

Chained Maiden

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Chained Maiden

by [itsjustsilver](#)

Summary

Draco and Hermione have already met, and neither of them have forgotten it.

Dramione Non-Con Short story

AU- No Voldemort

Post Hogwarts. Slightly older Draco Malfoy

Please check tags before proceeding.

*** FINISHED STORY ***

Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Chapter last edited 3 may 2022

“This is my cousin, Draco.”

Capella was introducing us to a very tall, very fit man with slate grey eyes, a sharp chin, and remarkably golden hair. “Draco dear, this is Harry and Hermy. We were all in the same year at Hogwarts.” She wasn’t even looking at us as she said this. She was looking up at him. Her arm was in his. She was beaming. “Draco came over from New York just for my birthday!” she happily added.

I was sure of two things. One, that Capella was in love with her older cousin, and two, that I’d already met him. I wondered if he was aware of both.

“Harry and Hermy,” Draco repeated with a restrained, perfectly polite smile. “Catchy.”

“I’m *Hermione*, Hermione Granger,” I said, sticking out my hand and trying not to wince at the parallelism. He had, many, many years ago, introduced himself to me in almost the exact same way. I didn’t know whether to bring it up, make a joke about it, that sort of thing, so I just smiled.

Very cordially, he shook my hand and told me he was very pleased to meet me, and then he shook Harry’s hand, flattered him by remarking that Harry needed no introduction, and then he was dragged away by Capella.

I turned to Harry. “That’s *the* Head Boy. Think he remembers me?”

He immediately knew what I was referring to. Swivelling conspicuously to watch Draco Malfoy being steered around the room like a show dog, he said, “Oh, yeah. Definitely.”

“Fuck.”

He laughed. “You were too busy turning red to notice that Capella’s in love with him, by the way.”

“Shit, really? I wasn’t turning *red*. Was I turning red...?”

“Look at Capella. Have you ever seen her so... effusive? It’s weird. It’s like watching Greg fly or Ron dance... It’s unnatural.”

"You think she tells everyone she introduces him to that he came back from New York just for her birthday?"

Harry snorted and swigged his beer. "Probably. Too bad for her."

"You don't think he feels the same way?" I asked. We were walking to the back of the room where the French doors had been pulled open to allow guests to move freely between the garden and the house. Or rather, I was walking us there. Harry was looking at his watch. "Maybe I'm wrong, but didn't look to me like he did," he replied with a shrug. "Listen, Hermy, wish I could stay longer, but—"

"Oh, fine, go, go," I groaned. I should have expected he would ditch me. Harry, famous Quidditch player and eternal bachelor, always had some slinky overly-made-up woman on his arm. His mother sometimes said that his Godfather was a really bad influence on him; personally, I agreed.

"You're meeting Daphne?" I asked.

"No. I'm meeting Ariel." He watched me roll my eyes and added very quickly, "Of course, if you need me to stay and accompany you—"

"No, no, I'm just going to take a turn around their garden and then I'll head off too."

"Okay. I'll make a move first then. See you next week? Lunch?"

I nodded listlessly, and we exchanged hugs and kisses. Then he scuttled off to say goodbye to Capella and her family, and I passed aimlessly out of the house and into the torrid night.

It was an uncommonly warm night, even for the summer, and very few people were out. There was a pool, but nobody was swimming in it.

Capella's family, the Blacks, led by her father Sirius, were heavily influenced by muggle trends and technology, and what they liked to do was to invite muggle architects and designers to build their homes, and then use magic to alter it, so that the final product was a harmonious marriage of the best that both sides could bring to the table.

It was really quite ingenious, and every rich pureblood was copying this mad method to some degree. That generation of Blacks had singlehandedly made muggles fashionable, and I was very grateful for that. I shuddered to think how different my life might be if muggleborns like me were still shunned like they used to be fifty years ago.

I walked up to the pool to look at it. It was lit from below like a glowing brick of electric blue, and sea creatures appeared to be swimming in it. It was an illusion, of course.

"Are you thinking of jumping in?"

It was Capella's cousin, Draco. I guessed he must've somehow managed to escape her enthusiastic clutches.

"Maybe," I admitted. "But no one's swimming."

“They will if they see you swimming,” he said.

I laughed and shook my head. I wasn’t the type of person to do that. Starting trends. Rocking the boat. Being the first to do anything. I wasn’t like the Blacks who have almost no inhibitions whatsoever, and I told him that.

“Ah, you haven’t met my mother,” he said. “You wouldn’t think she was a Black if you saw her.” He quirked his head at me. His brows came together. “Hmm... I don’t think you remember, but we’ve actually met before.”

“I do remember,” I admitted nervously. “We met in the Prefects’ room. You were the Head Boy... And I was, erm, very young at the time...”

I was very young and impressionable, and I’d been trying to impress Ron, whom I’d fancied at the time. Ron didn’t like rules and following rules and the prefects that made sure people followed the rules, and he didn’t like Slytherins; and Draco Malfoy had ticked both boxes in having been a Slytherin as well as the Head Boy, so when Ron’s brother Percy had introduced him to us, and Draco had leaned down with his hand out and said his name, instead of taking it as would have been the polite thing to do, I’d turned away and made a disparaging joke to Ron.

I don’t even remember what the joke was, but everyone had been shocked. Ron had looked like somebody had struck him, Percy’s mouth had fallen open, and I didn’t know what the Head Boy’s reaction had been because I’d been too scared to look in his face.

I was still kind of scared to look in his face.

But he started laughing very hard, so I had to. His eyes were crinkled, and his head was tilted back a little, and his teeth were straight and white. “I’m not going to dock points from you,” he laughed. “Relax, you look as frightened as you did then.”

I giggled nervously. “I think I was more frightened of Percy,” I said, which might have been true, who knows. Percy had hauled both Ron and me out of the room by the ears and given us a good tongue lashing.

“He was Head Boy after you,” I offered.

“Was he? He must’ve been a shite one. He was such an arse-licker.”

My giggles developed into real laughter. The tension drained out of my body.

Mirth was still stamped onto Draco’s face, although he had stopped laughing. He was looking at me. His cheeks were dimpled, and his eyes were glossy and reflected the blue of the pool, so that it was very difficult to see their true grey colour of which I’d earlier only caught a glimpse.

“Have you been in the Constellation Garden?” he asked suddenly.

“No,” I replied.

All the country houses belonging to the Blacks had hedge gardens featuring topiary bushes in the forms of various constellations. I never understood the attraction. They never looked anything like what they were named for, to me at least. But the Blacks really, really liked Astronomy.

“Walk with me there?” he asked. “It’s not too far.”

I shrugged. “Yeah, why not?” I murmured and followed him.

Although I knew about the existence of the hedge garden, I didn’t know where it was or how to get there, because Capella and I, while friendly, were not close, despite her father being the Godfather of my best friend; so, I’d never been invited to any of her house parties before. In fact, I was sure I was only invited now because she wanted her 21st birthday to be a big one. She’d invited everybody she knew.

After we made a turn, I could see that the hedge garden was farther away than I had any intention of going. But Draco was walking and talking and didn’t seem inclined to stop. He was talking about his life in New York and his work there.

The farther away from everybody that we got, the more uncomfortable I began to feel. I felt it might be inappropriate for us to be walking off together away from everybody else. The vision of Capella hanging onto his arm hung over me; she was probably wondering where her cousin had disappeared to, and I really didn’t want to be accused of having stolen him away.

Just as I was about to make up some lie that would give me an excuse to have to go back to the house, the hedge garden came into view.

It was unlit. The moon shone off the sharp leaves and the glistening marble benches, and I copied him and sat on the bench next to him in front of the constellation Aquarius, which was an interesting pattern of hovering, spinning green balls that looked nothing like a man pouring water from a jug.

“What about you?” he asked. “What are you doing?”

I looked down at myself self-consciously. “What?”

He laughed. “In life,” he gestured. “What are you doing in life? You graduated... four years ago?”

“I’m a consultant,” I replied. “For companies and private investors who want to diversify into the muggle markets. I work in London.”

“Mm.” He was watching Aquarius turn into Libra. Clean and stylish work of art. Another marriage of muggle and magical.

I wondered why the designer didn’t just make the topiaries look like the pictures they were supposed to be. A nice leafy set of scales, instead of these ludicrous spinning spheres.

“And your boyfriend?” he asked suddenly.

I was confused. "My boyfriend?"

"Harry and Hermy," he said, his eyes flicking to me. He was smiling, but it looked forced, and he sounded sarcastic.

"Ah," I said, nodding in understanding. "No, it's nothing like that. Harry's my best mate."

I wanted to say that I didn't have a boyfriend, but I didn't want to sound like a loser.

"Huh. Is that right?" Draco muttered vacuously. "I'm afraid I'm out of the loop these days. I don't know all the things I should know. I barely recognised him, actually. He plays for England?"

I nodded. "Seeker. Captain."

"Mm." He was looking at me strangely while rubbing his chin. He was perusing me like he'd had the artwork. "I recognised *you* right away though. Even though you're all grown up..."

I laughed nervously. "Well, yes. It's been—"

"Eight years."

Libra morphed into Hydra.

Draco edged closer and put his arm over the back of the bench. It kind of looked like he had his arm around my shoulders although he wasn't touching my shoulders at all. It would certainly look that way to somebody approaching us from behind. I dearly hoped no one would come. Capella, like the rest of the Blacks, had a reputation of being vengeful, and she would definitely do something petty like get me fired if she felt herself slighted.

His eyes were very clearly grey again. A very dark grey, almost like charcoal. My pulse was starting to beat a frenzied tune.

"I think about our first meeting sometimes," he breathed.

I was very still.

"No one had ever been so rude to me before," he said quietly. "Not in all seventeen years of my life. Until you. I was in such shock, I never even thought about punishing you. Not until later..."

"I'm sorry," I whispered. I couldn't help looking in his eyes which drew me in their intensity; but out of the corner of mine I was monitoring his hands to see if he would go for his wand. If he hexed me, I would probably deserve it, but that didn't mean I wasn't going to defend myself.

"After that," he continued, "when I'd decided that you *should* be punished, Percy convinced me to let it go, said you were only trying to be funny. Said he'd already disciplined you. Was he right?"

