

Snow Storm

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Snow Storm

by [Brave_lil_Lioness, kblynne](#)

Summary

NOW COMPLETE!!!

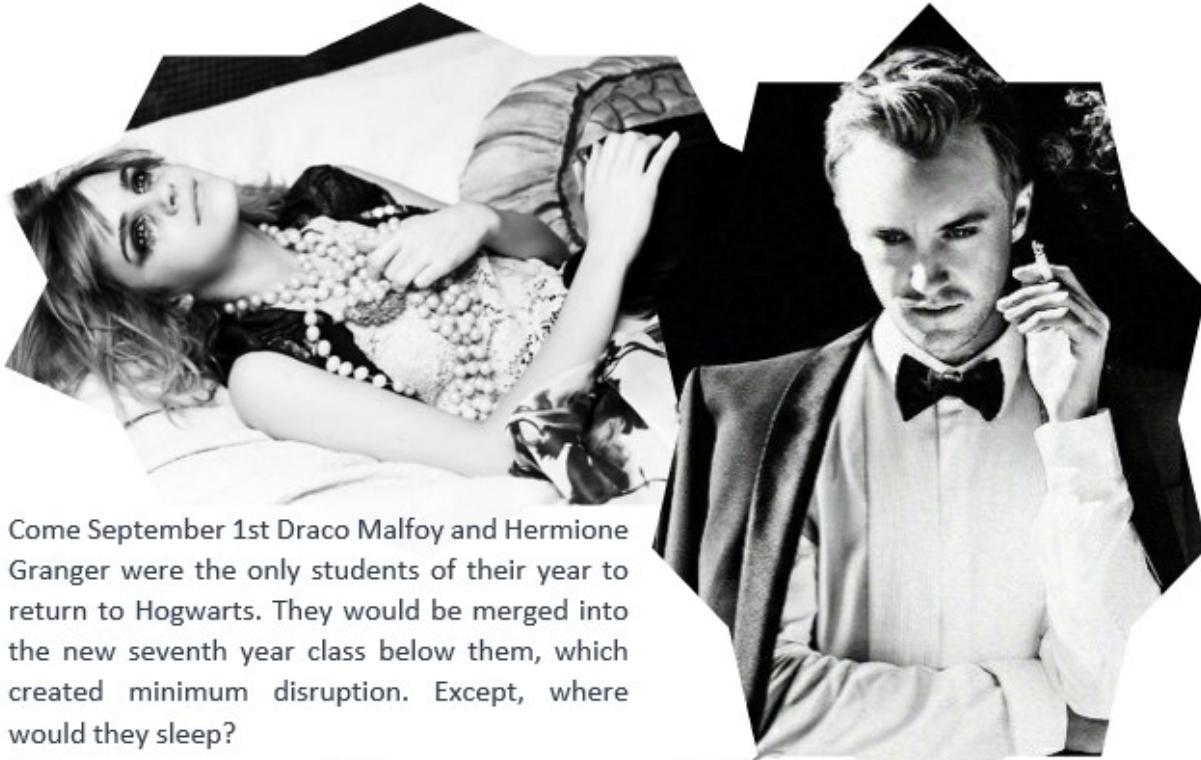
Everyone copes with stress and trauma in different ways, and Hermione Granger is no exception. When after Harry's victory Hermione is unable to locate her parents in Australia, the young witch acts out in unexpected ways. When returning to Hogwarts, Head Boy Draco Malfoy is shocked to find a playful, sexually charged Head Girl waiting for him.

What starts out as a drug fueled lusty affair turns into much more for the Head Boy and Girl. Whether its comfort, distraction, or simply an outlet for years of pent-up stress, they learn there is one thing more addictive than the substance they love to share, and that's one another.

Notes

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

Chapter 1: Prologue



Come September 1st Draco Malfoy and Hermione Granger were the only students of their year to return to Hogwarts. They would be merged into the new seventh year class below them, which created minimum disruption. Except, where would they sleep?

Snow Storm: Chapter 01

For Hermione Granger, the summer following the end of the war was the toughest one yet. After a couple of weeks letting things calm down, and enduring all of the grief the Weasley family was experiencing with the loss of Fred, amongst so many other friends, Hermione thought it appropriate to leave them to themselves. She had her own parents to think about. Now that they were safe, where would she find them?

Before Bill and Fleur's wedding, Hermione had tracked her mom and dad to the Gold Coast of Australia, exactly where she'd expected them to be, but the token she'd left with her parents for tracking them, a silver picture frame containing their wedding portrait, was no longer feeding her their location. She could only assume it was broken, because even if it had been lost or forgotten or sold it still would have given off a location of some sort. While she knew that this didn't translate to any reason to worry about her parents' well-being, she also now had no way of tracking them down. The only thing to do would be to go to Australia herself and see if she could locate them somehow, so, leaving Crookshanks in Ginny's care, that's just what Hermione did.

As it turned out, the Gold Coast was a lot larger than Hermione remembered from childhood holidays, and it wasn't as though Hermione could simply magic the muggles around her into compliance to gain the knowledge she was looking for. The war was over now, she couldn't just go around breaking laws whenever it suited her. She checked all the local business listings for dental practices by Wendell and Monica Wilkins, but to no avail. Perhaps they weren't practicing dentistry anymore? Perhaps they'd been taken in by an established practice?

In the evenings, when most of the town was shut down for the night, Hermione enjoyed the one thing that the coast had to offer than Britain did not; the white sandy beaches. It was there that Hermione made acquaintance with a few of the locals her age. The unlikely friendships served as a very welcome distraction for Hermione. She didn't mind it when they partook in the occasional recreational substance. In fact, she'd eventually accepted the invitation to try it, welcoming the escape.

When August was nearing its end Hermione received a sobering owl from Headmistress McGonagall, requesting that she return to school, as Head Girl no less. Hermione, astonished, decided that she may as well except. Wherever her parents were, she was no closer to finding them than she'd be after graduation a year from then. It was settled. Hermione would return to Hogwarts, golden skinned with new habits and all.

Draco Malfoy had never had such a dull summer. He'd never be able to live down the fact that he owed his freedom to Harry Potter of all people, who had single-handedly stood at his trial and seen his charges dropped. However it was by some horrid stroke of misfortune that the patriarch called luck, Lucius had evaded returning to prison by selling out their fellow Death Eaters. The Malfoy family was intact, but as divided as ever. Lucius was desperate for his family's forgiveness, which Narcissa seemed to want to give, despite her own hesitations. Draco, on the other hand, blamed his father for everything that'd ever gone wrong in his life, and was not so quick to forgive. On the contrary, his disdain for his father shone more prominently now than ever.

His eighteenth birthday, just days after being exonerated, passed with no hurrah, which seemed appropriate, as he no more felt like celebrating his existence than the world around him. He'd always enjoyed being the center of attention, until that attention had turned so very, very sour. His close mate Blaise, who'd been wise enough to remain neutral during the war, had come round to visit, which was a refreshing change of pace, but even then Draco found he wasn't good company. Guilt plagued him. The things he'd seen, the things he'd done... Even if he had been officially forgiven by the Ministry, he didn't know that he could forgive himself.

Draco spent his summer training his body for a fitness he didn't think his mind would ever again know. He worked out for hours each day, putting all of his energy and self loathing into his arms, legs, and cardio workouts. When he had used up all of that energy he would retreat to his bedroom, where he read fictional nonsense until sleep found him.

When he did sleep, it was not the restful sleep his body deserved after a day of vigorous activity. Instead, his mind burdened him with dreams, memories, of the wrongs he had done, the crimes he had committed, and the people he had hurt in the last two years of being a Death Eater.

So naturally, when Draco received word from McGonagall that he was being invited back to Hogwarts with the opportunity to finish his final year (which he'd abandoned halfway through, thanks to his responsibilities to the Dark Lord), Draco was beside himself. His initial reaction was to reject it altogether. What would Hogwarts want with him anyway? But the promise of the Head Boy position was an undeniable draw, and if it got him away from Malfoy Manor for the next ten months...

Over the summer all of the students who'd attended the 1997-1998 year at Hogwarts were invited to take their exams by post in order to progress to the following year. Fifth and seventh year students were invited to the Ministry to sit their O.W.L. and N.E.W.T. exams. Because of this, come September 1st Draco Malfoy and Hermione Granger were the only students of their year to return to Hogwarts. They would be merged into the new seventh year class below them, which created minimum disruption. Except, where would they sleep?

Chapter 2: The New Granger

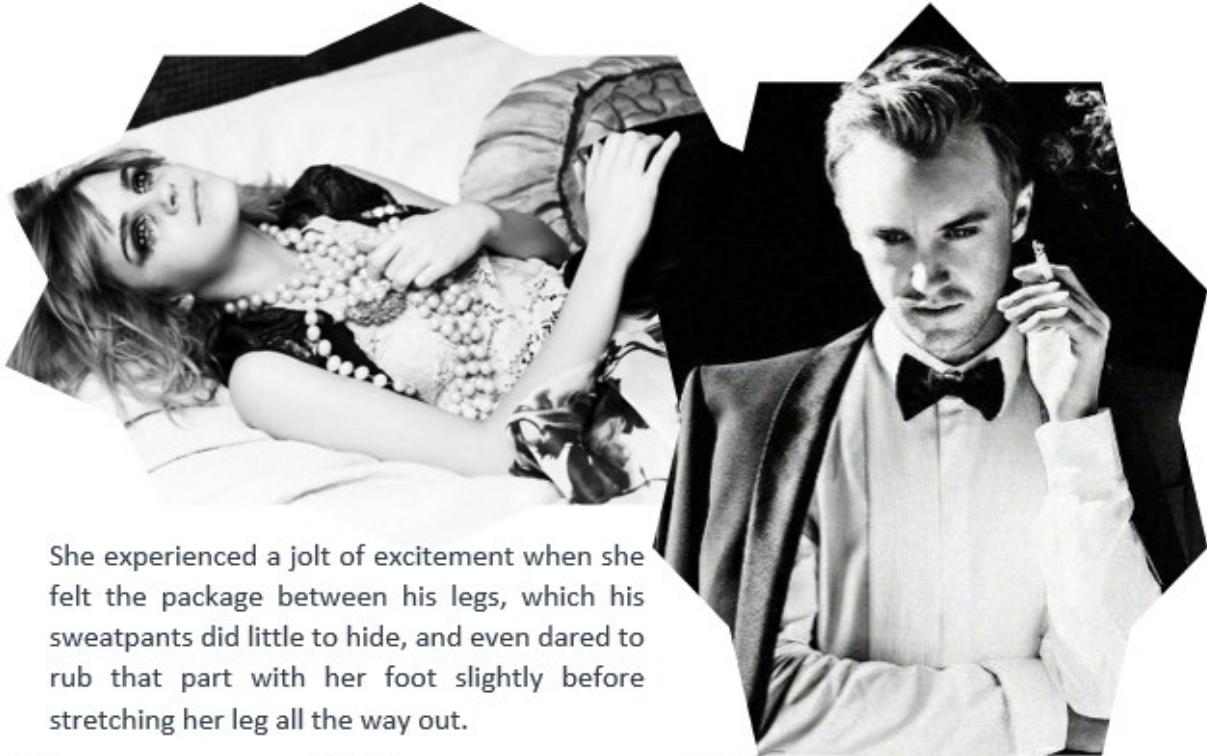
Chapter Summary

The Head Boy and Head Girl are introduced to their new living arrangements, and unexpected events occur, playing omen to what the new school year had in store for the unlikely partners.

This Chapter Rated E

Chapter Notes

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



She experienced a jolt of excitement when she felt the package between his legs, which his sweatpants did little to hide, and even dared to rub that part with her foot slightly before stretching her leg all the way out.

Snow Storm: Chapter 02

“Is this a joke?” Hermione stared into the open common room. There was a large black plush couch and a couple of matching sitting chairs (Crookshanks was curled up on one, dozing merrily) around a coffee table, all of which faced a large fireplace which was burning and crackling invitingly. The fireplace was flanked on either side with ceiling height bookshelves which were filled with hundreds of advanced level tomes, history, biographies, and other fascinating titles Hermione had always hoped to read.

Across the room was a study nook, an over-sized desk with two chairs, study lamps, and a book stand on either side to assist them in their homework. Beyond that was a small kitchen area. It contained an icebox, a stove, and a sink. The cabinets were stocked with enough plates and cups for ten, which Hermione came to assume were meant to cover the needs of all of the Prefects during their weekly meetings. There was a round dining table that would sit four comfortably, though only two chairs were currently present. Atop the table was a bowl of fresh fruit.

And down the hall from the kitchen were three doors. The one to the left read “Head Girl”, the one to the right read “Head Boy”.

Draco and Hermione looked at each other with shared disgust, before turning their attention to the Headmistress who had escorted them to their new sleeping arrangements.

“I assure you two, this is no joke,” McGonagall said, sounding neither surprised by their reactions nor sympathetic to their plight. “Given that there was no room for the two of you in your house dorms, and you are both well of age, and Heads, we thought that this could serve as an opportunity to mix things up a bit.”

“Mix things up a bit?” Malfoy repeated back to her. “Like guinea pigs?” Hermione added, appalled. But Minerva ignored them and carried on.

“As Head Boy and Girl, the two of you have taken on a great responsibility, perhaps more so than any Heads before you in the climate of things, and I do believe that both of you are up to the task. There are rules, of course, that you are expected to follow. For starters, I don’t believe I have to worry about the two of you behaving inappropriately with one another,” she gave them each a pointed look, causing them to look at each other in disgust before back at her. “Nonetheless, you are not to give your password to your friends, this dorm is for you two, and Prefect meetings, only. You are not to have visitors after curfew. No visitors of the opposite sex in your bedrooms,” again, the headmistress looked pointedly at each of them, lingering on the male. “As you know, you two are responsible for arranging the patrol schedules for yourselves and the Prefects. You will host your weekly meetings here. I’ll let the two of you decide what day of the week is best. I expect you, Mister Malfoy, will have to be mindful of your quidditch schedule, if you’re to continue playing this year. It will be up to you and your Prefects to boost morale this year. I look forward to hearing what initiatives you lot come up with.”

After a few more rules, and a few more questions answered, the Headmistress excused herself to allow the two elder students to settle in.

Draco hadn’t actually given thought to whether or not he intended to rejoin the team this year. Did he even want to? He had to admit, with Potter gone, off at Auror training, the pull wasn’t nearly as strong. At least he had time before tryouts to decide. For now, he wanted nothing more than to go to bed. He headed through the center door, the one he correctly assumed to be for the restroom. It was larger than he thought was possible, being placed so tightly between the two bedrooms. It had a large footed bathtub angled in the back right corner, a standing shower to the left, and two sinks flanking the main bathroom door, to allow both of them to make room for themselves and their routines. The sinks laid inside a marble counter top, featuring ornate framed mirrors, which matched every fixture, antique gold. They each had their own door leading to their own bedrooms on either side of the room. Draco was admittedly impressed. It was even more extravagant than the Prefects’ bathroom, save for it’s tub, as nothing Draco had ever seen could beat the Prefects’ tub.

Hermione, on the other hand, wanted nothing more than to find her box, the tiny wooden box which held her salvation. She'd been waiting all night to get her hands on it. She entered her room, intent to go straight to her trunk in order to find the seemingly unimportant trinket. Taking in the sight of the ornate carved canopy bed centered to the back wall, matching wardrobe standing tall to the left, and another matching dresser to the right, Hermione discovered, much to her horror, that her things had been unpacked for her.

Feeling frantic, Hermione moved straight to her dresser, pulling open each drawer and digging through its contents before moving onto the next. Not with the knickers, or the bras, or the stockings... That's when Hermione noticed that atop the dresser some of her personal belongings had been laid out. Her hairbrush, perfume, nail polishes, framed photographs, and... There it was! The mother-of-pearl inlaid wooden box, which she'd thankfully charmed to only open for her. Relief washed over her as she opened the box and helped herself to a small portion of the snow white friend inside.

After a long hot shower, Draco brushed his teeth and towed his hair mostly dry. He used the door to the right of the tub, entering his new bedroom for the first time. He wasn't nearly as startled as his counterpart to discover that his things had been put away for him. Instead he moved to the dresser and opened drawers until he found the one containing his lounge pants. He removed one of several identical pairs of gray cotton sweatpants and pulled them on, not bothering with any undergarments. Now ready for bed, the only thing Draco needed was a glass of water. He went out to the kitchen to retrieve it.

"Merlin!" Hermione shrieked in surprise. Apparently he wasn't the only one in need of a drink. Draco turned when he heard her, not knowing what had shocked her, until he noticed her looking him over. Draco smirked at her as he reached into the cabinet for a glass. He opened the tap, waiting until it got nice and cold before beginning to fill his glass. "Like what you see, Granger?" he asked, since she seemed to have had quite a reaction to his shirtless figure. He passed the glass to Hermione, who took it after a moment of hesitation. She gulped down nearly half the glass before responding. He reached for a second to fill for himself.

Hermione rolled her eyes at him, though the answer was yes. She did like it. A bit too much. Had he always been in such good shape? She'd never seen him this exposed, so it was hard to know for sure. "Just wasn't expecting to see all...that.." she told him, gesturing to his torso. "Surprised me is all. Don't go getting all cocky. I've seen plenty of men without their shirts on." She cursed herself after she'd said it. She got a bit chatty when she was high, and sometimes she couldn't just leave well enough alone. This would be one of those times, it seemed. She'd said too much, and she really hadn't seen that many topless men. At least, not in intimate situations. Though the men in Australia did tend to go shirtless a lot because of the heat, especially on the beach.

Draco turned to face her so that she was forced to look at him. "Yeah, but I doubt Potter and Weasley have a washboard like this." He indicated to his middle proudly. He'd worked hard on it, and she was the first person to see the results of all his efforts.

Hermione stared at his chest, and then took a peek at his stomach, before taking another big gulp of water. He was right, they didn't. "Well, you seem very proud of yourself. Good job on that." she said, forcing herself to look up at his face, rather than his bare chest. She shifted slightly, feeling a bit tingly in her nether regions. She missed being with a man, and this really wasn't helping. Would this entire year be torture? She wanted to ask if he intended to walk around half

nude all year, but she also thought it best to try and veer away from the subject. "So, Head Boy. How'd you manage that?" she asked him curiously.

Draco sipped his water casually. She was clearly admiring his work, which he found greatly amusing. If he didn't know any better, he'd say she was turned on by the sight of him. At her question thought, he shrugged. "I guess they figured I wouldn't come back unless they made it worth my while," he told her. "Not that I have any idea why they wanted me back so badly."

Hermione almost laughed in agreement, she wondered why they'd wanted him back as well. She supposed they must have their reasons, though. "Yes, it is a wonder," she agreed, not taking his feelings into account when she answered. He had to know though, he'd said it first. It didn't make sense for them to want him back so badly, he'd never really been the loyal type. He'd nearly gotten her killed dozens of times, though he did have a few redeemable moments, she had to admit that at least. He wasn't a complete lost cause. She stole another glance at his naked torso, before heading into the living area, and plopping down on the couch. "At least it's cozy in here, I can't complain about the decor." she commented. Black upholstery and warm woods. It was very rich and neutral.

Draco was surprised at her audacity, ogling him the way she was. She knew he could see her, right? He was sort of surprised again when she went over to the couch, rather than retiring to her room. Did she actually plan to... socialize? With him? He was a little thrown, but he wasn't sure if he minded.

"No, it's nice," he agreed, not really sure what more to say. "House neutral," he commented. There was something about Hermione tonight that he couldn't quite put his finger on. She seemed different. She wasn't being snarky, or sarcastic, or cold. She was being almost friendly, if a little teasing.

Hermione sat quietly for a moment, mostly thinking about the strange situation they'd found themselves in. "You suppose they thought since we hated each other all through school it was safest to test this super private dorm on us? I mean, anyone else would certainly end up hooking up, right?" she said, slightly amused by the idea of that being the reason they'd picked them specifically. They certainly wouldn't want the Head Boy and Girl getting along too well, right?

Draco chuckled at that, finishing his drink and placing his glass in the sink. "Oh, I don't know about that. Haven't you ever heard of a little thing called sexual tension?" he taunted her. As they say, there's a fine line between love and hate. They could easily be straddling that line soon enough if they were going to be spending a great deal of time together on dorm. Hell, if the way she'd been looking at him tonight was any indication, perhaps they already were. "But the logic is otherwise sound. I mean, McGonagall all but said that was the case." That might have been what they were thinking, even if he suspected otherwise. Because if there was one singular thing he'd learned about her tonight, it was that she was, at the very least, attracted to him.

Hermione rose her eyebrows at that, laughing a bit. Sure, sexual tension, it was a powerful thing. She might have been feeling it at this very moment, in fact. "Suppose you're right," she said. She found herself thinking about kissing him, and wondering if he'd push her away, or if he'd go along with it. And if he did go along with it, where would that lead them? She bit her lip, and grinned to herself a bit at the thought, forgetting he was there for the moment. She liked the version of him that was in her head right now.

Draco watched her closely, how she nibbled on her lip contemplatively. He found himself moving closer to her, until he was leaning against the couch she sat on. "I don't suppose your boyfriend followed you back to school this year," he inquired, curious to see if she would admit to having one or not. He'd heard rumors of some sort of relationship with Weasley, but the only head of flaming red hair he'd seen at the feast was of the female variety.

Hermione looked up at him, finding her heart rate increasing slightly having him right behind her after her little fantasies had just played out in her head. "No boyfriend to speak of..." she said slowly, with an almost flirty undertone to her words. She was trying to be good, but if she was being honest, she wasn't trying that hard. If they had anything between them, it would just be casual, right? And it would be kind of perfect, considering their current living situation.

Draco by no means missed the way in which she announced being single. It was almost like an invitation of some sort. But just what all she was inviting him to he was not yet sure. "So, we're just two single adults, in our own private quarters, in our last year of youth. I suppose, if we're wise, we'll be sure to make the most of it." After graduation they'd have to start worrying about things like marriage, and families, and careers. But none of that mattered until June.

Hermione sat her glass on the floor, laying across the couch so she could better look up at him, and maybe put herself on display just a bit. "Yes, I suppose, if we're wise.." she said, and smirked a little. She didn't feel like being good anymore, honestly, she was just a bit too turned on to pretend like she didn't want him. It'd been far too long since she'd had any fun, and being high made her want it even more.

Coming from any other girl, Hermione's body language would have been seen as an open invitation. In fact, if he didn't know any better, he'd think that that's what Hermione's body was saying as well. What was her game? Was she doing it on purpose? Did she know what she was doing? Or most plausible, was this a trick? "I don't suppose there's room for two on this couch," he inquired, knowing very well that there was room for at least three, but she was pretty well reclined, and would need to make room for him, if she chose to that is. "I wouldn't mind getting warm in front of the fire before bed," he offered as reasoning.

Hermione could see by the look on his face that he was trying to figure her out, and she kind of loved it. In all honesty, he could pounce on her right now and she'd be okay with it, but he didn't know that. And she doubted he wanted to start the year out with something as awkward as that. So, when he asked if there was room for two, she didn't sit up. She did, however, pull her legs up closer to her body, causing her skirt to reveal a bit more of her legs, and she suspected her knickers, as well. "Of course. Have a seat." she invited, curious to see his reaction. She raised one arm up over her head, bending it to play with a curl of hair.

Draco never missed a crotch shot, and this was no exception. It was like she wasn't even trying to cover herself. Draco moved around the couch and sat beside her, his soft gray sweatpants hinting to a dormant bulge. He gestured to his lap in an invitation for her to put her legs across it. "No need to stay all curled up in a ball," he told her. "We're going to be together for a while, might as well get used to it." He offered her one of his more charming smirks. Before tonight he would have bet money on the fact that he'd never allow her feet to come anywhere near him, but before tonight, he didn't think he had a chance at getting to sleep with her, either.

Hermione took him up on his invitation, letting her legs stretch across his lap, slowly, so she could feel him up a bit in the process. She experienced a jolt of excitement when she felt the

package between his legs, which his sweatpants did little to hide, and even dared to rub that part with her foot slightly before stretching her leg all the way out. She didn't fix her skirt, she didn't feel like being decent at the moment. "Ah, yes, that's much better." she commented with a slight smirk. She had been nervous to come back to school, but they hadn't even begun, and she was already having fun. She never thought having Malfoy as a roommate would be amusing, but she was apparently very wrong.

Draco placed one hand on Hermione's leg. It was smooth, soft. "You know, Granger, if I didn't know any better, I'd say you were asking for it," he called her out after a moment of thought. He didn't know what she had to gain from messing with him, if not to actually get something physical. "First with the staring, then with the flirting, and now, with the flashing..." He boldly slid his hand on her leg further up towards her skirt, not yet going under it, but just to see what kind of reaction he'd get.

Hermione bit her lip, grinning at the feeling of his hand moving up her leg. She felt him stop though, he still wasn't sure if she was just being a tease, or if she actually wanted him. She reached for his hand, guiding it further up, just under her skirt. "I've no idea what you mean." she teased, letting go of his hand to see what he would do with that invitation.

Draco was shocked, genuinely shocked. Not only had she not tried to put him in his place, but she was actually inviting him inside of her skirt! Well, Draco Malfoy was a long list of things, but an idiot he was not. What he had on this couch next to him was a single, intelligent woman, who was apparently down to shag, or at the very least was looking to get off. For all he knew this could be a one-time offer, and he wasn't about to pass it up, so, his hand followed her path up her skirt, smoothing along her inner thigh, until he reached the spot between her legs. He rubbed her moist knickers. "I could take care of this for you, now, if you'd like," he offered, beginning to lean towards her until he hovered over her with his delicious threat. "No one should have to go to bed hungry."

Hermione moaned softly, pushing herself into his hand. Merlin, she couldn't believe she was going to do this on their first night living together. It said a lot about her self control these days. "If you did, I'd really owe you." she promised him. She liked the idea of owing him, that meant this would continue another night, on his terms.

Draco absolutely did not need to be asked twice. "Whatever helps you sleep at night," he told her flirtatiously, not the usual context for the phrase, but it worked. He leaned in and captured those lips she kept biting, and as he did so his fingers slipped under the material of her panties and found the parting of her lips. He inserted one finger, enough to get her open for him, before quickly adding a second. All the while, Draco positioned himself more readily on top of her, kissing and nibbling her lips eagerly. This wasn't romance, after all, it was dark, dirty sex, and while his hand pumped in and out of her with a practice skill six months of celibacy could not erase, his other hand worked on pushing his pants down just far enough to free him, which wasn't far given how low on his hips they rested. He didn't make any one move too quickly, allowing Hermione ample opportunity to opt out but soon he had moved her pesky knickers to one side out of his way, and was rubbing the tip of his hard-on against her slick folds, preparing for entry.

Hermione's body was on fire. Every nerve in her body was on overdrive, and while her conscious mind knew that this was an absolutely terrible idea, her body trumped it, yearning desperately to be taken. She bucked her hips up towards the reputable lover, urging him to get on with it already. She could feel him, the swollen mushroom-head on the end of his member making acquaintance

with her soaked core. She wished he would get a move on with it already. She groaned in complaint, wrapping her arms around Malfoy's bare torso and digging her fingertips in to display her urgency.

He had recognized Granger's consent several minutes ago, but watching her writhe underneath him, bucking and begging for him to get on with it, it was just so bloody satisfying. Finally, when he felt her fingernails begin to bite into his back, he complied, pushing himself deep into her in one motion. He began moving inside of her immediately, steadyng himself on his arms above her in order to establish the right leverage. He wished it hadn't been so long, knowing that he wouldn't be able to last long, but the least he could do was give it to her hard enough that she'd manage to climax before him.

Hermione was all but lost to her senses as soon as he entered her. At that moment he could have been absolutely anyone in the world and it wouldn't have mattered one bit as long as he was using his God-given tool to give her exactly what she needed. She moaned loudly, inhibitions far gone, and spread her legs as wide as the couch would allow her, wrapping them around his back instead.

"Oh yes, oh yes, yes!" she chanted excitedly as their bodies shook the couch. She'd had sex while using before, but never before with this sort of energy. He carried on, pushing her closer and closer to the edge over the span of just a few minutes. She felt like a volcano, simmering, boiling, and then finally erupting.

Draco knew she was cumming by the way her already tight cavity gripped his prick like it wanted to remove it from his body. She was milking him, and he saw no more reason to resist, giving in to his need to finish as well. As an afterthought, Draco removed himself from within her, spilling the remainder of his seed onto her lady parts rather than inside of them. "Fuck," he groaned, the surprise of it all still catching up to him. Not ten minutes ago he was getting a glass of water...

Hermione barely had time to process it all, and at first she thought, with great disappointment, that it was over. However while she laid there catching her breath, he entered her again, pumping in and out of her slowly in building to a second round. Relief washed over her. Thank Merlin, he was not just a minute man. He was probably just a little... backed up. That seemed more likely.

He was moving in her again, and it felt so good to let him. He moved her this time, lowering her right leg and his right to the floor. He pulled her body towards him until her head fell onto the couch cushion, and balanced himself on his right knee, putting her left foot on his shoulder, before picking up the pace once more. From this position he was able to enter her much more deeply than the first time, and she cried out with each thrust as his pelvis smashed against hers.

Draco was grateful for his stamina this second time around. He continued moving in her for several minutes. With one free hand he unbuttoned her shirt and played with her nipples, squeezing her small but firm breasts as he rode her into the couch. After several long minutes, he abandons her panting and smirking a wicked smirk down at the sweaty Gryffindor Princess.

Hermione watched as he moved off of the couch and stepped out of his now soiled pants. She took his cue and began hastily removing her clothes, feeling suddenly very overdressed. She rushed to get out of her shirt, bra, skirt, and panties, until finally she was as naked as he was, standing there in his Adonis-like glory. With just a tilt of his head she realized he was instructing her to get on the floor, and so she did, wondering with great curiosity what he planned to do to her. Her legs felt like jelly as she lowered herself onto the floor. He twirled his finger in further

instruction, and her body quivered with excitement as she turned over, waiting on all fours for him.

Draco knelt behind her, and with a swift tug, he pulled her backwards towards him, so that her front collapsed onto the floor in front of her, and her back end landed in his lap. He pulled her thighs back towards his hips, and Hermione, he presumed by instinct, made to wrap them there. With one hand extended out in front of her gripping the edge of the area rug they rested upon, and the other tucked against her side, Draco looked down at the way she surrendered herself to him and smirked darkly. With a single forward thrust he was buried within her once more.

Hermione cried out in surprise at the intensity of this new position. It made her feel vulnerable, and degraded, and so incredibly naughty that it outweighed the first two. He pulled her by her hips, slamming into her body relentlessly. She screamed into the rug each time he sent her hurtling over the edge into bliss. Her entire body ached, and she was sure her arms had rug burns from all the friction, but when at last Draco was finished with her it was entirely worth it.

He stayed motionless behind her for a minute or two, just focusing on breathing, and memorizing the sight of her spent body splayed out underneath him like some common slag, whom Hermione Granger most certainly was not. That's what made this such a treat. Before he moved away from her, his hand came crashing down against one butt-cheek. The resounding slap echoed through the room, accompanied by Hermione's shriek of surprise.

"Goodnight, Granger," he said, and made for the bathroom to clean himself off.

Hermione waited a minute more before rolling over onto her back, remaining sedated there for several long minutes before she traveled on shaking legs to her bedroom, picking up her clothes, and her cat, as she went. She spotted Draco's gray pants lying there near the coffee table and smiled slightly. She had absolutely no regrets.

Chapter End Notes

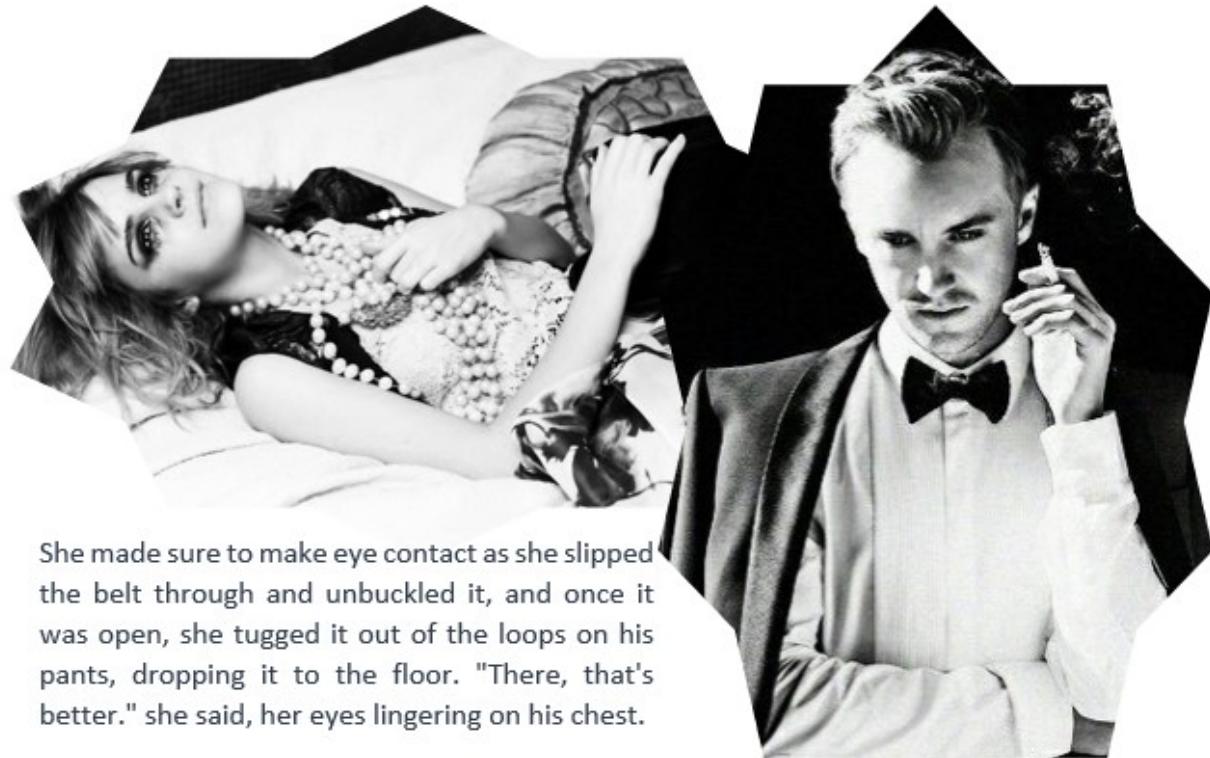
As usual, thank you for reading! I'm going to be uploading these first dozen or so chapters very quickly since so many have already been written so keep an eye out over the next couple of days for lots of new chapters! PLEASE let me know what you think, like with all artists your feedback and is like oxygen. I want to hear what you think!

Chapter 3: IOU

Chapter Summary

On their first night together Hermione had promised Draco that, if he satisfied her needs, she would owe him one. Well, it's the next evening, and Draco is already ready to collect.

Sex, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Spanking



She made sure to make eye contact as she slipped the belt through and unbuckled it, and once it was open, she tugged it out of the loops on his pants, dropping it to the floor. "There, that's better." she said, her eyes lingering on his chest.

Snow Storm: Chapter 03

When she woke in the morning, the memory of the night before made her grin. She still felt a bit sore from her time with him. It'd been a good time, and now she knew she had someone right inside her dorm who could satisfy her. She wouldn't have to go looking for some dim wit in their class to mess around with next time she felt the need for a good shag. She got out of bed, feeling light on her feet as she went straight for the shower. She put on a red silk robe when she was done, and opened the door to let the steam out as she got herself ready for the day.

Draco vaguely wondered, when morning came, if it'd all been a dream. If it weren't for the ghosts of claw marks on his back, he would have assumed it was a dream. He dressed for school and

headed to the bathroom to brush his teeth when he spotted her. She was fresh out of the shower, in a sexy little robe that played no part in actually drying her. "Good morning," he greeted her with a coy smile. He made his way over to his own sink and wet his tooth brush before applying his paste.

Hermione heard him greet her from the doorway, but she didn't turn to look at him. "Morning," she said, casually, still looking into the mirror. She was about finished applying her makeup. She didn't use much, just enough to look fresh faced and feminine. She'd already done her hair, applied various creams and conditioner to tame her mane, so when she finished with her makeup she put everything back in her bag, and finally turned to look at him. "Sleep well?" she asked, but not in the playful tone he may have expected after their rendezvous the night before.

"I slept fantastic," Draco answered after spitting. He rinsed his mouth out before continuing. "Of course, a workout like the one from last night usually helps in that area." He liked to work out, but shagging was hands down his favorite physical activity. "I hope you don't mind that I held back a little," he said, knowing full well that she probably didn't know he was holding back. He wasn't exactly gentle, or quick to finish (at least not the second time). "Figured I'd save some of my best moves for next time." He wiggled his eyebrows at her playfully, fully assuming there'd be a next time. Usually when he made a girl make the sounds Granger was making last night, they came crawling back for more.

Hermione's eyebrows shot up in surprise, she had thought he'd given it his all, honestly. She'd never had quite the experience with a man that she'd had the night before. She had to say, she was a bit intrigued to see what he had in store for her next time. "I guess you can't lay all your cards on the table in the first round." she answered, quite looking forward to finding out just exactly what he'd held back. She moved towards the door, brushing past him slightly, not bothering to hold her robe shut as she passed. It only slipped open a little bit, but enough to give him a peek at what he'd already seen the night before.

Draco's eyebrows rose in surprise as she moved past him. He had no idea what kind of PTSD she was going through, but he didn't hate it. Was this the side of Granger that Potter and his weasel friend were treated to? Maybe she was some sort of closet nymphomaniac? He shuddered at the thought of having Weasley's sloppy seconds. Maybe the war had ignited a desire to live life without restraint... Whatever the reason, Draco was going to take full advantage of it for as long as she'd let him. He wondered when the next chance would be? Tonight, after dinner? Friday night cutting it far too close to the Prefects meeting? Maybe he'd catch her in the halls during a free period, and shag her senseless in an alcove. The possibilities were vast, perhaps even endless.

He wiped his mouth on a hand towel and made his way to the kitchen to catch something to eat. He was avoiding the new and improved dining hall. Where four long house tables previously laid, thirty or so round tables of ten were now scattered, allowing the students to mingle without territories. "Unity" was the new mission. Sure, they still had teams, and the House Cup and Quidditch Cup to keep the spirit of competition alive, but otherwise, the students were being encouraged to pursue friendships across house lines. Yesterday Draco hadn't cared for the initiative, today, however, Draco was very much in favor. He would unify with the Gryffindor Head Girl as much as it took. However, he couldn't think of a group of nine people he'd enjoy sharing a meal with, so it was best he just ate on dorm.

He got himself a cup of coffee and made a plate from the selection the house elves had so courteously left on their breakfast table.

Hermione retreated into her room, closing the door behind her. Before getting dressed, she got into her "jewelry" box, and scooped out some of the white substance, quickly inhaling it through her nostril. Once she'd done so, she set to getting herself dressed for the day. She had trouble refraining from thinking about Malfoy, the fact that he'd held back on her really made her want to have another go. She was also sure that was the reason he'd told her that, she was no idiot. Either way, it worked. She wanted more.

By the time she was dressed, she felt the drip in her throat. Perfect. She headed back into the common area and saw Draco in the kitchen, seemingly enjoying some breakfast. "Not joining your friends for breakfast?" she asked him, leaning back against the counter. She felt the soft fur of her feline companion brush against her ankle affectionately. She'd planned on it, only because her friends would start to question her if she stopped showing up for meals.

Draco looked over at Hermione for a moment as he grabbed a slice of toast from his plate and dipped his knife into a jar of jam. Crookshanks jumped onto the table in order to investigate the many smells The good had filled the room with. Draco pushed him down forcefully but not roughly, and returned his attention to the cat's owner. She looked good. Her hair had finally been tamed, and the tasteful makeup made her look mature, womanly, and just sexy enough to not be trashy, like so many of the girls he'd known. "You mean the friends who dropped out? Or the friends who tested out over the summer? Or would that be the ones who died? Because who knows, they could still be here. Haven't had time to inventory the new ghosts." As he spoke he spread the jam across the toast, smirking slightly. Dark, yes, but that was where he was at. He didn't really have any "friends" at Hogwarts anymore. Not unless you counted the acquaintances in lower years, which he did not.

Hermione rose her eyebrows at the dark response, not quite expecting it. "Right, well, I'll be sure to keep an eye out for any of them for you." she told him, grinning just a bit. "You could always sit with me and my friends, I bet they'd love that." she offered, teasing just a bit. She didn't think he ever would, he'd probably be more likely to eat on dorm for all meals than do something like that.

Draco laughed at the very thought. "I'm not sure that would be such a good idea. Wouldn't want anyone to go and give Potter the wrong idea." The Chosen One would probably freak out the moment he learned that they were living in a private suite together. "But I appreciate the offer."

Hermione almost laughed, but instead, she acted a bit offended. "Well, why not? Are you ashamed of me?" she asked him. No, she wasn't actually hurt by this. She knew what her friends would think, and Harry would likely show up just to punch Draco in the nose if he had reason to think that something had happened between them.

Draco barely finished the bite of toast in his mouth before scoffing at her mock-offense. "Hardly. If I didn't know you'd hex my bollocks off, I'd tell the whole school what a dirty little witch you are." Sure, he'd been doing all the work, but she'd let him, without a single hesitation.

Hermione smirked at the thought, it would be nice to be known as something other than a know-it-all bookworm for a change. But she knew how her friends would take it, and it was too extreme to go straight to a public relationship with Draco. Even if it was just an intimate relationship. "Yeah, you're right, just keep that bit of information to yourself." she told him, and pushed away

from the counter. "I'd better go before I miss breakfast." she said, making her way out of the kitchen to leave for the great hall.

"Catch you later, Granger," he said, giving her an exaggerated once-over as he watched her head for the exit, the ginger feline slipping out with her. This was going to be an interesting year.

After he was finished with his breakfast he headed out onto the balcony that stretched between their two bedrooms for a smoke. It was a wretched habit he'd picked up since the end of his sixth year, his mother complained often, but he'd yet to find anything as calming as the smooth taste of a menthol cigarette. Yes, working for Voldemort had driven him to smoking, but he quite liked the effect, and presently had no motivation to quit.

After a full day of classes, Draco was glad to have gotten that over with. He couldn't believe he had another hundred and eighty days to go. He went straight back to his dorm after his last class, having nowhere better to go, and headed out to the balcony for another cigarette.

Hermione had spent most of her day dodging questions about her new private dorm, which people had come to realize she shared with Draco. She'd lied, telling anyone who asked that she'd gone straight to bed and hadn't really interacted with him at all. It was easier than lying and saying he was a prat, as usual. Though she knew she would eventually have to resort to it. If people knew they were getting along it likely wouldn't be good for them. The classes weren't as intriguing as she remembered, and she wondered if she made a mistake coming back. It'd seemed like a good idea at the time, but maybe she had lost interest in being a top student.

When her classes were finally over, she went back to the dorm, needing a serious boost if she planned on getting any work done tonight. She got to the dorm, and when she entered, she didn't see Draco anywhere. She assumed he wasn't back yet, so she headed straight into her room and to her box. She took a nose-full, and pushed the box back, and went to the common area to start on some reading.

Draco returned through the kitchen to find Hermione on the couch with a book. Absolutely no surprise there. He used a quick freshening charm on his clothing and breath, hoping that if she hadn't smelled it already, she wouldn't now. He couldn't imagine she'd approve. Few did.
"Studying already?" he asked as he went to the sink to fill a glass with water.

Hermione looked up from the book when she heard him speak, guessing he must have been on the balcony. She briefly wondered why he would be hanging out out there, but she didn't ask.
"Oh, no, I just wanted to look busy while I waited for you." she told him, smirking a bit. She was joking, of course, but she didn't let on that she was.

Draco had an appreciation for her sarcasm. "Damn, Granger, can't even wait til the sun goes down, huh?" he went along. "Well, if you insist," he began to loosen his tie, freeing it and moving to unbutton his shirt. For show, of course.

Hermione snapped her book shut, setting it in her lap to give him her full attention. If he was going to strip for her, the least she could do was watch intently, right? Besides, she'd never had a stripper before, and he seemed like he could be good at it. "Well, it was a long and stressful day. I could do with a show. The only thing that would make it better is a drink." she told him.

Draco had thought she was joking, but now he wasn't so sure. Well, if she wanted a show, he didn't see the harm in it. His actions became exaggerated. When all the buttons were freed, he

tugged the tails of his shirt out and pulled it open, and dropped it down his shoulders, letting the oxford slide down his arms and fall to the floor. He wore no undershirt, so he was left in his dark gray trousers, which sat low on his hips, held up by a shiny black leather belt.

Hermione grinned, watching him strip his shirt. It was actually pretty sexy, he put on a good show. She looked down to his belt, "Do you need help with that?" she asked playfully. She didn't know how far he planned to go, but she was going to egg him on as much as she could. What else did she have to do tonight? She didn't feel much like reading, and she didn't really need to yet, anyways.

Draco wagged a finger, summoning her toward him. "A belt like this could use a woman's touch," he agreed. She could undo his pants, undo his belt, and do just about anything else she wanted with his groin right about now. He was curious to see what initiative she'd take.

Hermione set her book aside and got up off the couch. She moved toward him, and took hold of the belt buckle to work it open. She made sure to make eye contact as she slipped the belt through and unbuckled it, and once it was open, she tugged it out of the loops on his pants, dropping it to the floor. "There, that's better." she said, her eyes lingering on his chest. She was just noticing now the thin, barely visible pink scar that stretched from above his heart across his body to his right hip. At first she thought he must have earned it during the war, and then she remembered the encounter he'd had with Harry a couple years before. Harry had done this. She reached up to gently trace the line of it.

Draco kept his eyes locked on hers until she found the scar on his chest. Her touch left a warm tingle in its wake. It was almost electric. "You know, that zipper, it sticks," he told her by way of requesting her assistance with that as well, not that it was true, and not that he needed it.

Hermione moved her hands down to the hook on his pants, undoing it before she unzipped them. She pushed them down his hips until they fell the rest of the way to the floor. Merlin, he had a figure a girl could admire. She just wanted to take a bite out of him. She looked him up and down, taking a step back to get a better look. She backed up until the back of her legs hit the arm of the couch, and she sat on the edge, admiring him.

Draco was impressed. She was really something else. He stepped towards her when she landed on the arm of the couch, his gradually growing manhood reaching towards her as he closed the distance between them. Without a word, he leaned in and kissed her, the action rough. Just brute physical lust.

Hermione kissed him back, her legs opening to him so he could press in closer. She enjoyed how rough he was being with her already, she'd never had that. Her first time had been with Ron, it'd been slow, unsure, awkward. The opposite of everything she's experienced with Draco so far. She wrapped an arm around his neck, pulling his head down, and towards her own neck.

Draco took her hint, moving to her neck, where he nibbled, sucked, and even bit down on a good chunk of tender flesh. His hands went to her waist, where he squeezed her a bit. "I want to bend you over this couch," he told her in a low voice, his words more a warning than a request, but he wanted to see her reaction.

Hermione moaned as he bit down on her neck. Loving the sensation she could feel all the way down to her nether regions. When he told her he wanted to bend her over the couch, she reached up to pull her blouse open, buttons popped off and scattered across the floor. She could mend it

easily with a spell later. "I told you I'd owe you, you can be as rough as you want with me." she said against his chest and she kissed and nibbled on it. She caught one of his nipples between her teeth and gave it a little tug.

Draco groaned hungrily. She was a bloody animal, even if she didn't know it yet. His little lioness. "You might regret saying that later," he warned her, before grabbing her waist more roughly this time, and flipping her around, bending her over the couch just as he'd said he would. He pushed her skirt up around her waist so he could get a good look at her from behind. He slapped her rear hard, his hand grasping the cheek firmly upon landing.

Hermione gasped when he flipped her around, moaning as he grasped her ass. She wondered vaguely if she would actually regret it, or if she would enjoy how rough he got. Either way, she's given him permission, and she was curious to see what he would do with that. "So make me regret it, then." she purred, hoping she was ready for whatever he threw at her.

Draco moved her knickers and then licked his fingers, rubbing the wetness between her folds. Combined with her own moisture, she was ready enough in his opinion. He entered her with no further warning, grinning at the loud gasp that escaped her. Unlike the night before, he now took his time with her. Just his hips were moving now, his hands occupied with spreading her cheeks for his viewing pleasure. The sight of his own length sliding in and out of her tight opening turned him on greatly.

Hermione moaned softly as he worked in her, but she found the motion almost relaxing. She was able to savor the feeling of his shaft stretching her, massaging inside of her. She wasn't sure what part of this she was supposed to regret, but then she felt a new, odd sensation. A large drop of warm fluid landed between her cheeks, down the path to her rosebud, which clenched nervously and then relaxed again. He wasn't really planning on... And there was his finger, pressing that wetness into her tight entrance, which had certainly never served as an entrance before now.

"Blood hell," Hermione gasped at the bazaar sensation of being touched in such a place. It wasn't an altogether unpleasant feeling, especially not while his full manhood was continuing its steady pace inside of her. It wasn't long before Hermione realized that Draco was not just providing added stimulation, he was preparing her. One finger became two, and then three, twisting and stretching her opening. More saliva was dripped gently into the opening as he worked it wider and wider. "Oh God, Malfoy," she whined, genuinely worried. How was he going to fit in there?

Draco could sense Hermione's trepidation. Clearly this was something she'd never faced, which he had assumed from the start. "If you're too scared..." He offered her the out, knowing very well that she would be too headstrong to accept it. That is, unless she really didn't want him to do it, which was okay, he supposed. He could always destroy her constrictor of a pussy again.

"No!" Hermione answered quickly, as he'd surely known she would. "I want to try." She'd try almost anything once. That was what got her trying marijuana for the first time. She hadn't known then that it was topped with a sprinkling of the white powder that she now ran on like fuel. If she absolutely hated it, she didn't have to agree to it again.

With her official approval, Draco withdrew from inside Hermione with a wet pop. His fingers left her as well, and he pressed his head into the gaped opening. "It's better if you relax," he advised. "Or if you can't relax, push." He didn't have a terrible amount of experience performing anal sex, especially on a first timer, but he'd learned quite a bit from an older girl he'd once hooked up with, who had a preference for the forbidden act.

Hermione chose to heed this advice, pushing rather than squeezing against him as he inched his way into her. She winced and gripped the couch cushion beneath her tightly as his girth stretched her. She felt as though she was tearing, there was definitely pain, but Draco continued adding lubricant as he fit himself inside of her anus, easing the strain. Before she knew it, he was moving at a steady pace again. "Holy shit," Hermione groaned into the couch cushion. Though he wasn't going as fast or deep as he had the night before, the intensity was something entirely new.

He hadn't felt something so tight in years. 'This ass, this glorious ass,' he thought to himself as he stared down at their connection in action. He gave her round cheeks a squeeze as he upped his pace, moving more comfortably in her as her body adjusted to the intrusion.

She wasn't sure when, but after a few minutes she realized that it no longer hurt at all. In fact, this new intensity was sending her spiraling. "Yes," she moaned out, rocking her body against him in an attempt to match his thrusts. She could feel a wetness where her body was pressed into the arm of the couch, and her face reddened with the realization that the wetness had come from her. Was it even possible for a woman to cum from anal penetration alone? Or maybe it was that combined with the clitoral stimulation the seam of the couch arm was providing. It was apparently undeniable, she was actually enjoying this.

Draco, who knew that he wasn't going to last too much longer, slipped one hand between Hermione's body and the furniture. While he rubbed her feverishly, his free hand tangled into Hermione's hair. He twisted his wrist, gathering it all into a bunch, and pulled back, tugging her head back as he moved harder and faster. "Are you going to cum for me?" he asked her in a low tone. He was getting very close now.

"Yes!" Hermione promised, groaning as her neck strained with his rough treatment. "Oh Merlin, yes!" Her scalp burned from the pulling of her hair, but it just drove her closer to the edge she was already teetering so close to. She followed his advice from earlier again, pushing her muscles against him. He was right, it was working. She was exploding into his hand with a loud cry of pleasure.

Draco kept going, as hard and fast as he thought she could handle. She was soiling his hand with her orgasm, and that was enough to finish the job. He grunted and thrust into her in deep jagged motions several times, spilling into her freely. He slowed to a stop, and was careful to let himself soften inside of her this time. He released her hair to allow her to come down from the post-coital high in peace.

It was dinnertime when he finally pulled out of her. The feeling was strange. She could feel his seed dripping out of her, along with all the saliva that he'd used to grease the way. If he'd worked her into a sweaty mess the night before, it was nothing to this time. She panted heavily as he finally stepped away from her, spoiled and laid out across the couch he'd had her on.

"I'm glad I took the job," Draco said to her. He found his wand in his pants pocket and vanished the mixture of fluids that were leaking out of her, before they could mess the couch any further. "Can't imagine any other Head Boy being able to meet your needs."

Hermione hadn't expected to like it as much as she did, although, she suspected she'd be feeling that for a while. He slapped her ass one last time, and she laughed, amused at what he had to say. He was probably right, honestly. She had an undeniable urge to try new things, and so far he had satisfied that urge for her. She rolled over onto her back, wiping her hair away from her face, stuck with sweat. She was sure her hair was no longer tame after that.

Draco smirked down at her as he pulled his pants back into place, zipping them and slipping his belt back into place. "Might want to get to dinner," he advised her. "She-Weasley might think I've done something indecent to you." He smirked at her wickedly, and reached into his pants pocket for his slim metal cigarette case. He didn't know why he felt so bold to do so in front of her, but after a shag like that, he needed it. He pulled out one stick and put it to his lips.

Hermione shook her head, laughing a bit. "No, I don't think I can sit in those chairs at the moment." she told him, watching as he pulled out a cigarette. She'd never seen him smoke before, but now she knew what he must have been doing on the balcony when she'd arrived. "You know, muggles say those will kill you." she said, gesturing to the cigarette he had in his mouth. She was joking, of course. Cocaine was a lot worse than smoking cigarettes, depending on who you asked, so she really didn't have a problem with it.

Draco shrugged, smirked, and lit the end of it until a cherry formed. He took a deep hit, inhaling it into his lungs, before letting it all out in a long steady exhale. After a go like that, a man only needed two things, a smoke and a shower. "I won't tell if you won't," he offered with a wink. But, he didn't really plan to expose her to his smoke for long, so he made his way, shirtless still, to the balcony.

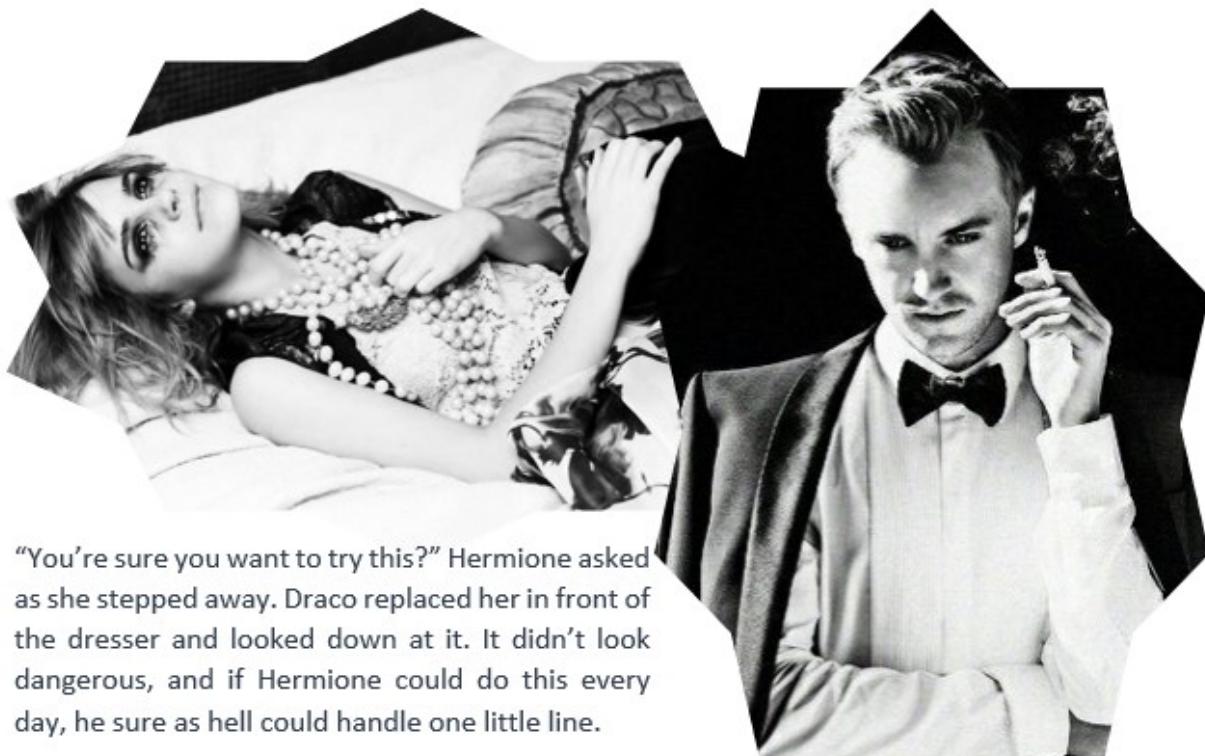
Hermione thought about following, but decided she didn't need anymore bad habits right now. Instead, she got up, her legs a bit like jelly, and headed to the bathroom to use the toilet and take a shower.

Chapter 4: Birthday Surprises

Chapter Summary

Hermione returns from a surprise party her friends threw for her in the Gryffindor common room, and Draco catches her desperately dipping into her stash after being without for so many hours. Draco calls her on it, and is himself introduced to the illegal substance.

Substance Abuse, Oral Sex, Biting, Sex



"You're sure you want to try this?" Hermione asked as she stepped away. Draco replaced her in front of the dresser and looked down at it. It didn't look dangerous, and if Hermione could do this every day, he sure as hell could handle one little line.

Snow Storm: Chapter 04

They were only a little more than two weeks into the term, and already he'd gotten quite hooked on abusing Hermione's skinny little body in as many ways as possible. She loved it as much as he did, from what he could tell, and he didn't have any intention of stopping. Today was a Saturday, and he'd half expected to spend the afternoon finding new surfaces to soil with their indiscretions, but she'd never returned from lunch. He had no idea where she was, but then again, it wasn't as though she answered to him. They shagged, often, and passionately, but they weren't a couple. He wasn't even sure they were friends. They were colleagues and sexual partners, and that was all.

In his boredom, he resorted to doing his homework. He usually finished it off on Sundays, but today he had nothing better to do than to get it out of the way. He ate on dorm, as usual, and was still taking bites of his supper between sentences in his final essay of the weekend when the door opened at long last.

Hermione had been enjoying her leisure time with Draco, and she didn't see herself getting bored of it any time soon. Her friends had questioned her a bit about why she never came around, and she excused herself with homework, and Head Girl duties. She could tell they were disappointed, but they accepted it as the truth. She'd always been known to put a lot of time into her school work, why would this year be any different? But oh, it was very different. She was getting her homework done, but she didn't spend nearly as much time on it as she did previous years. She was having so much fun, she'd nearly forgotten it was her birthday. Nearly. Her friends made sure to remind her, they got her to come back to the Gryffindor common room with them after lunch, before bombarding her with a surprise birthday party. It was sweet, and thoughtful, but she was hoping to get back to her room for her after lunch dose. It looked like that wouldn't be happening any time soon. Perhaps she needed to just start carrying it with her.

She tried to have fun, which was a little difficult to do when she had other places she would rather be. She'd tried to sneak away a time or two, but they were watching her like a hawk, and they always had a reason to keep her back. The party wasn't over yet, and she was the guest of honor. There were presents, and games, and even a cake. They'd probably spent some time planning it, and she felt bad that she was so eager to get out of there. When they finally released her, she left, toting several gifts back with her. She was eager to get into her stash, maybe she'd do a little extra since she'd waited so long. She struggled to get into the dorm, her arms full of gifts, but managed to get the door open, having not thought to float the items in her distress. She stepped inside, dropping the load on the floor, and saw Draco sitting there, likely waiting for her. She gave him a quick smile, attempting to slip past and go straight to her room.

Draco turned to look at her, and was surprised to see her so heavily laden with what looked to be gifts. "Is it your birthday?" he guessed, wondering how he didn't already know. Then again, why would he have ever known when her birthday was? But she didn't appear to be sticking around after dumping her loot on the floor. He stood and leaned against the back of the desk chair he'd been seated in. "And here I was starting to think you'd found a new bloke to use." He magicked the stock into a pile on the coffee table for now. After all, she'd been using him since night one.

Hermione nodded and slowed to a stop near her door, since he seemed to want to talk. She hadn't expected him to know it was her birthday. Hell, she'd nearly forgotten herself. "Well, I have been thinking about mixing it up a bit lately, you know." she warned him, but continued on her mission to get her next fix. She was teasing, of course, though given her current state the words came out a bit harsh. She didn't think she would find anyone who would abuse her quite like he did, nor did she think she'd be bored of him any time soon. Though she couldn't deny she'd been using him, she was almost certain it was mutual. She couldn't see them as a couple, or one day getting married. She wasn't looking for that right now, anyways.

Draco watched her walk away, unenthused. She'd been so feisty these last couple of weeks, but that seemed to have been drained out of her today. Maybe she was just tired. He didn't stop her from leaving, instead deciding to take himself a break. He went to the balcony for a smoke. As he stood there, he noticed a crack of light from her curtain, just a couple of inches worth, where he could see into her room.

And there she was, moving about. He hadn't meant to snoop, but now he was just curious. What was that she had in her hands? He looked closer, and witnessed her remove something from the box, bring it up to her nose, and from what he could tell, inhale it. What "it" was, he didn't know. But it was certainly not a healer recommended way to take medication. What was she up to in there?

When he finished his cigarette, he went back into the common room, back to his study desk.

Hermione went into her room, and after she had gotten her hit, she waited a bit for it to kick in. Her mood was foul, that is, until she felt it brighten everything back up. She'd been laying on the bed, stroking the soft warm fur of her purring feline companion, and she sat up, taking a steady breathing breath. Everything would be okay now.

She stood, going over to her bedroom door to peek out at Draco, and saw him back at his desk. She crept up behind him, wrapping her arms around his neck, and leaning down to nibble his ear a bit. "Sorry about my foul mood, it was a long day..." she whispered into his ear. She suspected all would be forgiven, and they could go about business as usual.

"Well then," Draco started, smirking mischievously at his essay before turning his head to look at her. "Whatever you're taking, you should get me some, because I haven't seen a one-eighty that fast since my last quidditch practice." He didn't mean that literally, but he was curious. She'd obviously consumed something, he'd seen her. He just didn't know what or why.

Hermione stood up straight, her arms unwrapping from around his neck and she gripped the back of his chair. Shit. "You... you saw that?" she asked. Was he spying on her? She was sure she'd closed the door behind her. Or perhaps the curtains covering the door to the balcony had betrayed her. The important thing to keep in mind, however, was that he wanted to be included, which meant he wouldn't be able to turn her in without getting himself in trouble.

Well hell, he hadn't expected her to just come out and admit it so easily, he didn't even fully know what she was admitting to. He got up from the desk to face her. "And what exactly did I see you doing?" Her discomfort amused him. Clearly whatever she'd done was meant to be kept a secret. In fact, if he didn't know any better, he'd say it was... "Drugs?" He guessed. "Hermione Granger, were you doing drugs in your room?" His tone was teasing, filled with amusement.

Hermione's face turned red. He'd figured her out, but then again, she was doing an awful job of hiding her guilt at this point. "It's only in my free time," Hermione tried to justify. She didn't do it during classes, or Prefects' meetings.

Draco was positively eating up this new information. "And that's what's got you all horny for Head Boy," he assessed rather than asked with his teasing smirk still firmly in place. All of his obvious amusement aside, he wasn't sure how he felt about that. Had she been under the influence the entire time? Every time they'd shagged? He'd done such dark, dirty, and rough things to her in these last two weeks. Had he taken advantage of her in some way without realizing it? Would it even count as taking advantage if he wasn't aware of it? Then again, she wasn't always high, right? She'd said it was only in her free time, and when she was sober she didn't give him any reason to believe she regretted it.

Hermione could understand why he would think that, but she didn't want him to think she had to be high to want him. "Maybe just the first night," she admitted, trying to put on a flirtatious grin. One night had been all it took to get her coming back for more, and more, and more...

"So tell me about it," Draco requested, crossing his arms over his chest. "What is it? What does it do?" So far all he knew was that it was inhaled through the nostril.

After slight hesitation, Hermione told Draco all about her white powdery friend. By the end of the conversation, Draco was in Hermione's room, the small wooden box open in front of him. Hermione bit her lip as she prepared a white line for Draco to try.

"You're sure you want to try this?" Hermione asked as she stepped away. Draco replaced her in front of the dresser and looked down at it. It didn't look dangerous, and if Hermione could do this every day, he sure as hell could handle one little line.

Draco chuckled and leaned forward. "I've got this," he told her, and bent down the rest of the way, closing one nostril with one finger. In one quick motion, he inhaled the entirety of the dosage offered to him through a small cut off straw she'd offered him. Only a trace amount of powdering residue remained on the wooden surface. He stood up again, immediately feeling a rush as the substance entered his bloodstream. He sniffed deeply just to make sure he'd gotten it all in. "Bloody hell," he laughed. "You do this? Every day?"

Hermione watched anxiously as he snorted the drug, she hoped he liked it, because if he didn't there was no telling what kind of grief he might give her for using it. So far, he seemed to like it. "Well? What do you think?" she asked. He probably wouldn't really know what he thought until it hit.

Draco wasn't sure if he was feeling it just yet, but he was starting to taste it. It wasn't a good taste, bitter, chemically. He sniffed deeply again to help it work its way through.

"Maybe I need more than you," He told her teasingly. "You know, because I'm so much bigger, and stronger." He took a step toward her and grabbed her waist firmly, fingertips pressing into her bony frame.

Hermione narrowed her eyes playfully at him, and smiled. "You might be right about that, I suppose." she said. A little more wouldn't kill him, but it was his first time. She wrapped her arms around his neck, pressing her body into his. "I'll allow it, but if you start to feel bad you tell me." she told him. She'd hate for her playmate to go dying on her.

Draco gave her another squeeze, and kissed her hard, before releasing her to get more. "Well go on then." He thought he might be starting to feel it, but maybe that was just how he felt being around her. She was intoxicating. Either way, he wanted more.

Hermione kissed him back, before turning to get more. Before she scooped some out for him, she took a little more for herself. As a rule, she usually only took one line at a time. She knew she could handle more, but she did only bring so much with her. It was a lot, but still, she didn't know how much she'd use this year. She got another scoop for him, bringing it over to him. "Just a little bump this time," she said. Besides, knowing he would be doing more made her want to be on the same level, just in case it was more fun.

Draco took the second, much smaller hit with more confidence and excitement. He rubbed the bottom of his nose slightly, then offered her a dark smirk. "Hermione Granger, you are one naughty Gryffindor," he said to her. "What am I going to do with you?" As though he needed to discipline her for her indiscretion.

Hermione smirked, plopping down on the bed and looking at him, feigning innocence. "Well, what do you want to do with me?" she asked him. She had a feeling she was in for a hell of a night, and she was excited to see what it would bring.

Draco stepped towards her. He was really feeling the rush now. He stepped between her legs, knocking her knees apart with his own. "I want what every man wants after a long day." Sure, he'd been on dorm all day, but with her being AWOL, the day had dragged on. At least he'd gotten all his assignments taken care of, for the most part.

Hermione smirked up at him, grabbing his shirt and pulling him closer. "Oh yeah? Is that right?" she asked, her legs wrapping around his middle. "I think I might have what you want." she teased him.

Draco bent towards her as she pulled him down. He grasped the top of her thighs on either side of him and pulled her towards him on the edge of the bed. "Show me what you've got," he invited her. She'd taken initiative here and there, helping him out of his clothes for example, but he had a feeling that despite her willingness, she didn't have much if any experience before him. He liked to challenge her, push her. Because she was strong, and stubborn, and he knew she could take it.

Hermione was a bit nervous to take the lead, but she wanted to see what she could do. She didn't have as much experience as he did, but she certainly enjoyed their time together. One thing she'd yet to try, however, was giving oral. She'd received it several times from him, but never returned the favor. She pulled him down on top of her, and then flipped them over so she was on top, before sliding down so she could stand at the end of the bed. She began undoing his belt, and then moved onto his pants. She pulled them off of him, and then got to work. Draco was only partially hard when she got to him, which was much less overwhelming. She took him into her mouth, sucking just the head to start. It hardened completely in her mouth as she took on more length. She was just beginning to feel like she had a good rhythm going when she felt his hand tangle into her hair, jerking her head up unexpectedly.

"That's enough of that," Draco told her, and Hermione realized he was slightly out of breath. He pulled her towards him in a searing kiss. Then just as quickly he turned them over, getting on top of her and beginning to peel her clothes off of her.

As he undressed her, Hermione worked on the buttons of his shirt. She never got tired of seeing him naked. She got the last button, and pushed his shirt off his shoulders, leaning in to kiss his neck and chest.

When finally they were both freed of their clothes Draco buried his face between Hermione's legs, lapping at her wet core. He loved the way she moaned and squirmed every time he went down on her, and she always tasted so good. Needing to break to catch his breath, Draco nibbled his way down the inside of her left thigh, catching larger portions of flesh and biting harder down with each stop. Hermione groaned and hissed with each bite, egging him on further. He'd learned quickly that the more he roughed her up, the harder she came. He was happy to comply, and had more than enough frustration within him to project onto her body every night. When he reached the bend of her leg he switched to the right side and repeated the pattern until he returned to her weeping opening. He tasted her again briefly, unable to resist the nectar she offered, before moving on top of her.

Draco wrapped his arms around Hermione's waist and pulled her body up off the bed towards him, helping guide her feet to rest beside his knees as he settled in a kneeling position. Hermione

gasped as she adjusted to being stretched in a backwards arching position so that only her shoulders and feet met the bed. Her arms fell back behind her, slipping under her pillow to give her something to hold onto. Draco used one arm wrapped around her back to hold onto her, the other braced beside her for support. Once he knew that they were steady he was inside of her in an instant, bucking into her with all the energy the cocaine had offered him.

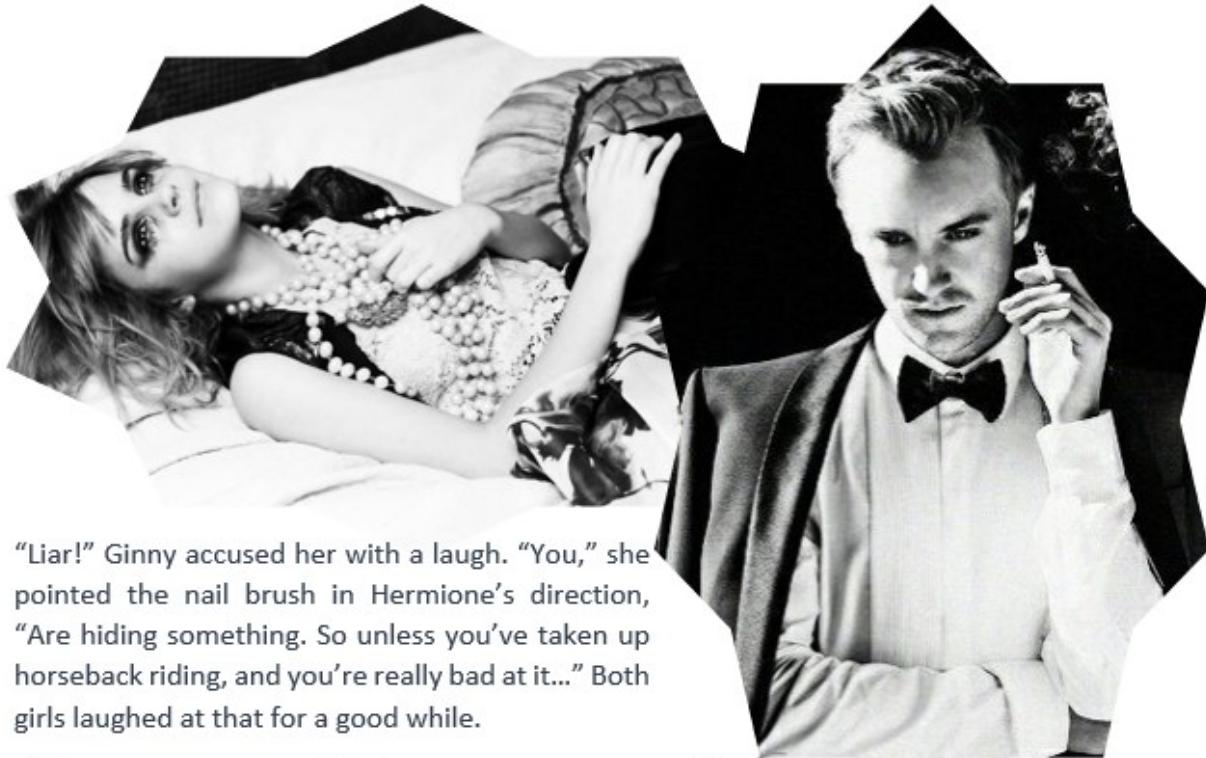
“Oh, Merlin, yes Malfoy, yes!” Hermione cried out as her spine adjusted. It would feel something akin to yoga, if not for his pelvis slamming brusly against hers every second. She whimpered when his teeth sank down on one stiff nipple. The pearly whites held the nub in place while his tongue flicked it back and forth playfully. He switched to the other suddenly, sucking it hard. He was always finding new ways to shock her system just as she was getting comfortable.

Chapter 5: Slumber Party

Chapter Summary

Hermione and Ginny have a firewhiskey fueled slumber party in the Heads dorm, filled with lots of girl-talk.

Some sex, mostly fluff, lots of firewhiskey.



"Liar!" Ginny accused her with a laugh. "You," she pointed the nail brush in Hermione's direction, "Are hiding something. So unless you've taken up horseback riding, and you're really bad at it..." Both girls laughed at that for a good while.

Snow Storm: Chapter 05

Hosting a sleep-over with her closest girlfriend had seemed like a great idea yesterday when she was trying to escape her own birthday party, but now that she was on top of Draco, sweat dripping between her breasts and down the length of her torso as she rode him to her own release, she kind of wished she could reschedule. She slowed to a near stop on top of him, her legs aching from the unusual use of such muscle groups, so that only minor movement remained. Draco, who was enjoying watching her bounce on top of him, growled in frustration. He was not finished with her yet. He grasped her hips and began to thrust up into her. Hermione gasped and supported her weight with her hands on his shoulders.

“Ugh, hurry!” she gasped. “She’s going to be here any minute!” Luckily, Draco was already very close. She could tell by the look of concentration on his face. “Harder!” Hermione encouraged, hoping she could sneak in one more small orgasm before he finished.

Draco bucked into her fiercely, and when he could hold out no longer, he leaned forward and bit down on one of the breasts that had been jiggling in front of his face. She screamed out an expletive as she milked him dry. He had barely released her abused breast when she was gone from him, his still hard cock left to the chill of the air. Draco pushed himself upright quickly.

“Bloody hell,” he complained as he watched Hermione rush to put her clothes on. “Way to leave a bloke hanging.” He began to deflate, and moved off of the bed as well.

“Well the fluids ruining my favorite knickers right now say otherwise,” Hermione told him smartly with a smirk as she pulled her jeans on over said knickers. She’d have vanished the mess away if she hadn’t left her wand in her own bedroom. She scanned the room with her eyes in search of her shirt, before locating it and pulling it on.

Draco went over to his dresser, where Hermione’s lovely little wooden box rested. He used the small scoop she kept inside it to spoon out a couple of small piles. “One to hold you over?” he asked her, since he’d be hiding the stash in his room for her during Ginny’s visit.

“Yes please!” Hermione agreed. She went to his mirror and checked her appearance. Her hair was in serious need of taming. She began raking her fingers through it in an attempt to make her look less freshly-shagged. When the lines were ready, Hermione inhaled the larger of the two, sniffing deeply several times. She turned her nose up in the mirror to make sure there was no residue showing, and just then heard the knock at the door.

Draco, who had just snorted up the remaining line, heard the door as well, and grabbed Hermione quickly before she could run out of his room. He kissed her hard and then slapped her hard on her denim covered backside.

Ginny was excited to have a girl’s night with Hermione. They hadn’t seen each other a lot since the start of term, and she missed hanging out with her in the Gryffindor tower. She was especially lonely now that she no longer had her brothers, or Harry, to spend her time with. She arrived at the Head dorm and gave the door a cheerful knock. She couldn’t wait to finally see inside. As far as she knew, this was the first time Hermione had invited anyone over. Actually, she’d invited herself, but that was beside the point.

Hermione answered the door with a smile that had a lot more to do with what had taken place in Malfoy’s room than their slumber party, but fortunately Ginny would never know that. “Hi!” She greeted her classmate with a hug. “You found the place!”

Ginny hugged Hermione back and stepped into the dormitory. “Well, they put it right next to the library. What easier way to find you?” the redhead joked. Curiosity getting to the best of her, Ginny stepped past Hermione and looked around the common area. “This is pretty cool. You even have a kitchen?” She turned back to Hermione. “No wonder we never see Malfoy at meals.” She couldn’t blame the guy for hiding out on dorm. A lot of people were unhappy about the former death eater’s return to Hogwarts, and even more so to have learned that he was made Head Boy.

Hermione shrugged. “All of his friends either tested out or, you know...” She didn’t feel the need to say they were dead. “If I didn’t have you to sit with I probably would stay on dorm too,” she

justified.

Ginny nodded her understanding. "Yeah, that makes sense," she said. "Is it weird?" she asked, adjusting the bag on her shoulder that she'd packed for the night. It contained her pajamas, clothes for school the next day, a few hangover potions (because they would most certainly be drinking tonight) and a few items for them to pamper themselves with. "Living with him? Like, day in and day out? He must be driving you crazy," she guessed.

Hermione smiled, trying to hide her amusement. "He can be absolutely insufferable," she told her. "But he's nothing I can't handle." She smirked at Ginny as she walked around the kitchen table to fetch a couple glasses. "You brought that bottle of firewhiskey, right?"

"Of course!" Ginny said, reaching into her bag to retrieve the bitter liquor.

Thirty minutes later both young women were in Hermione's room, facials finished, and two full drinks into the bottle of whiskey Ginny had provided. They began to undress, something they'd done in front of each other dozens of times over the years, with all the breaks and holidays they'd spent rooming together at the Burrow, to change into their bathrobes. Hermione pulled down her jeans right around the time Ginny lifted her sweater over her head, and when the knit top was gone, Ginny spotted Hermione's bare legs and gasped.

"Merlin, Hermione, what happened to your legs!?" she asked, taking in the sight of the bruises that were scattered all up and down her friend's thighs. Some were large, some small, some deep and purple, others a pale lime color as they were later in their healing stage.

Hermione, who had been just about to remove her sweater as well, froze, eyes wide. She'd never thought to heal away the bruises, they amused her, each having its own dark dirty story to tell. She liked having them. She even liked the soreness she felt whenever one of the bruises was pressed into, either accidentally or by her own hand. They were like souvenirs. But she'd never stopped to consider that Ginny, or anyone else for that matter, might see them. After a few seconds of hesitation, Hermione reached for her pajama pants, pulling them on so that Ginny wouldn't also see the bruises covering her backside, put on display by the thong she wore.

"I don't think I've had enough whiskey to explain that," Hermione told her friend with what she hoped was a playful grin, her cheeks tinged pink with embarrassment that was purely genuine. She hadn't been able to think up an excuse quick enough to answer Ginny just yet. It was less than three weeks into the term, and Hermione was not ready to have anyone psychoanalyzing her sudden and unexpected sexual relationship with her fellow Head. Much less one that was so rough.

