to put a ring on you since months. But I’d lie if I said I wouldn’t want that for us. I love you. I’m happy with what we have right now. All I’m asking is that you will remember this when they start their interrogations.”

In this moment she felt the burden of the week fall off her shoulders. She had imagined the worst from meeting the Malfoys. This? This she could live with...

She snickered in amusement, letting herself lean into his chest as their bodies melted into each other. His lips touched her ears when he spoke softly. “You think this is funny, do you?”

“No, sorry,” she laughed quietly. “I just imagined my father’s face when I’d tell him that I’m getting married to you after five months.”

He hummed and let his hands run over her backside. “You do realize I already have his blessing?”

Hermione’s eyes widened in horror. “You... *what?*”

Her dad was awesome, very open-minded. But the idea of him talking to Draco about a potential marriage ... her gut twisted at the thought. She felt her face go numb.

“Well, I just made sure he understood how serious I’m taking this relationship. I ensured him to not ask you for a while though.” Draco truly sounded proud of himself, which made it almost impossible for Hermione to be mad at him. In an odd way she felt flattered.

“What did he say?” She asked in a mixture of nervous laughter and shock.

He shrugged his shoulders. “I’m pretty sure he thinks I lost my wand somewhere.”

Hermione looked up at him at the comment, pulled him down at his neck and kissed him. Relief and calmness spread through her entire being. He was hers. And she was his.

Always.

I have to admit, writing this Epilogue has been a ride - not even considering travels and my busy schedule. In fact, I have 3 different epilogues, because there is just so much more to tell here. However, this is it. I might upload O/S's for this one, as it is so close to my heart - but if I do I will upload it as a separate work. :)

If you haven't read it yet, go check out my O/S "9 Crimes" - I'm actually working on a second part, even though I told myself not to and leave it open ended. But... if you know, you know! lol

I have other dramione O/S's and stories in the works, so keep checking in on me here and I'll be delighted to see you soon!

Thank you again for all your support and comments, I love you all with my whole heart and I hope you enjoyed the ride. It was a pleasure to write for you!

Much love xxx Ramelle

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!