I really didn't remember what I'd even said that had upset him so, so I told him that bit about trying to impress Ron, and again, very pathetically, I said, "I'm sorry. I was very young."

"You're not anymore, and you're not sorry at all. Maybe I was wrong to have listened to Percy."

"I really am," I insisted, making myself look and sound sorry. I was sorry enough that I'd come here with him where no one would be able to stop him from hexing me.

He was studying me.

I wet my lips. "How about a do over?" I suggested. Stupid, pointless idea, but I couldn't think of what else might appease him. Really, I had no idea anyone could be this traumatised by an immature little joke made by a thirteen year old girl.

"We can start with that," he agreed. He stuck his hand out in the narrow space between us. His mouth widened into a smile that was a hair mordant. "I'm Draco, Draco Malfoy."

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Dramione non-con porn in this chapter, read tags before proceeding.

Chapter last updated 10 june 2021

I wanted to get it over with, so I slipped my hand into his and tried to sound bright and friendly.

“Pleased to meet you, Draco. I’m Hermione.”

“Hermione... What a beautiful name.”

“Thank you...”

We were still holding hands, and I was deliberating whether to pull away or make my hand limp to signal that I wanted it back. I was never very assertive, so it was taking me a long while to decide, and in the meantime, he was continuing to hold my hand very firmly.

“What do you think of *my* name, Hermione?”

“I like your name,” I said weakly. “It’s, er, it’s... I like it. Very, er, inspired. Constellation? I, er, very nice constellation.”

He didn’t answer, only continued to stare at me with that queer intense stare. Finally, I’d had enough, and tried to pull away.

He didn’t let go. His hand was clamped over mine; he was refusing to let me go.

“You made fun of my name,” he said offhand, unhurried, as though we weren’t both aware that he was detaining me by force. “And you never even gave me yours. I had to find out from somebody else what that rude little girl’s name was.”

I remained silent. I didn’t offer more apologies.

I was thinking mournfully that there’s really no such thing as a do-over. It’s simply impossible to redo the past, even with magic. Even Obliviation, the most powerful memory modifier, leaves vestiges of emotions that are impossible to weed out. Otherwise, I might have offered to Oblivate him and save us both the pain of this conversation.

I kid.

“You snubbed me, and you insulted me,” he went on. “You never even tried to apologise. You had eight years to look for me, apologise, and suggest a do-over. But you didn’t. You expect me to believe you’re sorry now?”

I was ashamed and afraid. I looked away.

Hydra had become Andromeda, which looked more like a jumping deer to me than a captive princess. Chained maiden.

I thought about jumping away like a deer. I was as skittish as one right now.

Still holding me, Draco lifted his other hand to brush some stray curls back from my trembling, apprehensive face, and then he cupped my cheek, turned my face towards his, and leaned in and kissed me.

I was trembling so hard that my wayward hair fell back into its previous position and covered us like a curtain. He was ravishing my mouth with kisses. I think I heard myself breathing short, shallow breaths.

As soon as I’d got over the initial shock, I jerked back and away. I was in a daze. “What are you *doing*?” I gasped. “You can’t- This is Capella’s birthday party. You can’t- You’ll hurt her feelings.”

In response, his hand moved to grip my neck in an iron grip, and he shifted his body so that his weight was partially on me. “I can,” he growled, and then he swooped down, and his mouth swallowed the rest of my words.

He tasted like nothing. Soft mouth, then probing tongue, and I, anxious and confused, let him kiss me the way he wanted. His hand wandered down my neck and to my breast. Squeezing lightly, he brushed his thumb over my nipple.

In a genuine panic now, I gasped and tried to pull away, but I was between him and the hard marble bench, and without warning, he slammed my hand so hard against it that I cried out in shock.

The threat of further violence hung over us.

“Are you sorry yet, Hermione?” he murmured with his mouth against my jawbone. He palmed my breast. “Are you sorry for rejecting my friendship?”

“I didn’t mean-”

“I guess that means you’re not sorry,” he said coolly. My hand was slammed again into the marble.

“I’m sorry,” I sobbed dryly. I was more in terror than in pain, in terror of the threat of pain. “I’m sorry. I am, I’m sorry!”

“Then apologise like a grown woman.”

We both knew what he meant, and I wasn't going to pretend I didn't. "Capella's in love with you," I tried. I was straining to keep my hand pressed against the marble so he couldn't keep slamming it down. My wrist bone hurt. "You don't want this. You don't want to hurt her. Not on her birthday."

God, I sounded pathetic.

His expression darkened. His mouth twisted; became hard and cruel. "You keep saying you're sorry, but I don't get the impression that you are, and I'm not letting you go until I'm satisfied."

"Okay," I whispered. My mouth was suddenly dry, and I wanted to swallow but it felt like my throat was blocked; I was so nervy. Just a kiss, I told myself. He wants a kiss, I don't know why, but I'll give him the kiss, and then he'll let me go.

I knew I was lying to myself, but I wanted the lie. I didn't want to think on anything beyond that false comforting hope that he would let me go after one kiss.

My heart was racing fit to burst as I put one trembling hand against his chest, raised my head, and brushed my lips against his.

It felt like the longest time that I just held my mouth to his, but I didn't dare to end the kiss without permission, so I nervously kept myself in place.

Then, he groaned, and his tongue darted out to lick the tight seam of my mouth. One of his hands was pinioning mine to the bench while the other was busy running along the curve of my heaving breast.

Merlin, but he was fit, and under any other circumstances, I would have been flattered by his attentions.

I tried to pretend he was someone else I wanted to do this with. Someone just as fit. Just as bossy.

Lost in fantasy, I felt desire pool between my legs, and my tongue darted out quick as a flash to taste his.

He groaned again. He still had me pinned, hand and body, and suddenly he let go my breast, and I felt the slightest brush of his fingers on the bare thigh of my outer leg. My short, flared skirt was doing nothing to protect me. I was getting very wet, and I could feel it, but I didn't want him to fuck me, I really didn't.

So, when his hand travelled up to slide under the band of my knickers, I moaned my protest and attempted to stop him.

He was too strong to overcome, and merely ignored my struggling. Instead of trying to pull my knickers off, he pushed the fabric aside and crudely slid his fingers into my wet cunt.

I jolted and gave a choked cry and tried really hard to disentangle myself from him. I arched away. "Stop," I hissed. My skin was flushed from arousal and embarrassment. "What are you

doing? Stop!"

He slid in his fingers further. "Tight hungry pussy," he leered. Filthy words coming from such a handsome mouth. "And I didn't even touch your clit yet. I think you're ready to take me." Disengaging himself, he wiped his slick fingers on my thigh and stood up.

I was sprawled on the bench with my skirt around my waist. It took me a second to realise I was free. The moment I did, I attempted to spring up like a deer and make a run for it, only I realised I couldn't move from the waist down.

He hadn't exactly paralysed me, but he might as well have; the effect was the same. My hips were very heavy, as heavy as marble, and my legs lay in their lewd half-spread position.

He was undoing his belt. His eyes were locked to mine.

I propped myself up on my elbows. I was in fear now. He had hexed me, wandlessly and silently, and I was in fear of him.

"Let me go," I said, trying to keep my voice even. "Draco, let me go. I don't want this. I'm sorry I humiliated you when we were younger, but—"

"You didn't humiliate me," he snapped.

His slightly tanned skin had paled, and he looked ferocious; his lips were pulled back from his teeth in a snarl. I thought of my wand in my evening bag which was on the ground out of reach. Even if I could get it, he was simply much stronger than me.

"I regretted letting *Percy* discipline you," he said. Leisurely, he pushed the gathered material of my dress further up my waist, and, ignoring my scratching hands, he peeled my knickers off me. "It should have been me. I should have been the one to discipline you."

"What is *wrong* with you? We were only kids!"

"Tell me what *Percy* did to you."

"He didn't even do anything to me," I snapped. "He's a nice person. Not everyone's as depraved as you." I don't know what made me antagonise him like this. I matched his snarl, adding to it some stinging lies: "I don't even remember our meeting. I don't even remember you. You're wasting your time."

For a moment he seemed overcome with fury. His face twisted into something ugly, and he looked like he might hit me. But he mastered himself. He finished unbuckling his belt. He pulled both his trousers and pants down. His cock jutted towards me, monstrous and angry looking.

"Then this really is one hell of a do-over," he laughed coldly. "Let me properly introduce you to myself, shall I?" He took a step forward and positioned himself between my spread thighs, guiding his engorged prick along my slit. "Oh, baby," he laughed, "I think you and I are about to become very well acquainted."

"I'll scream," I warned. The threatening sensation of his prick prodding at my entrance was sapping my willpower. Panic roiled over me. I thought I might scream anyway, if I didn't lose my voice first. I was gasping out: "Let me go. I'll scream otherwise."

"And then everyone will come, and what will Capella think?" he said mockingly.

I didn't know what to say to that. The thought of being discovered in this compromising position was unbearable.

I was hyperventilating. I was beginning to feel light-headed.

He hinged my thighs farther apart, and, bending over, began to kiss away my tears. I hadn't even realised I'd begun crying. I was desperately gripping his shirt.

"Sh," he said, in between tracing my tear tracks with his tongue. He cradled my face with both hands. His dick rested on my belly, warm and hard and heavy. "Sh, sh, sh," he implored softly. "I'm not going to hurt you, not if you're very nice to me."

"Don't, don't, don't," I was bleating as he hovered over me kissing my endless tears. His face was a blur.

And then I calmed down, of course, as I had to eventually. I was hiccupping, and I'd ran out of 'don'ts', and my fingers were clamped onto his shirt as if I were the one restraining him.

He waited just until that moment, and then, smoky grey eyes still locked to mine, he shifted backwards, and the blunt head of his cock slid down and met my entrance. He thrust in deep.

"Ahh," I cried out. My paralysed hips took the impact stolidly, although my channel burned as it widened for him, and my hands made themselves into claws. I pushed at his body, crying wordlessly.

He was shoving his member in without regard, not even easing it in or pausing to let me adjust; he was cruelly forcing every inch of himself into my unready, unhappy pussy.

"You look so pretty when you cry," he huffed, as new tears rolled down my cheeks and I panted through the pain. "Is my cock too big for you, Hermione?"