"Well then we'll have to change that," Ginny told her friend, because she certainly wanted to know. Her mind was already hard at work as they changed, thinking quickly to try to figure out how and why Hermione could have such recent and extended bruising. She couldn't help but watch Hermione undress now, hoping to be subtle as the removal of her sweater revealed more bruising on the Head Girl's torso and arms. She considered that it might be self-harm, as Hermione had been more or less a recluse since she'd left the burrow for Australia in May. But then, how could she have caused that on herself?

As soon as they were in their pajamas and covered by their robes, Ginny poured them each another tall drink, because if getting Hermione drunk was what it took to get some sort of

explanation out of her friend, that's what she'd do. And in the meantime, a distraction was in order.

"So, what's Malfoy really like?" They'd only ever encountered him when he was on his game, surrounded by friends, trying to look cool and tough and mean. Ginny took a large swig from her drink and then pulled out a bag containing a dozen or so nail polishes.

That was a decent question, Hermione supposed. She grabbed the couple of polishes she owned from her dresser and brought them over to the bed as well, before drinking deeply of her glass. She didn't usually drink, but she was quickly realizing it was the only way she was going to get through this night. She'd never gone so far out of her way to lie to her friends before.

"He's not so bad," Hermione told her friend in confession. "He's tidy, and quiet. I think the war definitely had an effect on him. He's never even called me mudblood, not once, not even in jest." At least that much she could tell her friend, truthfully, without giving anything away. Hermione picked out a multi-tone teal color, which looked almost green from some angles. "We've even done our homework together a few times. We take almost all the same classes." Even if the Gryffindors didn't attend with the Slytherins for a number of their classes, the assignments stayed the same.

Ginny gave her friend a skeptical look. "So, what, you two are like, friends now?" she asked, surprised, and maybe a little scandalized. She didn't have a problem with that, per say, but she could think of a ton of people who would, her boyfriend and brother being the top two.

Hermione shrugged as she waited for Ginny to pick out her own color. "I don't know if I'd say friends," Hermione answered. They seemed to have skipped right over friendship and jumped ahead to lovers. "But we're partners, you know? We have to work together, and live together, and there's no point in making it more difficult for each other by holding onto old grudges."

Ginny considered that point as she picked up a sparkly red polish. "I guess that makes sense," she agreed, smacking the bottle repeatedly against the palm of her hand to stir up the liquid.

"Right," Hermione said, relieved that Ginny wasn't pushing the matter. "And as long as he doesn't give me any new reasons to hate him, I think we'll be fine. Of course, it's still September," she added with a grin. They still had nine more months together. Anything could happen.

The two girls exchanged polishes, and Ginny patted her lap, requesting Hermione's foot. She shook the teal bottle in her hand vigorously as Hermione placed her foot in Ginny's lap.

"And what about you?" Hermione turned the conversation to Ginny. "What was it like here, last year? I've never gotten the chance to ask without Harry around." Ginny would never be able to speak freely of her sixth year at Hogwarts with her own personal savior standing by listening. He'd go nuts seeking revenge on anyone who'd even looked at his girlfriend wrong.

Ginny unscrewed the lid and set to painting Hermione's big toe before answering. "It was different," she started out. It was obviously a deep topic, but hopefully the whiskey would loosen her tongue. "It was all very strange. Death Eaters as teachers, teaching the dark arts instead of how to defend against it. Using dark magic on first years and muggleborns. Making us purebloods do the same." She cringed, moving onto the next toe. "Most of us resisted of course. We were punished," she tilted her head as if to say "that's a given".

Hermione knew this much, for the most part, so she altered her question. “Was it harder for you? Being Harry’s girlfriend?” she asked, already tensing at the possible answer. Ginny, surprisingly, laughed.

“Only I wasn’t, was I? He broke up with me, remember?” Hermione didn’t know how to respond to that, unsure of whether Ginny’s humor was meant to be dark or not. “I wasn’t Harry Potter’s girlfriend, no,” Ginny went on. “In fact Harry was probably right to end it, at the time. I couldn’t be his girlfriend, not with the witch hunt for information that was always taking place.”

“So who’s girlfriend were you?” Hermione asked, catching something in Ginny’s tone that implied that there was an alternate to that title.

Ginny grinned slightly, her cheeks reddening just slightly as she continued to paint, going for a second coat. “It really doesn’t matter, does it?” Ginny asked, and her hesitance to answer the question really got Hermione curious.

“Well I suppose not, but now I really want to know,” Hermione said with a laugh. They both drank deeply from their glasses again, Ginny needing the courage for her next confession.

Ginny knew she’d asked for that, giving such a mysterious answer and all. “He was just a well meaning, neutral, pureblood who reasoned that being his girlfriend would take the target off of me,” Ginny told Hermione, still avoiding giving a name.

Hermione thought about that, trying to figure out who that could be. “He didn’t happen to be a tall, dark, and handsome Slytherin, did he?” Hermione asked, the scandal already sounding in her voice. She’d heard rumors that a Slytherin from her year was heard talking about Ginny on more than one occasion.

Ginny didn’t answer as she finished the second coat on that foot, and tapped Hermione’s foot to signal her finish. Hermione withdrew it carefully and offered her other foot. “Maybe,” Ginny confessed. “But he was more of a bodyguard than anything,” she went on quickly.”

“Oh!” Hermione teased. “Is that all?” For as much of a tomboy as she was, Ginny had a reputation for being a bit... liberal, in her relationships. If she had really been in a relationship with a bloke like Blaise Zabini, even if she claimed it was just for show, Hermione was sure that there had been more to it than that. “And does Harry know that you were hooking up with mister-”

“Absolutely not!” Ginny answered with an expression of great amusement, if not disbelief at Hermione’s question. “And he doesn’t need to. We agreed months ago that what happened here before the battle was to be left here, just like anything you lot did out there, wherever you were.”

It was Hermione’s turn to blush. “Probably for the best,” Hermione agreed, putting the topic to rest. Ginny considered asking Hermione what she meant by that, but thought better of it. Don’t ask, don’t tell. That was the rule of war. Otherwise you’ll just learn things you don’t want to have learned.

“So, have you had enough to drink to tell me who’s been roughing you up?” Ginny asked after a moment of silent toenail painting. Hermione, who had been finishing the contents of her glass at the same moment, sputtered and choked on the burning liquid. She coughed a few times, causing

Ginny to miss the nail and paint Hermione's toe. They both laughed as Ginny set to vanishing the mess.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Hermione slurred her lie with a grin. She had definitely had a lot to drink, and was feeling the effects of the alcohol very strongly.

"Liar!" Ginny accused her with a laugh. "You," she pointed the nail brush in Hermione's direction, "Are hiding something. So unless you've taken up horseback riding, and you're really bad at it..." Both girls laughed at that for a good while. "Alright, you're done here," she told Hermione, closing up the bottle of nail polish before it could spill and ruin Hermione's bedspread. "I'm going to the loo, and when I come back, you're telling me the truth."

Hermione moved on the bed, careful not to ruin her freshly painted toes. She considered using a shield charm to protect them, but realized she was probably too drunk for even such simple magic.

Ginny went through the door in the bedroom that led to the shared bathroom and relieved herself. She was washing her hands, scraping off a little of the polish she'd gotten on her fingers, when the opposite bathroom door opened, and in entered Malfoy, clad in only a baggy pair of grey sweatpants. The pants sat low enough that they left very little to the imagination. Even just seeing his reflection in the mirror was startling.

"Bloody hell, Malfoy. Knock much?" she asked sarcastically, using that to mask her awe at the sight of him looking like that.

"Sorry 'bout that, Weasley," he said, waiting patiently for her to be finished. "Granger knows to lock my door when she's in here." Except for when she wanted him to have the opportunity to walk in, such as when she was in the shower.

Ginny dried her hands. "Good to know," she said to him, and then left the bathroom, returning to Hermione's.

"Merlin, I don't know if I could live with that," she told Hermione in a hushed but very enthusiastic voice.

"Hmm?" Hermione asked, having no context to Ginny's comment.

"Malfoy," Ginny hissed, since he was just behind the door, and she didn't want him to hear her. "Does he always strut around here shirtless like that?"

Hermione blushed a little. "Yes, I'm afraid he does," Hermione admitted. "I've tried telling him not to."

Ginny laughed. "Why bother? You're single." Hermione was allowed to look at that six pack all she wanted.

"Yes," Hermione agreed, chuckling slightly. "I am, aren't I?" Ginny gave her friend a curious look as she got onto the bed and put one foot in Hermione's lap, like Hermione had done to her previously.

"Or are you?" Ginny asked suspiciously. She hoped the bruising wasn't the result of a romantic relationship gone awry. Hermione would never tolerate abuse, would she? "You still owe me that explanation," she reminded Hermione. "You can tell me, whatever it is. You know that, right?" Ginny added, just in case it was something serious.

"I know that, Ginny," Hermione assured her quickly. "It's not like that. I promise. And I am single. That is to say I'm not romantically involved with anyone," she clarified clumsily as she set to work painting Ginny's toenails.

"So you're just hooking up with someone," Ginny teased. "Hermione Granger you little slag!" She of course was the last girl who had any business calling Hermione a slag. She'd probably been with more guys than Hermione had even kissed, or at least that she was aware of.

"Shut up!" Hermione laughed. She knew better than to take offense to Ginny's jesting. "And so what if I am? I'm of age. I'm top of my class..."

"You helped save all of Wizarding and Muggle kind alike," Ginny listed helpfully. Hermione shrugged modestly.

"Right," she agreed. "So why shouldn't I participate in the same kind of frivolity that everyone else does?"

"No argument here," Ginny assured her. "I think it's about time you started getting laid. I just never expected you to like it so rough." Hermione slapped Ginny's ankle playfully in response.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Hermione asked naively, resuming painting Ginny's toes.

Ginny stared at Hermione in shock, but Hermione's attention was on her toes, so she elaborated. "Well I'd like to think that whoever gave you that beating was at least getting you off in the process." She now began to wish Harry would try roughing her up just a bit. Maybe it'd be fun?

Hermione paused, thinking about it. "I don't know," Hermione confessed, feeling unusually ignorant in the subject. "It's not like I asked for it. It just never occurred to me to ask him not to," she thought out loud.

"Well?" Ginny implored. "Do you like it?"

Hermione blushed a deep scarlet as she considered her answer to that question. "I mean, I do, yeah. It's kind of exciting, isn't it?" she said bashfully.

"I suppose," Ginny agreed theoretically. "As long as he's not hurting you."

Hermione looked up quickly. "No!" She denied. "He wouldn't hurt me. It's not like that. It's just... fun." And she was so desperate for fun after so many years of being robbed of her youth.

Ginny believed her. Hermione would never just let a guy get away with hurting her. The first time he tried would surely be the last. "So," she changed the nature of the conversation. "Who is this passionate aggressor?" Ginny inquired, her voice dripping with curiosity.

Hermione screwed the cap onto the polish bottle. "Oh no," Hermione shut her down. "I'm not telling. It's nobody's business. And besides, I swore him to secrecy. I don't want to be a hypocrite." At least that much was true.

"Oh come on," Ginny whined, removing her leg from Hermione's lap. It was suddenly replaced by a large red mass of fluff, who had been waiting nearby for the opportunity to arise for him to claim his mother's lap. "You've gotta give me something."

"He's... a Ravenclaw. And that's all you need to know." Hermione felt bad for lying, but she wasn't ready to let anyone know that it was the former Death Eater who'd often voiced his desire to see her harmed who was the one she was shagging every night. Not even Ginny.

For the remainder of the evening Ginny speculated wildly over the identity of the alleged Ravenclaw who was doing such dirty things to her friend. Eventually the girls called it a night and, with hangover potions at the ready on the nightstand, they let sleep take them.

Chapter 6: Morag's Surprise

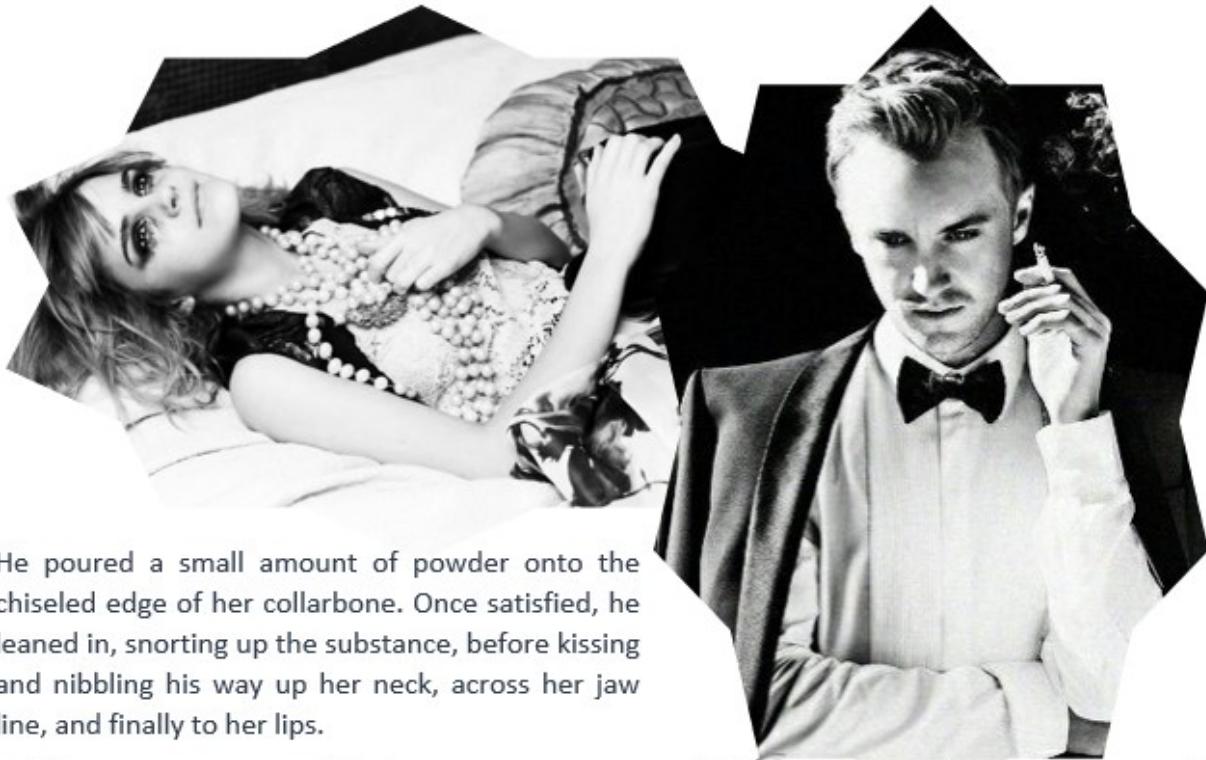
Chapter Summary

After being caught in the act in the Prefects' bathroom one evening, Hermione is forced to erase memory of the event from a fellow Prefect's mind, filling her with guilt and paranoia.

Fingering, Fluff/Drama

Chapter Notes

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



He poured a small amount of powder onto the chiseled edge of her collarbone. Once satisfied, he leaned in, snorting up the substance, before kissing and nibbling his way up her neck, across her jaw line, and finally to her lips.

Snow Storm: Chapter 06

Over the next couple of weeks Draco found himself getting a little extra daring. The afternoon after the sleepover, Draco snatched Hermione between classes, when he knew she had a free period. He dragged her into the empty classroom he'd been waiting for her in. He recalled years ago, having a very shameful fantasy of accosting her in a classroom and taking out all his anger on her. While the anger was gone, towards her anyway, the fantasy was finally made a reality.

Just days later, he pulled her behind some bushes on patrol. After that, he took her by surprise behind the statue of Boris the Bewildered. It was just between classes, and students were actively moving through the halls. The adrenaline rush was unreal, and he'd had to use a hand over her mouth to keep her from crying out for everyone to hear. It didn't hurt that Hermione's snowy little helper had him feeling extra sexual.

It was the first Wednesday of October when Draco convinced Hermione during another evening patrol that the Prefect's bathroom would be a great place for a bath. After all, it was large enough to seat ten, much less two. But, it wasn't nearly as romantic as it was erotic, when he bent over over the edge of the tub, bubbles flying everywhere as he took her roughly in more ways than one.

Hermione had always looked down on people who had sex in public places, that is, before Draco had introduced her to it. Turns out, it was even more thrilling than their secret hook-ups that were usually safe, behind closed doors. And what was even more different was that she enjoyed them just as much sober, between classes when she wasn't under the influence. This was a whole new level of thrill, knowing they could be busted at any moment. The first time she had been pretty nervous, but after that, she realized how much fun it was to risk getting caught.

They started with an empty classroom, which at least had a door. That didn't mean they couldn't be caught, but it was probably the least risky rendezvous they had. Next he took her in the bushes, which, while a bit uncomfortable, was thrilling all the same. Behind the statue was probably her favorite, at one point she could swear she'd heard someone comment on a noise they heard as they walked by, when things had gotten especially intense. She went back later that day, having left her knickers behind. Oops.

And now here they were, having just shagged in the prefect's bathroom. She leaned back, letting her head fall back. Her legs were sore from all the activity lately, so it was nice to just soak in the tub for a moment. "Merlin, we're going to run out of places to shag." she said, amused.

Draco chuckled, lifting himself out of the tub. The sudsy water dripped off of him onto the floor as he walked over to the sink where he'd first begun removing her clothes. "Did you bring any with you?" he asked. They'd used up a lot of energy, and he could use an additional boost. He began to look through the pockets of her clothes.

Hermione watched him looking through her pockets, and laughed. He was definitely enjoying the drug as much as she was, which might end up being a problem down the line. But she was having so much fun sharing, it was worth it. She got out of the bath, walked over to him, and grabbed a towel to dry herself off. "Here," she said, reaching into a tiny, barely noticeable pocket and pulling out a tiny bag. She held it up with a smirk, "Of course I brought some." she told him.

Draco took the little baggie from her hands and opened it carefully. Then an idea struck, and he smirked at her. "Here, stand still," he said, moving her to stand between him and the sink. He pushed her wet hair over her shoulder, exposing her shoulder and collarbone. He used a corner of her towel to dry her skin, then he poured a small amount of powder onto the chiseled edge of her collarbone. Once satisfied, he leaned in, snorting up the substance, before kissing and nibbling his way up her neck, across her jaw line, and finally to her lips.

Hermione did as she was told, and stood still for him. When he made his way up to her lips, she kissed him back, wrapping her arms around his neck. Her towel fell onto the floor around her feet, but she didn't care. She took the little baggie from him, and poured a small line onto her

finger, before snorting it. She licked the remnants off of her finger, before pulling him into another kiss.

Draco lifted her by the waist and sat her on the sink, lips never breaking apart from hers. One hand went between her legs and he began to tease her again, as though he hadn't just finished shagging her in the bathtub a few minutes ago. He didn't even want anything in return, he just wanted to get her off again. He wanted to be able to see her face this time when it happened. Watching her cream, and especially squirt was as addictive as the substance making its way through his bloodstream. Three curved fingers pumped in and out of her at lightning speed, pressing hard into her g-spot.

Hermione couldn't contain the noises that were coming out of her, it felt too good. By the time she was reaching climax, she heard someone else gasp. Her eyes shot open, and she saw a girl standing by the door, frozen at the sight of them. Hermione tried to hide her face, but she was pretty sure it was too late for that. She pushed Draco away, trying to get her feet to the floor so she could grab her clothes, or towel, or anything.

Morag had never expected to walk in on what she had. As a seventh year prefect, she had come across all sorts of forbidden acts. Kids doing drugs, smoking, drinking, snogging, and even shagging. But when she heard the noises coming from the prefects' bathroom, she hadn't for a moment thought she was gonna see the Slytherin Head Boy and Gryffindor Head Girl naked, dripping, and in the act of something very dirty.

"Wow," she said, expressing her overall surprise. "I mean really, wow!" She was judging, hard. Wasn't he a death eater? The scarred memory of the dark mark was still visible on his forearm. And her, Harry Potter's best friend? "That's just wrong. So wrong." She chuckled in dark amusement as they struggled to cover themselves. Well, Granger more so than Malfoy, who seemed too proud to show any sign of shame.

Hermione grabbed her towel, pulling it up to her chest. All the excitement of almost being caught was gone, and now she was scrambling to try and come up with a solution. This would be way worse for her than it would be for Draco, and she had a feeling this girl would go straight to spreading around what she'd just discovered. Hermione looked down at her feet and spotted her wand sticking out of her pocket, and before the girl could run, she grabbed it. She pointed it at her, and with just a second of hesitation, she performed the same memory charm she had done on her parents. Shit, shit, shit. She waited for the glazed over look to come across the girl's face, and hoped that in her panic she hadn't erased too much.

Draco barely had time to remove his fingers from within his lover when she was going for her wand. He took a step back to watch his partner at work. He wasn't sure he'd ever seen Hermione perform magic on someone, off the battlefield. It was kind of hot. Or maybe that was the cocaine.

Morag saw it coming, but not fast enough to stop it. She felt the spell hit her, but suddenly she wasn't sure what was happening. She was losing all awareness.

"Fucking hell," he said as he watched the spell take effect. That was a close one. He couldn't believe they'd actually been caught. By one of the Prefects, no less!

Hermione saw the girl's expression change, and knew that it had worked. She quickly began gathering her clothes, and pulling them on. "We need to get out of here before someone else sees us." she told Draco as she was pulling her pants on. She stuffed the little bag of drugs back into

her pocket, and stowed her wand in another. She pulled her shirt on, and then her socks and shoes. It was probably the fastest she'd ever gotten dressed. She grabbed Draco by the arm, dragging him toward the door. They needed to be out of there when this girl came back to her senses.

Draco also raced to get dressed. As amusing as the situation was, he was fully aware that if their affair was made public, it would no longer exist. Granger wouldn't tolerate having everyone know her dirty little secret, either of them. He was glad he'd changed after classes, as his sweater was a lot easier to put back on than his usual oxford.

He cast a charm on his hair, and then Hermione's, drying them so that they wouldn't look like they'd just bathed together. "That was a close one." Technically, they'd been caught, but thanks to Hermione's quick thinking, they were no worse for wear.

Hermione hurried down the hall a bit, before walking at a normal speed. Her heart was racing, and she felt a bit faint. "I can't believe I just used a memory charm on that girl. I would be in so much trouble if anyone found out." she spoke quietly, not wanting anyone to overhear, not that anyone appeared to be around. "That can't happen again." she told him.

Draco kept a reasonable distance from Hermione as they walked, just in case. Not that he would have walked noticeably close to her before. It's not as though it'd even occur to him to put his arm around her, or hold her hand. It wasn't as though they were a couple. "Don't worry about it, she'll be fine." It was just a quick memory revision. The Ministry used them on muggles every day.

Hermione couldn't help but think about her parents, this was nothing like that, she'd only erased a short memory of the girl discovering them, but it was the same spell that lost her her own parents. "I suppose you're right." Hermione said. She was feeling extremely guilty regardless, something she hadn't felt in a while, purposely. She couldn't wait to get back to the dorm and drown this feeling with more drugs. It probably wasn't the best idea, but her other option was to sit around feeling like some kind of sex fiend who would rather mess with someone's memory than admit to hooking up with Draco. When they got back to the dorm, she headed right for her room. She'd just had some not long ago, but she'd been a little more loose with how much she consumed since Draco got involved, and she knew she'd be fine.

Draco agreed that it would be best to take it easy for a while, no more shagging away from the privacy of their dorm. There were still exciting places to explore, like the balcony, the shower, the kitchen counter, the bathroom counter. Granger was always eager to learn new things, and bedroom activities were no exception. He reveled in helping her to explore her sexuality, and the release of aggression was good for him as well.

Hermione was unable to resist falling back into Draco's bed for long. She was sure not a single day or night had passed that they hadn't been physical with one another somehow, and she wasn't about to let one incident break that streak. She couldn't hold it against him that they'd been caught. She was just as capable at locking the door as he was, so she was just as much to blame. She just wished that the Ravenclaw's memory had been affected appropriately. By their next Prefect's meeting the following Friday she could have sworn that Morag was looking at her strangely, but she couldn't be sure.

Every other weekend since her birthday, Draco was forced to endure the torture of Hermione playing host to her friends in their common area. The wonder twins were released from Auror training on those days, and were permitted to visit the castle whenever they wished. A perk of being war heroes, he supposed. It disgusted him how Weasley spent all his time trying to flirt his way back into Granger's pants. He could hear it all. Every once and a while he made a point of coming out of his room for a glass of water, or a snack. Each time the redhead would throw looks at him, as though he was a pest that needed exterminating. This, from someone who'd kept a rat as a pet...

Ron complained loudly and often about Hermione's living arrangements, or at least, who it was she was living with. Hermione always tried to change the subject, but it didn't always work. One such evening in November, after Draco had boldly emerged from his bedroom shirtless and ventured all the way across the room to retrieve a book to read, Hermione had finally had enough of her friend's griping. She snapped and told him, among other things, to take his inferiority complex elsewhere. It had effectively shut him up (it took everything in Ginny to not laugh) but he did not return for the following visit. Hermione almost felt bad, but she had to remind herself that if he didn't know how to behave that was his fault and not hers.

It was hard to believe that months had already passed since they returned to school. Draco didn't know it was possible to spend so long shagging the same girl and not get bored, but in fact, there was nothing boring about being with Hermione. She was all business when she was sober, but the moment she got a little blow in her system she was a firecracker. As a result, they'd even developed a much stronger tolerance for one another when sober. Managing their Head duties was a breeze as they found their stride as partners. Even the Prefects were beginning to notice. In their first Prefect's meeting after Ron's last visit, someone had made yet another joke referring to Hermione and Draco as "Mum and Dad", and for once it wasn't followed by "are fighting again". They were expecting their first snow of the season, and as such were planning the next Hogsmeade outing for the younger students.

"I was thinking," Morag piped in after finishing the previous order of business. As always when Morag spoke, Hermione paid very close attention, looking for any sign that there was suspicion of what she'd done to her. "That we should each do a collection for our respective houses to collect money for a Christmas gift for the Head of Houses."

"That's not a terrible idea," Draco agreed, having decided it wouldn't kill him to be more involved in their discussions. "Granger and I can do the shopping while you all oversee the third and fourth years. We'll take twenty percent from each house to get something for the Headmistress as well."

Hermione was surprisingly pleased with this idea. "I agree. Our lead staff deserves a show of appreciation after everything they've done for this school." Hermione looked around the room. "What do you all think?" There was a unanimous agreement throughout the room. "Great," Hermione continued. "So Malfoy and I will collect the funds from each of you that morning before we all head into town."

"If anyone has any ideas for what the gifts should be they can let us know between now and then, and we'll take them into consideration." Draco added. He couldn't think of what he would get for a professor. He'd never seen reason to buy one a gift before.

So the following Saturday, Hermione and Draco waited outside the school, and gathered the pool of money from each of the houses. They separated twenty percent from each house's collection to create a fifth pool, and set off towards the village. Some of the students had offered very creative and thoughtful gift ideas for their house heads, which at the very least inspired Hermione and Draco in their final choices. They themselves pitched in the remainder of funds required for the gifts. When all the gifts had been purchased, the pair headed towards the Hog's Head for lunch and to re-up on their little white helper.

Chapter End Notes

If you're not subscribed to this story yet, now's the time to do so, because things are going to start getting crazy from here. Stay tuned because the next chapter is going to be very intense. Reader discretion is advised.

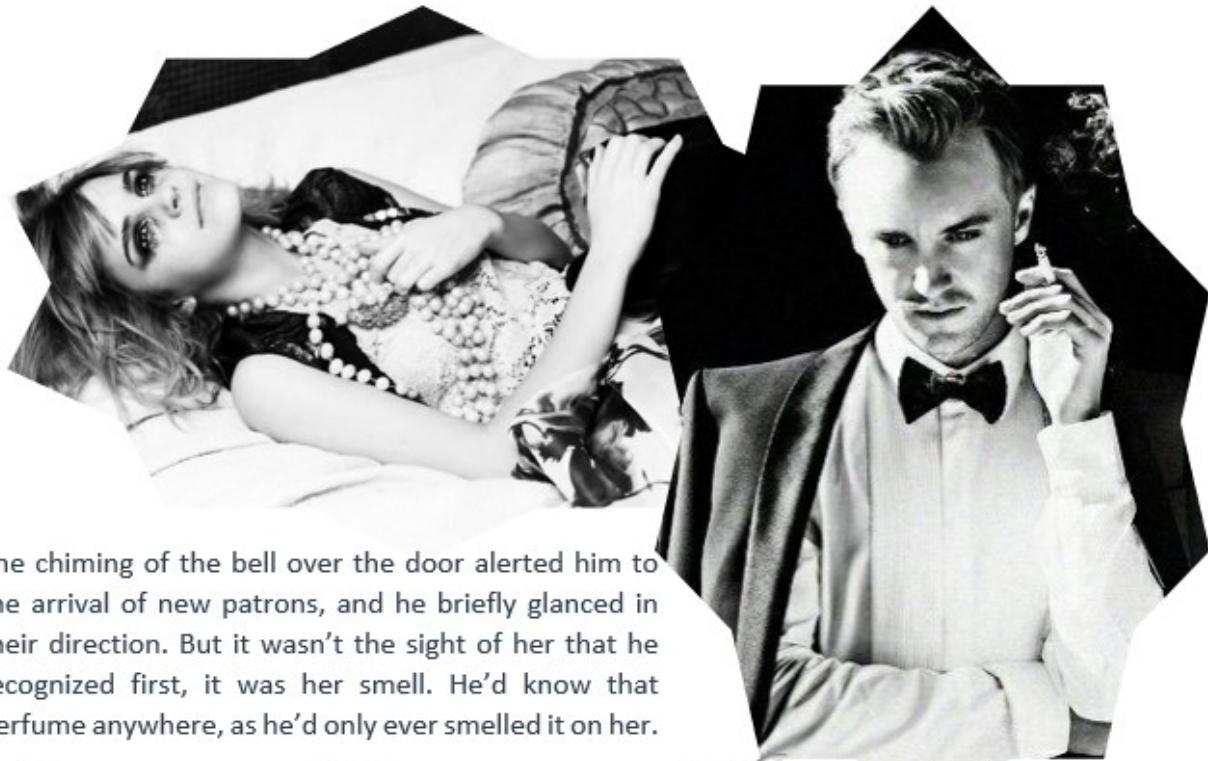
As always please comment and let me know what you think of this story so far!

Chapter 7: Scabior's Revenge

Chapter Summary

While breaking for lunch at the Hog's Head, Hermione has the misfortune of running into someone from her past with a deep seeded grudge.

WARNING: Extremely sensitive content, violence, sexual assault, murder



The chiming of the bell over the door alerted him to the arrival of new patrons, and he briefly glanced in their direction. But it wasn't the sight of her that he recognized first, it was her smell. He'd know that perfume anywhere, as he'd only ever smelled it on her.

Snow Storm: Chapter 07

Draco had suggested lunch at the Hog's Head for a reason. It was unlikely other students would be there, and he was dying to take Hermione violently in the men's room after enjoying a fresh dose of powder. It'd been so long since they'd shagged outside of their dorm, and he was intent on reliving such an adventure today.

When they arrived they unloaded all of their purchases in a booth in the back of the pub.

"Meet me in the men's room," Draco said, smirking wickedly. There were only a handful of strangers inside the establishment, which Aberforth had sold for a long overdue retirement. It was unlikely that they would be disturbed, or even noticed.

Draco had absolutely no idea just how wrong he was.

From across the bar a cloaked figure sat, nursing a glass of something dark and strong. The chiming of the bell over the door alerted him to the arrival of new patrons, and he briefly glanced in their direction. But it wasn't the sight of her that he recognized first, it was her smell. He'd know that perfume anywhere, as he'd only ever smelled it on her.

Hermione Granger. The brown haired mudblood whore who had ruined his life by jinxing Harry Potter beyond recognition. "Penelope Clearwater" she'd claimed to be. He knew he should have had fun with her that night when he had the chance, instead of bringing her straight to Malfoy Manor. Instead they escaped, and the Dark Lord had punished him severely. Since Voldemort's defeat he'd been on the run, forced to live in seclusion. Every time he went out in public he did so in disguise in order to not be recognized, and this day was no exception.

Merlin, how he wished he could make her pay for everything he was going through.

"Malfoy!" the teen scolded the blonde haired traitor in response to something he hadn't heard. He watched as the Malfoy heir grasped a handful of the girl's denim-clad backside, giving it a hardy squeeze, but rather than hex him, as the hooded stranger expected, a playful slap to his shoulder was all the punishment he received as he left the table.

As quickly as Malfoy had headed into the men's room, Granger crossed the room to enter the ladies'. She would be alone in there. No other women had entered the pub all afternoon. He hadn't expected it, hadn't planned it, but he would never again receive an opportunity like this. He slid off his bar stool and slipped into the women's room as inconspicuously as he could.

He'd expected to find the girl in a stall, relieving herself, expected to have a moment to plan his next move, but instead he found her at the sink, dumping a small amount of white powder onto the edge. He watched in surprise just long enough to see her bend over, holding her hair out of her way with one hand, and inhale the substance in one swift motion. She hadn't noticed him yet, which gave him just enough time to remove the charms disguising his features. He wanted her to see him, to know who he was and why she was experiencing what was about to happen to her.

"Incarerous," the former snatcher whispered, and in an instant a thick cord was winding itself around her wrists, pulling them secure behind her back.

Hermione was startled at first, but it wouldn't be the first time Malfoy had gotten frisky enough to use such a spell on her. She almost laughed, but when she turned to look at him, it became immediately clear the caster was not the blond haired lover she'd expected to find. She opened her mouth to scream, but just as quickly an even thicker rope wrapped around her head, gagging her and preventing more than an ineffective amount of noise from escaping her. She screamed all the same. Her wand was in her coat pocket, which she'd left on the table in order to get comfortable.

"Well if it isn't miss Penelope Clearwater," Scabior greeted her finally, offering a mocking bow. He stood up again swiftly. "Wait, my mistake. It's Granger, isn't it? Hermione Mudblood Granger. Best friend of Harry Potter. And now, apparently, Draco Malfoy's own little whore?" he spoke venomously to her as he approached her. "Or do you let all men get a feel of that tight little ass?" He was behind her now, pinning her against the sink and touching her just as his words suggested. She could smell the alcohol on his breath. He was clearly drunk. He pressed his body

into hers, squeezed both cheeks firmly, and groaned his excitement. From where he stood now her smell was intoxicating. He breathed it in deeply, his nose deep in her hair.

Hermione could feel tears streaming down her face, and she bowed her head so that he couldn't see the reflection of them in the mirror. She'd recognized him right away, Scabior, the snatcher who'd nearly caught her the night Ron left them in the woods. The one who had later captured them and brought them to Malfoy Manor. She had given him the name Penelope Clearwater, and clearly, he was holding a grudge over it. She could hear the jingling of metal, and it was the all too familiar sound of the removal of a belt. She choked back a sob. This wasn't happening, it couldn't be happening.

And then his hands were on her again, in front of her, rubbing her roughly through her clothes, as though his aggression would loosen her juices to flowing. On the contrary, she'd never felt less ready or less willing. He pulled artlessly at the button on her jeans, releasing it before pulling the zipper apart rather than lowering it. She could hear the stitching tear with the force. She struggled pointlessly against him. She was no match for his strength, not even with the cocaine amplifying her adrenaline. If anything, it was making it harder to think, her panic intensifying by the second.

"I was so disappointed," He hissed into her ear as he pushed her jeans and underwear down her thighs. "That I had missed my chance to take you out for a spin. But then, today," Hermione felt his hand between her legs. She shuddered and tried to wiggle away from him, but to no avail. He plunged one finger deep into her, the intrusion more painful than she'd ever experienced. "You just happen to show up here."

Without warning, he placed a hand on the back of Hermione's head and shoved her forward, smashing her forehead into the mirror as he bent her over. She felt the glass break and her head stung violently. A few seconds later, she could feel wetness dripping down her face. A ruby drop landed on the edge of the sink where she'd inhaled her coke just two minutes before. He held her down with one hand in the middle of her back, and she didn't want to think about what he was doing with the other, though she could take a guess. She sobbed unceasingly as the reality of her situation set in.

Draco had been waiting for Hermione in the men's room, curious to know if she'd actually follow like he'd suggested. While he waited, he helped himself to a small dose that Hermione had been kind enough to separate out for him. As it turned out, the muggle substance was something that could be magically duplicated, so as long as they were careful they would never run out. After a couple minutes, he was just thinking about giving up when he heard a smash. The shared wall shook with the force of whatever caused the clatter, and it quickly occurred to him that the wall was likely shared with the women's room.

Without hesitation, Draco pulled out his wand and ran to find out what happened. Maybe she'd used too much, got dizzy, hit her head? But as much as that worried him, it was nothing compared to what he found. Hermione was sobbing, pinned to the sink, her head bleeding against the shattered mirror. Her hands and mouth were bound, and behind her her attacker was stroking himself vigorously in an attempt to get it up. Draco reacted without thinking, ripping the man away from her and throwing him to the ground. He'd caught the assailant off guard, which was fortunate. He landed a kick to his ribs, which cracked loudly as they broke. The intoxicated assault shouted painfully at the unexpected attack.

Finally looking at him, he recognized him. Scabior, the snatcher. He'd met the man more times than he wanted to think of, the most memorable of which being when he arrived at Malfoy Manor with Harry, Ron and Hermione in tow. Draco had been put on the spot that night, forced to make a choice between his family and when he knew to be right. Draco felt those emotions bubble up again, all the frustration and agony he'd faced trying to figure out what path he belonged on. It boiled inside of him, and Draco kicked the snatcher a second time. Scabior groaned and curled in on himself in an attempt to protect his shattered ribs, but Draco refused to let him.

Turning him onto his back, Draco grasped the older man's shoulders and slammed him down onto the tile floor. The sound of his head cracking against the hard surface echoed through the room. Draco slammed him a second time, and a third, before Scabior went limp underneath him.

Satisfied for now, Draco got to his feet and quickly released Hermione of her magical bindings. She turned and threw her arms around him, and he embraced her in return, holding her as she cried. He'd heard her cry only once before now, and Scabior had been a factor in that as well, the son of a bitch. He pulled away from her just long enough to assess her wound. She had a pretty deep gash in her forehead, which was bleeding dramatically, as head injuries had a tendency to do.

"I thought it was you," Hermione sputtered in confusion, shock setting in. "He came in, and he bound me, and I thought it was you." She sobbed anew. Draco helped her pull her jeans back into place and then held her to his chest again, and Hermione looked over his shoulder at her attacker.

He felt them shaking, and realized it wasn't her trembling, it was him. She'd thought it was him? She hadn't recognized the danger quickly enough to react because she'd thought it was him. His hold on her was more tense than tender as he attempted to contain his boiling rage. "Malfoy," He heard her small voice through the ringing in his ears. "Malfoy!" her voice was louder this time, more urgent, and Draco looked in the shattered mirror in front of him. Scabior was on his feet again, wand in hand.

Draco didn't mean to throw Hermione, but it was his reaction to get her as far away from him as possible. He spun around, wand drawn, but Scabior was faster, casting first. Draco was barely able to block the spell before firing on him in return.

Hermione stumbled and nearly lost her balance when Draco protectively pushed her away from him. She backed away to stay out of the line of fire as the two began to duel. She'd never felt so helpless, her wand all the way in the corner of the pub, deep inside her coat's inner pocket. "HELP!" Hermione cried out in an attempt to summon someone, anyone, but the effort of doing so made her damaged head hurt, and she didn't try it again.

"Crucio!" Draco snarled darkly upon the former muggleborn collector. Hermione watched in horror as the man writhed on the ground. Draco hurried over to him in his pain crippled state and pulled him roughly onto his knees, the Unforgivable unyielding. Draco was unaware of the bathroom door opening behind him, the pub's new owner coming to see what all the commotion was about. He released the spell for just long enough to slam his head into the corner of the sink. The cracking of his skull resounded through the bathroom, and then silence.

The business owner was binding Draco's wrists behind him to restrain him. Hermione had sunk onto the floor, shock overtaking her senses. Scabior now laid lifeless on the floor, a halo of blood pooling around him.

"Someone call the ministry! A crime has been committed!" The voice of the proprietor boomed and echoed in the restroom and out the door. The volume caused Hermione great pain, and she thought she might lose consciousness.

Only a few short minutes had passed before the Hog's Head was swarming with Aurors.

"No!" Hermione cried suddenly when she saw one such Auror approaching Draco with a pair of magic restricting shackles. "It wasn't him." The team paused, surprised, and all eyes fell onto the young woman. It was the first time Hermione had spoken since the new owner, who she now understood to be named Frank Makowski, had found them. "He saved me." Confused faces surrounded her.

"He killed that ma—" Frank began to say, but the Malfoy they spoke of interrupted.

"That man?" Draco shouted indignantly. "Have you any idea what that man was doing in there?"

"Draco, don't!" Hermione squeaked. She couldn't hear it. She didn't want those words spoken in her presence.

Sensing this, Draco revised his word choice. "Look at her! Look at what he did to her!" The wound had been spelled shut, a basic first aid spell, and the blood cleaned away, but her clothes were badly stained, and the gash in her head still visible.

"Hermione!" Harry Potter's voice rang out into the pub. The crowd parted to make room for The Boy Who Lived to get to his friend. He enveloped her immediately into a warm embrace.

Draco watched the way she clung to her friend and his stomach lurched, disgusted by the sight.

"I heard that it was you and I came as fast as I could," Potter told her.

Finally having found her voice, along with the comfort of speaking to a friend, she was able to explain what had happened, replacing the part with the substance abuse with washing her hands, also leaving out the part about the sexual assault. Only after she explained how Draco had come rushing in and fought him off, before finally dueling it out, was Draco finally released from his bindings.

"But you didn't just duel him to the death. You smashed his head in," Frank argued. It was obvious he held a prejudice against the former death eater. Lowly Snatchers like Scabior didn't carry the burden of the dark mark.

"I'd have done more than that if you hadn't stopped me." Draco's rage was beginning to flare again.

"It was Scabior," Hermione told Harry, realizing she hadn't yet. "That Snatcher who captured us." Harry looked shocked.

"And you... smashed his head in?" Harry turned his attention to Malfoy to ask. If Draco didn't know any better, he'd think Potter looked... impressed.

The afternoon dragged on after that. It was hours before they were released back to the castle. Hermione had been forced to retell her story several times before finally consenting to surrendering her memory of the event into their custody for evidence. She realized with dread

that once they saw it, they were going to see the whole story, the truth she had hidden. But if that's what it took to ensure Draco wasn't arrested... If it weren't for Harry's influence he likely would have been still.

Harry offered himself as an escort back to the castle, and walked them back to their dorm. Naturally, by the time they arrived, students were already trying to catch a glimpse of them, whispering the many rumored versions of the story.

"I can't believe he's not in Azkaban," Draco heard one fifth year say to her friend. "What? He's clearly a hero!" her friend argued. "Still a killer," was the retort.

As soon as they entered the dorm Draco picked up the first object he found, some particularly heavy book one of them had been reading, and chucked it violently across the room. Hermione flinched, freezing in place and closing her eyes to steady her startled heart.

"Malfoy..." Hermione said cautiously. Harry put his arm around Hermione then, and began walking her to her room, but she stopped before they entered. "He would have killed me."

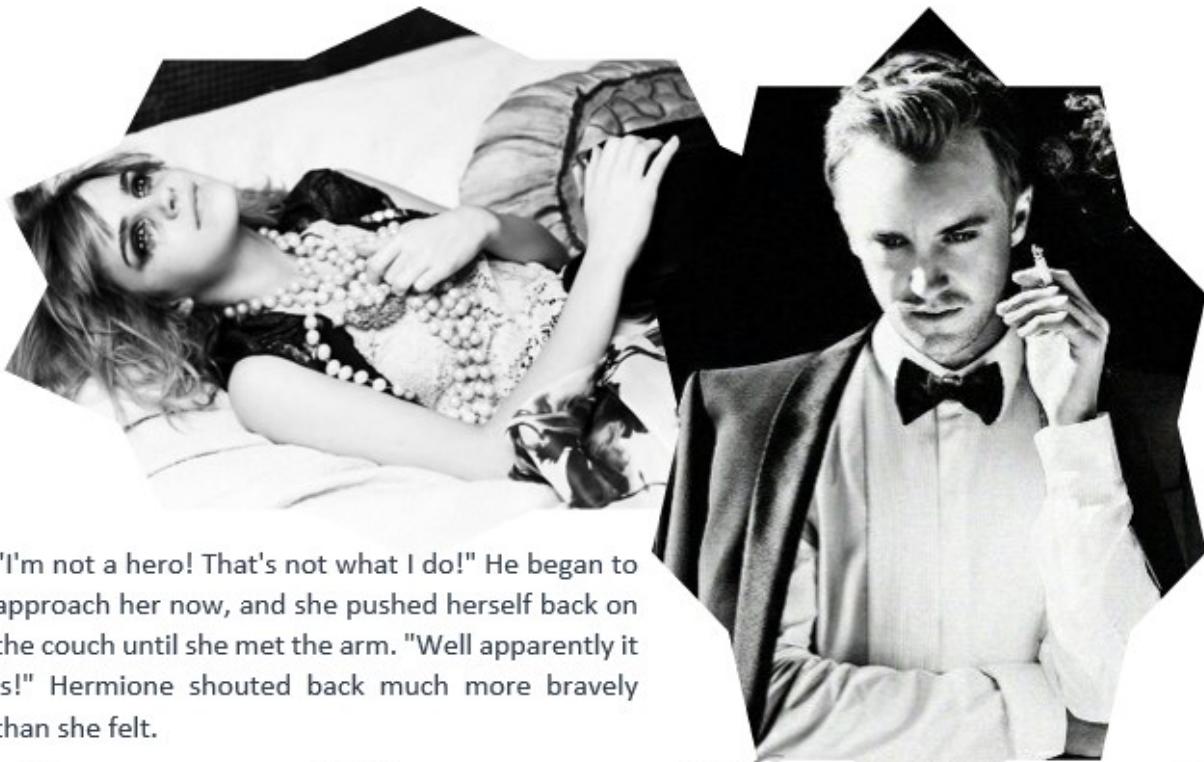
Draco looked at Hermione like she had two heads. "So I killed him instead," he told her angrily. "There's always a good reason isn't there?"

Hermione realized now why Draco was so upset. This wasn't his first kill. On top of that, he'd used an unforgivable curse. She hoped that wouldn't come back on him when the memory was reviewed. She had committed many crimes throughout the war, maybe even killed a few death eaters in battle, but she'd certainly never killed someone with her bare hands. Tears pooled and burned her eyes. She blinked and they raced down her face. "I'm sorry," she said in a small, desperate voice. She felt as though it was all her fault. She should have been more vigilant. She should have had her wand. She should have noticed him sooner. Maybe if she had... "I'm so sorry."

Chapter 8: Anti-Savior

Chapter Summary

Hermione lets Draco take out years of pent up anger and self-loathing on her all too willing body.



"I'm not a hero! That's not what I do!" He began to approach her now, and she pushed herself back on the couch until she met the arm. "Well apparently it is!" Hermione shouted back much more bravely than she felt.

Snow Storm: Chapter 08

Hermione stayed in her room for the remainder of the evening. Harry had stayed with her for as long as he could justify, before returning to the academy. She could tell he was hesitant to leave her alone with Draco and his rage.

Draco did not emerge from his room except for frequent smoke breaks on the balcony. She'd never seen him smoke so much, and it worried her. She wondered if she should check on him, but she was afraid of his reaction. He'd spent half the night destroying everything in sight, repairing, and destroying it all once more. He was suffering, and probably very, very high.

Come Sunday morning she didn't hear or see anything from him. Maybe he'd worn himself out? Maybe he'd overdosed. She was genuinely scared to find out. She decided it would be best to give him the afternoon before checking on him.

It was about three o'clock when Draco finally made an appearance, wearing only his favorite grey sweatpants as usual. Hermione had been reading on the couch all day to ensure that if he did come out she wouldn't miss him. Crookshanks, who had been curled up on Hermione's feet, keeping them warm for her, jumped up and trotted off to Hermione's bedroom to avoid the wizard. The first thing Draco did was get a glass of water. Hermione watched over the top of her book. Merlin, she loved the way he wore those pants. He looked okay, physically, if not a little grumpy.

"Are you alright?" Draco asked Hermione haughtily, as though even feeling the need to ask was a great inconvenience to him.

Hermione didn't exactly know how to respond to that. "I'm okay," Hermione told him, feeling small. "Are you alright?"

Draco scoffed bitterly. "I'm fine," he claimed. Anger continued to radiate off of him. It wasn't as strong as the night before, but it was still there.

It was obvious to Hermione that Draco was suffering an internal struggle. A crisis of self, one might say. She'd never seen him look less confident in the many years she'd known him.

"What was I supposed to do?" Draco asked in a snippy tone after a brief silence.

Startled, Hermione set her book down and sat up straight from her reclined position. "I... I don't know."

"He was hurting you," Draco went on with what Hermione was beginning to recognize as the start of a rant.

"I know," she replied reassuringly.

"He was going to rape you."

Hermione cringed and looked down, eyes closed. He just had to use that word, didn't he? "I know."

"Then he would have killed you when he was done!" He was shouting now, and Hermione could hardly take it.

"I know!" She yelled back at him. Maybe he just needed to fight it out. Maybe she did too. "You think I don't know that?"

"I'm not a hero! That's not what I do!" He began to approach her now, and she pushed herself back on the couch until she met the arm.

"Well apparently it is!" Hermione shouted back much more bravely than she felt. "Because it's not the first time!" He seemed startled by that statement. She continued. "You saved me yesterday, just like you saved Harry at your manor, just like you threw Harry your wand in battle so he could finish the job. YOU did those things!"

"I'm not a hero!" He shouted again. "I'm a killer! I've killed so many more than I've saved."

Hermione choked back a sob. She didn't like to think of the things he was forced to do while serving under Voldemort. "You had no choice." She stated firmly.

"I had no choice yesterday," he told her, his tone contradicting. "When I saw what he—" he shook away the image from his mind. "I'm not that guy, okay?"

"You're not what guy?" Hermione asked, sounding snippy herself now. There were so many conflicting emotions trying to come out all at once.

"I'm not your boyfriend!" He snapped. "I'm not Weasley! I'm not Potter! I'm not courageous and loyal. I'm not a bloody Gryffindor. And I never agreed to be exclusive to you!"

"I never said you were!" Hermione yelled back, her heart pounding, though admittedly, the thought of him shagging other girls did bother her. He wasn't, was he? How could he? He never left the dorm except for classes or patrols. Did he feel she was holding him back? "I never asked you to be. I don't want you to be! You think I would ever do the things I do with you with one of them?" She glared up at him.

Draco scoffed at the idea. "They wouldn't have the balls!" he told her. "You think one of those arrogant Gryffindors could ever get you off like I do?"

"No!" Hermione argued. "Not in a million years! But that doesn't mean I want you as my boyfriend. I don't want a boyfriend," she spat the word with disgust. Quite honestly, she didn't feel she was in a good head space for a relationship, with everything that happened with her parents, and now her substance abuse, which she was starting to recognize was a problem, but she didn't want to stop, and now, after the attack...

"Well good!" Draco said sharply. His anger seemed to be ebbing away gradually as his point was made. "Because I don't want a girlfriend."

"Good, because I don't want to be anyone's girlfriend."

"But I'm still going to shag your brains out every night," Draco stated rather than asked.

"You bloody well better."

"Fine," Draco stated curtly in conclusion.

"Fine."

The two stared at each other intently for a few moments, chests heaving as the adrenaline of their argument began to wane. Then, without a word, Draco retreated to Hermione's bedroom. He reappeared a moment later with Hermione's small wooden box. He sat himself on the couch next to Hermione and set the box down on the table in front of them.

"Really?" Hermione broke the silence to say, looking at Draco skeptically.

"You have a better idea for getting through the day?" She was the one who'd been attacked. She was the one who'd been violated.

Hermione sighed and shrugged. "No, I guess I don't. Here, I'll do it." She took the box and dumped out what was probably more than enough for the two of them. She separated the pile into

two equal parts, then separated those two parts into thirds, until she had six piles, which she then began to spread, one by one, into thin lines. She figured it should last them a couple hours, at least.

The two took turns until the six lines were gone, and then Draco pushed Hermione's hair over her shoulder, revealing her neck to him. He leaned over and nibbled the soft skin there a few times, before biting down on her sharply.

Hermione cried out at the sudden pain, but it ended in a moan as she leaned into him, permitting his attack on her sensitive flesh. She whimpered as he bit her again, sucking hard on the captured patch of skin. "Malfoy," she whined. It hurt, but in the best way possible. She understood he was in a dark place, a needy place, and she didn't mind him taking that out on her, sexually. It was better than him screaming at her as he'd done a short while ago.

Draco released her neck, admiring the deep red spotty bruise that was already forming there. He loved that she let him do these things to her, trusted him to never go too far, to never actually cause her harm. She had to be the only person in the world who believed he didn't want to harm her, not really. She was an outlet for his rage, and she was perfect. "Take off your clothes," he ordered her.

Hermione didn't need to be told twice. Nervously and excitedly, Hermione pulled off her top and began to undo her jeans. The previous night was the first night they had gone without fooling around the whole term, and while she hadn't had any desire to have sex then, she was craving it even more now. She had barely kicked the denim off when he grabbed her and pulled her onto the couch. She squeaked as her head hit the seat cushion. While he was tugging down her satin knickers, Hermione reached behind her back and unclasped her bra.

"Fuck!" Hermione cried out when out of nowhere he bit down on her clit. But just as quickly he was sucking on the small nub and the pain was forgotten, replaced with a pleasure that made her legs spasm. "Oh yes," she moaned, pulling her legs up and locking her ankles loosely around his head. She tangled a fistful of fingers into his platinum hair while his tongue dove inside of her.

Draco devoured her, lapping at her tight cunt until until the combination of his saliva and her juices were dripping down his chin and between her cheeks. She tasted so good he didn't want to stop, but at the same time, his rigid cock was twitching with agitation, desperate to replace his tongue inside of her. He stuffed two fingers inside of her, curled into a hook shape to rub against her g-spot, and returned to sucking on her clitoris, pumping his fingers harshly inside of her.

Hermione squirmed, whimpered, and moaned. He was fingering her so hard she could hardly keep her hips on the couch, they kept trying to rise off the cushion to escape his assault. But her pointless attempts to escape only made Draco work harder, faster. Her body tensed, her toes curled. She sobbed out, begging for release for this torture.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" She was coming hard, hot clear liquid pouring out of her and all over his chin. He chuckled, loving the way she only ever swore when she was in the throws of passion. The cushion underneath her was soaked by the time he finally removed his hand, and he slid the soak appendage up the length of Hermione's torso to play with her breast, effectively coating her in her own mess.

When Hermione felt his hand on her breast, her legs untangled from around his head, and fell to either side of him, going limp from the intensity of the task he'd just performed. Now that he was

free to do so, Draco reached down and freed himself through the opening in his pants, and positioned his body between Hermione's legs. He pushed her legs up until her knees met her sides.

Hermione's body was still exhausted, but she was excited to see what he would do to her next. Instinctively, she put her arms around her legs, holding her feet in her hands towards the ceiling. Her hips burned from the unusual stretch, but she breathed through it, because a moment later he was inside of her. "Oh God," she gasped when his length slammed hard into her cervix. He was unyielding, taking out all his frustrations on her petite body.

Draco was on his knees, leaning forward and holding her thighs firmly against the couch cushion for leverage. The three lines had kicked in now, and he sniffed deeply, swallowing the drip in the back of his throat. He smirked down at her, pleased. He felt as though he could go all night, but the way her pussy squeezed him was making it hard for him to resist filling her to overflowing with his seed. Maybe she wouldn't notice if he just kept going?

"Bloody hell, you feel so good," he informed her, changing his pace slightly. She was milking him so hard, he couldn't hold back any longer, so he didn't. Remaining as steady as possible so that she wouldn't notice the difference, Draco came.

He kept up his pace without fail, the stimulant running through his veins helping to keep him hard and eager to continue. He chuckled for seemingly no reason as he watched Hermione underneath him, moaning and panting, completely unaware of anything but her own pleasure. He released her thighs, and Hermione dropped her heels immediately, defeated from the prolonged strain of her position. She chuckled deeply as well, her chest heaving and beaded with sweat. "I don't know how you keep--"

But her sentence was interrupted when Draco pulled her by her waist off of the couch, and lowered her onto her shoulders on the floor beside it, between it and the coffee table. When she found her balance there, Draco pushed the table away to give her more room, and positioned himself over her, and began to have his way with her again.

Hermione gasped and adjusted herself to the sudden and drastic change in position. She shifted slightly to find a better balance, so that her head laid more comfortably on the floor. She had barely settled herself before he was inside of her again. She'd never felt anything so deep. She wondered vaguely in her hazy, intoxicated, heightened state if it was the unusual alignment that sent him straight into her g-spot so fiercely. She cried out with each of his thrusts, unsure of just how much of it she could take.

Draco fed on the sounds she made, driving him to go harder, faster. His legs burned from the burden, but he couldn't stop. He pinned her legs together, her knees falling to her chest. After a few minutes, he spit a heavy coating of saliva onto his fingers, and rubbed it into the southern entrance that he'd gotten so fond of in the last couple of months. He didn't go there often, not wanting the novelty of it to wear, but she was just in such a prime position for it at the moment, he couldn't resist.

"Yes," Hermione agreed, understanding what he was about to do, and approving. It wasn't typically her first choice, but right now she could swear he was actually causing bruising to her uterus, and felt it could use a break. Let her colon take the beating for a while instead.

Draco hadn't actually been looking for her permission, as she'd never once said no to him before, but he was glad to have it all the same. In his excitement, he went back and forth, dipping into her ass, and then her pussy again, back and forth, enjoying the mix of sensations, before finally settling on her rear, just as she clearly wanted.

He didn't relent for quite some time. Not until Hermione was begging for it to be over. "I can't, I can't!" she kept repeating in surrender. Feeling rather satisfied with a job well done, Draco finally permitted himself to find his release once more. He pulled out this time, groaning as he spilled his milky substance all over her glistening wet pussy and anus alike.

Hermione fell limp once more. She'd never taken such a beating from him before. Every inch of her body tingled, and she felt like little more than jello. She slumped off to the side, and laid there on the floor.

"I think I need water," Hermione told him, her voice shaking because she was so out of breath just from taking it.

Draco laughed at that. He stepped over Hermione and moved to the kitchen on sore, stiff legs. He brought back two glasses of water and handed one to Hermione, who was just now pulling herself up into a proper sitting position. Draco took a long chug from his glass of ice cold water, which felt heavenly after all of the energy he'd just exerted drilling her into the floor, and sat down in front of the coffee table's temporary new location. He began cutting them fresh lines.

"Malfoy," Hermione chided after several gulps of life-giving water, when she noticed what he was doing.

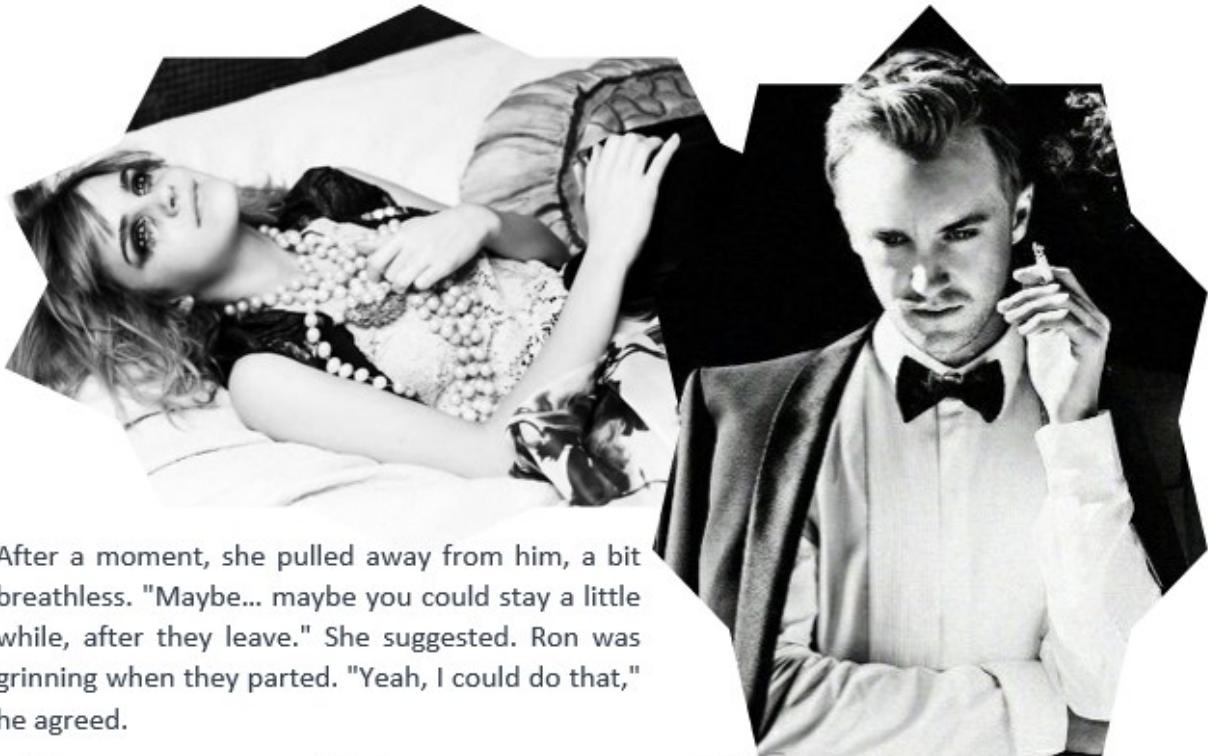
"You're going to need the energy," He told her, knowing that the amount they'd used had to be at least halfway burned out by now. "You and I both need a shower." He turned to her with a devilish smirk.

Chapter 9: Ron's Second Chance

Chapter Summary

Ginny and Harry ask Ron to come with them to visit Hermione, they have an announcement to make. When Ron doesn't take the news well, Hermione is inspired to spend some alone time with him, to see if there's any spark left to speak of.

Drinking, sex, more drinking



After a moment, she pulled away from him, a bit breathless. "Maybe... maybe you could stay a little while, after they leave." She suggested. Ron was grinning when they parted. "Yeah, I could do that," he agreed.

Snow Storm: Chapter 09

Ron had been meaning to check on Hermione, he really had. After what she'd been through the previous Saturday, he had to let go of his anger from his last visit. So when Harry said that he really wanted him to be there this weekend, because he had something to tell them, Ron didn't need much convincing. He'd heard from everyone at the academy what Malfoy had done to that snatcher. He'd broken almost every rib the man had, cursed him with an unforgivable (they now knew thanks to Hermione's memory of the event), and finally smashed his head in in a grotesque display of brute force. He'd seen the photo evidence from the crime scene. He'd never seen anything like it, and it angered him still that he'd been pardoned as a hero. He'd saved Hermione

from that monster, Ron realized that, but Malfoy himself was still dangerous, and Ron was even less of a fan of Hermione living with him now than ever before.

So he and Harry arrived at Hogwarts, Ginny meeting them in the entrance hall, and the three made their way to the Head's dorm. Ron knocked three times on the door and then took a step back, waiting bravely for the door to open, wanting to look intimidating, just in case it was Malfoy who had the nerve to answer.

A week had passed since the attack, and things had been tense between Draco and herself. While the sex hadn't changed, there was definitely a change in him, and she still felt horrible for that. She had been sitting on the couch reading, wondering when he would emerge from his room when she heard the knock on the door. She placed her book on the table, getting up to answer it. When she opened it and saw Ron standing there, she was a bit surprised. He looked a bit puffed up, like maybe he expected Malfoy to answer the door, and she had to work not to roll her eyes. Behind him were Ginny and Harry, and she forced a smile at the lot of them. "Hey guys, come on in." She offered, taking a step back so they could all enter.

She glanced at Draco's door, now hoping he decided to wait a while before coming out. Maybe he was still sleeping? She wasn't sure how he would do with the company at the moment, and she wasn't ready to find out.

Ron entered the common room, followed by Harry and Ginny. He took a sweeping look around the room as he stepped further into it, taking in his surroundings, as he was trained to do as an Auror. He took his training very seriously. Finally satisfied that there would be no surprises around any corners, he took a seat in one of the cushy armchairs.

Ginny had followed suit, making herself comfortable on the couch as she had so many times before. She was almost as comfortable here now as she was in Gryffindor tower, almost.

"So, Hermione, how're you doing?" She avoided asking her that question every day, not wanting to wear her out from it, but today, with them all together, it finally seemed like the right time to ask. She'd had a week to process everything that'd happened to her.

Harry took a seat in the other armchair, letting the girls have the couch. Hermione sat next to Ginny, and the inevitable question came right out. How was she doing? Well, not great, but she was doing better than Malfoy. She couldn't really show them her concern for him without raising suspicion, and she wasn't quite sure how to answer for herself. So, there was a moment of silence, which she was sure was as awkward for them as it was for her, before she answered.

"It's been tough, but it could be a lot worse, I suppose," she finally said, hoping that would be a good enough answer. Harry nodded his head, remembering how horrible that day had been. But having seen the memory she'd shared, he knew what she meant. Ginny and Ron surely did too, because Ron had also seen it, and he'd told Ginny about the attack as well.

Ron nodded his understanding. "Even I have to admit I'm grateful Malfoy stopped it when he did," Ron confessed, undoubtedly to the shock of those around him. He'd seen the event from an angle even Hermione hadn't seen, and it nearly made him vomit.

"We all are," Ginny agreed, eyeing her brother, who she was afraid she might have to admit was starting to mature. Maybe.

"Though I could have done without seeing Malfoy pull your pants up for you. I mean, I get being in shock and all, but still." The very memory of that visual had made Ron clench his fist until his knuckles were white.

Hermione rose her eyebrows at Ron, she honestly forgot that moment. The whole thing felt like a bit of a blur, luckily. Not so much the attack, but after Draco had gotten there. She wanted to ask him why that bothered him, but not the embrace they had shared after, but she thought it best to not bring it up.

"Well, I wasn't really thinking clearly, a head wound will do that. And would you have him leave me the way I was?" She asked Ron, a bit snippy. She knew he was being mature, for Ron. But still.

She glanced guiltily at Draco's door again, and sighed. "I should have stopped him before he finished him off. He could be in Azkaban, and Malfoy wouldn't be beating himself up so much for killing him." She said, shaking her head.

Harry frowned, "Like you said, you weren't thinking clearly, head injury and all." He said, trying to comfort her. He remembered how angry Malfoy had been when they returned to the castle, and he wondered if that was still going on.

"I just meant it was weird, alright?" Ron snipped back defensively. "Him seeing you like that, and touching you like that, even if it was a kind thing to do," he nearly choked on the words, describing anything Malfoy did as kind.

Ginny, who was the only one who hadn't seen the memory, could only piece together what had taken place. Malfoy had pulled her pants up for her? And Harry had mentioned to her how Hermione told Malfoy "I thought it was you". Harry had taken it to mean that she thought it was Malfoy checking on her in the restroom, but Ginny was starting to think something different entirely. She'd have to talk to her later about it, in private. "Well you're right, Ron, it was a kind thing to do. Otherwise who knows who else would have seen you in that state, Hermione." But she hadn't missed what Hermione said about beating himself up. If anyone would know, it'd be Hermione. "Is he really taking it that badly? I mean, he was very fortunate to not be arrested himself. He may have taken it a step too far, but he was doing the right thing, right?"

Hermione sighed, softening a bit towards Ron. She knew it was hard for him, she knew how he felt, both about her, and Malfoy. She looked at Ginny, and shrugged, lowering her voice when she spoke next. She didn't want him to hear her, to know they were talking about him. "I don't know, I mean, yes. I think it was the right thing, especially after he got back up and tried to attack again. I think the hardest thing for him has been that the right thing ended up being murder. With everything he went through during the war, I think it brought a lot of that back to the surface." She said. She felt weird talking to them about it, but maybe they could help her help him? They had been there too, and while they didn't exactly like him, they all knew he had a few redeeming moments. Moments that made it pretty clear that he had been struggling with what the right thing to do had been.

"I guess I get what you mean.." Harry said, thinking back, way back, over the years. There had been times when he'd made the right choices, and it had been pretty clear that he wasn't supposed to be making those choices. He had been a pawn for Voldemort, that much had been clear. "It'll probably just take some time for him to deal with the fact that it ended the way it did. I'm sure

there were a million different ways it could have gone, but none of us can change that now. And you're safe, so that's all I care about." Harry told her, which made Hermione smile a bit.

"Is she, though?" Ron began to argue in the same hushed tone that Hermione had spoken with, as to not be overheard. "I mean I know that he protected you that day, Hermione, but who's to say his anger won't get to the better of him some other time? And what if you happen to fall in the line of that anger? He's unpredictable." Ron nodded curtly, as though satisfied with the point he'd made.

Ginny rolled her eyes. "Ron, Malfoy's not going to hurt Hermione. That's absurd." Then again, they didn't know the things she suspected she knew.

"Is it though? I mean how many times has he threatened her? Or wished her dead? Harry, you remember what he said about her when the Chamber of Secrets was opened. He said he hoped she'd be next. Why would his tune be changed now?" It was simply hard for Ron to accept that Malfoy was a fully reformed man with no ill will towards them left to speak of.

"Ron, he was twelve!" Ginny argued, exhausted with the conversation.

Hermione stared at Ron, annoyed by his accusations. "Like Ginny said, he was twelve, and he has been nothing like the Malfoy you went to school with. He's a recluse, he doesn't have friends he's trying to impress, he isn't under his father's thumb like he used to be. We actually started working well together before this happened." Hermione said.

Harry was just a little conflicted, he didn't think Malfoy would hurt her, not purposely anyways. But there had been some signs of anger issues the last time he'd seen him. Just a week ago. And from what Hermione said, it sounded like he was stewing in all of this. "I don't know, I don't think Ron is right, but I do think he might need someone to talk to about this. I bet there's a lot of stuff he could get off his chest to make him feel a bit more...stable." Harry said, also keeping his voice low. It was such a difficult spot to be put in. On one hand, he'd saved Hermione, on the other, he had been pretty brutal about it.

Ron conceded. Maybe Harry was right. "If you're saying the bloke needs help, I wholeheartedly agree," Ron said, though it lacked the compassion that Harry's words had contained.

Ginny sighed in defeat, sitting back with a sigh to sink into the couch cushions behind her. "Well I think he just needs time for society to stop seeing him as a villain. People will come around, eventually. I mean, he's done well in his position as Head Boy so far. There haven't really been any conflicts or complaints that I can think of. From what I can tell he's taking the position seriously enough."

Ron just shrugged, having nothing to say in response to that, since he wasn't attending, and had no argument to make.

"Besides," Ginny shot for a change of subject. "Harry and I actually wanted to talk about something different today." She looked over at Harry with a nervous smile.

Hermione nodded at what Ginny said, it seemed Ron was the only one who still truly had a problem with Malfoy, and even he was starting to back off. A little. "There haven't been any complaints, and I can tell you that he's been a decent partner, surprisingly." She added the last bit, knowing that she couldn't praise him too much without raising suspicion.

Hermione quieted, looking between Ginny and Harry, who were both smiling at each other. A bit nervously, she noticed. "Right, we've got some news." Harry said, clearing his throat a bit. Hermione raised her brows, looking between the two and waiting impatiently. She was glad to finally be off the subject of the attack, and on to something that seemed like it would be good news. She thought maybe Harry had proposed, but saw no ring.

"Well," he began, building up the suspense even more by pausing. Really, it just felt weird to say it aloud. It was so new, and he wasn't really sure what Ron's reaction would be. "Ginny is pregnant." He finally said it, letting out a deep breath after he finally got the words out. It felt like a weight lifted, and telling his friends made it feel more real.

Hermione's jaw dropped a bit when he finally came out with it. He was grinning widely though, and she couldn't help but grin too. "I mean, wow! You're having a baby?!" She said, baffled. "That's - that's great!" She said, assuming that it was great news. They seemed happy about it, at least. "Congratulations, you guys!" Hermione added, still processing the announcement.

"I'm about ten weeks, we think," Ginny told them. Ron looked like he'd just seen a ghost, his face had gone white, and he was gripping the arms of the chair tightly. She knew he'd be upset, but she could handle her brother, had been doing so for years. "Obviously it was as much a surprise to us as it is to you two, but we're okay with it." Ginny went on to explain. "I should have enough time to finish out most of the year before the baby comes, and I can always take my N.E.W.T.s after the fact, if I have to."

Ron remained silent, trying to process what he'd just learned. He had to remind himself often that he was actually okay with the fact that his best friend was, presumably, shagging his little sister, but this was concrete evidence of the fact. Being angry about it was just a normal reaction, he thought. His little sister was up the duff! She was going to be a teenage mum, and it was Harry's fault. "So when's the wedding?" Ron asked, since the only way he could accept his little sister having a baby was if she was married.

Harry expected to deal with Ron being an ass about it, but when he asked when they were getting married, Harry frowned. "We're not engaged." He told Ron sternly. Not that he didn't want to marry Ginny, but he hadn't asked yet. He also didn't feel the need to defend himself to Ron on the matter, and let him feel like he pressured them into it.

Hermione looked at Ron, exasperated by his question. He couldn't just be happy for them? Just this one time, keep his opinion to himself? "Do you think maybe you need some air, Ron?" She asked him pointedly.

Ginny rolled her eyes at her brother. "Don't be so old fashioned, Ron," she said, not even bothering to be surprised. "There's plenty of time for that later." Did Ginny assume a proposal was inevitable? Yes, of course she did, but she wasn't going to go around expecting a proposal at any moment.

Ron huffed a loud sigh. "Yeah, I think maybe I do need some air," he agreed in answer to Hermione's earlier question. It was a lot for him to take in. He began to rise from his chair, looking forward to getting away from Harry. He was his best friend, he really didn't want to have to punch him.

Hermione looked at Ginny, and then Harry, a look that she hoped said she would talk to Ron. "Help yourself to anything in the kitchen guys, we'll be right back." She said, and led Ron

through the kitchen, and out onto the balcony. She waited until the door was shut behind him, leaning against the stone to look down, and she sighed. "You're really lucky, you know that, right?" She asked Ron.

Ron followed Hermione out onto the balcony, but at her question, he looked at her in shock. "What do you mean, lucky?" he asked haughtily. What could possibly be so lucky about having a baby sister up the duff?

Hermione looked at him, rolling her eyes. "I mean your sister could be dating, and starting a family with some prat, someone you hate, someone who treats her badly. But she's with your best friend, he treats her great, Ron. And one day, when they're ready, he will be your brother." She told him. "Who really cares what order it all comes in? You know as well as I do that those two are in it for the long run. He's not going to run off on Ginny, couldn't you see how happy he was when he was telling us?" She asked him. She watched him, looking him in the eyes, trying to see if anything she was saying was actually getting through to him.

Ron looked out over the balcony. It was a view of the grounds he hadn't been able to enjoy before now. He sighed dramatically again. "I know, but for Merlin's sake, they should have been more careful. Ginny's still in school. Harry's still in the academy. Now is not the time to be having a baby."

"What if it was us?" She asked him, looking out at the grounds. "What if we were together, and this was us? They would be happy and supportive." She reasoned. "And is it ever really a good time for a baby? There's always something going on in life that could stop you from wanting one." She added.

Ron nodded. "Yeah, alright, I get your point. But you're not Harry's baby sister. It's my job to be protective," he defended himself. "Besides, we're older. It's different." Barely, but still. "Then again, for us to be pregnant, we'd have to actually, you know..." He looked over at Hermione with a sheepish grin. They hadn't shagged more than once, and he of course wanted to do it again. They'd decided against entering a "relationship" while she finished school and he went through training, but why should that keep them from having fun?

"It's also your job to be supportive, too, you know. You don't need to protect her from Harry." She told him. She wasn't even going to acknowledge that they were older, because they weren't much older at all. She laughed at his sheepish grin, however, shaking her head. "I was speaking hypothetically, you know." She told him, smiling out at the grounds. Things would be a lot simpler with Ron, but she didn't really know if she would be happy. Was she happy with Malfoy? Besides the mind blowing sex? She was certainly very happy with that.

Ron took a step towards Hermione, and took one of her hands in his own. "Come on, Mione. I've missed you. We never get to be alone anymore." Naturally, he figured if they got to spend some time alone for once, they'd be able to explore their sexual side further. Sure, it was easy enough to find a girl to hook up with, now that he was part of the "golden trio", and an Auror in training, but he'd still rather be with Hermione if it was an option.

Hermione turned to Ron, squeezing his hands lightly. She chewed her lip, thoughts racing through her mind. Draco had made it more than clear that he didn't want to be anything more than fuck buddies, and she was fine with that. "Ron, if... if we were to get some time alone, we did agree not to be anything more than friends. At least for now." She reminded him. "You only have time to see me on the weekends, I mean, it just wouldn't make sense." She told him.

Ron nodded. "I know, I know. But, still, it would be nice, you know?" He stepped close to her again, dropping her hand to put his arms around her waist instead. He leaned towards her, wondering if she would pull away, or if she would close the gap and kiss him. She wasn't going to make him beg, was she?

Hermione only had a moment to think, and the main thing she was thinking was that she was very much single, no matter what her and Malfoy had gotten up to. He'd made that very clear, and she'd made it clear to Ron that they wouldn't be dating, either. So, she closed the distance between them, and kissed him. Her arms moved up, resting on his shoulders, and she wondered if he intended to shag her with his sister and best friend in the next room.

Ron kissed her back eagerly. Sure, he didn't necessarily plan on shagging right here and now, but he was craving something physical, especially with Hermione. He moved to deepen the kiss, one hand slipping to cover her backside subtly while his tongue slipped between her lips. What was a snog between friends?

She couldn't remember the last time she'd had just a simple snog, and she let his tongue enter her mouth, wrestling with it as they kissed, her hand tangling in his red hair. After a moment, she pulled away from him, a bit breathless. "Maybe... maybe you could stay a little while, after they leave." She suggested.

Ron was grinning when they parted. "Yeah, I could do that," he agreed. He couldn't believe Hermione was actually suggesting what she was. She said she didn't want to be in a relationship, but if she was going to be, she'd be in a relationship with him, right? "Maybe we should head back inside," he suggested modestly.

Hermione nodded, grabbing his hand to pull him with her, but she stopped. "You need to apologize to them, and congratulate them." She told him. "It may upset you, but they're happy, and she can't do anything about it now." She told him. Hopefully he would do the right thing, and be decent about it for once. With her mind spoken, she opened the door, but once she was inside she dropped his hand. She didn't want to appear to be a couple anymore than she wanted to be a couple.

Ron knew that Hermione was right, now that he'd had time to calm down from the initial shock. He walked inside with her, and resumed his original seat in the empty armchair. "Hey," He said to the two of them blandly, before adding, "I just wanna say, that if you two are happy, I guess I'm happy for you too." It was the best he could give, under the circumstances.

Hermione sat next to Ginny, and Harry nodded his head at Ron. "Thanks, mate. We are happy. Obviously we didn't plan this, but we would have started a family eventually. No time like the present, I suppose." He said, smiling fondly at Ginny. He knew Ron wasn't particularly happy for them, and he didn't need him to be. It was just nice to not feel like he was resented for being in love with Ginny.

The rest of the afternoon was much more relaxed. Of course, Ginny was still itching to get Hermione alone to talk to her about Malfoy, but it didn't look as though she was going to be getting that chance today, because when Harry made to leave, Ron decided to hang back.

"You go on back," Ron told Harry, replacing Ginny on the couch next to Hermione when the pregnant couple stood to leave. "I'll meet you back at our place later."

Hermione hugged Ginny and Harry before they left, congratulating them again before they were gone. She returned to the couch, sitting next to Ron. She wasn't sure why, but she felt a bit like it was her first time all over again, being with Malfoy was so different. He took the lead, and he knew what he was doing. It would be different with Ron, she knew that.

"So," she began, looking over at him. "Want something to drink? I think I have some whiskey left from when Ginny slept over. Before she was pregnant I mean." She suggested. She also knew that she would have to get him to her room, she hadn't seen Draco all afternoon, and she assumed he would emerge eventually. At least to get some food.

Ron put one arm around the back of the couch towards Hermione. "Yeah, I could go for a drink," Ron agreed. Maybe Hermione needed to loosen up a bit? He didn't mind. He enjoyed a drink or two on the weekends, or just after training. He sat forward. "You want my help?" Maybe they could transition from the kitchen to the bedroom more easily that way.

Hermione smiled at him, getting to her feet, and pulling him up with her. "Yeah, I'd love some help." She told him. She went into the kitchen, setting two cups on the counter, and searching the cupboard for the bottle. It was pushed to the back, so she pulled it out setting it on the counter. "It's not cold, I assume you want ice." She said, grabbing a few cubes out of the ice box, and putting them in both glasses. She poured some of the dark liquid in each glass, filling them about half way. "Grab the bottle, let's take it to my room." She suggested with a smirk. She took a sip of one of the glasses as she led him around the corner and into her room, making sure to close the door behind him with her hip.

"So, how has your training been going? I bet it's exciting." She said, making a bit of small talk while she sipped her drink. She just needed to loosen up a bit, and then she was sure she would have a decent time with Ron. It would be nice to have a simple fling, things had gotten so complicated with Malfoy lately that, just for tonight, she needed a little break.

Ron grabbed the bottle and followed Hermione into her room. He was realizing now it was his first time inside her new private room. It was spacious and... well, perfect for a person like Hermione. He sat down on her bed, taking his glass from Hermione. "Training is amazing. I've never been so interested in actually learning. It's like being in defense against the dark arts class all day, but with a real teacher, like Lupin." There hadn't been a more effective teacher than the late Remus Lupin in his six years at Hogwarts.

Hermione nodded, taking another sip before speaking. "That's really great." She said. Having been the one to always push him in school, it was nice to hear he was doing something he actually enjoyed learning about. She sat down on her bed, patting the bed next to her. "You can put the bottle there," she told him, gesturing to the table beside her bed. She was starting to feel the whiskey, so she took another big gulp, finishing off her drink.

Ron took a long drink from his whiskey, and set the bottle down where she directed him to, and moved closer to her where she patted the bed. "It is," he agreed. "I think going straight to Auror training was a really good choice, you know?" He wanted her to know that he had matured, or at least he thought he had. He'd also had the opportunity to improve his physique. He was feeling pretty good about himself. More so, he didn't actually feel like he was living in Harry's shadow anymore.

Hermione smiled, "It looks good on you." She told him. She leaned over his lap, setting her glass on the table, since he was closer to that end of the bed. While she was leaning over him, she

caught his lips in a kiss, feeling a bit more confident about her choices now that she had some liquid courage in her system. Her hand moved to his leg, inching towards his groin to catch a feel, and maybe motivate him a bit.

Ron kissed Hermione back, and took hold of her waist, pulling her towards him. He didn't mind that she was making the first move, it just made it okay for him to make the next one. He was feeling a little emboldened by his success at work. He kissed Hermione harder, and pulled her into his lap completely. It was hard to believe his luck. Maybe taking a weekend away had given Hermione a chance to miss him.

Hermione moved onto his lap without much coaxing on his end, wrapping her arms around his neck to steady herself. She continued kissing him, her body instinctively moving to bring herself against him. The friction it caused in her jeans immediately had her turned on, causing her to deepen the kiss further.

Ron, too, was growing aroused, especially now that Hermione was on top of him. His hands slid down her waist to her bottom, holding it firmly. He gyrated against her slightly for added friction, tangling his fingers into her chocolatey mane. He hadn't had a shag in quite a while, and he was definitely looking forward to it, especially since it was with Hermione. In a bold move in hopes to progress them along, Ron made to lift Hermione's shirt over her head for her.

Hermione helped him, tossing her shirt aside once it was off, and even reached behind her back to free herself of her bra. Tossing that garment away as well, she went for his shirt next, pulling it over his head roughly, and pushing him back on the bed so she could work on unbuttoning his jeans for him.

Ron happily fell back, looking up at the glorious topless form of his not-girlfriend. When she began to unbutton his jeans, he couldn't believe his luck. He was sporting a raging hard-on by now. "You're bloody amazing, 'Mione," he praised her as he watched her eagerly work to remove him from the restraint of his pants. He reached forward to undo her pants as well.

Hermione grinned down at him, she liked being praised. She hadn't really even done anything yet, but just knowing he was going to get there with her had him calling her amazing. "I know," she said, feeling confident with the liquor still making her head buzz delightfully. She moved off of him when his pants were undone so she could tug them down his legs, removing his shoes, and socks in the process. Now that she had him fully naked, and fully erect, she did something she'd never done for him, for him at least. She got down on her knees, and put his member in her mouth, just to give him a little treat. She moved slowly, making sure to use a lot of tongue, and focusing on the tip, letting her hand stroke the rest of him slowly.

Ron was in complete disbelief. She had never performed such a job on him before. In fact, he'd once heard her refer to it as "dehumanizing" and "foul" to put one's genitals into another's mouth. But now here she was, going down on him like she actually knew what she was doing. Maybe she had studied it? Yes, that was probably it. She'd probably wanted to study the skill before trying it... After a few minutes of bliss, Ron ever so gently pulled her away by her hair.

"No more of that or I'll burst," he warned her, meaning it quite literally. He began to move away from her, and indicated to the spot where he'd just been lying, for her to take his place there instead. He still needed to get those pants off of her, and then he could be inside of her again, and not just in his dreams for once.

Hermione smirked, getting up and moving to the bed, beginning to remove her pants so it would be easier for him to get them off of her. She looked over at him, admiring his body. He wasn't as fit as Malfoy, but she had to admit, he was a lot more in shape than the last time she'd seen him without clothes. "What do you want to do to me?" She asked him in a sultry voice. She wondered if he'd been with anyone since her. Learned any new tricks. But she also knew that asking him that right now would likely lead to a fight, and she really didn't want that.

Ron was a little thrown by her question. He'd never heard her say something so... dirty! But, if that was the game she wanted to play (maybe it was the whiskey making her so frisky) he'd play along. "I want to make you scream my name," Ron told her. He did want that. In fact, he'd even like for Malfoy to hear that. He didn't know what was going on between the two, but clearly they had bonded in the last few months, and he wanted to be sure Malfoy knew that she was not available to a man like him. "So lay down and let me do my job." The junior Auror attempted an authoritative tone, since that seemed to be what she was looking for, but it didn't come natural to him at all.

Hermione was surprised by his answer, she honestly thought he might sputter a little, and kiss her to avoid it. But she could tell he was trying to go for what she was going for, and she did as she was told, laying down. "Yes, sir." She answered him, waiting to see what he would do next. She had thought maybe she would take the lead, but she would see what he had in store for her first.

When Hermione laid down, Ron moved over her, pulling her pants off of her as smoothly and swiftly as possible, underwear along with them. He tugged her socks off of her next, before moving his body between her legs, hovering over her. He kissed her then, passionately, while rocking his body so that his erection slid back and forth between her legs, becoming lightly coated with her body's slickness. One hand massaged her breast, while the other moved between them to assist in aligning himself at her entrance. He teased the opening with his eager and sensitive head several times before finally sliding home inside of her. He groaned at the sheer pleasure of being encased in her.

Hermione chewed her lip at the sensation of his teasing cock, and when he entered her, she let out a moan of pleasure. It was so different from what she was used to, but it was passionate, and she thought that maybe, just maybe, she would be able to reach climax despite the lack of abuse. One hand grabbed the sheet of her bed to stop her from sliding away from him, while the other grabbed at his waist. Her nails dug into his skin, silently begging him to go harder, and faster.

Ron began moving inside of her, slowly at first, savoring the feeling of her. But when he felt her nails in his back, he realized she wanted something a little more, so he picked up the pace, pushing her legs up to allow him to move deeper into her. He leaned forward as he built up his pace, taking one of her breasts into his mouth, sucking gently on her nipple.

It wasn't long before Hermione found herself teetering on the edge of an orgasm, she grabbed a handful of his hair, holding his head down over her nipple. "D-don't stop!" She moaned, feeling her orgasm building up. She let out a gasp as she finally got there, holding onto him as she rode the wave of pleasure that followed. She couldn't believe he'd actually gotten her there! The first time they'd been together she hadn't gotten off, though she told him she had, not wanting him to feel bad, of course.

He could feel her walls clamping down on him, milking him as she rode out her orgasm. He couldn't hold it in any longer, nor did he want to. Ron released her breast from his mouth and

held himself over Hermione, looking down on her as he finally released himself into her with several final jagged thrusts. His movement slowed to a stop and he shuddered from the force of his release. "Bloody hell," he said to her in a shaky voice. "That was awesome." It hadn't been particularly long, but he was pretty sure she came, and that was what was important.

Hermione was still coming down from the high of her orgasm when she realized what he'd just done, and she slapped his chest. "After all that fuss over your sister, did you really just do that?" She asked him. The first time they'd been together he had managed to pull out, and she would think he could manage it this time, with his sister's pregnancy fresh on his mind.

"What?" Ron complained, rubbing his chest where she'd slapped him. "I used a charm." That was a lie, but she didn't need to know that. The contraceptive charm was a pretty simple one. Even he could do it wordlessly, when he was sober enough, which he was tonight. "While you were taking your pants off," he added to solidify his lie.

She studied his face skeptically, but couldn't tell if he was lying. Merlin, she hoped not. It was the last thing she needed. "Well, sorry, I suppose." She said, still not one hundred percent sure if she believed him. She certainly had spoiled the mood, if he really was telling the truth, though. "Just, you know, as happy as I am for your sister, I really don't want that right now." She told him. She moved away from him, grabbing for her panties after performing a quick cleaning charm on herself. She pulled them on, and sat on the edge of the bed, pouring herself a bit more whiskey. She didn't want a relationship, much less a baby.

Ron wasn't entirely sure why he felt the need to lie, and contemplated it as he rolled off of her and began to gather his own clothes. She seemed finished with being naked, so he might as well get dressed as well. Ron grabbed his drink and finished off its contents, which he hadn't finished before. Maybe he wanted to get her pregnant. Hell, he knew he wanted to be with her, have a family with her, and why not now?

Or maybe it was the fact that he was almost a hundred percent certain that she was shagging someone else, and the thought of it angered him to no end. They'd only shagged one other time, but she hadn't spoken like that, or clawed him like that, or begged for her orgasm like that. No, she was shagging someone. He was sure of it. And if she was this adamant about not wanting a relationship, or a baby, he was sure that whoever she was sleeping with was being given the same warning. If he got her pregnant, he could at least reclaim her as his own.

When his glass was empty, Ron got off the bed and began to put his jeans back on. "Maybe I should go..." he said, since Hermione seemed to have gotten what she wanted, and so did he, for as much as he was allowed to ask of her.

She was glad he had said it, she didn't really want to kick him out. But she knew the longer he was there, the more she was at risk of him running into Malfoy. She didn't really know how he would feel about it, even though she knew they weren't exclusive. "Yeah, you should probably get back." She agreed, standing and grabbing her robe, slipping it on and tying it quickly. "That was fun, though." She told him, giving him a quick peck on the lips. "Maybe I'll see you next weekend?" She asked him. She was pretty sure after that he would be back to visit.

Ron kissed her back. "Well my next weekend off is the weekend before Christmas," he pointed out. "Are you going to be coming home?" The Burrow had basically served as a second home for Hermione and Harry over the years. Where else would she even go? But then again, she hadn't

wanted to spend the summer there, so maybe she didn't want to spend Christmas there either. He couldn't be sure.

She thought about it, only for a moment, before nodding. "Yeah, I'll be there." She told him. It was that, or stay at the school. She didn't really fancy that idea very much, it would be nice to be around family. And the Weasley's were like family to her, after all. "I'll see on Christmas break, then." She told him with a smile.

Happy to hear that, Ron smiled. "Great. I'll see you then." He kissed her again quickly, before grabbing his shirt, socks, and shoes, and heading out her door to leave. He pulled the shirt on clumsily, his hands full with footwear, as the door from the Head Boy's room opened, and the blonde finally made his first appearance of the night.

Draco paused, startled to see the ginger haired male exiting Hermione's bedroom. With his shoes in hand, struggling to dress himself, Draco became instantly aware of what had taken place in that room. Anger flared in him immediately, and he pushed it down as he moved to the kitchen, watching Weasley put his socks and shoes back on while he poured himself a glass of water. He stayed there, drinking the water until the invader was finally gone, before he put his glass down in the sink, a little too hard. It broke into the basin of the tub.

Hermione heard the sound of glass breaking, and her stomach lurched. She left her room quickly, looking around the common room, and turning the corner to see Draco in the kitchen. "Did you break something?" She asked him, moving closer to see the broken glass in the sink. She knew Ron had just left, she'd heard the door shut just a moment before she had heard the sound of the glass breaking. So she knew that Draco had seen Ron leaving her room. Most likely still pulling his clothes on, seeing as he had left her room with his shirt off. She couldn't help but feel guilty, after everything that had happened just a week ago. "Are you hurt?" She asked him softly.

"I'm fine," Draco assured her dismissively. "I dropped the glass, that's all." He used a simple repairing charm to fix the glass. "See, good as new." He tried not to sound curt, but it was hard, because he now knew he wasn't going to be spending his evening shagging her brains out. Though, he was curious to see if she'd admit it, or act as though she hadn't just shagged the weasel.

Hermione studied him for a moment, leaning against the counter. She was silent for a moment, not really sure what to say. "You saw Ron leave," she said, and it wasn't really a question. There was no doubt in her mind that he had seen him going out the door, at the very least. And here she was, standing in her robe. It wasn't that hard to put together.

Well, at least she was admitting it. "Yeah. So, I guess you two are a thing now?" Just last weekend she'd said she didn't want to be in a relationship, didn't want to be anyone's girlfriend. Maybe she'd just been saying that because he'd told her he didn't want to be anyone's boyfriend. Or maybe she'd said that because she didn't want to be his girlfriend.

She was surprised at his question, and shook her head. "I'm not looking to be a thing with anyone right now, and Ron knows that." She told him. He knew that too, he'd been the one to tell her he wasn't her boyfriend. "That hasn't changed." She added.

Draco was glad to hear that, but then he was also annoyed. Even she had admitted that someone like Ron could never satisfy her. "So," he smirked at her, not his usual flirtatious smirk, but his former, cocky, mask of a smirk. "Threw him a pity shag because his baby sister's gone and gotten

herself knocked up?" Yes, he'd heard that announcement, it was one of the only things they didn't seem to have been whispering about.

Hermione shrugged her shoulders, "Who says it was a pity shag? Maybe I wanted to?" She asked him. She didn't really have to explain herself to him. While it hadn't been the most spectacular shag she'd had, it wasn't as lame as she remembered.

Draco nodded, though he didn't believe her one bit. "So, you're good for the night then," he assessed. If what she was saying was true, she was good and sated and didn't need him tonight. "Guess I'll just turn in, since you're all worn out." He turned to leave the kitchen, because he wasn't sure if he wanted to bend her over the nearest surface and punish her for lowering herself to sleeping with Weasley of all people, or if he wanted to get far, far away from her because he didn't particularly feel like having Weasley's sloppy seconds. It was a strange mix of feelings.

Hermione watched him leaving the kitchen, her arms wrapping over her chest. "You've been in there all day." She pointed out, stepping out of the kitchen, but not exactly following him, either. "I've got some whiskey, we could have a glass, and you could spend a little time outside of your bedroom." She suggested. He'd been spending most of his time cooped up in there, and she wasn't quite sure how to help. He really only came out of his room for food, and to shag her.

Draco paused, smirking to himself before he turned to look at her again. "Whiskey, huh?" She didn't want him going back to his room, that's what he took from her suggestion anyway. "Sure, why not." He couldn't tell if she was still in need of a proper fucking, or if she just wanted to spend time with him. Either way, he was interested to find out.

She was glad to hear his answer, and she moved to her bedroom to grab the bottle, and her glass. She finished the watered down remnants of her drink, and went to get more ice, and a glass for him from the kitchen. She tucked the bottle under her arm, and carried the two glasses out into the living room, setting them on the table. "You're not the best company, as of late, but I'm not exactly worn out, as you suggested." She told him, pouring some of the liquid into each glass. She offered him the new glass, before taking a sip from her own.

Draco followed her over to the couch and took the glass, giving her a questioning look for that remark. "Not the best company, huh?" he asked. He threw back the contents of his drink in one go, and held out his glass for a refill. "Well, what constitutes good company? Old friends who you have to lie to about almost everything?" She was lying about her sex life, lying about her substance abuse problems, and who knew what else she was lying about, even to him?

She shrugged, "I was joking," she said. Maybe it hadn't come off as a joke, or maybe she did mean it, just a little. He was in a horrid mood lately, though she couldn't blame him, really. She grabbed the bottle again, pouring him another drink, filling it up this time. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. I just... wish I could go back to that day, and do things differently." She said. The main thing being actually keeping her wand with her.

Draco sipped his glass this time and sat down on the couch with her. "Don't be ridiculous, Granger," he said to her. "There was nothing more you could have done given the information you had at the time." How could she have known that a random bar patron was going to pose a threat to her in the middle of the afternoon?

She shrugged, frowning into her glass. "I know." She said, sighing. She took a drink of her whiskey, leaning back into the couch. "So, you heard that Ginny is pregnant," she said, looking

over at him. "Did you hear anything else?" She asked curiously.

Draco rolled his eyes. "Believe it or not, I don't go out of my way to listen to whatever it is you lot find interesting to talk about," he informed her. "But yes, that part was hard to miss. Guess Junior Auror Potter can fight dark wizards but can't remember to protect himself against something as simple as unplanned pregnancy. Hopefully Weasley wasn't that stupid." He looked Hermione up and down, as she sat there in just a robe. "For your sake." Then again, he was one to talk. He slipped, occasionally, recently, even. He just figured it was better to not mention it unless it became a problem.

He made her think back to what Ron had claimed, and she still wasn't sure she believed him. Something about the way he'd said it made her think maybe he was just covering for himself so she wouldn't be mad at him. She took another drink of her whiskey, finishing her glass. "Yeah, well, his opinion on the matter was that they should be getting married, so, I'm sure he's not that stupid." She said, and she was more hoping, than sure. She leaned forward, pouring herself another drink.

Draco laughed at that. "Married? They're kids." Potter was probably the youngest student in their original class, just as Hermione was probably the oldest, and the she-Weasley was younger still. "Kids having kids, that is," he added. "Well, good for them." If they were happy about it who was he to judge? It didn't affect him any. He drank deeply from his glass once more.

She nodded, "That's what I said, they're happy, that's all that matters," she said in agreement. "They would have had kids eventually, anyways." She, however, wasn't sure she really wanted that with Ron, even after school. At the moment, it was hard to say what she would really want for her future. Like Malfoy had said, she could no longer be honest with her friends about who she had become. What had happened between her and Ron had been nice and all, but she wasn't exactly eager to repeat the night, either. She was going to have to figure out how to avoid that over the holidays, she now realized. "What are your plans for Christmas?" She asked him, wondering what his parents thought of everything that had gone down. They hadn't talked about it, for all she knew, he hadn't even spoken to them.

Draco shrugged. "I assume I'll just go home, spend the holidays with my mum," he answered her. They hadn't talked about their families, it felt weird to mention them now, especially given his family's history against hers, and her specifically. "You?" he returned the question for conversation's sake. He didn't know much about Hermione's parents, except that she'd managed to hide them somehow, and she'd been wise to do so.

"I usually visit the Weasleys on holidays, I suppose I'll just do that." She answered him. She hadn't told him about her parents, and she didn't plan to. They didn't really...share like that, honestly. She took another drink of her whiskey, she didn't like to think about how she had failed to find them. It was the main reason she had started using in the first place.

He wanted to make a face at that idea, but he resisted. He didn't want Hermione to think that he was jealous, or any nonsense like that. He just hated the idea of sharing her with him of all people. "So I guess you'll be there when Ginny's other four brothers find out what Potter did to her," he joked instead. "Not going to lie, I'd love to be a fly on the wall for that one." Four older brothers and a father, all of which would be torn between the fact that Harry Potter was the one who put a baby in her, and the fact that he was a rich, famous savior. Saint Potter.

She laughed, nodding. "Right, it should be quite interesting." She said, though she did feel for Ginny. She had so many people she was going to have to convince that she wasn't making a mistake. But that also meant she would have a lot of people to support her, she supposed. "Not to mention I'll have to avoid Ron getting me alone, thinking he'll get a repeat of tonight." She added, mostly for Draco's benefit. She couldn't tell if he really cared, but after he had broken that glass, she had her suspicions.

Draco laughed at her last remark. "So I take it I was right to assume, before, that he is in fact not capable of fucking your brains out the way I do," he assessed crassly. After all, he hadn't heard a peep out of her while they'd been shagging, and Hermione wasn't one to be quiet. He doubted she'd put up a sound barrier, because he didn't believe it could have ever been thought to be necessary. "But I can certainly understand your need to give him another try." Even if it did make him want to gag thinking about it.

She smiled at him, she'd let him be crass, because it was true. "Of course not, though he did improve since the last time. I'll give him that." She told Draco with a shrug. "Don't know that I will be revisiting memory lane, though. At least not that soon." She said. Especially after the weirdness at the end. She had that looming feeling she couldn't shake that he might have been lying, and it made her feel a little sick.

Draco raised an eyebrow at that. He finished off his drink and reached for the bottle. "You realize that means he's been shagging other girls this whole time," he informed her as he poured another drink. He took a sip while letting her process that thought. He was curious of her reaction, but put his attention into his drink so that she wouldn't notice.

She nodded, "I thought so, too." She told him honestly. "And I hope so." She added. She would feel a lot worse if she thought he was saving himself for her, or something like that. She loved Ron, but she didn't really know if she would see him in that way again.

"Well, as long as you're okay with that." He drank deeply again. He was certainly okay with her being okay with it. In fact, from Draco's point of view, it was best case scenario. He wondered if she would be equally okay with him shagging another girl the way he did to her, but as much as he would like to find out, he didn't actually care to find another girl to shag. Why go elsewhere when Granger was right here, so ready and willing every day of the week? He was so used to getting high with Hermione, this was the first time they'd drank together. He'd never seen her drunk, that he knew of.

She nodded, finishing off her drink again. Was that her third, or fourth? She wasn't sure, but it was Saturday night, and she didn't really care. "Yeah, it was nice to pretend to be the girl he sees me as, but I'm not her anymore. Like you said, I could never be honest with him. And if I ever tried to get him to fuck me the way you do.." she trailed off, and smirked. "Well, let's just say, he wouldn't handle it well." She hadn't missed how thrown he had been just to receive a blow job from her, and while he had tried his hand at dirty talk, she could see how it had bothered him just a bit that she even wanted that from him. "Not to mention all the other dark, dirty secrets he doesn't know about. Merlin, he'd never speak to me again." She said with a laugh. She poured herself another drink, even though she was already feeling the first few. She remembered the night her and Ginny had been drinking, and she knew as soon as she stood up it was all going to really hit her.

"You mean like how you like to be taken, forcefully, in every position, in every hole. How you like to be spanked and bit and bruised while I make you cum all over every surface of this dorm." He studied her while he spoke. He knew she loved it, she admitted to it, but hearing it spoken out loud like that was sure to get a reaction out of her.

Hermione shifted in her seat, facing him a bit more as he spoke. Yes, he definitely knew what she liked. And yes, Ron would have a stroke if he ever found out. "Yes, like that." She told him, taking another sip of her drink. Hearing him say all that, well she knew he probably knew how much it would turn her on. Her little experiment with Ron today had satisfied her in a very minimal way. Draco knew exactly how to completely satisfy her, in every way. She shifted again, amazed how just his words managed to get her feeling wet and wanting. Maybe it was that, and the whiskey she had been drinking. Yeah, that was probably it.

"What?" Draco said, setting his glass down and turning his body towards her. "Is the very description of your turn-ons getting your knickers wet?" he asked crudely. He was still irritated that she'd shagged Weasley just a short while ago. If he was going to finish her off for the evening, if, he wasn't going to do so kindly.

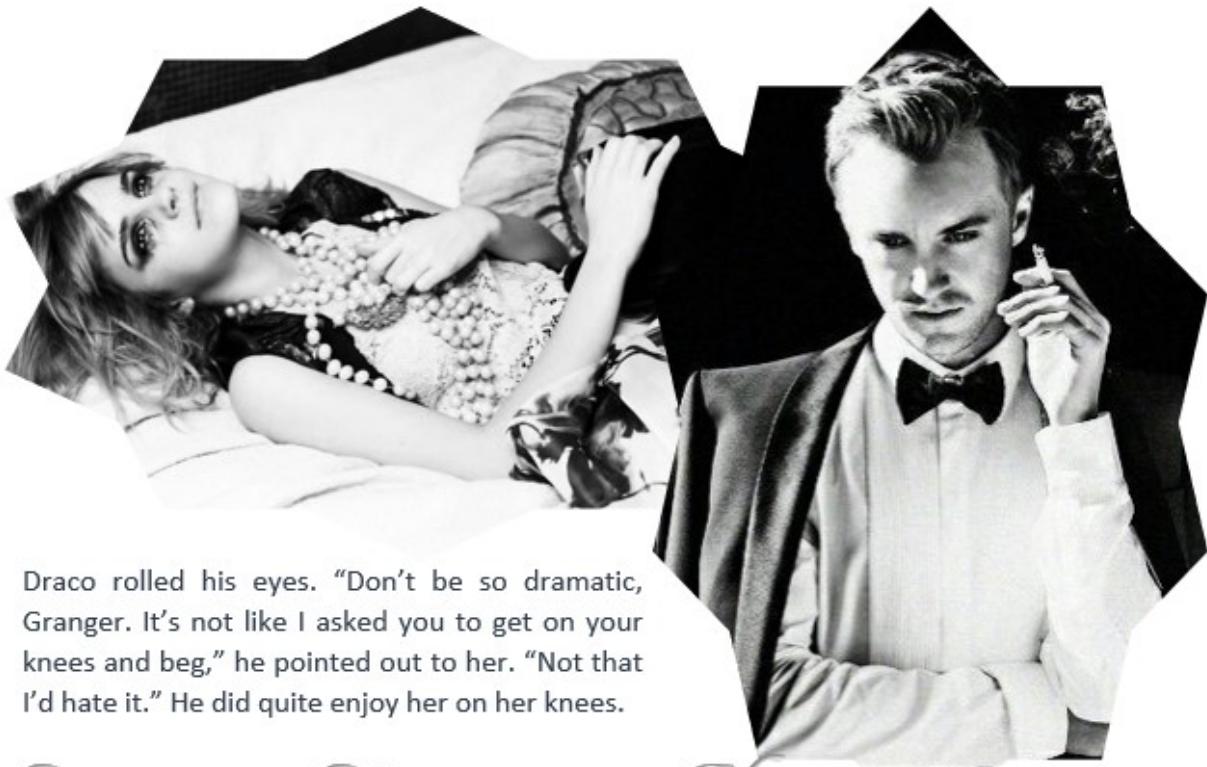
Hermione studied him, and she was sure now that he seemed a bit mad at her, even if he was still willing to shag her and talk dirty to her. "I mean, yes, I'm actually pretty wet right now." She told him with a smirk. "And I think you might be jealous. You're not mad at me for earlier, are you?" She asked him, just a little teasingly. At least, she thought she was only being a little teasing. But the alcohol was definitely making her tone more teasing than she intended.

Draco chuckled darkly. Yes, she was definitely due for a punishment. "Well, not to stroke your ego, Granger, but if you needed a shag, you had a much better option in the very next room. You didn't need to go resorting to that. I mean. I could understand if I wasn't around." As he spoke, he took her glass out of her hand and set it down on the table. "But now, if you want me to finish what he started, you're going to have to ask."

Chapter 10: Finishing the Job

Chapter Summary

Draco is determined to remind Hermione that he's the only man who can fulfill her dark desires.



Draco rolled his eyes. "Don't be so dramatic, Granger. It's not like I asked you to get on your knees and beg," he pointed out to her. "Not that I'd hate it." He did quite enjoy her on her knees.

Snow Storm: Chapter 10

She watched as he took her glass, setting it on the table. He told her she had to ask, but he obviously planned on doing something if he wanted her glass out of the way. "So, your plan is to degrade me even more than I've already done to myself, is it?" She asked him, raising a brow challenging. "And do you want me to call you master, as well?" She asked him.

Draco rolled his eyes. "Don't be so dramatic, Granger. It's not like I asked you to get on your knees and beg," he pointed out to her. "Not that I'd hate it." He did quite enjoy her on her knees. "You're the one who said you're all wet. And not, what? Ten minutes after Weasley made his exit?" He laughed. "But it's not his fault. He just doesn't know your body the way I do. Your needs." But he made no move towards her. Didn't touch her, not even to tease her with a feather-light touch. He'd said she'd need to ask, and he meant it.

He was right about that, and as she studied him, she had a feeling he meant it. If she wanted anything from him tonight, she was going to have to ask. She could choose to be prideful, and go to bed frustrated, or... she could bloody ask him to shag her. He had to know with her stubborn nature, she would want to say no. But at the same time he'd turned her into a bit of a nymphomaniac. "Alright, have it your way." She said, taking a dramatic breath. "Would you please shag me, Malfoy?" She asked him, sounding a bit annoyed, though she was mostly amused by the situation he'd put her in.

Draco chuckled and stood up from the couch. "Why don't you go wait for me on your bed," he suggested to her. He wasn't entirely sure what he was going to do to her, but he did still feel a punishment was in order, and he had some ideas floating in his head that he'd been saving for a rainy day. "I'll be right behind you."

She stood up, raising a curious eyebrow at him, and grabbed her glass. But as she stood, she realized she didn't need it at all, she was definitely drunk. She took it anyways, heading into her bedroom as instructed. She wondered what he had in store for her as she took a sip of the drink, set it on the table, and then fell back on her bed, waiting for him to join her. Her head was swimming, but she liked the feeling.

When she went to her room, he went to his own, retrieving from his closet a necktie. If ever there was a night he wanted to tie her up, it was tonight. And to do so with one of his Slytherin ties this time, well, that just seemed appropriate tonight. He had to be careful, though. He didn't want to do anything to trigger the events from last week's events. He entered the room with the tie rolled up in his pocket.

"You're looking a little overdressed," he told her, as she still had her robe on. He toed off his shoes to start, and began to undress himself.

She pushed herself up on her elbows when he spoke, and then looked down at herself. "Oh, you didn't tell me I was supposed to be naked." She teased, and untied her robe. She stood up just long enough to let it fall off of her shoulders and to the floor. She sat back on the bed, only in her panties, looking him over. She couldn't see anything in his hands, and she was very curious to see what he'd gone to his room for.

Draco watched her remove her robe for him, pleased by her obedience. When he was fully unclothed, he moved to stand in front of her. Putting himself between her legs, he pulled her towards him, until her hips rested on the edge of the bed in front of him. He was hard by now, and her visibly wet, he could enter her right now as easily as ever, but he waited. "Give me your hands." Whether it was an order or a request was for her to decide, but he waited for her to comply.

Hermione watched as he undressed, and then moved himself between her legs. She looked up at him, curious, when he told her to give him her hands. Simply out of curiosity, and because she was really turned on, she did as he asked. She held her hands up to him, not exactly together because in her drunken state she had no idea what he planned to do.

Draco was hiding the necktie in his clenched fist, and when she held her hands out to him, he dropped the roll so that it unraveled, hanging from his hand to reveal to her what he'd been holding. With no further ado, he wrapped the tie around her wrists, carefully binding them together before finally tying it off. He'd used magical bindings on her before, but this was the first time he'd done so by hand. It felt very different, and much more intimate.

He put one of her legs against his chest, the other still hanging off the edge of the bed, and leaned into her, penetrating her in the process. He moved her bound hands over her head, holding them against the bed as he began to move in her at his usual pace, hard and fast.

She wasn't bothered by the binding of her hands, in fact, it just turned her on even more. She liked it even more than the magical bindings. Something about him pinning her down, feeling helpless to him, it did it for her. She moaned when she felt him inside of her suddenly, she writhed under him helplessly, her hands pinned above her, and one of her legs pinned against his chest because he was leaning over her. "Fuck, yes!" She moaned. This was what she simply would never be able to get from Ron. If she ever even tried, she'd have to tell him what to do, and that would ruin it, if he even attempted to.

Draco was relentless. He held her hands down over her head with one hand, and the other moved between their bodies to rub her ever sensitive clit. He wanted to bring her just to the edge of climax, for now. She might have had the freedom to shag anyone she damn well pleased, but he was suddenly determined to be the only one she wanted inside of her. "Is this what you needed?" he teased her darkly.

Hermione bit her lip, hard. She thought she might have even bit it hard enough to make it bleed. It was almost torture how good it felt, especially with his free hand teasing her clit. She nodded her head, gasping slightly. "Yes!" Her answer came out frantically, not wanting him to stop. She felt like a fool, in a way, for messing around with Ron. But maybe if it had inspired this, it was actually smart of her to upset Draco. She squirmed under him, feeling that familiar build up as he drove her closer to the edge of climax, her walls starting to clench around him.

Just when Draco believed Hermione was about to climax, he slowed to a near stop, moving agonizingly slow. He released her hands. Her arms had to be killing her by now, not that he cared. He pulled out of her then. "Turn over," he instructed her. He wasn't finished with her yet, no. He just had other plans for how he'd finish her for the night.

Hermione could have almost cried when he slowed, especially at the loss of him inside her. Both her arms, and the leg that he had against his chest were aching, but she did as he told her, managing to roll onto her stomach and got herself up on her elbows and knees, assuming that was what he'd wanted from her. She knew he'd done it on purpose, gotten her right to the edge of an orgasm, and chose that exact moment to switch things up, talk about rude. She supposed that was his way of punishing her for sleeping with Ron.

Draco was pleased with her assertiveness. He didn't wait to enter her again, but he moved slowly as he reached for her hands. With a single well planned tug, the tie unraveled, and he was able to unwrap it from around her wrists. With her hands freed from their restraints, Draco gathered them once more, this time behind her back, forcing her chest into the mattress.

"The question is, how do you want this to end?" he asked her. "Here?" he asked, with a harsh thrust into her. "Or..." With one large hand holding both of her wrists together, his free hand moved between their bodies, a single finger teasing her back entrance.

She fell forward onto the mattress, her face turning to the side as he held her hands behind her back. She gasped when he thrusted into her roughly, and then she felt a finger on her backside. She hadn't been violated in such a way in a while, it was something she'd never thought she'd be into, until she had actually tried it. "T-the second one," she said, her voice slightly muffled by the

bed. He'd put her in quite a position, and while it was a bit uncomfortable, she was desperate for him to finish her off.

Draco was surprised by her choice, and he chuckled to himself. "Oh really?" He slapped the round globe of flesh they spoke of, the clap of flesh on flesh echoing through the room. "You want me to fuck your ass, huh?" For just a moment, he considered obliging her request. He pulled out of her a second time, and began pushing into the tight, unprepared hole teasingly, her juices acting as the only lubricant. He made it a few inches into her, before removing himself once more. The last time he'd been in her ass was about a week ago, and he'd never taken her so hard as he had that day, in the throws of passion after their big argument. He wanted to do it again. But the fact that she wanted it too, well, that just spoiled it for him. "You know? I think I'd rather keep enjoying your wet little pussy instead." He pushed back into her dripping entrance once again.

Hermione gasped when he slapped her ass, not being able to see him, she hadn't expected it at all. It stung, but she also knew that he knew she loved the sensation. She felt him pull out, and sucked in a sharp breath, preparing herself for the initial pain of him entering her ass. She was aware of the initial pain, and she also didn't mind. Because she knew once she'd adjusted to it, it would feel amazing. But before he'd even gotten himself all the way inside of her she felt him pull out again, once again switching it up on her. What an ass! He was just trying to torture her! "Bloody prat!" She said, her drunken and tortured self didn't care if it made him angrier at her. He had to know what he was doing!

Draco slapped her ass again as punishment for the name calling. "But I'm your favorite," he reminded her. Determined to continue teasing her, he did carefully drop a dollop of spit onto the neglected hole, and inserted the finger he'd teased her with a moment ago. It was the least he could do, if she was craving some anal. When her body adjusted to just the one finger, he added a second, all the while thrusting into her heartily.

He was at least almost giving her what he'd offered, though not fully, it wasn't long into the treatment that she felt her climax beginning to build up again. With each thrust she was forced down into the mattress, her arms still held behind her back. She didn't hate it, she actually quite liked being at his mercy. He definitely knew how to take charge, that much was for sure. She moved her head to the other side, the strain on her neck starting to get to her. She was going to feel this tomorrow, she was sure of it.

Draco could tell she was getting there again, and he was nearing his own orgasm. "Ah, fuck it," Draco caved, and in an instant, his large prick replaced his fingers inside of her ass. He released her wrists and began to rub her clit again fiercely. "Fuck, yes, come on, love, cum for me," He invited rather than ordered. He was so, so close.

Her arms moved to her sides immediately as he released them, the burn she had been feeling in them instantly began to let off, and she grabbed onto the sheet as he plunged into her ass without warning. She gasped, the combination of that, and him rubbing her clit had her almost there. "Yes, fuck yes!" She agreed when he told her to cum, and she obliged. She nearly ripped the sheet off the bed as he drove her over the edge of climax, moaning and panting all at the same time.

Draco didn't waste a moment. As soon as he was sure she was cumming, he did the same, pulling out towards the end so that he could watch the last of his load fill the gaped hole before it shrank again. Maybe now she'd think twice before deciding to sleep with someone who wasn't remotely

capable of doing her like he could. "I'll never get tired of that," he said more to himself than to her.

Hermione pulled her arms up under her chin, her breath ragged as he spoke. She looked over her shoulder, which made her sore neck hurt even worse, but she knew if she rolled over to look at him she would likely make a mess on her bed. And after that, she was going to need her bed. "Tired of what, exactly?" She asked him with a slight smirk. Tired of fucking her? Or tired of being in complete control of the situation?

Draco debated his answer to that as he stepped away from her. He tossed his tie to her so that she could clean herself up. "Never get tired of making you cum," he answered finally. He gathered up his clothes, but didn't bother putting them on. Instead, he vanished them to his hamper in the other room. "I'm going to go get in the shower," he informed her. "You made a mess of me."

She grabbed the tie, wiping herself off a bit before pushing herself up on very sore, and tired arms. She was just going to take a shower, herself, so she smirked. "It's only right that I help you clean up then, right?" She offered, as a way of inviting herself to shower with him. She really didn't want to wait until he was done, anyways.

Draco shrugged. "I'll go get the water ready," he offered. Even though he'd done all the work, he had a feeling she was in more pain than he was. He headed into the shower and turned it on, nice and hot. He'd never showered with Hermione after sex without it leading to more sex, so this would be a first.

She followed him into the bathroom after a moment, her legs felt just as weak and wobbly as her arms felt tired and sore. So when she felt the hot water, she was grateful for it. Maybe tomorrow she would treat herself to a nice relaxing soak in their tub, but for tonight, she wanted to get clean, and go to sleep. She stepped into the shower, letting it wash over her and ease some of her sore muscles. She made sure there was room for Draco to join, as well, since he had been the first to say he was going to shower.

Draco stepped into the shower as well, though he allowed her to occupy the stream for now. She was the one with an ass full of cum, after all. And he thought she'd learned her lesson. He observed her as she soaked herself, cleaning herself of the evidence of their affair. He propped one foot on the wall behind him and crossed his arms, waiting patiently.

It seemed they were even now, the way he waited patiently for her to wash herself. She closed her eyes, letting her hair get fully soaked before adding shampoo, and let it wash away before wringing out her hair to add conditioner, and finally clean her oh so dirty body. She had made a mess of him, sure, but she was willing to bet he'd made more of a mess of her. When she felt clean, she stepped towards him. "I can leave you to it, or I can stick around." She offered him a choice this time.

Draco, amused, raised his eyebrows at her. "Whatever you want," he offered in response.

She thought about it for a moment, while she had offered to help him, she really just wanted to get clean so she could sleep. And she honestly didn't think she could take anymore tonight. Maybe it would be best not to start something she didn't want to finish. So, she leaned up, kissed him on the cheek, before giving it a little slap, barely more than a pat, but enough to make it sting a little. Just a little payback for being so rough with her. "Goodnight, Malfoy." She said. And left the shower, grabbing a towel to wrap around herself.

Draco just chuckled as he watched her leave, not minding the little “love tap” she offered his cheek, before claiming the shower for himself. He washed his body, and his hair and he, too, headed off to bed. It wasn’t that late, but he was exhausted as well.

Chapter 11: Ginny Knows

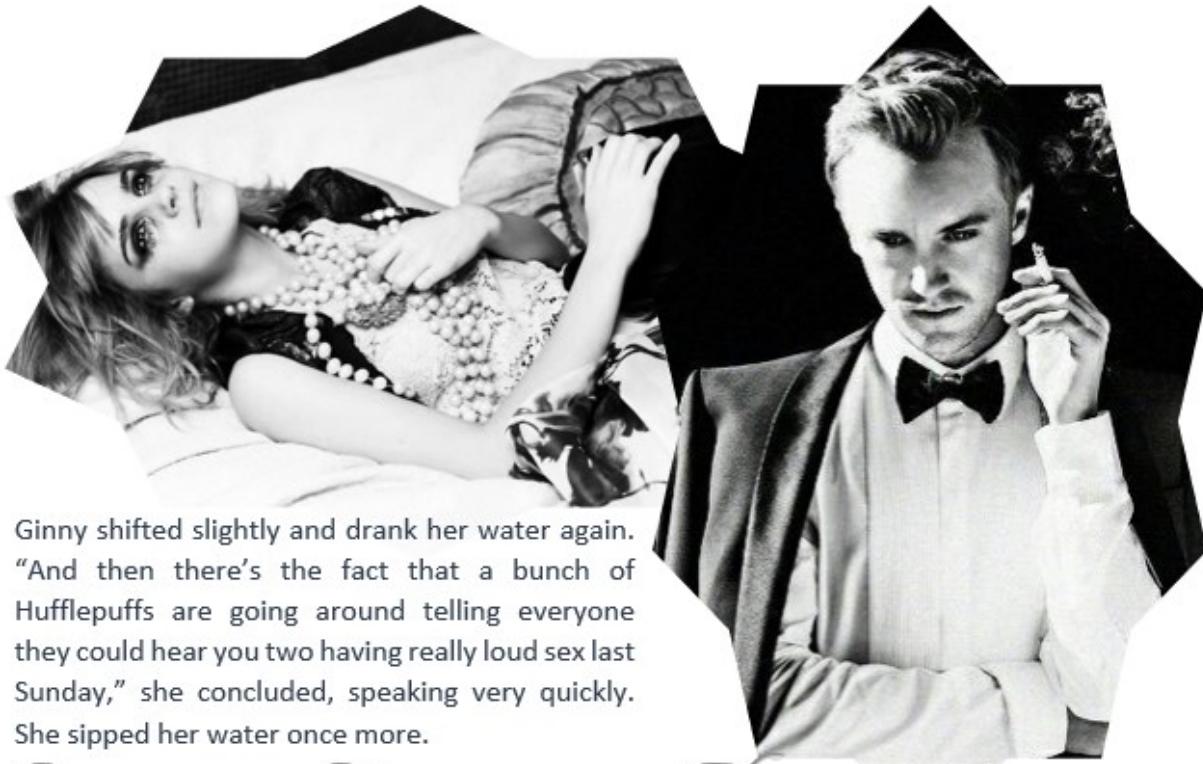
Chapter Summary

Ginny confronts Hermione about suspicions of her involvement with Malfoy

Fluff

Chapter Notes

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



Ginny shifted slightly and drank her water again. "And then there's the fact that a bunch of Hufflepuffs are going around telling everyone they could hear you two having really loud sex last Sunday," she concluded, speaking very quickly. She sipped her water once more.

Snow Storm: Chapter 11

Since her visit to see Hermione the day before, Ginny couldn't stop considering whether Hermione had been telling her the truth about that Ravenclaw. Between the things Harry told her about Hermione's memory sample from the crime scene, and the things Hermione had said about her mystery lover, and last but not least, the sight of Malfoy without a shirt on, she had so many suspicions. What if there was no dirty Ravenclaw lover? What if it'd been Malfoy all along?

But it was something she'd overheard some students talking about that solidified Ginny's desire to go see Hermione. A lot of kids had opinions on what happened with Hermione and Draco at that pub that day, but an entire study group of Hufflepuffs were claiming to have heard some very

dirty noises coming from their dorm while leaving the library the very next day. "In broad daylight" they'd claimed.

Maybe it was none of her business, but she was dying of curiosity, and it was this curiosity that had Ginny paying a visit to the Head Dorm shortly after she finished her late breakfast, and in turn finished purging it again. She knocked hard and waited patiently, knowing that Hermione wouldn't be expecting this surprise visit.

Hermione woke that Sunday morning every bit as sore as she expected. Everything hurt, even her head was pounding from the amount of whiskey she had consumed. She hadn't thought that one through, and had not a single hangover cure to speak of. She rolled out of bed, wondering if maybe Draco had one, as she went to her dresser to pull on some clothes.

She had just left her bedroom, on her way to ask him, when she heard a few hard knocks on the door. She sighed wearily and changed course, going to answer the door instead. "Ginny," she said, surprised. She didn't expect a visit so soon after seeing her friend just yesterday, and she wondered if Ron had spoken to her. "Is... everything okay?" Hermione asked. She hadn't looked, but she imagined her hair was probably a bit wild, she'd neglected to dry it before passing out the night before. She could have done a spell, but she'd been so drunk, she had worried she might jinx her hair off in the process.

Ginny offered a very sleepy looking Hermione a smile. "Hey, yeah, everything's fine. I was just hoping we could hang out, talk, without the boys." They didn't get as much girl time together as Harry and Ron thought they did. Most of their time together was spent in classes. "If you're free?" She wouldn't be offended if it was a bad time to talk.

She nodded, stepping aside to let Ginny enter. "Yeah, of course. You want something to drink? Some water?" She offered, because she desperately needed some. She cursed herself for not thinking to do a line or two, it might have helped at least perk her up a bit. She went to the kitchen and poured two glasses. She took a drink of her own, before returning to the living area to sit down. "I don't think Malfoy is up yet, if you want to talk here." She said, not sure if Ginny had something specific to talk about.

Ginny took the glass of water with a quick thanks. She could use it to get rid of the stomach acid taste in her mouth that even a mouth freshening spell didn't seem to defeat. "Yeah, okay," Ginny agreed. If Hermione was shagging Draco, who cared if he overheard? She sat down on the couch, bringing one foot up underneath her as she settled in. She took another drink of her water, and put a hand over her still upset stomach. "Morning sickness is a bitch," Ginny told Hermione with a slight laugh. "Merlin, it's nice to be able to say that out loud. No one else knows yet. It's been a nightmare keeping it from my roommates."

Hermione felt guilty immediately for having forgotten to ask Ginny how she was doing, but to be fair, she had just woken up, and she was in quite a state thanks to Malfoy. "It's as bad as they say?" She questioned with a slight frown. "That has got to be a pain, how often do you feel it?" She asked. She had always heard pregnant women (mostly on television) say that, even though it was called morning sickness, it could hit at all hours of the day. And it was also worse for some women, and for others it was barely a problem.

Ginny shrugged. "Well, let's just say the morning part is bullshit. And literally everything triggers it. Smells, going down the stairs too quickly, even just using magic can upset my stomach. Like it disrupts my magical energy somehow. It's so weird." But she wasn't really complaining. It was

just nice to be able to talk about it at all. "But it's not the end of the world, you know? It's just part of the process." She'd rather embrace it than be upset about it. But then again, she'd only been throwing up five times a day for the last few weeks, and she had months ahead of her.

Hermione nodded in understanding, "I've heard you feel pretty good, you know, after the first three months or so." She said, just going off of what she had heard other women say. She hadn't been around a ton of pregnant women, but when she was she usually thought to ask how things were going for them. "There are potions that can help, too. I can brew some for you, so you don't have to deal with the smell of it brewing." She offered. She couldn't imagine her magic being affected by such a thing, but she could imagine if just doing magic would make her sick, well, brewing potions had to be ten times worse for her.

Speaking of feeling sick, Hermione was struggling with her own bit of nausea at the moment, and the water wasn't really helping. She began to stand, the action making her head spin a little. "I'm just going to use the bathroom real quick, I'll be right back." She told Ginny, and with what she hoped was a normal stride, she went for the bathroom door. She looked behind the mirror in the medicine cabinet, which was almost completely empty aside from their toothbrushes and a few facial and hair products, so instead, she went to Draco's door. She cracked it open, peeking inside, and saw him still sleeping. In just a whisper, she said 'accio hangover cure' hoping beyond hope that he would have one. She saw his dresser shake a little, and then one of the drawers flew open loudly, and the potion whizzed itself at her. She caught it, and quickly shut the door. She didn't know how heavy he slept, but hopefully she hadn't woken him. She downed the potion quickly, and set the vial on the counter. Her head immediately cleared, and her stomach felt so much better. She was still sore all over, but at least her hangover was gone. She went from the bathroom to her bedroom, and straight to her dresser. She opened up the little wooden box, and got a scoop of the powder, inhaling it quickly. She didn't have time to set out lines for herself. She snifflled a bit rubbing at her nose as she closed the box and went back into the bathroom. She flushed the toilet, for effect, and then washed her hands before returning to the couch with Ginny.

With her head now clear of the throbbing headache, she smiled at Ginny. "Ginger potions, have you tried them?" She asked, going back to the previous conversation.

Ginny could tell that Hermione looked a little green just before she stood and excused herself. When she returned a moment later, picking up the conversation right where she'd left it, Ginny chuckled a bit. "You feeling alright, Hermione? What did you get up to last night? And no, I do not want to know what you and my brother got up to," she added as an afterthought. It was one thing to inquire into Hermione's sex life, but she didn't need to hear about Ron's. "And no, I haven't tried any ginger potions yet, but I have heard they're supposed to help. If you could make me a batch that'd be amazing."

Hermione smiled sheepishly at her friend, she had gotten up to so much last night. Most of which she couldn't tell Ginny, and some of which Ginny didn't want to hear about. So, she told her the bits that she could. "We just had some of that whiskey, you know, the bottle you and I had started. He went home, and I had a bit more. Before you know it, you're drunk." She said with a laugh, shrugging. Since Ginny had gotten drunk with her that night, she thought she might understand. Though, in this version of the story, Hermione had been drinking alone. "I can definitely brew you a batch. I'll be your own personal distributor if they actually help." She said with a smile, feeling much more herself now.

Ginny laughed at that. "Ah, yes, that explains it," she said, leaving it at that. "My own personal distributor, huh? Well, let's hope they help." She didn't know how much longer she could keep it a secret if she was constantly excusing herself to the loo.

"So..." Ginny went quiet for a moment, trying to think of how to breach the subject. "There's actually something specific I wanted to talk to you about," she informed her friend, looking at her cautiously over the edge of her glass as she enjoyed more water.

Hermione froze, the smile on her face fading slightly at the look Ginny had given her. A look of caution. And Hermione knew there were a great many horrible things that Ginny might be wanting to talk to her about. "What is it?" She asked her curiously, trying not to look as nervous as she felt. She could only hope that Ginny wanted to talk about one of her lesser sins.

Ginny wasn't sure whether she should just come out and ask her suspicion, or if she should lead with all the reasons why she was asking. But, being that Ginny was never one to beat around the bush, she didn't see why she should start now. "It's Malfoy you've been shagging all this time, isn't it?" She could be completely off mark, but if it was true there'd be no point in denying it now.

Hermione was surprised by the question, it was so point blank, and well, it was true. She gaped at Ginny for a moment, trying to think of something, anything to say to her. Ginny sounded pretty sure, so if she lied and Ginny did know for sure, she could be putting a big wedge in their friendship. "Yes," she finally said, almost hesitantly. "How'd you find out?" She asked. Because if Ginny knew, perhaps other people knew, as well.

Ginny was glad that Hermione had admitted the truth, and was also glad that she had been correct in her assumption, or else that little accusation might have offended her. "Well," Ginny started. "There's a lot of things. For starters, I mean, look at him." She'd be shagging him too if she was living here, and if she was single of course. "But then, after everything that happened last weekend, and everything Ron and Harry said about the memory you submitted for evidence," she knew she had to be careful to only use examples that had been said yesterday. She didn't want Hermione to think that they'd been talking about her behind her back. "You said you thought it was him, coming into the bathroom." Harry had said she didn't look surprised until after she saw who'd bound her hands, not surprised by being bound, but she couldn't say that part. "And then Ron said that thing about him helping to redress you..." she added. "He was right, that's weird no matter what, unless of course he's helped you in and out of your clothes before," she reasoned.

Ginny shifted slightly and drank her water again. "And then there's the fact that a bunch of Hufflepuffs are going around telling everyone they could hear you two having really loud sex last Sunday," she concluded, speaking very quickly. She sipped her water once more.

Hermione listened to Ginny explain, and it wasn't until the last bit that she grew worried. Shit! She never even thought about people outside of their dorm hearing them, never even thought to put up wards to soundproof the dorm. That would require actually being prepared for what would happen between them. Hermione set her glass down on the table, suddenly feeling like she might lose her grip on it if she didn't. "Well, that's not good." Was all she could think to say. She looked into the fireplace, feeling very exposed at that very moment. Not only did her best friend know, but apparently there were a group of Hufflepuff students going around saying they had heard something. And it was no doubt her that they had heard. "It just...well, it just sort of happened." She said, trying to explain. Ginny didn't seem extremely disapproving, but then again, she

probably just didn't want to judge her too harshly. "Like you said, you've seen him, and I'm single. We're not like... a thing... we just do stuff together, sometimes." She said. Sometimes meaning every single night since school had begun, but Ginny didn't need to know that.

"Well..." Ginny said expectantly. "Tell me everything! He's the one doing all that dirty stuff to you, right? All the biting and bruising and stuff? I can't believe I fell for that Ravenclaw bullshit. Of course it had been Malfoy all along. Merlin." The whole thing was very erotic, so she tried not to think about it. "When did it start? How?" she asked, figuring an actual solid question might give Hermione a better starting point to begin explaining.

Hermione could feel her cheeks reddening, she honestly never planned on talking to anyone about the situation between her and Malfoy. "I just thought saying it was a Ravenclaw would throw you off his trail." She explained, embarrassed to be caught in a lie. But the whole situation was embarrassing, if she were being honest. "I mean, I guess it started pretty much right away." She said, not really wanting to admit that she had come onto him the very first night they had begun sharing a dorm. "You've seen him, what's a girl to do? And then, yeah, he's really good in bed. I never thought I would like that kind of stuff. He doesn't really hurt me, per se, but he gets pretty rough." She told Ginny. She had lowered her voice, not wanting to let Draco hear her praising his skills in bed. He didn't need his head inflated anymore on the subject.

Ginny squealed quietly in her excitement. It was so nice to have the pleasant kind of drama and secrets. It was such a refreshing change from all the life threatening drama they'd dealt with in years passed. "I can believe it, I've heard the rumors, you know? But I doubt any of those other girls were letting him do what he's doing to you. That is really something else." Maybe it was the pregnancy hormones getting her so worked up about it. "But you two aren't together. Hermione, you naughty little slag!" she teased her friend. Then she thought about something. "But wait, what about Ron? Didn't he stay here with you last night?" Not that she wanted to know about her brother's sex life, still, but she was curious why he'd stayed behind.

Hermione couldn't help but grin when Ginny squealed. She was feeling more accepted, than judged. It was nice to be able to talk about it without feeling like she was committing some big, hideous taboo. She was about to touch on the subject of them not being together, when Ginny asked about Ron. "That uh..well, I told Ron there would be no relationship to speak of, but he wanted to..." she trailed off, she wouldn't give any details, of course. This was his sister asking after all. "I thought, you know, I could give it a go. After all the stuff I've done with Malfoy, I wondered if something normal would still do it for me." She explained as best she could. "Malfoy knows it happened, I'm definitely not going to tell your brother about Malfoy, though. He would hate me." She added the last bit, knowing that Ginny would agree. "But eventually I might want an actual boyfriend, and it will be hard to find someone I can be with who can... live up to those expectations, I guess." She shrugged wondering if she was making any sense at all, or if she was just rambling on and confusing Ginny.

Ginny considered Hermione's situation. "I take it Ron didn't exactly make the cut. And Malfoy's okay with that? With you shagging someone else?" Just because they weren't a couple didn't mean that her having sex with another guy wasn't a big deal. "Does Malfoy shag other girls?" she added as an afterthought. She couldn't imagine being in a non-exclusive situation like that.

Hermione laughed, shaking her head. "I never said he was okay with it. But... we worked it out." She said. Shrugging. The action made her sore shoulders burn, and she remembered the night before, and how exactly they had worked it out. "I've never asked, but he's never brought anyone

back here that I know of, and he doesn't leave dorm unless he has to, so I'm assuming he doesn't." She said. And after his reaction last night, she was pretty sure she was the only girl he was shagging. Not to mention they had been together every night, it didn't seem like he could have the energy to be shagging other girls. "And just to be clear, your brother was fine. Just... fine." she said with a light laugh. "That's all I'll say on the subject." Because she knew Ginny wasn't looking for details on that, anyways.

Ginny laughed. "Well, I'm sure he'll be able to find someone he can please. Someone with less... eccentric needs," she said of her brother. "And it's too bad that the sex is so good with Malfoy. You might never be satisfied again without him," she teased. That would just be... tragic. She was glad that Harry was good in the sack, for her normal level sexual needs.

She nodded, "I'm pretty sure he already has. I mean, it was the second time we've been together and I'll just say... there was improvement." She told Ginny. "Ron will be fine, he's just still holding onto hope that we're going to get back together." She added. At what she said next, Hermione let herself fall back into the couch dramatically. "Yeah, that could prove to be problematic when school ends. I might have to be a nun." She joked, laughing. "He will be a hard one to replace, but we definitely wouldn't work as a couple." She said.

"Right," Ginny agreed with Hermione's predicament. "What with him being a hot, strong, life saving, wealthy..." She stopped, grinning at Hermione, and then sighed. "I know, I know, he's still a Malfoy. And my brother's a prat. He wants to have his cake and eat it too. He deserves whichever bimbos are falling for his 'I'm a big strong auror' schtick." She shuddered at the thought. "Gross."

Hermione laughed, rolling her eyes at Ginny. "Yeah, yeah, he's got a lot of good qualities. But it is still Malfoy." She pointed out. She laughed again at what Ginny had to say about Ron. "I told him I would come for Christmas, and I think he thought I meant it as a 'do you then' deal, and well..." she laughed, shaking her head. "I'll just have to make sure we don't get any alone time so I don't have to hurt his feelings." She told Ginny, hinting just a little that Ginny could be helpful when the time came. "Not that I couldn't handle it. I'd probably just have to tell him I'm shagging someone at school on the regular, and he would resent me. But we never said we were saving ourselves for each other." She told Ginny. There had been mention of possibly getting back together when she was out of school, and he was out of training. But that was before she'd gone to Australia.

Ginny laughed at that. "Noted," she told her. "I'll do what I can." Help her brother not get laid. That sounded like a fun game to her. "But I'm glad to hear you're coming home for Christmas. Mum was distraught when you left. She really misses you." Not that she wanted to make Hermione feel guilty. She knew why she'd left. "So, you're shagging Malfoy. And I'm pregnant. What a crazy term," she concluded.

She smiled fondly, "It'll be nice to be with the family." She said. Ron would just be a minor issue, if she had to upset him to get him off her back, she would deal with it in the moment. She wasn't going to let herself worry about it. What she was worried about was the fact that she still had more Christmas shopping to do, and the anxiety she got when she thought about going back to Hogsmeade was extremely intimidating. She knew Scabior was dead, but it didn't stop her from wondering if there was anyone else out there who blamed her for the turn their life had taken after the war had ended. She also knew the chances of anyone with that in mind was not likely to be hanging around Hogsmeade, waiting for her to go on another shopping trip. She shook off the

thoughts, and forced a laugh. "Yeah, who would have thought we would finish off our time at Hogwarts like this?" She joked.

"Any other crazy secrets I should know about?" Ginny asked jokingly, not actually expecting there to be any.

She laughed, shaking her head. There was one secret she would never share. Something she doubted any of her friends would understand, or let her get away with. "No, and I should have told you about Malfoy when you asked before but..it's such a strange situation, I didn't know how you would react." She told Ginny, feeling slightly guilty again. "Anyone else would probably think I'm insane." She added.

Ginny shrugged. "Well, before everything that happened last week, I might have judged you, a little. But now? I mean, come on, he saved your life. He killed someone for you. With his bare hands! I don't care who he is, that means something."

Hermione nodded, and after what Ginny said, thought maybe it was good she'd kept it a secret this long. Being able to talk about it with Ginny like this was nice, and she felt a little lighter because of it. "He's definitely different, I mean, I never would have gone there if he was the same old Malfoy we all knew and despised." She said. Ron still hated him, but that didn't really bother her that much, as long as he wasn't sitting there giving him dirty looks blatantly. She was also well aware of the fact that Malfoy was no fan of Ron, either.

"Well, as long as he's treating you well, and keeping you happy and satisfied, you'll hear no argument from me. But don't worry, I won't tell Harry and Ron," she promised Hermione. "The rest of the school, though, might need some convincing. I don't know how you plan on getting ahead of those rumors." So far they were just rumors, but it wasn't just one person claiming what they'd heard, it was five!

She was glad to hear she wouldn't have to explain her situation to Harry and Ron, the two of them would not be as understanding as Ginny. She frowned, being reminded of the rumors, she was reminded that she also had no idea what she would do about it. "Yeah, I have no clue. I'll definitely be more careful in the future, but what can I really say about what they heard?" She said, knowing Ginny probably wouldn't have any ideas, either. "I mean, short of claiming that it wasn't me he was shagging, there's not much else I can do." She added. It was a thought, but then to actually get people to believe that, there would likely have to be a fall girl to take the blame for her.

Ginny shrugged. "I have no idea," she said, fresh out of suggestions. "I would just deny the claims altogether, if anyone says anything. Apart from there being several witnesses, they only heard something. It's not like they saw something." So technically, it was all speculation.

She was probably right, "And I'll definitely make sure we aren't heard again." She added. She should have considered it, most of their time shagging was spent right here, just feet from the door. But it had always seemed so safe to be with him here that she never considered that it was just a door keeping people from seeing what was going inside. "Thanks for telling me, and being brave enough to bring the whole thing up. I've been too ashamed to tell anyone, you're the only person I've ever talked to about it." Hermione said, smiling at Ginny. "I appreciate it." She added.

With a grin, Ginny set her glass down. "What else are girlfriends for?" Ginny had always been a popular girl, but it wasn't until this year that she'd felt like she had a best friend, and it was

definitely Hermione. "And if anyone asks me," Ginny added. "I'll tell them they're bloody bonkers and to get a life of their own."

Hermione laughed, glad to have Ginny on her side. "Thanks," she said, and she meant it. It would help kill the rumor if she had someone besides her telling people it wasn't true. She felt her stomach rumbling, and realized she had yet to eat. "Merlin, I'm starving." She announced. "Are you hungry?" She asked Ginny, not sure if she had eaten, or when she had last eaten.

"Well," Ginny said, at the mention of food. "I did eat breakfast, but that's long gone from my stomach," she told her friend, having thrown it all up shortly after.

Just then, Draco came out of his room, fully dressed, groomed and ready for the day. He didn't have any trace of the hangover Hermione had when Ginny had first arrived. Then again, he hadn't had as much to drink as her, and he had a stock of cures in his dresser. He did not, however, anticipate company.

"Morning," he greeted the women. "Or, afternoon?" he asked, looking at the clock. It was just past noon. He went to get himself a glass of water. "What are you birds chirping about?" For once he could honestly say he hadn't been listening in.

Ginny looked at Draco, mildly disappointed that he was fully clothed. "Why you, you sly dog," Ginny answered truthfully before Hermione could come up with a lie.

Draco paused, hand closing around a glass in the cabinet, before resuming his task. "Excuse me?" Draco requested clarification.

Hermione looked at Ginny, her eyes widening a bit. She wasn't prepared to have this conversation, essentially outing their...whatever this was, if only to one person. It didn't seem like a big step, not until she thought about talking to him about it in front of Ginny. She looked to Draco, letting out a sigh of defeat.

"Well, apparently there have been some...rumors floating around." She told him, "Ginny said a group of Hufflepuffs may have heard us last Sunday." She added the last part after a second of hesitation. It had been an intense night for them, she'd let him take out all of his aggression and rage from the event of the day before on her, and it hadn't been quiet. "And also, Ginny knows we've been shagging." She added for clarity, in case he hadn't figured that out. He was smart, though, and she assumed he would have known that she wouldn't bring it up if Ginny didn't know.

"Oh?" Draco responded, surprised.

"Yeah, well, I knew someone was shagging Hermione senseless," Ginny went on, enjoying how much she was embarrassing her friend. "I just didn't realize it was you. Don't worry, I've heard only good things."

Draco looked back and forth between the two girls. "Yeah, well, I know you're pregnant, so I guess we're even," he told the redhead, smirking slightly. He wasn't bothered that she knew. "Yeah, Sunday was something, wasn't it?" he twerked both eyebrows in Hermione's direction, smirking wickedly. Just then, lunch appeared on the kitchen table. "Thank Merlin, food." Just because he'd recovered from the night before didn't mean he wasn't starving. He grabbed a stack of plates and took them to the table, wasting no time in loading his up with food.

Hermione, mortified, tried to ignore his comment about Sunday. Talking to Ginny, alone, had been fine. This was a whole other level, though. She hadn't really told Ginny any details, but who knew what jokes Malfoy would make at her expense? What if he mentioned tying her up and having his way with her last night? She wasn't sure Ginny was prepared for that level of detail.

"Yeah, so, I guess we will have to be careful about the level of noise we're making. Especially in the middle of the day." She said, making her way to the table to eat, as well.

Draco could have really taken this opportunity to humiliate Hermione, to expose her to her closest friend for the dirty little sex fiend she was, but he thought better of it. The last thing he wanted to do was give her reason to want to go back to shagging vanilla old Weasley. "We should just set a permanent sound barrier on the dorm, to cover our bases," he did say, since he wasn't going to stop making her scream.

"I would say that's advisable," Ginny agreed.

She'd walked right into it, and she knew it could have been a lot worse. She assumed he didn't want to upset her by embarrassing her further, because he didn't want her cutting him off. As if she would be able to! She cleared her throat, "Good idea." She said quickly. Fully ready for a change in the conversation, she turned to Ginny. "You don't know what the baby's gender will be, do you?" She asked, before taking a bite of the food she had loaded onto her plate. She would much rather talk about Ginny and the newly discovered baby than the fact that she needed a sound barrier on her bloody dorm so people couldn't hear her being shagged senseless.

Ginny, who was hard at work picking out foods that didn't make her sick, looked over at Hermione. "You can do that? Of course I want to know. I've had enough bloody surprises in my life." The last thing she wanted was to wait another seven months to find out whether she was having a son or a daughter.

Hermione shrugged, unsure. "I mean, muggles find out pretty early on. I'll have to do some reading, but I'm sure there is something we could do to find out." She said, always up for a good project. Especially if it meant helping Ginny find out what the baby would be. It was kind of exciting, and while she wasn't ready to have one herself, it would be fun to shower Ginny with tiny little clothes for the baby.

"That would be amazing," Ginny told her excitedly, seating herself at the table and digging in. "I'm not sure if Harry wants to know, but I don't mind keeping it a secret if he doesn't," she admitted. "But he's pretty excited, I'm sure he'll want to know too." She was sure he was more excited than she was, actually. He was the one who'd never had a true family of his own. It was no surprise to her that he was glad to be starting one sooner rather than later.

Hermione grinned, "Well, I'll start researching it. I'm sure there is a spell or potion we can use to reveal the gender. And speaking as someone who is eager to start on gifts for the baby, we need to know." She said with a laugh. She glanced at Draco, wondering what he thought about all this talk. It was weird having him around Ginny, for some reason. He usually stayed in his room for the most part when she had company, so this was all pretty new to her.

Draco felt Hermione's eyes on him, and looked up. "What?" he asked after swallowing a bite of his sandwich. "You want me to leave you two to your girl-talk?" he asked rather than offered.

She raised her eyebrows at him, "No, I didn't say that." She told him. "Just..." she glanced at Ginny, and back to him. "I don't know, I was wondering what you were thinking," she said. She hadn't intended to ask, or be called out on it. But he spent so much time in his room lately, she also didn't want him to think he wasn't welcome. Especially since Ginny knew about them, and he could actually sit in on their conversations. Even if all he was doing was sitting in, and not adding to it.

"What I'm thinking about what? Little Potter junior?" He asked with a chuckle. "There might be some books on family planning in the library," he informed them. "Hell you could even check our shelves here," he said, nodding in the direction of the ceiling high bookshelves that flanked the fireplace.

Hermione followed his gaze, looking at the many volumes they had at their expense, and nodded. She had thought to check the library first, but he could be right. And if she was able to find what she needed here, she wouldn't have to risk someone seeing what she was reading and thinking she was pregnant. Especially because, depending on how far the rumor had spread, they might think she was pregnant with his baby. "You make a good point. See? You don't need to be excluded from girl talk. You fit right in." She told him with a teasing smirk.

Ginny and Draco both laughed at that. "I wouldn't get used to including me," he said, in regards to the girl-talk. "Unless there's food." He took another large bite of his sandwich. He hadn't been eating as much as he used to, thanks to the cocaine, which suppressed his appetite. In fact, if he wasn't much mistaken, he was starting to lose muscle mass too. The only workout he was getting now was shagging Granger, which was always intense, but it wasn't the same. He'd noticed she was losing weight as well, not that she had much to lose to begin with.

She shrugged, "That's fine, too." She said. She didn't want him thinking she needed him around all the time. She didn't. She simply liked to see him out of his room, and his mood improving day by day. He had gone through a pretty dark place, and she still felt responsible for it. There wasn't much she could do to pull him back, aside from what she was already doing every night, without fail. Letting him do whatever he needed to her to take his aggression out. She turned her attention back to Ginny, "Anyways, I'll set to finding what I need tonight. I'm guessing I'll be able to find both in one book." She said, hopeful.

Chapter End Notes

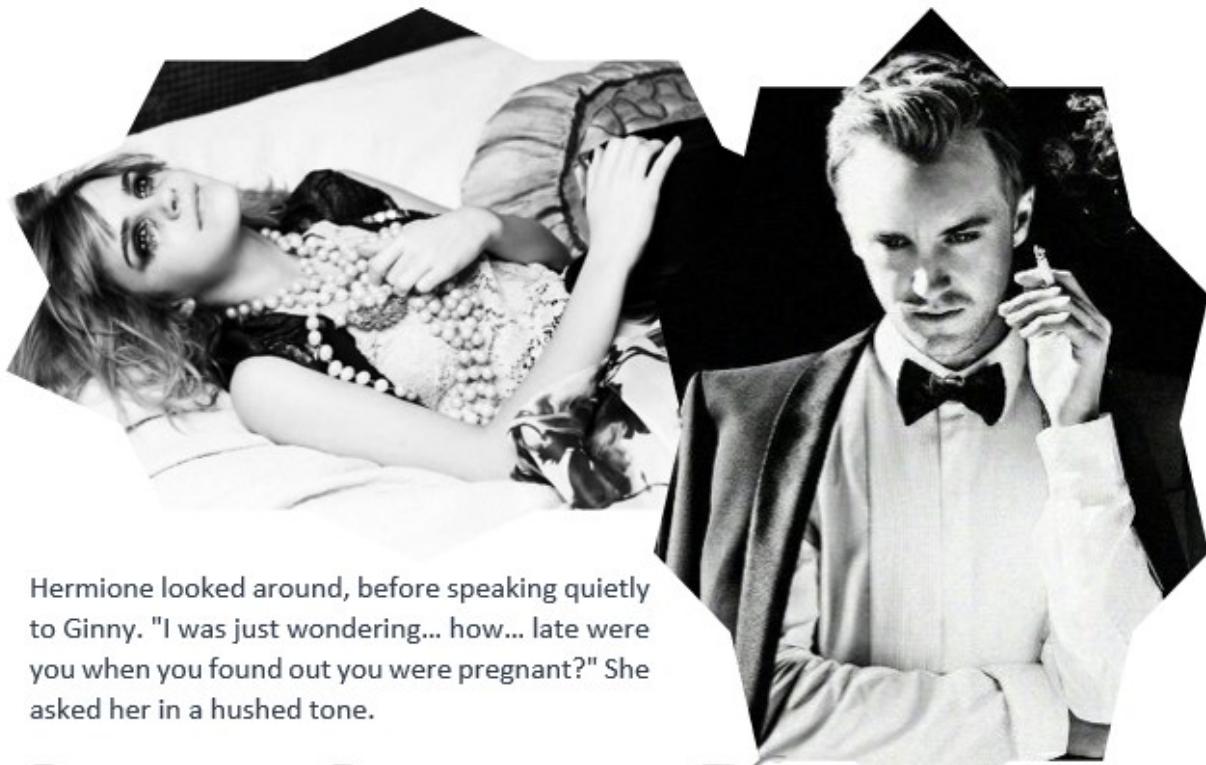
As always, thank you for reading. If you're this far in I'm hoping this means you're hooked on this story by now, like I am. Please let me know what you like, what you don't like, and what you think is to come! Next Chapter is Christmas, where we'll see lots of DRAMA. Stay tuned!

Chapter 12: Christmas Chaos

Chapter Summary

Hermione goes to The Burrow for Christmas and has her world turned upside-down, several times over.

No sex, lots of drama!



Hermione looked around, before speaking quietly to Ginny. "I was just wondering... how... late were you when you found out you were pregnant?" She asked her in a hushed tone.

Snow Storm: Chapter 12

Ginny was nervous. It was Christmas day, and the entirety of the Weasley family had gathered out in the garden under a large tent, magically warming the inside so that they could all enjoy each other's company comfortably. Even Fleur's family had come from France to spend the holiday all together as one family. It was late morning, and everyone had just enjoyed a very elaborate brunch, one that would challenge even the Hogwarts elves. They were preparing to exchange the gifts, and she spotted the gift under the tree from Hermione, knowing that it would contain a gift for the baby.

She hadn't worked up the nerve yet, to tell her family, and Harry had promised to follow her lead. They learned about two weeks ago that they were expecting a boy, and she and Harry had already

decided to name him James after his father. Maybe if she opened the gift, it would be a good ice breaker to letting the family know about the newest addition. She caught Hermione's eye as she reached for the gift, biting her lip nervously.

Hermione was enjoying the brunch, and when it was time for gifts, she watched anxiously as Ginny reached for her gift. Inside she would find a blue baby blanket, the name James was embroidered on it, along with a hat that Hermione had knit herself. She didn't normally do such things, but in this case, she was glad she knew how. She looked over at Harry excitedly, and she could almost see him sweating. She understood why he was nervous, she wanted to believe they would all be happy. But there was a chance not everyone would be as thrilled as they were about a new baby. Especially since Ginny was the youngest, and she was still in school.

Ginny held the gift on her lap as people took turns opening a present, before finally her mother got her attention, and told her to go ahead and open the gift she was holding. With a deep breath, Ginny began to unwrap the present. She wasn't sure what she was going to find inside, but she was sure it was going to be something special, Jame's first Christmas present! When she lifted the lid off of the box, and unfolded the tissue paper, a baby blue blanket with a navy blue trim rested inside. Ginny's heart gave a leap, and her eyes almost filled with tears. She blinked them away quickly, not wanting to give it away too quickly. She lifted the blanket up and saw James's name embroidered in the corner. Her heart swelled again, and she hugged the blanket to her chest briefly.

It wasn't long before people began to ask what she'd gotten. Harry, who was sitting next to her, took her hand and gave it a squeeze. Ginny turned the blanket around, holding it up for everyone to see. At first, confusion, but then, one by one, she could see the realization hit each family member. Molly, who had been distracted at first, was just now looking at the blanket.

"A baby blanket? Who's James?" But the moment the question came out of her mouth, Molly made sense of the clues. "Ginevra Weasley," she gasped in surprise. She looked between her daughter and Harry, who was practically her seventh son. A mix of emotions flooded through her. She didn't know whether to cheer, yell, or cry. "Are you...?" The tent became more quiet than the Weasley home had ever been in Ginny's memory, and she held her breath as she watched her mother figuring it out. She was frozen, struggling to find her answer. She hoped her face said it all, or that someone, anyone, would just say it for her.

Hermione watched Ginny, enjoying watching the expression on her face. Before anyone realized what was happening, she could see the wave of emotion her gift had caused, and it almost made her cry, too. But then people started realizing what it was, once Ginny held it up, and Molly asked who James was. She thought as soon as the name left her lips, she had to have realized it was Harry and Ginny's unborn son. Harry opened his mouth to speak, but she could see that he wasn't sure what to say, so Hermione stood up. "Congratulations, you're going to be a grandma!" Hermione said, going over to hug the stunned Molly.

As quickly as the room had gone silent, it erupted into celebration again. Molly was indeed stunned, and any opportunity she'd had to get upset seemed to have passed now. She hugged Hermione, who had just informed her that she was going to be a grandmother, again. Bill and Fleur were expecting as well, but everyone knew that already. People began to hug Ginny and Harry as well.

Mr. Weasley was stunned silent. On one hand, his baby girl was having a baby, and it was hard to wrap his head around it. He wanted to be upset, to scold her, to put the fear of God into her boyfriend, but on the other hand, that boyfriend was Harry Potter, the Harry Potter, and on top of all that, he knew that Harry loved his daughter very much. What could he really say?

"It's a boy," Ginny announced the obvious in confirmation. "We're naming him James, after Harry's father." She knew she'd have to talk to her parents about this later, in private, but at least they'd have time to process the news before that could happen.

Hermione was glad to see she was able to get people celebrating before Ginny's parents had time to react negatively. She was sure it seemed bad at first. But with time to mull it over they would likely see that it was going to happen eventually anyways. They already thought of Harry as a son, and he treated Ginny like a queen. The whole ordeal, however, had Hermione thinking about her own situation. She was a week late, and she was starting to worry. At first she thought maybe the stress at the beginning of the month had caused her cycle to be a little off, but a week? When things were starting to calm down, Hermione made her way over to Ginny. "Think we could talk in private when we get a chance?" Hermione whispered in her ear. Maybe Ginny would tell her she was being ridiculous for worrying, or maybe she would confirm her worst fear was coming true.

Ginny was a little surprised when Hermione asked to speak to her. The rest of the family was getting back to exchanging gifts, and she figured there was enough to go around that the two of them wouldn't be missed. "Yeah," Ginny agreed. "Let's go inside." She walked with Hermione back up to the house. "So, what's going on?" she asked. Hermione seemed worried, and she hoped it was nothing serious.