I nodded frantically as he lapped up my tears and thrust more deeply into my bare pussy. I thought he was going to come out my throat, he was so deep.

He pulled the straps of my dress down, exposing my breasts to his view. The cool air made my nipples stiffen. I was still uselessly holding on to his shirt; I didn't even think to stop him.

"I like these sexy muggle dresses," he breathed. "It makes it so easy... Next time-"

"There's no next time!"

I don't know why those words alarmed me so much. He was having me, here, in public and against my will, but it was the idea that there would be a next time that most filled me with an icy fear. I didn't want to ever see his face again.

He dragged his cock out and then slammed violently into me, sending my back into the hard unyielding marble. “Are you rejecting me again?” he hissed.

“No, no...”

“Good,” he purred. “*Next time* you’ll wear a dress without underwear. I want to be able to fuck you anytime I want, anyplace I want.”

I nodded. The tears were standing in my eyes.

He bent to take a nipple in his mouth, suckling on it as I arched my back and tried to stifle my whimpers.

He was rolling his hips, pulling back and sinking into me, and moving his mouth between one nipple and the other while I fixed my gaze at the night sky beyond his golden head. It was torture, listening to our combined ragged breathing.

He lifted his head. “You won’t make fun of my name anymore, will you?” he sighed. Without waiting for a response, he continued, sounding like a petulant child, “You said you liked it just now. I want to hear you say it again. I want to hear how much you like my name.”

“I like your name, Draco,” I panted. Difficult to get the words out with the way he was pumping his organ ferally into my sensitive depths, but I think he liked it, because he increased his pace, and made me repeat what I was saying.

“I like your name, Draco, I like your name...”

He lurched forward, and he buried his face in my hair, and I felt it: His cock was throbbing in me, sending hot spurts of seed into the open gateway of my womb.

I lay there like one truly paralysed as he pumped his hips slowly and groaned directly in my ear. My walls pulsed with him like they were separate from me; pulsing in time to each jet of sperm it was receiving.

He pulled out. He was breathing heavily, and he was smiling. I knew that he was, even though I was not looking at him. “If I’d known what a good fuck you’d be,” he said, smiling, “I would have made sure we were re-introduced sooner.”

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Chapter last updated 29 march 2023

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

I couldn't concentrate on my work. I was looking at the columns of numbers under their various headings, and I knew that they should be comprehensible, but they were like alien symbols. Black inky shapes.

I shook my head and tried to focus. The numbers turned into balls of ink and formed constellations. My heart rate sped up. A male voice echoed in my head: "*Next time...*"

I shivered and gripped my quill, trying to make the memories go away, but they continued coming:

"I want to hear how much you like my name..."

"I like your name, Draco..."

I remembered the weight of his body on mine. My helplessness. The sound of my wetness.

I curled my fists with a sharp gasp, and my quill broke.

"Why didn't you tell us that you know Draco Malfoy??" burst out someone.

My head shot up. Bill, my boss, was in my doorway. Either he had come in without knocking, or I hadn't heard him.

"What?" I said very sharply, before clearing my throat and apologising. "Sorry." I put down my broken quill and attempted a laugh. "Sorry, that came out harshly. You scared me. I was..." I gestured vaguely. "...concentrating on something. Could you repeat- Who did you say-?"

Bill gave me a strange look. He was holding a mug of coffee, of which he was now taking a careful sip. The steam rose and fogged up his glasses. "You all right?" he asked.

"Yeah." I sighed and looked down at my work. "This has to go out tonight and legal's being- You know how they are. Anyway, sorry, I don't think I heard you correctly the first time. What did you say?"

"Draco Malfoy," he said. "You know him." He stepped into my office and took the empty seat in front of my desk. "We're having a meeting with him and his team in thirty minutes,

and his EA just called us to request for you to be added to the meeting. Said that he was well-acquainted with you.”

I shook my head. My stomach was beginning to form knots of dread. “No, I don’t think so.”

“She said that *he* said that you might deny it, and that if you were to deny it, to kindly remind you that last he checked, you’re definitely on a first-name basis.” Bill shook his head bemusedly and took another long noisy sip of coffee before asking, “Is this some kind of running joke between the two of you?”

The dread multiplied. “Er, yeah, haha,” I said weakly. “Regardless, I’m not sure that I’d be a value-add...”

“Of course, you’ll be. He specifically requested you come.”

It was all I could do to not vomit all over my desk right then. I gripped my seat with sweating palms. “But it’s in thirty minutes,” I protested. “I don’t even know what you’re pitching him.”

“I already committed you to being there,” said Bill, getting impatient. He tapped his wand on my quill and fixed it, and then glared at me as if he wished I were a quill he could fix with magic. “All you have to do is sit there and be polite. I’ll lead the meeting. Merlin, Hermione. You really need to learn how to milk your contacts. Any other ultra-high-net-worth individuals you’re on a first-name basis with? Any of the Blacks? The Lis? The Fawleys? Spit it out, don’t be shy.”

I was shaking my head. I was very anxious, and all I could manage was: “Err...”

Bill’s EA, Fiona, rapped once on the open door then came scuttling in. “Your guests from MIC are here in the lobby.”

Bill looked at his watch. “Early. Are we set up?”

“Yeah. Conference Room C. Nathan’s bringing them up now.”

“Fantastic. Hermione, you join them. Make small talk. Rachel and I will be there in a few.”

-

Forty minutes. I’d been sitting mutely for forty minutes at the long conference table opposite someone whose name I couldn’t remember, an enthusiastic young wizard nodding and jotting down notes, when my name was mentioned.

I started and turned to Bill who had just blindsided me by announcing that I would be supporting Nathan, the official point of contact. The man opposite me nodded spryly and made some more notes in his deck.

Somebody else from Draco's team said something, and Rachel, who was one of the partners in our firm, replied, "Great. We'll have the data over to you by early next week."

"This has been wonderful," I heard Draco announce. I could see him moving out of the corner of my eyes. He was gathering up the materials we had prepared. "Unfortunately, we have to run. We're already late for another meeting, and then I have to be back in New York for a dinner."

I imagined I could hear Bill and Rachel grinding their teeth. Somehow Nathan had managed to find out that their next meeting would be with Auspex. They were one of our most aggressive competitors.

Everyone began standing and shaking hands and swapping cards.

My shoulders sagged with relief. I had survived the meeting, and except for a polite exchange of greetings, had otherwise managed to avoid interacting with Draco.

I stood to follow Nathan out.

Suddenly, Draco, at the door, turned and froze me with a direct look. "Actually," he said, tilting his head in Bill's direction, with his eyes still glued to me, "would you mind if Hermione and I had a quick word? We were having a very interesting discussion last time we saw each other that I'd like to finish..."

I stopped in my tracks. "Err..."

"Sure! Great!" said Bill jocosely. I knew he was relishing the opportunity to delay them for as long as possible. "Take as long as you want."

"You go ahead," said Draco to his departing team. "I'll join you later."

The door closed. We were alone.

He looked me up and down. He still had his polite, professional smile plastered onto his face.

"What do you want?" I asked stiffly. I could feel my body starting to curl into itself. "We have nothing to discuss."

"Sure, we do," he replied. "At least I do. I wanted to tell you something, actually."

"Tell me what?" I asked.

Was he going to apologise?

He flicked his wand. Silencing charm.

I flicked mine, cancelling it. "Just tell me what you're going to tell me and leave. Don't you have another meeting to get to?"

His smile thinned. “Cancel my privacy charm again, and I will walk out of here and tell your boss that I am no longer interested in... whatever it was he was trying to sell me, and that they have *you* to blame.” He flicked his wand and re-installed his charm.

I gaped at him. I couldn’t believe I’d entertained the hope that he had come to apologise. “Then,” I said fiercely, “I’ll tell them that you- that you-”

“That I what?” he asked, smirking. “Go on, Hermione, say it. What did I?” He laughed after a pause in which I was unable to say anything. “If you were going to tell anyone, you’d have done so already.”

Stubbornly, I flicked my wand.

He laughed horribly. “Fine then. No privacy for us. Let them hear everything. If that’s what you want, if that’s what gets you off, I’m more than happy to indulge. I’m not the one with a reputation to lose here.” But he flicked his wand again; and not having expected him to cast another spell, my guard was down, and my fingers were loose on my wand, and it slipped right out of my hand and flew to him.

I let out a little gasp of dismay. “Give it back!” I said fiercely.

Smirking, he laid both wands on the credenza next to the tea. “Don’t panic, I didn’t come here to steal your wand. It’s going to stay right here, next to mine. See?”

He came and stood just in front of me, both hands out, palms up.

I was glaring at him warily.

“I wanted to tell you that I missed you,” he told me. His smirk softened. His eyes darkened. “I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you.”

“Are you fucking mental?” I asked. “You set up a meeting with my bosses just to come here and tell me that?”

“I thought you’d think it romantic,” he said, pouting. “I think it’s romantic.” Then he stepped forward and tried to take me in his arms to kiss me; but I saw it coming and, flinching back, turned my head to deny him.

I heard him exhale a disappointed sigh.

Sidestepping him, I made for the door; but he was quicker and blocked me with his body.

I retreated. “Let me leave,” I said. My voice was coming out in a high-pitched whine.

He advanced on me. We matched steps until the hard edge of the conference table hit my back.

He was upon me.

I was effectively trapped. Putting both hands on either side of my body, planting his palms flat on the table, he leaned forward. His knee went in between mine, pressing against my pelvis. “Where shall we make love again?” he asked. “Table or chair?”

“Door,” I hissed, leaning back and pushing at his chest even though I was loathe to touch him. “Let me leave, Draco. We’re not- We’re not *making love*. How dare you come to where I work and harass me! You’re going to get me fired!”

“What a firecracker you are, baby,” he said, utterly undeterred by my remonstrations. “Table it is.” He grasped me around the waist, lifted me up, and set me on the edge of the table, using his hips to separate my legs so that they were forced to bracket him. “I *really* like the way you say my name when you’re angry,” he murmured huskily. “And I’m going to have you screaming it happily before long.”

“Are you having a laugh?” I said in outrage. “This is my workplace not your- your- your *sex dungeon*! And I’m never saying your name again, you degenerate louse!”

He was smirking with delight. “Is that a challenge?” he asked.

“It’s a fact!” I returned, bringing my legs closer to my body and my knees together, so I could get into the correct position to kick him away. But he pulled me back by my ankles, and, slipping his hand under my skirt, pinched the inside of my thigh warningly. “Don’t be coy. Keep your legs open for me. Or am I going to have to restrain you like before?”

He leered approvingly when I slackened at the threat. “Have I expressed how much I like muggle clothing?” he said absently, running his hands over my thighs as he spoke. “Dresses, skirts… Very, very sexy. Very… accessible.” His fingers curled under the hem of my skirt and pushed the material up, ignoring my squirming.

“Should I stop?” he said teasingly, continuing to push my skirt further up my thighs. “If you want me to stop, just say my name.”

“Draco,” I said immediately.

He began to chortle, his body shaking. “That was easy,” he managed to say through laughter.

My face had gone red.

“Lift your hips for me,” he requested. He was still busily manipulating my skirt.

“You said you’d stop!”

He gave me a devious grin. “I said if you *want* me to stop, to say my name. I didn’t say I would stop.”

“You’re a horrible human being.”

He pouted. “That’s not a very nice thing to say, baby. I came here to be with you, you know.”

I turned my head away again.

"If you're not going to be co-operative, then..." I felt him tap on my skirt, and suddenly, I was naked from the waist down. The sudden sensation of cool air around my nether regions, all of which lay exposed to him now, was shocking.

Mortified, my hands flew to cover myself. I tried to shift, but my hips were once again as heavy as marble and as pliable.

It was just like that night in the garden. It was happening all over again, only worse. Much worse.

We were in the conference room of my workplace, in broad daylight. If someone were to open the door and come in right now, which they very well might, the sight of a fully clothed potential client hovering in front of my bare arse on the table would be the very first thing that would greet them.

The thought filled me with distress. I was squeaking with distress.

He pulled my wrists away. "Don't hide from me," he warned, "or I'll constrain your arms too. How helpless do you want to be? You get to decide."

"Please," I begged, "Please stop. Not here. Don't- don't-" I ceased; I couldn't make myself say the *R word*. I didn't want to make it real by saying it. I'd spent the last six weeks trying not to even *think* about it.

"Don't what?" he teased. "Don't fuck you here?" Boldly, he pressed his palm against my bare pussy.

I was trying hard not to cry. "Don't do it," I pleaded. "I'll- I'll be co-operative, I promise. But not now. Another time. Somewhere else. Not here, please. It'll ruin my life. If someone comes, I'll lose my job. Please, *please*..."

"Ooh, we've arrived at the bargaining stage, have we?" he laughed. "You shouldn't have removed my silencing charm then, huh? All right, baby, I won't fuck you today in exchange for your future co-operation." He smiled generously down at me. But his hand was still lewdly cupping that very private part of me, and the warmth of it was repulsively intrusive on its own.

I waited for him to cancel his spells and let me go.

"I won't fuck you," he continued, as he began to press his palm rhythmically against my pussy, massaging it gently, "but I still want to play with you. I want to make you come. I regretted leaving you high and dry, the other night. It was so selfish, so uncharacteristic of me. I don't want to leave you with the wrong impression... I'm a very generous lover, you know..."

I couldn't believe my ears. "Don't you have any honour?" I hissed, trying to ignore the sensations he was creating in my lower body.

"If I did, I'd have been in Gryffindor like you, precious," he said smoothly. Suddenly he stopped and cocked his head. "Oh! I've been wondering, actually... Was I your first?"

I didn't respond. What that question had to do with Gryffindor, I wanted to know, but I was sure that to ask would only be to give him an opportunity to insult me, or my old school House, or both.

He leaned down a little lower, his dark grey eyes widening. "Were you a virgin, Hermione? Did I take your virginity that night?" He traced a light finger up my slit, passing by my clit and making me jerk. His mouth stretched. "I did, didn't I?" he purred.

I was still stubbornly refusing to dignify him with an answer.

He shrugged. "If you won't talk to me, I'll find another way to amuse myself."

Leisurely, he pressed my knees farther apart, and then, dropping down, he kneeled between my parted legs. He put his thumb in his mouth and sucked on it with a sharp wet sound. "Mm, you look good enough to eat..."

"What are you doing?" I questioned in alarm, propping myself up higher to peer at him.

He chuckled and raised his eyes. Humour swam in them. "You *are* a virgin. Or you were, I suppose."

"I'm not a virgin," I snapped. "I've already had two boyfriends. Sorry to burst your bubble. Let me go!"

"Sh, not so loud," he cautioned with a sly grin. "You don't want your colleagues to come in now. You're in *quite* the compromising position." He dragged his moistened thumb up to my clit and circled it, watching as my hands curled and I let my head sink a little with a broken exhale.

"So responsive. I think you've been with the wrong men, baby. But never mind them now. The past is the past. You're going to have so much more fun with me."

He was still playing with me, his fingers dancing teasingly around my clit with just enough direct contact to take my breathing up a notch. In a way, I was glad that my lower body was for all intents and purposes immobile, or I would no doubt have given away my arousal; I wanted so badly to tilt my hips up and chase his fingers. It was a primal drive, a primal pleasure-seeking drive, and it wouldn't be ignored.

"Mm... I think you missed me too," he murmured. "You're already getting nice and wet for me."

His golden head moved between my legs, and suddenly I felt a light pressure.

"Oh!" I cried. He was licking up my pussy, flickering his tongue as he reached my clit. He licked up and down, working to bring me to a frenzy of passion.

I was whimpering, and when I caught myself, bit down on my own fist and shot a frightened look at the door. He drew back smiling, and he licked his lips obscenely. “Does my baby like this?” he cooed.

I looked mulishly away from him again.

His finger stroked through my soaked slit and drifted to my clit where it lingered. He repeated his question and then answered it himself: “Does my baby like this? Oh, she does!” I could hear the triumphant smirk in his voice. “I’m going to lick you to orgasm,” he promised. “You won’t be able to think of anyone but me when you touch yourself from now on.”

He lowered his head, and I felt his tongue again. He was lapping at my cunt, passing the flat of his tongue over my clit and then swirling it deliberately slowly around, so slowly and teasingly that in spite of myself and his damnable spell, I was trying desperately to lift my hips to chase the friction.

He was bringing me to the edge and keeping me there.

At the next pass of his tongue and the next torturous curl of pleasure at the edges of my clit, I completely forgot myself. I let out a spontaneous huff of need and of frustration and fell backwards. “Please,” I moaned at the ceiling.

A low chuckle rose from between my thighs. “Please what?”

I closed my eyes, chest heaving. “Please stop. I hate you.”

“You know what to say if you want me to stop.”

“I’m not going to fall for that again,” I bit back, trying to sound indignant. I only sounded breathless.

“Then I guess that means you don’t want me to stop,” he hummed. He resumed attending to my clit, and the pleasure claimed me again. He was licking unceasingly, the wet sounds of his efforts filling the room. He wasn’t teasing anymore but licking slowly and steadily with consistent pressure.

Every part of my brain was focused on the sensations his mouth was bringing me and the intense and overwhelming desire building in my lower body. I heard him groan greedily into my pussy, and the vibration tingled across my clit. That was it-

Fuck.

The pleasure crested. My orgasm hit me.

“Ahh... Ahh!” My walls contracted as I came violently, my head turning from side to side, moans seeping out of my gaping mouth. Autonomously, my hand reached out to cup the back of his head, to weave my fingers into his hair. I was still writhing, my back arching as he kept his tongue pressed to me, coaxing more undulating waves of bliss through my body until he could wring no more from me.

My pleasure complete, I lay limply on the table. He had removed the spells holding me down but now that it was over, I couldn't bring myself to move.

He planted a kiss on each trembling inner thigh and rose. Satisfaction swam in his grey eyes. "That was good, wasn't it, baby?" he smiled. "I could tell you enjoyed that."

I turned onto my side, closing my legs together. My back was aching from lying on the hard table. "My clothes," I breathed through gritted teeth. "Give me my clothes back you prat."

"I'll give them back when you tell me that you enjo—"

"I enjoyed it. Give me my clothes."

He laughed. He walked his fingers up my bare thigh to my hipbone and tapped on it, and suddenly I was dressed again.

"Show-off," I muttered, swatting his hands away and refusing his attempt to help pull me to a sitting position. "Don't touch me."

There was a knock at the door. Both of us froze and looked towards it. Before either of us could say or do anything, the door opened to reveal Bill and Fiona.

They stopped mid-step and mid-speech. We all stared dumbly at each other. Bill and Fiona's eyes were going from me, still sitting on the desk looking pink-faced and just-ravished to the gloating Draco Malfoy beside me. His hand was resting on my knee. Behind them, another colleague passing by stopped in her tracks to join their spectating.

Draco was saying something, but I couldn't hear a word; a buzzing was filling my ears, and the blood of shame was rising up my neck. Unable to endure the shocked stares, I covered my face with my hands. My body was hot with humiliation.

Draco put his arm around my shoulders. The door closed.

Chapter End Notes

Officially, the story ends here. The next chapters are deleted chapters that I re-instated due to high demand.

Deleted Chapters Part 1 and 2

Chapter Summary

This is part 1 and 2 of 3 deleted chapters. So many people have been asking for these chapters that I've decided to just re-instate them. I don't know why you guys want these chapters so much, they are deleted for a reason!!

Chapter Notes

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

After Draco had made his exit and I had gone back to my office to wallow in shame, Bill came in. "Well," he exclaimed, his eyes twinkling jocularly, "you've certainly got an interesting approach to client relations!"

My face turned beet-red.

"But seriously," he went on, turning serious, "it might have been helpful if you'd disclosed the nature of your relationship beforehand. You've really got to let us know these things."

My heart skipped a beat. "There isn't anything to—"

"Hermione, let me stop you right there. We don't have a policy against *that*, but we do have a policy against *lying*."

Anxiously, I lowered my gaze. I really didn't know how to continue; I didn't want to make it worse.

"I'll have my resignation to you by end of day," I muttered morosely.

He sighed. "Nobody's asking for your resignation. There's nothing in the company policy that forbids flirting with your boyfriend in the office."

Oh. Flirting. So, that's all they thought we had been doing. I felt hit with a dose of relief.

Fiona came in. "Draco just returned your wand," she said to me. She put it down on my desk. "He accidentally took it with him."