Hermione looked around, before speaking quietly to Ginny. "I was just wondering... how... late were you when you found out you were pregnant?" She asked her in a hushed tone. If she was going to enjoy Christmas, she had to get this off her chest. She could talk to Ginny about it, she knew that, and since Ginny was currently pregnant she might have a little insight in the situation. "I mean, I'm a week late now, and it's driving me crazy." She added in a whisper. She was pretty sure they were in the house alone, but she didn't want anyone overhearing.

Ginny's eyes widened in horror at what Hermione was asking her about. "Hermione!" she chastised in a hushed voice, even though she was sure they were alone. "I thought you were supposed to be the smart one here." She sighed. "Sorry, it's just... It's normal to be a little off schedule, but a week? That's like skipping your period altogether." She frowned at her friend. "You need to get a test right away." She didn't think there was any time to brew one now, here, with so many people around. "We could sneak off into the village, go to the chemist?" she suggested. Muggle pregnancy tests would be almost as effective, give or take the small margin of error.

Ginny's reaction had her heart racing, if she was worried, that meant Hermione wasn't crazy for thinking she might be pregnant. "I have been smart!" She argued, thinking back. "I mean, he always uses contraceptive charms, and Ron swore..." she wondered which one of them had dropped the ball, because she had been stupid enough to trust them to do so. "Merlin. Alright. We can sneak off later and get a test. I just can't bear not knowing." She said. She also didn't feel right using the cocaine she had brought with her if she might be pregnant. "We should get back to the party before someone notices we ran off. It's probably your turn to open a gift." Hermione said, hooking her arm through Ginny's, and trying to ignore the fact that she felt like she might throw

up after that conversation. She had been hoping Ginny would tell her she was silly for worrying, but obviously she was right to worry. Shit.

Ginny gave Hermione's arm a comforting squeeze as she walked with her back out to the tent. Immediately presents were thrust into their arms. They must have just assumed that they'd gone to the loo, because no one questioned them on their absence.

With fourteen people to exchange gifts, it went on for quite some time. Finally, there was a break between gifts and dinner prep, and Harry was eager to talk to Hermione. He went over to her with what he hoped was a casual smile. "Hey, Mione, you want to go for a walk? I was hoping we could talk." It was usually easier to talk at the Burrow when moving away from the family at large, and there was a lot of property to do so on.

Hermione was trying to enjoy herself, and not look as worried as she felt as the gift exchange was going on. When there was finally a break, she was about to tell Ginny she was ready to go get that test, when Harry approached her. He wanted to talk, and Merlin, she hoped it wasn't about her. Maybe Ginny had slipped up and told him about Malfoy? "Yeah, sure." She agreed, and pulled her coat on, along with gloves and a hat. She already had her coat in her arms, she had been planning to ask Ginny to go for a walk, but she supposed it could wait a little longer. She followed Harry outside when he was ready, walking beside him. "So, what's going on?" She asked him, trying to sound normal. If it wasn't about her, she didn't want to come off as guilty and let on that she had secrets from him.

Harry didn't quite know how to approach the topic, so rather than jumping right to it, he wanted to explain his actions first. "The day of your attack at the Hog's Head, we took a few DNA samples from the scene. It turns out, one of the blood samples we took from the sink came back with some really shocking results." He looked at Hermione to see if she might give away any sign that she might know what he was talking about.

Harry wasn't stupid, he'd been around it before, it was pretty common amongst some muggle crowds. And Hermione wasn't herself these days, hadn't been since she took off for Australia back in May. She was thinner, more irritable, and a little scatter brained. It was why he'd stolen the blood sample from evidence and had it run by a muggle forensics team. He hadn't wanted to believe it, but the results had been, as he'd said, shocking.

Hermione walked beside him, and as he spoke, she grew more and more worried. DNA samples? She had a serious head injury, so she knew her blood had been present, but would they really have a muggle drug in the system they ran their samples through? She highly doubted they would, most wizards didn't know about it, let alone mess with it. What if her blood sample had tested positive for pregnancy, and he was about to call her out on it before she even knew for sure, herself? Her throat felt dry, and she swallowed hard. But she wasn't about to out herself, no way. "I don't follow you, Harry. What were the shocking results?" She asked him, hoping her voice wouldn't betray her. All she could think was, if he was about to tell her what she thought he was, this was the shittiest Christmas she had ever had.

Harry frowned. He hated to bring this up now, on Christmas, but it was the only time he'd get to see her before she returned to school. "Hermione, they found incredibly large quantities of cocaine in your blood. Like, insanely large qualities." Of course, he didn't realize that she'd actually bled right on top of the residue from the line she'd just done. "I'm worried about you."

Hermione's stride slowed a bit, shocked, she glanced over at him. "They test for that?" She knew she shouldn't be asking that, but if they tested for it, she was probably in trouble, right? "Are they going to arrest me or anything? Kick me out of school?" She added, so he would understand why she was concerned. She wanted to cry, and scream at him, and tell him it wasn't true. But fuck, if they had tested her blood, there was no denying it. "I... really don't know what to say, Harry. I've got a problem but... I've been working on it." She lied, she would be working on it, stopping completely even, depending on what that damn test told her.

Harry was glad that Hermione confessed, that she didn't try to deny it. He was also glad because this meant that no one had drugged her against her will. He was disappointed, however, that his best friend, who was family to him, felt the need to do such dangerous and addictive drugs!

"To be entirely honest, Hermione, I had it tested," he confessed. "No one else even knows I did it. I saw signs, and I was worried." He took Hermione's hand and gave it a squeeze. "I love you, Mione, and I'll always support you. I just need you to keep being honest with me. I can help you."

Her eyes stung with tears as he spoke, and she squeezed his hand back. On one hand she was glad that he was the only one who knew, she couldn't handle being removed from her position, or even the school, but if he saw the signs, what if other people did, too? "I never meant to get on the stuff, but... when I was looking for them, Harry, I just started to feel so hopeless." She felt a lump in her throat, and she stopped walking and turned away from him, wiping at a few tears that had escaped. "I hated myself for sending them away, I don't know if I'll ever find them now. The longer I wait, the more impossible it seems!" And just like that, she was sobbing into her hands.

Harry absolutely hated seeing Hermione cry, and hearing what it was that led Hermione to make such a dangerous choice, well, he felt it in his gut. He knew what it was like to be without family, after all, and he didn't even know them long enough to miss them daily the way she did. He only missed the idea of family. He couldn't imagine what kind of a shock it was to her system to not have them anymore after seventeen years. He put his arms around her, feeling just how small she'd actually become.

"No one needs to know about this," he assured her. "But it needs to stop." Supporting her and enabling her were two very different things.

Hermione leaned into him, wrapping her arms around him as she tried to stop the flow of emotions from overwhelming her, so she could stop crying. When he said no one had to know, she was so glad she wouldn't have to beg him to keep her secret for her. She nodded at what he said next, and after a moment, when she had managed to stop crying, she pulled away from him. She wiped away her tears, and then reached into her pocket, pulling out the small bag of coke that she had brought with her. "I have more at the castle but.. this is what I brought with me." She said, feeling absolutely awful for having such a thing at Christmas. "I haven't taken any today," she added, and it was actually the truth.

She wondered if she should tell him why she hadn't, because he had said no more secrets, and well, if she was pregnant, he would eventually find out she was still lying. She took a deep, shaky breath, and decided her friendship with Harry was too important. "I haven't done it today, because I'm afraid I might be pregnant. I was actually about to go get a test, with Ginny, when you asked to talk to me." She was looking down at her feet because she couldn't bear to look him in the eyes and see how disappointed he was at her, again.

Harry took the small bag from her and stuffed it into his pocket, feeling very much like a police officer confiscating it from her, but he supposed that's what he was. But when she confessed she might be pregnant, his heart sank. This was different from him and Ginny having a baby together. Hermione was a highly respected witch, with Ministry honors and a Head Girl title, and mostly, she was very single. He pulled her into a hug and let her cry it out while he thought.

Ron had come home after his night with Hermione in a fit. Rather than just being excited that he'd gotten lucky (Ron got luckier and luckier the longer they were in training), he was upset, under the impression that Hermione was sleeping with someone, or more than one someone. Harry didn't like to think that Hermione would approve of causal sex, but then again, he didn't think she'd approve of drug use either.

"You don't think it's Ron's, do you?" He asked after a few minutes. She might have guessed from the way he said it that he wasn't sure it was Ron's, but he didn't mean to be judgmental.

She let him pull her into another hug, because it was easier than having to look him in the eye while he processed the information she had just given him. Tears continued to flow, but she was no longer sobbing uncontrollably. When he finally spoke, she shook her head. "I specifically asked Ron if he used a protection charm, he said he did." She told Harry. "I've been seeing someone, not like dating, but, there's only one other person it could be." She assured him. The way he had said it, she was sure he knew that Ron wasn't the only guy she had been with, so she wanted to clarify that she wasn't sleeping with every guy who looked her way.

Harry cringed at the fact that she phrased it that way. Ron "claimed" to have been safe. Yes, that sounded like Ron. He released Hermione when she was no longer shaking with sobs. "Well, I don't care who the father is," he assured her, but then again, he didn't know it was Malfoy. "The important thing now is that you find out for sure. And then we can move forward with getting you better." Drug addiction wasn't exactly something covered in his Auror training, so he was basically winging it, as her friend.

She nodded her head, happy at least that he didn't try to find out who the mystery guy was. She knew just how awful she would look if he had all the details. "I'll go and get the test," she told him, sniffling a bit and wiping at her eyes. "Ginny was going to come with me, but I really don't want to interrupt her Christmas any more than I have already." She said, "And yours, either." She added. She was having the worst Christmas, but that didn't mean she had to drag them along for the ride. "You should go inside, get back to the party." She insisted.

Harry considered her for a moment before conceding. "Alright. Hurry back, okay? Molly won't start dinner without you." He offered her a kind smile, though his eyes were sad.

Harry headed back towards the house. This was something Hermione probably needed to do by herself. He knew what that was like, and he respected it.

She nodded in agreement, "I'll just get it and come right back." She assured him. She wasn't going to take the test there, but if there was a muggle drug store open, she knew it wouldn't be open much longer. She apparated herself close to town, and walked the rest of the way. It wasn't long before she found a little corner drug store that had stayed open, while almost every other store around it had closed. She walked in, and after a few minutes of searching found the pregnancy tests. She stared at the line of different tests, all promising accurate results. It was a bit overwhelming, but she finally grabbed a pack of two tests, intending to take them both and compare the results. She paid for them, and when she was sure no one was around her, she

apparated back to the burrow. All in all, she had been gone about a half an hour, and she hoped that nobody would question her on her absence. She had the test in a paper bag, stuffed in her coat pocket when she returned. She walked in the front door, kicking off her snowy shoes, and planned to take her coat up to Ginny's room, not wanting anyone to go through her pockets, or accidentally find the test she had hidden there.

She made her way to the stairs, Molly stopped her, telling her dinner was just about ready, and she assured her she would be right back. When she got to Ginny's room, however, she sat down on the bed she would be sleeping on later that night, and sighed. She felt so guilty for all the secrets she had kept, she wanted to be mad at Harry for finding out the way he had, but if she was honest with herself she was glad to know he cared enough to do such a thing. She really didn't even want to go back downstairs, but she knew eventually someone would tell her she had to come down for dinner.

Ginny had been surprised to learn from Harry that Hermione had gone to town without her, so instead she assisted her mother in the kitchen to help earn herself a few last minute bonus points. To her relief, the mother did not mention anything that didn't have to do with the food they were preparing.

When Hermione returned, Ginny waited a minute or two before slipping away from the kitchen to go talk to her. She entered her bedroom and closed the door behind her.

"So..." she started. "Did you take it yet?"

Hermione looked up when Ginny came in the room, and shook her head. "I'm too scared to take it." She admitted. "What if I am... you know?" She shook her head at the thought. She didn't even want to say the word again, it felt too strange to say it while she was speaking about herself. She reached into her coat pocket, pulling the bag out, and sighed. She pulled the test out of the bag, and just stared at it for a moment. "Should I do it now, or wait?" She asked, looking up at Ginny for advice.

Ginny wasn't sure how to answer that. "That depends on if you want wine with your dinner," she attempted a joke, her smile bleak. She could either drink the wine in ignorant bliss, or find out for sure if she was allowed to have it. "I can stay with you." She'd had Harry with her when she took her test. He was very supportive in that way. She couldn't say for sure how supportive Malfoy would be, or Ron. Merlin, that was its own pickle.

Hermione mulled it over, and finally sighed. "I should just get it over with, I guess." She said, frowning down at the box. She opened it up, taking one of the sticks out and reading the little paper that had the directions on it. "I guess I have to pee on it." She said, her eyebrows furrowing. "You sure you want to stay with me?" She asked, attempting a smile.

"Pee on it?" Muggles and their crazy technology. She took the instruction sheet from Hermione and read it over. Ginny laughed. "I'll come with you. It's not like I have to watch," she teased. Girls used a loo together all the time. Why was this any different? She made her way to the door and peeked out. There didn't seem to be anyone in sight, and the bathroom door was open, indicating that it was available. "The coast is clear, now's your chance."

Hermione pushed herself up off the bed, and went over to the door. She left Ginny's room, quickly making her way to the bathroom with the test hidden, just in case. When she made it to the bathroom, she waited for Ginny to get inside, before closing the door behind them. "Well,

here goes.." she mumbled. She sat the test on the sink while she pulled her pants and underwear down, and then sat down on the toilet seat. She pulled the little cap off the end she was to pee on, and then awkwardly positioned it between her legs, before doing the deed. When she was done, she stuck the cap back on, putting the test down in the sink while she wiped herself. She pulled her pants back up, buttoning and zipping them, before flushing the toilet. Her heart was racing as she hovered over the sink, watching the little window on the test that would give her the answer. "It's doing something." She said nervously, watching as the color changed, starting at the end that she had peed on. She saw one little red line, and then, as it filled in more, a second line appeared.

"You've gotta be kidding me!" She moaned, sitting back down on the closed toilet heavily. "It could be wrong, right?" She knew it wasn't, but she really wished that it was!

Ginny felt horrible for her friend, knowing that this news was a much greater burden for her than it had been for Ginny. "It could be," she agreed to try to be supportive, but she didn't sound convinced. She was speechless, which was a first for the opinionated redhead. A long silence stretched out between them as they both digested the news. "How far along did you think you are?" She dared to ask.

Hermione stared blankly at the wall until Ginny broke the silence, asking how far along she was. "I guess it could have happened any night, because as far as I knew, it shouldn't have happened at all." She said. She wondered if Malfoy knew he had slipped up, and wondered if he would admit it to her if she asked. She wasn't sure she wanted to ask, maybe she just wanted to punch him in his stupid face for letting this happen. "I'm a week late, so I guess I could be 5 weeks, at the most." She said miserably.

Ginny thought about it. "You don't think it could be Ron's do you?" Not that she wanted that problem for Hermione, but at least that would make that baby and hers cousins, officially.

Ron was just on his way upstairs to change into looser pants for dinner when he heard his name from someone in the bathroom. Interest piqued, he paused, and leaned in to listen. What were those girls talking about him for?

Hermione shook her head, "No, it can't be his, I asked him if we were protected and he said yes." She told Ginny. "I'm going to be a single mother." She groaned. She in no way believed her and Malfoy would be raising a baby together. It just seemed absurd to her.

"And you believed him?" Ginny questioned jokingly.

Outside the door Ron was growing anxious. He'd really done it. He'd really gotten Hermione pregnant. And she didn't believe it! How many other guys was she sleeping with for her to think he wasn't the most likely father? Maybe if he kept listening he'd hear a name.

"You don't think he'd neglect you, do you?" He heard his sister ask. But who was the "he" she was talking about? "After everything that happened?"

Hermione shrugged her shoulders, "I guess I believed they were both using protection. As far as I knew, they were." She said. She looked at Ginny when she asked if he would neglect her, and she thought about it for a moment.

"I mean, who knows? He's made it very clear we're not dating, and that's how I wanted it, too. Want it." She added, because she hadn't changed her mind about that. "I mean, could you see me

raising a kid with Malfoy? Because even though he's changed, he's still... Malfoy," she said, something she had said to Ginny before. It seemed to be her main excuse for not wanting a relationship with him, besides just generally not wanting a relationship with anyone.

Malfoy? MALFOY? She was fucking Malfoy?! And he was the one who she was talking dirty with? He wanted to vomit, or kill something. How could she do such a thing? He knew she'd been shagging someone else. No wonder Malfoy had been so quick to pull her pants up. He'd had enough experience pulling them down. And why wasn't Ginny more surprised? Did she actually know about this disgusting affair?

Ron stomped the rest of the way up the stairs, hoping they heard him, before he could do or say something he regretted. As it was, he blasted a hole through his bedroom wall when he got there. He'd repair it later... He began changing, as was his original goal.

Ginny shrugged. She liked to think that the same Malfoy who'd saved her from her would-be rapist would step up and do his part as a father. "Well it's not like you have to be a couple or anything," Ginny said. That's when she heard the signature stomping of her youngest older brother. She wondered if Hermione heard, but she wasn't going to point it out. That volcano would blow soon enough.

Hermione was nodding to what Ginny had said, when she had also heard the stomping, almost like they wanted to be heard. "You don't think that was Ron, do you?" She asked Ginny, though she was almost sure it was. Great, let's just air out ALL of her secrets, on Christmas night! For fucks sake. She got up off the toilet, and opened the door, trying to see if she could see him up there. She figured everyone would be downstairs getting ready to eat.

"You think he heard?" She asked, looking back at Ginny. She would most likely know for sure as soon as she started getting dirty looks from him, she thought. "We should get back downstairs anyways, we can talk about my imploding life later." She joked bitterly.

Ginny frowned sympathetically. "I'm sorry this is all happening like this, today of all days," she told Hermione, giving her a warm hug. "Forget my brother. You have a bigger problem; telling the hot, strong, life saving, wealthy baby daddy," she said, jokingly referring back to the words she'd used to describe Malfoy a couple weeks before.

Hermione hugged her back, and laughed a little at the way Ginny described Malfoy. "Yeah, if I tell him." She mumbled. she knew she had to, and obviously keeping secrets wasn't her strong suit. But Merlin, she did not want to have that conversation with him. She was about to leave the bathroom, when she remembered that the pregnancy test she had taken was still sitting in the sink. She ran over, tossing it in the trash, and washed her hands. "Okay, I'm ready to do this." She said, taking a deep, steady breath before leaving the bathroom. She walked with Ginny downstairs, avoiding eye contact with everyone, except for Harry, whom she gave a grave smile. She thought he might figure it out, and she wouldn't actually have to tell him.

Harry was helping to set the table outside in the tent when the girls appeared. Everyone was starting to take their seats again. When he caught Hermione's eye, he could see it on her face, the test had been positive. He felt bad, but then again, maybe this was a good thing? She had a drug problem, one he was pretty sure Ginny knew nothing about. If sobriety for the sake of sobriety wasn't motivation enough, maybe a baby would be? Just thinking about it, Harry had never felt so old.

Dinner had been lovely, save for the dirty looks Ron gave to Hermione the whole evening. Ginny had whispered to Harry that Ron had overheard them talking in the bathroom, but she didn't tell him what it was he'd heard, just that Ron knew that Hermione was pregnant. Harry still didn't know it was Malfoy's baby, and Ginny sure as hell wasn't going to be the one to spill the beans on that. Not today!

Ron still couldn't believe what he'd overheard. It ruined dinner for him, he barely had an appetite. He didn't even have second helpings! Hermione could be pregnant with a Malfoy. He hoped not. He hoped it was his, not that he was very happy with Hermione right now, but he'd rather raise a baby with her than be forced to watch her have a blonde haired demon child.

"Ron Weasley!" Molly snapped as deserts were being passed around. "What has gotten into you?" Everyone turned to see what the matron of the family was referring to. "You have been giving Hermione the stink eye all night. What did she ever do to you?"

Ron's anger flared when his mother turned in on him suddenly. "You want to know what she did?" Ron started, but an urgent look from his sister and best friend gave him pause. He growled under his breath and took a long drink of his wine. "Nevermind, it doesn't matter."

Hermione was trying to enjoy the nice dinner Molly had prepared, but on top of everything she had to deal with Ron glaring at her all damn night. She tried to ignore it, tried to look at anyone but him, but when they had gotten to desert, Molly had called him out on it. She looked up, finally looking at Ron, and she thought for a moment she was going to call her out in front of the entire family. She wasn't sure why, exactly, but he backed off without calling her out. She saw the look Molly gave him, and then she gave Hermione a softer look. If only she knew.

After desert, when everyone was heading inside, Hermione grabbed Ron by the arm, pulling him aside. "Can we talk?" She asked him, venom in her voice. She knew in a matter of moments everyone would be back inside, and whatever Ron said wasn't likely to be overheard.

Ron could tell Hermione was upset with him, but it was little to how mad he was with her. When she pulled him aside he pulled his arm out of her hold defiantly, but went with her.

"Talk? Talk about what exactly?" He asked dumbly. "About how you've been fucking Malfoy?" He was happy to finally throw that in her face.

Hermione wasn't surprised at all by what he was saying. She crossed her arms over her chest angrily, staring at him. "Feel better? I already know you were listening to us in the bathroom. Anything else you want to talk about?" She asked him. "Yes, I've been fucking Malfoy, and I'm going to continue fucking him." She added, because he was being such an asshole, why the hell not?

Ron felt and looked as though he'd just been slapped in the face. "Really? You'd rather be his whore than me with me? After everything that we've been through? After everything that he's done to you, and said to you?" It was a betrayal of the highest degree, at least from Ron's point of view.

Hermione rolled her eyes at him, she'd had a terrible night, and Ron was just making it worse. At least she could take out some of her anger on him. "Do you hear yourself? You just called me a whore, and you wonder why I don't want to be with you?" She asked him. "I know you know I'm

pregnant, and that it's his. It couldn't possibly be yours, remember?" She said to him, because he had told her he'd used a charm to protect them.

Ron's face turned red. "Yeah, well, I lied!" Ron informed her. "So it probably is mine." If the only reason she thought it was Malfoy's was because he'd claimed to be safe, she was sadly mistaken. After all, how much sex could they have possibly had in the weeks before and after his visit?

Hermione dropped her hands to her sides, balling them into fists at his confession. "I knew it! You absolute asshole!" She shouted. She wanted to punch him, but instead, she slapped him, hard. "I don't care whose it is, whatever your plan was, it's not going to work!" She said angrily. How could he?! "I won't be forced into a relationship with you, Ronald, I would rather raise this baby by myself!" She added. She had a strong feeling all along he had been lying, but to hear him confess it, well that was a whole other thing.

Ron realized he deserved that, but it didn't stop him from being angry about it. "Yeah, well I might be an asshole, but do you honestly think that Malfoy is going to love you? He doesn't give a damn about you! Bloody hell, you're supposed to be some kind of genius, so how do you not know that?" At least when he slept with girls he didn't care about, he only did it once. He didn't lead them on and keep them coming back.

Hermione huffed in annoyance, "I don't love Malfoy, and I don't expect him to love me! You have no idea what you're talking about! I don't need that from either of you!" She told him. He was so infuriating, did he really think he could knock her up and then swoop in to save the day?! "You can't just trick a girl into being with you by knocking her up, I should hex your balls off so you can't do that to the next girl who agrees to sleep with you, too!" She threatened him.

Ron sighed. "I didn't do it on purpose! I just... lied about it after the fact!" He'd been more neglectful than devious, really. Not that he expected her to believe him. Why would she? He'd already admitted to lying. "But you weren't honest with me either! You didn't tell me who you were sleeping with. Don't you think that's something I should have known before we hooked up? I don't know where Malfoy's been." He would have never touched her knowing that the last guy she shagged was that ruddy ferret. "Assuming he's the only one, that is."

"You never asked!" She pointed out. Why would she tell him that? "And you haven't listed every hookup you've had, either! It's not a lie if I was never asked!" She rolled her eyes at what he said next, "He is the only one, because he gets the job done." She told him, trying to hurt him.

If looks could kill, Hermione would have turned to ash in that instant. "Yeah, well fine then. Go back to your death eater fuck toy. See how long he keeps getting you off once you get all fat!" He'd long since lost the argument, so with that, he began to storm back towards the house, only to stop abruptly a few steps later. The family, the entirely bloody family, was standing around the back door, watching, listening. Ron looked back at Hermione, and then to his family once more. He had no doubt they would take Hermione's side. Typical. So he turned around and headed in the other direction, storming right past Hermione and out of the garden gate, until he was far enough from the house to disapparate.

Chapter 13: Sleeping with the Slytherin

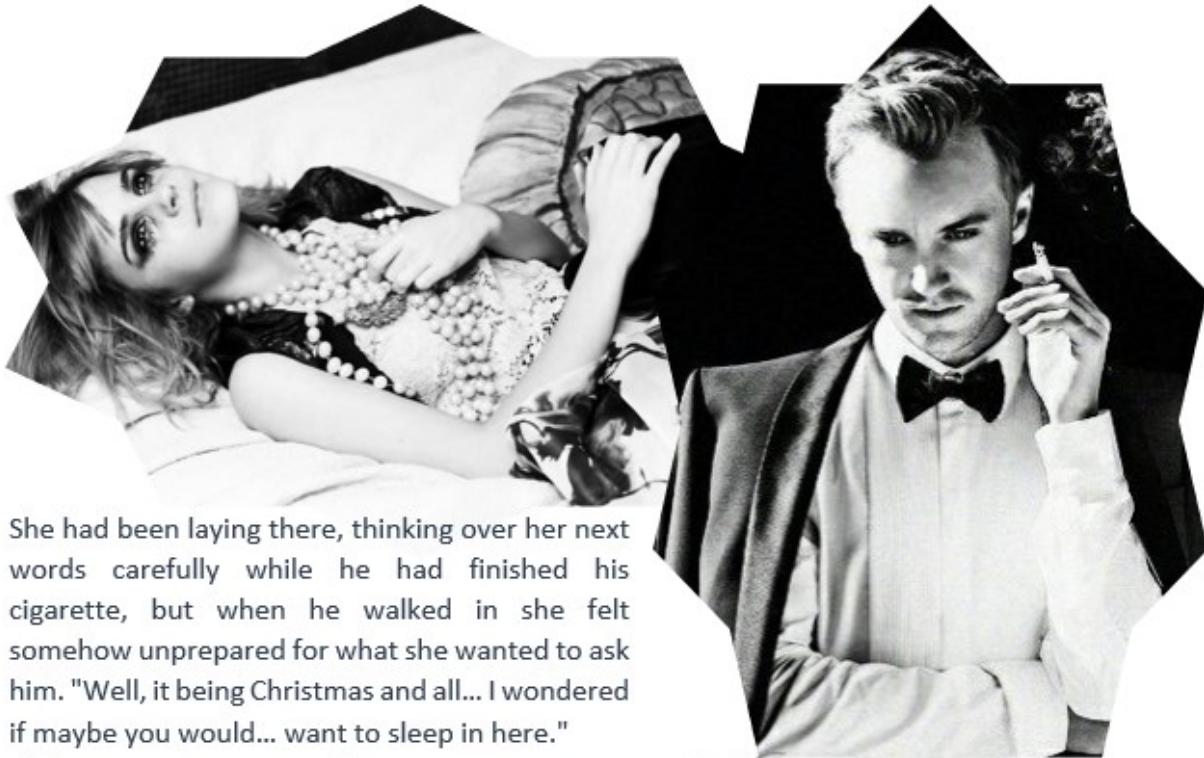
Chapter Summary

In the wake of everything that'd just occurred at The Burrow, Hermione returns to Hogwarts and makes bad life choices with her favorite Slytherin

Substance abuse, sex, anal sex

Chapter Notes

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



She had been laying there, thinking over her next words carefully while he had finished his cigarette, but when he walked in she felt somehow unprepared for what she wanted to ask him. "Well, it being Christmas and all... I wondered if maybe you would... want to sleep in here."

Snow Storm: Chapter 13

Hermione glared at him as he walked back towards the house, his words didn't hurt her, not after everything else that had just happened. When she saw the whole family standing there, no doubt listening to everything that had just been said, or rather, screamed, she could have just died. She hadn't cried the entire time her and Ron had been yelling at each other, but realizing that everyone now knew exactly what she had been up to, she felt tears running down her cheeks.

She made her way to the house, and when she got through the door, and wiped at her face. "I'm just going to head back to school, I have some stuff to take care of." She lied. She couldn't bear to

stay there another minute after what everyone had just heard. She made her way inside to collect her things, fully intent on going back to school and hiding in her bed for at least a week.

Hermione put all the gifts she had received into a bag she had magically enhanced for such occasions, and gathered the rest of her things. She apologized to everyone meekly before she went outside, getting far enough from the house to apparate. When she finally made her way to the school, she went straight to the dorm, dropping her things on the couch, and going straight to her room. She couldn't believe the night she had, and after toeing her shoes off, she curled up on her bed, still wearing her coat.

Draco didn't know why, but he felt more unsettled at home these last few days than he ever had. It just didn't feel like home anymore, he supposed. After all the Christmas festivities were over, and his mother had gone to bed, Draco decided to sneak out and return to the school. Despite everything that happened at the castle, these last two months he actually felt comfortable there. His head dorm was like a safe place.

He was in his room, changing for bed, when he heard a noise. Hermione's door sounded like it was being opened and closed again. Confused, Draco pulled on a shirt (a rarity, but it was a particularly chilly night) and, after a brief hesitation, he crossed through the bathroom and knocked gently on the door leading to her room. "Hermione?" he asked, uncertain.

Hermione sniffled, wiping at some tears away that had escaped. She expected to be alone, at least for another day. When she heard the knock, and Draco calling her name, she sighed. "What?" She said, her voice cracking a little. She couldn't handle anymore drama tonight, and decided he didn't need to know what she had learned tonight.

He couldn't be sure, but he thought she sounded upset. He didn't want to bother her. He wasn't good with girls and their emotions. "Just surprised, is all. Making sure it's you. I didn't think you'd be back so soon." Typically he would just invite himself in, but it didn't feel right at the moment.

She didn't move from her bed, though she did roll over to look at the door. "I didn't expect you to be here, either." She said, she felt weird talking through the door, and after a moment, said "You can open the door." She offered, not feeling like getting up to open it for him.

Draco did just that, opening the door and positioning himself in the doorway, leaning against it casually with his arms crossed over his chest. "Things didn't go so well at the Weasleys," he assessed rather than asked. But he didn't need to know what happened. "So, what do you want to do about it?" She could either go to bed now and cry herself to sleep, or find a more interesting way to forget the day she'd had. It was entirely her choice.

Hermione sat herself up on the bed, looking at him, and considering what he'd said. She knew the underlying context to his question, and thought about whether or not she wanted to go there. "I think the better question is what are you gonna do about it?" She asked him, deciding that a distraction was exactly what she needed right now. She didn't want to think about Ron, and Harry, and the entire Weasley family right now.

Draco was actually sort of surprised by what was basically an open invitation. But, it wasn't an invitation he'd be dumb enough to decline. He walked over to her, climbing straight on top of her and crashing his lips down on hers. She clearly needed to have her mind blown, and he would do what he could to do that for her. Holding his weight on his forearms on either side of her head, his

hands both tangled into her mane of hair. He groaned into her mouth as he deepened his kiss with the far too heavily clothed girl.

Hermione kissed him back eagerly, pulling at his shirt to get him to take it off. Sure, she was still in her coat and everything, but she thought seeing his naked torso would make her feel a lot better. She had a dark thought, and pulled away from his kiss to look at him. "How about we do a few lines?" She asked him. As soon as she said it, she felt guilty. But she deserved it after the day she'd had.

Draco grinned down at her wickedly. "You get naked, I'll cut the lines," he bargained, jumping off the bed as quickly as he'd climbed on top of her. He hadn't brought enough home with him, and ran out first thing this morning. He'd forgotten to multiply his supply before using the last of it. He knew where she kept her box (she'd removed the protective enchantment that prevented him from opening it) so he set to work preparing them each a few lines.

Hermione watched him go to work on cutting a few lines, and she sat up, letting her coat fall off her shoulders, and tossing it to the floor so it would be out of the way. She stripped out of the rest of her clothes, leaving only her bra and panties for now. She walked up behind him, staring down at the white powdery substance. She knew she shouldn't do it, she knew it. But at the same time, she felt like shit, and she knew it was because she hadn't had any in a while on top of everything else that had happened that night. When he was done preparing it, she hurried up and did two lines before she could think about it anymore. There. It was done. There was nothing she could do about it now! She sniffed, and rubbed at her nose to make sure she inhaled everything she had just taken.

Draco watched her eagerly intake as much of the substance as she could. Merlin, whatever happened, it must have been unpleasant, because usually she was an advocate for pacing it. When she was finished, he helped himself to what remained of the lines. He did usually take more than her, if only because his body could take it. When he was finished, he turned around to look over her nearly naked body. Bloody hell, she was so sexy. He didn't always think that super skinny look was sexy, but she was also very petite, so it looked good on her, especially when she was wearing such sexy knickers. He grabbed her by the waist and pulled her against him. He growled lowly deep in his throat. "Fuck, you're so hot," he told her, before kissing her hard once more.

Hermione kissed him back, she had told herself all day that if it turned out she was pregnant, she would stop doing coke, for the baby. But it was easier said than done, and when it came down to it, she didn't want to. She didn't want any of it, she didn't want a baby right now, she didn't want to be sober, and she didn't want to stop have sex with Malfoy. At least here in their dorm it was like a safe little bubble. He didn't know what had gone down, he couldn't make her feel guilty for the selfish decisions she was making. She wrapped her arms around his neck, and lifted herself up, wrapping her legs around him, too, expecting him to grab her ass and help keep her up.

Draco did indeed catch her, hoisting her up so that her legs were wrapped around his waist properly. He held her by her ass, deepening the kiss with her once more. In what felt like an instant, he hardened against her, and he rotated her around the hard mound in his pants to show her what she did to him. Carefully, as to not drop her, Draco guided the stiff shaft out of the opening in his pants. He didn't want to wait, didn't want to build up to it, he just wanted to be inside of her. He leaned back against the dresser where they'd done their lines, just enough to support him while he moved her panties out of his way, and forced himself inside of her.

Hermione was ready for him, it was exactly what she'd hoped he would do. She moaned at the feeling of him inside of her, grabbing onto the dresser to help him keep her up, not that he needed the help. As Ginny had kept reminding her, he was her strong, hot, savior. And he was saving her right now, at least saving her from wallowing in despair. She kept her legs firmly wrapped around him, letting his hands on her ass guide her, but helping as much as she could. She leaned in to tease his earlobe, nibbling as sucking on it as he moved inside her, and pushing all the memories from the day into a deep, dark hole that she didn't plan to address until she was forced to.

Draco bounced Hermione on top of him, impaling her over and over again on his full length without mercy. He bent his knees to allow for better bouncing leverage. After she teased his ear, Draco leaned forward and took one of her perky breasts into his mouth, bra and all. He bit her through the thin, unlined material. She didn't feel the need to create the illusion of fuller breasts with padded push-up bras like so many other witches did, something he'd always thought was sexy until recently. She accepted her body for what it was, and that in itself was a turn-on.

He knew he wasn't going to be able to keep up this position for long, it was just too straining. So when his muscles could take no more, Draco lowered her to the floor and spun her around. He pushed her forward, bending her in half, and entered her again. He thrust into her a few times while he removed his shirt, before grabbing her waist and really driving into her, the way he knew was sure to wake the neighbors, had they any, and had they not already sound proofed their dormitory.

Hermione cried out when he bit down on her breast, it hurt, but in the way he knew she liked. She enjoyed the position, feeling him deep inside her, until he put her down. She knew it had to be tiring, she also knew Ron would never be able to do such a thing. When he spun her around, pushing her forward, she bent in half to allow him to enter her from behind, at first he had thrust into her a couple times, but when he grabbed her hips, she felt his full length enter her, rough and fast. "Fuck!" She cried, putting her hands down on the floor in front of her so she wouldn't topple over from the force of him. It wasn't long before she felt herself on the edge of an orgasm, "Don't stop!" she begged him.

Draco could have tortured her here, could have slowed, or pulled out, but she was having a bad day, so he decided against it. Instead, he reached around to her front, sliding his hand between her legs. "As you wish." There he rubbed feverish against her clit, pushing her further over the edge. He could feel her knees buckling from the intensity of the treatment, but he held her firmly in place. She'd begged him not to stop, and now she'd have to beg him for mercy.

Hermione was instantly pushed over the edge when he began rubbing her clit, as well, and she moaned loudly, cursing, and trying to keep her legs from giving out. He didn't slow, or stop, even after she was no longer clenching around him. "Fuck, Malfoy! I can't take it anymore!" she told him. He'd apparently taken her quite literally when she begged him to stop, and she wasn't sure her legs could take any more of this position.

Draco chuckled darkly. He loved the effect he had on her body. Loved to see her squirm and whimper in distress at the overwhelming ecstasy he put her in. He'd never tire of it. But, for mercy's sake, Draco slowed to a more casual pace, his fingers no longer assaulting her overly sensitive nub. Instead, he brought his fingers, now soaked in her juices, to her mouth. He wondered if she dared to take a taste of her own orgasm.

Hermione was panting when he finally slowed. He removed his fingers from her clit, and moved them to her mouth. She hesitated, but she took his fingers into her mouth, sucking them. It was odd to taste her own juices, but, he did it all the time so she figured it couldn't be horrible. And it wasn't, though she had never tasted anything quite like it. She sucked his fingers clean, licking them a bit. She actually didn't mind the taste, but she wouldn't go looking around for another girl to eat out because of it, either.

"Shit that's hot." The fact that she was just willing to taste herself on his fingers was insanely erotic, and she had earned her legs a break. Holding onto her hips gently so that she wouldn't simply topple over, Draco withdrew from her warm wet cavity. "Lay down on your stomach," he directed. Whether he meant on the bed or the floor was open to interpretation, he could go either way.

Hermione smirked at that, apparently he liked her willingness to taste herself. When he withdrew from her, she stood up straight, her legs felt like jello. So when he instructed her to lie on her stomach, she was grateful for a more relaxing position. He didn't tell her where to lay down, so she chose to lay on the bed, and waited eagerly to see what he had in store for her next.

Draco didn't follow Hermione to the bed right away. Instead, he removed his pants and retrieved the little wood box again, and brought it with him and placed it gently next to her, so that she wouldn't feel the weight of it. He then slid towards her from the foot of the bed, his hands gliding up her smooth, sore legs. He massaged her calves briefly before moving north. He groped at her strong thighs, before doing the same to her perfect little ass, which awaited him patiently, obediently.

He reached for the box then, and emptied a small pile carefully onto one of the firm globes. He snorted it up quickly, before she could move, and then licked away the residue in one long stroke of his tongue. After that, he stretched out over her body, box still in hand, and offered his obedient partner a bump balanced carefully on her small scoop.

Hermione moaned happily when she felt him massaging her legs, and then her calves, which were still on fire from the previous position. She felt something on her ass, and tried to look behind her, but she couldn't see what he was doing. She had a pretty good idea what he was doing, and when he snorted it up, and then licked the same spot, she was sure she knew what he'd just done. She didn't mind one bit, especially when he offered her a bump as well. She covered one nostril, and snorted the powder he offered her. At the moment, her troubles had been conveniently forgotten, and she was only thinking about what he would do to her next.

With that done, Draco set the box on the nightstand, and then moved back down her body so that he was faced with her ass once more. He spread her cheeks apart with his hands, holding them that way while he leaned in, tasting the sweet treat he'd offered her minutes ago. He stayed there for a minute or two, savoring her, before he renewed his hold on her cheeks, and leaned in again, his tongue this time finding her less frequently fucked opening. He eagerly set to making this one as wet as the other.

When he felt he'd accomplished this, Draco positioned his body between Hermione's legs and entered the newly prepared hole. He held her flat against the bed as he began to move, pinning her under his body. His hands smoothed up the length of her and found her wrists, holding them in place on either side of her head.

She was very much enjoying the treatment she was receiving, and when he switched holes she knew that this was leading to something else. The first time he had done such a thing it had thrown her a bit, but now she knew it would lead to something she very much enjoyed. She gasped when he entered her, expecting him to have changed up the position a bit before doing so. Lying flat like this meant that she wasn't in a position that made it easier for him to enter, and it was much more intense. On top of that, he had her pinned to the bed, even going as far as pinning her arms over her head. "Oh, fuck!" She cried out at the intensity of what he was doing to her. She couldn't deny that she loved being at his mercy. Maybe she was his whore, as Ron had put it, but if it meant she got to experience things like this then she didn't care to be anything else.

Draco had chosen another particularly straining position, but he knew he would only be able go a few minutes longer anyway. He hadn't seen her, hadn't had her, in several days. His need was greater than it'd been since their first night together.

"Fuck," Draco groaned, resting his forehead on the back of her neck briefly as he upped his place. He wanted to make her cum one more time before finishing himself. He pushed himself up, until his knees forced themselves under her, and he braced himself with both hands on her hips, continuing to hold her down on the bed.

Hermione held on to the bed sheets, her toes curling as he worked himself inside her. "Oh, yes! Yes!" She praised him as she felt herself cumming once again. She never imagined before she had been with him that such a position could bring her a second orgasm, but he had proven time and time again that it could. He could. He kept going, causing her juices to flow out of her, and she knew she was making a mess of her bed. But hell, she didn't really care at the moment. She had needed this!

Draco knew she was reaching climax, and thank Merlin, because he didn't think he could hold out a moment longer. He filled her, slowing to a stop on burning legs. He chuckled deeply and leaned over her, half collapsing on top of her. "Happy Christmas, Granger," he said to her breathlessly, before nipping her shoulder, just enough to leave teeth marks. Finally, he rolled off of her, spent.

She laughed too, breathlessly, and he collapsed on top of her. She was still pinned under him when he bit her shoulder, and she hissed in pain, though it turned into a moan. Why did she like being abused so much by him? "Happy Christmas," she said back to him, amused. When he rolled off of her, she rolled onto her side, facing him, bringing an arm up under her head, propping it up a bit. "And to think, I had planned on spending the rest of the night crying in bed." She said, laughing at herself. All the coke and sex had helped her find humor in what a total joke her night had turned into back at the Weasley's.

Draco turned only his head to face her. It was all the energy he had. His chest continued to heave as he caught his breath, his heart gradually returning to its normal rhythm. He didn't bother to ask what'd gone wrong. It was her business. "Weasley's a prick," he told her, a blanket statement for whatever the ginger king had done to upset her.

Hermione laughed, she decided to share just a tiny piece of the event of the night, mostly because it was the only part she found amusing. "If you see him around, you might want to watch your back. He heard me and Ginny talking about you." She warned him.

Draco propped himself up like she had with what little strength he had regenerated. "Let me guess," he said. "He called you all sorts of sordid things for sleeping with the enemy." It was an

educated guess. Ron Weasley had a hell of a temper. He'd caught a few fists from him in the past. "Did you hit him, too?"

She smirked at him, "I might have slapped him." She said, "And he accused me of sleeping with other men, too. I told him I didn't need to because you get the job done. He really didn't like that." She told him, amused. She knew it had been a cruel thing to say, but he hadn't exactly been nice. And she couldn't even tell Draco how Ron had purposely tried to impregnate her.

Draco laughed at that. "Damn, Granger. Hitting the bloke below the belt, too." He was highly amused. "Well good, he deserves it." He saw no reason to pretend to sympathize with him. He was a hot headed idiot who didn't know when to go away and keep his mouth shut. "And I'm glad I was here to prevent you from crying all night over that bludger-brained moron." He didn't realize how soft his statement was until it had already left him. Was she making him soft?

"He asked for it." She said, rolling over onto her back. When he spoke next, saying he was glad he could be here to prevent her from crying all night, she looked over at him. "And you said you're no hero. You better watch yourself, you might be turning into one." She teased him. Not that she minded any, it was nice to have someone who could distract her from such things. He had no idea what she had actually gone through, she thought she would need a week, at least, to recover from it.

Draco had a sudden desire to kiss her then, but he suppressed it. He knew she was only joking, but it gave him a strange feeling. Why did he keep saving her? Some mission for redemption, perhaps? No, that wasn't it. He didn't really care about that. People were set on hating him, he'd just have to live with it. No, it was something different. He actually hated to see her in pain. It disturbed him to his core. Maybe because of how many times he'd been the cause of it. And now, every time he saw it, he felt the responsibility to make it go away.

Bloody hell, she was his achilles heel. She was his weakness.

Hermione glanced over at Draco when he was silent, worried that she had upset him. He had yelled at her before about not being her savior, and she was worried she had set him off again. But he didn't look angry, his look was saying something completely different. She was tempted to ask him what he was thinking about, but she didn't figure he would tell her. So rather than ask, she reached over, gently tracing the lines between his abs, admiring his bare chest. It was the first thing that had attracted her to him, and she still couldn't get over the sight of him.

"You look exhausted, I'll be fine if you want to go to bed." She murmured, knowing he had just had quite the workout. They both had, really, but she wasn't sure she would be able to sleep.

Draco enjoyed her light touch, even if he'd never admit it. "What I need right now is a smoke," he told her, and slowly forced himself up. He put his clothes back on grudgingly, because it was cold where he was about to go, and retrieved his wand from his pocket, using it to clean the mess of fluids that had dried all over him. He had to cross through to his room to get his silver case of cigarettes, and put on a sweater while he was there.

Draco savored the calming effect of the menthol as soon as he breathed it into his lungs. That mixed with the bitter cold of the night air effectively calmed his body and mind. He was getting too caught up in her, he could feel it. Normally he'd have pushed her away a long time ago. But He didn't want to push her away.

Hermione watched him get dressed, and then leave the room to retrieve his cigarettes, and she got up as well. She grabbed her wand, cleaning the mess he had made of her, and the mess they had made of her bed. With that done, she reached behind her, unclasping her bra and dropping her panties, throwing them both in her hamper. She went to her dresser and opened a drawer, pulling out a nightgown, and pulling it over her head. When she was dressed, as much as she wanted to be, she turned and looked out onto the balcony, where she could just barely see through the curtains and see him standing there. She reached up, freeing her hair from the color of the night gown in one swoop of her arms, and moved closer to the door to look at him. There it was again, that same look he'd had on his face earlier, like he was thinking hard about something. Possibly something he cared about.

She reached for the doorknob, and before she thought too much about it, she pulled it open. "When you're done with that, come back in here. I have a question." She told him, a swift breeze causing goose pimples to rise on her bare arms, and her nipples to harden instantly. She didn't wait around for an answer after that, and closed the door as quickly as she had opened it. She jumped in her bed, and got under the covers to warm herself back up.

Draco was surprised when Hermione poked her head out onto the freezing cold balcony and requested his attention when he was finished. By the time he evacuated the smoke from his lungs in order to answer, she was gone. Once finished he flicked the still burning butt over the edge, where it would eventually be put out by the snow with a hiss that no one would hear. He entered her bedroom, removing his sweater upon doing so, simply because he hated to be overdressed. The dorm was kept plenty warm to keep him comfortable.

"What did you want to ask me?" Draco inquired, seeing her bundled up under her covers.

She had been laying there, thinking over her next words carefully while he had finished his cigarette, but when he walked in she felt somehow unprepared for what she wanted to ask him. "Well, it being Christmas and all... I wondered if maybe you would... want to sleep in here," she said. She was hesitant. They weren't dating, they weren't trying to date, so something like this could possibly complicate things. But it might also be nice to just have someone by her side, for once, while she slept.

Draco was caught off guard by the question. He'd had girls try to manipulate him into sleeping in their beds, or letting them sleep in his. It never worked. But she wasn't doing that. She was asking if it was something he might want to do. And for once that didn't sound like complete torture.

"Yeah," Draco answered, surprising himself. "Alright, why not? It's Christmas." No one should have to be alone on Christmas if they didn't want to be, and something told Draco that she hadn't given him the whole story about what'd happened at the Borrow that would send her running back to school. A fight with Weasley? Those were a dime a dozen.

The blonde climbed into the bed beside her, not used to being under the covers with her like he was being on top of them. Instinctively, he moved his body close to hers, since she seemed to be craving the company.

Hermione was pleased by his answer, had he shot her down, it might have been a bit embarrassing for her. He got into the bed with her, moving close to her, and she did the same. It was already as nice as she thought it would be, just having him there with her. Today, he really had been her savior. She had taken one blow after another, finding out she was pregnant, finding out her friend had tested her blood for drugs, having Ron find out about Draco, and then finding

out about Ron betraying her. And to top all of that off, the entire Christmas party had heard her fight with Ron, knew she was pregnant, knew she was sleeping with Draco... and somehow, after all of that, she felt okay.

Draco stretched out one arm under her pillow, the other going around her waist. "So what else happened?" He asked her. "Because I know Weasley's not the only reason you're here right now." She was too strong for that git alone to get to her like that.

Hermione was facing him, but suddenly wished she had rolled over before they had gotten comfortable, before he had asked that question. She knew her face betrayed her, and she sighed in defeat, knowing if she didn't want to ruin this she would have to tell him something. And there was one other thing she could tell him that had happened, and it was big.

"Harry pulled me aside at the party.." she began, remembering the horrible moment he had revealed what he had discovered, "He took a sample of my blood... from the... from when I hit my head." She stumbled over the words, she didn't like talking about that day, especially with him. And calling it a crime scene, well... there had been two crimes that day, and she didn't want to remind him of his part in that. "He ran it, on his own, and he knows about the drugs." She said finally. She had promised Harry she was trying to quit, but tonight she had done more than she'd done at one time in a while. And considering the other news she had gotten that night, that Harry also knew about, she knew he would expect her to stop completely.

Draco's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Why would he do a thing like that?" Testing his friend's blood? From a closed case? What was the reason? Obviously having her secret blown was a hit, especially regarding someone so protective over her. Saint Potter and his savior complex.

Hermione shrugged, "He said he was worried about me." She told him. "He grew up in the muggle world, he's seen it before, he must have suspected I was up to something." She added. "You never thought anything of it until you saw me doing it because you'd never even heard of it." She pointed out. "Anyways, he said he wouldn't tell anyone about it. But I guess if he comes by, I should have you hide it." She said, smirking just a bit. Draco could go from his room, through the bathroom, and into her room to retrieve it if he heard them stop by, and they would never know it. "I mean, I told him I was quitting, and I gave him what I had brought with me. He might come to make sure I got rid of the rest." She explained.

Draco considered what she said. "I can do that," he agreed. She obviously didn't want to stop, and he didn't want to either. And why should they? She seemed fine to him. What was Potter so worried about? "How dangerous is that stuff, anyway?" He'd never thought to ask. Never thought he had to, if she was doing it.

Hermione was quiet for a moment, she wasn't sure why, but she hadn't thought he would ask. And she hadn't thought she would feel guilty about it when he did. "Well, I mean, it's addictive, and if you use too much at a time it can be harmful." She told him. "In some cases, with extensive use, it could affect your heart, too." She added the last bit hesitantly. She knew it was true, though she hadn't cared at the time. Maybe she was fine with hurting herself, and letting him hurt her, but she did feel a sudden guilt at admitting it to him now, after he was so deep in it with her.

Draco snorted a sarcastic huff. "Well, that's lovely." He probably should have been mad, but he'd chosen to remain ignorant all this time. And it's not as though he didn't know it was illegal for muggles to use, presumably for a reason. "But it's not like you're off your rocker feigning for it at

all times, you know? You're alright. We both are." He didn't think they were addicts, though the idea of quitting sounded bloody dreadful.

Hermione nodded, studying him as he took it in. At least he didn't seem pissed that she hadn't told him all of this before he had tried it. "Yeah," she agreed with him. "We're just fine. It's the people who do loads of the stuff that end up in trouble or dying." She added with a shrug. She had to say, she quite liked having his arm around her. She settled in comfortably, realizing that for a moment there, she had gotten tense.

"Right," Draco agreed. They might have sounded as though they were in denial, but Draco didn't see any imminent threat, so long as they didn't start using more than they usually did now. "Besides, it makes you horny as hell, and there can't be anything wrong with that," he teased with a smirk. It was practically a hobby at this point, getting high together and then shagging the life out of each other. The effects wore off more quickly that way, but that was okay with him.

She smirked at him, "Yeah, and it gives you the energy to do so many delightful things to me." She teased right back. She knew she needed to stop, and soon. But she also knew that if she kept it up, and did enough of it, there was a possibility that her baby problem would go away. It was a horribly selfish thought, but as of late, she had been horribly selfish.

Draco grinned mischievously. "I've got news for you, Granger. I don't need drugs to give me the energy to fuck your brains out." Fucking her was motivation enough.

She grinned back at him, her body inching even closer to his, though she didn't move to kiss him or start anything more tonight, knowing he had worn himself out already. "That is some good news," she said, though she knew what he was capable of without the drugs, because he hadn't been on them at first, and he was absolutely right.

Draco couldn't stand to be this close to her and not be kissing her, so when she moved closer, he couldn't help himself. He didn't mean to get all worked up, he didn't plan to at least, but he just had to. He met her lips, not the crashing, bruising kind of kiss he usually gave her. It was softer, calm. He just felt like snogging her. Was that so wrong?

She was surprised by the kiss, not because he was kissing her, but because of the way he kissed him. She kissed him back, meeting him with the same level of intimacy he had given her, and she just to be even closer, she draped her leg over his, forgetting momentarily that she had neglected to put on any knickers when getting ready for bed.

Draco kissed her a little deeper, his hand moving up the side of her body to cradle her head, his thumb and index finger hooked under her ear so that his fingers could tangle into her hair. He shifted so that his body faced her better, but didn't move on top of her. It would have been a done deal if he dared to make that move.

Hermione was enjoying snogging him, and when his hand moved to her hair, she thought he might pull it, but he never did. He was being gentle with her, caring, and she didn't hate it, either. She didn't want the other stuff to stop, but having this too, sometimes, might not be the worst thing in the world. When she invited him into her bed for the night, she hadn't imagined this happening. As she kissed him, she moved her hand up, gently tracing his jawline with one finger, stroking lightly towards his ear, having never really had the chance to do something so... gentle.

Draco could only stand to keep going a minute or two more, before he was afraid he'd reach the point of no return. He broke away from her, and let out a single chuckle. "Huh," he said to himself curiously. He hadn't just snogged a girl, without it leading to someone getting off, since the Yule Ball when he first lost his virginity. He actually enjoyed it.

When he broke the kiss, she raised one eyebrow at him. "Yeah?" She asked, in response to... well, his response, which had been a chuckle and what seemed like surprised 'huh'. "You don't go around just kissing girls, do you?" She guessed.

"Forgot it was even possible," he told her with a cocky smirk.

She laughed, moving her leg off of him and rolling over so her back was to his front. "Goodnight, Malfoy." She said, amused. She was going to try to sleep, and she thought sleep might actually be possible. Especially with his warmth right up against her.

Chapter End Notes

Alright, go ahead, throw your tomatoes! I'm perfectly aware that Hermione continuing to use even after learning she's pregnant is INEXCUSABLE! I also know that to error is human, and this year Hermione is showing just how human she can be. When you've been a pregnant teenage drug addict with PTSD and a psychologically abuse ex whom you most certainly do not want to be having a baby with, then come at me, okay?

Chapter 14: Busted by the Greenhouses

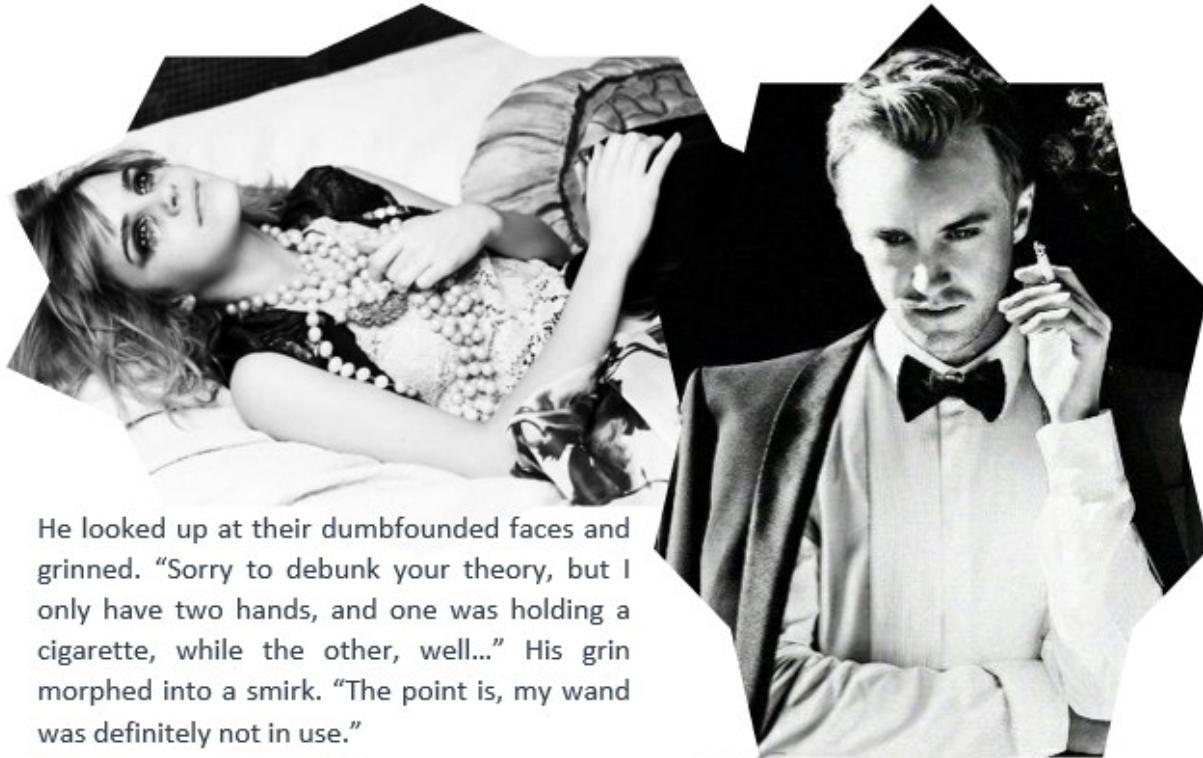
Chapter Summary

Hermione and Draco find themselves caught in a big way this time, and they can't obliviate their way out of this one.

Fingering, no sex

Chapter Notes

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



He looked up at their dumbfounded faces and grinned. "Sorry to debunk your theory, but I only have two hands, and one was holding a cigarette, while the other, well..." His grin morphed into a smirk. "The point is, my wand was definitely not in use."

Snow Storm: Chapter 14

Ever since Christmas night when he and Hermione shared a bed for the first time, things with the two of them had felt different. They were more comfortable together, even when they weren't shagging. When sitting on the couch reading, Hermione would put her feet in his lap. When the term started up again, they cross referenced each other's homework to be thorough. It was when he stretched his arm across the back of her chair during a Prefects' meeting one Friday evening that he realized that they were getting too comfortable. If it wasn't for a warning look from Ginny, he probably wouldn't have noticed what he'd done.

But even as comfortable as they'd come to be with one another, he still got the same thrill out of brutalizing Hermione at every opportunity. A couple weeks into January, Draco and Hermione had traded patrol routes with another pair, and were patrolling the path between the castle and the greenhouses. It was a three hour shift, and three hours of walking back and forth across the same quarter mile path was dull work. Thankfully, they'd brought a small stash with them. They took a break down by the greenhouse, in the trees, to give themselves a boost.

Draco held the small scoop up for Hermione. It was still cold and snowy, so there wasn't anywhere to sit and set up proper lines. "Here you go, love," he said to her. He stood in front of her, blocking her from the wind, which was particularly harsh tonight.

When Hermione had invited him into her bed, the thought had crossed her mind that it might change the dynamic of their relationship, and she had been right about that. She was so resistant to the idea of actually dating anyone this year that she thought that she wouldn't like it, but the truth was, it was nice. She enjoyed his company, it seemed both of them just enjoyed touching each other and being close to each other. She still told herself they weren't in love, it was silly to think that. They simply enjoyed each other on a new level now. That was it.

She told herself this a lot, as if she was trying to convince herself of it. The incident at the prefects meeting had been a bit of an eye opener, and she realized just how comfortable he was getting. That couldn't happen, at least not around prying eyes. She was thankful for Ginny, who was looking out for them. After what had happened between her and Ron, Ginny had been more on her side than Ron's, seeing as the entire family had heard what he had done. As far as they knew, and as far as she knew, the baby was Ron's. She didn't know that Draco had had his own slip ups, and if she were to ask, she'd be giving herself away.

She was enjoying the patrol with Draco, as she enjoyed almost everything they did together these days, so when they stopped to get a bump, she smiled when he called her love. He had been doing that from time to time, and she kind of loved it. She leaned in, inhaling the powder he offered, and then took the little scoop to do the same for him. The wind threatened to blow away what they were trying to snort, and it was just easier with four hands. She did this for him twice, knowing that he always took twice as much as she did being bigger and all, and then she put it all in her pocket for safe keeping.

She leaned back against a tree, rubbing at her arms dramatically. "I'm a bit cold, think you could warm me up?" She asked him playfully.

Draco sniffed deeply, the cold weather making his nose want to run, especially after using. When Hermione mentioned that she was cold, he was in the process of lighting a cigarette. He knew she didn't love it when he smoked, but he was easily more addicted to the nicotine than he was the cocaine. He took a long hit from the cigarette and blew it out to the side before taking a step closer to the Head Girl, putting his arms around her small body. "What'd you have in mind?" he asked her. He didn't think she wanted him to simply stand there holding her. He took another hit.

She didn't love when he smoked, but at least he looked good doing it, so she never really gave him grief about it. She looked up at him, feigning innocence, "Well, you have one free hand..what can you manage with that?" She asked him, pushing her middle towards him, and guiding his hand that wasn't holding his cigarette toward the inside of her jeans.

Draco gave Hermione a mock shocked look, before grinning devilishly. His cold hand was making its way into her pants, and he turned his wrist to make sure it was facing the right

direction. He slid his fingers under her panties as he went. He knew every inch of her body now, and his fingers slid between her lips, teasing them apart. She wasn't wet just yet, but she would be in just a moment. He rubbed her teasingly, feeling the wetness grow at his touch. He slid her body's lubricant around her lips and her opening, before finally pushing two fingers inside of her harshly. He smirked down at her, blowing out another lungful of smoke.

Hermione grabbed onto his coat, pushing herself against his hand as he began working her. Normally she would wait until they were safe in their dorm for such things, but it seemed like as good a time as any, who would be out here on such a night? And lately she had been even more horny than normal. She hated to think it, but it might have been due to the fact that she was, to her knowledge, still pregnant, and her body was producing more hormones than normal. She just didn't want to wait, and as soon as he began teasing her she could feel herself growing wet. She moaned as he inserted two cold fingers inside of her, and she closed her eyes as he worked, knowing that he could get the job done quickly, and that she would enjoy every second of it.

Fingering her with her jeans on was a challenge, without a doubt, but he was up for that challenge. He pumped them harshly into her, the skilled appendages hard at work. He leaned towards her and kissed her passionately while he worked her juices inside of her, savoring the sensation of her walls clamping down on his fingers, trying fruitlessly to milk him.

She kissed him back, moaning into his mouth and squirming against the tree as his fingers worked her roughly. She pulled away from his lips, feeling her orgasm coming, "Fuck!" She moaned, wrapping an arm around his shoulder so her legs wouldn't buckle and give out on her. She didn't even think to keep her volume down, too lost in the ecstasy of what he was doing to her.

When Hermione broke the kiss to cry out her pleasure, Draco smirked and hit his cigarette once more, before tossing it into the snow. With that gone, he popped the button on her pants, giving himself more room to work with. He moved faster now, driving into her from a more intense angle while she came all over his fingers. There were few things in this world that he enjoyed more than watching this little witch cum at his hand, or any other part of him for that matter.

And apparently, he wasn't the only one. "Holy hell!" came an excited voice that did not belong either Head.

Hermione was pushing her back into the tree, and clinging onto him for dear life as he picked up the pace, dragging her orgasm on for an almost unbearable amount of time. She was crying out, almost spent, when she heard someone speak excitedly from behind Malfoy. She snapped out of it, grabbing Draco's wrist in an attempt to remove his hand from her pants. It was all in vain, however, because they had been discovered by an entire Herbology class it seemed, including professor Sprout, who was stopped in her tracks, staring disapprovingly at the pair. Hermione felt her cheeks, which had been quite cold a moment ago, heat up in embarrassment. Bloody hell, how could she keep letting this happen? And this one was completely on her, and her out of control hormones. "It's Granger and Malfoy!" She heard one of the students say, and professor Sprout pushed one of the kids towards the green houses. "That's enough, get inside class, I'll be in momentarily!" She told her students, waiting for them to file into the greenhouse. Hermione quickly buttoned her pants up, hearing a few students murmuring as they passed. She felt her nose running, and when she reached up to wipe it with her sleeve, saw that it was actually blood. She quickly attempted to cover her nose, hoping none of them had seen.

Draco was just as shocked as Hermione, and quickly withdrew his hand, which grew cold when the wind blew against the fluid covered digits. He attempted to block her from their view, but Professor Sprout was there, and he knew they were in real trouble this time. When he looked at Hermione and saw the blood coming from her nose, he tried to help wipe it away with his own sleeve as well. "Professor..." He started, but had no idea what he was about to say. They were more than of age? They were allowed to shag if they wanted to? No, that wouldn't go over well. He couldn't think of an excuse. There was none.

Hermione was mortified, again, and cursed herself for continuously finding herself in such positions. This one had to be the worst, though, because she knew they had been specifically told not to get up to such things as Head Boy and Girl, sharing a private dorm. "I'd march you to McGonagall now, if I didn't have to teach this class, which is time sensitive." The professor was saying, looking extremely disappointed, and annoyed. "So you should be expecting a visit from her, tomorrow after I have a chance to speak with her." She told them. Hermione nodded, she was holding her nose and trying to stop the bleeding, but she had no words. "Now get back to your dorm, you're not getting much patrolling done as it is!" She said, before storming off into the greenhouse after her class.

"I'm so sorry." Hermione said through her hands, which were still over her nose and mouth.

Draco stood protectively in front of Hermione until they were alone again, before turning his attention back to her. "Merlin, Hermione. You're bleeding," he pointed out the obvious, more concerned with her than with the fact that they were in trouble. He conjured a handkerchief and passed it to her. "Come on, lets get inside." He assumed it was the cold weather that had induced the bleeding, but then again, it could have also been the drugs she'd been inhaling through that nostril for months on end. He, too, favored a single nostril.

Hermione took the handkerchief from him, pressing it to the bleeding nostril and began walking with him. "I'm fine," she assured him, because she knew that it was from the drugs. It could happen after long term, frequent use of the powder that she had been enjoying since summer. "How much trouble do you think we're in?" She asked him after they were back inside the warmth of the castle. "I mean, she pretty much told us no fooling around inside our dorm." She pointed out. "Maybe we won't be allowed to patrol together anymore." she added. She was trying not to think about all the students that had just seen them together, given there had already been rumors about them once before. The only thing that helped ease her mind, if only a little bit, was that her friends already knew what she was up to. Everyone else could just mind their own damn business!

Draco put his arm around her as they walked. He'd already been caught making her cream, what damage could this do? He rubbed her arm soothingly as they walked. "Possibly. I mean, yeah, it was scandalous, and unbecoming of a Head Boy and Girl. But hell, we've caught students doing worse." He couldn't count the amount of times they'd stumbled upon witches giving blow jobs to their boyfriends, or riding them on the stairs leading to the astronomy tower. They got a detention, some points cut, and that was the end of it. And those students weren't even of age most of the time. But mostly, he was hoping to alleviate some of her stress, as it had clearly pushed her to a nosebleed. "It's not exactly an expel worthy offense. There'll probably just be a lot of yelling, and a lecture."

She leaned into him as they walked, nodding as he spoke. He was right, it happened all the time, and as long as no one found out she was also pregnant they probably wouldn't get in a lot of

trouble. "I suppose you're right." She agreed, trying not to stress about it too much. When they got to their dorm, she stepped inside getting out of her coat and snow boots, ready to sit in front of the fire and try to think of what she might possibly say to McGonagall tomorrow when they were confronted. She plopped down on the couch, letting out a big sigh, and leaning her head back slightly. "I think it's stopped," she commented, referring to her bleeding nose.

Draco, too, got out of his coat and boots, and joined Hermione on the couch. He leaned forward to inspect her nose. "I think you're right," he told her. He sighed, but a sheepish grin grew on his lips. "You sure gave those sixth years a hell of a show." Too soon? He was sure the sight of her moaning and cumming all over his hand was going to be the inspiration for many spank bank deposits tonight.

She lowered her chin a bit testing to see if the bleeding would begin again. It didn't seem to, and wiped at her nose a little, trying to get as much of the blood off as she could. She knew some had likely dried there, and she would have to wash it off, but when Draco spoke again, she slapped his shoulder, pushing him away from her slightly, but at the same time, she laughed. "Yeah, not funny!" She said, though, she was a little amused. There wasn't much she could do about an entire class seeing such a thing.

Draco laughed, glad to see that she was able to have a sense of humor about it already. "I'd be a lot more concerned with the fact that by tomorrow morning every kid in this school is going to know what we did." It was a fact, there was no denying it at this point, it was more a matter of controlling the information. "But we don't have to admit to anything more than what was seen." Anything more than that was speculation, and speculation stated as fact was basically slander.

She nodded, sighing lightly. "Well, I guess I'd feel a lot worse if my friends didn't already know. I guess it's not a huge deal if people know we hooked up." She said absently. They were both single, and as much as people wouldn't expect it, she had been mostly worried about her friends, who already knew all about it.

Draco offered Hermione a smile, and moved closer to her. "That's the spirit," he told her with a false spirit of optimism, bordering on sarcasm. He didn't care if people knew that they hooked up. He never had. It was only out of fear that she'd put an end to it that he went so far out of his way to maintain the secret. Besides, who would he tell? "Well, that certainly ruined my high," he teased. "How long do you think before McGonagall comes storming in here?" She had the password, she could literally enter at any moment.

Hermione looked at him, thinking for a moment. "We should probably behave until she comes." She said, because she really didn't know what to expect, and when to expect it. She could come storming in at any moment, or she could wait until tomorrow to confront them. "I mean, better safe than sorry, right?" She asked him. If they were to do more coke, it could definitely lead to sex.

Draco scowled playfully. "Awe, but you got off and I didn't," he complained. She was absolutely right, of course. He was just giving her a hard time. He didn't want McGonagall walking in on them doing anything. He'd never get it up again if he had to live through that.

He had a point, but she thought she had a better point. "Well, I'll owe you one." She told him, teasingly. "Although, after all those students interrupted and saw, and heard me in such a state, maybe you should owe me one." It was entirely her fault. She had literally asked for it, but she was mostly joking, anyways.

Draco wanted to grab her, to kiss her, to pin her to the bed and make her pay for that little joke, but that was exactly what they were trying to avoid doing. "This is torture," he told her. "She might not even come tonight. Even Sprout said to expect her tomorrow." If they resisted each other all night and she didn't come until tomorrow, he'd be furious. He looked up at the clock that rested on the mantle over the fireplace. It was nearly eleven o'clock. "We could always just... go to bed." She might be able to walk right into their dorm, but she couldn't just walk right into their bedrooms. Especially not his room.

Hermione could see that he was frustrated, but she had already gotten off, and would be perfectly fine going right to bed. It couldn't hurt to tease him just a little. "I'm not allowed to have boys in my room." She told him, trying to hide her smirk. She knew what he meant by "go to bed".

Draco growled playfully at that answer, and leaned over her threateningly. He hesitated, wanting very much to bite down on her delicate little neck, but he knew very well that that could prove to be a bad idea, should McGonagall choose that exact moment to arrive. "You're really asking for it, you know," he warned her.

Hermione pressed herself back into the couch, very much enjoying having the upper hand. "Actually.." she said slowly as her large ginger cat hopped up into her lap, mewling eagerly for attention. She tried not to smile. "It sounds to me like you're asking for it." She pointed out, trying her damnedest to keep a straight face.

She was driving him mad, and the only thing that kept him from sabotaging himself by jumping her here and now was thinking about all the ways he was going to punish her for torturing him in this way, and that obnoxious feline who'd just leaped up in his way. "You just wait, Granger. You're going to be on bed rest when I'm done with you."

Her eyebrows rose at his throat, and she wondered how mad he would be if she really did just go to bed and leave him to suffer. It was something she had never done before, normally she was the one who was in need of a release, and he was always there to provide it. This was the first time she had gotten hers, and he hadn't, and they couldn't be sure that they wouldn't be caught in the act again. She got up off the couch slowly, holding the now purring cat as a shield and backing away from him. "I guess we'll just see about that." She told him, smirking, and retreated into her room, closing the door behind her.

Draco was left on the couch, mouth hanging open with shock. She'd just... left him there! Wanting, needing. "Oooh, she's going to pay for that," he growled to himself, and then exited to his own room. Two could play at that game. She had to be expecting him to chase after her, to try to force his will on her, and she'd be putty in his hands soon enough. Instead, he'd wait it out. He was sure he could handle it. Surely the Headmistress would be by before lunch, at the very latest. He could hold out until then, couldn't he?

She was surprised when he didn't come into her room after her, and she knew she would pay for it later, just like he claimed. But she set to getting herself ready for bed, and hid her stash just in case McGonagall decided she needed to check their rooms for some reason. She could never be too safe, after all. She went to bed, amused, knowing that he was completely frustrated. It was the first time she had seen him in such an obviously needy state, you couldn't blame a girl for enjoying it!

She went to bed, and the next day, they went through breakfast, lunch, and then a few more hours passed before Hermione heard a couple curt knocks on their door. She was sitting on the couch, a

book in her lap. She stood, setting the book aside slowly, and made to answer the door.

Minerva McGonagall had been enjoying her breakfast when she was confronted by Professor Sprout with the need to discuss the Head Boy and Girl. She was used to drama following the two. First with the incident in Hogsmeade, and with all the rumors floating around, which try as she might, she was unable to remain ignorant to. It was normal, really. The Head Boy and Girl were often very close, and on several occasions entered into relationships with one another. Take James and Lily, for example. But then again, none of these students had been living together in a shared dorm. So when she heard Pomona's tale of what had taken place down near the greenhouses the night before, McGonagall had paled. Had she not specifically warned them? Well, she supposed she'd forbidden them from fornicating in their dorm. She hadn't specified the rest of the grounds...

As soon as she had finished her meal, she made her way to the head dorm. She was unsurprised that neither had been in attendance and breakfast. They rarely ever were. She knocked only as a courtesy, before being let in by Granger. Malfoy joined them a moment later, and she asked them to take a seat on the couch.

Minerva paced back and forth in front of the fireplace for a few moments, gathering her thoughts. Several times she opened her mouth, intent to start in on them, and then reconsidered. It would be so easy to discipline them if they weren't eighteen and nineteen years old. If they weren't the top students in their class. If they hadn't gone through hell and back both separately and together. Finally, defeated, she sighed and turned to them. "For Merlin's sake, that plant only blooms once every ten years, and because of you two, that class nearly missed it!" One night, one night in three thousand five hundred and seventy-two nights to be exact, and that's the night they felt the need to feel each other up down by the greenhouses? "I realize I can't very well control what the two of you do in your free time, but your patrols are not free time. They're not intended as an opportunity for you two to use as... as foreplay!"

She very much did not enjoy having this conversation. She hadn't honestly thought she'd need to! She couldn't have chosen two students least likely to hook up on the job, and yet, here she was, scolding them for doing just that. "Fifty points, from both of you, and-" she put her finger up quickly before they complain. "Be grateful it's not more!" She still felt as though she was letting them off easy. "Now, just what do you two have to say for yourselves?" She looked to Hermione. Hermoine, her loyal, hard working Gryffindor.

Hermione felt like a child again as she waited for McGonagall to start in on them. She sat there, her hands in her lap, and watched the woman pacing back and forth, searching for the words. When she finally spoke, Hermione felt her cheeks heat up in embarrassment at the subject at hand. She had no idea such a plant was blooming, obviously if she had, she wouldn't have asked Draco to do what he had done. When she only took fifty points from both of them, she was honestly a bit surprised they weren't being punished more drastically.

She asked what they had to say for themselves, and looked to Hermione expectantly. She cleared her throat, "I-I'm really sorry that it happened, and I can assure you, it won't happen again." Hermione promised her, hoping that she would be satisfied with that.

The headmistress's gaze turned to Draco, then, who shrank slightly under the weight of it. He'd never been on the receiving end of one of the Transfiguration professor's verbal lashing before.

He'd only ever had Snape to answer to. He wasn't sure which one was scarier. "We had no idea," he told her. "Obviously, if we had known... Like she said, it won't happen again."

"Yes," the Headmistress said curtly. "Well I don't believe that for a minute. From now on just keep your private lives... private." For Merlin's sake, they had this whole dorm to themselves. Had she strictly forbidden them from using it for that purpose? Of course! What kind of educator would she have been otherwise?

Hermione nodded compliantly, "Of course," she said. She had almost taken the blame and said it was all her idea, but she honestly just wanted this conversation to be over with. She thought, perhaps if she tried that, it might open up a whole new conversation. Not to mention McGonagall seemed just about as disturbed by the subject as she felt, and she didn't want to add that.

Minerva looked between the two students once again. "I just don't understand. You two, of all..." It was clearly her fault for putting them together like this in the first place. She sighed heavily. Maybe she should start thinking about retirement. "If I hear about any more scandals regarding you two, there will be consequences." She didn't know what they'd be, but she'd think of something. She swept towards the door, all too anxious for this to be over. "Enjoy your weekend," she told them, swallowing a lump in her throat. She didn't want to think about how they'd go about doing that.

"Teenagers..." she groaned as she set down the corridor to return to her quarters.

Draco was relieved. That could have gone very differently. "Well," Draco turned to face Hermione on the couch next to him "That could have been a lot worse." It was hard to disguise his amusement at McGonagall's clear repulsion of the situation. She didn't want to be a part of the discussion any more than they did. Fifty house points was nothing compared to the social consequences they were bound to face the next time they stepped foot off dorm.

Hermione watched her leave, her stomach turning with what she had thought to be nerves at the whole situation, but she was starting to feel more like her lunch hadn't agreed with her. "Yeah, that was, well, mortifying but... at least we.." she stopped, swallowing hard, trying to swallow the feeling that she was about to be sick, but to no avail. She stood suddenly, and hurried off to the bathroom, slamming the door behind her but having no time to lock it. She had barely made it in there in time to bend over there toilet, gather her hair, and empty her stomach. She knew exactly what was happening, and she cursed her body for not being strong enough to avoid this symptom of pregnancy.

Watching Hermione rush from the room looking ill was a surprise, but he couldn't help but laugh, assuming it had been nerves from the anticipation of punishment. The idea of her being sick for any other reason hadn't crossed his mind. After a minute or two, after giving her the privacy to puke in peace, he went and knocked on the bathroom door. "You alright in there?" He asked, his amusement evident.

Hermione was brushing her teeth when she heard him, amusement in his voice, but he was checking on her. She spit the toothpaste out, wiping her mouth and putting her tooth brush back before she went over to the door, opening it. "Yeah, I'm fine." She told him, but if she were being honest, she still felt kind of bad. "Must have been something I ate." She added, though considering he seemed amused, she assumed he had no idea why she had just gotten sick. Good. She didn't want him knowing, as soon as he knew, this whole thing might end.

Draco leaned against the doorway with his ankles and his arms crossed casually. "You just thought she was going to strip you of your title for being a dirty, dirty girl," he teased, believing it to be the case.

She had to admit, it was an extremely convenient time for this to happen, because he simply thought she had been scared of whatever punishment might ensue once McGonagall spoke to them. In truth, she had been worried, but not to the point of making herself sick. "You caught me," she said, giving him a slight smirk, or at least attempting one. "Weren't you worried?" she asked him.

Draco laughed. "If I didn't lose my title for killing a man, I wasn't going to lose it for making you cum screaming my name." He surprised himself with how easily he was able to say that out loud.

She rose a brow at him, while she was a little surprised how easily he spoke of killing a man, considering how much it had affected him at first, she chose not to address it. "I wasn't screaming your name," she pointed out matter-of-factly, crossing her arms over her chest.

Draco straightened, stiffening slightly. "You will be," he warned. She was in for one hell of a night, but it was still early, and he kind of felt like making her sweat it out for a while first.

Hermione rolled her eyes at him, pushing past him to leave the bathroom. "We'll see." She said, knowing full well he was capable of making her scream all kinds of profanities, but also not willing to give him the satisfaction at that moment. She went back to the couch, sitting down and picking her book back up.

Draco left her to her book. He had thinking to do. Sex with Hermione was already so over the top and intense, he honestly wasn't sure how he was going to top it. He needed to strategize. So, Draco did something he almost never did anymore. He left, not bothering to tell Hermione where he was going.

But it was only just down the hall that he went, to the library, in hopes that he might be able to find some sort of inspiration. He perused the shelves, not nearly so much expecting to find inspiration on the spines of the thousands of tomes, but rather that he could clear his mind and let the ideas come to him on their own. He was in the household magic section when he heard the whispers. Ah, that's right, he'd been caught fingering Hermione into total bliss. And now everyone was talking about it. It was pretty par for the course for the former Death Eater.

"...Had her pinned..." were a couple of words that Draco picked up on. He moved closer to the students who were talking about him. "I don't know. I heard they were caught because she was moaning so loud. She wouldn't have been moaning like that if he was forcing her." Draco paused. Was someone trying to claim he had forced himself on her? What nonsense! He listened harder. "Yeah, but I heard her nose started bleeding as soon as they got caught, and she pushed him away. That happens sometimes when someone escapes the Imperius curse," the suspicious student continued. "Oh, I've heard that!" a new voice said.

Draco wanted nothing more than to emerge from behind the bookshelf and let these idiot fifth years know that Hermione had initiated it, and that he could use the Imperius on them so they could find out for themselves, but he decided against it. That he would have gotten in trouble for. So he chose a simpler route. He pulled a book off the shelf in front of him and cleared his throat loudly, coming around the corner while looking down at a random page.

"Actually, the Imperius curse leaves little to no lasting side effect, especially when used in the short term," Draco informed them for education's sake. "When performed properly, that is." He looked up at their dumbfounded faces and grinned. "Sorry to debunk your theory, but I only have two hands, and one was holding a cigarette, while the other, well..." His grin morphed into a smirk. "The point is, my wand was definitely not in use."

That alone had been worth the atypical journey to the library. It was nice to know that he still scared the students, at least it was the kind of fear that earned him some respect.

Draco was gone for about two hours. After spending some more time in the library, he went down to the quidditch pitch and borrowed a crappy school broom to make a few laps. He hadn't gone flying in months. He'd almost forgotten how exhilarating it was. When satisfied, he flew all the way up to the balcony of his dorm, and entered through his bedroom. He thought it would throw Hermione off even more to discover he'd snuck back onto the dorm. He changed out of his heavy clothes into a pair of dark pants, a leather belt, and a v-neck knit tee. He left his feet bare, it seemed pointless to put socks and shoes on just to take them off again before ever leaving the dorm.

He hoped Hermione was ready for what was coming for her, because he was finally ready to make her pay for being such a bloody tease.

Hermione hadn't studied the entire time Draco had been gone, but she had, after having a snack, moved to one of the desks to work on some of her homework. She wasn't sure where Draco had run off too, it was unusual for him to leave the dorm unless he was forced to, but she tried not to think about it. He was gone so long, she thought maybe he could have been with another girl. She kept her mind on her work though, choosing not to think such things.

Finally ready, and with his plan set, Draco exited his bedroom, scanning the common area for Hermione. She was at the work desk, studying. He should have known. He often served as a distraction from her school work, so of course the first time he left her alone on dorm she'd take advantage of the peace to study. He sauntered over to her, wondering if she would inquire as to her whereabouts.

She was surprised when his door opened, considering he had left through the entrance to the dorm. She turned to look at him, a bit confused, "What have you been doing?" She asked him, her confusion evident on her face.

"Flying," he answered her honestly. "What are you working on?" he asked conversationally. She took so many classes, it was hard to guess which of the many she was doing homework for now. He moved behind her chair, pulling her hair over her shoulder as he leaned over to look at the parchment in front of her, revealing her neck. Her delicate neck. He loved to abuse that neck. He was close enough that she likely felt his breath on her ear.

She could feel his breath on her neck, and she tried not to let it affect her. "Just some homework for charms class." She answered him. She could help but notice his attire, it looked a bit more... formal, than she was used to, and she couldn't remember if he had been wearing it when he'd left or not. "What did you get all dressed up for?" She asked, turning her head just slightly, so she could see the side of his face.

Draco leaned forward, reaching for the quill in her hand. He took it from her and tossed it onto the desk. "Well, you're done with that now," he told her, not answering her question. He stood

again and pulled her, chair and all, away from the desk. “You have a debt to pay.”

Chapter End Notes

Hermione is in for it now! Muahaha.

Chapter 15: Granger's Punishment

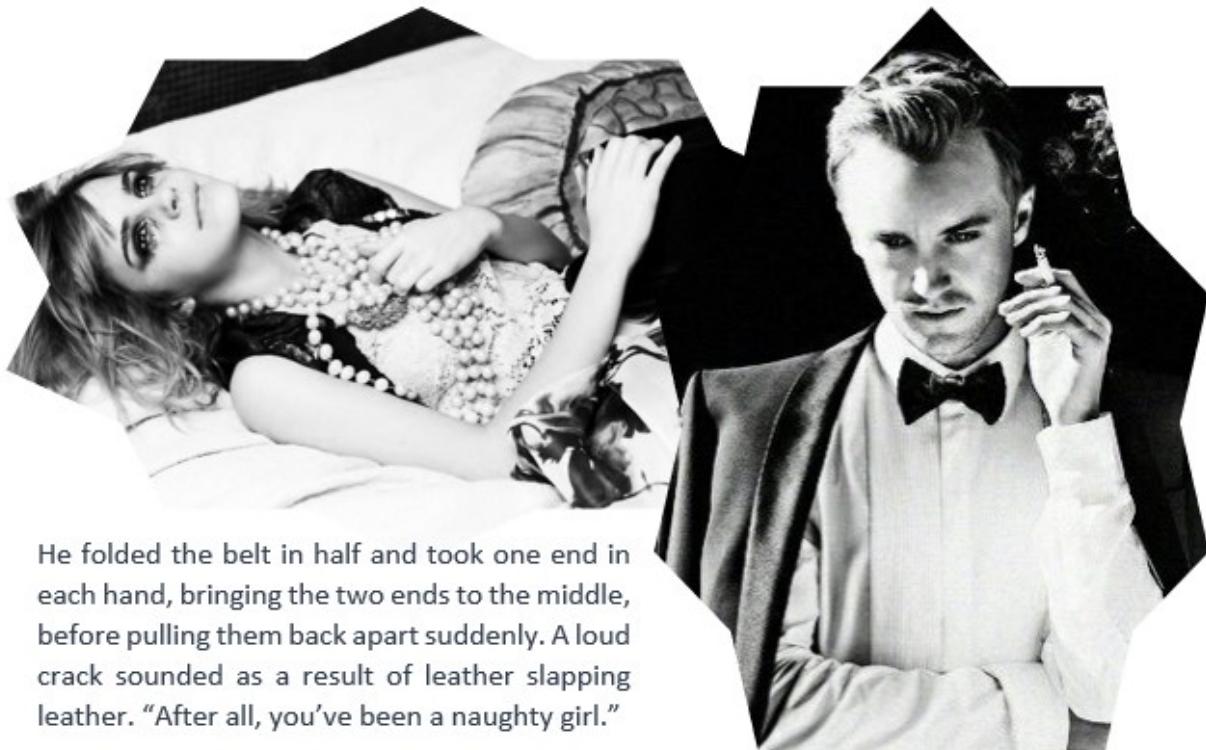
Chapter Summary

Draco takes sweet revenge on Hermione for teasing him the night before.

Oral, Anal, Lashing

Chapter Notes

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



He folded the belt in half and took one end in each hand, bringing the two ends to the middle, before pulling them back apart suddenly. A loud crack sounded as a result of leather slapping leather. "After all, you've been a naughty girl."

Snow Storm: Chapter 15

He had been a distraction before, but this had her a little shocked. "Oh, is that so?" she asked him, as he pulled her chair away from the desk, and literally took her quill from her hand. She knew she had teased him, and it had gone on an entire night and part of the morning, making him wait for McGonagall to pay them a visit. It was because of that that she had been so surprised that after she had come and gone he had vanished for several hours. So, she stood, and turned to face him, curious to see what he had in store for her. "So, what is this debt you speak of?" She asked him, as if she didn't already know.

Draco grabbed Hermione's waist and pulled her flush against him. He pulled his wand from his pocket, and looked at it, and then looked at her. "You know, some people are saying I used this on you," he informed her. "If they only had any idea how eager you were to have any part of me inside of her." He had indeed found inspiration in the library. He'd realized that he wasn't bringing nearly enough magic into the bedroom.

Her arms wrapped around his neck when he pulled her against him, and she, too, looked at his wand. He told her people were claiming he'd used his wand on her, and her eyebrows shot up in surprise. He didn't seem too upset, however, because he moved on from it saying how eager she was to have any part of him inside of her. He wasn't wrong. "Do I need to set them straight?"

Draco chuckled, looking down at her. "Don't worry, I gave them a little education in how the Imperius curse really works." He looked forward to seeing what her takeaway from that vague statement would be.

She laughed, "They thought you were forcing me?" She asked him, how did people come up with these things?! "Bloody idiots." She said. She wondered vaguely what else they were saying about them, but she also had no way of knowing. "How did you hear that from your broom?" She decided to ask instead.

Draco realized he hadn't said he'd gone to the library first. "I didn't. I heard that in the library. Our sex life is much more interesting than homework, after all." He flourished his wand in his hand vaguely. "But it certainly got me thinking about opportunities missed."

She rose a single brow at that, "What opportunities would you be speaking of?" She asked him. Certainly he didn't mean to use the imperius curse on her. As if he would need to!

Draco gave her a mischievous grin. "What? Don't you trust me, Granger?" Of course he didn't plan on using the unforgivable on her. However, he did think that the utilization of magic should have a place in their activities, if only for tonight. He held the wand up to Hermione's face, trailing the tip of it from her temple, across her jaw, and down her neck, until it reached the very middle point of her chest, just above her breasts. When he caught her eyes again, he swished his wand and tapped her chest in that same spot again. In that instant, her clothes vanished, leaving her naked in front of him.

Hermione stood still as he traced his wand along her face. He had to know she trusted him, some of the things she let him do to her were evidence of that. She wondered just what he had planned, when suddenly her clothes had vanished. She looked down at her now nude body, and back to him. She didn't bother to cover herself, he'd seen it all, after all. "You're not wasting any time tonight, are you?" She asked him, she knew he intended to punish her for last night, she knew it would likely hurt, hopefully in all the ways she liked.

"I believe I've waited long enough," He answered her sternly. She needed to remember that she was in trouble here. He reached down and unbuckled his belt and pants, withdrawing his almost stiff member. He stroked it a couple times, getting it the rest of the way there, and then looked at Hermione expectantly. "I think you know what to do." She'd only gone down on him a couple of times, and he never pressured her to do it, but tonight in particular he wanted it.

Hermione watched as he stroked himself a few times, and then he spoke, all but telling her to suck him off. Well, she did owe him, after all. She got down on her knees in front of him, taking

his cock in her mouth and began working it. She looked up at him, searching his face for signs that she was doing what he wanted her to do.

Draco almost shuddered at the feeling of her mouth closing around his cock. She wasn't experienced in this area, he figured, but that didn't stop it from feeling bloody amazing all the same. "That's it," he urged her. "Swallow that prick. Relax your throat." He put a hand on the back of her head to guide her, but not force her. Not yet at least. He looked down into her eyes, staring back up at him eagerly. In all the ways she gave herself over to him, this vision was the most submissive of them all. He had to admit, he liked it, a lot.

She listened to him, taking him as far into her throat as she could before she thought she might gag. She didn't have much experience in the area, she'd only ever practiced on him, save for the one time she'd done it to Ron, mostly for practice. She had a feeling if Draco knew that, he wouldn't be too happy about it. She continued taking him in her throat as deep as she could manage, knowing that any moment he could force himself even deeper if he wasn't happy with her performance.

His hips started to move, thrusting into her wet mouth. It wasn't as warm as her pussy, or as tight as her ass, but it was still wonderful on its own. He groaned as his arousal grew. He could keep going, make her swallow a starter load. He considered it, but he had better ideas. He grabbed a fistful of her hair and pulled her away. "You're getting very good at that," he assured her breathlessly. He pulled her back to standing and dropped her hair, spinning her around instead. He shoved the chair out of the way and moved her towards the desk, bending her over it so that her breasts were pressed into the notes she'd been writing when he arrived. He lifted one of her legs and bent it onto the desk surface next to her, opening her body to him.

Draco lined himself up at her entrance, gliding his cock between her weeping folds and coating himself with her wetness. He teased the entrance here for a moment, before pressing his head warningly against her back-most hole. "Eenie," he teased her pussy once more, "Meenie," back and forth, "Miney... Mo," he concluded with a groan, forcing himself into her at last. He held her down with one hand on the back of her neck as he began to move inside of her.

She felt him teasing her, and moaned, her leg forced up onto the desk. She had a feeling before long such a position would begin to hurt, not to mention ruin her notes she'd been working on. She felt him press against her other hole, teasing and threatening all at the same time, before finally picking a hole and pushing himself into her pussy. She let out another, deeper moan, reaching up to grab the other end of the desk for leverage as he began working himself inside of her. So far, her punishment was pleasant, she didn't hate going down on him, mostly because he did such things for her way more than he asked for the favor in return. And his encouraging words had told her that she was getting better at it, and she really liked being good at the things she did.

Draco held her leg in place on the desk with the hand that wasn't holding her neck down. He'd been anticipating this for far longer than she appreciated, and was moving harshly, aggressively. He kept going, harder and harder, listening for that tell-tale sound in her voice, in her moans and pattern of breathing, to tell him that she was building to an orgasm.

The position he had her in wasn't as uncomfortable as she thought it would be, he was holding her leg in place, and most of her body was on the desk. Sure, she was being held down by her neck, but she had come to realize she rather liked feeling trapped by him. If she didn't trust him, that

might not have been the case, but since she did, it was a fun way to mix it up. His aggressive pace had her orgasm growing fast, and she gripped the table harder, her breath hitching with every thrust that threatened to push her over the edge. She was getting so, so close, she could feel it.

Draco could feel it too, her walls clamping down, her breath growing short, her moans raising in pitch until they were nearly silent. He pulled out suddenly, leaving his hard, sloppy wet cock pressed between her ass cheeks. "You don't get to cum, not yet," he told her, and released her then. He took only half a step back, and began to slide his belt, loop by loop, away from his trousers. He folded the belt in half and took one end in each hand, bringing the two ends to the middle, before pulling them back apart suddenly. A loud crack sounded as a result of leather slapping leather. "After all, you've been a naughty girl."

Hermione let out a whine as she felt him leave her, she should have known he'd do such a thing, she should have tried to hide the fact that she was so close, though she didn't think it was possible. Her leg slipped off the table, the feeling in it momentarily gone from being held on the table from being held at such an angle. She laid there for a moment, her chest heaving, before pushing herself up, just as he cracked his belt. She flinched, and turned around to see what the noise had been, only to see him holding his belt. "I haven't been that naughty.." she argued, slightly intimidated by what she thought he had in store for her next.

Draco gave her a patronizing look. "Do you trust me?" he asked, reminding her of the fact that she'd already told him she did. If she absolutely hated it, he'd stop, immediately. But something told him that while she was scared now, she would find the eroticism of it soon enough.

She considered it for a moment, the answer was yes, she trusted him. If she begged him to stop, she knew he would. But she also thought she had to be crazy to willingly let him whip her with his very painful sounding belt. "I suppose I do.." she finally answered, still not sure she trusted the belt, though. She turned back around, however, and leaned back over the desk, bracing herself for what he was about to do.

Draco slid the leather strip in lazy patterns over her backside and up and down her back, letting her get a feel for the accessory. He withdrew the item, and after a moment of hesitation as he strategized just how hard was hard enough to not hurt her, he pulled his arm back, and slapped her, rather hard, but not too hard, across the full width of her ass. Immediately a bright red mark appeared on the newly abused skin.

She stood there, her hands on the desk this time, holding her up as she prepared for him to lash her. He ran it over her back before he began but it did nothing to prepare for what he did next. She felt the leather meet her ass, and she flinched, "Fuck!" She cried out, not the usual passionate undertone she was used to using when saying the word. This time it came from pain, she was sure there was a giant welt across her ass from the belt. She dropped her head, but made no move to stop him from doing it again.

Draco could see that Hermione was taken aback by the pain, but she made no complaint for him to stop. After a moment, he lashed her again, aiming for a slightly different part of her cheeks this time, not wanting to simply keep hitting the same spot. Hell, it's not as though he'd ever done it before.

She whimpered as he hit her again, flinching a little less this time around. It still hurt like hell, but she could handle it, and she would handle it, because she didn't want to back down. She didn't

want him to see her as weak. And honestly, how much longer could he possibly plan on doing this?

Draco was impressed. She was taking this very well. He kicked her feet apart next, spreading them so that he could see all of her. Then, he brought the leather strip to whip between her legs, not as hard this time, and the tip of the belt slapped against her swollen clit.

This time when she whimpered it ended with a moan, she was starting to get used to the feeling and when the belt slapped against her clit it sent a shiver through her body. "Shit..." she moaned quietly, waiting for the next one.

Draco watched her body's reaction to the infliction of pain in such a sensitive area. She might not have noticed it from where she was standing, but he could see her eager, wet pussy clenching and unclenching, hungry for something to be inside of it again. He went once more, hitting the same exact spot with just a little bit more force. He wondered if he could make her cum if he did it enough times, hitting her just right...

Hermione moaned, looking back at him longingly. She couldn't believe it, but she was actually starting to enjoy what he was doing to her. She supposed it was the same reason she loved it when he bit her, or spanked her, or any of the other ways she loved to be abused by him.

Draco caught her gaze and smirked and ran the leather through his fingers. He could feel her wetness where the belt met her cunt. "Are you enjoying this, love?" He asked her in obvious amusement. She was a glutton for this kind of punishment. He was positive it was why she was so defiant with him on occasion.

"I'm starting to," she answered him, biting her lip, wondering how much longer he planned to abuse her. "Are you... done?" she asked him, if she was enjoying it, perhaps he would want to stop. It was supposed to be a punishment, after all.

Draco chuckled and suddenly hit her wet pussy one more time. "Now, if I was done, I'd have used the past tense, wouldn't I?" But he was done, because he couldn't stand it any more, he wanted to be inside of her again. He wrapped the belt around Hermione's neck as he shoved himself inside of her without warning, pulling her back to a standing position. The hand still gripping the belt around her neck moved to grope her breast, while the other went to her core. The palm of his hand applied pressure to her pelvis, which aided in keeping his length inside of her as he thrust up into her.

She gasped when he hit her one more time, and then surprised her by wrapping the belt around her neck, entering her again. She moaned, letting him pull her to stand, if she resisted the belt would have choked her, after all. She lifted her arm, wrapping it back around his neck as he thrust himself inside of her, already feeling like she might burst soon.

Draco revelled in the sensation of being enveloped by her heat, but the position did little for impact. He refused to stop until he knew what he wanted to do to her next. He looked over and saw the kitchen table. Yes, that would do. Draco slowed to a stop. "Come on," he instructed her, and guided her by the makeshift leash to the table where they shared so many of their meals. "Lay down on your side," he instructed her, letting go of the belt finally. "Facing away from me."

Hermione complied with his request, letting him guide her, and then climbing onto table as instructed. She moved onto her side, facing away from him as he had told her, and waited for

what was to come next. She had been so close twice, maybe even three times now, and she was ready.

Draco pushed Hermione's hip forward slightly, lined himself up, and entered her for the third time. He didn't stay inside of her long, just a few thrusts to ensure that his cock was properly coated in her fluids, before he made the transition to her other entrance. He spread her cheeks with one hand and with the other he teased her, the head of his cock popping in and out of her puckering hole several times slowly. Sometimes he'd push in further, teasing to penetrate her fully, before popping out again. He wanted to see if she'd beg for it. He craved to hear it.

Hermione groaned as he teased her, frustrated, but she knew why he was doing it. She had teased him, after all. He was getting back at her in the meanest way. After a minute of this, when it didn't seem like he was going to give her what she wanted, she let out a frustrated sigh. "Please, just get on with it!" She finally begged him. It would either make him want to tease her more, or he would give her what she was waiting for, finally.

He'd teased her for so long that her juices had begun to dry on him. Draco dug three fingers into her, fingering her harshly, and scooped out as much of the creamy substance as he could, spreading it liberally on his dick. Finally, he pushed fully into her. He groaned at the firm grip her ass held on him. He'd teased her for a long time now, it was no wonder she was so tense. His pace quickened, growing in intensity and depth. One hand on her hip guided her to him with each harsh thrust. The other went between her legs, those same three fingers entering her again. They worked savagely inside of her. If he was finally going to let her come, he was going to make her mess herself like she never had. He didn't have much time to work with. He needed to cum, if only for the first time that evening.

"Yes! Fuck, yes!" she moaned, pressing her hit forehead against the table as her toes curled. He had finally brought her to an orgasm, and he knew exactly what pace to keep so that it went on for as long as possible. She could feel herself squeezing around him, begging him to finish with her.

Draco juiced Hermione like a delicious ripe citrus fruit, his hand soaking as it flowed out of her and onto the table. It was almost too much to take. He withdrew his hand, offering her spoiled pussy a slap, before he pulled out. Instantly, he spun her body around to face him, and guided her off of the table. "Down," he told her, guiding her to her knees with a fistful of curly brown hair. His other hand worked his cock as to not lose momentum. There was one more thing he wanted to do with her, and tonight seemed like the perfect opportunity. "Open your mouth."

Hermione's chest was heaving from the intense orgasm when he slapped her pussy, and then pulled out of her. He pulled her off the table, guiding her to her knees and she complied, though she had a feeling he was about to make her do something she had yet to try. Anytime she'd given him this sort of attention had been before sex, and he had never finished in her mouth. But she did as she was told, opened her mouth trustingly to him.

Draco might have put himself in her mouth altogether, had he not spent the last few minutes balls deep inside of her ass. Instead he wanked furiously until finally finding release. Thick streams of semi-opaque seed landed on her tongue, the very visual feeding into his orgasm. He continued to empty himself into her mouth until nothing more came out.

When he started to cum, she closed her eyes, just in case he decided he wanted his seed to go somewhere besides her mouth, but she kept her mouth wide open to him. She could feel it,

landing hot on her tongue, and when she thought he was finished, she opened her eyes to be sure. He appeared to have finished, so she swallowed the salty mess, because she knew that's what he wanted, and then wiped her mouth with one arm. "Are we even now?" She asked him, almost jokingly.

Draco was pleased by how obediently she swallowed his load. How did he get so lucky as to be the one to discover Granger's inner nymphomaniac? Or had he created it? "That depends. Have you learned your lesson?" He asked. The hand still tangled into her hair pulled her back to standing slowly.

Hermione smirked up at him as he tilted her head back with her hair tangled in her hair. "For now, at least." She told him deviously. She was sure she would push his buttons again soon, just for the sake of seeing what he would do to put her in her place. But for now, her ass was sore where he had hit her with the belt, and she was honestly a bit exhausted, having not had any of her normal dose of coke that day.

Draco was glad to see that her spirit was just intact, just the way he liked it. She was a fighter, always would be. The day she lost her spirit would be a tragic day indeed. "Good," he told her, and pulled her to him, gently this time. He softened finally, and kissed her, passionately but warmly. He hadn't kissed her in what felt like a very long time. "How're you feeling?" he asked when he finally broke his lips from hers. Now that the punishment was over, he wanted to be sure she wasn't upset about anything that'd happened.

She kissed him back, her arms moving to rest on his shoulders, leaning her body into his chest. "A bit sore, but fine." She told him, and it was the truth. It had hurt, and she was sure she had marks on her ass from the belt, but it was nothing she couldn't handle.

Draco believed her, for the most part, but he turned her partially to get a look at her rear again, now that he wasn't slamming his hips against it. She had some welt marks, and bruises were beginning to form, but it wasn't anything awful enough for him to regret. "I'm glad you're okay," he told her truthfully. "If I ever do something you aren't okay with, I expect you to tell me." He'd want to know if he ever actually crossed a line. A protest out of fear was something to be worked through, just like ninety percent of the things he'd done to her. But he didn't want to ruin things between them by going too far. He was far too invested in whatever it was they shared.

She looked at him, and nodded. "Well, since you put it that way.." she said slowly, hesitantly, as if she had a complaint to share with him. She let go of him, and turned around, picking up the crumpled and smeared mess that was her notes. "You've absolutely ruined an hour's worth of work." She told him with a smirk.

Draco rolled his eyes at Hermione, looking at the papers. "Please, Granger," Draco said to her, grabbing his wand from the desk where he'd left it. He took her notes from her hand and, with a swift flick, duplicated the item, the words written cleanly on a fresh piece of parchment. "Better?"

Hermione laughed, taking the new parchment from his hand and looked it over. "Okay, well, I guess we don't have a problem then." She told him, setting the notes back on the desk. "Well, I'm going to get dressed. I'm suddenly starving." She told him, and it was just about dinner time. She went into her room to do just that.

Draco made sure to cast the Scouring Charm several times on the table. The elves would be sending up their dinner spread any moment. He hadn't realized how late it'd gotten while he was punishing her. It could not have gone any better, if he didn't say so himself. Once the table was clean enough to eat off of once more, Draco decided a shower was in order. He'd been fully dressed while he shagged her, denying her the privilege of his rippling muscles, and he'd worked up quite the sweat with the lack of ventilation.

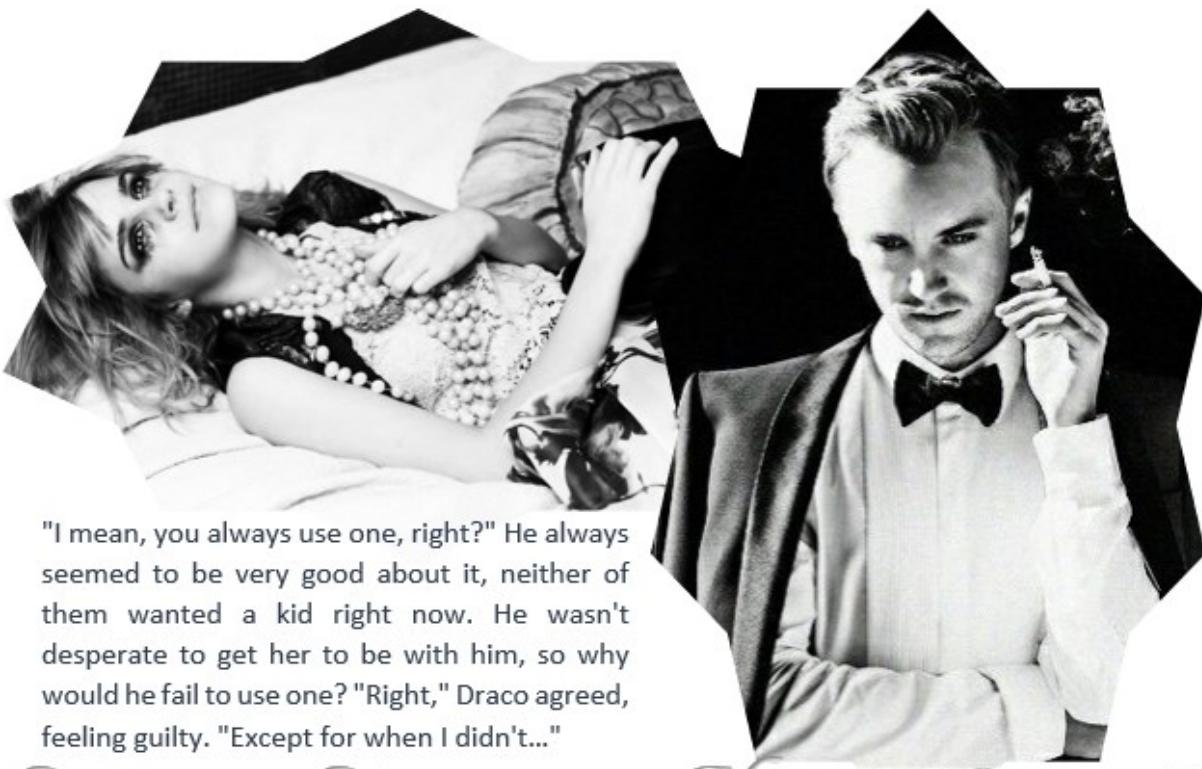
Chapter End Notes

It's been a few days since an update, but worry not, because I was busy finishing chapter 22, so the story is moving along! As always I live for your feedback, so let me know what you think, and what you want to see Draco do to Hermione in future chapters!

Chapter 16: A Pureblood's Threat

Chapter Summary

Ron goes to Hogwarts to apologize to Hermione, but when she continues to reject him, things go terribly wrong.



"I mean, you always use one, right?" He always seemed to be very good about it, neither of them wanted a kid right now. He wasn't desperate to get her to be with him, so why would he fail to use one? "Right," Draco agreed, feeling guilty. "Except for when I didn't..."

Snow Storm: Chapter 16

It had taken some serious thinking, and serious pushing from friends and family, to convince Ron that he owed Hermione an apology. Not only had he neglectfully gotten Hermione pregnant, but he'd verbally assaulted her over the news that she was sleeping with another man, even knowing that she'd had no intention to date him in any exclusive manner. Truth be told, even though he knew Hermione didn't want to pursue a relationship with him or anyone else, he took that to mean she was being celibate as well. How wrong he was! Even with all that in account, it was Ron who was in the wrong, so on the first of February, Ron finally made it to Hogwarts, standing nervously in front of the head dorm entrance. Typically he had Harry and Ginny with him, but this time Harry had gone to visit the pregnant redhead alone, leaving him alone to talk to Hermione. He knocked thrice and steeled himself for whichever Head might answer the door. He wouldn't be well received no matter which it was.

Hermione had been trying her damnedest to hide the fact that she was experiencing morning sickness, luckily she had already been making the ginger tonics for Ginny, so she had started making more and keeping some for herself. They helped, at least, but not always. Draco had left the dorm again, and she was left to her own amusement, and as usual she spent her time studying. When she heard the knocks in the dormitory door, she closed her book and stood, going to answer it.

She was honestly surprised to see Ron standing in front of her. She stood silently for a moment, before stepping aside to let him in. As much as she wanted to tell him to sod off, whatever fight was about to begin, she would rather have it in the safety, and privacy, of the dorm. "Come in." She said, slightly annoyed already. If he was here to apologize it was most likely for selfish reasons. She was just glad that Draco had left, knowing that Ron was likely to bring up the fact that she was pregnant.

Ron stepped into the room, glad that she'd let him in at all. She clearly wasn't happy to see him. He hadn't thought she would be. "Hermione, I'm really sorry for everything I said at Christmas," he jumped right into it. "I don't think you're a whore. I was just upset. I was surprised, and hurt." He looked at Hermione with the most sad, regretful, pitiful expression he was capable of making. It was actually quite a normal reaction out of him, not that that was a good thing.

Hermione looked at him, with what she liked to think of as his puppy dog eyes, something he used when he knew he'd fucked up. "I said some stuff too, but only because you were being a jerk." She said, not sure if she should even apologize. She hadn't called him names, besides asshole, but that one had been accurate at the time. She softened towards him, just a bit, since he had said he was sorry. "Everyone heard everything. Is your mum losing her mind over it?" Hermione asked him curiously.

"She can't believe her luck, getting her first three grandchildren all in a year," Ron answered. "She won't stop knitting." He grimaced. "She's furious with me of course, for fighting with you, and for getting us into this in the first place."

Hermione folded her arms over her chest, going to lean against the back of the couch. "Well, I mean, I still don't know for sure that you did get us into this." She told him. She knew she was pregnant. She knew Draco was careful, but since he didn't know she was pregnant, she hadn't asked if he'd had any slip ups that she didn't know about. "And you told her we're not dating, right?" She added. Knowing Ron, he probably hadn't mentioned it. And Molly would probably assume a baby meant they were going to be together.

Ron looked down at a spot in his shoes as he spoke. "I mean, everyone kinda heard that part." They had been shouting about her involvement with Malfoy pretty openly. It was pretty clear they were not in any sort of exclusive relationship. "She's hopeful though, you know? That you'll change your mind." He figured that he could test her feelings about the idea that saying it was his mum who wanted to see them together.

She knew what he was doing, and her arms tightened around her chest. "I'm not going to change my mind, Ron." She told him resolutely. "A baby doesn't change anything as far as what I want for myself." She added.

Ron was perturbed to say the least. "But Hermione, what kind of life is that for a kid? To have his family in pieces like that?" It wasn't a particularly common practice in the magical community.

"What is it about what you want for your life that you can't have if we're together?" he challenged her.

Hermione shook her head, annoyed by his questions, because she really didn't know. "I don't want a baby to be the reason we're together, you shouldn't either!" She said, raising her voice just a little. She started walking quickly to her room, expecting Ron to follow. "And it's me that has to carry this around for nine months," she showed him her trash bin filled with empty ginger tonic vials. "And deal with everything that comes after, it's not for you or anyone else to decide," she added angrily.

Ron followed after Hermione, noting the many potions she'd used to calm her morning sickness. He would feel more sympathetic if he wasn't so upset. "I don't want a relationship because of a baby. I want a relationship because I want you! But if you don't feel the same way, and you think you can just take this baby and raise it you might want to think again. There are laws, I'm a pureblood father and I have rights!" He'd never held his blood status over her before, and it didn't feel particularly good, but he was angry, and offended, and mostly hurt that she clearly didn't love him the way he'd always thought she did.

Draco had gone out after breakfast for a run. He was displeased with how he was letting himself go. He'd worked so hard that summer to perfect his body, and sex alone was proving insufficient in keeping up his physique. So, he started running again, down to the quidditch pitch, where he'd do his crunches and push-ups, followed by a few laps on his broom to cool down.

He returned about an hour and a half later, just before lunch, and immediately upon returning to the dorm he realized that Hermione was not alone. No, Weasley was there, and the two were yelling as usual. It didn't occur to him to listen until he heard Weasley refer to himself as a pureblood father. For half a second Draco wanted to laugh, for the Weasleys were just barely toeing the line of their blood status. But the amusement only lasted half a second.

Draco froze, taking in the information like a punch to the gut. No. Hermione couldn't be pregnant. She just couldn't be. And not with that idiot's spawn! What were the odds? But then, Draco considered what the odds really were. He and Hermione had been going at it non stop for five whole months, to the day, in fact. In recent weeks alone they'd shagged dozens of times. If Hermione was indeed pregnant, the odds were quite clearly in favor of a Malfoy baby.

He wasn't sure if this information was reassuring or not. On one hand, he could barely imagine continuing with her the way they were if she was carrying Weasley's baby, so he'd rather it be his. On the other hand, he didn't particularly want for her to be pregnant with his child either. How would he explain that to his family? Would the child be received? Would he be disowned for this indiscretion?

Hermione scoffed at him, the nerve! Holding his blood status over her head, like it made any difference to her! "I don't care about your stupid blood status and your bloody laws! It's my baby, not yours, not Malfoy's, mine!" she shot back at him, her chest heaving angrily. How dare he try to tell her that she didn't have a choice because of blood status! "I don't feel that way for you anymore, and a baby won't change that!" She wasn't about to let him trap her in a corner, even if he thought getting her pregnant was going to make her his. She wasn't going to let that happen, she could go back to Australia, or anywhere, and raise her baby the way she wanted to.

"Why?" Ron demanded to know. "Why don't you feel that way for me anymore? What changed? Is it Malfoy? Are you in love with Malfoy now? Is the sex so good that you're going to throw

away our whole future together?" Before she could even answer, Ron flared with rage, his face deep red. "Because I don't have to let you go if I don't want to. I not only have rights to that baby, I have the right to make you my wife!" It wasn't common practice anymore, as even most purebloods were too civilized to go to such lengths, but the laws were still in place. "Don't make me resort to that. Not over him."

The whole thing bothered Draco to no end. Weasley's threats and Hermione's complete dismissal of anyone's claim on the child but her. Draco could feel his own rage growing, thinking that he couldn't let Ron get his hands on her. Draco thought hard. He was so careful about contraception. He always had been. Had he ever let down his guard? Had he ever forgotten?

That's when Draco remembered it, the big fight, after the attack. They'd gotten insanely high on far too much coke, and he'd secretly planted a load in her in the middle of it without even revealing that he'd cum. He had no recollection of casting that reliable spell. Maybe it was his baby after all? Maybe the one with the claim to Hermione wasn't Ron's, it was his. And if it saved her from what Weasley was threatening, Draco hoped it to be true.

She couldn't believe he would threaten such a thing, to force her into a marriage she didn't even want! "If that was your plan all along, I'm sorry to tell you this, but I can end this pregnancy any time I want!" She threatened him right back. She didn't want to, as much as she didn't want a baby, she didn't actually want to get rid of it. But she also wasn't going to let Ron force her into a marriage she absolutely didn't want. "You think that would end well for either of us? It doesn't matter how much you love me, I don't love you, I'm not even the same girl you fell for, I'll never be her again!"

Ron looked as though he'd been slapped. "You wouldn't dare!" She was right about one thing, she was not the same girl he'd fallen for. That girl would never have threatened to kill any innocent unborn child. "Would you be making the same threat if it was Malfoy who wanted to make his family whole by marrying the mother of his child?" As if Malfoy would even want to marry a muggleborn like her.

Draco approached the scene then, making his presence known. "Yes, Granger." Weasley jumped at the sudden airing to the conversation. "I'd like to know the answer to that question as well." He didn't like to think it, but was she really so selfish that she would rather kill her child than be forced to raise it with one of the two of them? Hell, even if she only meant Weasley, it was a pretty despicable thing to do.

She opened her mouth to speak, but then, at the moment, Malfoy entered her room, and made it known that he had been listening. She felt her face turn red, her hands dropping to her sides, feeling very much ambushed at the moment. Anyone who knew her would know that she didn't want that. Of course she didn't! But he was holding his pure blood over her head threatening to force her into something she didn't want, and at the moment she was just trying to get him to back off the idea. For all she knew this had been his end game all along! "I just-" she stopped, she was having a hard time thinking of what to say next, her heart was racing. Draco finally knew her secret, and he might not know it yet, but he would eventually find out just how long she had been keeping that secret from him. "I just want to make my own decisions, being forced into something because your blood is pure, it's barbaric!" She didn't think Malfoy would make the same threats, but who was she to be the judge of that? She didn't think Ron would, either.

"Well I wouldn't be fo-" Ron started, but was swiftly interrupted by Draco.

"I think it's time for you to leave now, Weasel," Draco informed him with a threatening stare. "The lady seems to have made herself pretty clear." That and he had his own interrogation to hold with the witch.

"You can't-"

"I said get. The fuck. Out." Malfoy made show of reaching for his wand, gripping the instrument threateningly inside of his pocket.

"You two deserve each other," Ron spat, defeated. "This isn't over." But even as he made that claim, he stormed from the room, slamming the door behind him.

She stood silently as Draco forced Ron to leave, on one hand she was glad to be rid of him, on the other, she was now alone with the other potential baby daddy, who had just found out a child even existed. And worse, he thought she meant to get rid of it. It had been an empty stupid threat. As much as it might make her situation easier, it wasn't something she thought she was actually capable of doing.

She sat on her bed heavily, not looking at Draco, because she honestly didn't know how he felt about her at that moment. And she certainly didn't know what to say to him. He had just walked in on something very big, something she wasn't ready for him to find out about. She started when she felt a sudden weight on the bed, realizing it was only Crookshanks. He put his front paws on her leg, and she found a bit of comfort in petting his soft fur.

"Tell me it's not his," Draco spoke after a couple minutes of aggravated silence. He could understand everything she'd said as long as it only applied to Weasley.

She looked up at him, and sighed. "I don't know. He lied when he told me he used a contraceptive charm, it could be his." She told Draco. "I mean, you always use one, right?" He always seemed to be very good about it, neither of them wanted a kid right now. He wasn't desperate to get her to be with him, so why would he fail to use one?

"Right," Draco agreed, feeling guilty. "Except for when I didn't..." Now she got to be mad at him, too. Feeling the need to dig himself out of a grave, he elaborated. "Sometimes, when I finished in an alternative location, I didn't bother." Of course he almost always spent a decent amount of time inside of her very welcoming, very impregnable pussy first.

She was a bit upset, but mostly, she was relieved. If it was his, and not Ron's, then she felt she had a better chance of doing things the way she wanted to. But she couldn't know for sure what Draco would want to do about the situation. "I didn't mean what I said about getting rid of it. I couldn't...I'm just so tired of him acting like he has some claim over me because he tried to get me pregnant." She explained to him, and she sighed. "And I'm not thrilled to be pregnant, but if it is yours..." She wasn't sure where she was going with this, because again, she didn't know that Draco wouldn't make the same threats. "Well, if it is yours, maybe you might be more reasonable." She looked at him, hoping that she was right.

Draco joined Hermione on the bed hesitantly, and after a moment, put his arms around her. "You need to find out as quickly as possible. There should be a recipe in that family planning book you can use to brew a paternity test," he told her. "If you're as far along as you think, and only just now finding out, you're going to need immediate care."

She leaned into him, and as he spoke she felt her stomach twist guiltily, she had been doing the opposite of getting care for herself, she had been reckless and doing whatever she wanted. "Yeah, I suppose you're right." She said, struggling with what to do, and say. If she didn't tell him how long she had known, he might end up finding out anyways. If she did tell him, what would he think of her? And why did she care so much? She felt tears threatening to spill over her eyelids, and she hoped he wouldn't notice. "I can start looking for that potion now." She said instead, hoping that she could get his attention on something else.

Draco could hear in her voice how upset she was, even if he didn't identify it as guilt. "Why don't I help?" He offered. "You know I'm good with potions, and I've heard brewing is bad for the baby." He didn't know how much truth there was to that, but it's something he'd always heard. "Something about all the fumes and such." He felt guilty, knowing he'd been irresponsible himself, even if it wasn't with the same nefarious intentions as Weasley.

Hermione nodded, deciding that from now on she would be better about self care, if only because she didn't want to be seen as a monster by him. "Yeah, that'll be nice." She told him. "What if it is yours?" She asked him, curious if he had any idea what he'd want to do in such a situation. He obviously wanted to know, though.

"Then thank Merlin it's not Weasley's," he answered truthfully. At least he could keep shagging her without feeling gross about it. "But in all seriousness," he hadn't really had time to process. "That's apparently for you to answer." She was the one who didn't want men telling her what to do about it.

She looked at him, "You're not planning on making me marry you, then?" She asked him. She sighed, shaking her head. "I just can't believe he's going to try that," she said. She didn't want to accuse Draco of being as petty as Ron, and their relationships were completely different. If Ron hadn't been such an asshole she probably wouldn't have been so adamant about him not being involved at all.

Draco chuckled bitterly. "I don't even know if I'll have much of a life to offer you once my parents find out what I've done." His father was already furious with him for risking Azkaban to save her that day. Of course he had his aunt Bella's inheritance to live on, but it was nothing compared to what he was entitled to as a Malfoy.

She nodded in understanding, "I don't need to be taken care of, that's what Ron doesn't understand. He thought he could just create this problem for me and then swoop in and save me." She said, annoyed at the thought. It would certainly have been nice to be in a steady relationship, or even married, before this happened. But that doesn't mean she needed it to go that way.

Draco nodded. "Yes. I can see how that would be off-putting." He sighed. "I'm not going to force you to do anything you don't want to do, but I want to make one thing clear; if this child is mine, you won't be able to keep me away from him." Just in case she had any ideas about running off and disappearing with the baby. "Besides," He went on, just to lighten the mood, so that she wouldn't take his words as yet another threat. "If it is mine, you'll be entitled to a lifetime of sex with me. That can't possibly sound so bad." He smirked wickedly at her.

She laughed at that, but then screwed her face up in disgust. "And if not, what, I'm stuck with a lifetime of sex with Ron?" She said, groaning. "Well, at least that's his plan, anyways." She added. It was one of the many reasons she refused to let this determine who she would be with.

Draco made like he was gagging. "That's not going to happen," he assured her. "Laws like that, they're archaic. Even my family hasn't enacted such a law in over a hundred years." Then again, not many women refused the wealth of a Malfoy. "Besides, you're Hermione fucking Granger. If you made his threats known, the public outcry alone would back him into a corner. He'd never be allowed to follow through with it."

His words made her feel better, at least a little bit. "I just get so angry with him, I couldn't imagine having to deal with that every day of my life." She said, grimacing. "You're probably right, though. Just the idea that he would try such a thing sickens me." She said, and then stood up. "All the more reason to figure out who the father is." She said, and went over to her dresser. She still had the family planning book in her room, it had been one of the books that she'd been reading when she had time for extra reading, for obvious reasons. She grabbed it, bringing it back to the bed, and opened it up.

She flipped through it for a moment, and found the potion he was talking about. It was a bit of a difficult brew, but nothing they couldn't manage.

Draco looked at the book with her. Some of the ingredients were not as standard as most of the potions they brewed in school. "We'll have to see if we can get some of these ingredients from Slughorn," he told her. "He's got a soft spot for you, doesn't he? You should be able to talk him into letting you into his stashes." As long as he didn't want to know exactly what ingredients she needed, they should be fine.

She was reading over the ingredients as well, and when he mentioned Slughorn, she nodded, thinking about it. "Yeah, I can definitely try." She agreed. As long as he didn't know what she needed them for, he would likely let her get whatever she needed. "He trusts me, usually." She said. There were also a lot of rumors floating around about her, hopefully he hadn't heard them along with everyone else.

Harry had enjoyed having some one on one time with Ginny, but he never expected to learn everything that happened two weeks prior. She told him all about how Draco and Hermione's relationship, the sexual aspect of it at least, had been made public when they were caught getting physical near the greenhouses. Ginny had gone on to describe the multitude of rumors that had surrounded this event. Rumors that Malfoy had forced himself on her, that he was using the Imperius curse on her, that she was under the influence of some sort of substance, either unknowingly or because she was an amphetamine addict. The list went on.

"Wait, people were saying she was using amphetamines? Why would they say that?" Harry asked Ginny curtly, dismissing all the other nonsense as just that, nonsense.

Ginny was startled by the urgency with which he asked the question. "Well, people said that the moment that they were caught, Hermione's nose started to bleed," Ginny explained. "That's also why some people think she was being cursed, they thought the sudden break of the curse caused the nosebleed. But the muggleborns think it's drugs. Which is crazy, right? Our Hermione, doing drugs?" Ginny had never thought anything of the rumor. After all, Hermione was pregnant. She certainly wasn't abusing drugs. To her astonishment, Harry seemed to believe otherwise.

"I can't believe this," Harry said indignantly. He stood from the common room couch and grabbed his jacket. "I need to talk to her." He'd promised not to say anything to anyone, and

while Ginny had the “significant other” benefit of being entitled to such a secret, he still hadn’t thought it appropriate to tell her. Besides, Ginny hadn’t told him about her sleeping with Malfoy for presumably the same reason. Some secrets were just too personal.

“What, now?” Ginny asked, confused. She stood to follow after him, but he’d fled through the portrait hole so fast she realized he didn’t intend for her to follow. “Rude,” Ginny huffed, and plopped back onto the couch.

By the time he made it to the head dorm, Harry couldn’t tell if he was more worried or angry. Was she using, even though she was pregnant? Was she being that neglectful? Or did the addiction have that great of a hold on her? Was she even still pregnant? Surely Hermione would have told Ginny if something had happened to the baby. With all these questions running through his mind, Harry pounded on the door.

Hermione and Draco had just been spending time together since everything had gone down, she’d made a list of the ingredients she would need and planned to go after them, just as soon as she had thought of a proper excuse in case he asked what she needed ingredients for. They had just been sitting around in the common area of their dorm, talking, when she heard pounding on the door. Her first thought was that it must be Ron, back to ruin her night for a second time. She looked at Draco, sighing, before she got up to answer the door. When she pulled the door open, she saw Harry standing there, looking pretty upset. “Harry, if you’re here about Ron, don’t bother.” She started, assuming that Ron had said something horrible about her. “Whatever he said, it’s probably a lie.” She told him.

Harry, annoyed, shook his head. “No, I’m not here about Ron. I need to talk to you,” he told her urgently. “Alone, no offense,” he said, glancing briefly at Malfoy. He didn’t love that they were involved, but if Hermione was willing to shoot down Ron every time he acted up, Malfoy must be in better graces with her, which spoke to whatever relationship they’d built.

Hermione was a bit surprised, but she nodded, sensing his urgency. “Sure, we can go in my room.” She suggested. She had to admit, whatever it was he wanted to talk about had her nervous. She led him to her room, closing the door behind them, and then looked at him with some confusion. “Is everything alright?” She asked him, wondering if something had happened with Ginny. She certainly didn’t think he was here about her drug use.

Harry didn’t want to jump right to accusing her, even if he did already believe he knew the answer. Still, he had to ask. “You told me that you were going to stop using,” Harry reminded her of their conversation from Christmas. “Have you? Have you stopped?” He’d trusted her, initially. Sure, she’d been abusing an illegal substance, but he liked to think that she had enough willpower to manage it herself. Had he overestimated her? Had he underestimated the drug?

She was stunned by his question, and silent for a moment. “I tried, I really did, but it was harder than I thought.” She finally said, tears welling in her eyes. This was something she hadn’t wanted, Harry had to think so little of her. “How did you know?” She asked him, feeling small. She hadn’t heard those rumors, and had no idea people were saying that about her. As far as she knew, people were just speculating that Draco had forced himself on her.

Harry hadn’t wanted to believe it, that she was actually capable of committing such a crime against her own child. But, he had to remind himself, it wasn’t her fault so much as the drug’s. Harry hung his head, disappointed. “Ginny mentioned some of the theories kids had about your rendezvous with Malfoy. Apparently some of the muggleborns recognized the nosebleed, similar

to how I noticed." It wasn't a nosebleed he'd noticed, but signs all the same. Harry reached out and took Hermione's hands. "It's been five weeks since you found out, Hermione. That's a lot of time to do a lot of damage." He didn't want to make her feel bad, but he needed her to take this seriously enough to actually quit. "Have you even told Malfoy that you're pregnant?"

She couldn't even look at him, she was so ashamed. So, she looked down at his hands holding hers. "He knows." She said, though she left out the part where Draco had just found out about two hours ago. "I got in deep, Harry. I just... needed some time to wean myself off of it." She lied, because in truth, she had probably used more than she used to, at times. While other times she would go a day without. She wasn't trying to kill her unborn child, but she also had used fairly regularly. It was a complicated situation, at least to her it was. Anyone else probably just thought she was selfish, and maybe they were right.

It should come as no surprise that Draco was outside of Hermione's door, listening. He'd just learned that Hermione was keeping a very big secret from her. He had to know if there was more to the story, and with the way Potter had come storming in demanding to talk to her, well, it gave him a bad feeling. He wasn't happy to be right. According to Potter, Hermione had known she was pregnant for more than a month now. She'd made it sound like she'd just learned! Or, maybe she hadn't. Maybe he'd just assumed... No wonder Potter was upset. He knew Hermione was using. He also knew that Hermione was pregnant. The combination of the two was... unacceptable.

"If you can't do it alone," Harry started, lowering his head in an attempt to get her to look at him. His eyes bore into hers meaningfully. "There are people around you who love you, who will help you. You just have to want it." She had to want to be clean. "Is there anyone else who knows?" As far as he was aware, he was the only person who was aware of her problem.

She finally looked at him, reluctantly, and she nodded her head. "Malfoy found out about it." She told him, choosing not to throw him under the bus as far as using, too. She didn't want to drag anyone else down with her, she just wanted this to be over.

Harry nodded, deciding not to ask any questions. "Well, first things first, you need to get rid of it." He straightened up, getting down to business. "I'll dispose of it right now." She couldn't use it if she didn't have any. It seemed like such a simple solution, now that he was here to give her that push.

Hermione tensed up at what he had to say next. Get rid of it? She knew it would be possible that Harry would come around looking to get rid of the rest of it, but she had always assumed that when that happened she would be able to tell him she already had. Now, she couldn't, and worse, she would have to tell Draco that Harry had thrown it out, since he was using the stuff too. "Right..of course." She said, and she slowly pulled her hands out of his, and went over to her dresser. She grabbed the box that contained the drug, and turned, holding it out for Harry. "This is it. This is all of it." She told him, and she felt her hands shaking a little as she offered it up. Maybe she was addicted? The idea of not having access to it again scared her.

Harry took the box, looking inside of it. She had a large amount of it. She had to have been using duplication charms to keep herself stocked. Harry sighed and closed the lid. With his free hand he pulled out his wand. "Accio cocaine." It wasn't that he didn't trust her, but he had to be sure. He looked around, half expecting to see another source soaring to him. It didn't. "Sorry, I just had to

be sure," he told her, feeling guilty for basically accusing her of lying. But isn't that what addicts did?

Hermione understood why he had to double check, and honestly, she was nervous that something would come up. For all she knew Draco had his own little bag somewhere, since they often took some with them. So when nothing soared to him, she left out a deep breath she hadn't realized she had been holding in. "I understand." She told him honestly. "I've lied to you already." She added shamefully.

Harry shrunk down the box and put it into his pocket. He'd dispose of it elsewhere, lest she try to recover it somehow when the withdrawal hit. "This is for your own good, Hermione. I love you, you know that." He felt horrible. He knew he was doing the right thing for her, but he also knew that she might suffer greatly from going cold-turkey. "I just want you to be okay. And my little niece or nephew." He offered Hermione a smile.

"I know, Harry. I'm not mad at you." She told him. And she meant it, too. She was mad at herself. It seemed like she had just been digging herself a deeper and deeper hole with her friends, she was lucky to have someone who cared about her as much as Harry. "I've decided to test to see who the father is, since Ron has decided if it belongs to him, he's going to force me to marry him." She told Harry, wondering if he knew anything about Ron's latest plan to get control over her.

Harry's eyes widened in surprise. "I'm sorry, what?" He'd never heard such an idea. Whatever Hermione meant, he knew nothing about it. "What do you mean he's going to force you to marry him?"

She was relieved to see Harry knew nothing of this plan Ron had come up with. "Apparently his pure blood means he can force me to marry him, if I'm carrying his child. And apparently he's willing to go to those lengths if I don't decide to be with him." She told him, shaking her head. "A law I'm sure no one resorts to anymore, except Ron, apparently." She added the last part bitterly.

"That's deplorable," Harry told Hermione, as if she didn't already know that. He shook his head. "I'll knock some sense into him. He's probably just jealous. He's taken personal offense to your ongoing fling with Malfoy." It'd taken him a while to wrap his head around it himself. "It is just a fling, isn't it?" he inquired. He didn't like to get involved in Hermione's sex life, for obvious reasons, but he hadn't had the chance to talk to her since learning that she and Malfoy were involved in such a way.

"Don't bother, if it's even his, I'll figure out how to handle it." She told Harry. He asked about her and Draco, and she wasn't sure how to answer that. "We have both said we're not looking for a relationship, and as far as I know that hasn't changed." She told him honestly. "We just get along, I guess." She shrugged, not sure how else to explain it without being too graphic in front of Harry, whom she knew would not like to hear such things.

"And what about now? If the baby is Malfoy's?" He was greatly disappointed in his partner. He expected better from Ron after all these years. How Ron could just go treating Hermione like she was his property was beyond him. "Are there any... feelings there?" If the sentence sounded painful coming out of him, it's because it was.

Hermione sat on her bed, mulling over her answer. "I don't know, I mean, maybe." She told him. It was such a hard question to answer, she had spent so much of her time with him messed up on

cocaine, it made it difficult to tell. "I guess if he wasn't around I'd miss him." She realized out loud, "I don't know if it qualifies as love, but it's something." She had been so adamant about not starting anything serious that she had avoided thinking about how she actually felt for him.

As painful as the conversation was for Harry, he still found himself asking more questions. "And, do you think he has feelings for you? If you had to guess?" He hated to think of it, but it sounded to him like Hermione and Malfoy might actually have a better thing going on than she and Ron ever could. It was hard to wrap his head around, but as long as they were good for each other...

She thought about it, it was an even harder question to try and answer. "I guess he seems to at least care about me." She answered him, thinking of all the times Draco had tried to protect her, and even how he seemed to treat her after they were done with especially rough play. He knew she liked it, but he still made sure she was okay. "He was a lot more understanding than Ron was about the baby, I know that much." She added.

Harry wished he could be more surprised to hear that than he was. "So, when are you going to find out?" She'd mentioned that she planned to learn who the father was. Sadly enough, he thought he might actually be in favor of it being Malfoy's. Ron was just so... toxic, where Hermione was concerned. He never acted that way over other girls. And despite his obsession with Hermione, there had been other girls.

"I've found a potion, I just need to convince Slughorn to let me get what I need from his supplies." She told Harry. "And then it'll take about a day and a half to actually get it made." The sooner the better, in her opinion. Ron had said that it wasn't over, but as soon as the test could prove that Draco was the father, she would end it.

Harry was glad to hear that there was a plan in place at least. "Good," he said. "You'll write me when you find out, yeah? I want you to stay in touch. About the baby, and your sobriety." He might have sounded a little bossy, but it came from love. Hermione had spent so many years taking care of him and Ron. It was about time someone was looking out for her.

She nodded, giving him a smile. "I will, I promise." She told him. She stood, and gave him a hug. "I'm sorry I didn't keep my word before. I meant to, at the time." She told him. And she had, at the time. And then everything had exploded, and she wanted an escape.

Harry hugged her back. "I know you did." He gave her a slight squeeze before releasing her. "You're strong, Mione. You can beat this thing." Harry made for the door, but turned back once more. "I'll be keeping an eye out for your owl about those results." He wanted to have fair warning, in case things with her and Ron got any nastier than they were already.

Draco continued listening until he could hear Potter approaching the door. He hurried on light feet to the couch, where he appeared to be reading a book. He was furious with Hermione for lying, for using, knowing her condition, but also, he was pleased to know that Hermione might actually have feelings for him. Why did he care? Well, he supposed, the more he thought about it, the more he realized he had feelings for her as well. Feelings that went beyond lust.

When Harry made to leave, he paused briefly, looking at Draco on the couch. The two locked eyes for a moment, and Harry nodded. Draco nodded in return. There seemed to be a mutual understanding in those two curt nods that they had one common goal: Hermione's best interest. With that established, Harry left. He needed to find Ginny and apologize to her before heading back to the academy.

Hermione hoped she was strong enough, because he now had her entire stash, and planned to dispose of it. She sat heavily on her bed after he was gone, and sighed. It seemed like when shit hit the fan, it all hit at once. But talking to Harry had made her realize something about herself. She actually cared about Draco, and they had been through a lot. Using him as an escape from things he didn't even know about was beyond wrong, and she had been doing it for weeks now. She had to tell him, and she had to do it before he found out from anyone else. She was unaware that he had been listening, and already knew everything.

With a groan, she forced herself to stand up, and leave her bedroom, Crookshanks following, tail raised high, behind her. She saw Draco sitting on the couch, and she went over to join him.

"There's some stuff I want to tell you." She told him, looking at her hands in her lap, and then over to him. "Before I start, I just want to tell you that the reason I didn't tell you sooner is because I was afraid it would change things between us." She told him, and turned her body to face him, tucking one leg under her thigh so she could look him in the eye, or at the very least at his face, if he chose not to meet her gaze. The cat leaped up onto the back of the couch then, lying down and staring at Draco, swishing his tail back and forth.

She began before he could say anything, or she could change her mind. "I took a pregnancy test at Christmas, that's why Ron heard Ginny and I talking about you, and it's also why we got into a big fight. And, while I was very upset about Harry finding out about my drug use, the reason I came back to school is because Ron's entire family heard our fight, about the baby, about him purposely getting me pregnant, and about me sleeping with you." She paused at that point, giving him a moment to soak it all in, or call her whatever name he saw fit. She wasn't sure what to expect.

Draco was surprised that Hermione came out and made such a confession. He'd pieced some of that information together himself, but he was glad to hear it straight from her. "Have you firmly believed that the baby was his this whole time?" He asked. It mattered greatly to him to know the answer to this question. He eyed the ginger furball, who looked very much like he was daring Draco to raise his voice at the witch.

"He came right out and told me he lied about using contraception, so, yes. I thought it must be his." She answered him truthfully. "I didn't think you had any slip ups, so I had to assume." And so did Ron, which was why he was being such an asshole.

As upset as Draco was that Hermione had been willfully endangering her child for the last month or so, he was selfishly glad that she'd only done so with the belief that it was Weasley's child she was putting at such risk. "Well I'm glad Potter is getting rid of it all," he told her, revealing that he'd been listening the whole time. He didn't care if that bothered her, she was the one in trouble here, not him.

She should have guessed Draco might listen in, given Harry's state when he arrived. "So you knew all of that, well, most of that, I take it?" She asked him. She couldn't exactly be mad, she was telling him now so he wouldn't find out like that, she was just too late.

"All I learned just now was that you've been putting that baby, whoever's it is, in harm's way since Christmas. And I can understand if you had some underlying desire to rid yourself of Weasley's burden, but that recklessness stops now." Draco hoped it was his baby, but even if it wasn't, she would never forgive herself if she let something bad happen to such an innocent life.

He didn't mean to shame her, but he didn't mind letting her know that he disapproved. He'd have rather known sooner and taken precautions to see her and her baby healthy.

She nodded, knowing he was right. "I won't lie, the thought may have crossed my mind, but it wasn't the only reason." She told him. "I always used the drug as an escape from things that I couldn't control, and maybe couldn't handle. Or, maybe I could have handled it, but I just didn't want to. So when I came back from the Weasley's and you were here, I thought I could just escape it a little longer. It was stupid, and selfish, but I just didn't want to deal with it." She sighed, knowing she sounded horrible. But she wanted to be honest with him, finally. "And I suppose I let Ron get in my head a little, about you, and I shouldn't have."

Draco sighed, looking down at his hands briefly, before looking back over at Hermione. "There's more ways to get high than just drugs," he pointed out to her. He smirked slightly, knowing that she would catch what he meant soon enough. Not that he was in any sort of mood at the moment, with what he'd just learned. "Besides, I don't get what it is you're so determined to escape." She'd never actually told him why she'd started using, what'd triggered it.

She smiled a little, but it turned into a frown at what he said next. She had never told him about her parents, it was the reason she had given in and started using in the first place. Maybe now was the time, since she was being so honest. "I was in Australia over the summer, looking for my parents. I didn't find them, but I did find the coke we have been using all this time." She told him vaguely, she didn't like thinking about it, obviously, which is why she had turned to drugs to begin with.

Draco didn't get what she meant at first, but then he thought about it. Voldemort had wanted her parents, wanted to use them, like bait, maybe get some information out of them. A team of death eaters had been sent to find them. He'd been on that team. "You hid them so well even you couldn't find them," he realized out loud. The thought was tragic. No wonder she'd resorted to drug use, just like he'd fallen into using it as well.

She nodded, her lip quivering a bit as she thought about it. "I erased myself from their memories, they had a picture frame I meant to use to track them down if I made it through the war. If not, they would never have known they lost a daughter..but when the time came, it must have been broken, because I couldn't track it." She was looking down, trying to suppress the tears welling in her eyes when she spoke of it.

Draco could see how upset she was, and the only way he could think to offer her comfort was to expose a few of his own demons. "You did the right thing," he told her, putting an arm around her. "Trust me."

She looked up at him, processing his words. He had been a death eater, he knew they wanted her, maybe they would have taken her parents and killed them, just as she had feared. "I did?" she asked him, searching his face. She couldn't help but want to know more, knowing what might have happened if she hadn't acted on her instinct might help her deal with the fact that it might have lost her parents forever.

If it weren't for the fact that Hermione clearly needed this reassurance, Draco wouldn't be burdening her with this information, but she needed it, he could tell. She needed something positive to hang onto. "They looked for them, we looked for them," he clarified in confession. "But when we got there, the house was empty. There were no signs of where they'd gone to."

"There was no trace linking you to that house. Voldemort was furious." Draco took Hermione's chin gently in his hand and made her look at him. He spoke pointedly. "You saved their lives."

She felt her tears spill over as he grabbed her chin, and told her she had saved their lives. She closed her eyes, and finally felt grateful that she'd sent them away. She didn't even blame Draco for admitting he had been part of the group that had searched for them, because she already knew that he hadn't wanted any of that. She finally looked at him, and swallowed the huge lump that had formed in her throat. "Thank you, I needed to hear that," she told him.

Draco kissed Hermione then. He had no idea if it was appropriate or not, she was crying after all, but they'd both just shared two very dark, very painful parts of their past, parts that he now realized were more connected than he could have guessed. He'd never really wanted to hurt her, much less her parents. Not only had she saved them, but she'd saved him the burden of their deaths. It was just a little less blood on his hands, and he owed her for that.

She kissed him back, as upset as she was, she was also happy. It helped ease the guilt of losing her parents, knowing that if she had simply left, thinking them safe, they would be dead. There would be no finding them, at least, not alive. And the fact that he would still want to kiss her, after everything he had just learned about her was amazing. She thought surely he would hate her, or at the very least be too upset with her to want to kiss her for a while.

She let the kiss linger, but after a moment, she began to feel that familiar stirring in her stomach, causing her to pull away from him. Everything that had happened had definitely upset her, and her stomach. She moved off the couch quickly, and ran into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her before she proceeded to get sick.

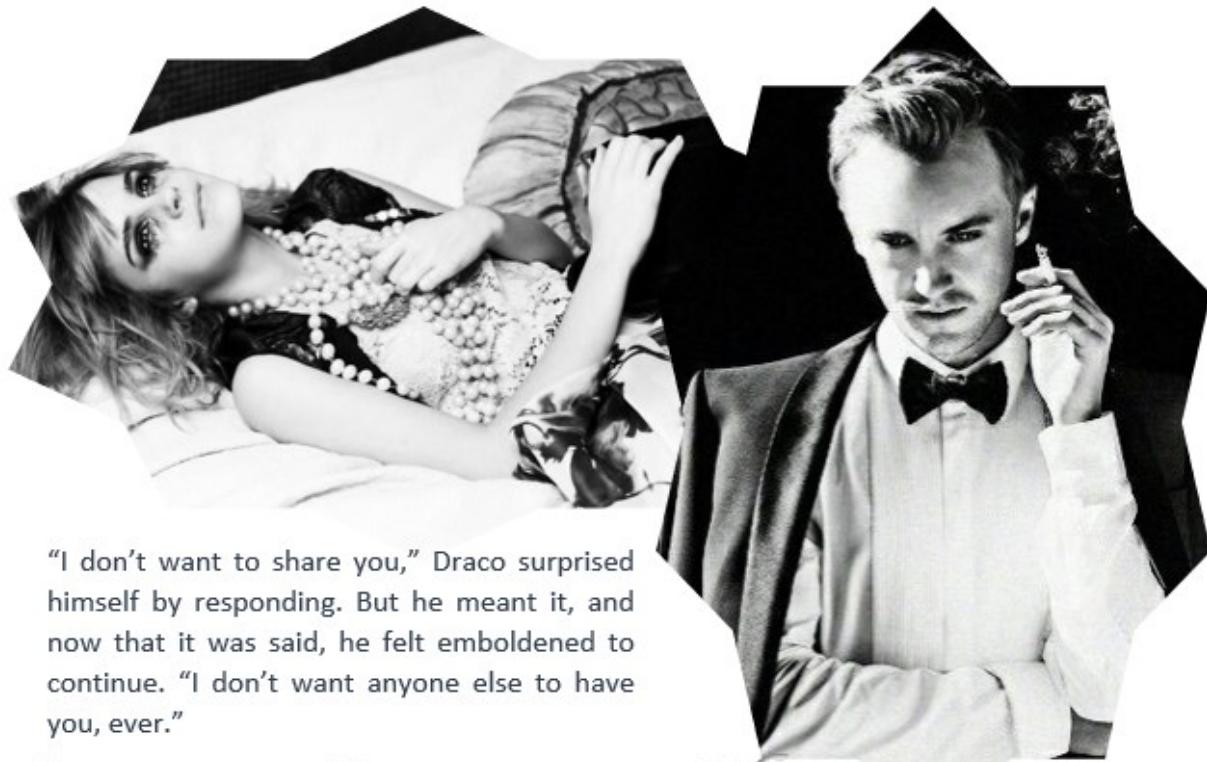
Chapter 17: A Father's Love

Chapter Summary

The paternity potion is complete. Who will it be? And how will Draco react?

Chapter Notes

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



"I don't want to share you," Draco surprised himself by responding. But he meant it, and now that it was said, he felt emboldened to continue. "I don't want anyone else to have you, ever."

Snow Storm: Chapter 17

It'd been a long sixty hours or so. Sunday night Hermione was able to get the potions ingredients she needed from Professor Slughorn, and first thing the next morning they began brewing the complex recipe. Draco allowed Hermione to assist him in preparing the ingredients, and got the brew started before going to class. He didn't like leaving Hermione to attend to the potion by herself, because she was sick, her flu-like symptoms of withdrawal piling on top of her morning sickness, but by attending classes himself he was able to excuse her absence, truthfully explaining that she was too ill to attend. He stopped back at the dorm every chance he got, checking on her, and the potion. At night while she slept, he woke every two hours to change the direction of the stirring. It was the most high-maintenance potion he'd brewed to date.

Finally, on Tuesday afternoon, the potion was ready, and thank Merlin, because Draco wasn't sure he could go another minute without learning if he was going to be a father or not. He sat on the couch next to Hermione, the potion simmering as clear as water on the coffee table in front of them. "Are you ready?" he asked, ladling the potion into two of three cups. According to the instructions, he'd drop his blood into one, and her the second. Then they would pour both at the same time into the empty cup. If the potion turned green, the samples would be a match, his blood would match that of her unborn child. If it turned orange, there was no match.

It had been an especially rough couple of days, the ginger tonic didn't do much to help her morning sickness, which was amplified by the withdrawal that made her feel like she had been hit by a train. It hadn't started out so badly, but grew worse by the hour. She didn't go to her classes, but since Draco was attending she was at least able to keep up on her homework. As miserable as she was, she wanted to keep her grades up, because the more the drug left her system, the more she realized she still had ambition to do well in school.

She tended to the potion while he was in class, but for the most part he had been treating it like it was his baby, which, in a way made sense. This would tell him if he did in fact, have a baby on the way. When it was finally time, she sat next to him, watching him pour the potion into the two cups, leaving the middle cup empty. "As ready as ever." She told him, and poked her finger with the needle she had already sanitized for the occasion. She let a drop of her blood fall into her cup, and waited for Draco to do the same. She held up her cup, ready to pour them at exactly the same time.

Draco pricked his finger next, and watched as a couple drops of blood fell into the potion. He lifted the cup to hers, almost as if to cheer, before he began to pour the concoction into the empty glass.

She lifted her cup as well, and at the same time began to pour the liquid in with his own mixture. When her cup was empty, she set it on the table, waiting nervously. As she watched, the mixture slowly started to turn green.

Draco didn't realize at first that he'd been holding in his breath, until the potion began to turn an undeniable shade of green. "Oh thank Merlin," he said, relieved, and wrapped his arms around Hermione, pulling her into a relieved hug. His reasons for hoping the baby was his were not entirely selfish. It was saving her from having to deal with Weasley as well.

Hermione felt a great sense of relief, and when Draco wrapped his arms around her, she felt even better. He was happy it was his, he was actually happy! She hugged him back, smiling against his shoulder. "I can't wait to tell Ron he can sod off forever." She said, and it was true. After what he had tried to do, she would never trust him again. Part of her wanted to tell him to his face, while the other part never wanted to see him again.

Draco pulled back and smirked at her. What a Slytherin thing to say. "I only wish I could see the look on his dumb freckled face when he finds out that he has no claim on you." It was Draco who had the claim on her now, and unlike Weasley, he didn't plan to force it on her. That was the difference between them. He'd make Hermione want him and no one else.

She grinned back at him, while she still felt like garbage physically, she was happy to finally know her answer. "You seem happy about this. Are you?" She asked him curiously. She knew he was happy to get Ron out of the picture, at least, but the fact that he was going to be a father, she wasn't sure if he was actually happy about that.

Draco wasn't sure if happy was the right word. He was terrified. He'd have to tell his family. He'd have to decide what kind of future he wanted for his child. If there was one thing he and Ron agreed on (and one thing only), it was that a child shouldn't be raised in a broken family. "I'm glad it's me," he told her. "I would have been upset if it wasn't, so, I guess so, yes." As happy as an eighteen year old could be at the news that he was involved in an unplanned pregnancy.

Hermione understood, she wasn't exactly happy to be pregnant, but she was glad that it was his and not Ron's, for obvious reasons. "I promised Harry I would write him when I got the results. I should probably have him break the news to Ron." She said. She didn't think telling him to his face would be worth whatever fight he would start, and she knew he would try to shame her for being with Draco. She didn't need it.

"What about when I'm big and pregnant?" She asked hesitantly. She couldn't help thinking about it, it was something Ron had said, but since their relationship had been based around sex, she thought it wasn't the craziest thought.

Draco rolled his eyes at the comment about her being big and pregnant. "I'll just take you from behind," he teased her. "That's how you like it anyway, isn't it?" He couldn't imagine the life growing inside of her making her less attractive to him, not with that life belonging to him at least.

Hermione laughed at that, he had an answer at least. "Well, good." She said, amused. She felt better, aside from her withdrawal, which was still making her feel fairly miserable. As bad as she felt, though, she was glad to be off of the drugs. If she had known from the beginning that it was his baby, she would have stopped right away. She should have stopped right away. But since she couldn't go back and change it now, she was just going to have to hope that she hadn't done any damage. "I'll need to see a healer, next." She said, it was still strange to think she had a child growing inside of her.

Draco nodded. "First things first, why don't you go write that letter to Potter. He's expecting it tonight, I'm sure. I'll be outside." He needed a cigarette. Relieved as he was, the anxiety created in the last couple of days had reached its highest point in the last few minutes when he was waiting for that potion to change colors. He stood from the couch, already pulling his silver case from his pocket.

She nodded, and got up off the couch, going over to the desk to write the letter to Harry. She sat down and began to write.

Dear Harry,

I've just got the results to the paternity potion. Draco is the father. If you wouldn't mind telling Ron, I would appreciate it, though I understand if you don't want to be the one to tell him. The other issue you wanted an update is going fine, as well. It's almost unbearable, but worth it.
Love, Hermione

She wrote the letter up quickly, keeping it simple, and deciding not to outright mention her sobriety. She didn't know if anyone else would get their hands on the letter, or if Harry, should he decide to break the news to Ron, would need the letter to convince him. She folded it up, put it in an envelope, and sealed it with wax to send off with an owl.

Once finished with his cigarette, Draco returned to the common room, to the desk where Hermione had just finished her letter. His hand on her shoulder rubbed it gently. "I can fly this over to the owlery," Draco offered. It would be a long, laborious walk for her in her recent state.

She smiled up at him, and nodded. "If you really don't mind." She said, holding the envelope up for him to take. "You haven't seemed to be going through the withdrawal that I have." She pointed out. He'd been busy with the potion, and classes, and taking care of her in between all of that. She wondered if he was just acting tough, or if she was just being dramatic.

Draco didn't feel bad in telling her the truth. "I'm not the one going cold turkey," he told her truthfully, taking the letter. If she could use while she was pregnant, he could use while she got sober. "Potter only found your stash. I've been able to limit my usage to just what it takes to not feel like hell." He was willing to bet she'd be irritated to learn this, but he didn't feel he owed it to her to go cold turkey like she needed to. "Truth be told, it's no fun without you anyway." At least he was being honest about his minimal usage.

She nodded, though she wasn't upset with him for this. "I'm glad you don't have to suffer through this with me." She told him. It was true, after everything she had lied about she couldn't be angry with him for keeping a little for himself. She had actually thought there was a chance he might have his own when Harry had checked for more, and she was glad it hadn't gotten into Harry's hands. Both for Draco's sake, and for her own, because if he had found more he would have thought she'd lied, again.

"No offense, love, but I am too." He gave her a quick kiss to the forehead without thinking, regretting the intimacy of such a thing as he made his way to his room to get his broom. What had gotten into him lately? He contemplated this as he flew across the castle grounds to the owlery. Ever since the incident with Scabior, she was no longer just the ironically sexy, kinky, twisted version of the girl he'd always loved to hate. He cared about her, he felt protective of her, and defensive of her, and bloody hell, he genuinely craved her presence, even with their clothes on. And now, with the knowledge that she carried his first child inside of her right that very moment... It endeared her to him in a way he'd never known. She belonged to him, in the best way possible. As soon as the letter had taken flight with his eagle owl, Draco flew right back.

Hermione was a little surprised by the kiss, it was such a... sweet thing, it had her wondering again how he really felt, and how she felt as well. She got herself a glass of water, and settled on the couch with a book. She opened the book on her lap, but she was distracted with thoughts of him, and their future, and the life growing inside of her.

When Draco returned, he found Hermione in her natural state, on the couch with her head buried in a book. He approached her. He had a theory he wanted to test. He gently took the book from Hermione's hands and set it on the coffee table, before taking her hands in his and bringing her to her feet. He could see the confusion on her face, and addressed it before she could even ask. "Just, let me do this." He cupped her face in his hand and pulled her in for a deep, tender kiss. His other hand wrapped around her waist, drawing her body closer to his.

Hermione, confused, stood when he pulled her to her feet. She had been lost in her thoughts, and when he kissed her, it just added to the confusion that had been circulating her mind concerning their relationship. But she returned the kiss without hesitation, noting that he had never quite kissed her in such a manner. Maybe it was because he now knew she had his child growing inside

of her, she wondered. She moved her hands up to rest on his shoulders, wondering if he planned to have his way with her tonight. Something he hadn't done since learning she was pregnant.

Draco bent at the knees and grabbed Hermione's thighs, lifting her. He carried her to his bedroom, lowering her onto the bed and lowered himself on top of her. His lips parted from hers after her head hit the pillow, and he panted from the exertion for just a moment, before his lips moved to her neck, kissing it tenderly. His hands began pushing her top up, exposing her still flat stomach. He backed himself lower on the bed, kissing his way from just under her bra to her waist, pushing her shirt away as he went. When he reached her pants, he began to unfasten them, tugging them down her hips.

She let herself be carried to his bedroom, and when he laid her down and began kissing her stomach, she closed her eyes and enjoyed the sensation. When she felt him tugging at her pants, she lifted her hips to assist in their removal, looking down at him with curiosity. He had told her to just let him do this, and at first, she had thought he meant the kiss. Now, she thought he meant more. Already she could tell something was going to be different about this time, he was being so intimate and delicate with her. She couldn't help wondering what had gotten into him.