I mumbled an embarrassed thanks and waited for her to continue speaking. I knew there was something else coming; Fiona was a partner and would never have come to my office just to return me a wand. We had assistants for that.

Sure enough, she said: "I was just having a quick chat with him after he came back. He agreed that we should proceed quickly with the discovery phase." She gave me an inscrutable

look. “I need you to go with Nathan to conduct discovery on-site in their New York office.”

“Shouldn’t I be taken off the account?” I anxiously said.

Bill was frowning. “That might be for the best. We want to avoid potential conflict of interest. What about Alicia, can’t she go?”

“She’s working on the UKMA re-up,” said Fiona. “We just need Hermione’s help with discovery.”

“All right,” Bill said. “You discuss the logistics, I’ve another meeting.” He left.

Fiona was smiling at me. “No excuses,” she said before I could interrupt her. “You’re going. Next week.” She winked. “You can both thank me later.”

By the end of the next week, I found myself in a hotel room in New York, sitting on the bed eating jelly babies and speed reading my way through a document.

My wand began to buzz. A teeny vibrating voice emanated from it: “Connection request from Hawthorne ten unicorn.”

I briefly tried to match the wand specs to a person. Who had a ten-inch hawthorne? Certainly, it was someone I knew; no one would be able to reach me by wand without first having physically connected theirs to mine.

“Connection request from Hawthorne ten unicorn,” my wand repeated.

I nibbled at my too-sugary treat. “Accept.”

There was a buzz of acknowledgement from the wand, and then silence.

“Hello?” I said into the air.

“Hello, Hermione.”

I sat up, my hair on end.

“Who is this?” I asked sharply.

A sigh of disappointment issued out of my wand. “First you fail to keep your date with me, then you pretend not to recognise my voice. You break my heart twice tonight, Hermione.”

“Malfoy,” I hiss. “How did you connect to my wand?”

“You left it in the conference room of your office when you ran off, don’t you remember?” his voice oozed out. “I took the liberty of coupling our wands before returning it.”

“I can’t believe you would do that without invitation. That’s deplorable.”

His amused laugh came through. “Of all the things I’ve done, this is the one that gets your goat?”

I shot the wand a glare. “Terminate connection.”

I had the satisfaction of hearing his laughter cut off.

I put aside the bag of jelly babies and got up. I needed to pace the room to calm my nerves. But hardly had I set my feet down when my wand began to buzz again. “Connection request from Hawthorne ten unicorn.”

“Reject.”

“Urgent incoming connection from Hawthorne ten unicorn. Connecting.”

I turned to gaze open-mouthed at my wand as Draco’s voice filled the room again. “That wasn’t very nice,” he said at once.

“What- what!” I was furiously spluttering. Oh, he had such nerve!

I collected myself. “You know I’m just going to decouple our wands.”

“I thought you might threaten to do that,” he replied. “Before you decide to end our chat again, I want you to hear this first, so that you’re aware... I’m keeping a tally of all the things you do that rub me the wrong way. I don’t want you feigning ignorance when I eventually discipline you again... You’ve already racked up many naughty points tonight, Hermione... Failing to show up for dinner... Tsk, tsk...”

“I didn’t *fail* to show up for dinner,” I said through gritted teeth. I was aware that I was putting myself at a disadvantage by engaging with him, but he had succeeded in terrifying me with his threats. “I told your secretary I wasn’t going. I’m busy working.”

“Same difference.”

“Why are you doing this?” I plead. “What will it take to get you to leave me alone?”

“A dinner with me will be a start.”

“If I have one dinner with you, you’ll leave me alone?”

“Have dinner with me tomorrow, at my place, and if during dinner you can convince me to leave you alone after, I promise I will.”

“I’m not having dinner with you alone,” I said. Just the thought of it was putting renewed terror in my heart. “I’m not meeting you alone *anywhere*. And you can threaten me as much

as you want, it won't change that."

"Truly, it breaks my heart to hear that," he responded gaily, "but if meeting in the most crowded restaurant imaginable is what it will take to get you to have dinner with me, then we'll do that. I'll let you decide on the restaurant."

"Fine."

"We'll meet for dinner tomorrow. Give my secretary your selection."

"Fine."

"Wear a dress."

"No."

Another disappointed sigh filled my bedroom. "I'm already letting you pick the restaurant, Hermione. Don't push it. Wear a dress."

Out of spite, I picked the most expensive restaurant I could find. It had an open floor plan and no private rooms, and it was crowded; every table was seated.

At a corner table by the window, his back to the view, was my golden-haired tormentor. He looked up from the menu he was perusing, spotted me, and stood up at once.

"Please," he said, trying to direct me to share his booth seat.

"No, thank you."

"Sit beside me, please. All the other couples are seated beside each other."

"I highly doubt that."

"Look around."

I looked around. I was surprised to find that he was correct.

"We're not a couple," I said, shrugging.

He raised a brow. "We are two people together, so that makes us a couple. Let's not make a scene."

I sat next to him. He snuck his arm around my shoulders as I folded my arms across my chest and wondered why I allowed him to wring co-operation out of me by his constant threats of public humiliation. Was I that avoidant?

“The restaurant is as crowded as you wished for,” he observed.

“Yeah, well. I rang them specifically to make sure they were fully booked before coming.”

He cooed. “You’re so clever, baby.”

“Don’t infantilise me.”

“I’m just trying to be sweet,” he pouted. He rubbed my shoulder. “Don’t be so antagonistic. Let’s just have a nice dinner, okay?”

I pressed my lips together. “What sort of person gets a table by the window and sits with their back towards it?”

“I prefer to look at people. They’re so... *interesting*. Want to share a bottle of Margaux with me?”

“No.”

“Suit yourself.” He tapped on his selection with his wand and the wine menu vanished.

“Where’s the à la carte menu?” I asked, putting down the sheet of paper I was reading; it was offering two types of dégustation menus, both too many courses long.

“They don’t have à la carte here, precious,” he said, raising a brow at my disheartened expression. “If you want something out of the menu, just ask if they’ll make it for you. They’re very accommodating. Your wand, please.”

“Why?”

“I know you decoupled. I want to re-connect.”

I shot him a look of incredulity. “I’m *not* giving you my wand.”

“You don’t have to. Just hold it out like this. You know how to link wands, yes?”

“Have you seen Capella lately?” I asked, changing the subject.

“I met her last week. She was humping my leg.” He laughed at the expression on my face.
“Oh, not literally. Should I fuck her?”

I scowled.

“Aww, are you jealous, baby? It’s not like either of us were virgins before we met.”

I put my head in my hand. “Just- Please just tell me what I can do to make you go away. Please. I can’t take this anymore. I’m very stressed.”

He looked surprised. “I thought we were having fun.”

I glared at him. “*You* might be.” I took a roll of bread and tore viciously into it. “I’m stressed. I’m stress eating. I’m going to get so fat.” I paused between bites. “Hmm. Maybe that’s what I’ll do. I’ll get really fat and disgusting and you’ll leave me alone.”

“You’re not going to get fat,” he laughed. “Look at you. You couldn’t get fat if you tried. And you won’t try. I understand people, you know.”

“Doubt it.”

“I do. I know for example that you’re going to go for the six-course.”

“Because I don’t want to get fat?”

“Because you want our dinner to end as soon as possible.”

“Oh, how’d you deduce that?” I said sarcastically.

He shrugged. “Sure, it might be obvious, but it doesn’t make my assumption any less correct.” He waved at my menu. “Go on. Prove me right.”

I glared at him. “You’re just trying to trick me into doing eight courses.”

He smiled slyly. “Pick whatever you like, babe.”

I picked up the menu, leaned away from him, and stabbed at my selection with my wand.

“Which one did you pick?” he drawled.

“Not telling you.”

“Tsk. That’s another black mark on your record.” He waved a server over and handed her his menu. “I’ll have the same as my date. No lobster for me.”

The server nodded. “We can substitute it for the sea urchin or the turbot. Which would you prefer?”

“Surprise me.”

“Very good, sir,” said the server and went away.

Draco leaned back and put his arm around me. “Why did you wear such a long dress?” he complained.

I tried to shrug his arm away. “If you know people so well, you should already know why.”

He laughed. “Want to play a game?”

“No.”

“How about this- If you beat me at a game, I’ll leave you alone forever and ever. What do you think?”

“What’s the game?” I asked begrudgingly.

“The Understanding Draco and Hermione game.”

“I know you’re making all this up on the spot.”

“Yeah, I am,” he admitted.

I sighed frustratedly. “How is it played then?”

“Just like this.” He spread his hands. “You and I live our lives as per normal. At the end of six months, we will come together and decide who has won. The winner, of course, being the person that understood the other better.”

“You’ll just say that you won. I want you to leave me alone now.”

He tapped his fingers on the table. “Okay,” he said, “I’ll sweeten the deal for you. If, in six months, I cannot get you to explicitly admit that I’ve won, then you win by default, and I will even-” He pursed his lips, thinking. “I will even give you three million galleons as a prize. You can convert that into pounds or into whichever muggle currency you pref-”

“I know how much three million galleons is,” I snapped. “I don’t have to convert it into anything. I’m a *witch*.”

“Then you know you’ll never have to work again.”

“And what’s in it for you?” I asked suspiciously. “What do you get if you win?”

He gave me a cryptic smile. “If I win, you’ll know at that point what I’ve won.”

I tossed my head scornfully back. I didn’t need twelve NEWTs to guess that whatever he saw himself winning from me was something sexual and degrading. “Whatever. I want it in writing. If, by New Year’s Eve, I haven’t told you *of my own volition* that you have won your stupid game, I get three million galleons from you and I never have to see your ugly face ever again.”

“That’s not a nice thing to say,” he said reproachfully. “I’m very handsome and you know it.”

Ignoring him, I reached down into my workbag and got out parchment and a quill. “In writing,” I said curtly. I slid the material over to him. “Now.”

“No.” He crossed his arms. “Not if you’re going to talk to me like this. It’s off-putting.”

I ground my teeth. A server came and put down a small plate of croquettes in front of us.

“Please put it down in writing,” I said the second we were alone again.

He shook his head. “No. You don’t want to play my game, so I think I’ll keep my three million. Have one of these, they’re really nice.”

I took the croquette from him. “I do want to play your game. Come on,” I cajoled him. “Draco—”

As soon as his name had left my mouth, he brightened. “All right,” he said, “I’ll do it. But only if you first tell me I’m handsome.”

“You’re handsome.”

Smug and smiling, he picked up a mollified quill and began to write. “What do you find most handsome about me?”

“I dunno...” I muttered. I was anxiously watching him. He was taking his own sweet time about it; I’d never seen anyone write so slowly before.

He put the quill down. “You *don’t know?*”

“Er...” I twisted my upper body to properly canvass him. “You have very nice, er, er, everything...”

“Everything?” he asked, growing smugger. “Like my hair? You like my hair?”

“Oh, er, yeah.”

“My eyes?” he prodded.

“Yeah.”

“My mouth?”

“Yeah.”

A smirk curved it. “Let’s have a kiss on the mouth then.”

“Urgh.” I made a face. “Finish what you’re doing first, please.”

He finished writing out the simple rules of our game and signed the parchment with a flourish.

I tore it from his hands. “Hah!” I exclaimed triumphantly.

Both his eyebrows went up. “Hah?”

“This parchment is hexed!” I informed him. “If you don’t fulfil its conditions, something terrible will happen to you. No backing out now, Malfoy.”

His brows raised higher. “Do you just carry hexed parchment around with you? I’ve got to say, that’s mental, babe.”

“No,” I bluffed, turning my nose up. “I knew you were going to propose something dastardly like this so I made sure I was prepared for the eventuality.”

He looked impressed. "This is going to be a fun game," he hummed.

"Yeah," I gave my blithe response. I got up, preparing to leave. "See you in six months."

He pulled on my arm, hard.

"Ow!" I cried, sitting back down and rubbing my elbow.

A few faces looked over. I quickly turned mine down.

"We're having dinner," murmured Draco pleasantly in my ear. "So I will not be *seeing you in six months*. To clarify- just in case you're confused- I don't want you to be confused, you see- I will see you as frequently as I want."

"Not if I don't want to see you," I muttered, recoiling away from his painful grip.

"Even if you don't want to see me," he stated grimly. "Now... About that kiss..."

"Don't even think about it. I'll scream."

"And embarrass yourself? Over a kiss that you promised to give me after I signed your hexed parchment? Now that's real dastard- dastardness-"

"Dastardliness."

"Dastardliness, thank you. That's real- That's proper dastardly, babe. You also promised me you'd cooperate, you remember? I suppose you won't be doing that either?"

"I suppose not," I said nonchalantly, as nonchalantly as I could with his hand around my forearm and his teeth almost at my ear. I was feeling a little bold. Boldness in numbers. He wasn't going to do anything with so many people around.

"I was afraid it would come to this," he said, releasing me. "One last chance. Are you sure you don't want to give me a kiss?"

A waiter came with our appetisers. I waited for him to finish describing the dish- some sort of roulade in sauce- I wasn't listening.

"Oh, I'm very sure," I spat at him as soon as the waiter had departed.

"Then you'd better go under the table and give me head instead," said Draco as he picked up fork and knife and cut into the dish.

I stared. "Excuse me?"

He put a forkful of roulade in his mouth, chewed, swallowed. "Go on. You heard me. Get down there and suck my dick."

I continued to stare at him agape until I realised that nothing was forcing me to sit there and listen to this swill.

I stood to go. "I'm leaving now. Touch me and I'll really scream," I warned.

He looked up from the meal he was still busy with. He didn't look a bit ruffled by my threat; he looked composed. His composure ratcheted up my anxiety levels.

"Did you hear me?" I squeaked.

He chuckled. "Oh, I heard you," he assured me; and, under my bewildered eyes, suddenly snatched up his spoon and used it to clink several times on his water glass.

At the crystalline sound, the entire restaurant fell silent.

Draco clinked his glass again.

Everyone- staff and patron, turned to face our table.

Their collective gaze, their myriad eyeballs- that was all too much for me. I stumbled backwards; I felt hit as if by a shockwave. I felt the colour rushing to my face. The back of my knees hit the seat, and I sat abruptly back down.

Draco lifted the spoon he was holding and waved it like a conductor would. "Turn away," he ordered, and watched them obey, smiling with cocky satisfaction.

"Now where where were we?" he purred at me. "Oh, yes, you were just about to get down on your knees and service me." He leered. "Don't close that pretty little mouth until you've got my dick in there, baby."

I shut my mouth with an angry snap then unhinged it again to yell at him. "You- you- You Imperiused them!" I accused.

"Imperiuss?" He levelled me a disapproving look. "Baby, that's illegal. These people all work for me. You wanted a full restaurant, so I booked out the whole place and filled it with my people. Now, are you gonna suck my dick or not?"

"What? No!"

He shrugged. "Fine, straight to the shagging then?"

I gaped at him for what felt like a minute, recovered, and said, "I'm leaving."

He clinked on his glass once more.

Faces turned back our way. I gasped and sat down.

Draco laughed evilly. Another clink. They all stood.

"Stop that," I muttered. "Stop- Stop- Stop it. What are you making them do?"

"I don't think you want to find out, so you better start cooperating..."

I shook my head. "If they're just people you paid to come here, they're not going to do anything to stop me leaving," I said, fortifying my resolve.

"Are you sure about that, babe?" he asked, grinning slyly. "Because I told them all that we're a very kinky couple, and that you love to play rape."

For what was probably the twentieth time this evening, he had bowled me over. I stared at him, quite unable to believe my ears. "No, you didn't," I said nervously.

"I did. Because it's true."

I was bowled over once again. "Oh, my God, I really hope you don't think that. I really, *really*—"

"You really need to get started putting that mouth around my dick."

It took a few seconds to recover from the latest blow.

"Why don't we discuss this, Draco?" I said reasonably. "If you tell them to sit down and stop looking at us, we can discuss this, okay?"

"What's there to discuss?"

"Our game?"

"Kiss me and we can discuss it."

"Okay," I gave in. "I'll kiss you, but after—"

He shook his head. "I'll count to three. If you're not kissing me by the time I get to three, I'm going to bend you over the table and fuck you in front of everybody here." His eyes glittered joyfully as he began an enthusiastic countdown. "*One... Two...*"

I threw myself at his mouth.

He met my kiss; his hand caught me under the jaw, his fingers going into the back of my neck as he kissed me passionately.

As he deepened the kiss, my mind betrayed me by recalling how he had last brought me to orgasm. Arousal sparked in my body; I found myself squeezing my thighs together. Instinct wanted me to touch his chest, to press my sensitive, pebbled nipples up against it...

But I pulled away.

"I knew we'd get there," he said, smirking as if he knew what the effect the kiss on me had had.

I reddened. "Please tell them to look away now."

He did. "Now..." he said, "Are you ready to cooperate?"

“I can’t give you a blowjob here, Draco, please.”

“Why not? You said you didn’t want to be alone with me, so here is perfect.” He laughed at the look on my face. “You really shouldn’t grind your teeth, baby. Didn’t your parents ever tell you that it’s bad? Aren’t they tooth healers?”

“They’re not tooth healers,” I said frustratedly. “They’re oral surgeons. Wait, how do you know about my parents?” My senses were tingling. “Draco? How do you know what my parents do?”

“Speaking of oral...” he said, ignoring my question and giving me a slippery smile, “Why don’t you... practise...”

“No.”

“All right, you don’t have to give me a blowjob here. But I want to touch you under the table.”

“No, Draco.”

All the playfulness left him. “You’re being a cow,” he snapped, “and I’ve just about had it with you. You said you wanted a crowd, I gave you a crowd. You said you didn’t want to suck me off under the table, so I said you didn’t have to. What you really want is a lesson. Shorten your skirt now so I can have access to your pussy, or I’ll vanish all your clothes for you and you can give everyone a good look.”

“Please don’t,” I pleaded, agonising over my next move.

“I’m counting to three.”

I grabbed my wand and shortened my skirt.

“Why doesn’t the carrot work on you, baby?” asked Draco, putting his hand on one of my knees and yanking it away from the other. “Hm? Why do you want me to use the stick?”

“Draco, please...” I whispered, looking into his hard eyes. “Why are you doing this to me? Why?”

“Because I have three million on the line, don’t you remember? You made sure to lock me in with your hexed parchment, so...” He began feeling up my exposed thighs, his hands pushing into the clenched cleft of my inner thighs. His smile was nasty. “Six months of this, baby. Spread your thighs. Open up that juicy cunt. Come on.”

I spread them a fraction, and then wider, as his dark grey eyes narrowed warningly at me.

The waiters arrived with the next course. Draco smiled as they placed the plates in front of us. Under the table, his hand was softly petting my underwear.

Then, he tapped his finger on me and vanished it.

I gasped.

"It is one of our signature dishes," one of the waiters, misinterpreting my reaction, proudly said. "The smoke is edible."

I then realised that our plates were billowing thick, coloured smoke.

"How do we eat the smoke?" queried Draco as he ran his fingers lightly over my mons.

"You lick it," answered the waiter.

Draco leaned in to lick the smoke. At the same time, he slipped his finger down to the entrance of my pussy.

"Very nice," he said approvingly. "It's wet."

"It has a wet texture on the tongue," said the waiter. "It's very much deliberate."

"Well, I like it," drawled Draco, sliding his finger around my wet pussy and drawing it up in search of my clit.

I jumped when he found it.

"It's not going to feel wet unless you're licking it," the waiter, misinterpreting my reaction for the second time, reassured me.

"Is that so," hummed Draco, returning his finger to my wet entrance and pushing it in.

I stared hard at my plate and tried to smile and nod. I couldn't see past the smoke, but I didn't dare to look anywhere else.

"Enjoy," said the waiter, and withdrew.

"Oh, we will," snickered Draco.

"I want to sample their signature dish," he said to me. "But my hand is busy." He deliberately tickled the tightly clenched walls of my cunt with his finger. "Feed me a spoon of it."

"Draco, oh God, please stop."

"No. Isn't that your favourite word? No? How do you like hearing it now?" He pushed his whole finger savagely into me. "Not so nice, is it?"

I tensed at the penetration. I felt my eyes begin to sting. I was going to cry.