Draco removed her pants and underwear together, tossing them to the floor. He kissed a trail from the top of her feet up to her core, alternating legs as he went. Once there he held her thighs apart just enough to fit his face between her legs and dove in, savoring that flavor that was wholly her own. He couldn't resist this need he had to touch every inch of her, kiss every inch of her. To memorize her body like it was a part of him. With one final long lick, Draco backed off of the bed again and removed all of his clothes. So many times he removed as little clothes as necessary to get the job done, but this time, this time in particular, she deserved all of him, the same way he took all of her.

The way he seemed to kiss every inch of her as he made his way down her body made her feel worshiped. He had made her feel a lot of things during their time together, but this was the first time she had felt that. It was nice, especially when his face landed between her legs for a taste. She moaned, and one of her legs wrapped around his head as he dove in, using his tongue in the most wonderful way. Her body arched, but it was over too soon. He was standing in front of her now, and she watched as he stripped out of his clothes, presenting his fully nude body for her to admire. And admire, she did, biting her lip as she took him in. She didn't see him naked often enough, and every time it felt like a treat to be able to admire him.

Draco was pleased that she was watching him, it was what he'd hoped for, but he didn't stand there long, instead returning to her as quickly as he could. His lips crashed down on hers again, moaning into her mouth as he kissed her. Without the aid of his hands, his raging hard cock slid home into the familiar cavern. His thrusts were more shallow than usual, slower, too. It was nice in its own way. He savored the sensation, taking the time to appreciate the passage that he so frequently sped through. When he needed to break for air again, he spoiled her neck with wet kisses and playful, affection nips. He sucked lightly on small patches of skin, leaving tiny suction marks in his wake.

She returned the kiss, and when he entered her so easily, her arms wrapped around him, her hands resting on his back as she reveled in the sensation of having him inside of her. This was definitely a unique experience for them, his pace was less rushed, as if he were enjoying her, rather than trying to be rough with her. While she enjoyed their usual rough play, she had to admit, the change in pace was amazing in its own way. She could enjoy the feeling of him inside of her,

penetrating her over and over, his lips teasing her neck. She tried getting her mind off of how unusual the treatment was, and simply enjoying the way it made her feel. It wasn't hard to do when she simply focused on his body, her nails digging lightly into his back as she moved to meet his thrusts, wanting every inch of him.

Draco couldn't get enough of her. It was a struggle not to bend her into impossible positions and drive her body deep into the mattress as he was so fond of doing. But this was its own reward. Their bodies moved together in a way that Hermione was typically incapable of matching. He propped himself up on his forearms, and rested his forehead against hers as he moved slightly harder, slightly deeper, having better leverage now. A low grunt escaped him with each thrust, synchronized to his very breath. His head was swimming with thoughts of her, of the potential life he could have with her. Him and her in a home together, their child playing freely in the yard.

He lifted her legs now, bending them back until her knees hovered near her shoulders. He was able to penetrate her fully now, his sensitive head bashing into her womb with each rotation of his hips. He looked down at her, taking in the sight of her blissfully surrendered to him as she'd been what seemed like hundreds of times by now. She was his, she had to be his. He had to make her his.

Hermione's hand moved to cup his cheek when his forehead pressed against her own, and when he lifted her legs, she felt him enter her even deeper. She began to feel that wonderful, familiar feeling as she grew close to her own orgasm. She closed her eyes for a moment, focusing only on his member moving in and out of her. "Oh, God!" She moaned as she reached her breaking point, feeling herself tighten around him over and over.

She was cumming already, Draco could feel it like he had on so many occasions before. Her body was milking him, and he let it, surrendering to the euphoric sensation of her and filling her freely, without fear of consequence. She couldn't get more pregnant. "Oh fuck," he groaned, burying his face into the crook of her neck and biting down on her shoulder as he released stream after stream of his creamy seed into her.

Hermione held onto him, her arms wrapped tightly around him as she felt his cock twitching as he emptied himself inside her. One perk of her already being pregnant was that they no longer needed to worry about being careful. She moaned once more when she felt him biting down on her neck, but it wasn't the usual painful bite she was used to, it barely hurt, instead it was just pleasant.

Draco was out of breath, even though he felt as though he hadn't put in nearly as much work as he usually did. He didn't think he'd ever felt so spent. He kissed her shoulder where he'd bit her a moment before, and then kissed his way up her neck back to her lips, finally resting with his forehead against hers once more. His chest continued to heave against hers as his heart rate returned slowly to normal. For a moment he contemplated telling her what he thought he now realized to be true, but he couldn't get the words out. He didn't yet know if she felt the same way.

She kissed him back, closing her eyes, and enjoying the intimate moment they were sharing. It had been such a loving experience. Something she had feared she would no longer enjoy. She had been dead wrong about that. It was different, but in a good way. After resting with him for a moment, she reached up to let her thumb stroke his cheek. "What are you thinking about?" She asked him softly, she could tell something was clearly on his mind.

Draco didn't realize he'd closed his eyes, so deep in his thoughts, until Hermione spoke to him. His eyes opened once more, and the sight of her brought a smile curling onto his lips. "About how lucky I am," he told her truthfully. He wanted to elaborate further, but he was afraid to do so without knowing how she was feeling about them. He lifted himself onto his forearms again, not wanting to burden her with his full weight, but not wanting to move off of her just yet either.

She smiled back at him, his words weren't as surprising, after what they had just shared. "I'm lucky too." She told him. After everything she had done, she had thought he wouldn't want her anymore. She had been wrong, and she was glad she had been so wrong. "I don't deserve you." She said, speaking before really thinking about it. She was still feeling guilty about lying, and her drug abuse, as she should be. She wasn't sure she would ever stop feeling guilty about it.

"I don't want to share you," Draco surprised himself by responding. But he meant it, and now that it was said, he felt emboldened to continue. "I don't want anyone else to have you, ever." There, he'd done it. He'd expressed what he'd wanted to for some time now, something he'd been feeling ever since he'd learned that she'd allowed Weasley to have her so many weeks ago. The question was, now, how would she respond to such a bold declaration?

She was surprised by the news, but after soaking it in, she smiled. "I don't want anyone else." She told him. It may have been true since the first time they had been together, at least in a physical sense. Getting with Ron had been a stupid mistake, one that had come back to bite her in the ass in a major way. And when Harry had begun asking her about their feelings for each other she had come to realize she did have feelings for him, but she had been so stuck on the idea of being independent that she had ignored it.

Draco finally rolled off of her, his head falling onto the pillow beside her. He took a moment to collect himself before turning onto his side to look at her. He pulled her body towards his and wrapped his arms around her. "So be mine, Hermione," he tested the name on his tongue. It was the first time he'd used it singularly, without following it with "Granger".

Hell, they were already having a child together, so they might as well make it official. He would shout it from the astronomy tower if he had to, letting the whole world know that Hermione Granger was under his protection now. And just as he had done anything he must in order to prevent harm coming to his mother, so would he do for the mother of his child.

Hermione was once again surprised by his words. She curled into him, turning to face him as well, as he asked her to be his, using her actual name for what she thought might be the first time. She felt what could only be described as... butterflies. He was actually asking her to be his girlfriend. She hesitated for a moment, thinking it over, and realized that she wanted to say yes. Why wouldn't she? Like she had told him, she didn't want to be involved with anyone else, not in any capacity. Finally, after what felt like forever, she answered him. "Okay, yes. My answer is yes." She told him, smiling, and leaning in to kiss him.

Draco kissed her back tenderly. He'd never had a proper girlfriend before. There had been girls who certainly called themselves such, but it wasn't because he'd offered to be their boyfriend. They just assumed that because they'd been allowed to blow him or shag him more than once. He'd let Pansy call herself his girlfriend for almost a year because she let him do anything he wanted with her, and whenever he was with another girl, she just picked a fight with that other girl instead of him.

As if to ruin the moment, Draco's stomach let out an aggravated growl then. Draco laughed. "Are you hungry?" He strained his neck to look towards the clock hanging in the room. "It's about dinner time." She had to be hungry, right? She was eating for two.

Hermione laughed, but nodded her head. "Yeah, I'm definitely ready to eat." She told him, and rolled off the bed. "I'll go get dressed and we can sit down for dinner." She said, stopping in the doorway, and turning to look at him. "Or, did you want to go down to dinner, since we won't be hiding our relationship anymore?" She asked him, only assuming that his asking her meant they would be going public.

Draco didn't hate the idea of going public, even if he did hate the idea of eating in the great hall. But, as this was, basically, a special occasion, Draco thought it might be amusing, to see the reactions first hand as they out themselves as a couple. "Yeah, we can go down," He offered for the first time ever. The last time he'd been down to the Great Hall had been for the Halloween feast, which he'd only attended because he was Head Boy.

Hermione had actually expected him to turn her down, they may be turning over a new page but they had literally just decided to be together. So when he agreed, she smiled. "Alright, I'll go get ready." She said, pleasantly surprised to be going out in public with him, without the chance that it could turn into some kind of scandalous rumor. They were just going to have dinner.

She got dressed, after cleaning herself up a bit. She emerged from her room, ready to be seen in public, and stopped by the desk and wrote down a quick little note, ripping the small corner off the parchment, and stuffed it in her pocket. "I'm ready," she announced.

Draco dressed in his usual casual attire, a dark pair of slacks and a dark gray knit shirt. He fixed his hair in the mirror briefly and tied his shoes, waiting for her on the couch by the time she emerged. He watched her as she scribbled something down. Merlin, she was gorgeous. It wasn't until this year that he figured that out, but he supposed she always had been, he'd just been too busy hating her to notice. "What's that?" Draco asked as he stood, heading with her out the door. He held the door open for her to pass through in front of him.

She smiled at him, walking out ahead of him. "Just a little note for Ginny, so I can tell her you're going to be the father, without anyone overhearing." She told him. She was happy to share the news, but only with people who already knew she was pregnant. She wasn't showing yet, and before that got out, she was going to have to talk to McGonagall, who would surely not be happy. But maybe it would go over better if she told her to her face, rather than her secret getting out before they were ready.

Draco nodded. "Oh, that makes sense," he agreed. As he walked with her, he wasn't sure how to behave. Should he hold her hand? Should he put his arm around her? Maybe no public displays was preferable. They were still Heads, still had to be role models. But at the same time, Merlin, he just wanted to show it off to the world, that she was his and no one else's. He did, however, walk closer to her than he usually did, close enough for her to initiate contact if that was what she wanted.

As she walked with him, she noticed him move closer and she put an arm through his own, holding onto her own hand that was looped through his arm. It wasn't super intimate, but she had a feeling it would get people's attention.

She walked with him like this, and when they got to the great hall, she had been correct. People looked, and stared, and got the attention of their friends who hadn't noticed. She guided Draco straight to the table Ginny was sitting at, taking an empty seat next to her redheaded friend.

Draco escorted Hermione to where Ginny was seated, and he had to admit, he relished in the stares. For once he was getting attention for something he was actually proud of! It was a pretty big deal to him. He helped her to his seat before seating himself. He couldn't wipe the smirk off his face.

"Weasley," he greeted the redhead who didn't seem to judge their relationship even before it was one.

"Malfoy," Ginny greeted in reply, a scandalized but very intrigued look on her face. "So, er, what's going on here?" she inquired, though she was pretty sure she knew the answer.

Hermione grinned at her best friend, and dug in her pocket, sliding the small torn and folded piece of parchment across the table to her. "Draco has finally decided to join the rest of us for a meal." She told her, and began making herself a plate. She was starving.

Ginny perked up excitedly after accepting the note. She held it in her lap, sensing the need for discretion, and unfolded the small slip of paper. It was a bittersweet result. Hermione was with Draco, and they were going to have a baby together. It was amazing news! But unfortunately that baby would not be her baby's cousin. Oh well. "Really?" she asked, her voice squeakier than usual. She had to calm herself. "That's wonderful news," she said, holding back a grin. To anyone listening, and surely many were eavesdropping in that moment, they would have thought she was just referring to the outing of their relationship.

Hermione grinned back, nodding. Draco seemed happy to have everyone staring at them, and she was sure she had never seen this side of him. "Yeah, we just talked about it." She told Ginny, regarding their relationship, at least. She was glad to see Ginny was excited, even though she knew Ginny had been hoping the baby might be Ron's, just so that their babies would be cousins.

Ginny could hardly contain her excitement. "Well, it's about time," she told them both, not caring who heard. "You two have been crazy about each other for months now." She'd known about them since September, except that she didn't know it was him until much later. She started to eat her food and then paused. She didn't know what it was, but there was something on her plate that was about to make the pregnancy blacklist. She sighed, breathing carefully, and decided to take a drink of her water. She was over the morning sickness, for the most part, being well into her second trimester, but there were still triggers.

Chapter End Notes

I know many of you must be very excited! I have a long history with unhappy endings, so you may have thought I was going to torture you with an undesirable test result, but surprise! Yay! Of course, this means that the drama is only just beginning!

Chapter 18: Valentine's Day

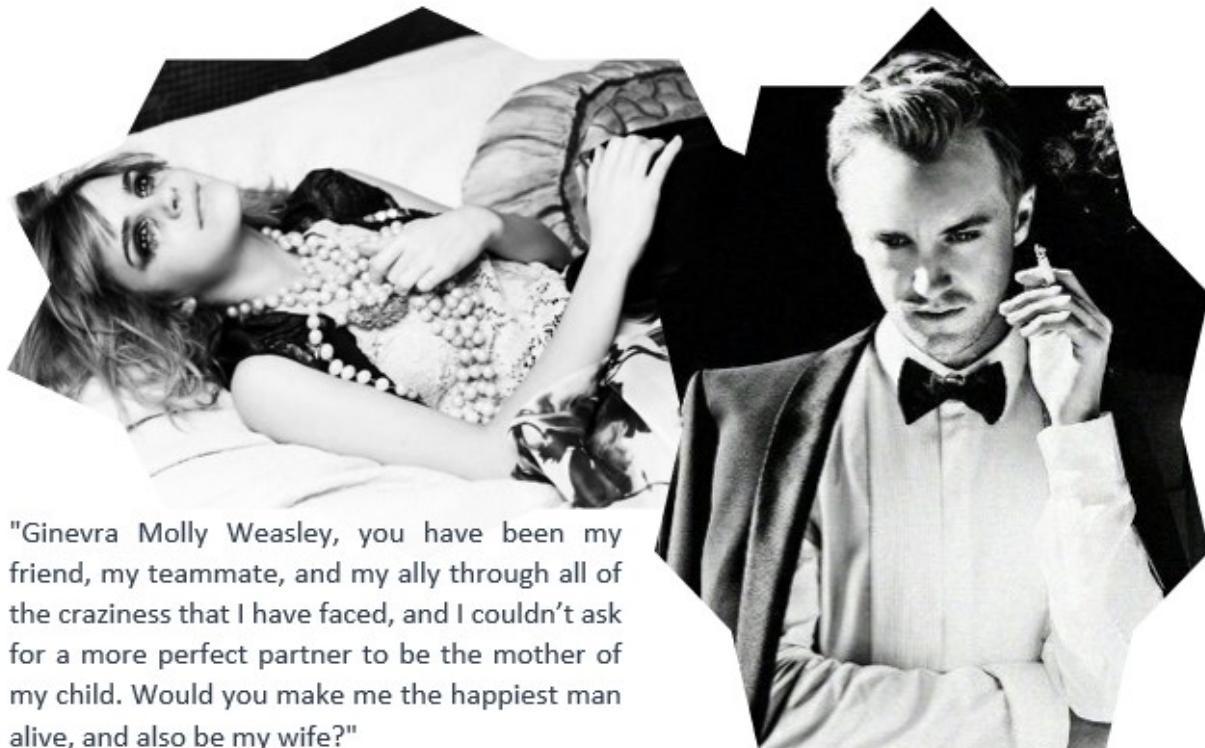
Chapter Summary

It's Valentine's Day, and the two couples head out for a double-date in London.

Massive amounts of fluff, and maybe a little drama.

Chapter Notes

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



"Ginevra Molly Weasley, you have been my friend, my teammate, and my ally through all of the craziness that I have faced, and I couldn't ask for a more perfect partner to be the mother of my child. Would you make me the happiest man alive, and also be my wife?"

Snow Storm: Chapter 18

Draco realized only after the fact that he had entered into a relationship with Hermione precisely ten days before the most romantic day of the year, Valentine's Day. Hermione and Ginny had somehow talked him and Harry into agreeing to a double date, reasoning that they had enough time alone together. Draco was relieved, though, because he didn't think he'd ever taken a girl on a proper date, and he didn't want to screw it up, especially not on the love holiday itself. The four of them had plans for dinner at a fancy new restaurant that opened in Diagon Alley a few months before. It was booked months in advance, but Harry had made a reservation pretty early, and it hadn't been difficult to change that reservation from two to four. There were perks to being Harry Potter.

The girls were happy to have an excuse to get all dolled up and go out on the town. Hermione was already more than ten weeks pregnant, and Ginny five months and showing more and more each day, but it was easy enough to hide with heavy winter clothes and her school robes. The four met at the restaurant and were escorted to their table in the back of the restaurant, the "best seat in the house" (which was shrouded with a sound barrier, allowing the party of four to be seen but not heard), the owner claimed upon greeting the couples with a fine bottle of champagne. She of course had no knowledge that the two young women could not partake.

Draco seated himself across from Potter at the small square table, with Hermione on his left and Ginny on his right. There was a small vase with three red roses, and a couple candles floating around it. The strange looks the unlikely quad received were different than those Draco was used to experiencing at school. They were out in public now, and these people didn't know that he and Hermione were a couple. They were about to learn.

"Just the water for us this evening, love," Draco said, grinning charmingly up at the owner. Surprised, she lowered the offered bottle, glad she hadn't already popped it. "Right, of course, sir," she seemed to hesitate at the end, unprepared for this particular dinner guest. He could have guessed he'd be received in such a way. She handed them their menus, told them the specials, and then left. "Merlin," Draco said to the three of them when she was gone. "You'd think I'd just threatened her whole family, the way she looked at me." He picked up his water goblet and took a long drink.

Hermione was excited to be having a public dinner with her two best friends, and her boyfriend. It was still strange to think of him as, and even call him her boyfriend. Even during her brief time with Ron, she'd never called him her boyfriend because it had been over so quickly. When they had talked Draco into a double date, Hermione had been pleasantly surprised, and was happy to have a chance to get out of school and dress up for a change.

When the time came, she had put on a dress, happy that she wasn't showing yet. She still had to bundle up against the cold, of course, but it was a nice change from her school clothes and her usual attire.

When they arrived at the restaurant she took in the atmosphere, enjoying the romantic aura. When they got to their table, and the owner of the restaurant had clearly been put off by Draco's presence, Hermione put a hand on his leg under the table. "People will get used to you being the good guy, just give it time." She told him. Surely, hanging out with their group will highlight the fact that he hadn't simply been pardoned, he was actually innocent.

Harry took a drink of his water as well, "Who cares, anyways? As long as they don't spit in your food, they can stare all they want. We shouldn't let that ruin the night." He suggested. Of course, he was renowned, he was welcome, they took special care to arrange for his guests to join them. They just hadn't known that one of those guests would be a Malfoy.

Ginny had put on a pretty red dress, which was past her knees in the front and longer in the back. Her bump showed a little bit, but she didn't mind it, and she'd be sitting the whole evening anyway, so she didn't expect anyone would notice. She was Harry Potter's girlfriend. If she couldn't stand a little extra attention, she didn't belong in a relationship with the most famous living wizard in the world.

"Harry's right, Draco." It'd taken Ginny most of the last week to get used to calling him by her first name, but if he was dating her closest friend she figured it was time to try. She picked up her

menu and began scanning it over as she elaborated. "Besides, how bad could you be to be in the presence of such greatness." She looked up at Draco with a cheeky grin. She just had to poke fun at the fact that Draco and Harry, who had hated each other for more than seven years without failing, were now on a double-date together. So why not rub the irony in his face?

"Oh, I forgot I was sitting across from his royal highness. Need me to shine your crown for you later, Potter?" Draco asked, getting in on the joke.

"No thanks, Draco, that's my job," Ginny said, giving Harry a flirtatious grin. Draco groaned.

"Okay, that's just disgusting."

Harry laughed at the joke at hand, and decided he would go along with it. After everything that had happened recently, he felt like Draco had been a good influence on Hermione, surprisingly. And he had definitely handled the pregnancy better than Ron had.

"Well, I might take you up on the offer when this one is too pregnant." He said, joining in on the joke.

Hermione, who had just taken a sip of water, nearly spit it out in a fit of laughter. She grabbed her napkin, dabbing at her mouth.

Ginny's jaw dropped as she looked over at her boyfriend, and then joined in on the collective laughter. "Look at you boys, becoming friends," Ginny teased the reluctant relationship. "As long as that's all it is." She looked over her menu at the two of them suspiciously, and then grinned behind her menu as she continued to contemplate what to order. She was starving.

Draco just shook his head, but he couldn't help chuckle as well. So maybe these weren't the worst group of people he could spend a day with. "What are you ladies hungry for?" he asked, since they were the ones who were eating for two, and who had very sensitive dietary restrictions.

"Everything," Ginny answered gluttonously without looking up from the extensive menu. They started by ordering a variety of appetizers while deciding what to have for dinner. Partway through their dinner the group became very aware that there were people taking pictures of them. They decided to ignore it to the best of their ability, and just enjoy their date. When the girls excused themselves to the restroom (together, of course, as girls do), Harry took a drink of water and then cleared his throat, gaining Draco's attention.

"Listen, er, I don't know what kind of plans you have for Hermione, as far as gifts go, but, uh," Harry pulled a small velvet box from his pocket and slid it across the table for Draco to see. Draco didn't need to open the box to guess what was inside of it.

"You're going to propose to Ginny? Here? Now?" Well, why not? He would be finishing training soon, to become a full blown Auror, and Ginny would be having the baby and graduating, in what order was yet to be seen.

"Yeah, I figure tonight's as good a night as any," Harry reasoned. Draco had no argument there.

"Well, I do have a gift for Hermione, not quite as grand of a gesture, but you know, it's still a pretty big deal, for me," he told Harry mysteriously.

"Right," Harry said, nodding. "Well, you should go first then," he offered. Draco slid the ring box back to the groom-to-be.

"Good on that," Draco agreed. Just then Draco noticed the two lovely ladies returning. He stood and helped Hermione back into her seat, Potter doing the same as to not be outdone.

Hermione sat, giving Draco a smile as he pulled her chair out for her. She took a sip of her water, having just taken a ginger tonic in the bathroom. She had begun to feel like a bit of morning sickness might hit her, and she just wanted to continue to enjoy her lovely dinner. Already she felt so happy, and light, seeing Harry and Draco getting along so well. Honestly, it gave her hope for the future. If she never found her parents, she would need her friends.

That was exactly what her and Ginny had talked about during their trip to the bathroom, they may not end up as sisters, but that didn't mean they couldn't raise their babies together. Hermione took another forkful of the pasta dish she had ordered, and looked between the two men. She finished chewing, and swallowed.

"So, what were you two talking about while we were gone?" She asked, wondering if they had sat there quietly, or had actually interacted with each other.

Draco grinned. "Wouldn't you like to know?" he asked Hermione, leaning over and kissing her cheek. As he did so, he reached into the inner pocket of his jacket and retrieved his gift for her. Inside the large velvet case laid an ornate antique silver locket, which was embedded with small black diamonds. It was something that had been passed down to him on his seventeenth birthday, meant to be given to the mother of the first born child in a new generation. The child Hermione was currently carrying. "This, is for you," he told her, passing her the box.

Hermione grinned as she felt his lips on her cheek, not caring that there were people taking their pictures. Let them! She had decided when she said yes to him that she wasn't going to try and hide that they were together. When he slid the box to her, she looked at him, surprised. They hadn't been together long, and she honestly hadn't expected a gift. "When did you find the time?" She asked, thinking back, wondering when he had found time to go shopping for her. She opened the box, and gasped at the beautiful necklace inside. "It's gorgeous!" She said, carefully removing it from the box. She held it up to her neck, turning so her back was to Draco. "Would you?" She asked him, indicating that she needed help with the clasp.

Draco helped move Hermione's hair, before leaving her to hold the mane and instead taking the necklace and clasping it around her neck. "This locket," Draco explained as he did so. "Has been in my family for six generations. It's worn only by the mothers of the heir to the next generation of Malfoys. My mother wore this every day until I turned seventeen, and it was given to me to pass along to the mother of my child." He didn't know if she was having a girl or a boy, but their family hadn't had a female heir in as far back as he himself could recite.

Hermione smiled, looking down at the locket as he explained its origin. It was a family heirloom, one only passed to the mothers of Malfoy children. "I don't know what to say, it's beautiful. Thank you." She said, letting go of her hair, and turning to kiss him on the lips.

Harry waited a moment, letting their exchange go on until he felt like they had a proper moment to enjoy the gift. Harry turned his attention to Ginny, then, and smiled at her. "Guess it's my turn." He said nervously. He was sure she would say yes, fairly sure, at least. But he was still nervous to be making such a public proposal, especially with people taking pictures of them all the while.

Harry slid his chair back, and moved down to one knee in front of Ginny, pulling out the ring box and holding it up. By this point, he knew she would know what he was about to ask, but he went on. "Ginevra Molly Weasley, you have been my friend, my teammate, and my ally through all of the craziness that I have faced, and I couldn't ask for a more perfect partner to be the mother of my child. Would you make me the happiest man alive, and also be my wife?" He asked her.

As soon as Harry moved out of his chair, Ginny's attention was drawn away from the other couple. She was happy for her friend, especially after hearing the explanation of how special a gift it was. He hadn't just gone out and bought it for her. Her heart was still swelling painfully just from witnessing it when Harry got her attention, and she realized what he was doing, she all but burst into tears. "Yes!" she explained before he could even finish his sentence. "Yes, of course I will!" She held out her left hand for him to apply the ring. Had she planned on getting married later in life, when she'd had time to explore her quidditch career? Yes, but then again, she'd planned on graduating Hogwarts as a kid, not with one, so plans changed.

Harry grinned at her eagerness to say yes, and he removed the ring from the box, placing the box on the table. He took her waiting hand, and carefully slid the ring onto her left ring finger, admiring how it looked on her. He stood up, and leaned down to kiss her. "I know we said we wouldn't rush things, but we might as well get a move on it. Before we know it, we will be ready to plan a wedding." He told her. He knew she was in school, and he was still in training, but when they were both ready they could start planning a wedding.

Ginny kissed Harry hard in her excitement. She could hardly hear his explanation over the roar of applause that has erupted in the very full restaurant. "Mum put you up to it didn't she?" She asked, unable to find fault in her mother's meddling if it meant she got to wear this ring for the rest of her life. "That's okay. I love it. I love you." She kissed him again. She was grinning so hard her cheeks began to hurt.

Harry laughed, "She wanted me to propose right away. I waited until I felt like it was the right time." He admitted, looking around as people clapped. He should have known they would make a scene, he was famous, after all. He sat back down, grinning ear to ear.

Hermione, who had kept quiet during the whole thing, silently wiped away a few tears. She couldn't help but be moved by her two best friends getting engaged.

Draco actually felt happy for the couple, as sickeningly sweet as it all was. He was very aware now of the paparazzi who must have learned who was dining there together that night. Potter was entirely unphased, having grown used to the attention. Draco still believed Harry reveled in the fame, but at least now he'd earned it, so it was less annoying. Flashes of light illuminated their table for several minutes.

"Should we risk the swarm and stay for pudding?" The Slytherin asked. "Or cut our losses and head out now?" They clearly would not be able to continue their date in peace.

Hermione looked to Ginny, she, of course, would like some pudding. She didn't want to be the only one holding them back, though. "What do you think, Gin? Pudding?" She asked her. Either way, they were going to have to push their way through that crowd of questioning paparazzi when they left, whether it was now, or twenty minutes from now.

"Whatever you girls want." Harry said indifferently.

"That's an answer I could get used to," Ginny joked. "I'd kill for some chocolate cake right now." Both men snorted an unsurprised laugh.

"Chocolate cake it is?" Draco turned to Hermione to see what dessert she was interested in.

Hermione laughed, and nodded. "Sounds great." She agreed with Ginny. "I'll take chocolate cake, too." She said. She was willing to bet they had good cake. Everything else had been amazing, after all.

They ordered four slices of the restaurant's signature triple chocolate cake, and when they had scraped as much chocolate frosting from their plates as they could manage, they decided to make their way through the crowds. Most people simply congratulated them on their engagement. Others had eager questions about Hermione and Draco's relationship. How long had they been together? Did being Heads bring them together? Were his parents aware of their relationship? Do they approve?

Draco wrapped his arm protectively around his girlfriend. "Wouldn't you like to know?" was Draco's unhelpful response to them all. They broke away to an apparition point and traveled to the gates outside of the school.

Ginny had been looking forward to the next issue of Witch Weekly. After being bombarded by the press on their Valentine's day date, and in consideration of her recent engagement, Ginny was sure their story would be featured. Sure enough, when the mail arrived, so did her copy of the popular gossip magazine. It was no surprise at all to see her own excited face right on the cover. She had just accepted Harry's proposal when the picture had been taken, conveniently capturing that moment for them.

"Harry Potter Wastes No Time: Starting the family he never had," Ginny read the headline out for Hermione and Draco, who had also been anticipating the press, especially Hermione with her history of negative media attention. "Well that's slightly harsh, but accurate," she commented. In a smaller photo off to the side, the four were shown leaving the restaurant, and there was a glowing halo circling Ginny's stomach, the animation drawing attention to the now noticeable bump.

A second photo from that evening was also featured on the cover, smaller, in the corner. It showed Draco kissing Hermione on the cheek.

Hermione had expected to see their date in the magazine, and for once, it was something that she was okay with. The only worry she had was Draco's family, knowing that he hadn't outed their relationship at home yet. Well, he wouldn't need to, now. They were right on the front page, not the featured picture, but still hard to miss. Hermione smiled, but looked to Ginny. "Well, you weren't going to be able to hide that baby bump forever." She commented, knowing that soon, it would be her being outed. At least they had made their relationship public before that would happen.

Ginny shrugged. "My dorm mates figured it out weeks ago," she admitted, unbothered. "I asked them to be discrete." She looked back at the magazine, to the photo of Hermione and Draco, which had its own small caption. "Who's Taming Who? See page twelve for full story," Ginny laughed as she read. "Oh, this ought to be good." Ginny flipped through to the page mentioned

and was surprised to see a full two-page article, fully equipped with pictures they probably hadn't known existed. Some seemed to be taken from the Hog's Head crime scene. "Merlin, someone did their research," she said, feeling slightly worried about what direction this article was going to take. At the top of the left page was another headline. "Hogwarts Head Boy and Girl Celebrate Intimate Valentines Double-Date with Potter and Fiance".

"Valencio's restaurant, which opened its doors in Diagon Alley in July of last year, played host to many happy couples on Friday evening. Among the many love-struck patrons was a surprising party; Harry Potter, with his girlfriend Ginny Weasley (daughter of Ministry employee Arthur Weasley), accompanied by the most unlikely pairing of close friend Hermione Granger and former death eater Draco Malfoy. The four enjoyed a joyous evening of food and laughter, leading to Potter's proposal to his now fiance (which she gleefully accepted).

But fellow diners were unsettled by the presence of dark mark clad teen. Even after being acquitted of all charges faced for his time serving under He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, the youngest Malfoy has shown repeated signs of aggression and even violence. At the end of November Malfoy narrowly avoided arrest for his involvement in the death of Sebastian Scabior after dueling at the Hog's Head. The pub's owner, Frank Makowski, who bought the landmark establishment from Aberforth Dumbledore upon his retirement in May, was a witness to Scabior's death. "He brutalized him," Makowski said of the incident. "I've never seen such violence." Officially, the death was ruled a matter of self-defense, however the Head of Magical Law Enforcement has yet to respond to my questions.

"So what was a young witch like Hermione Granger doing with a dark wizard like Draco Malfoy? As it turns out, quite a bit. When asking around over the weekend, I was enlightened to a myriad of stories and rumors involving the unlikely duo. Most interesting was a story verified by multiple sources that the two were caught fooling around outside of the Hogwarts greenhouses one light night about a month ago. Preexisting suspicions of their growing bond were confirmed when the two were witnessed by an entire advanced herbology class in an intimate embrace. The Head couple, who were meant to be patrolling the grounds that evening, were not aware of the once in a decade moonlit class taking place that night.

The couple further surprised their fellow students when they took their relationship public by arriving arm-in-arm to dinner just two weeks ago. Since then, the two have been seen showing moderate displays of affection, no longer shy about the truth of their coupling. But the question remains, how did two so incredibly different people come to fall for one another? Well, as it turns out, Hogwarts students had their theories about that as well. Some say that Malfoy has used spells or potions to keep Granger bewitched to his charms. Others claim that Granger exhibits signs that she's been abusing a dangerous muggle substance commonly used as a study aid or performance booster. Could drug abuse be a contributing factor in the lapse of judgement that led to her involvement with Malfoy?

One thing that we know for sure is that things seem to be heating up between the Head Boy and Head Girl, if the necklace gifted to her on Valentine's Day (shown in picture right) is any indication."

Ginny completed the five-hundred word article, and looked up at the couple in shock. "Bloody hell," she said, looking back and forth between the two. "If I didn't know any better I'd think Rita Skeeter wrote this." She knew how Skeeter had it in for Hermione.

Hermione was, to say the least, displeased by the article. But Ginny was right, it sounded like something Rita Skeeter would write. "I can't believe they would include the stuff about Draco using magic and spells on me. That's just ridiculous." She huffed, the drugs she understood, but there was no way he was forcing her into a relationship if they were out in the open, and going on double dates!

"Right," Ginny agreed. "Or the garbage about you abusing drugs. I mean, come on, where would they get that from? You're Head Girl, not some junkie." The thought that there could be any semblance of truth to that claim hadn't even crossed Ginny's mind.

"I can't believe that they tried to paint Scabior like some sort of victim. Self defense," he scoffed. "No mention of the fact that the man was trying to ra—" He sighed, stopping short of saying it. "He deserved what he got," he revised.

Hermione tried not to look guilty when Ginny said the drug accusation was ridiculous. Or focus on the fact that she had been a junkie until recently. "Right. I thought it would be nice to have it out in the open. But not like this." She sighed, frustrated. There was nothing they could do about it though, hopefully people didn't read too much into it.

Draco rubbed Hermione's shoulder with one hand while stabbing food onto his fork with the other. It was insulting, really. Not only that he was being accused of such crimes, but that they implied that Hermione was not smart enough to defend herself against her "big bad death eater" partner. "It's not as though any of it matters. The only people whose opinions actually matter are the people who care about you." He just hoped that his parents didn't see the article. He couldn't imagine his mother reading something so pedestrian, but then again, she was awfully bored these days.

Hermione nodded, putting a hand over his. "I suppose you're right. At least your bit was nice, Ginny." She concluded, deciding to look at the bright side. She pretty much felt she deserved to have her name smeared this time, she had actually earned it, unlike every other time she had ended up the victim of the horrific magazine.

"At least they didn't mention my brother," Ginny added optimistically. "Or better yet, at least they didn't talk to my brother." She could only imagine the kind of material he would have offered to the relentless writer. She nibbled on a piece of toast with jam as she continued. "He probably would have told everyone about how you had sex with both of them and were pregnant without knowing whose it was." Ginny's eyes widened as she heard her own words, and she quickly swallowed the small bit of bread in her mouth. "I mean, no offense. I'm not judging, but you know how he is." Thank Merlin they had set a sound barrier on their table before they looked over the magazine together.

Hermione laughed, waving off her concern. "I did do that, but I am glad they didn't talk to him. Nobody needs to know about that mistake." She said. That had been one mistake that had almost had her fighting for her right to not be forced into marriage, one she wasn't sure she would win without simply disappearing. "Anyways, I don't fancy putting any more ideas in people's heads about our relationship, if I could erase that entire bit of knowledge from Ron's head, I would." She said with a laugh, and took a drink of orange juice. She could technically do that, but certain people would know about it, and she didn't think they'd be okay with it.

Around the same time in London, Lucius Malfoy was walking through Diagon Alley, having just paid a visit to his vault at Gringotts. He didn't often spend much time out and about, having become much of a social pariah in recent months, so he ran his errands and was prepared to return home, when he passed a news stand. A familiar pair caught his attention on the cover of one popular magazine. Lucius stopped, backtracked a couple of steps, and looked closer at the magazine, lifting it from the shelf it stood on. Potter and his little Weasley girlfriend were getting married. No surprise there. Potter spent enough time with the Weasleys it was a wonder his hair hadn't turned red. It was then that he noticed another photo on the cover, one of his own son, his blood began to boil, and he opened the magazine to read the article. It was impossible. His son could not be romantically involved with that know-it-all mudblood!

A hundred and fifty kilometers away in Wiltshire, his wife had also found the article about their son. She read through it anxiously, and her heart nearly stopped when she saw the photo on the right, the one of Hermione Granger wearing the locket, her locket, the locket she'd just surrendered to him just a year and a half ago for his seventeenth birthday. The locket that was only given to a woman who- Narcissa couldn't even think it. There was no way that her beautiful, brilliant son could have done something so colossally stupid as to actually create a child with the muggleborn witch. They were only children themselves! And her husband, Lucius, he would never stand for it. She didn't want to think of what her husband would do to the girl.

Both parents were left with one horrifying thought. Their son, a blood traitor?

Chapter End Notes

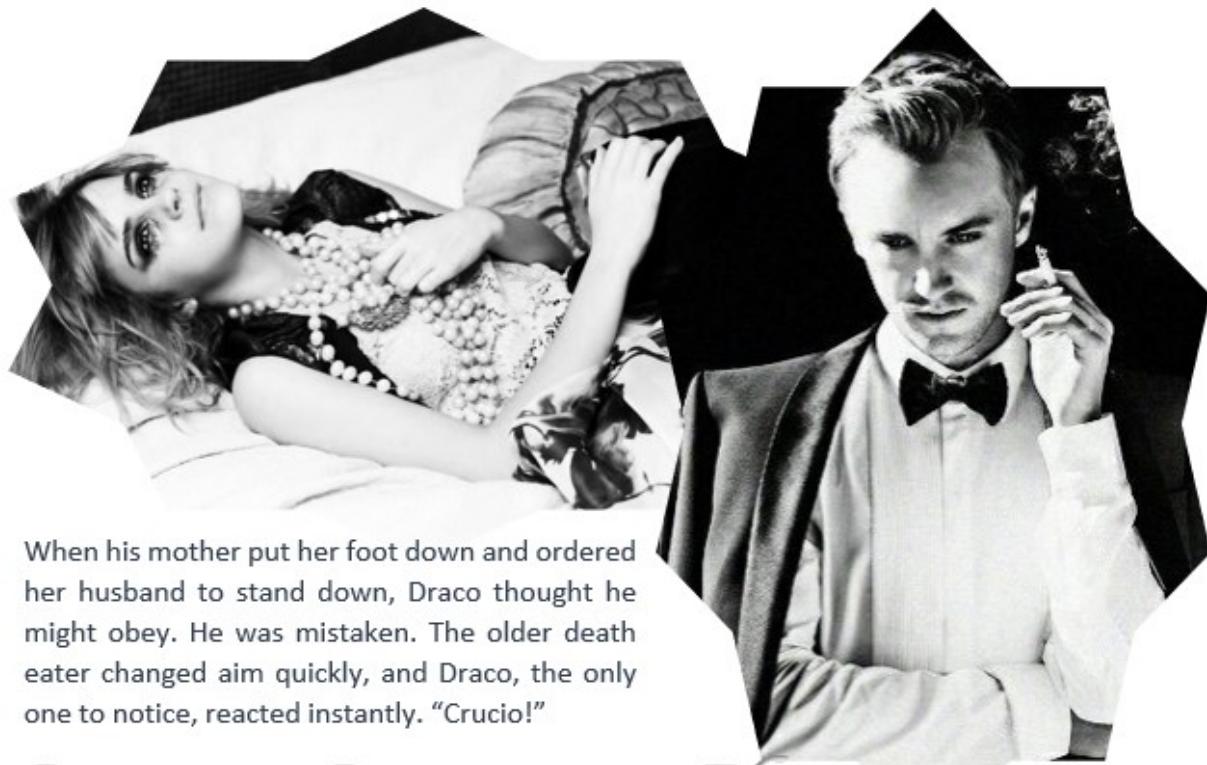
Aw snap, the Malfoys know! How will they react? What will they do? Will everyone leave the next chapter intact? Guess you'll have to read more to find out!

Chapter 19: Dueling Malfoys

Chapter Summary

Draco and Hermione agree to lunch with Draco's mother, but when someone else shows up in her place, chaos ensues, and could have life-altering consequences.

No sex; Dark Magic



When his mother put her foot down and ordered her husband to stand down, Draco thought he might obey. He was mistaken. The older death eater changed aim quickly, and Draco, the only one to notice, reacted instantly. "Crucio!"

Snow Storm: Chapter 19

After the magazine article was released, Draco had been dreading the day that his parents reached out to him to disown him. Maybe they'd send a howler? Merlin, he hoped not. So when his owl came swooping in at breakfast Wednesday morning, he could hardly be surprised. He accepted the letter from the owl, and offered him a bit of his bacon. The heavy parchment envelope was sealed with a dark purple Malfoy emblem.

"It's from Mum," Draco informed Hermione. "Guess it's time to face the music. At least it's not a howler," he said. He took a steady deep breath, and then opened the letter. 'My beloved son, it has recently come to my attention that you've become deeply involved with the Granger girl. You can see how your father and I have many concerns regarding your intentions with this

relationship. I would like the chance to meet with you and her this Saturday. I'll be in London, we can have lunch. Please let me know if you two are available. I'll be awaiting your reply.' The letter was signed in his mother's elegant script. It pained Draco for some reason. He knew he was causing her distress, and his father was probably adding to that stress in his absence.

"My mother would like to have lunch with the two of us," Draco said to Hermione, looking at her in surprise.

Hermione watched nervously while Draco read the note. She chewed on her toast silently and watched him read. When he finished, and announced that his mother wanted to have lunch with them, she was a bit relieved. At least it wasn't his father, right? "You mean, just your mother? Not the both of them?" She asked. She was sure his mother had seen the article, and the picture clearly showed the necklace he had gifted her, and he had explained to her what it meant. Surely his mother would realize she was pregnant, and if his father had seen it, he would too.

Draco passed the letter to Hermione for her to read for herself. "Sounds like just her," he answered. "She'll know you're pregnant, even if the rest of the world doesn't. We can just hope that my father hasn't seen it." Maybe his mother didn't tell him. Maybe that was why she wanted to meet, to be sure. "So... What do you say? Are you ready to meet my mother? Officially?" Hermione's "visit" to Malfoy Manor had not exactly been a proper introduction for the two.

Hermione took the letter in her hands and read over it, and then looked to Draco. "I suppose I'd better." She told him. She wasn't sure how to feel about it, besides nervous, but she knew she would have to meet her eventually. "I mean, it sounds like she just wants to talk about your intentions, any mother would want to do the same, considering the circumstances." She said.

"My mother," Draco decided to explain, just to help calm Hermione's nerves. "She's not like my father. She's always been a loyal wife, but she's always put family first. I think if she gets to know you, she's going to adore you, just like I do." The tenderness of his words were almost gag-worthy. She was turning him into a sap!

Hermione set the letter on the table, and smiled at him. "Well, I say you tell her we will be there. And maybe throw in an apology for not telling her sooner." She added the last part with a laugh. "You're turning into a real softy, you know that?" She added as an afterthought. She was glad she hadn't turned him down when he had asked her to be his, because he had been like a different man since then. In a good way.

Draco rose an eyebrow at his love. "Bite your tongue, Granger," he said, reverting to her surname playfully. "Don't you forget what it is I'm capable of." He kissed her hard (not caring who saw), a smirk playing on his lips when he did. Their sex hadn't been as extreme lately, with her being pregnant and her stomach significantly more sensitive, but he wasn't going to let her think that he was going to let up on her forever. The pregnancy was temporary, after all. After that he had all the time in the world to prove to her just how soft he was not.

She kissed him back, and then laughed. "Oh, trust me, I won't." She promised him. It was a shame that being pregnant had made her so sensitive to being tossed around, but they also had connected on a new level, and she'd found that she enjoyed making love to him just as much as she enjoyed being abused by him.

Draco put the letter back in the envelope, and then took a bite of his eggs. "I'll write Mum back when we get back to the dorm," he told her between swallowing the eggs and taking a swig of his

juice. "And after that I'll remind you just how soft I've become." He gave her what one might perceive as a stern look. He couldn't be as rough as he used to, but that didn't mean he had to be gentle.

Hermione smirked back at him, and finished her toast. "Well, I'll look forward to that, then." She told him. There had been some nights that she'd felt too sick to even be with him, but he had been a good sport about it. He didn't pressure her or make her feel bad, he just comforted her. Another reason she knew she'd made the right choice when she picked him.

Draco had a free period between his first class and lunch, at which time he returned to his dorm and wrote to his mother. 'Mum, hoping all is well at home. Hermione and I would love to have lunch with you this Saturday. She's looking forward to finally meeting you, properly. I know we have a lot to discuss. Let me know when and where for lunch and we'll be there. Your son, Draco' Draco flew out to the owlery to deliver the letter, and spent the rest of his free period working out, as he was getting in the habit of doing now that Hermione's libido was changing from day to day. He skipped lunch for a shower on dorm.

Hermione decided to eat lunch on the dorm, feeling especially susceptible to her morning sickness. When she got there, she heard the shower running, and decided to sit down and eat. She picked carefully, filling her plate with food she knew wouldn't upset her stomach, and began eating. As she sat there, picking at her food, she couldn't help but wonder if Draco had written to his mother about meeting her for lunch. She couldn't help feeling nervous, and as she thought about it, her hand moved to feel the necklace he had given her.

When Draco emerged from his room, he greeted Hermione with a kiss. "How are you feeling?" he asked her, noting the small variety of foods on her plate, despite the vast selection available to her. He began to load a plate for himself, joining her at the table.

She kissed him back, offering a smile as he began making his own plate. "Feeling a little fragile at the moment," she admitted. She hadn't wanted to get sick in the great hall, or have to run off to avoid anyone seeing her get sick. Either way would be bad, and surely people would start talking. "Did you get a chance to write your mum?" She asked him.

Draco took a bite of his sandwich. "Yeah. I expect she'll write back with the time and location soon." He was actually looking forward to it, for some reason. His mother had always been loving, and compassionate, for a Black, at least where Draco was concerned. If they could get her approval, it could go a long way, even if they had to stand up to his bigoted father.

Hermione smiled, and nodded. "That's great," she said. As nervous as she was to meet his mother, she knew he was happy about it. Hopefully with her support they wouldn't have to worry as much about his father doing something irrational. She knew he would rather see her dead than risk her tainting his precious bloodline.

The letter Draco received in response had given them the time and location they were to meet, and when the day arrived, Draco and Hermione walked down past the castle gates to the nearest available apparition point, and, with an arm wrapped security around her waist, Draco vanished them both with a pop.

They arrived just a second later in London, in a popular shopping district his mother frequented. He'd never been to the eatery they would be meeting at, but her letter had included directions from the center fountain of the plaza. He escorted Hermione down the road and around the

corner, down another street, to a small pub that was located at the very end of the way. It seemed a bit out of the way for his mother's taste, in his opinion, but she'd said in her letter she'd wanted to try something new. Perhaps she simply didn't want to be seen somewhere she was known with her son and his muggleborn girlfriend.

"Here we are," Draco said, holding the door open for Hermione.

Hermione walked with Draco, she had dressed up, just a bit. She didn't want to appear too fancy, but also didn't want to wear her usual jeans and shirt that she was accustomed to. So she had settled on a more casual dress she had picked up in Australia. When they arrived, she walked in before Draco, when he held the door open for her. She scanned the room, seeing that it was nearly empty, except for about a half a dozen patrons, one of which she hadn't hoped to see. She froze suddenly, realizing all at once that they had been set up. They weren't meeting his mother at all, it was his father who had come to meet them. "Draco?" She said, unsure if she should even approach him. She had a bad feeling about this...

Draco stepped in just behind her, noticing his father at the same moment she had. He froze, his hands gripping her shoulders. He moved her behind him, taking her hand and giving it a reassuring squeeze as his father noticed them. With his free hand he gripped his wand, just in case.

"Father," Draco said, any warmth he'd usually use with the man replaced by steely caution.
"What are you doing here? Where's mother?" he demanded to know.

Lucius grinned at his son, even offered a fake smile to his little mudblood whore, who had the audacity to wear the Malfoy locket around her neck. He rose in polite greeting. "Draco, Miss Granger, come, sit." He sat again as Draco pulled out the chair for Hermione as far away from his father as was possible. "Your mother couldn't make it, but I assured her I'd come in her place to congratulate you." He waved to the bartender, who, upon his cue, approached with three goblets of pumpkin juice, placing one in front of each of them. "I am assuming congratulations are in order, are they not?"

Draco believed his father was being far too pleasant to be trusted. "As a matter of fact," Draco said, offering Hermione's hand a squeeze. "Yes, we're expecting."

"Ah!" Lucius said, a faux cheerfulness in his tone that made Draco cringe. He turned his attention to the muggleborn now. "And I suppose you understand what that trinket around your neck is meant to represent?" he challenged her.

Hermione felt her stomach twisting and turning with nerves as they approached the table. She sat in the chair Draco had pulled out for her, but she honestly wished they could just turn around and leave. As his father spoke, she felt her skin crawl, his tone, and fake cheery tone, she had heard it plenty. Usually when he was taunting her or her friends while pretending to be friendly. They always knew that he was trying to belittle them without coming out and saying it, and it didn't feel any different to her.

"Draco explained to me what the locket means, when he gave it to me." She told him, making sure her tone didn't reflect how uncomfortable he made her feel. Her hands moved to the goblet in front of her, just to keep them busy, but she made no move to take a drink yet.

Draco saw Hermione reach for her drink, and before she could even start to bring it to her lips, Draco reached out and took it from her. He glared at his father as he took his own goblet and exchanged it for hers. He watched for his father's reaction, but if there was one, he hadn't caught it. If anything, he looked amused by his son's obvious distrust.

Lucius returned his attention to the girl when the drinks had been switched. It mattered not, he'd instructed that the potion be given to both of them, just in case. Sure, his son would experience some unpleasant stomach cramping and nausea, but he'd be no worse for wear. The mudblood, on the other hand... "So my son told you how it's been worn by every Malfoy wife for more than six generations?" He asked. "How unprecedented, then, that you should be the next to wear it, and without even bearing the Malfoy name." It was insulting enough that they weren't married, but even that could have been overlooked, if she were a pureblood girl of good standing.

"So, you'd like us to get married, then?" Draco asked, bringing the goblet of pumpkin juice to his lips. He hesitated for only a moment to see if his father would stop him, before taking a drink. It didn't taste off. "Because I'm sure that could be arranged," he finished.

Lucius' smile faltered. "Surely you two are too... young to be considering marriage at this point."

Hermione watched as Draco switched their drinks, and decided not to grab for the drink he had placed in front of her. She couldn't tell by looking at Lucius if he had done something to her drink, but he also didn't stop Draco from taking a drink of it. When the older man turned his attention back to her, she had to restrain from rolling her eyes. He was such a bigot, and he just loved making her feel like she was unworthy. But thankfully, Draco had seen past the idiocy that Lucius had tried so hard to instill in him.

"Your wife gave it to him to give to the woman he saw fit to wear it, and he gave it to me. Your opinion really doesn't matter to me," she told him. She knew he wouldn't be happy with her answer, but what did he want her to say? Sorry? Hell no.

Draco asked him if he wanted them to be married, and she almost spoke up, saying they weren't considering it, but she decided against it. Her stomach continued to turn, she wasn't sure what it was, but something she was smelling was upsetting her stomach. She leaned forward slightly, trying to discreetly smell the pumpkin juice in front of her. It had a bitter smell to it, maybe it had gone bad? Whatever it was, her stomach did not like it.

For some reason Lucius hadn't expected her to actually answer him, much less to have the nerve to say what she did. "And you think that just because you've gone and gotten yourself knocked up with someone's child..." It was getting harder to hold back his anger.

"It's my child," Draco interjected, cutting his father off. He took another long drink of his juice. "We already performed a paternity test, which I brewed myself," he informed him, before his father could try to call it faulty.

"So even you questioned the legitimacy of-"

"That's enough," Draco said, growing exhausted of the conversation. "Hermione is the mother of my child, Hermione wears the necklace, and there's nothing you," his stomach cramped slightly, causing him to give slight pause. "Or anyone else can do about it." His face flushed pale, almost green. He felt suddenly like he was going to be sick. He breathed through it, too angry and

untrusting to leave Hermione alone with the senior Malfoy long enough to excuse himself to vomit.

"Lower your voice," Lucius warned in a hiss, looking around the pub. He didn't exactly want other people hearing their family's business.

Hermione had to bite her tongue, thankful that Draco spoke up before she had to, to defend herself. But as he spoke, she could tell something was wrong. She looked over at Draco, and she saw how pale he had gotten. She reached over, grabbing his hand. "Are you okay?" She asked him quietly, ignoring Lucius, who was demanding Draco keep his voice low. She grabbed Draco's cup, which had originally been hers, and smelled it. It had the same bitter smell hers had, and she looked to the older male, her eyes narrowing.

"Did you put something in our drinks?" She asked him, not bothering to keep her voice low, as he would prefer. If he had the nerve to poison them, she wasn't going to be quiet about it. She could tell something was clearly wrong with Draco, and whatever it was, it was likely meant for her.

Lucius scoffed at the accusation. "Of course not," he denied. "Nothing strong enough to harm an adult, anyway."

Draco stood quickly then, his wand drawn, even as he continued to fight through the nausea. "You would dare try to take my child away from me?" He was disgusted. He hadn't felt this angry since he'd finished off Scabior. "You think for one second that I would let you get away with that?"

Lucius stood as well, removing his own wand from its holster. "I was doing you a favor. You might not see it now, but years from now, when you're stuck with that mudblood, you're going to wish you'd let me—"

Draco shot a curse at his father, who narrowly avoided it. "You were doing yourself a favor," Draco argued. Other patrons of the pub began to settle their tabs and head for the exit, not wanting to be mixed up in whatever drama was about to take place.

Hermione was shocked and angered by what she was hearing, he had actually attempted to kill her baby, just to stop them from having a child he considered to have dirty blood. She stood quickly when Draco shot off the first curse, causing her chair to fall backwards. She moved around it, moving behind Draco, and pulling on his shoulder. "Let's just go, he's admitted he intended to kill our baby, he will get what's coming to him." She spat, eyeing Lucius viciously. Her hand moved to remove her own wand, just in case she needed to use it. She wasn't sure if her reasoning with Draco would be enough to get him out of there. All she knew was that she didn't want to lose him to Azkaban because of his father's attempted murder.

Narcissa only hoped that she wasn't too late. She had just decided that she was in fact going to send the letter she'd drafted to her son, when she discovered it gone. The fear she felt at first was of her husband, who she knew to be very angry at their son. How would he react to learning that she had been considering meeting with them? Without telling him? But when she found Draco's response letter, it was her son she feared for. Narcissa thought quickly, casting a revealing spell on her stationary in hopes of revealing the last letter written. She had to act quickly, their meeting had been set to begin fifteen minutes ago.

It was just as she feared, arriving outside the pub to see its few patrons exiting. She pushed past them to enter, and there they were, her husband, her son, and the unfortunate young witch caught in the middle. She could hear the girl urging Draco to leave, and her words crushed the older mother. She wasn't surprised, just disappointed. She swept across the room as she saw the anger in her husband's eyes, grabbing Hermione by the shoulders.

"Child, no, don't get in the way," Narcissa urged, pulling her away from the dueling men. But she joined in the young girl's plea, directing hers towards her own spouse. "Lucius, don't do—" But her words fell on deaf ears, or at the very least came too late. Lucius sent a curse soaring towards the three of them, and Narcissa threw herself over the pregnant teen, praying that her son, too, was quick enough to avoid the blast.

Draco threw up a shield charm as quickly as he saw his father's wand flick with the silent cast. "I killed Scabior because he threatened Hermione. Don't think I won't do the same to you," Draco warned, his blood boiling. Truth be told, he'd been waiting for a reason to duel the man for a couple of years now.

Hermione was surprised by the appearance of Draco's mother, and at first, she feared that she might be helping her husband. She quickly realized that she was in fact there to stop him, and when her words angered Lucius enough that he threw a spell at them, the older woman went as far as to shield her from the potential blast. She wished it had really been her they were here to see, perhaps they could have had a nice lunch.

Instead, Hermione heard Draco threaten his father, and she feared he might actually act on his words. She instantly thought about how Draco had acted after killing Scabior, the internal struggle he'd faced. She couldn't imagine the aftermath of killing his own father for her, how he might come to hate her for it. "Draco, no, please! Let's just leave, he's not worth it!" She begged him, hoping he would listen.

"Law enforcement will be here soon," Narcissa warned the two men who she cared about more than anything. "It's time to go, now, before at least one of you winds up in Azkaban." She couldn't bear to have her family torn apart once more. Especially not now that it was growing. "LUCIUS!"

Draco refused to be the first to lower his wand, so when his mother put her foot down and ordered her husband to stand down, Draco thought he might obey. He was mistaken. The older death eater changed aim quickly, and Draco, the only one to notice, reacted instantly. "Crucio!" he shouted.

Lucius had had enough of this nonsense. Had they all lost their minds? Had they all forgotten about everything they'd been fighting for these last twenty years? He aimed to stun the young witch, to get a moment alone with his family, to help them see reason, but as soon as he so much as decided on the thought, he was struck with an all consuming pain. He dropped to his knees, wand falling from his hand. "You choose that whore over your family?" he groaned out, the effort extraordinary through the pain.

Narcissa had had enough. She withdrew her own wand and aimed it at her son. "Expelliarmus," she said to him angrily. She caught the wand as it came soaring toward her, and passed it to Hermione. "Get him out of here," she ordered her son's girlfriend.

Hermione watched in horror as Lucius not only refused to lower his wand, but he aimed at her. Before he could do anything Draco sent the unforgivable curse at his father. When his mother handed Draco's wand to her, she shoved it in her pocket, and grabbed his hand. "She's right, it's time to go." Hermione said sternly, pulling him to the door. As soon as they were outside the building, she apparated them back to the school gates.

Once there, she let go of his hand. Everything that had just happened hit her all at once, and she felt tears stinging at her eyes.

Draco went with her willingly this time, having little choice now that she had his wand. When they landed outside of the school, Draco pulled Hermione to him, wrapping his arms tightly around her. "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. If I thought for one minute... We should have left the moment we saw him."

Hermione leaned into him, her mind was racing. She was thinking back to something she had read, something she had actually considered when she thought the baby was Ron's. "I know the potion he tried to use on me. I read about it. It's meant to cause an abortion." She said into his chest. She remembered that it had a bitter smell, and it was also meant to repel pregnant witches from actually taking it. It would make them think twice before making the decision to kill their child. To think she had actually considered it once, and now, she was horrified at the idea that he had tried to do that to her.

Draco frowned. He had realized that right away, but he wasn't sure if she had. "I know," he told her. He was familiar with the potion. He'd offered it to a witch who claimed, once, to be carrying his child. He'd known she was lying, of course. She was simply trying to manipulate him, and he needed to prove the point that he wouldn't be manipulated by a slag like her. "Do you want to go down to Hogsmeade and get lunch?" he offered, before making the trek back into the castle. She had to be hungry still. "Or should we just go back to dorm?" He thought eating in the village might help provide an alibi if anyone came asking around.

Hermione attempted to collect herself, and then nodded. "Yeah, we can go eat." She agreed, she knew, even if she felt sick to her stomach, and didn't know if she could eat, she needed to try for the baby. She wiped at her eyes, and took a deep breath. It could have been a lot worse, she could have taken a drink of that juice and she could have lost her baby. "Your mum seems nicer now." She commented, and almost laughed. The last time she'd witnessed any interaction from the woman was when she was arguing with Harry at Madam Malkin's shop. She'd been less than pleasant that day, but then again, Harry wasn't exactly being charming himself.

Draco did laugh, lightly, and released Hermione, turning them towards the village and putting his arm around her as they began to walk. "She puts her blood first," Draco explained to her. "My father is not her blood." The baby that Hermione carried was her blood, making Hermione invaluable to the family matriarch. "If you're my priority, you're her priority as well." It was both incredibly complicated and incredibly simple.

"So, Three Broomsticks?" Draco suggested as they entered the busy village. It was a popular venue, always busy, filled with students and villagers. It would serve them well to be seen there this afternoon, especially with Hermione's bitter ex on the side of law enforcement.

Hermione smiled lightly, it was nice to know that his mother was on her side. She had also possibly kept Draco from going to Azkaban today. Possibly. She couldn't be sure no one would come for him, but Lucius would be a fool to report it. That didn't mean a bystander hadn't

reported the whole ordeal, and possibly without knowing what Lucius had done to them, had tried to do to her, that brought on the attack.

She nodded when he suggested the three broomsticks. "Yeah," she agreed with him, leaning into him.

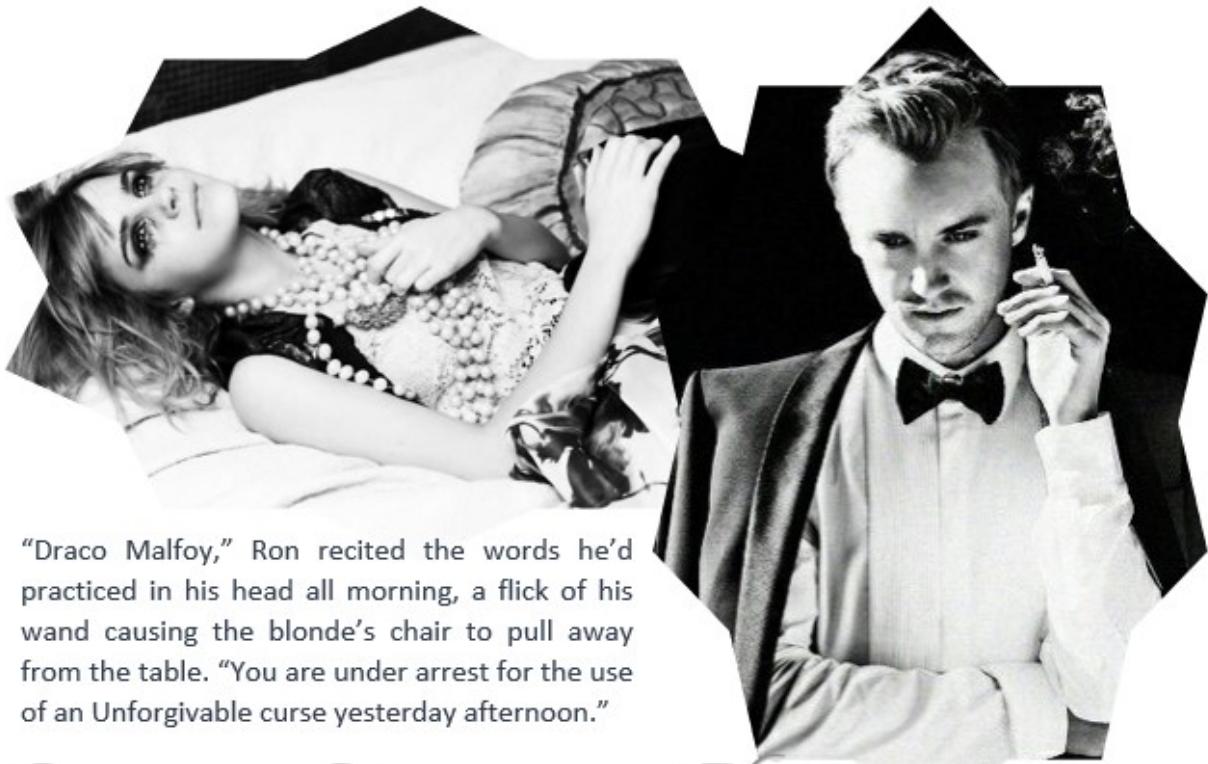
Chapter 20: Under Arrest

Chapter Summary

Ron Weasley takes great pleasure in leading the charges for his first arrest.

Chapter Notes

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



"Draco Malfoy," Ron recited the words he'd practiced in his head all morning, a flick of his wand causing the blonde's chair to pull away from the table. "You are under arrest for the use of an Unforgivable curse yesterday afternoon."

Snow Storm: Chapter 20

Ron almost couldn't believe his luck. Saturday afternoon his team got the news that Draco and Lucius Malfoy were seen dueling in a restaurant in London. Witnesses claimed that the younger Malfoy had used an Unforgivable on his father, his own father! Granted, Ron wouldn't mind giving that son of a bitch the ol' Crucio himself, but he knew better. But the good news was, both wizards were to be brought in for questioning, and the younger to be arrested on the spot for his use of the illegal curse. Ron had gained permission to lead the effort for Draco's arrest, for training purposes, of course.

So late Sunday morning, Ron Weasley and five other Aurors made their way to Hogwarts. It was brunch and the whole school would be gathered in the Great Hall. The redhead couldn't wait to

see the look on Malfoy's face when he dragged him out of there in front of everyone. If he thought he was untouchable because he was dating Hermione, he was bloody wrong.

His body coursed with adrenaline as the doors to the hall opened and he strutted inside, warrant in hand. The house tables were gone, so he scanned the room as he walked for that head of platinum hair. He found Malfoy sitting with his ex-girlfriend, his backstabbing sister, and Luna, who apparently also didn't mind eating with the devil. He made a b-line straight towards the Head Boy, his team in tow.

"Draco Malfoy," Ron recited the words he'd practiced in his head all morning, a flick of his wand causing the blonde's chair to pull away from the table. "You are under arrest for the use of an Unforgivable curse yesterday afternoon." Another swish of his wand, and Malfoy was forced to his feet. "Incarcerous." Thick ropes bound themselves around Draco's wrists.

Draco barely had time to react before he was swept onto his feet against his will. He'd expected this, he really had, which was why he was glad that he'd instructed Hermione never to tell anyone what'd happened the day before. Not even Ginny or Potter. It was why he'd taken her to the Three Broomsticks, and why, while they were there, he turned the pub's clocks back one hour. As far as the many, many students who enjoyed lunch at the popular spot knew, Hermione and Draco had been present there the entire afternoon, before and long after the alleged London duel.

"It's a setup, Hermione," Draco told his lover urgently. "We were in Hogsmeade all day. They've got nothing."

Hermione knew this might happen. They had talked about it, and Draco had promised her that their alibi would hold, and he wouldn't be put in prison. But when Ron came strolling into the great hall, her stomach twisted all the same. Before any of them could react, Ron had Draco bound and was telling him he was under arrest.

Hermione stood up, and she didn't have to fake the surprise and distress on her face. Even knowing it was coming, nothing could prepare you for your ex arresting your current lover. "Draco's right, we were in Hogsmeade all day, there were witnesses. This is a mistake!" She spoke to Ron, who looked overjoyed to be arresting Draco.

McGonagall was already making her way down the length of the hall when the team of Aurors had bound their ward. "What is the meaning of this?" she demanded. "Why are you arresting my Head Boy?" She gave a harsh look to the team, before offering the same irritated look to both Draco and Hermione.

"Sorry, Professor," Ron said, not sounding very sorry at all. "But we have reason to believe that your Head Boy here engaged in a duel yesterday, in which he used the unforgivable Cruciatus curse. Again." He gave Malfoy's arm a jerk, emphasizing that he would be using his prior use of the curse as evidence against him.

The headmistress looked as though she'd been slapped in the face, a hand moving over her racing heart in shock. "Well that just can't be true." She could see the distress on her Head Girl's face. "Let me see that warrant." Ronald passed it to her, and Minerva looked it over quickly. She passed it back. "I'm afraid this warrant is valid. There's nothing I can do," she told her head students both sadly.

Draco's heart was pounding, but he needed to keep a clear head. After all, they had a plan in place. He was sure he could get through this. Even if he was forced to spend a few nights in Azkaban, at least the Dementors had been dismissed by the new Minister of Magic. It wouldn't be so bad. The hardest part would be being away from Hermione.

"I love you, Hermione," he told her, and offered a glare to Weasley. "I'll be back soon. I promise."

"You just keep telling yourself that," Ron grumbled.

Hermione watched as McGonagall looked over the warrant, and handed it back, announcing that it was valid. She felt a lump in her throat, and she looked at Draco, who was saying he loved her. "I love you too. I'll do whatever I can to get you out of there." She promised him. She had made a mental list of people they had seen in the three broomsticks, all she would need to do is get as many of them to testify as she could.

She turned her attention to McGonagall, who looked about as upset as Hermione felt. "They've got it all wrong, there's plenty of students who saw us yesterday, I'm sure they'll all agree it's impossible that Draco committed this crime." She knew they had been warned, and McGonagall had given them plenty of chances when they didn't exactly deserve it. She had to be pissed.

McGonagall watched as the small huddle of law enforcement officers carted her Head Boy from the hall. "Finish your breakfast, Miss Granger, and then meet me in my office." The headmistress, appetite ruined, left the hall then. This was new for her. She'd never seen a student arrested before. She didn't exactly know how to handle it. Perhaps Dumbledore's portrait would have some sage advice. He typically did.

Hermione watched as Draco was taken away, and then nodded to McGonagall, who of course wanted to see Hermione in her office. She sighed, sitting down in her seat heavily. She had barely eaten, and she didn't feel she could eat anymore, but she needed time before she went to talk to the headmistress. She stared down at her plate of food, concern and worry in her eyes as Ginny and Luna tried to console her, and tell her it would turn out fine.

When she could stall no longer, Hermione made her way to the Headmistress' office, spoke the password, and entered the room with a grave feeling in the pit of her stomach. She took a seat, silent, feeling that there were really no words to soften whatever blow she was about to take. Whatever the lecture was, she deserved it.

McGonagall wished it wasn't too early for a drink. She could certainly use one, or three. When Hermione made it into her office, Minerva sat down at her desk with a weighty sigh.

"For so many years the center of all the excitement at this school had been Harry. Year after year, Harry, and you, and Mr. Weasley... This year..." She sighed again. "I just don't understand how trouble follows you the way it does. Please, Miss Granger, enlighten me."

Hermione sat there, her hands in her lap, a lump in her throat as McGonagall spoke. At her question, Hermione was silent for a moment, not really sure what to say. "I'll admit, Draco and I have made some mistakes, but what they're saying, it didn't happen." She said. As Draco had instructed her, she hadn't spoken to anyone about what had happened. Not even Ginny. They were sure that Lucius would deny any involvement as well, and they had hoped it would be enough.

"Then why," Minerva implored, sounding exhausted. "Are they saying that Mr. Malfoy has committed such a crime? Who would make such a claim? Why would they target him in this way?" This went far beyond the typical schoolyard drama. If not able to prove his innocence, the consequence would be prison, possibly for life.

This was something they hadn't discussed, and Hermione was trying to come up with a possible reason someone might frame Draco. It was a good question, and she had no answer. "He has a lot of enemies..." she said finally, and she knew it wasn't enough, but it was the first thing she could think of. She was feeling extremely stressed, and put on the spot, and she was starting to feel a sharp pain in her right side. She shifted, trying her hardest to ignore it and continue. "It could be his father, he's likely not happy about our newly public relationship." She said, the pain was growing, and she was doing all she could to avoid letting on that it was bothering her.

Minvera had to admit, it was a possibility. "I suppose we couldn't put it past Lucius to do such a heinous thing..." She frowned. "But to have his own son arrested? It seems awfully extreme, just because he doesn't approve of the relationship." She stared at Hermione for a moment. "Are you feeling quite alright?" she asked, having noticed Hermione seemed to be in discomfort. She could have sworn she even saw the girl wince.

Hermione nodded, though the stabbing pain was growing. She stood suddenly, moving around her chair to stand behind it. "I'm fine, I think it's just the stress." She said, closing her eyes for a moment. She shook her head, trying to gather her thoughts. "I think, considering who we're talking about, it's not that extreme at all." She said through gritted teeth.

McGonagall watched her student closely. "Miss Granger you're in pain. Are you in need of medical attention?" She stood from her desk, hurrying over to the teen. She placed the back of her hand on the girl's forehead. "You're looking suddenly pale. Maybe we should get you to the infirmary."

Hermione shook her head, putting her hand on her side, trying to dull the stabbing pain. "There's something I haven't told you." Hermione said, sighing. If she didn't tell the woman, she was going to find out. Sooner rather than later, it seemed. As she was psyching herself up to admit that she was pregnant, Hermione felt a rush of dizziness, and she lost consciousness suddenly.

McGonagall reacted quickly, rushing the young witch to the hospital wing, as she'd been preparing to do anyway. After explaining the symptoms she'd witnessed, it wasn't long before the healer was able to tell her what had caused her fainting spell. "Oh, for Merlin's sake!" the headmistress exclaimed, exasperated. "These kids, Poppy... First Miss Weasley and Mister Potter, and now these two..." She hadn't been formally clued in on the Potter baby, but it was beyond hiding at this point, especially with the media attention surrounding them. "Are there any other pregnant students I should know about?" she demanded to know.

Hermione regained consciousness, and the first thing she heard was McGonagall asking if there were any other pregnancies she should know about. Hermione sighed, realizing she was in the hospital wing. "I'm sorry, I was trying to tell you," she said, sitting herself up slowly. Her head still felt pretty fuzzy, but the pain in her side seemed to be gone at least. "But that's exactly why I think Lucius might have set Draco up. If he saw that article from valentine's day, he would recognize the locket Draco gave me, a locket given to women who are carrying Malfoy heirs." She said, rubbing at her head. Now that she knew the truth, Hermione could spin a story that made a bit more sense, at least.

The headmistress turned her attention back to her student when she heard her apology. It was so hard to yell at her while she was lying in a hospital bed, but she would do her best. "Well, that certainly explains a motive," she agreed. "But it doesn't explain how my two brightest students could do something so, so foolish. I specifically warned you two not to go getting into any more drama, and here you are..." She shook her head.

Hermione should have seen that coming, and she sighed, sinking down in her bed a bit. "To be fair, when you said that, I was technically already pregnant." She said, "I mean, I obviously didn't know." She said, backpedaling just a bit, so she wouldn't get herself into more trouble.

McGonagall opened and shut her mouth, not quite knowing how to respond to that. "Right," she said, deflating gradually. "Well, whatever the case, you need your rest. Madam Pomfrey estimates that you're around twelve weeks along. You need to be taking special care of yourself."

"Let me tell her what kind of care to be taking, Professor. She's my patient," Poppy Pomfrey insisted, pushing past the headmistress to Hermione's bedside. In her hand she held a potion. "Drink this," she instructed without explanation. "The will to live is strong in this one, but it's too small. I wouldn't have known it was so far along if not for the level of development, fingers and toes and whatnot. Looking at you I suspect it's malnourished. You're not putting on enough weight. Lost some more likely, from the looks of you. Has the morning sickness been bad?"

Hermione looked between the two women, and took the potion from Madame Pomfrey. She threw the potion back quickly, and swallowed, before nodding. "Yeah, it's been difficult to keep most food down," she said. She knew that it wasn't the reason she had lost so much weight, or why the baby was so small, but that was one secret she would not be admitting to. "But you... you say the baby is strong?" She questioned after a moment, she had worried, of course, that she had harmed her baby, and from the sound of it, she had. Malnourished, Hermione could only hope that was her baby's greatest problem.

The healer nodded. "Yes, it's a stubborn one, thankfully. Much like its parents, I expect. But I must insist you begin taking it easy and increase your dietary intake. Have you tried ginger tonics for nausea? If those don't work, I can get you something stronger. The most important thing, at the moment, is stress management." She didn't want to admit that it seemed like a pointless effort considering her choice of partner, as it wouldn't possibly be helpful.

Hermione was relieved to hear that the baby was doing well, she wished more than anything she could tell Draco about it, which only made her sad. "Ginger tonics have helped a little, but if you think I need to put on some weight, something stronger might be better." She said. It had been difficult to get much down at each meal without triggering her morning sickness, and she knew that she needed to be eating more.

Pomfrey nodded. "I'll send you with a couple of doses. I'll need to brew a full batch in order to get you through the upcoming weeks," she offered. "I'll need to see you for once weekly check-ups until I know the baby is growing as it should be. You can find out the sex now, though, if you're interested." She offered a thin smile. This was usually the most exciting part, learning the gender. And while she didn't have a habit of treating pregnant patients, she'd had a few over the decades. This year more than ever, but that was unsurprising after a war like the one these students had experienced.

Hermione nodded, and when she was offered the opportunity to find out the sex of the baby, she frowned. She wanted to know, more than anything, but she wondered when she would get to

share the news with Draco. She could wait, or she could find out and have it be some happy news for when she was able to see him again. After a moment of silence, and thinking it over, she decided. "Alright, yeah. I'd like to know." She felt a little guilty Draco couldn't be with her for this. He had been defending her, it seemed like everytime he got into trouble it was over her. This time could actually get him locked up. It was hard not to stress over it, even though she knew the stress she was feeling was dangerous for her baby.

Poppy nodded and smiled. "You're having a boy," she informed the teen, having already discovered the sex during her initial exam. The student had been unconscious for nearly a half hour, enough time for her to figure out the problem, and run a full health scan on mother and child. "Congratulations." She didn't say more, giving the girl time to let the information sink in.

Hermione smiled, wondering if Draco would be happy about it. "Wow. Thank you." She said, it felt strange knowing what the baby would be. A little boy. It made it all seem more real. "Well, I guess my next question is, when do I get to go back to my dorm?" She asked. She wanted to write Harry, if anyone knew anything about what was going on with Draco, it would be him.

Poppy shuffled off to her potion stores, sorting through them for a moment. "You can return to your dorm, if you promise to eat and rest more. Here." She returned with just a couple of the more powerful potions. "I can have more of these for you when you return to visit me in one week's time. And bring miss Weasley with you, will you? It'll just be easier to keep up with both of you at once."

Hermione took the potions and nodded, "Of course. I'll see you in a week." Hermione answered her, and got to her feet. She walked steadily back to her dorm, setting the potions on a table, and sat herself down at the desk to write a quick note to Harry. She simply asked him to let her know if he had any news about Draco, but after writing it, she realized that the walk to the owlery and back was much more than she felt she could handle. Instead she started making a list that she wanted to give Harry, every student they had encountered in Hogsmeade the day before.

Harry felt awful for Hermione. He knew that Draco was being arrested, and he knew there was nothing he could do to help him, not yet, not until he'd gathered more information. As of that morning there were enough witnesses saying that Draco and his father had in fact dueled, and worst yet, that Draco had used the Cruciatus curse, to warrant the arrest. Unfortunately, Harry knew that Draco had used this curse before. Hell, even Harry had. So it was hard for Harry to know for sure if it was true. But even if he had, surely he would have had a good reason.

For now, all Harry could do was gather information, and the first step in doing this would be to visit Hermione. He received permission to interview her, and headed straight to the castle. He knocked on the Head dorm door, hoping that she was there.

Hermione heard the knock on her door, and hurried to open it. When she saw Harry standing there, she let out a sigh of relief. "Thank you for coming Harry, I was going to write you." She said, pulling him into a hug. "Come on in," she offered, stepping aside to let him inside.

Harry hugged her back tightly for a long moment before entering the dorm. "It's pretty bad, Hermione. Malfoy is saying that you two were in Hogsmeade all day." Draco was maintaining his innocence, describing his alibi in detail. However, the witnesses who reported the crime all had identical stories. He didn't know what to believe. "But the charges against him are very serious."

Hermione nodded in understanding, and sat down on the couch. "All they said, all Ron said when he arrested him, is he was being accused of using the cruciatus curse, but I was with him, he never did." She told Harry, frowning. She hated to lie to him. "What else are they saying?" She asked him, she had already told McGonagall a theory about Lucius wanting to frame him, but she hadn't actually been informed. While waiting for Harry she had some time to think things through, and try to make sure she didn't make herself, and Draco, look guilty.