"Oh, don't be like that, baby," said Draco. "You don't like the taste of your own medicine, huh?"

I shook my head. "Saying no to r-r-rape isn't- isn't"

"If you could say no to rape, it wouldn't *be* rape, would it?" he said reasonably. "You're so hung up on the rape thing. Why don't you just enjoy it? Then it definitely wouldn't be rape." He paused as if to silently admire his own cleverness, then slid his finger all the way out of me. I was drying up.

"I could play with your clit again to make you wet," said Draco, brushing his fingers across my entrance as if he owned it. "But I think kissing me got you really wet, didn't it? Oh, actually, I have another idea. I want to see you lick that smoke as if you're licking my cock- or my come."

I opened my mouth, intending to tell him to fuck off. But I was too afraid.

"Lick," insisted Draco. "Show me your sexy technique. Get me excited."

I stuck my tongue out a little and licked the smoke.

"Yeah, that's it," he said appreciatively. His fingers went almost absentmindedly to my clit.

I stuck my tongue out even further and licked.

"That's so hot, baby," he praised, rubbing my clit reflexively. "Lick it some more. Lick it like it's my cock. Lick it like it's my come. Finish it all up."

He petted my clit as I continued to lick the rising smoke, my tongue curling repetitively and my hips rising into his frantically rubbing fingers. I didn't even register the taste of the smoke, only the perverse pleasure he had trapped me in.

"Are you going to lick my dick like that later?" demanded Draco.

"Yeah..."

"Feel me," he said, roughly grabbing my hand and bringing it to his crotch. "Feel how hard I am for you?"

I nodded.

"You're gonna suck on this cock later."

I nodded.

"You're really fucking wet now," he chuckled. "Your pussy is all wet and dripping and excited. All from imagining yourself eating my come."

"You're- ungh- touching me," I protested.

"You're enjoying it," he said, plunging two fingers confidently into my drenched pussy. "So much for rape."

I bucked at the invasion. My eyes went up and around. Looking at the other diners, I remembered my humiliating position. And there was no more thick smoke to hide me from

prying eyes. I had licked it all up. "No," I whined in fright. "No, stop."

"Not until you come. I want you to know that I can make you come anywhere."

"Yeah? Apparently not while you're fucking me, though," I retorted, pushing at his wrist.

"Is that why you're so upset, baby?" he asked. He slid his fingers out of me and lightly petted my clit. "Because I didn't let you come the first time?"

"What? No!"

"I made it up to you, in your office, and I'm making it up to you here, so how long are you going to hold that over my head?" he asked quietly.

"No, I- Draco, I don't *care* about that! It's not about-"

"And you forgot that that was a punishment," he said sinisterly. "And you're getting punished again later. Feed me that thing."

Trying hard not to shake, I picked up his spoon, dipped it into the smoking soup, and brought it to his mouth.

He tasted it. "Hmm. I like truffle as much as the next guy but these restaurants really need to stop relying on it. I don't think I've had one meal in the last six years that didn't have truffle... or caviar... or foie gras in it. Or that citrusy thing. What is it called- Oh- Yuzu. You?"

"Er..."

He patted my pussy. "Have a taste."

I picked up my own spoon and tasted the soup. "Yeah," I muttered. "Truffle. Draco," I said, trying to dance away from his softly-petting fingers, "can we please just have a normal meal?"

"Yes, exactly! With none of this yuzu or white truffle-"

"What? No! I mean to please stop touching me!"

He side-eyed me. "Oh. No. Now, it's time for my baby to come."

"No!" I shoved his hand away.

He glared at me. Before I could do anything to stop him, he grabbed his spoon and made a sound on his glass again- and once again we found ourselves the restaurant-wide subject of curiosity.

I froze in panic.

Draco made a sigh of happiness. He resumed petting me. "How should I make you come?" he asked. "By here...?" He circled my clit with one finger.

"Draco, stop this now," I hissed desperately. "I mean it!"

"Or here...?" he continued, dipping his finger through my wet folds into the thick muscle of my channel.

"Draco, no..." I whispered, as another finger joined the first.

"Or both...?"

With his fingers pumping into me, he pressed the edge of his palm down on my clit.

I grabbed his wrist. "Oh, God. Draco... Please, they're looking! They'll see what you're doing!"

"Kiss me and I'll tell them to look away," he said.

I swivelled my head and went for his mouth.

He pulled back. "Not so roughly," he chided. "Where's the romance? Let's look lovingly at each other first."

I huffed as he curled his fingers in me, pressing into some spot. "Oh, God."

"Right here, huh?" he crooned, his eyes bright with lust. "You look so beautiful giving in to me, baby. You're going to come for me right here, aren't you?"

His fingers swirled and pressed the pleasure-giving spot. A moan escaped my throat.

"That sounds like a yes," he chuckled. "Your turn to say something romantic. Do you think I'm handsome?"

I was nodding. I did find him very handsome. Very, very handsome. His face was fresh and masculine; his hair was flaxen gold- not the dry looking kind, but the kind that looked soft to the touch; his eyes were the right kind of grey, serious and emotive. And his mouth was very kissable.

He leaned closer, just enough to tempt me; and my lust-addled mind took the bait. I touched his soft hair and kissed his kissable mouth, another groan gurgling out of my throat as he ground his palm into my clit.

Echoing my groan, Draco grabbed my hand and brought it straight to his dick.

"Draco..." I moaned in between kisses, "Draco, please stop... oh..." But I had not moved my hand away.

"Oh yeah, baby, that feels good," he groaned. I realised I was in fact palming his hard on only a little less lustfully than he was frigging my pussy.

“Oh, fuck, Draco,” I choked as he stretched his fingers in me. “Oh, no, oh, God...”

“Oh, yeah, you like it. You’re going to come in a minute, I can tell,” he whispered, licking and kissing my lips. “Even with everyone watching you... You’re still going to come for me. Your pussy is melting, baby.”

I took my hand off his dick and shook my head, trying to deny it, but this only made him more determined to bring me to orgasm. His method turning aggressive, he rocked his palm furiously across my clit.

“Oh, no, please don’t, Draco...” I pleaded, feeling the amazing sensation rising and helpless to stop it. In one final move of self preservation, I buried my head in his neck to hide my face, begging and moaning all the while. “Please don’t... Don’t make me... Oh, God, no, no... not here, please don’t make me come... Oh, God, ah, no, Draco, please don’t ahh... make me oh... yeah, ah- Ah, yeah...”

I had come, bleating into his neck like this. “Ahh...” I continued to faintly ululate as I came and came.

My pussy was beyond sensitive. I let out a bitter sound as he pumped his fingers a few more times into my shuddering walls before he finally removed his hand.

I could feel him cleaning up. He was going about it as slowly as he had written out the details of the game, on my hexed parchment. Not that I wanted him to be quick. He could be as slow as he pleased now; I might even thank him if he could stop time for me.

I didn’t resist as he took my hand and placed it back on his dick. “Now let’s go take care of me...” he suggested huskily.

I remained where I was, face down in his shoulder. “No,” I mumbled. “I can never get up or show my face again. You’ve ended my life.”

“So then do you want to just go ahead and admit I’ve won?” he asked, laughing at my misery like the git he was.

“Fuck you, no,” I said into his shoulder. “Now I really need your three million.”

“Oh, baby, don’t be sad. They’re not looking anymore.”

“You’re lying.”

“Can’t you hear them eating?”

I paused to listen. “But they were looking before,” I said adamantly.

“No, they weren’t. I made them look away. You were too horny to notice.” His laugh sounded like a cackle.

“Oh, God,” I groaned in shame. “I hate you.”

“You’re going to be loving me later,” he promised. He rotated his hips, pushing his hard-on into my hand. “Get up. Let’s go.”

“No.”

“People are starting to look again,” he warned. “You look weird lying on me like that, like you’re ill or bereaved or something. Get up.”

I grit my teeth and got off him, opening my eyes just to look down at my plate.

“Yes, Mr. Malfoy, how can I help you?” I heard the polite voice of a waiter. Draco had called someone over.

“It’s been a great meal, but unfortunately I’ve just remembered we have an event to get to,” Draco smoothly lied.

“Would you like us to send the rest of your food to your residence?”

“Hmm. Would you like some food for later, babe?” asked my tormentor, rubbing my back.

I dared to look up at the waiter. “No, thanks,” I quickly said, smiling nervously.

“Maybe just send us the dessert,” said Draco.

I glanced around the restaurant as the waiter nodded and went away with our plates.

“See? No one noticed anything,” laughed Draco. “No one’s even paying attention to us.” He adjusted his trousers and stood, extending a hand to me. “And they won’t if you continue to cooperate with me. Let’s go.”

Resigned, I took his hand and allowed him to lead me out.

Chapter End Notes

I did not know so many people enjoyed this story until after I had deleted these chapters. If you like a story, and you do not say so, writers may assume it is not well received and stop working on it, especially if the people that do not like the story are vocal about their dislike for it- and they usually are.

Deleted Chapters Part 3

Chapter Summary

Part 3 of 3 deleted chapters. This chapter has been edited. I do not recommend reading it.

“Please, Harry, do this for me,” I pleaded, as Harry frowned censoriously across his eggs and kippers at me.

We were having breakfast at his favourite restaurant, a little family-owned place with five small round chequered tables and a well-stocked bar.

Harry heaved out a sigh and frowned at the folded newspaper by his left hand. “I don’t understand,” he said. “Explain it to me again. You’re seeing Malfoy but you don’t want people to know that you’re seeing him? How does that make any sense?”

“No! Weren’t you listening? I’m *not* seeing Malfoy.”

“Hermione, it’s a bit late for denials when your relationship has already been exposed,” he elucidated, picking the paper up and beginning to unfold it.

I tried to stop him. “No, no. You don’t have to show me- Argh.” I was once again facing down a series of pictures of myself. Myself, lip-locked with Draco Malfoy; myself, staring with what looked to be extreme passion into his eyes; myself, walking out of the restaurant, holding his hand.

The bastard.

I didn’t even want to imagine what other pictures he had of us. My heart grew cold at the thought that our *other activities* had been similarly recorded. That horrible, scheming, evil bastard... I was going to make sure to slap him the very next time I saw him.