Harry could only imagine how upsetting it must have been for Hermione to have her ex come and arrest her new boyfriend, the father of her child, purely out of spite. He sighed, sitting on the couch next to Hermione. "The official story is that you, Draco, and Lucius were in a restaurant in London, arguing, when they broke out into a duel. They said that they thought things were deescalating when they heard Draco curse his father." Harry was frowning. The story was so solid, it was hard to believe that many people could collaborate a lie that way.

Hermione listened quietly, a confused look on her face. "We had lunch at the three broomsticks yesterday." Her own acting frightened her, and shook her head. "And they're saying I was there too?" She asked him, and shook her head. "I don't know why people are saying that, but I made a list of students we saw at Hogsmeade, the ones I remember seeing, at least. Do you think that would be helpful? It's the only thing I could think of." She told him.

Harry nodded and withdrew a notepad from his inside pocket. He'd expected her to say that. "Yes, that's what Malfoy's saying too. But I'll take that list, for sure. Officially, I'm here to get your statement. I'm not positive Ron's team is going to be taking Malfoy's alibi seriously. I'll be much more comfortable looking into it myself." Harry began writing down all of the information Hermione had given him thus far. "I'm not going to lie to you, Hermione, it doesn't look good for him right now. The department for magical law enforcement might have pardoned him for what happened with Scabior as a favor to me, but they haven't forgotten what they saw in that memory you gave us. They know what he's capable of."

Hermione frowned as he spoke, of course Ron's team wouldn't want to believe him. Even if he was telling the truth, Ron would want to keep him locked up. "How long do you think they will end up keeping him locked up, if they don't believe us?" She asked him, a terrible knot forming in her stomach as she waited for him to tell her. He said himself, more than once, it didn't look good for Draco. She had to prepare herself for what might happen. He might not be coming back to her.

Harry wished he didn't have to answer such a question. "Well, if this was simply a matter of a lesser assault, we wouldn't be going to all this trouble without someone, his father, actually pressing charges. However, because we're talking about an unforgivable, the ministry itself can pursue action. As of right now Lucius has not been brought in to make a statement. If he tells us it didn't happen, the department will be forced to drop the claim, which would be best case scenario. Worst case, he says that it happened, and we'll have to try him." Harry frowned. "I'm really sorry, Hermione. I'm doing everything I can." Harry didn't like to think that Hermione would lie to him about something like this, but until he spoke to her list of witnesses, he wouldn't know for sure.

Hermione closed her eyes, rubbing at her temples, where a headache was beginning to form. "So his best hope is Lucius, who is probably the one who set this all up." She sighed. Even though her story was untrue, the whole thing technically had been a setup. She could only hope that Lucius

didn't actually want to see Draco in jail. But with him out of the picture, he might think his chances of getting to her were better.

Harry nodded. He didn't know what more to say. He couldn't think of any comforting words. "Hermione, if there's anything I need to know to help you, please, tell me." He never in a million years thought he'd be fighting to help keep Draco Malfoy out of Azkaban for a third time! "Why would someone say all this happened if it didn't?"

Hermione hated lying to Harry, she wished she could just tell him the truth and hope that he would understand, but Draco had told her not to tell anyone. She sighed an exasperated sigh, and shrugged. "I mean, I don't really know. My only guess would be Lucius. You heard what Draco said about this necklace when he gave it to me. If Lucius saw that article, he knows I'm pregnant, and you know how much he loves his precious bloodline. What I don't know is why he would want Draco locked up." She said, frowning and staring into the fire. "I mean, unless he wants him out of the way..." she added as an afterthought.

Harry wrote down a few more notes, before putting away his pad. "You think Lucius wants to get Draco out of the way so that he can hurt you?" It was a pretty serious suggestion, but it made sense. No one would doubt that Lucius was capable of such a thing, not with the motives he had. "He could have paid those witnesses for their story. Hell, he could have cursed them into believing it's true." It was a stretch, but it was theory, and he'd be happy to run with it. "Where's that list of names? I'd like to find them today." The sooner he could go back to his department head with information, the better.

Hermione shrugged, "I mean, how far do you think he would go to keep his perfectly clean bloodline intact? I can't know for sure, but I don't exactly feel safe knowing he's out there." She got up off the couch, and went to the desk, grabbing the list and bringing it back to Harry. "This is everyone I can remember. The names I underlined, we actually spoke to them. Everyone else, well, I'm just hoping they noticed us. People usually do. If they do find Lucius, is he in any trouble?" she asked him.

Harry took the list from Hermione. "If he corroborates the story, then he still engaged in an illegal duel, in public, in broad daylight. He could be in trouble. Not as much as Draco, but still. He is on probation." He'd kept himself from returning to Azkaban by turning on his fellow death eaters, but he was still being watched rather closely.

Hermione nodded, "Is there anything else I can do to help?" She asked him. "If not, I suppose I should let you start your investigation. You're probably the only one on his side." It was sad, but true.

Harry nodded and made to stand, but stopped himself. "Hermione, are you okay?" He realized he hadn't actually asked her that. "I can come back here after I ask around, if you'd like? If you don't want to be alone." She'd mentioned not feeling safe, and he couldn't stand that idea.

Hermione stood, and nodded, intending to walk him out when he went. "I'm fine, I know as long as I'm in the school I'm safe. I just hate not knowing what will happen to him." She told Harry. "But I know you'll do everything you can to help him, and that helps." She added with a sad smile.

Harry walked with Hermione to the door, list in hand. "Do you want me to send Ginny to keep you company tonight?" He'd be stopping at Gryffindor tower to see some of these witnesses, so

he could make the suggestion while he was there. He wished there was more he could do. Unfortunately, he'd definitely gone from being a big fish in a small pond to a small fish in a big pond. He had influence, but no real power.

Hermione thought about his offer, "I think I'll be okay. You can tell her she's welcome to come by, but I don't want her to feel obligated. I just wish he was here, you know?" She sighed, and shrugged. "But I'm okay," she added, hoping he wouldn't worry about her.

Harry sighed and pulled Hermione into a hug. "You just take care of yourself and that baby," he told her. "I'll do everything I can to get him home to you." It was a damn large measure of how important Hermione was to him that he would ever go through this trouble for the likes of Malfoy.

Hermione hugged him back, and nodded. "I know you will. And I will, it sounds like Ginny and I will be going to see Madame Pomfrey weekly, together, from now on." She told him. Ginny wouldn't even know about that yet, since she hadn't had a chance to speak to Ginny yet.

"Well that's great," Harry said, releasing her and going for the door. "I'll be in touch."

Chapter End Notes

I just want to use this chapter to allow for a bit of Q&A, as some of you seem to have concerns about the choices Hermione and Draco have made, and the reality of the situations they're in.

Q: Why isn't Draco experiencing the same withdrawal as Hermione? A: Draco did suffer some minimal withdrawal while detoxing, but Draco never experienced the level of addiction Hermione did. Despite popular belief, not everyone who abuses an addictive substance will be addicted to it. As mentioned in previous chapters, it stopped being fun for Draco when Hermione wasn't using with him.

Q: How can you make Hermione... A: Hermione is suffering from many, many layers of PTSD, from the time she was a pre-teen she's been preparing for war, she had to say goodbye to her parents without knowing if she'd ever see them again, she witnessed the deaths of many loved ones, she was tortured and abused, and when all was said and done, she was left with survivor's guilt, on top of the burden of being unable to find her parents. That kind of trauma is the perfect foundation to turn recreational drug use into a full-blown addiction. Once that addiction set in, Hermione was no longer the same person, and each wrong path she journeyed down tore her further and further away from the person she used to be. After a while each bad decision becomes easier and easier to make, and the idea of finding her way back becomes harder and harder to fathom.

Q: That baby would be deformed/brain damaged/malnourished! A: Not a question, but thank you for your unsolicited information. You must be a doctor! Actually, it's not uncommon for women who suffer from drug addiction and are actively using during the first trimester of their pregnancy to not even realize they're pregnant. Hermione was using for the first 9 weeks of her pregnancy, and has now been clean for a very long, painful 3 weeks. She and

the baby both are very malnourished, and they have a tough road ahead. But there is no reason to believe that as long as Hermione takes it easy, ups her nutrition intake, and stays clean that she won't have a perfectly healthy baby boy.

Q: Hermione was using while she knew she was pregnant. She doesn't deserve that baby! A: Also not a question, but since it's been brought up, I will address it. Hermione's judgement is not exactly on point. At the time she learned she was pregnant, she a) didn't want to have a baby, b) thought it was Ron's baby, and c) sure as hell didn't want Ron's baby. When she made the (very wrong) choice to continue using, she was being selfish, and hoping that her addiction might eliminate her problem. She also contemplated abortion, but couldn't go through with it. And as long as Draco was none the wiser, he couldn't be a voice of reason to her.

Chapter 21: Welcome Home

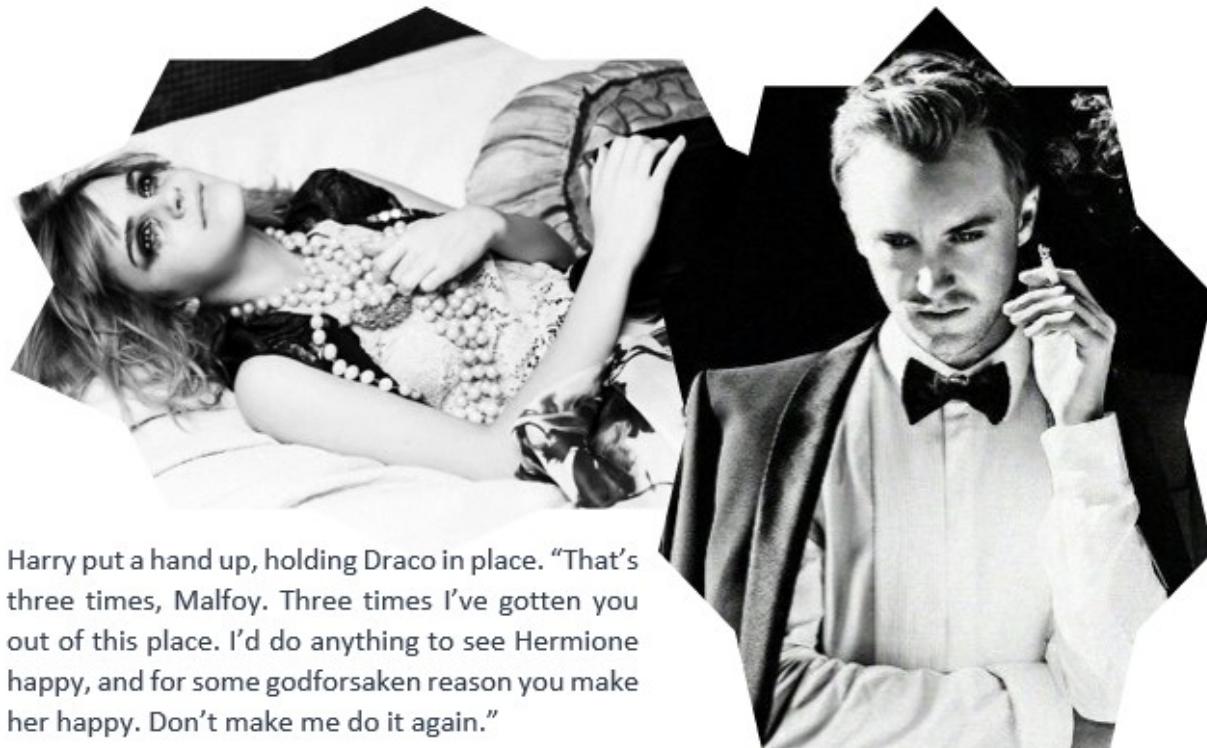
Chapter Summary

After two and a half very long days, Draco is returned home to Hermione where he belongs.

Fluff, sex (of the loving, passionate variety)

Chapter Notes

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



Harry put a hand up, holding Draco in place. "That's three times, Malfoy. Three times I've gotten you out of this place. I'd do anything to see Hermione happy, and for some godforsaken reason you make her happy. Don't make me do it again."

Snow Storm: Chapter 21

Draco could hardly believe that that ruddy weasel had actually done it, he'd actually thrown him in Azkaban! After being held at the Ministry of Magic for several hours, Draco was transferred to the wizard prison under the cover of night. Luckily, Minister Shacklebolt had removed all dementors from their posts, so it wasn't as bad as it could have been, but it was still prison, and he was still a former death eater. The new guards might not have been soul-suckers, but they had a rage all of their own. They were used to taking out their anger on people like him all day long. Voldemort's followers, who had committed crimes so disgusting, so heinous, that they deserved every minute of their punishment. Draco liked to pretend he wasn't one of those people, but despite the fact that he'd never found joy in the things he was made to do on the Dark Lord's

behalf, he'd done them. So for forty-eight hours, Draco, too, received the brunt of their, albeit justified, rage.

He would have preferred the soul-suckers.

Draco was sitting alone on the cold hard floor of his cell late Tuesday night, hungry (he'd refused to eat the garbage food he was offered), sleep deprived, and a little banged up from enduring the guards' idea of "discipline". He was beginning to wonder if he was ever going to get out. No one would talk to him about his case. He'd received no feedback regarding the findings of his alibi, no word of if his father had been found and was pressing charges, or what. Would he make it out in time to take his N.E.W.T.s? Would he make it out in time to see his child born? He'd be lucky to receive a sentence so short.

"Merlin, Malfoy. You look like shit."

Draco looked up at the voice of his most unlikely ally and offered him a halfhearted sneer. "Come to get a look at me at my lowest, Potter?" he asked, but he was truly relieved. If Potter was here, maybe that meant good news.

"Actually, I'm here to take you back to your very lonely, very pregnant girlfriend." Harry's smirk rivaled that of Draco's signature one.

Draco stood quickly. "Don't fuck with me, Potter." This was the best case scenario, and he hadn't dared hoped it could be that easy.

"Not fucking with you, Malfoy. Your father says it never happened, once we managed to get his statement. Plus your alibi checks out. No victim, no crime." With that, Harry unlocked the cell, opening the door wide. Draco couldn't get out fast enough, but just as he was crossing the threshold, Harry put a hand up, holding Draco in place. "That's three times, Malfoy. Three times I've gotten you out of this place. I'd do anything to see Hermione happy, and for some godforsaken reason you make her happy. Don't make me do it again."

Draco heeded Harry's warning, and thanked him for once again sticking his neck out for him. Harry escorted the Slytherin back to the school, where Harry knocked on the door to the shared dorm, Draco standing off to the side out of sight.

It had been a miserable couple of days for Hermione, and she wasn't even the one who was locked up. Every time she managed to fall asleep, every time, she dreamed he had come back to her, the charges were dropped, and he was safe. And when she woke up, she was alone, he was still gone. She spent most of her time in bed, she had been ordered to take it easy, after all. She attended her classes, and she ate as much as she could at meals, alone in the dorm, but that was it.

It was Tuesday night when she heard a knock on her door, she hadn't heard anything about his case, she had wanted to write Harry every hour for updates, but she also wanted him working to get Draco out, so she'd resisted.

She got out of bed, pulled on a robe, and went to the door. When she opened it, she saw Harry standing there. "Any news?" She asked him hopefully, stepping aside to let him enter. If he was here, it was either good news, or very bad news.

Harry took a steady breath. "Hermione, I did everything I could." Okay, so he was being a little dramatic for effect. He couldn't help himself. "And it worked." Harry stepped away, and from his side, Draco emerged, looking somewhat worse for wear, but overall elated to be returning home to the woman he loved.

Hermione felt tears stinging in her eyes as soon as he began, thinking he had come to tell her Draco wouldn't be getting out. He quickly changed his tune, and she wanted to be mad, but as soon as she saw Draco, it was all she cared about. "Oh, thank Merlin!" She said, throwing her arms around him. "Thank you Harry, thank you!" She cried, squeezing Draco as tightly as she could.

Draco wrapped his arms around Hermione, kissing her hair as he held her tightly. "I'm alright," he told her reassuringly. "Everything's alright."

"I'm just gonna... leave you two..." He'd go see if he could sneak into the Gryffindor tower and pay a surprise visit to Ginny. He had a feeling that the Heads wanted to be alone.

Draco didn't bother to wave him off, lifting Hermione into his arms and carrying her into the dorm that was their home. He kicked the door shut behind him as he carried her to the couch, sitting down so that she was on his lap. He'd never felt so at home as he did in that moment. He lifted her face to his and kissed her deeply.

Hermione wrapped her legs around him as he carried her, and when he sat on the couch, she kissed him back deeply. If this was another dream, she was about to be very pissed. After a moment of kissing him, she took his face in her hands, and backed away for a moment to study him. "The guards roughed you up, didn't they?" She asked him, leaning in to kiss a bruise on his perfect cheekbone. "I'm sorry you had to go through that." She still felt responsible. Even if he was the one who had gotten her pregnant, she was the one who had started it all by coming onto him their first night together.

Draco shook his head. "Stop that, right this minute, Hermione. This is my fault and only mine." He was the hothead who couldn't walk away from a fight. "And I'm fine. Really." He kissed her again. "I'm just happy to be back home." He kissed her once more.

"How are you? How's our baby?" he asked, moving one hand over her still-flat stomach. He had been thinking a lot about their child in his days of incarceration. About how close he'd come to losing it. If he hadn't switched their glasses, if he hadn't drank the abortion solution in her place...

Hermione nodded. "Just promise me you won't do it again. I can't lose you." She kissed him back, and then smiled when he asked about her, and the baby. "I'm fine, he's fine," she told him. She hadn't told anyone that she had found out she was having a boy, she had desperately hoped to be able to tell Draco first.

Draco paused. "He? It's a he? You know that for sure?" Draco asked, unable to contain his excitement. Maybe she was just guessing, to avoid calling it "it" every time they spoke of the unborn child.

Hermione grinned, nodding her head. "I found out after you were arrested, it's a boy." She told him happily. She kissed him again, so happy to finally be able to share this moment with him.

Draco was elated, and grinned as he kissed her in return. "That's amazing news. I'm so happy." He kissed her again, more passionately this time. "Merlin is it amazing to have you in my arms again," he spoke against her lips, leaning forward and lowering her into the couch beside them.

Hermione grinned against his lip, wrapping her legs around him as he laid her down. She reached down and immediately began working on getting his pants off, continuing to kiss him all the while. Even before he had been arrested, she had been so sick they hadn't been intimate nearly as much as they were used to.

Draco made quick work of removing his dirty, smelly clothes. "Merlin, you're beautiful," he said, looking down at her with her messy hair and unflattering bathrobe. He meant every word of it. He tugged at the tie around her middle, loosening the terry cloth belt in order to get her started.

Hermione couldn't believe how much she had missed him in just a couple days, but not knowing if he would be able to come home to her had really made her realize just how much she cared about him. She helped him get her robe off, then made quick work of removing the tank top and shorts she had under it. She went back to kissing him, her hand moving to stroke his member and show him just how much she had missed him.

Draco growled against her lips as her soft hand wrapped around him. He hardened at her touch. With one leg kneeling on the couch before her, the other foot still rested on the floor, Draco grasped her breasts firmly, massaging them as he felt her perky nipples stiffen at his touch. "I missed you," he told her, kissing her neck now. One hand journeyed between their bodies to her moist core, two fingers slipping inside of her so that he could feel her wetness. "I never want to be away from you like that again." It was only two days, but until an hour ago he had no idea when he'd see her again, and not knowing had been a torture even the dementors couldn't have provided. He fingered her slowly, savoring the way her tight walls felt around his digits.

Hermione moaned at the feeling of his fingers inside of her, "I missed you too, and you'd better not." If he was away from her like that again, it would mean he'd gotten into even more trouble. She didn't think she could handle that. His lips on her neck, and his hand on her breast, she was fully ready for him. "I need you, now." She begged him, she wanted to feel him inside her, now.

Draco sucked on the tender flesh where her neck met her shoulder briefly, before withdrawing his fingers. He sat up straight again and pushed into her, reaching out his sticky fingers to her mouth. He moved in her with deep, slow thrusts, wanting to enjoy her all night long, not rush through it and waste all his energy. He didn't have much of it to work with. His free hand moved to her waist, holding her against the cushions below them.

Hermione moaned as he pushed into her, taking his fingers into her mouth and sucking them clean as he moved inside of her. She spread her legs wide, wanting all of him inside of her. "You feel so good," she moaned.

Draco groaned, loving the way her mouth felt sucking his fingers, similar to how her amazing pussy felt on his dick. "You," he growled down at her, spreading her legs and pushing them towards her with both hands. "Feel fucking fantastic." Now as deep in her as it was possible to be, Draco picked up his pace, beginning to truly lose himself within her.

Hermione groaned as he pushed her legs against her chest, entering her as deeply as he could, going faster and faster. With every thrust she could feel her orgasm growing nearer and nearer. She grabbed the back of the couch, her other hand gripping the arm of the couch behind her head

as she pushed herself against him. "Oh, God, yes!" She cried out in ecstasy. She had needed this, bad.

Draco knew she was close, her tightness clamping down on him aggressively, trying to pull him over the cliff with her. In order to further antagonize her, he pressed one thumb hard into her clit, rubbing it as he felt her body explode around his shaft. Only when her body had stilled from the event did Draco pull out. He didn't want to stop, but his tired muscles screamed for relief. He kissed her longingly before moving out from between her legs, tilting her forward to instead make room for himself between her and the back of the couch. The relief was instant, and he pulled her hair away from her shoulder to expose her neck to him. He kissed and bit her fragile skin as he lifted her outermost leg and entered her from behind.

Hermione kissed him back, panting as he readjusted them. When he began biting and sucking her neck, she moaned at the sensation. If he kept it up much longer, she thought she might even be able to cum again. Her pregnancy hormones had her feeling extra horny, along with the fact that she had almost lost him.

Draco rocked his hips into her at a casual pace, relishing in the feeling of her. He reached his arm around her, holding her and massaging her breast. "Fuck, I'm so lucky to have you." He captured a mouthful of skin on her shoulder and bit it hard. Finding a second wind, Draco picked up his pace, feeling his climax begin to build, climbing, climbing. He groaned loudly, using his last bit of energy to see if he could get her off again before falling over the edge himself.

Hermione moaned, everything he was doing to her pushed her closer and closer to climax again, and as he picked up the pace, she moaned again. "Fuck!" She cried as he managed to get her off, once again. She pushed her forehead against the arm of the couch as her body shook with the force of her release.

Draco couldn't take it a moment longer, her climax sending him right over the edge. He continued thrusting until he'd spilled every last drop into her, finally slowing to a stop, but he didn't move. Instead he just kissed her everywhere his lips could reach.

Hermione grinned, feeling his lips on her back after he had finished. She relaxed a bit, laying forward and enjoying the attention, her sadness from earlier in the day was forgotten. At least for now. "I missed you," she said with a happy sigh. She was sure she had said it several times already, but it just didn't seem like she'd said it enough.

Draco kissed her smooth, freckled shoulder over the bruise that was beginning to form from where he'd bit it. "Not nearly as much as I missed you," he promised her. "It really got me thinking, while I was in there. I need to make sure you and our child are taken care of." He should have started doing something about it sooner, but now he realized that if anything were to happen to him, there was nothing set in place to make sure that she would be set up for the future. "There's only a few more months before we take our N.E.W.T.s." After that, he seriously doubted she wanted to step foot back inside Malfoy Manor after the things she'd experienced there, much less live there.

Hermione was staring at the fire, thinking about what he said, silent for a moment. "Set up for the future, in case you're not in it, you mean?" She asked him softly. Just the thought pained her, but she wasn't sure what would happen, and neither was he. She never thought she would have almost lost him to Azkaban, again, but she nearly had. If it weren't for Harry she probably would have.

Draco realized that his words might have caused some concern. He gave her a comforting squeeze. "No, not necessarily. I just mean, in general. If something had happened to me, you wouldn't have had access to any of my assets or my vault. I need to change that." She was the mother of his child, the woman he loved. She should have access to his finances in case of an emergency.

Hermione nodded, "Yeah, I suppose you're right." She said, trying to keep from thinking about all the reasons he might end up leaving her and their baby to fend for themselves. "What will we do about your dad? I'm sure he's not just going to give up his mission to keep the family line pure.." she said. She had thought about it a lot while he was locked up, wondering if Lucius would walk free, while Draco remained locked up, and what that would mean for her.

Draco certainly shared her concern. "I'm not sure. Maybe we need to set up a safe house until after the baby's born." It'd be a challenge to obtain a new residence without his busy body parents finding out, but not impossible.

Hermione nodded, it was a good idea, if they could keep his parents from finding out. "And do you think the baby will be safe after he's born?" She asked him. She really didn't know just how far his father would go, but she did think his mother seemed nice, and she was sure she would want to meet her grandson when he arrived.

"Once our world knows what we've done," Draco said in reference to ending the purity of the Malfoy line. "It's going to be a big topic of discussion. Our baby will be famous." He moved his hand to cradle her stomach. "He'll be untouchable."

Hermione smiled at that, and nodded. "I still don't think I'll trust him. But your mother, I like." She told him. She showed up that day, and she guarded Hermione with her own body. She would never forget that, just like she wouldn't forget how Lucius had still intended to harm her.

Draco leaned forward and kissed Hermione's cheek, before carefully crawling out from behind her. "The only thing you have to trust about him, at that point, is his sense of self-preservation. He can deny trying to abort a child the world doesn't know exists. There's no getting around bringing harm to a child that has a giant spotlight on it." Draco stretched his back, arms, and legs, before walking, nude, to the kitchen. He was realizing just how dehydrated and hungry he was. He poured himself a glass of water.

Hermione watched him as he walked, admiring his body, and listening to him speak. She supposed he had a point, it had to have been self preservation that had him deny that the duel ever happened, because she knew if he had admitted it and pressed charges Draco would likely still be in prison. She stood up, pulling her robe back on, and followed him into the kitchen. "You know, McGonagall knows about the baby now." She told him, getting herself a glass of water as well.

Draco turned to face her, eyebrows raised over his glass of water as he took another long drink. "How'd that come about?" he asked curiously. They'd been avoiding letting McGonagall know for obvious reasons. "Are we in trouble?" he asked as well with slight dread. For all he knew he wasn't even supposed to be here. Maybe she'd still expel him?

"She wasn't happy, but I think we're okay." She told him. "She was questioning me about what happened to get you arrested, and honestly, I was about to tell her about the baby, but I passed out before I got the chance. When I woke up Pomfrey had already told her." She admitted sheepishly. She felt a little silly now, thinking about it, but it had been a stressful day.

Draco dropped his glass, which fell and shattered to the floor. "What do you mean you passed out?" he asked, pulling her towards him. "Did something happen with the baby?" A new wave of guilt washed over him. Him and his hot head. He just had to get into it with his father, in public, and wind up in prison. The stress it must have put her under...

Hermione jumped at the sound of the glass breaking, "No, the baby is fine, she said he's a fighter." She told him, playing down the severity of the situation while wrapping her arms around his middle. "She's going to see me once a week, check on both of us, but she said I'm fine. I just have to make sure I'm eating and resting." She told him. She hadn't even thought about how upsetting that news must have been for him, now that she knew she was okay, it was mostly embarrassing to have fainted in front of the headmistress.

Draco wrapped his arms around her, resting his head on top of hers. "Merlin, you scared me," he told her. She'd said it so flippantly he wondered if she'd meant to tell him at all. But he wouldn't hold it against her, considering the scare she must have experienced while he was gone. "And you could use a little meat on your bones," he teased her. He'd enjoyed her tiny, pliable frame, back when they were in their drug fueled affair, but now that she was housing their child, she needed to get healthy, and right now she was the thinnest he'd ever seen her.

Hermione nodded, "I'm working on it, she gave me stronger potions for morning sickness, they've really helped." She told him. Now that she wasn't worried about him she thought she might be able to handle eating even more. But the last few days she had made sure to eat as much as she could per meal.

Draco kissed the top of her head. "Well I say we start now, because I haven't eaten in two days," he told her. "I'm going to go take a shower, and then go down the kitchen and see if I can get the elves to give me something to eat." It was nearly midnight now and he didn't think he could wait until morning for breakfast to be served.

Hermione frowned at that, he had starved himself while he was locked up. She was glad it had only been two days. "Yeah, sounds like you need to eat." She agreed, letting go of him so he could head into the bathroom. "I'll take care of this," she told him, gesturing to the glass that had shattered. Her wand was in her room.

Chapter End Notes

I just want to take a couple of moments to thank a couple of my readers!
MythalGivesYouDreams and rat, your words of encouragement mean so much to myself and my partner! You really encourage me to get new chapters up as quickly as possible.

I hope you and everyone else enjoy the new chapter banners I crafted and updated in to every chapter painstakingly until 5am last night... Chapter 25 is nearly complete, so I broke my own rule to get this chapter out to you just a smidge early. Hope you enjoy this intimate chapter!

Chapter 22: The Home Hunt

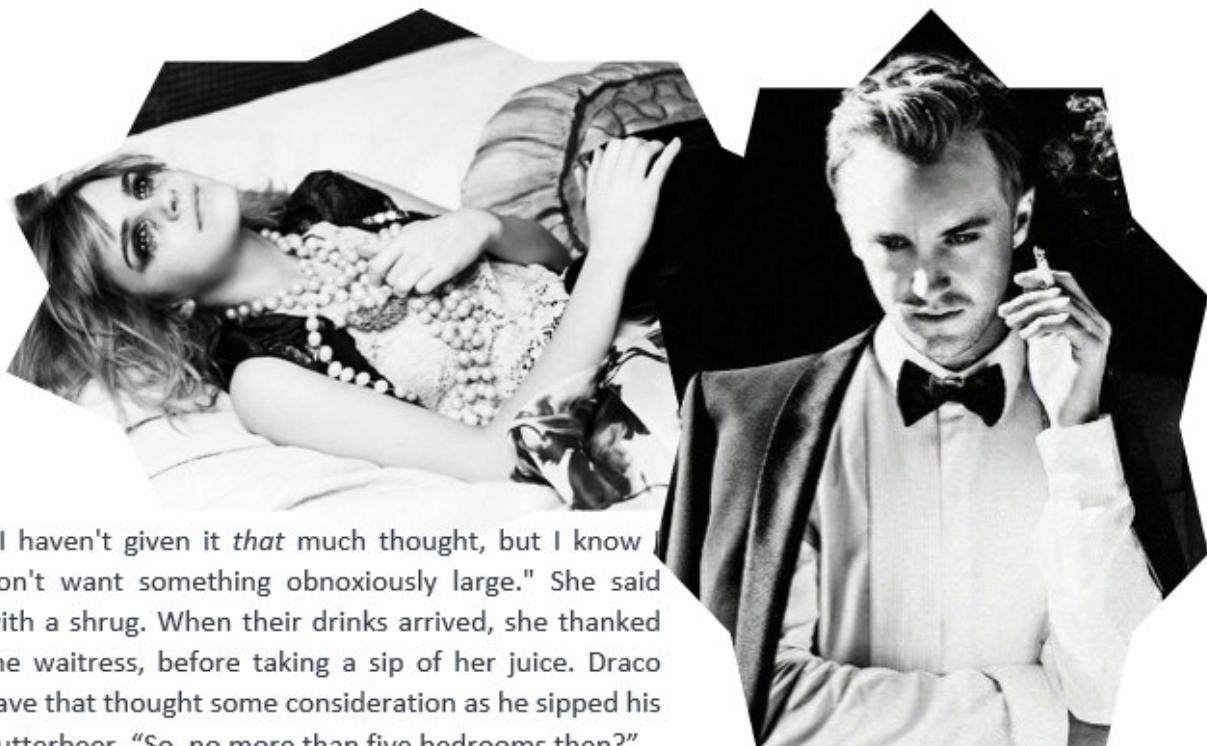
Chapter Summary

Draco sets out on not one but two family related missions.

Pretty much just a bunch of fluff.

Chapter Notes

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



"I haven't given it *that* much thought, but I know I don't want something obnoxiously large." She said with a shrug. When their drinks arrived, she thanked the waitress, before taking a sip of her juice. Draco gave that thought some consideration as he sipped his butterbeer. "So, no more than five bedrooms then?"

Snow Storm: Chapter 22

Draco spent the next few days considering how he could prepare for life outside of Hogwarts. Graduation was only a few months away, and there were two things Draco wanted to accomplish before then. Firstly, they needed a home. Draco had made contact with a real estate witch who he trusted (perhaps threatened) to keep the secret that they were purchasing a home, and had plans to meet with her the evening of Saturday, March 6th. Second, he wanted to bring Hermione's parents home. This would of course be a much greater challenge, which was why on Saturday morning Draco had asked to meet with his most unlikely ally, Harry Potter.

Draco slipped out of bed, his very tired girlfriend sleeping soundly next to where he'd just been. She looked so peaceful, he almost felt bad that he was sneaking around, but it was a good thing. He didn't want her to know what he was doing, in case he failed, but she'd be forced to forgive all his omission if and when he did succeed. He dressed quietly and left the dorm as soon as he could before she could wake.

Down in Hogsmeade Draco grabbed a table in the corner of the Three Broomsticks and waited for the soon to be made official Auror to join him. He hadn't told him about his plan, not wanting Hermione to by chance see the letters between them.

Harry was surprised when he received the letter from Malfoy, wanting to meet up. He only hoped that he hadn't gotten himself into even more trouble, Harry wasn't sure he wanted to keep bailing him out if it became a habit. But he decided to meet with him, see what he wanted to talk about. If it was about Hermione, good or bad, he wanted to know.

Harry arrived at the three broomsticks, and after scanning the room, spotted Draco in a corner. He walked over, sitting across from him. "How's life on the outside? I hope you haven't managed to get into more trouble." Harry said, his way of greeting him, and also giving him a bit of grief. He felt he had earned the right, considering their recent history.

Draco could laugh about it. After all, if it wasn't for Harry, he'd still be rotting away in a jail cell in Azkaban. "No, no trouble, I promise," he said. "This favor is for Hermione. And she can't know about it unless we can make it happen. I won't let her be disappointed if we fail." He felt strongly about this. She missed her parents, even if she didn't talk about it, he knew it was true. Her guilt from losing them had led her to a drug addiction, one that had put her down a dangerous path, and almost resulted in the death of their unborn son. Draco took a deep breath, and as he released it, he cut to the chase. "I want to find her parents."

Harry laughed, glad to hear there was no trouble, and even more happy to hear it was something he wanted to do for Hermione. When he told him he wanted to find her parents, Harry was silent for a moment, in thought. Hermione had told him why she had started the drugs, it had been because she had looked all summer and was unable to find them. "I think that's a great idea." He finally said, "But it won't be easy." He added. He was sure Draco knew this, if he knew about her parents at all, he likely knew that Hermione had gone in search of them.

Draco nodded. "I know, that's why I need your help. You have connections now. Surely there must be some way of tracking them down? She was too scared to go to the Ministry for help. She thought she'd get in trouble for using magic on them." Draco took a drink of his pumpkin juice. "Can you help?"

Harry didn't even take time to think about it, he simply nodded. "Of course, I'll do anything I can to help." He agreed. He wasn't sure exactly what measures he could take, but he would figure that out. "There has to be a way of tracking them down, it'll just take some time." He said, his mind already working to come up with ideas.

"Of course." If Hermione, the brightest witch of their age, couldn't figure out how to find them, it was clearly something of a challenge for lesser witches and wizards, even if they had resources Hermione did not. "It's really important to me to do this for her. I don't want her to miss out any more than she already has. She's going to want her mother when she has this baby. And I want her father's blessing..." Did he want to marry Hermione? Yes, he'd known that for a while now. She was the mother of his child, and he didn't want his child born out of wedlock. He wanted his

child born into a loving family. But he didn't want to propose unless he'd done everything in his power to bring her parents home, to ask for her hand.

Harry nodded, surprised to hear Draco mention wanting her father's blessing, which would mean he intended to marry her. "At first I thought Molly could be that mother figure she would need, but with how things went with Ron, you're right. If they're out there, I believe we can find them." He said. He'd been rather gifted at finding things in the past, and he imagined finding two living people might actually be a bit easier. They would leave a trail, somewhere, he was sure of it. He just needed to pick up on the trail and follow. If they were still practicing dentistry, that would be the place to start. "I think I know where we should start. I can use my resources to get the information I need, and start from there. And we can meet back here when I get some leads. I'll send an owl, discreetly, of course." He told him.

Draco was relieved to hear that. "Thank you, Potter. Really, I didn't know where to start, but I knew you'd be able to figure something out." It wasn't exactly like he had the kind of pull that the sacred Harry Potter had. The Malfoy name had only negative weight behind it anymore, unless that weight was money related.

Harry nodded, "Well, it's for Hermione, and I'd do anything to make sure she stays on the right track." Harry told him. Oddly, that included keeping Draco out of jail, it seemed. But he was obviously not as bad as everyone had made him out to be. At least, not anymore. And all the trouble he'd gotten into had been to keep her safe, though this last bit of trouble he was still unsure what to think of it.

Something about the way Harry said that got Draco thinking. Would Hermione still stay clean after the baby was born? Would she want to go back to using, just because she could? Or would their life together be enough? He knew how it felt to experience the high of cocaine, and it was truly out of this world. "Me too," he told him. "Well, thanks, Mate. I should probably get out of here, get back to her. She's probably wondering where I've gone to. Was still asleep when I left. Didn't want her to know we were meeting." He stood up and left a couple sickles on the table for his drink.

Harry nodded, "Like I said, I'll be in touch. I'll give you a time and day, and just know we will be meeting here." If he didn't want Hermione to know, then Harry wouldn't take any chances. He understood why, and he felt the same way. If she got her hopes up and they failed, that might be worse than her never knowing someone was once again trying to find her parents. Harry stood too, his mind racing with thoughts and ideas on where to start, and he had a good feeling. He knew the muggle world better than Draco, and he had the resources to get information Draco couldn't get, not legally, anyways. He left the Three Broomsticks, and when he got to the ministry he got straight to work, giving the project as much of his spare time as he could manage. Luckily, he didn't have a baby just yet, and his girlfriend was stuck at Hogwarts, which meant when he wasn't working or sleeping, he could be focused on tracking them down.

Draco returned to the castle, telling Hermione that he had been out for a quick lap around the castle on his broom, and he hadn't wanted to wake her. After lunch, Draco reminded her that they had an appointment with the real estate witch who was going to show them a couple of available homes for them to settle into before the baby's born.

"I figure we can eat there before she arrives," Draco reasoned, working on some homework. He'd only been out for two days, but he didn't want to fall behind. He felt it was extra important, now,

to prove that he still took his position as Head Boy seriously, and part of that was keeping up with his academics.

Hermione had woken to find the bed empty, and the rest of the dorm, as well. It was odd, but she had just assumed he went out to get a workout, which he had confirmed when he got back. She had decided to go to the great hall for breakfast and have breakfast with her friends, making sure to remind Ginny of their shared appointment on Sunday. She was happy Madame Pomfrey had requested they come together, she felt like she would be a lot less nervous if they were both going.

Hermione smiled at the reminder of their appointment to look at houses. "Sounds great," she told him. Having a plan in place for when they graduated would give her some peace of mind. At the start of the year, she had never dreamed she would be looking at houses with Draco, but here she was, excited and nervous, all at the same time. She was mostly nervous that they wouldn't agree on what they wanted, but at this point, she just wanted it to be somewhere safe.

Draco had almost forgotten how much he hated school work. He'd had motivation in the past, his nagging desire (a voice that sounded an awful lot like his father) to beat Hermione. With that motivation gone, Draco couldn't imagine why he was trying so hard. But still, he felt he owed it to McGonagall to do his best work, and Draco didn't believe in giving less than his best effort.

By the time he finished his history of magic essay, it was nearly dinner time. Draco put down his quill and leaned back, stretching out his back while stretching his arms over his head. "I'm going to go get dressed," Draco told Hermione, stretching his legs now as he stood. "We should probably leave in about fifteen."

Hermione had been working on a bit of studying, mostly reading, as she had already finished the rest of her work. When Draco announced he was going to get ready, and wanted to leave in fifteen minutes, she closed her book and stood. Her stomach growled angrily with hunger as she stood, and she went to get herself ready as well. She was ready, but she checked herself over, freshened up a bit, and took a potion in preparation for dinner. She left the bathroom after brushing her hair, and freshening her makeup. She pulled on her coat and shoes, and was ready to go.

Draco changed from his casual clothes into something a little nicer, wishing to be taken seriously on this business. He put on a nice pair of black pants, a black sweater, and of course, a black jacket. He finished off the look with a well polished pair of shoes, and met Hermione in the common room. "You look beautiful," he told her, pulling her to him for a brief kiss.

When they arrived at the Three Broomsticks, where he'd secretly met with Potter just that morning, Draco ordered Hermione a pumpkin juice, and himself a butterbeer, before looking over the menu. "So, what kind of house are you interested in?" he asked, since they hadn't really talked about it. He'd given the real estate agent a few ideas to worth with. Some "must haves", but he was curious to know what his girlfriend's were.

Hermione smiled, kissing him back. "And you look handsome, as usual." She told him. It was true, it didn't matter what he wore, he always looked dashing.

When they got to the Three Broomsticks, Hermione sat down, and at his question, she began to think. She had thought about it a bit since their conversation, but it was hard to know what you really wanted. At least for her it was. "Well, I suppose I'd like something modest, and homey..."

she said, thinking as she spoke. "I haven't given it that much thought, but I know I don't want something obviously large." She said with a shrug. When their drinks arrived, she thanked the waitress, before taking a sip of her juice.

Draco gave that thought some consideration as he sipped his butterbeer. "So, no more than five bedrooms then?" That was his idea of small and homey, at least. Malfoy Manor had eleven bedrooms, most of which would require saging before he'd dare enter again, knowing the kind of people who had resided in them in the last couple of years. It'd be enough for them, their son, future children they might be fortunate enough to have, and guest rooms as needed. It seemed logical to him.

Hermione's eyebrows shot up at that, and she nearly choked on her pumpkin juice. "Five? I was thinking three, maybe four." She admitted. She didn't see the need for five bedrooms, especially if they only had one child. Sure, she would like to have a guest room, and maybe room for one more child if they decided to have another.

"We could turn one into a library," Draco reasoned, since she clearly didn't see the need for so many extra beds. "Or a knitting room." He'd seen her knit, knitting rooms were a thing, weren't they? He had no idea. "This house won't be a secret forever. Eventually we're going to want to host our friends, fam—" He stopped, realizing that "family" wasn't a good topic right now. With hers being missing, and his being, well, Malfoys... "Large homes can still be cozy, can't they?" He wouldn't know the first thing about a cozy home, he'd never set foot in one.

"A library would be nice." She admitted, though a house with five rooms still seemed pretty large to her, she could come around to the idea. "I don't want house elves, so whatever we get, we have to take care of it." She told him. She didn't want him thinking of getting a mansion, and having a bunch of house elves to take care of it. She wouldn't be able to live with that.

Draco, who was just bringing his mug of butterbeer to his lips once more, gave pause. "No house elves?" he asked, genuinely surprised. "Why in Merlin's name not?" Draco couldn't imagine life without a house elf. He didn't want Hermione doing all the menial housework herself. "How do you expect to take care of a baby and a house by yourself?" Not to say he wouldn't help with the baby part, at least, but still.

Hermione rolled her eyes, "It's slavery, Draco. It's completely wrong, and I won't be someone who owns house elves." She told him, her mind set. She would free all of the elves if she could, she hated how they were treated. Even when they were treated well, their entire lives were spent serving witches and wizards who rarely appreciate them.

Draco was truly baffled. No house elves? That sounded... awful. "You never seem to mind them taking care of our needs at school," he challenged. "And it's not like they're all miserable. Some of them are really passionate about their work." It was elves like Dobby, who Draco had grown up with, that rocked the boat for the rest of them. "We don't have to own them," he pointed out hesitantly. "We could employ them." What was wrong with giving the elves a little spending money for their work? It was unorthodox, but he could live with it.

"There's nothing I can do about the elves at school." She pointed out. "I don't know, I don't like it. It's not how I was raised." She told him. Her mother managed to keep a job, a house, and raised her just fine, with the help of her father, of course. "I think this is a discussion for another time." She said, feeling far too hungry and irritable to keep arguing about owning house elves.

Draco could see that this was likely going to be a matter of contention between them moving forward. He didn't see the big deal about it, but he also had no idea she felt so strongly on the subject. "Yes, it can wait." He picked up his menu again and began to look it over. "Is there anything new on the bad smells list I should know about?" he asked her, for courtesy's sake.

Hermione was glad he dropped it, for now, at least, and she too picked up her menu to look it over. When he asked her about new bad smells, she shook her head. "Actually, those potions Madame Pomfrey gave me work really well, and I took one before we left, so you don't have to worry about it." She told him. She was still a bit irritated by the previous conversation, but she wasn't sure why. She knew he grew up with elves, and knew it would be an issue if they planned to get a house together. She'd chalk it up to hormones making her extra stubborn on the matter.

"Oh, good," Draco said. He'd had to be careful about his food choices around her, the same way he had to be extra careful not to smoke around her, not that he was in the habit of smoking around her in the first place. "In that case, I think I'll have the bangers and mash... Or maybe the fish and chips..." Then again, he didn't feel much like fish. "Nah, bangers and mash..." He decided, putting his menu down so the server would know he was decided. The one thing he did have a bit more of a pedestrian taste in was food. Fine dining had its place, but he could live on the garbage they served in pubs.

Hermione smiled, glad he was able to order what he wanted without consequence. She looked over her menu, trying to decide what sounded good. "The burger sounds good." She said, mulling over her other options, before deciding she did, in fact, want the burger. She needed to put on weight, so she had been avoiding anything too healthy. She set her menu down as well, and when the server came around, she ordered the burger meal, her stomach growling as she thought about it. Merlin, was she hungry!

They were just about finished with their dinner when, at precisely six o'clock, the witch they were waiting for arrived. Draco flagged her over, pulling a chair over to the end of their booth for her to sit in.

"Miss Weather," Draco greeted her, helping to push her in like the gentleman he was raised to be. "Thank you for joining us."

"It's my pleasure, Mr. Malfoy. And this must be Miss Granger," Margaret Weather said, turning her attention to the young witch. She offered a hand in greeting.

Hermione felt much better after eating, and when the woman arrived to show them the houses, she smiled politely and shook her offered hand. "You can call me Hermione." She was excited to see what the woman had brought for them to look at, though by the conversation they'd had before dinner, she feared they might be a bunch of mansions more suited to a Malfoy.

Margaret smiled, looking between the two. She, for one, thought it was romantic, that the two had come together. "It's nice to meet you both," she said truthfully. "So, since being in touch with you, Mister Malfoy, I've done some digging, and I will tell you now, the market is slim at the moment. Most vacant houses are in need of repair, and most families are hunkering down, holding onto the comfort of their homes. However, I was able to find a few houses that match or are at least close to the specifications you've mentioned." She reached down into the briefcase she'd brought with her and withdrew a pair of pocket folders. "Here are two houses I think would best suit your needs," she said, passing one to Draco and the other (a 11,000 square foot, five

bedroom five bath) to Hermione. "They're both up to date with modern muggle technology, I should mention. It's hard to find unoccupied homes that aren't anymore."

Draco took the information she gave him and looked it over. At first glance, he was very impressed. It was large, it was impressive, and while it didn't have the dark gothic feel he was used to, it was a refreshing change. "Five bedrooms, five and a half baths, seventy-four hundred square feet..." He flipped it open, looking at the floor plans. "Can't imagine what we'd need with a four car garage," he commented with a chuckle. "Perhaps the space could be converted."

Hermione looked at the packet she was handed, and her eyes betrayed her, showing how surprised she was to see such a huge, although beautiful, house. "Merlin.." she said, feeling utterly overwhelmed. When he had said five bedrooms, she couldn't possibly imagine the houses would be so... large. This one was eleven-thousand square feet! Draco seemed perfectly happy with the choices, and she leaned over, glancing at the pamphlet he had been given. She didn't want to be difficult, but she also didn't want a house so huge that they needed a whole crew of house elves to take care of it.

"It's lovely, a bit... large." she said, glancing over at Draco.

Draco glanced over at Hermione's packet while she looked at his. "Not as big as this one. Merlin, it's perfect," he said, based on his first impression alone. "And right on the water. That'd be an amazing place to start a family," he said, lowering his voice slightly so that it wouldn't carry beyond their table. "It's got a pool, and a hot tub, and plenty of room to install the library of your dreams," he raised his eyebrows at her playfully, hoping to get her off of this "no house elves" nonsense and see how amazing their life could be.

Hermione looked back down at the pamphlet and sighed. It was lovely, it sounded nice, but she was torn. She hated the idea of needing house elves to make their lives work. "And it's in your price range?" She asked him. "I'll... consider it, if there are no other houses to look at." She said. The woman had said the pickings were slim, but she didn't know how slim.

Margaret knew two things about couples looking for homes. One was that the man always had delusions of grandeur, even in cases like this where he had the money to back it up. The second was that the woman was always the one who made the choice in the long run. It was her home to keep, and her family to raise in it. So, she reached back into her bag, and withdrew two more options. "There are these more humble options," she said, as though that was not as preferable. Of course that would always be her opinion, being that she made a percentage of the sale.

Hermione looked at the two new options in front of her, and smiled. "See, these are nice," she said, looking to Draco to see what he thought. They looked more like something she could manage on her own, without having to bring in a house elf to pick up the slack.

Draco looked at the second pair of options, frowning. "They're nice, yes, but... Underwhelming," he complained. He knew they didn't need all the grandeur that came with the other houses, but Merlin, it would be nice.

Sensing the indecision, Margaret piped in again. "We do have approval to visit any of these houses tonight," she told the young couple. "What do you say? Each of you pick your favorite, and we go see them both?"

Draco looked up at Hermione. "I'm fine with that," he agreed, hoping Hermione would do the same.

Hermione nodded, "Yeah, that would be helpful." She said, looking at the pamphlets again. The first choice she had been given was lovely, she liked that it was on the water, but it just seemed like too much. She decided to go with the first house in the second set of choices. It was the smallest one, but she liked the Victorian look, and she thought maybe once Draco was inside, he might like it too.

"I'd like to see this one." She said, pushing the folder towards the woman with a smile.

Of course she'd pick the smallest option. Three bedrooms? Less than two-thousand square feet? They'd grow out of it in the first three years! But, if that was what she wanted to see, Draco wasn't dumb enough to argue. No, instead, he'd make her fall in love with his choice. "And I'd like to see the waterfront property," he told the agent, sliding that folder across the table.

Mrs. Weather smiled brightly, stowing the discarded options into her briefcase. "Right, well, we should get a move on," she said, standing. "The sun is already setting. Perhaps we'll go to the waterfront first, so that you can watch the sunset over the inlet?" She suggested. If that wouldn't hook the young mother-to-be, perhaps the abundance of closet space would.

Draco slid out from the booth, leaving several galleons on the table to cover their dinner. "I think that sounds perfect," he agreed, pulling on his coat.

Hermione stood, pulling her coat on. "That sounds fine." She agreed. She was honestly excited to see both houses, the house he picked looked beautiful. It was just so huge, she didn't know how she could possibly feel at home there. But she was willing to see it, and keep their options open. They didn't have to decide on the spot, after all. They could look at the houses, and then talk it over and decide.

Weather led them outside of the pub, where she drew her wand. "Everybody take hold," she told the teens, holding the picture of the first home. When they had done as she told, she tapped the item with her wand, and the three were transported to the property by method of portkey.

"I normally wouldn't suggest starting in the backyard," she said after landing, straightening herself. "But I'm afraid we might miss the view if we don't." She grinned and began moving towards the back of the property. Draco, putting his arm around Hermione, followed.

When they got to the back, Draco couldn't help but grin. It was a hell of a view, and they'd made it just in time to see the sun cutting into the water. "Imagine watching that view each night while you're cooking dinner," he attempted to paint the picture for Hermione. After all, it was his goal to make her fall in love with the place.

Hermione walked with them to the back yard, leaning into Draco's side as they watched the sun setting. It was an amazing view, she definitely wouldn't hate seeing that every night. But the house was still massive, it would take a lot to keep it. "It is very striking." She admitted, looking up at him. She knew he was trying to get her to love it, and the view alone was definitely something to fall in love with.

After the sun was set, the two were escorted over towards the pool, and then up to the main level deck, and into the house through the back entrance nearest the kitchen and family room. "There

are a total of five fireplaces in the house," Margaret went on as she indicated to the over-sized fireplace on the west side of the family room. "Only two of them are suitable for transportation by floo, though the others may be used for calling." She took a few more slow, leisurely steps. "On my right is the study, where you'll find one of the calling floos." She turned her body towards the kitchen. "And over here we have this fabulous chef's kitchen, with plenty of prep space, a six range stove, and all of the latest and greatest appliances. There's a walk-in pantry just through here," she said, leading them towards a small hall near the garages.

"Now you just take a look at this closet," Margaret said to the couple about a half hour later, when they'd finally made it into the master suite upstairs.

Draco looked at Hermione. "Bloody hell," he said, walking into what was more of a dressing room than a closet. "I think it's bigger than the bedroom."

"It's within a dozen or so square feet," the realtor agreed with a grin. "Hermione, I'm dying to hear what you think."

Hermione followed along, taking everything in as they moved through the house. She hated how much she loved it. She didn't think a house this big could feel like a home, but it did somehow. She kept quiet through the entire tour, and when they got to the master suite, to the closet, and the woman said she was dying to hear what Hermione thought, she sighed, defeated. "I kind of love it." She admitted reluctantly. She looked at Draco, knowing he would be pleased with making her fall in love with the biggest house they had been offered.

"I knew you would," Draco told her, grinning wickedly. "And best yet, it's in a muggle town. That'll really grind my father's gears when he finds out." Which hopefully wouldn't be for quite a while, or at least until the baby was born and they'd announced his presence to the world. Hell, maybe even until after they were married, if he was able to accomplish what he hoped he might with Potter's help.

Hermione had an urge to punch his arm, but she resisted. If she agreed to get the house, if she agreed to house elves, she would make sure he did as he had said, make them employees and not slaves. That she might be able to live with. The house was gorgeous, but just as she feared, she didn't think she would be able to keep up with a baby and the house. She would definitely need help.

After they'd toured this location, and the next, Draco thanked Mrs. Weather for her time and told her that they'd be in touch shortly with a decision. He and Hermione clearly needed to talk it out before making a choice.

"So," Draco said as he walked with Hermione back into their dorm. "What did you think about those two houses?" If they couldn't agree on one, there were two other options they could still look at, but he definitely had his heart set on that eleven-thousand square foot waterfront mansion.

Hermione walked into the dorm, kicked her shoes off, took her coat off and draped it over the arm of the couch, and sat down. "Well, that depends," she started, looking at him. "Did you mean what you said, about hiring house elves, instead of owning them?" She challenged him. She loved the huge house, but it was too big if she hoped to take care of it herself, even with his help.

Draco followed suit, removing his coat and joining Hermione on the couch. "It'll be a challenge to find house elves willing to take a wage, but if it means that much to you, I will." Perhaps one of the elves in the kitchen would know of any elves seeking to be treated better. "I wonder what Dobby's up to these days." The last time he'd seen his former house elf was when he'd rescued her and her friends from Malfoy Manor.

Hermione's face went white at the mention of Dobby, she hadn't even thought of the fact that Draco might not know. Of course, Dobby had been alive just long enough to help them all escape. "He would be perfect, but he's dead." She said stiffly. She still wasn't sure how it had happened. All she knew was that he had gotten them to safety and ended up with a knife in his stomach.

Draco's eyes went wide, and then went sad. "That's right," Draco remembered grimly. "Bella threw her dagger." He'd seen her do it, but he hadn't known it'd resulted in the elf's death. "That's too bad... I liked him..." Having Dobby around growing up wasn't exactly like a sibling or anything, but maybe like a dorky little cousin who was always getting himself into trouble. "My father was so angry when Potter tricked him into freeing him," he recalled. That had been a rough summer.

Hermione nodded, "We weren't sure how it happened. One minute he was fine, the next he was dying of a dagger wound." She said, a tear escaping as she recalled the event. It had been all around traumatic, and would have been so much worse if it hadn't been for Dobby.

Draco put his arm around Hermione, his eyes seeking out the word carved into her arm. He'd seen it so many times, the thin pink scars, spelling out "mudblood". He could never forget that night. Could never forget the way her screams sounded, echoing around the great room, haunting him in many nightmares. It was the same dagger. Draco reached his thumb up to wipe away the lone tear.

"I'll find you a good elf, a happy elf. In honor of Dobby," Draco promised her, and he meant it. Not that he'd ever had any ill intentions towards wanting to own one in the first place, but seeing how much it meant to Hermione, he'd have to take special care to treat them as well as possible.

Hermione leaned into him, resting her head on his shoulder, and nodded. "Thank you." She said, "I just... if we go that route, I want them to feel respected, and appreciated. To have clothes they like, and not feel like they have to fear us." She told him. "And I want our son to grow up knowing they can be respected, too. They're amazing creatures, they should be treated as such."

Draco nodded. "Of course, my love," he said to her, in full agreement. Of course, he'd task her with convincing the elves to wear clothes. Taking money was one thing... "So, does that mean you want the waterfront?" he asked hopefully.

Hermione looked up at him, and smiled. "I hate to admit it, but yeah, I loved it there." She told him. Everything about the house had been amazing, including the location. She could picture them being very happy there, it would definitely take some growing into, but who knows? Maybe they would have another child down the road, and they'd have plenty of room for Harry and Ginny to come visit. Her and Ginny could have playdates for the boys, she could see it all so clearly in her head, it actually made her feel anxious to graduate. Before this she had been dreading it, having no idea where she would go next.

Draco grinned and leaned over and kissed her deeply. "That's my girl." She might not have been raised with expensive tastes, but she'd get used to it soon enough, he was sure. "I'll write

"Weather tomorrow, let her know we'll make an offer."

Hermione kissed him back, smiling against his lips. Had she never gone to see the house in person, she knew she would have resisted it, but after seeing it, there was no denying the beauty and charm of the place. The other house had been nice, of course, but the location was nothing compared to the waterfront house. "Well, I never thought I'd like a house that big, but there's no denying it has a certain charm to it." She admitted. "And it's nice to have a plan," she added with a smile.

Chapter End Notes

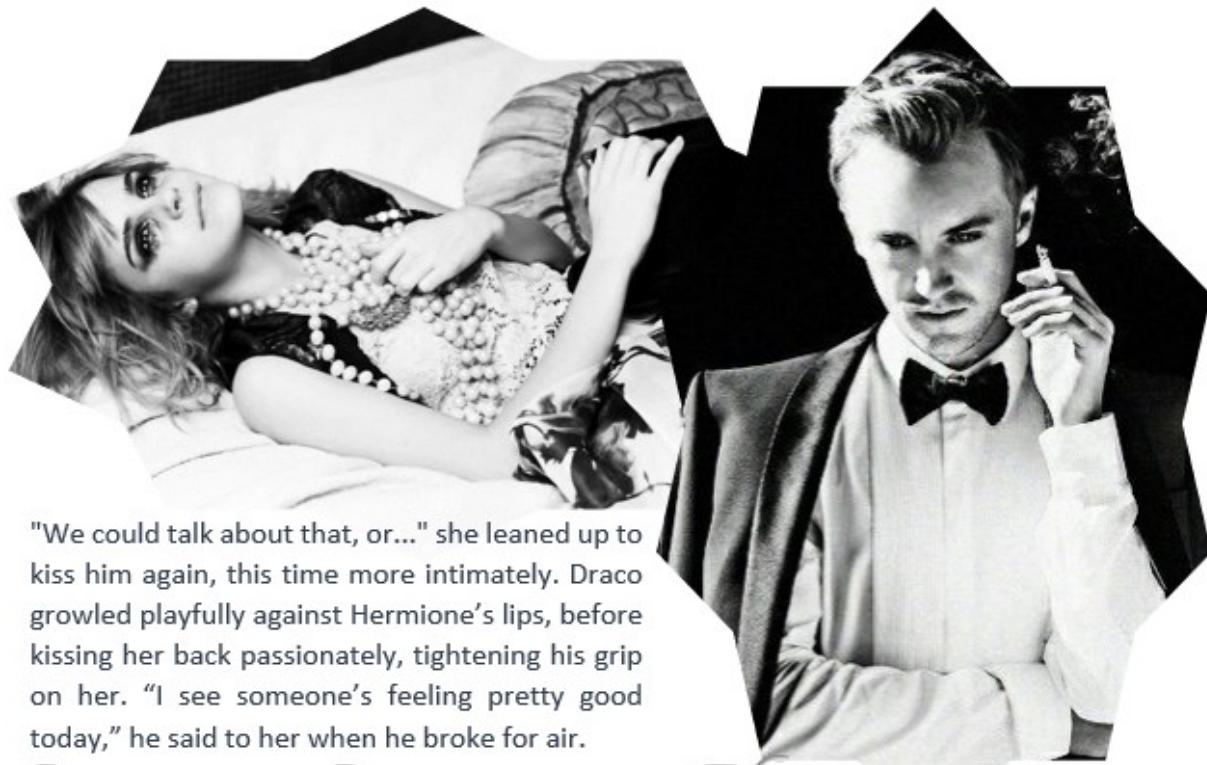
It feels like forever since I've posted a chapter, I know! But we've got some really crazy stuff in the works. Things might look like smooth sailing in this chapter, but there's a storm brewing, have no doubt...

Chapter 23: Double Her Pleasure

Chapter Summary

Draco pulls out a trick he's been saving for a rainy day.

Much smut: Anal, Sex Toy, Double Penetration, Multiple Orgasms, Squirting...



"We could talk about that, or..." she leaned up to kiss him again, this time more intimately. Draco growled playfully against Hermione's lips, before kissing her back passionately, tightening his grip on her. "I see someone's feeling pretty good today," he said to her when he broke for air.

Snow Storm: Chapter 23

Harry had spent all of his spare time and resources trying to find Hermione's parents. He had started looking at the request of Draco, but it was something that he also wanted to do for Hermione. She was one of his best friends, and she had been through a lot that year. It was all self-inflicted, he knew that. She didn't deny it, either. He also knew that it all had started when she had been looking for her parents to restore their memories, and bring them home now that it was safe to do so. It wasn't so much that he wanted to do that for Draco, he wanted to do that for her. She had a baby on the way, she seemed happy with Draco, but he didn't want her to backslide once she had the baby, and no parents to turn to. He honestly felt like he could save her from that, if she just had her parents back.

So, he spent every spare moment tracking down leads, checking the dental offices, even though he was sure she must have checked them, he double checked. Sure enough, he didn't find them

that way, but he started checking with the offices, he found that there were conventions, and he actually managed to find their names on a few registrations. So following that lead, he checked an upcoming convention, and sure enough, they were on the list to attend. He couldn't believe it, but after only two weeks, he thought he might have found them. As long as they showed up for that convention, he would have them. He sent the owl to Draco immediately, telling him to meet him on Saturday, and what time.

When Saturday came, Harry went to the Three Broomsticks, it was around breakfast time, he was eager to share his findings with Malfoy.

Draco was pleased to have heard from Harry so quickly. In the last two weeks he had placed an offer on the Waterfront Mansion, which had been accepted. As soon as they signed the paperwork, they'd be home owners. Hermione was now in her second trimester, and the baby was doing well, according to Pomfrey. The drama revolving around their relationship was dying down. So if Harry really did have good news to offer, March would prove to be their best month yet.

He arrived at the popular pub just a couple minutes after the Auror, and found him at his table. "Potter," he greeted him in a friendly voice. "Do say you have good news for me." He slid into the booth, not bothering to take off his coat. He didn't know if he'd be staying long. He figured that would depend on what he had to say. Draco, despite being determined, was not necessarily hopeful. If Hermione, of all people, didn't find them all summer, what were the odds Potter had found them in a fortnight?

Harry grinned upon hearing Draco's voice, and watched as he slid into the booth. "I haven't found them, but I know where they will be next weekend." He told Draco. "There's a dentists convention, and they just happen to be on the guest list. I plan to be there with one of my colleagues who specializes in the reversal of magical incidents involving memory charms, he's already agreed to come with me. Which means we will be able to take care of it, on the spot." He told him.

Draco couldn't believe the news. "I could kiss you, Potter," he said, but did not. "You're saying that in one week, Hermione can have her parents back?" It most definitely seemed too good to be true. One week? It was amazing. His mind began to race as he thought about anything he might need to do to prepare for their return. But then, he still didn't want to get his hopes up, just in case they weren't there, or Potter was unable to find them. "You have pictures? You know what they look like?" he felt the need to ask.

Harry could tell he was trying not to get too excited, "I've met them plenty of times, I know what they look like." He told him. "I've also got their pictures from the previous conventions, just thought if my partner knows what they look like that will be two sets of eyes watching for them. But the chances are good, they've gone to the last two conventions they were signed up for." Harry assured him.

Draco nodded, reassured. "Hermione is going to be so happy," he said, finally allowing himself to speak with hope. "She still has no idea." He'd gone as far as to burn Potter's communications to prevent her from seeing them. "We should plan something, a surprise of sorts, to make the reunion extra special." Draco was getting excited now. He felt as though this would be his greatest redeeming moment. Proof of his love for her. Proof that he was worthy of her. And he wouldn't even have to kill or curse anyone this time.

Harry grinned, nodding as he thought about what they could 'celebrate'. "What about an engagement party?" He offered. "For Ginny and I, I mean." He elaborated. It was believable, they hadn't had one yet, after all. "We could say it's a surprise for Ginny, and have her fetch her, bring her back to your dorm, but when she gets there it'll be her parents," he said. He couldn't help but wonder what her reaction might be. Happy, surely, but he knew if he was somehow reunited with his parents, alive, he would likely cry.

"Or," Draco said, going off of what Harry had said. "We can throw you an engagement party," he suggested. "Hermione could use something positive to focus her energy on. The last thing she'd expect would be for the party to be her own. And then, if for some Merlin-forsaken reason things don't go as planned, at least she'll still have a party to go to." It made perfect sense to him.

Harry nodded, "Good idea," he agreed. "So, whatever happens, you'll be hearing from me on Thursday night." He told him. "And if this, for some reason, doesn't work, we will find another way." He assured Draco. "But, I think it will." He added.

When Draco returned to the dorm, he had a very simple goal: convince Hermione that they should throw an engagement party for Potter and Weasley. He found her at the desk, working on some class assignment. He went over to her and stole a kiss.

"Hi," he said, slightly out of breath. He'd told her he was going out for a workout in the pitch, and made sure to run from the gates all the way to the dorm just to be sure he'd have an authentic layer of sweat. "What are you working on?" he asked conversationally.

Hermione kissed him back, smiling as she looked back to the parchment. "Just working on the perfect schedule," she told him. "How was your workout?" she asked, finishing what she was writing, and setting the quill back in the ink. She turned her attention to him now.

Draco leaned against the desk, looking down at her. "It was refreshing," he told her truthfully. "It's always a good way to clear my head. To think." He didn't get as much thinking done on dorm when he was with her, as she tended to consume the majority of his thoughts.

Hermione looked up at him, and smiled. "Oh yeah? And what were you thinking about?" she asked him curiously. She put her hand on his, idly tracing the veins on top of his hand with her finger.

"I was thinking," Draco said, since she'd taken the bait. "That it would be fun to put together a party for Potter and Ginny, to celebrate their engagement." He smiled down at her, wondering what she'd think of that.

"That's a great idea," she said, surprised he had been the one to think of it, and not her. "You know, I think you guys are friendly enough that you could call him by his first name." she teased him. She was happy they were getting along, that meant that her dreams of having him and Ginny over to their new house would not be weird or awkward. It would actually be fun, for everyone involved, and that made her happier than he could know.

Draco chuckled. "I don't know about that. We'll see." They certainly had a like mission, and that was their mutual (but different) love for Hermione. And Ginny wasn't so bad either. "I was thinking we could surprise Harry and Ginny with a party next weekend."

Hermione stood, moving to stand in front of him, wrapping her arms around his neck. "A surprise party? I like that." she said, smiling up at him. "Should we throw it here?" she asked him. She already had some ideas for the party, she couldn't believe she hadn't had the idea first, but then, she had been so caught up with her own stuff she hadn't thought much about them.

Draco's arms fell around Hermione's waist in return, locking his hands behind her back. "We could have it here. We could have it anywhere. Invite their family, friends, whatever." He grinned, pulling her closer to him.

Hermione smiled, thinking about it. "I could see if maybe we could have it at the Three Broomsticks," she said, if they did it in the dorm it would have to be small. At the Three Broomsticks, her whole family could come, and friends from school, as well. That would also mean she would have to invite Ron, which she wasn't exactly fond of, but Ginny would probably want him there. Harry, too, for that matter.

"Either way I'll probably have to invite Ron," she thought out loud, and looked up at him. "Hopefully he can be decent for one day." She added.

"Then we can just rub our happiness in his face," Draco told her, smirking. "We can probably rent the place out for a night, get it all to ourselves. The Weasleys alone will take up most of the place," he joked. "I think it would be a good way to thank Potter for helping us. Helping me, really." Yeah, that was why....

Hermione nodded, and leaned up to kiss him. "He's been a good friend to both of us this year, both of them, really." Harry had still, as far as she knew, kept her drug problem to himself. Even when she wouldn't have blamed him for turning to Ginny, he kept it to himself. And thanks to him, that was one horrible secret she had been able to keep out of public knowledge, save for the trash suspicions written in Witch Weekly, which were thankfully unconfirmed. She wasn't sure how she could ever spin that in a positive direction. "So, I'll go tomorrow and see about renting it out next weekend, then." She said, deciding that if they could, it would be the best option for the party.

Draco kissed her back. "I can go, save you the walk. You're meant to be resting," he told her. "You get plenty of exercise here on dorm." He smirked and kissed her a second time. "Why don't you stay in and work on a guest list?" he suggested. She'd have a lot more input on that than he would, and she was supposed to be resting. Besides, this was a surprise for her, and he planned to foot the bill.

Hermione smiled, and nodded. She supposed he was right, that would be a lot of walking, and she would have her appointment with Madame Pomfrey in the morning, too. "Alright, it's a deal." She agreed. "The guest list won't take long, I'm sure." It would mostly be Ginny's family, who were essentially Harry's family, and a couple of close friends.

Draco smiled. "Good. Because I want my son, and my girl, to stay strong and healthy." She didn't need to waste her valuable energy walking all the way out of the castle, out of the grounds, into the village, and back. That was just too much. They'd need to start using the floo soon enough if they wanted to visit the village. "So, what'd you figure out for the prefect's schedule?" he asked, since that's what she'd said she was working on when he came in.

Hermione had been taking efforts to keep her blood pressure down, and her food intake up. She had been taking less patrols, for instance, which meant sometimes Draco had to patrol with

someone other than her. She hated it, but he was right, just walking around the castle and school ground as much as was already necessary was all the exercise she could afford. She knew if she overdid it, even once, the healer would put her on bed rest before she could protest. When he asked about the schedule, she reached up, putting a hand on the nape of his neck, ruffling the bottom of his hair. "We could talk about that, or..." she leaned up to kiss him again, this time more intimately.

Draco growled playfully against Hermione's lips, before kissing her back passionately, tightening his grip on her. "I see someone's feeling pretty good today," he said to her when he broke for air. The morning sickness seemed to have died down significantly, either because of those potions or simply because she was getting over it at this stage. He couldn't be sure which. "Shall we move this to the bedroom?" he asked her.

She smirked up at him, "I think I've got a lot of good days ahead of me." She hadn't been bothered by morning sickness in almost a week, and Pomfrey had told her it was about this time in the pregnancy that most women got over it, but also, every pregnancy was different. She grabbed his hand, and pulled him towards her bedroom. Once she was through the door, she pulled her shirt over her head, tossing it aside, and pulled him with her towards the bed.

Draco didn't hesitate to follow her, letting her lead him into the room and then towards the bed. He was already shredding his clothes as he walked. Before she could get too comfortable on the bed he began to tug her clothes away from her, wanting her naked. As he removed her clothing, he kissed and sucked on various areas of skin that were being revealed. Finally, he pulled her nude body against his own, kissing her deeply while he grew hard against her stomach. He gave her buttocks, which were filling in a bit now that she was eating properly, a firm squeeze with both hands, before slapping them both playfully.

"Get on the bed," He instructed her in his usual domineering manner, which she rather seemed to enjoy.

Hermione giggled in response to the sting of his double-handed slap, and got on the bed as he instructed her. She sat down and leaned back on her arms, not quite laying back. "How do you want me?" She asked him in a sultry tone. He wasn't nearly as rough with her these days, given her condition, but he still had that charge over her that she always enjoyed.

Draco considered her for a moment, before remembering that there was something he wanted to do with her. They spent most nights in his room, which was why he hadn't tried it before now, but since they were in hers, now seemed as good a time as ever to give it a shot. "Like that is fine," he told her, since she was on her back for the most part. He climbed on top of her, kissing her deeply and rolling his hard body against her soft one. As he kissed her, he reached one arm out, reaching into the nightstand and feeling around for the phallic object he new resided there. He'd found it some many weeks ago, and he hoped to use it on her, since he could assume that she wasn't using it for herself. Resting on his remaining forearm, the same hand cupped her face, fingertips slipping into her hair in hopes of providing a distraction so that she might not notice that he was searching for something.

His hand wrapped around the artificial shaft, and he withdrew it, putting it next to his own leg for now so that she wouldn't see it. His now free hand mimicked the other, holding her face as he kissed her a moment longer.

"I'm going to try something new," he informed her, smirking wickedly as he rose up a bit, now having both his arms for support. "I think you're going to like it."

Hermione kissed him back, her eyes closed, and she didn't notice him searching her bedside table at all. So when he pulled away, saying he wanted to try something new, she raised a curious brow. What could they possibly try that they hadn't done before?

"Alright.." she said, only a little hesitant, mostly because she was trying to think of what it might be. Knowing him, he would probably want to surprise her with it, and wouldn't tell her if she asked.

Draco smirked. "That a girl," he told her, since she seemed willing, but then, she was always very willing. He leaned in and kissed her again, and as he did so he rocked his hips, sliding his length between her lips to coat himself in her wetness, assessing whether or not she was ready. Satisfied that she was, he drew his hips away a bit further, and pushed forward again, entering her fully.

Hermione kissed him back, relaxing on the bed as she felt him rubbing against her. She was fully ready, she had been ready all morning, he just hadn't been around. When he pushed into her, she let out a moan, it felt amazing to have him inside her finally, after thinking about him all morning while she had sat alone, keeping distracted.

Draco moved roughly inside her, wanting to make quick work of giving Hermione the first of at least a few orgasms, since she seemed so eager. He wondered how long she'd been sitting around in wet knickers, waiting for him. He pushed her thighs upward, spreading her for him for deeper penetration. His mouth found her left breast, which he tended to favor, and he sucked on as much of it as he could fit in his mouth. After a moment, he switched to the other. Then he nibbled his way up to her neck, where he sucked and bit more roughly, upping his pace in order to get her there.

Hermione held onto his shoulders as he took her roughly, his mouth on her tits and her neck, and the pace he was moving all had her feeling like she was about to explode already. Her breath turned ragged as her orgasm grew nearer, and in seconds she was holding onto him tighter. "Fuck!" She moaned, her whole body humming with pleasure.

Feeling her walls constricting around him, Draco pushed harder until her body came to relax. Merlin, he loved feeling that. It was its own amazing kind of torture, resisting the urge to let it take him. He slowed his pace slightly, still moving just as deeply within her. Then after a moment he withdrew, and pushed her hips up again. He moved himself closer to her, on his knees now, so that her hips rested between his spread, bent knees. He entered her again carefully, this time inside of her unprepared ass, which was becoming more and more acquainted to the sensation each time he did so. Once inside, he spread her legs straight out, holding her by her ankles.

Hermione sucked in a sharp breath as he entered her ass, noting in her head that this was all stuff they had done before. "Merlin," she moaned, it still took a moment to get acquainted with the sensation, but after he pushed into her several times, she could feel herself adjusting to it, and it became enjoyable again. She grabbed onto the sheets to keep herself from being pushed away from him.

Draco worked inside of her backend for a few moments. "Now close your eyes," he told her. "And keep them closed." He reached for the toy he'd rested next to his leg. He turned the base, and the object hummed to life. Before she could react to the new noise, he began to push the toy

into her dripping cunt, which swallowed it up happily as he pushed it, still thrusting into her from underneath.

Hermione did as she told, closing her eyes, waiting for whatever new thing he intended to try on her. She would not have guessed it if he had given her the chance, she let out a deep moan as she felt something pushing into her, vibrations sending her sensitive nerve endings into overdrive, while he was still inside her rear. She opened her eyes, her mouth open as she braced herself for the full length of the toy to be inside of her. She wasn't sure when he had found it, but she recognized it as her own. "Oh, shit," she gasped, she had never experienced anything quite like it. Sure, he had fingered her before, while entering her from behind, but this was different. It also felt good, very, very good.

Draco found it more difficult to move within her while she was so full, and began to alternate his thrusts with that of the object he moved inside of her, doubling his assault on her in a way he hoped also doubled her pleasure. She looked very much as though she was enjoying it. "Have you been a naughty girl?" he asked her teasingly. "I found this in your things by mistake." He worked the toy inside of her harder, faster, picking up his own pace. The feeling of the new obstacle moving inside of her could be felt inside her anal canal, and he rather appreciated the feeling. "Have you been fucking yourself without me?" He didn't believe she had, but Merlin was it fun to mess with her.

Her head fell back as he began finding a pace with the object, and she had to remind herself to keep breathing as he continued the double assault, which soon felt like a triple assault as he began to question her about it. She shook her head, having no hope of explaining herself while she was so breathless. "N-no," she said between moans and gasps. Her toes were curling, and she had been holding herself up on her elbows, but she let herself fall back on the bed she felt another orgasm growing near. One hand tangled in her hair, the other grabbing her own breast as she shook with her second, much more intense orgasm.

As soon as he knew she was cumming he moved the toy in her at a nearly impossible speed, and at seemingly the last second, he ripped it out of her just as quickly. Instantly, her orgasm overflowed out of her, a small amount of it splashing against his abdomen. He grinned devilishly. He loved to make her body do things she had no control over. Watching her squirt, though rare, was quite satisfying indeed. He put the toy back inside of her, hoping to repeat the experience. He didn't think he could last much longer, but he wanted to give it a go.

Hermione was panting as she had finished, and began to relax when she felt the toy push back inside of her. "Draco, fuck!" she gasped. She didn't know how she could possibly take such intensity again, but she also made no move to stop him. She untangled her hand from her hair before she ended up pulling it out, and instead grabbed onto the bed sheets again.

Draco's fist was pumping so hard inside of her that he forgot to move his cock, sitting inside of her while he tortured her with the buzzing phallic device. "Push," he advised her, like he had the day he'd first taken her backside. "I want to cum with you this time." He remembered to pleasure himself and began to rock in her once more. His wrist was growing tired, but he was determined.

Hermione did as he told her, and focused on him, and the toy, both moving so tortuously inside of her. She squirmed as she felt the impossible third orgasm growing, gasping quietly. "I'm gonna cum," she told him breathlessly, and ripped at the sheets, her stomach aching at the strain of yet another orgasm.

Draco wished he could feel it for himself, but the toy was becoming increasingly hard to move inside of her, so he figured that was it. He felt her pushing the toy out, and ripped it away from her, experiencing the same rush of fluids as the previous time. Draco pumped his cock harder into her hospitable arse, relishing in his accomplishment as he finally allowed himself release. He pulled out this time, and with a few strokes, spilled his load just below her stomach.