Harry shook the pictures accusingly at me. “I don’t know who you think you’re trying to gaslight here, but it’s not me. Pictures don’t lie.” He slammed the paper down on the table and leaned back into his chair like a satisfied private investigator. “You’re obviously seeing Malfoy, and not just *seeing*, but also feeling, handling, *fucking*...”

“Oh, my fucking God, Harry, will you keep it the fuck down,” I hissed, dropping my head and looking with paranoia around the empty restaurant.

Harry chuckled. “I thought you said you didn’t like him... but I’m not surprised, to be honest. I saw the way you looked at him at Capella’s party.”

“What?” I was aghast. “The way I *looked* at him?”

“Mhm.”

“I was not looking at him in any way. I don’t- I’m *not* seeing him,” I re-stated. “We’ve… If you must know, we’ve got a bet going…”

“Yeah, he’s won it, whatever it is,” said Harry disinterestedly. “Have you been to Ice-scapade?”

“No. What is it?”

“I was hoping you would tell me. It’s some kind of… thing? Party? Event? Organised by your boyfriend, apparently. Rita wants me to take her.”

“Who is Rita? Never mind.” I had developed an idea. “You’re taking me.”

“Taking you where?”

“To the Ice-scapade.”

“Oh, no.” He gave a firm shake of the head and waved his hands for emphasis. “Once with Rita will be enough. I don’t like themed parties. Why don’t you go with your boyfriend? I reckon he’ll take you if you ask him.”

“Harry. Please. He’s not my boyfriend.”

“Hermy. Stop gaslighting me.”

“Okay, where did you learn that word from?” I demanded. Harry, bless him, had a tendency towards overapplying whatever new concept he had just learnt until the novelty wore off, a quirk I sometimes found endearing, sometimes annoying.

This time, it was annoying.

“Rita told me what it means,” answered Harry, shovelling eggs into his mouth. He took a swig of water. “She’s whip smart. *Older*. You should meet her. I think you’ll get on like a house on fire. She’s a journalist. And do you know she wrote a book on lice?”

“Harry, I don’t care about lice. Can you please dump Rita and be my fake boyfriend?”

“Why?”

“I… just…” I hesitated. I couldn’t tell him the real reason, which was to use him to ward Draco off. I just… couldn’t. “Please, Harry, please do this for me!” I pleaded. “I let you copy all my homework, you remember? I also signed attendance for you… For arithmancy *and* runes. I helped you ask Gin out, I helped you ask Cho out, I helped you ask that veela out. I helped get rid of that-”

“Shush, shush, *shush*,” hissed Harry, glaring in turn with paranoia around the empty room. “Keep spewing my secrets, will you? There’s maybe one journalist in Wales who hasn’t heard you yet.”

“So, will you?” I asked.

“No, I can’t dump Rita yet. I’ve only just met her. What if she’s the one?”

I ignored his facetious remark. If I knew Harry well at all, I knew his romance with a journalist who wrote about lice was going to be short lived. “It will make you look sexier than Malfoy if people think you stole me off him,” I said, trying to appeal to his ego.

He thought about it for a second. “Nah, I don’t need the drama. Plus, I *am* sexier. I’m a quidditch player. Shit.” He was looking at the time. “I’ve got to go. Hermy, sorry I can’t be of help-”

“It’s my parents!” I lied desperately.

That stopped him in his tracks. “What do you mean?” he frowned. “What’s happened with your parents?”

“They... saw the pictures,” I fumbled. “The pictures of me and... and Draco. They... They’re incensed. They hate pure bloods. They don’t want me dating one. And I’m not even! It was just one stupid date, but...” I realised I was actually close to crying now. “It’s ruining my life.”

“Really? Jesus, Hermy,” breathed Harry. “I never knew your parents were like this. But...” He furrowed his brows in confusion. “...most of your mates are pure blood.”

“Yeah, they don’t mind that,” I mumbled, wiping away tears. “But they’d rather I marry a muggle than a pureblood, you know?”

Harry sighed. “Okay, fine,” he said. He patted my hand awkwardly. “Whatever you need from me. Just tell me. Er. I’ve really got to run...”

“Thanks, Harry,” I warbled at him as he elbowed the door of the restaurant open and stepped out. “I’ll get us the tickets.”

My plan was relatively simple: I wanted Draco to think I had a boyfriend- and protector in Harry so that he would stop thinking I was easy prey and leave me alone. Harry might not have had the same levels of wealth and influence as him, but Harry was plenty wealthy and influential, with a rabid and loyal fanbase that could make the life of anyone he chose to sic them on pure hell.

Claiming I wanted to go to his event with my colleagues, I sent him a message asking if I could have some tickets to the Ice-scapade. I knew he would be sure to want to show up and torment me. And, just as I'd thought, he immediately sent over the tickets, along with a dress and a boorish command to wear it.

It was a very clinging dress, one of those semi-sheer tulle ones with the visible corsets, which I wore despite my desire to fling it in the nearest bin; I couldn't wait to see the look on Draco's face when he saw me wearing his dress ostensibly on a date with the famous Harry Potter

Harry did a double-take when he saw me in it. "Wow, Hermy. You're dressed up. Aren't you going to be cold?"

"Oh, thanks, yeah... I mean, no, it's got one of those warming charms," I muttered. I was starting to doubt my decision. The dress was very uncomfortable, and I felt self-conscious in it. "Should I change?"

"No, you look good." He gave me another admiring glance over and then looked at his watch. "We should get going."

I moved towards the door with him. "We need to get a picture of us together, by the way. Holding hands. Boyfriend girlfriend type thing."

"Right. Yeah. But no snogging, yeah?" He laughed nervously.

Suddenly, he looked worried. "Hermy, aren't you concerned people are going to think you're a... you know..." He gestured meaningfully, and then, looking exasperated to see that I wasn't following his meaning, lowered his voice and gestured with even more animation. "You *know*... a *slag*?"

"Oh. What, because of the gown? Or the fact that it'll look like I've moved from Draco straight to you?"

"Yes, that. The latter. I mean..." He ran his hand through his hair, messing it up completely. "People are going to be saying all sorts of nasty things about you, and I don't think your parents will be happy with that either."

"They like you," I said. As for what people said about me, I was sure it wouldn't be anything I couldn't deal with it.

"Well..." Harry preened.

I grabbed his hand. "Come on."

We apparated to the venue, which was a large tent in one of the parks near Diagon. It was as large as a building, which was impressive; since wizarding structures are always magically expanded on the inside, given its size, its interior must be absolutely massive.

"What is this event again?" asked Harry as I handed him our tickets.

"I... still don't know," I admitted. "The description didn't give me much to go on. We're promised a spectacular and thrilling night, whatever that means. It's a show, I guess, but the space looks huge for a show... Where's the VIP meeting point?"

Harry pointed it out, and we went over to the discreet looking door. It was guarded by a beefy security guard. Standing next to him was a beautiful witch holding a file. She beamed at us as we approached. "Good evening," she said, taking our tickets. "This way, please. It's a bit dark, so I'll just escort you in."

Harry raised a brow at me, and we walked into the tent after her.

Immediately, we were hit by a blast of cold wind, and a magical voice boomed out at us:

"Welcome to Eira, the Planet of Ice."

We appeared to be in a corridor made entirely of ice. Blue light was reflecting off all the rough, glossy surface even though there was no source of light to be seen anywhere. The witch pointed her wand at our shoes and shot a charm at them. "Enjoy," she beamed, and left.

Harry looked at me in alarm. "What did she do to our shoes?" he demanded.

"She transformed them. Sort of." I lifted my heels to get a better look. They had what looked like ice-skating blades attached to them. "Can you skate?"

"Not well."

"I think you should still be able to walk like normal if you're not keen on skating," I said. "The charm should work that way, too."

"Oh?" Harry lifted a tentative foot. He took a few steps. "Oh, yeah, it's fine. Please don't skate around me like that. It makes me feel like I'm going to fall."

We walked through the short corridor and into a cave where a photoshoot session was taking place. A couple was standing in front of a giant ball of ice worked to look like a planet. The words 'ICE-SCAPADE - EIRA', composed of tiny rocks, was hovering in front of the planet.

Another witch, greeting us, told us in a respectful hush to wait a moment for our turn.

I grabbed Harry's hand. "This is exactly what I need," I whispered. "This is perfect. Please don't forget we need to look like a couple, Harry."

"We're going to look like the perfect couple," he assured.

As soon as it was our turn, we moved to the spot in front of the ice ball and posed together. Harry, playing it up for the cameras, put his arm around my shoulders and looked me down so dotingly that I almost burst into nervous giggles.

"I still don't know what this event is about, or what it's for," I said, as we walked through the next corridor; I was trying to hide how awkward that photoshoot had made me feel by making small talk. "Do you have any idea?"

Harry was looking distracted. “Fuck,” he muttered. “I forgot to break it off with Rita.”

I turned. “Jesus, Harry.”

“Yeah, I just remembered when I saw those photogs. One of them works with her.”

“Really? For her book on lice?”

“No. For her day job. She’s a journalist. I told you before. *Oooh.*”

We had emerged from the icy tunnel into yet another cave, this one enormous, cavernous, the top of it stretching all the way up into darkness, giving the impression we had stepped into another world.

Dance music thundered around us. We were high above this otherworldly landscape, on a jutting balcony of ice. Even the balustrades were ice. There was a bar on the balcony also built out of ice. Our fellow VIPs flowed about, yelling in each other’s ears and squeezing together for the occasional group photograph.

“We need just a couple more photos,” I yelled in Harry’s ear.

“Calm down, we’ll get lots,” he said, flashing me a smile. “I’ll get us a drink. What do you want?”

“Maybe get a drink later? Let’s look around first,” I shouted. I was hesitant to let him out of my sight. Draco was bound to be somewhere in this glittering crowd, and I didn’t want to run into him alone. I wanted to get my photos and go.

Harry followed me tractably away from the bar with its noise and chaos and thudding, fashionable music over to the balustrades. We gazed down.

A glassy, shimmering world of ice gazed back at us. I let my eyes wander over the landscape of sculpted ice trees, frozen lake, and snowy hills. There were people below, skating on the lake, traipsing through the glimmering forest, and wandering around what looked like a network of igloos, transparent and glowing with light.

“This actually is beautiful,” I said grudgingly.

“Thank you,” replied a voice over my shoulder.

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