Hermione laid back, attempting to catch her breath, and felt the warm load on her stomach. After she felt like she could breathe again, she laughed. "Where did you even find that?" She asked him. Her head felt a bit fuzzy, but she couldn't for the life of her remember where she had stashed it. Had she stashed it? She didn't think she had, but then again, she had brought it just in case she couldn't find someone to shag, which hadn't been an issue.

Draco chuckled, turning off and discarding the cream covered object on the nightstand for cleaning later. "Can't remember, but I stashed it away for a rainy day," he told her. Incidentally, it was in fact raining that morning. "I figured you might enjoy the experience of being double penetrated, though I'd never be able to share you with another genuine cock," he told her, smirking. No, he was far too greedy when it came to her to even consider it.

Hermione laughed, "Oh, come on now, don't be greedy, now I know what I've been missing." She teased him, because he had teased her first about having the toy. "I'm sure we could find a guy we agree on," she continued to tease, just to irk him a little.

Draco knew she was kidding, or at least he hoped. "Is that so? You're going to let me pick a man to put his cock in you?" He leaned in and kissed her, before turning his lips to her ear. "Maybe we'll both shove our cocks in your ass," he said, just to mess with her. "You think you'd like that?"

Hermione smirked, "Maybe you could stick your cock in my ass, while he sticks his cock in your ass," she teased right back, turning her head to nip at his jawline playfully. She didn't really want another man in the mix, that hadn't ended well in the past. But she did enjoy the playful banter, and how jealous he got.

Draco laughed at that. "You'd like that would you?" he asked, knowing she was just joking. He reached his hand to her side and began to tickle her.

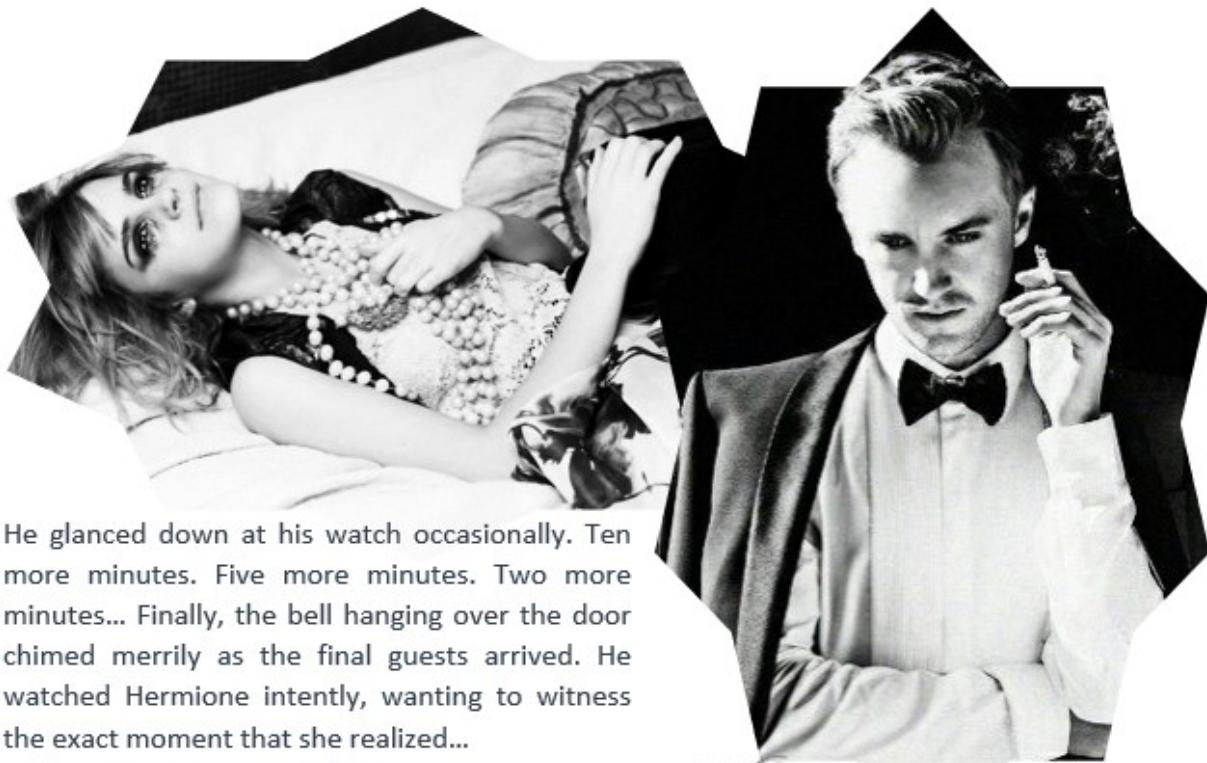
Hermione laughed, jerking away from his hand that he was tickling her with. "Maybe you would too," she joked. She grabbed her shirt, using it to wipe the mess off of her stomach. "You never know until you try," she teased him further.

Chapter 24: Surprise Party

Chapter Summary

Its the day Draco had been waiting for, the day he got to once more be Hermione's hero by reuniting her with her parents.

Mucho fluff



He glanced down at his watch occasionally. Ten more minutes. Five more minutes. Two more minutes... Finally, the bell hanging over the door chimed merrily as the final guests arrived. He watched Hermione intently, wanting to witness the exact moment that she realized...

Snow Storm: Chapter 24

There were no words to describe the relief that washed over Draco on Thursday night when he received word from Potter that the Grangers had been found, and fully restored, and were anxiously awaiting the reunion with their daughter. The party was set, arrangements were all in place, invitations sent, RSVPs received. All that was left was to get her there. They would be having a double-date with Ginny and Harry, that's how the story went, anyway.

"Hermione, are you ready?" Draco asked, knocking twice just to be polite before entering her bedroom. "We've gotta meet the Potters downstairs in ten minutes." He was dressed in a nice suit, knowing that this would be the day that he would meet his (hopefully) future in-laws. He

knew they must know only terrible things about him, if anything at all, and he wanted to make as best an impression as possible.

Hermione knew she needed to dress up a bit. So she put on a nice dress, and did her hair, put on a little extra make-up, and was just putting the finishing touches on her hair when Draco knocked. "Yeah, I'm ready," she told him. She finished what she was doing before sitting down on the edge of her bed to put her shoes on. She was wearing heels, small heels, so she didn't end up twisting her ankle or falling over.

Once she had them strapped on, she stood up, and grabbed her coat. "Alright, let's go," she said, and finally looked at him, smiling. "You look great," she said, walking towards him and putting an arm through his.

Draco looked at the beauty that was his girlfriend. "And you look absolutely spectacular," he told her. Her beauty was so simple that even with her hair not done and no makeup on, she still blew him away every time he woke up next to her. So of course, on nights like this when she went that extra mile to dress up, he could hardly keep his hands off of her. "So, you haven't told Ginny anything, right?" he asked, wondering if she'd been able to maintain the secret.

Hermione grinned up at him, "I know how to keep a secret. Don't worry," she told him. She had a lot of practice at it this year, and it was finally a good secret that wouldn't hurt anyone. "As far as they know, we're just going for a double date," she told him, walking with him out of the dorm. He was right, they would be late to their own party if they didn't hurry.

They met with Ginny and Harry at the bottom of the grand staircase. Ginny was in a lacy kelly green dress, knee length with long sleeves, and form fitting, showing off the bump that seemed to grow a bit every day. The color made her copper hair pop. She was beaming, delighted to be getting out of the castle. When the Heads arrived, she greeted Hermione with a hug.

"I'm so glad we're doing this again," Ginny said to the two. "Maybe if we can get through tonight without too much media attention we can make this a monthly thing," she suggested hopefully.

Draco chuckled. "I don't think there's anything new they can write about us now," he reasoned. Then again, the media was yet unaware of the Malfoy heir Hermione carried, and he hoped to keep it that way a while longer. "Nothing bad, at least."

Hermione hugged Ginny back, grinning at her friend. "That would be great, I doubt there will be much for them to write about, even if they do show up," she said, smiling. "You look great, Gin." Hermione said, as they all began walking towards the entrance of the castle. She was anxious to get to the party, and surprise her friends. They both deserved a party, and she was happy Draco had thought of it.

Harry grinned at both of them, glancing at Draco with a nod. Her parents were going to be joining them at the Three Broomsticks, along with everyone else she had invited. Everything had gone according to plan, and he couldn't be more pleased. "You both look lovely." Harry said. "Now, let's get moving." He said, wrapping an arm around Ginny, and giving her a squeeze.

When at last they arrived at the pub, Draco opened the door for the others, waiting for the moment the guests inside shouted their "surprise!" to the newly engaged couple. The Grangers would be arriving soon, wanting their entrance to come after the party was already underway.

It was Ginny who entered first, her hand locked with Harry's pulling him in behind her. She had barely laid eyes on the large "Congratulations Ginny & Harry!" banner hanging from the far wall when the collective "Surprise!" reached her, and she processed the sight of all of her family and many of her friends. The shock of it made her jump, and then her eyes filled with tears. Bloody pregnancy hormones.

Draco entered with Hermione a second later, suddenly remembering that the entire place was filled with people who probably hated him, or at least that he was dating Hermione. Perhaps the greatest of them all ways Ron, who, presumably in some attempt to upset Hermione, brought a date to the event. "Don't leave me alone with these people," Draco whispered to Hermione as he walked her into the room.

Hermione grinned as Ginny and Harry entered, and right on cue everyone shouted surprise. Everyone had showed up, even Ron, who had a date. Poor girl. When Draco spoke, she laughed, looking up at him. "I won't," she promised, giving his hand a squeeze. Harry grinned as everything went perfectly, and he tried to act surprised. "Wow, this is great," she said, looking down at Ginny. "I had no idea," he lied, leaning down to kiss her forehead, glancing back at the couple behind them. "Was this your doing?" He asked them. Hermione grinned, "It was Draco's idea," she said, looking up at him fondly.

Ginny looked at Draco now, surprised. "To show my appreciation," Draco explained. "You really helped me out of a tough spot," he said to Harry very genuinely. Of course, Harry must know that wasn't the only thing he was thanking him for. But before the couple could respond, they were being joined by many heads of red hair, looking to greet and hug the guests of honor. Draco took a step back, allowing the family to greet each other without his interference. He could expect to be introduced to the lot at some point, but for now, he wanted to make himself scarce.

Hermione smiled and stepped back with Draco, letting the family hug Ginny and Harry first. Eventually, they began hugging Hermione, and she pulled Draco with her, just so that people would know he was going to stay by her side. Of course, everyone welcomed him as if they hadn't been on opposite sides, everyone but Ron, who didn't bother to greet him or offer a handshake. She expected as much, she was just glad he was there, for Ginny.

After all of that was out of the way, and people began talking and hanging out, Hermione went over to one of the tables with food, which was set out for whenever people wanted to snack. She had decided finger foods would be the best option, that way everyone could mingle, and whenever they felt like having something, they wouldn't feel the need to sit down and eat. She grabbed one of the little sandwiches, and a napkin to hold it on, and turned to Draco. "It turned out perfectly," she said happily, before taking a bite of the sandwich.

Draco had to admit, it did seem to be a complete success. Everyone was celebrating the happy couple, many of them taking a moment to admire Ginny's plump stomach, which stuck out on her otherwise thin frame. Draco, on the other hand, could not help his eyes from drifting to the door every minute or so, waiting anxiously. He glanced down at his watch occasionally. Ten more minutes. Five more minutes. Two more minutes... Finally, the bell hanging over the door chimed merrily as the final guests arrived. He watched Hermione intently, wanting to witness the exact moment that she realized she was no longer an orphan.

Hermione had been enjoying everyone just being together, and happy, when she heard the door chime. She was sure everyone she had invited was already there. Her eyes moved to look at the

door, and she froze, she felt, for a moment, like she was seeing two ghosts walking into the party. But no, it was her parents, and they looked happy and healthy, and they scanned the room until their eyes landed on her. She couldn't believe it, and as soon as she did believe it, her promise to Draco was forgotten, and with tears in her eyes she ran over to them, wrapping her arms around both of them.

"Y-You remember me?" She asked them, sobbing happily now.

Her mother nodded, wiping at her tears and leaning down to kiss her head. "Yes, baby, we remember you," she assured her.

"I tried to find you, I did, I'm so sorry!" She told them both.

"We know, we know. It's okay." Her dad was saying. She looked up at them, confused.

"How?" She asked, and she followed her dads' gaze to Harry, who also appeared to be crying.

"Your friend Harry found us, he was working with your boyfriend, he said." Her mom explained.

Hermione suddenly remembered she had left Draco alone, and that she could now introduce her parents to him, something she never thought she would be able to do. She wiped at her eyes, laughing happily, "Draco, I've talked about him before, nothing good, of course, but he's different now. Come on, I'll introduce you," she said, and led her parents over to meet him. She would have to thank Harry after she spoke to Draco, she also was aware of the fact that the entire party had stopped to stare at her reunion. When she got to Draco, she hugged him, tightly. "Is this really an engagement party?" She asked him.

Watching Hermione being united with her parents after nearly two years apart made Draco's heart swell painfully in his chest. He'd done something to change the course of three lives in a major way, and for once, it was a good thing. When Hermione brought them over, returning her hug, he grinned mischievously. "Let's just say the surprise was for Ginny and you, not Ginny and Potter." Upon releasing her from the hug, he waited anxiously to be introduced.

Hermione grinned up at him, so Harry had also known the whole time, but Ginny was just as surprised as she was. Clever. She let go of him, and turned back to her parents. "Mum, dad, this is Draco Malfoy. Draco, these are my parents, Monica and Wendell," she introduced them. She still couldn't believe they had actually found them. She wasn't even the least bit upset that she had failed, and they had managed to somehow track them down.

Her parents both smiled, her father offering his hand. "It's really good to meet you." he said.

Draco gave her father's hand a strong shake. "The pleasure is all mine, truly," he said to him. "I've been looking forward to this day for quite a while." He turned a charming smile to her mother. Merlin, he hoped he made a good impression. He was sure she'd had a lot to say about him when they were kids. Would they remember that? Would they know that he was that same person? Would they accept that he wasn't that same person?

Hermione was still dazed by the fact that she actually had her parents back. "We're both very happy you're in our daughters life, and very grateful to you." Her mother said.

"We have so much to catch up on, where are you guys staying?" She asked her parents.

"Your friend Harry set us up in a hotel until we find a house." Her father said, and Hermione smiled in Harry's direction.

"Well, maybe we can come by tomorrow, talk more privately?" Hermione suggested, looking to Draco to see what he thought.

Draco slipped his hand into Hermione's and gave it a squeeze, knowing how over-the-moon excited she must be right now. "Yes, please," he agreed. There was a lot to be discussed, and this was probably not the best place to do so. Besides, he and Hermione needed to discuss how much they wanted to tell her parents and how quickly. They didn't want to overwhelm them with news, right? "Ah, it looks as though the Weasleys are making their way over. Can I get us all some drinks?" he offered. "Mr and Mrs Granger, what will you have?" He didn't mind giving Hermione's surrogate parents a moment to greet them, but he didn't feel he needed to be there for it.

Hermione smiled at Draco as he offered to get them all drinks, "Just some juice would be fine," her mother answered with a smile, and her father nodded. "Thank you," he said. Hermione could tell Draco felt awkward, but she also knew at this point, whoever knew what he'd done for her would be fully capable of forgetting the things he's done in the past. She wasn't sure who all had been in on the secret, but as Molly got close to them, she pulled her mother in for a hug, telling her how happy they all were that they were back. Arthur, of course, began asking about the muggles in Australia, and how they differed from the muggles around them.

While all of this was going on, Hermione made her way over to Harry, pulling him in for a tight hug. "Harry, thank you so much. You can't know how much this means." Even as she said it, she knew he probably did know how much it meant. They were both bringing children into this world, and she had realized something when she'd accepted that fact. She really needed her parents. She couldn't imagine he felt any different.

Draco took a good while getting three glasses of juice and a fourth with a large amount of whiskey in it for himself. He figured he'd need it to get through this evening. How ironic that he would be the one to suggest the whole party, only to feel like the odd man out. He returned to the Grangers and offered them their drinks, greeting the Weasleys as politely as possible, trying to hide any smugness that might have been his instinct, before going to find Hermione. She found her with Harry and joined her, wrapping one arm around her waist.

"I know what it would mean for me," Harry said in reply as Draco joined them. "But it was all Malfoy's idea."

When at last the party was over, and Draco and Hermione had returned to their dorm, Draco was grateful for the night to be over, but also very pleased by how well it'd gone. Everyone came, Weasley didn't cause any drama, and most importantly, Hermione had never been happier.

Draco tossed his jacket onto the back of the nearest living room chair and began to toe off his shoes. "So," he started to say, looking over his shoulder at Hermione. "Some party, huh?"

Hermione had the whole night to let it sink in that she actually had her parents back, after counting them as lost all summer and most of the year. It was hard to wrap her head around, but she couldn't be happier. The picture in her mind of them in their new house, with a baby, and their friends, could now include her parents as well. She felt better about taking the next steps in life, knowing she had them to turn to in troubled times. She talked to Ginny, who had been equally

surprised about all aspects of the party, and chatted with all the other guests as well, but it was hard to keep her eyes, and mind, off of her newly found parents.

The party ended, and Hermione was okay with it, knowing they planned to visit her parents the next day. And also knowing that she would be able to visit them as often as possible, especially when school let out. She took her jacket off, and looked to Draco, sighing happily. "I just still can't believe they're back," she told him. She went over to him, wrapping her arms around his neck. Harry had said it had all been Draco's idea, which is why he had suggested the party in the first place. "Thank you, tonight meant so much to me," she told him, leaning up to kiss him.

Draco put his arms around her waist and returned her kiss. "I know," he told her. "That's why it had to be done." He kissed her again. "Now go get undressed. I'm going to draw us a bath." It was late, and he was a bit tired, and a few drinks in, but he thought a nice intimate bubble bath would be a good way to end the evening.

She smiled, and let go of him. "That sounds nice," she said. She went to her room to get undressed, starting by unstrapping her shoes, before getting rid of her dress, and everything under it. Last, she took her hair down, and then headed into the bathroom with her robe on.

He went straight to the bathroom and started the tub, which he believed he didn't use nearly enough. He poured a liberal amount of bubble solution, before vanishing his clothes to his bedroom. Just then, Hermione entered the bathroom, wrapped in her robe. "I don't think you need this," he said, approaching her and untying the robe, sliding it down her shoulders so that he could look at her.

Hermione let the robe slip off of her shoulders, smirking at him. "Just wanted to give you something to unwrap," she told him, and looked at the bubble bath he had run for them. It looked so relaxing, she walked over to the tub, pulling him with her by the hand. She stepped in the water, and slowly sunk down into water.

Draco got into the tub when she was in, sitting opposite her so that his feet rested on either side of her. He brought one of her feet into his lap and began to massage it. "You and your parents are going to have a lot to talk about tomorrow," he pointed out to Hermione. "What do you plan to tell them?" He wanted to be on the same page, so that neither of them said something they shouldn't.

Hermione let her head fall back as he began to massage her foot, thinking over his question. "I want to tell them everything," she said after a moment of hesitation. "But, that could be a bit overwhelming," she said, mostly thinking out loud. "So maybe I should just talk to them about how... working together brought us closer." She wasn't sure if they would remember, but she hadn't had the best things to say about him in the past.

Draco pushed his thumbs deep into the arch of her foot, spreading them in an upward motion as she spoke. "So I'm assuming you want to leave out all the stuff about the crazy amounts of drugs and sex?" he teased her. "What about other things like... the Hog's Head." He didn't want to even speak the Snatcher's name, not wanting to keep the man's memory alive.

Hermione let out a little sigh as he worked the muscles in her feet, and looked at him with a laugh. "I think we can leave the sex and drugs out of it," she agreed. When he mentioned the Hog's Head, she felt her stomach turn at the memory, she didn't like thinking about it, much less talking about it. "Maybe someday, but I don't know. I mean, you protected me, so in that way it's

a good story for my parents but..." she trailed off, trying to think of what she really wanted to say. "I don't know, that's a difficult story for me to tell," she told him honestly. In one way, it made him look good, and in another, he looked like a murderer, even if it was self defense. And for her, well, she just looked like the victim... because she had been.

Draco nodded in understanding. "What about the baby? Are you ready to tell them about him?" That was a hell of a bomb to drop after two years apart. He switched his attention to her other foot, repeating more or less the same massage. "I mean, obviously you want to tell them. But do you want to tell them now?"

Hermione had been thinking about that all night, actually. "I plan to spend time with them, and before too long I'll be showing," she told Draco. As soon as Ginny had started showing, it was very noticeable. "I think that should be something we talk to them about, before they figure it out for themselves," she told him.

Finished with her foot rub, Draco put his arms out, holding her knees lazily. "I agree. And while we don't want to blindsight them with it, we certainly don't want it to seem as though we were hiding that information from them in any way. It's pretty big news. And it's happy news, even if it's a bit unexpected." He had to admit, though, if it wasn't for this pregnancy, he might not have ever come to terms with his feelings for her.

Hermione smiled, "I know we're young, but, I think they'll be happy," she told him. "Especially once they get to know you," she added. He had a tendency to get into some trouble, yes, but it had all been to protect her. At least, his recent trouble had been. And while it scared her to lose him due to that trouble, she knew he would always do what he had to in order to keep her and their baby safe. "Should we tell them about the house? Maybe they could find a place close by?" She asked him.

"I think that'd be an excellent idea," Draco told her. Chances were one if not both of them would be entering the workforce after receiving their N.E.W.T.s, if not higher education or vocational training. They would probably need the assistance of grandparents to help them when they needed someone to be with the baby. He couldn't guarantee they'd get that from his mother, and they certainly didn't want it from his father. "I can have Mrs. Weather look for any vacancies in the area."

Hermione grinned, moving across the tub so she was sitting on his lap, her arms wrapping around his neck. "I wanted to say something at the party, I almost blew our secret," she told him with a laugh. "But it would be great to have them close by," she added, leaning in to kiss his cheek.

Draco smirked up at her, wrapping his arms around her middle now that she was in his lap. "I think so too." Even he, who had such a damaged relationship with his parents, had an appreciation for them. His father's loyalty was still questionable, especially after his attack against Hermione and their child. He could only hope his mother was more open-minded. He still hadn't had the opportunity to speak to her about it, and truthfully, he was disappointed that she hadn't reached out. "I'm glad you're happy," he told her, and kissed her tenderly.

She was glad that he agreed with her. She knew just because he had gone through the trouble to get them back to her, didn't exactly mean he wanted them very close. "We can tell them about Mrs. Weather tomorrow, maybe we can show them the house she helped us find," she suggested. She was just so excited to be able to include them in her life, especially now that she wasn't such a mess.

"Yeah, maybe we can," Draco agreed. The offer he had put on the waterfront mansion had been accepted, so pending a few last signatures, the home was theirs. "But you're still supposed to be taking it easy. I'd like to come to your appointment tomorrow, get Pomfrey's okay for you to travel." Her weekly baby checkup was in the morning, and he hadn't yet attended one.

Hermione nodded, "Yeah, of course," she said. So far, people just assumed she was going to show support for her friend. If anyone saw Draco going with them, well, the cat might finally be out of the bag. But she was so happy to have her parents back, she didn't really care. Let people talk. "Well, let's hope I'm in a better condition to travel. I spent a lot of time on my feet today, and I feel okay," she said.

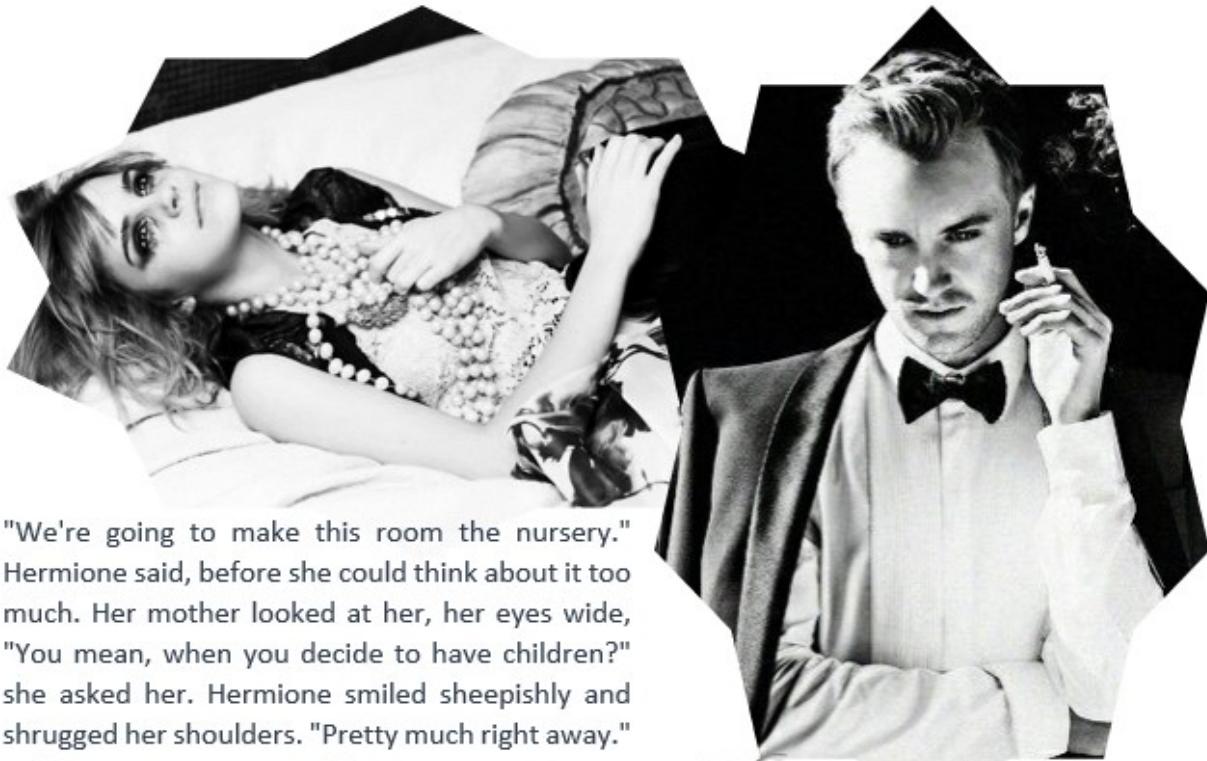
"Well, let me personally see to it that you don't have to spend another moment on your feet all night," Draco pledged, smirking up at her. "Wouldn't mind you on your knees, just saying." He twerked his eyebrows at her playfully.

Chapter 25: Catching Up with the Grangers

Chapter Summary

Hermione and Draco spend a day with her parents, making important revelations, and asking equally important questions.

Ugh, more fluff, I know, but at least I gave you chapters 24 and 25 all in one night!



"We're going to make this room the nursery." Hermione said, before she could think about it too much. Her mother looked at her, her eyes wide, "You mean, when you decide to have children?" she asked her. Hermione smiled sheepishly and shrugged her shoulders. "Pretty much right away."

Snow Storm: Chapter 25

The next morning Draco accompanied Hermione (and Ginny) to their appointment with the healer. He was pleased to learn that Hermione had put on some weight, and that their son seemed to be growing as well. Draco asked if Hermione would be allowed to travel, by side-along apparition, and more importantly, if she would be able to apparate herself, as he wasn't sure he'd be able to transport three people in addition to himself. After a bit of hesitation, the healer assured them that she would be allowed to apparate, but to bring her morning sickness potions, because it would likely make her ill. In addition, she issued both Hermione and Ginny a week's worth of prenatal potions, as well as Hermione's extra strength nausea potions, and they were excused.

"So, what time did we say we would meet your parents?" Truth be told, he'd had several drinks the night before, and he didn't remember that precise detail.

Hermione was pleased that she seemed to be healthier than the week before, and after some hesitation, she was allowed to travel by herself. She could also tell that it was probably something she shouldn't be doing too often, just based on the healers hesitation. She thanked her, before leaving with Draco, and parting ways with Ginny. "We didn't really say, I told them I had this appointment and we would be over in the afternoon," she told him. "So, we could head over now, and they'll be expecting us," she added, hooking her arm through his, and leaning against him as she walked.

Draco nodded. "Good, because I'd hate to have you walk all the way upstairs just to come down again in an hour." Just getting from one place to another in the large castle was a lot of walking for any pregnant witch. Luckily, Draco knew exactly which hotel the Grangers were staying in, as he'd helped Potter arrange it, and was paying for their stay.

When they reached the outer gates of the castle, Draco put his arms around Hermione and disapparated, landing in an alley near the hotel in muggle London. "How are you feeling?" he asked her before continuing, wanting to be sure she was feeling well enough to walk just yet.

She held onto him, and when they arrived, she felt just a little lightheaded. "I'll be okay, I'll just sit down once we get to their room," she told him. "Do you know their room number?" She asked him, keeping hold on his arm, just in case. She knew that at any moment the dizziness she felt could overwhelm her.

"We'll just ask at the lobby," Draco told her, holding her hand on his arm as he began to walk with her. Once they reached the street he turned right and walked just a bit further to the hotel entrance, holding the door open to let her in before him. When they reached the reception desk, Draco approached the receptionist with a charming smile. "Good afternoon," he greeted her after looking at the time. It was just past noon. "My name is Draco Malfoy, I booked a room for a couple of family members who are visiting. Could you remind me what room number they're in?"

"Just one moment, Mister Malfoy," the young woman replied, and after a few entries into her computer, she turned back to him with a smile. "They're in suite eleven-hundred and four."

"Right," Draco agreed, as though this was something he already knew but had simply forgotten. "Thank you. Would you be a dear and let them know their daughter and I are on our way up?" He turned back to Hermione and put his arm around her, while the receptionist picked up the phone to dial their room.

"Thank Merlin for lifts," he told Hermione as they made their way toward the elevator. The stairs at Hogwarts were brutal, but they certainly kept the students in shape.

Hermione stood quietly beside Draco as he spoke to the receptionist, she hadn't realized he had been the one paying for their room until then. When he had the room number, she walked with him. "Yeah, I don't think you would fancy carrying me up eleven flights of stairs," she said, grinning up at him. When they got to the elevators, she pushed the up button, and waited for one of them to open.

"So, you're paying for their room, huh?" She asked, looking up at him. She couldn't help but smile, he had helped get her parents here, now he was paying for their stay in a nice hotel until they had a place to live.

Draco looked down at her, smirking shamelessly. "Have you not figured out yet that I would do pretty much anything to make you happy?" When the doors opened, he stepped in with her and hit the "11" button. Finally they reached the appropriate floor, and Draco walked with Hermione the very short distance to the room. He knocked cheerfully on the door.

Hermione smiled, "I'm starting to," she said, leaning into him as they waited in the elevator. She walked with him to the room when they got to the eleventh floor, and waited while he knocked. After a moment, the door opened, and her mother pulled her into a hug. She hugged her back tightly, "Hi mum," she said, it still felt surreal to have them back. "Hi baby, glad you guys made it," she said. She let go of Hermione, and gave Draco a hug as well, less tight, and not as lingering as the hug Hermione had received. "Come on in, we were about to order room service once you guys figure out what you want. We can eat, and chat," she said happily.

Draco hugged her mother back gladly. He couldn't remember the last time he'd received such a warm hug. "Sounds great. We're starved," he said, grinning over at Hermione, who was still being instructed to eat eat eat. He greeted Mr. Granger with another firm handshake. "How are you two enjoying your stay?" he asked, since they'd been in the room for two nights now.

Her father shook Draco's hand, before giving Hermione a hug. "It's been great, really top notch place." Her father said.

"Yeah, it's really nice here." Her mother added happily, as she handed a menu to Hermione. Hermione sat down in a chair, happy to be resting, and began to look at the menu. "They have a lot of food to offer, that's for sure." Hermione commented as she mulled over her options. "I'll have this pasta, that looks good," she said, and passed the menu to Draco so he could have a look.

Draco took the menu and looked it over, before letting Mr. Granger call in the order for all four of them. When at last they all had their food, Draco decided to try initiating conversation. "So, Mister and Misses Granger, what is your plan, now that you're back in the UK?" he asked, after figuring out how to phrase the question.

"Well," Monica began, looking at her husband with a smile. "We are going to start looking at houses, and settle down here," she said. "We should have no problem getting our old jobs back, we're already beginning the process," she added.

Hermione looked at Draco, and smiled. "Well, we are actually in the process of buying a house, and wondered if you might want to meet with the realtor we used, and maybe find something in the same area." Hermione suggested.

"That's a wonderful idea." Her mother said, looking to her husband, who was smiling. "We definitely would like to be close." He agreed. "So, you're buying a house together?" Her mother asked curiously, and Hermione could tell she thought it was quick. It really was, even she knew that.

Draco could tell that Hermione's mother was surprised to hear that they planned to move in together so quickly. He didn't blame her for thinking that. "Well, we've been involved for nearly seven months," Draco started vaguely. "And up until this weekend, when Harry was able to track

the two of you down, Hermione didn't have the option of a family home to return to after graduation. It made sense to us." He looked at Hermione, wondering if this was the moment that she wanted to expose the pregnancy.

She saw the opening, she had created it by mentioning that they were moving in together. If she had been brave enough, she would have mentioned that their growing family needed a home, but she swallowed down the words nervously, nodding. "He's right, we've had a lot of time to think about it, and he knew I was stressing about what I would do after I graduated," she told them. Her mom nodded, and smiled.

"Well, that seems like it must have been pretty tough to think about. Luckily you have a man willing to take care of you, and your family," she said, giving Draco a fond smile. He certainly didn't sound like the hateful boy she remembered Hermione describing him as.

"We are grateful for everything you've done, and if you guys think it's right, we can't disagree." Her father said. Well, they could, but it was pretty clear the man had gone above and beyond for their daughter already.

Hermione smiled, nodding, happy they weren't trying to tell her she was making a mistake. If they thought it was a mistake, perhaps they were saving the lecture for when Draco wasn't present.

Draco had thought for sure that Hermione would use that as an opening to tell her parents their news, but she seemed to lose her nerve at the last second. "Truth be told, it's the least I can do, after everything that's happened over the years," he told them, owning his past transgressions in as few words as possible. "We'd love to show you the house after lunch, if you're up for it," Draco offered, since it was something he and Hermione had discussed the night before.

Hermione laughed slightly, glancing over at Draco. "Yes, they know a bit about you from before you matured," she said, having not told him whether or not her parents knew anything about him. But she had talked about him, complained about him, just like she knew he had done with his father, if not his mother, as well. They were kids, and they were both over all of that. She had even gotten over the fact that he'd been a death eater, because at the start of the year she had been a mess as well. It seemed your parents could have quite the effect on you.

"We would love to see it." Her mother agreed, and her father nodded as he swallowed a bite of food.

Draco grinned his usual charming grin, the kind he always used on parents or anyone he meant to make a good impression on. "Fantastic. I hope you don't mind apparating. It's not exactly nearby." He took another bite of his food and swallowed before adding. "Maybe we should wait a few minutes after we've eaten." He looked over at Hermione with a playful smirk, knowing that she, of all people, could use a little extra digestion before making the trip.

Hermione looked at Draco, shaking her head slightly, though with a smile, at his pointed smirk. "There's no rush, right?" She said. Her parents both shook their heads. "We have no plans, besides seeing you." Her mum said, which made Hermione smile. She was so happy to have them back, and she really wanted to tell them about the baby, but she also needed to work up the nerve to do so.

They all finished eating, and sat around chatting a bit more, before Hermione decided she felt good enough to apparate. "Shall we go?" She asked, knowing that Draco was waiting on her approval to travel.

"Mrs. Granger, if you'll just take my arm," he instructed her politely. As soon as she took it, Draco disapparated them with a pop.

A second later the two were standing on the private road leading to their drive, offering a view of the large home. He turned to face the property, taking it in with a grin. He was quite proud of his acquisition. "Hermione reckons it's a bit large, but I figure we'll grow into it." He wanted Mrs. Granger to know that he took his future with Hermione seriously.

Hermione did the same with her father, following Draco's lead and disapparating with his arm through her own. In a second, they were next to Draco and her mother, taking in the lovely home. "Wow," her mother breathed in, staring at the home in awe. "This is really something," her father commented. "Yes, it is big, but I have to admit it didn't take much convincing once I saw the inside." Hermione said with a laugh.

Draco led the way, escorting Mrs. Granger across the drive and to the front door. "Alohamora," he said, as they had yet to obtain keys. The door clicked open, and Draco led them inside to the foyer. "Eleven thousand square feet, not including the pool deck or porches. There will be staff, of course, to maintain the place," he bragged shamelessly. He was proud of the fact that he had the means to take care of her and their child.

Hermione was smiling as she listened to him brag, he had every right, especially considering he was helping her parents by paying for their hotel room. "It's magnificent. We wouldn't be able to get anything this large," her mother said. "Mrs. Weather had plenty of smaller homes to look at, they were still very lovely, and close by." Hermione commented. As they walked through the house, they stepped into the room Hermione had decided she wanted to make the nursery. It was the bedroom closest to the master bedroom, on the second floor, connected by a sitting room, and across the bridge. "We're going to make this room the nursery." Hermione said, before she could think about it too much.

Her mother looked at her, her eyes wide, "You mean, when you decide to have children?" she asked her. Hermione smiled sheepishly, and shrugged her shoulders. "Pretty much right away." Hermione said, watching her parents exchanging looks as they realized what she was trying to say.

Draco could see that Hermione had decided this was the moment to tell them, but he had a feeling she needed a little help getting the words out, as they weren't catching on as easily as she might have hoped, or if they had, they hadn't said anything. "That is to say, Hermione and I are, presently, expecting." He gave them a moment to digest the confirmation of what they were thinking.

Hermione was grateful for Draco. She looked at her parents as they seemed to finally realize what she was trying to tell them. She squeezed Draco's hand eagerly, and she saw a grin appear on her mothers' face. "I'm going to be a grandma?" She asked, and pulled Hermione into a hug. "That's wonderful!" she said, looking down at her. "No wonder you went above and beyond to find us, I'm so happy for you both!" Her mother continued. She could tell her dad was still processing this news, but he was smiling. "I'm so glad we're going to be around to meet our grandchild," he said finally, wrapping an arm around Hermione, as well.

With the news out there, and her parents appearing to be happy about it, Hermione felt as if a large weight had been lifted. It's not as though she could take it back even if they weren't happy about it. "That happens to be the other reason we were so eager to get a house, for after graduation," she added, and smiled in Draco's direction.

Draco was relieved that they hadn't been upset, or at least, if they were, they had the decency to hold it in. "We know it's unexpected, but you'd be surprised just how many couples are in our exact situation right now," Draco went on to explain. "As you probably noticed, Potter and his fiance are expecting sometime around graduation. Hogwarts is experiencing a bit of a, er..." He looked at Hermione with a small laugh. "A bit of a baby boom at the moment." He scratched the back of his neck, still feeling a bit guilty at having knocked up their daughter.

Hermione chewed her lip as he spoke, nodding her head slowly as a nervous laugh escaped her. "Yeah, it just sort of happened. At least their new slogan was taken seriously," she said with a laugh. "New slogan?" her father asked, and she shrugged. "Unity," she said, and her mother laughed.

"Well, we can't claim that Hermione was exactly planned, but that doesn't make you love the child any less. When you're young, the timing never really seems right." Her mum said, and Hermione smiled. "Not really a mistake, just a surprise," Hermione added, and her parents both nodded.

Many mistakes had been made by him and Hermione in recent months, but their decision to be together and raise their child together, that most certainly was not one. "I for one am looking forward to starting a new family." One distinctly separate from the one he'd been raised in. He would never let his child hear his mother called "mudblood" again.

Her mum smiled. She could see how much Draco seemed to love her daughter, and she was happy for them. And she was happy knowing she would have a new baby. "How far along are you?" She asked, and Hermione smiled. "Sixteen weeks," Hermione announced happily. "I see a healer weekly, we actually had an appointment this morning and the baby is doing well," she told her mom. She didn't want to really get into it, the baby was still a bit small, but that's why she had to be careful to eat a lot, and not be on her feet too much.

"It was a bit of a rough first trimester," Draco explained. "But Hermione's finally started to kick the morning sickness and put on a little bit of weight, so all is looking well." He smiled down at his girlfriend, giving her hand a squeeze. "As soon as we've dotted the eyes and crossed the tees, we'll have decorators in to get this room ready for the little guy."

Her mother smiled, "You're having a boy?" She asked happily. "Yeah, we haven't even talked about names yet, but I do know it's going to be a boy," she said, smiling at Draco.

"A grandson." Her father said happily, testing it out.

"Well, I'm happy to hear you're doing better. And I'm here to help if you need anything." Her mom said, smiling. Hermione smiled, "And I'm so happy you guys are here." Hermione said, feeling close to tearing up. "Okay, we should move on with the tour before I get all emotional," she said, laughing. She kept hold of Draco's hand, pulling him with her as they took her parents through the rest of the house, and then ended by showing them the backyard.

Draco was glad that they seemed impressed, but he couldn't help wondering if they were being honest in their display of happiness for them. If he were Hermione's father, he'd probably be skeptical right about now. "I'm very much looking forward to raising our family here," Draco explained, pushing up his sleeves as he kneeled down to test the temperature of the pool. It was a heated pool, as he understood it, but the heat was not on, and it was still quite chilly out. He stood up again, wiping his wet hand on his trousers. "We'll be able to host holidays." His parents had always thrown large, elaborate gatherings around the holidays while he was growing up. That of course ended promptly when Voldemort had been resurrected.

"Mr. Granger, I was hoping you and I could go have a look at the garages. I had some thoughts about converting the space," he explained, though it was really just an excuse to get the older man alone.

Hermione didn't notice the look on her mother's face when Draco's sleeve was pulled up, exposing the mark. She was so used to seeing it, she didn't even think about it. So when Draco asked her father to go look at the garages, Hermione's mum spoke up. "I'd like another look at the kitchen while they do that," she said. "Sounds like a plan." Her father agreed, and went with Draco to check out the garages.

Hermione led her mum back inside, and into the kitchen, thinking she really did want a better look at the cupboards, or counter tops, or something along those lines. But when they were alone, Monica cleared her throat, looking worried. "What? What is it?" Hermione asked.

Draco walked with Mr. Granger towards the three extremely large garages. "I've never owned a car, as I'm sure you could guess, so I'm not quite sure what use I'd have with six of them." He chuckled, flicking his wand towards the door of one such structure. The door began to lift open slowly. "What else might one do with this kind of space?" He wanted to keep up the guise of seeking the older man's advice, it would serve as good bonding, even if it was just a guise.

Monica offered her daughter a tight lipped smile, which faltered. She leaned against the kitchen island, looking for the words. "Hermione, this boy, Draco... That tattoo on his arm... Is that the mark you've told us about? The one Voldemort's followers wear? Is he one of them?" The worry in her voice was evident. Was her daughter being taken advantage of in some way? Was she under a spell of some kind?

Wendell followed Draco, thinking of what use he might have of such spaces. "Well my first suggestion would be a workshop, if you're into building with your own two hands." He suggested, not sure if a wizard would have use for such a space.

Hermione frowned, having not thought about how her parents would feel about this particular subject. She had told her parents about the mark, for their own safety. If they saw anyone with the mark, they wouldn't be safe. "He was one of them, not by choice," she told her mother. "The issues we had when we were younger, a lot of them were because of the influence his father had over him. His father is not a good man, to this day, which is why you'll likely never see him coming by for a visit. It's also why we're keeping this house a secret from most people," she explained, hoping to ease her mum's worry.

The mother frowned, not quite relieved by her daughter's explanation. "But he was one of them? You're sure that he's the kind of man you want to spend your life with? To raise a child with?" It wasn't that she doubted it, but she wanted to hear from her daughter, without the wizard himself

present, that this was a life she was choosing for herself, willingly. "Do you love him? More importantly, does he love you?"

Draco couldn't help but chuckle at that thought. "I suppose I could probably do with a hobby of some sort once I've finished school," he turned to face Wendell fully now. "I have to confess, I have another reason for drawing you away from the women. I was hoping to talk to you in private. As you know, your daughter and I are very serious about each other, and part of my motivation for soliciting Harry's help in bringing you home was because I knew how important it would be for her to have you and your wife around to help with the baby. But another reason I wanted to bring you home was because I was hoping to request your blessing to marry your daughter."

Hermione leaned against the counter directly across from her mother, sensing that she was going to have to work a little harder to convince her, even before her mother spoke. "He's different now, I know he is. I've seen it. And I do love him, and I absolutely believe he loves me too," she answered her mother, making sure her voice sounded confident. She didn't want to leave any room for doubt. "I was a mess without you and dad, and he saw that. I'm not proud of it, but before he brought you back to me, him and Harry both helped me straighten my life out. He's changed, for the better."

Wendell looked at Draco as he spoke, taking in everything the young man had to say. When he finally got around to his question, the man nodded in consideration. "You love my daughter?" He asked him. "And you'd do everything you can to keep her safe, and happy?" He asked him, a serious tone to his voice. He cared about Hermione more than anything, and while he could see all the effort he put into the relationship already, or at least money, he had to ask.

A cautious smile grew on Monica's lips as she listened to her daughter. "One of these days, I expect you'll let me and your father in, tell us what's really happened these last couple of years. But if you're sure that the two of you are in love, I can't see any reason why you two shouldn't be perfectly happy together." Lord, she hoped she was right.

Draco returned Mr. Granger's serious expression. "With all due respect, Sir, I've risked everything I have, including my freedom, to see your daughter, and grandson, happy and healthy, and I will continue to do so until the day I die. I believe I was in love with her before I even understood the meaning of such a thing."

Hermione nodded, giving her mom a smile. "I will, one day, but for now I'd like to leave it at "a difficult time" and not go into too much detail," she told her. "It's in the past, and right now my main focus is the future," she added. "But I do know that we're happy, and he takes good care of me, not just with money, but he actually cares," she assured her mother.

Wendell nodded, and his stern look softened into a smile. "Good, in that case, my answer is yes. You understand with a daughter as special as mine, you have to be sure you're doing what's best for her." He told Draco. He seemed sincere, and Wendell had no reason to doubt the boy.

"The house is amazing," Monica agreed. "He really bought this? Just for the three of you?" It was hard for her to wrap her head around any eighteen year old having the money to afford such a home. "He's cute, too. You left that out in all the times you came home complaining about how mean he was to you," she grinned playfully at her daughter.

Draco breathed out a sigh of relief. "Thank you. I've wanted to ask her for a while now, but it was important to me to get your consent first. I know how much she cares about you and her mother." He wished he cared nearly as much about his parents as she did hers. It was hard to imagine that at one point not too long ago Draco wanted nothing more than to impress his father. Now he couldn't remember for the life of him why.

Hermione laughed, "His family has money, which is one of the reasons he was always such a jerk. And he's definitely gotten cuter in the past few years," she told her mum, happy to see her joking about him, rather than being concerned that Hermione was making a mistake.

Wendell smiled, "Well, you have it. So, when are you planning on asking her? And should I tell her mother?" He asked him, out of curiosity, but also because he didn't want to spill the beans if he was the only one Draco wanted knowing at this point.

"I still have to get a ring," Draco informed the father. Merlin, he never in a million years thought he'd be asking a muggle for his daughter's hand, but here he was, alone in a garage, with a muggle. And he wasn't even threatening him or torturing him or anything. What a crazy turn of events. "I'm with your daughter practically every moment of every day. We live together in the castle, have most of our classes together, share most of our Head responsibilities together. It's not easy to sneak away to surprise her. I usually have to claim I'm out for a run."

Wendell thought about that for a moment, "Well, I could help you out with that. We've been gone a while, it wouldn't seem odd if we wanted to have a visit with just her. Or bring her with us to look at houses." He offered as a solution.

Draco grinned. "That's brilliant. If you two can make plans with her sometime this week, that'd be perfect." He could get out, maybe take Ginny with him to help him pick something out. He knew he had good taste, but she might be more in tune with Hermione's taste.

"That would be a win-win I think, time with our daughter, and we would be helping you pick a ring for her. Of course, I'll talk to Monica and figure out when we should take her off your hands for a bit." He told Draco. He didn't mind him, actually he quite liked him, but some time with just his wife and daughter would be nice, too. Like old times.

"We should probably return to them," Draco stated, chuckling. "I still don't know what to do about these garages," he chuckled. "I mean, even if I learned how to drive, I can't imagine we'd ever want more than one each." Then again, he didn't know how much of an obsession cars were to some men.

Wendell grinned, "They are definitely nice garages, I'm sure you'll figure something out." He said, "I don't know what all you guys get up to, magically, I mean. But maybe one can be used for those potions Hermione is always going on about. She has mentioned they can sometimes smell, and have...strange ingredients." He laughed, moving to exit the garage with Draco.

Draco considered that. "A potions lab," he said, nodding. "Yeah, I could see that, for sure." He and Hermione were both pretty skilled at potions, and it was always better to brew their own than to purchase sub-standard potions from the apothecaries. "That's not a bad idea at all." He exited the garage, expecting the older gentleman to follow. "I understand you're in a medical trade yourself? What's it called again?"

Wendell did follow him, "We're dentists, we take care of teeth." He explained to him. For some reason, he was aware that wizards sometimes found that fascinating, though he wasn't sure why. "I suppose wizards and witches have no use for such doctors?" He asked as he followed him.

Draco chuckled as they approached the kitchen through the hallway from the garage. "I mean, we brush our teeth like everyone else, but I guess we have magical solutions to our dental problems." He couldn't imagine a healer would have nearly enough work to keep them occupied if they specialized in dentistry alone. "So, Mrs. Granger, maybe we can find you a place with a nice big kitchen like this?" he suggested as they rejoined the ladies, since she'd voiced interest in the room.

Chapter 26: Ring Shopping

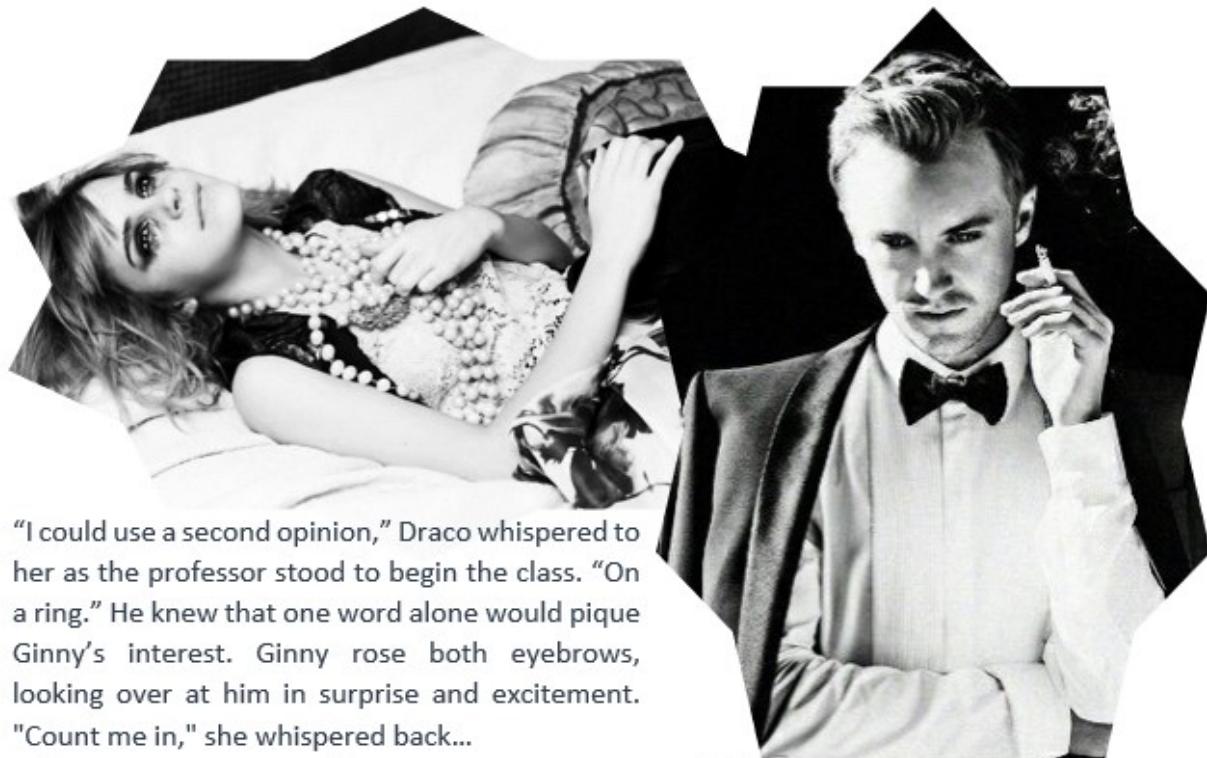
Chapter Summary

Draco solicits the help of an unlikely ally in hunt of the perfect engagement ring.

Quicky, followed by fluff.

Chapter Notes

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



"I could use a second opinion," Draco whispered to her as the professor stood to begin the class. "On a ring." He knew that one word alone would pique Ginny's interest. Ginny rose both eyebrows, looking over at him in surprise and excitement. "Count me in," she whispered back...

Snow Storm: Chapter 26

With the help of Hermione's parents, Draco was able to schedule a day for Hermione to spend with her parents, just the three of them. Now all Draco had to do was see if he could get the Weasley on board with the plan. Fortunately, on Mondays Draco had just one class with the incredibly pregnant teen that Hermione was not also in. He knew this was the only time he'd get the chance, so before the class began, instead of taking his usual seat, Draco slipped into the desk next to Ginny's, much to the irritation of the girl who was accustomed to sitting there.

"Weasley," he greeted the redhead with a smirk. "How's it going? How's junior?" he asked in a poor attempt to spark conversation.

Ginny was surprised when Draco sat next to her, knowing he usually sat elsewhere. She assumed he wanted something, but he asked about James, and she was all too happy to talk about it. "It's going good, he's doing flips as we speak," she told him with a smile, feeling the baby moving around inside her stomach. She had her weekly appointments, so she knew he was doing well, but it always eased her mind to feel him moving around.

"How are you doing? I bet you've gotten extra attention from Hermione, what with helping get her parents back and all," she said, wiggling her eyebrows playfully at him, a smirk playing on her lips.

Draco couldn't help but smirk shamelessly at what Ginny was insinuating. "If she wasn't in the family way already, she certainly would be now," Draco leaned in and whispered for only her to hear. "In fact, she's going to be spending the evening with them tomorrow night, and I was hoping you might be free." He didn't let on to his intention just yet, curious to see her reaction at the idea of being alone with him. She seemed quite warm to him, usually, but they'd never been alone.

Ginny raised an eyebrow, though she had figured he wanted something from her. "As grateful as I am, I'm not as grateful as Hermione," she told him sarcastically. Even as pregnant as she was, she couldn't help making the joke. "I am free, though. What do you need with me?" She asked him curiously.

"I could use a second opinion," Draco whispered to her as the professor stood to begin the class. "On a ring." He knew that one word alone would pique Ginny's interest.

Ginny rose both eyebrows, looking over at him in surprise and excitement. "Count me in," she whispered back, and then flipped her book open to the page the professor had instructed. She was not going to pass up a chance to help pick her best friend's engagement ring!

Draco chuckled, he knew he'd got her on the line as soon as he said "ring". When the class was over, Draco passed Ginny a note, telling her to meet him Tuesday night outside the great hall after dinner. Hermione would be gone by then, so they'd be safe to leave without being seen.

Ginny took the note, glancing at it briefly, before nodding to Draco so he would know she planned to meet him. Now excited to go shopping the next day, Ginny hobbled off to her next class happily.

The following afternoon after class, Draco returned to the dorm so that he could see Hermione before she left to go see her parents for the evening. "So, what do the three of you have planned?" he asked her, wrapping his arms around her middle. He knew she was trying to get ready, but he was enjoying being a bit of a pest at the moment.

Hermione smiled into her mirror, looking at him as she attempted to do her makeup. "We're going to dinner, I'm not sure what they have planned after that. They just said they wanted to spend some time with me," she told him, she was more than happy to have a relaxing evening with her parents, and they had made it very clear that not inviting Draco was simply because they had missed her, and not because they didn't want him around. "What are you gonna do without me?" She teased him, figuring he would just sit around the dorm, or do some homework.

Draco shrugged, moving her hair to tease her neck with a couple nips of his teeth. "I'll probably go for a run," he lied. It was easy to lie to her when he knew that the lies served only to build to a

pleasant surprise for her. "This might be the only night in the near future that it's not raining." He wouldn't even dare mention that he was meeting with Ginny, as that might lead her to wonder why.

Hermione smiled, humming softly as she felt him teasing her neck. "You might be right about that," she said, she didn't mind the rain, but it wasn't the best for someone who enjoyed running, or going for rides on their broom. Neither of those were things she particularly enjoyed, honestly. "Well, try not to miss me too much," she joked, she finished with her makeup, and turned around so she was facing him, her arms resting on his shoulders.

Draco smirked. "You look amazing," he told her. "When do you think you'll be back?" She was still supposed to be taking it easy. "You're flooing to the Three Broomsticks so that you don't have to walk all the way to the gates to apparate, right? Pomfrey said it was preferable in your state." The more unnecessary walking she could avoid at this point, the better.

She smiled at him, "You're cute when you worry," she told him. "Yes, our floo network is opened up so we can get to Hogsmeade without walking all that way, Pomfrey told McGonagall I shouldn't be walking that much," she told him, reaching up to play with the bottom of his hair. "I'm not sure when I'll be back, but I'll try not to be too late."

"Good," Draco said, feeling as protective of her as ever. "So, how much time do we have before you have to go?" He wiggled his eyebrows at her playfully. She did look very nice tonight, and something about sending her to her parents in a freshly shagged state just felt deliciously naughty. He leaned in again, nibbling on the soft, fresh smelling skin of her throat. He moaned softly against her skin, while his hands moved southbound to grasp her cheeks in both his hands firmly.

Hermione grinned, tilting her head to the side as he nibbled on her neck, sending shivers down her whole body. "If we're quick, I might have just enough time for you," she told him playfully. How was she supposed to say no when he had his hands all over her body? She knew if she left now, all she would think about was him, all night.

Draco smirked against her neck and kissed his way up to her lips. She was always so willing, if not eager herself. He loved that about her, and kissed her passionately in show of his appreciation. As he did so, he gave her one more firm squeeze before moving his hands around to be front, making quick, practiced work of the front of her jeans. His mouth broke away from hers only as he lowered the pants to her ankles, taking her knickers down with them. Leaving her feet bound in denim, Draco hoisted her onto the vanity counter pushing her legs towards her middle, more or less bending her in half.

Draco leaned towards her again, his lips a breath from hers. "Hold your ankles," he instructed her, kissing her hard once more before slipping two fingers inside of her. He pumped them hard within her while adding a third, wasting no time in getting her pleasure started while he used his free hand to free his quickly hardening cock from his pants.

She kissed him back, letting him take care of her jeans, although he left them around her ankles, she was sure he had done so purposely. He lifted her onto the counter, and she took hold of her ankles as he told her, and seconds later she felt his fingers inside of her. She moaned, her head falling back slightly, as she kept a tight grip on her ankles.

Draco removed his soaked fingers from within her after a minute or so, wrapping them instead around his hard shaft and stroking it a few times before thrusting into her heat. Draco groaned as

she encased him, and began to move inside of her. The position kept her pelvis narrowed, compressing her already tight passage. It also allowed him to fill her completely, as deep as her body would allow. He held those narrow hips in place as he bucked hard into her with his full length.

Hermione let out a gasp as he entered her, in this position she could feel every inch of him, "Fuck, Draco, yes!" She urged him on, immediately feeling her orgasm nearing. She lost her grip on her ankles, gripping the edge of the vanity instead. Just a few minutes of him taking her hard in this position, and she was cumming hard. She could feel herself tightening around him even more.

Draco was relentless, and when she lost her grip, he picked up the slack, gripping the narrow ankles in both hands and thrusting into her with full force, as he usually was when rushing. He could feel her walls closing down on him, so harshly that they nearly forced him out of her, but he was used to this by now, and forged onward until finally releasing himself into her. He groaned as his body shook, quivering with the intensity of the brief but satisfying tryst. When there was nothing more to spill, he pulled out carefully, his legs shaking suddenly as the sensitive head withdrew with a wet pop. Draco chuckled, helping Hermione to lower her likely aching limbs. "I fucking love you, you know that?" He asked her breathlessly. He kissed her hard as he pulled her pants back into place for her. She had places to be, after all.

Hermione laughed, her legs felt like jelly as she stood back up. "You fucking better," she said with a grin, leaning up to kiss him. She buttoned her pants back up after he helped her get them back on, and turned to look at herself briefly in the mirror, just to make sure she didn't look freshly shagged. "I better go, I think they have a reservation," she said, giving him one last kiss, before rushing off to the common room. She used the floo to get to the village, and then apparating as close to her parents hotel as she could.

Draco freshened himself up and, when he was sure Hermione was gone, he headed outside. He enjoyed a quick, refreshing cigarette before going downstairs to meet with the other pregnant Gryffindor. He figured she was probably still eating. He hadn't bothered. He could always eat later. He just waited, grinning from his successful bathroom quicky. He knew at some point in the not so distant future she'd be too pregnant for that kind of exploit. He had to take the chances while he had them.

Ginny finished up her meal, and when she left the great hall, she found Draco standing by himself, grinning. She rose an eyebrow, walking up to him. "You look happy. I hope you're thinking about rings," she teased him. "You ready?"

Draco pushed off the wall he was leaning against and walked over to Ginny. "Something like that," he said, still grinning. "I just saw her off to see her parents," he told Ginny, unsure and uncaring if she caught on to the implication of his subtle words. "Now, about that ring..." He had considered finding something from a family vault, another heirloom, but with his family's history against the young woman, he thought better of it. "Let's go."

"It doesn't bother you to walk this distance?" Draco asked. He was so used to worrying about Hermione, he couldn't help but voice concern over Ginny as well. They'd be apparating to London once they reached the school gates, of course, but it was still a bit of a walk, even from the Hall.

Ginny rose a brow, she caught his meaning, and she just laughed. "I appreciate the concern, but I'm fine with walking," she assured him. She knew Hermione was a bit more delicate than she was, they shared appointments, after all. And while she wasn't supposed to over exert herself, she also wasn't being told to take it easy like Hermione. "Let's get going," she said, and began walking towards the entrance.

Draco walked with Ginny out of the castle gates and, with one arm casually looped through hers, he apparated them into a shopping plaza in London. There was a high end jeweler there where he planned to look. He didn't want to shop somewhere where they would be seen or recognized. They entered the shop, and Draco was greeted by the proprietor. He explained that he was looking for an engagement ring for his girlfriend, also explaining that Ginny was a friend there to help, and asked to see the best rings available.

Ginny entered the store with Draco, excited to see the jewelry the place had to offer. It was a beautiful store, with large display cases filled with sparkling rings, necklaces, earrings, and so much more. She walked up to the counter with Draco, listening as he explained the situation. While the proprietor gathered what Draco requested, pulling out displays filled with the largest diamond rings, Ginny leaned close (as close as she could, with her baby bump getting in the way) and stared wide eyed at the rings. "Well, we certainly have a lot to choose from," she commented. "We should look for something nice, but unique," she said thoughtfully, looking for something that reminded her of Hermione.

Draco nodded. "Unique and extravagant," he agreed. "I'd like it to include her birthstone." For the life of him he couldn't think of what the September birthstone was. "What do you think, Weasley?" he asked, looking over the broad selection of different settings, stones, and metals.

Ginny was looking intently at the choices laid out in front of them, and after a moment or two, she saw a beautiful opal ring, the large opal stone was surrounded by diamonds and sapphires. She picked it up, holding it up to the light, and closer to Draco. "I think this might be the one. It screams the both of you. Obviously how huge and extravagant it is, is where you come into the mix," she told him, knowing that Hermione would never ask for such a large ring, but that he would insist on it. She looked at Draco, curious to see what he thought of the ring.

Draco took the ring from Ginny, looking it over. It had a three carat oval opal in the center, surrounded by a halo of a dozen sapphires, as well as several dozen smaller diamonds. It was set in rose gold. It was unlike anything he had ever seen, colorful, bright, dazzling, and that made it, in Draco's opinion, perfect. "Ginny Weasley, I think that son of yours is turning you into a genius. I've no idea where he gets it." He couldn't just come right out and compliment her. That would be all too friendly. But he knew she'd know he was just jesting.

Ginny grinned, she knew exactly why he was giving her unborn child all the credit, he just couldn't admit he actually liked her, or Harry, for that matter. "Well, I mean, look who his parents are," she told him with a smirk, she was happy she had found the one, now she would have something to hold over his head when Hermione fell absolutely in love with the ring. "So, if she says no, I get to keep it, right?" She asked him with a grin. "I mean, I did pick it out," she added teasingly.

Draco laughed as he passed the ring back to the jeweler. "I'll take it." He turned to Ginny again. "She's having my baby. I just bought her a five bedroom mansion, and I've got her father's blessing. She's not saying no." He turned to the jeweler to see him still looking intently in his

direction. "That'll be seventy-nine hundred pounds," he told Draco in a snobby tone, clearly expecting this to scare him away. Draco smirked. "Like I said, I'll take it." He passed over a black credit card, one that was enchanted to link to his Gringotts vault.

Ginny stared at him as he dealt with the money, and once the man took the card, she spoke. "What's this about a mansion?" She asked, shocked. It was the first she was hearing about it, but now she was curious. "When did you buy her a mansion?" She prodded for information. "And why is this the first I'm hearing about it?" She added, because she was obviously one of the first people who should know about such a thing.

Draco enjoyed the look of surprise on the man's face as he took the card from him. He returned his attention to the redhead. "Ah, right, Hermione probably hasn't mentioned it yet. We're still closing," he explained vaguely. "We found a house. We'll need somewhere to live after graduation. It's not like I can take her home to my parents, and until last week we weren't sure where hers were, so it just made sense to look for something of our own. Luckily the seller is a muggle so they don't know who we are."

Ginny was impressed, "Well, I guess you're right then. There's no way she's going to say no," she agreed with him. "So now, my only question is when do I get to take a tour of this mansion, and pick my room for when I come visit?" She asked him with a cheeky grin.

Draco chuckled. "I'm sure Hermione's going to want to take you two for a full tour as soon as we close. Probably some time right after Easter break," he told her. "We showed it to her parents on Sunday. They seemed pretty impressed. I think it's part of the reason her father was willing to give me his consent." One thing they surely wouldn't doubt was his ability to support her and their child.

Ginny laughed, nodding. "Well, I can't wait to check it out," she said, watching as the man got the ring ready for Draco to take. "Do you know how you're gonna ask, yet?" She asked him curiously.

Draco had given that some thought as well. "Well, I'm going to give her a couple of days in Australia with her parents for Easter, and join them sometime in the middle of the week. I think I'll do it sometime before we return. I haven't settled on the how just yet," he admitted. He was open to suggestions, if she had them.

Ginny nodded, "Well, you'll know when the time is right if you plan on doing it while you're visiting," she said, figuring there would be plenty of opportunities. "Just make sure you keep that ring on you in case the perfect opportunity shows itself," she added with a smile.

Draco nodded. "Trust me, that ring is going to be in my possession at all times." First of all, he couldn't afford to let Hermione find it. Thankfully he only had a couple of days to hide it from her before they left for break. Second, as she'd said, the perfect opportunity to pop the question could appear at any time. Draco received back his card, and a little paper gift bag, containing a leather box, containing a smaller ring box, as well as a certificate regarding the legitimacy of the jewels encased in the piece. He was grateful for the many layers, it made the contents less obvious.

"You ready to head back? Or did you want to window shop for Potter's next gift for you?" he asked, since she seemed to enjoy eying all of the sparkly pieces surrounding them.

Ginny nodded, "I think we should head back. It's about time for me to get off my feet," she told him, as much as she wanted to look at the sparkly jewelry, she also had a very large baby bump that she could only carry around for so long before needing to rest. "I'm glad I could help, though," she told him with a smile, heading for the door, after thanking the rude proprietor.

Draco apparated Ginny and himself over to the Leaky Cauldron. "We can floo to the head dorm. It'll save you a lot of time on your feet," he told Ginny with a smirk. "McGonagall approved the use of our floo to help Hermione in her state." He stepped into the public floo the pub offered, a fistfull of floo powder in hand. "Hogwarts head dorm," he stated clearly, and vanished in a blast of bright green flames.

Ginny grinned, "Smart," she said, figuring Pomfrey had a hand in that, as well. She heard her preaching to Hermione to take it as easy as possible, but just getting to and from classes was a lot of walking. After Draco had disappeared. She followed his lead, using the floo to get back to their dorm. Once there, she used her wand to clean herself off. "I should get out of here before Hermione shows up, who knows what she would think," she probably wouldn't think they were hanging out because they were friends, and she liked to think she wouldn't assume they were sleeping together, but she would definitely expect an explanation.

Draco chuckled, dusting himself off. "Yes, wouldn't want to have to explain why we're together," he told her with a smirk. "See you later, Weasley. And thanks. I think she's going to love it." Merlin he hoped so. He hoped she didn't think it was too much, but then again, too much was exactly what he was going for.

Ginny grinned at him as she made to leave, "Don't worry, she's going to love it," she said, before leaving the dorm, heading back to the Gryffindor tower.

It was about a half an hour after Ginny left that Hermione came through the floo. She dusted herself off, stepping out of the fireplace.

Draco had long since hidden the ring in his room, not knowing when Hermione would return. When she did, he looked up at her from his place on the couch with a smile. "Hey," he greeted her, extending a hand to invite her to sit with him. He'd been reading a book, a parenting book, as it were. He didn't know the first thing about being a father after all, much less to a baby. "How was your night?"

Hermione happily joined him on the couch, snuggling up to his side, and glancing over at what he was reading. "It was nice," she told him with a smile. "Just a simple family night, dinner and conversation," she told him. "How's the book?" She asked him with a smile.

"Informative," Draco answered, and leaned over to steal a kiss. "Did you know newborns have to eat every two hours?" he shuddered. "Have fun with that," he said to her with a smirk. After all, it was her breasts their son would be feeding from.

Hermione laughed, "Yeah, I've done a bit of reading myself," she told him. "Luckily breast pumps exist, which means you'll be able to help feed him when I need to sleep," she told him with a smirk.

Draco rose one platinum eyebrow. He wanted to laugh, to question why she would think that he would be doing any such thing. But then, he realized that she did, in fact, expect him to help. With feedings, and nappy changes... He was pretty bloody sure his father had never changed a

nappy in his life. "Well shit," he concluded out loud. When he pictured fatherhood, he pictured it later down the line, helping his son to walk, to talk, to ride his first toddler broom, preparing him for Hogwarts... "Guess it's gonna be a lot of sleepless nights for both of us," he added after a moment of thought.

Hermione saw the realization slowly sink in, and almost laughed, knowing what he probably expected. He probably expected a baby to just be here one day, and not make much of a difference at all in his life. "It will be, newborns are a lot of work. But, from what I understand, they grow up fast. It'll be hard, but you'll regret it if you're not involved, especially since that'll mean I won't get any sleep, ever, until the baby starts sleeping through the night. You would definitely regret that," she told him with a teasing smirk.

After a moment of thought, he knew Hermione was right. A sleepy Hermione was not a horny Hermione, and shagging her in her sleep or half-sleep state did not sound fun. And no sex at all? "You're right, I'll help, as much as I can," he concluded, determined. As they say, happy wife, happy life.

Hermione wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him closer. "Good, because I've read about postpartum depression, and I'm pretty sure it stems from not having enough help. But if we work together, and make sure we're both okay and getting enough sleep, we will be fine," she told him. "And, also, we have my mom now if things get really bad," she said with a content smile.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone! I feel like it's been forever since I've gotten a new chapter out! I've been fortunate enough to be allowed to return to work finally, and let me tell you, my sleep cycle is MESSED UP. But, I've no intention of letting this story slow down, especially as we near the conclusion (in writing, still plenty more chapters to post).

Chapter 27: The Talk

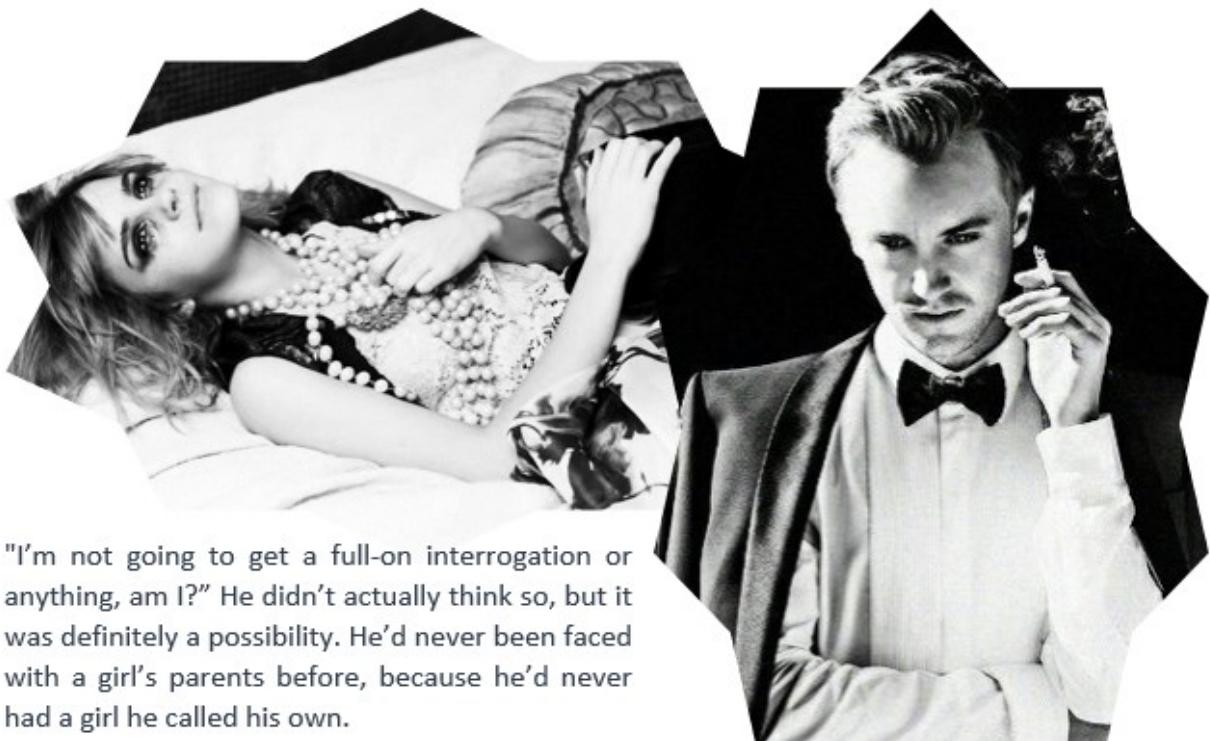
Chapter Summary

Draco joins the Grangers in Australia, and Hermione's parents dutifully interrogate him.

Also some smut at the beginning.

Chapter Notes

We've decided to take the story in a different direction, since a lot of people seemed upset with the previously published chapter 27. This is a whole new Chapter 27.



"I'm not going to get a full-on interrogation or anything, am I?" He didn't actually think so, but it was definitely a possibility. He'd never been faced with a girl's parents before, because he'd never had a girl he called his own.

Snow Storm: Chapter 27

After shopping with Ginny, Draco had a few days of walking around with the small leather ring box in his pocket. He fiddled with it inside his pocket throughout classes, and when Hermione wasn't around he opened it to look inside again at the ring. He hoped she'd like it, but he couldn't

exactly be sure. On Saturday they parted ways, Hermione joining her parents in Australia. Draco dutifully took the Hogwarts Express back to London, acting as chaperone to the younger students on the seven hour train ride. He spent an evening at the Leaky Cauldron, and the next day Mrs. Weather agreed to meet him to finalize some of the paperwork on their new house.

When it was finally time for Draco to join Hermione in Australia, it couldn't have come any sooner. As happy as he was to give her and her parents some space, all he'd done in his time away from her was miss her and chain smoke incessantly. He'd even resorted to letting her giant ginger fluffball of a cat into his bed for one night, just for the company. He'd never admit he'd enjoyed the purring.

At precisely five on Wednesday evening Draco flooed into the hotel suite (it'd been difficult to find a hotel that offered a fireplace, but he managed). "Hey there," he greeted Hermione, who was seated on the couch watching television.

Hermione smiled when she saw Draco appear in the fireplace, and got up from her spot on the sofa. "Hey," she greeted him, walking over to give him a hug. "I've missed you," she said, smiling up at him. She hadn't spent that much time away from him since he had spent a few nights in Azkaban.

Draco wrapped his arms around her and kissed her tenderly. "I missed you too," he informed her, reluctantly releasing her from the embrace. "How was your easter?" He knew the holiday had a much greater meaning to muggle families like hers, religion and all that.

Hermione kissed him back, and shrugged at his question. "It's been nice, we didn't do anything special," she informed him. "But tonight we're going to have dinner at this place my parents like," she informed him. "They made reservations for seven," she added.

Draco grinned. "That's great," he told her. "Looking forward to it." He looked around the suite. "Are they not here?" he asked, looking around.

She nodded, "They went down to the pool a few minutes ago. Mum prefers to avoid those prime sunburning hours," she told him with a smile. "I don't know how long they'll be down there," she added. "How was your holiday? Did you end up going to see your mum?" She asked. Last time they had talked about it he wasn't sure if he would.

Draco sighed, and moved to the couch, taking a seat, and pulling her down to join him. "No. She asked me to come, but I wasn't ready to face him. She said she understood." He knew she was disappointed, but she was no more interested in watching them fight again than he was in getting into another fight. "I just hung out on dorm, mostly. Caught up on course work."

Hermione nodded in understanding. She felt bad for his mother, she wished there was a way to see her without having to see his father. After all, that had been her original plan in writing her letter, but that had gone badly awry. "It's a real shame your dad is such a sneak and a liar," she sighed, she definitely didn't want a repeat of that day, though.

Draco put one arm around her. "I know," he could only agree. "So, how long until your parents get back?" he asked, even though she'd already said she didn't know.

Hermione grinned up at him, figuring she knew why he was asking. "They didn't say," she told him, leaning up to kiss him. "And I'd hate for them to walk in on something... naughty," she said

with a laugh. But she also hadn't seen him in three days, and she missed him.

Draco scanned the hotel suite with his eyes. "I believe that bedroom door closes. Probably locks, too," he added with a smirk. But for now, he just wanted to kiss her. He leaned over her, kissing her deeply, pulling her body closer to him. "Merlin I hate being away from you."

Hermione grinned back at him, kissing him. "I believe you're right," she said, moving onto his lap so she could kiss him easier. She stroked his cheek with her thumb as he spoke, smiling at him. She could sense a bit of worry in his words, and she thought she knew why. She had a bad habit of getting into trouble when he wasn't around. "Don't worry, it was just a couple of boring days with my parents. And now you're here," she told him, leaning in to kiss him again.

Draco kissed her back, moaning into the tenderness of it. His hands fell to her waist. She had to know that every time she straddled his lap it did something to him. He could feel his excitement growing already. "Have you any idea what you're doing to me, woman?" he asked. He didn't know if he could resist if she was only trying to tease.

Hermione grinned deviously at him. "Well, the door does lock, and yes, I do know what I'm doing to you," she told him with a smirk, grinding herself against the growing bulge that never disappointed. She leaned in to kiss his neck, moving up to his ear to nibble at his earlobe gently.

Draco bucked his hips in response to her gyrating. "Then you'd better get in there," he warned her, his tone offering her a delicious threat.

Hermione laughed, giving him one more kiss before moving off his lap, and walked into the room she had claimed. She sat down in the bed, waiting for him to join her.

Draco was right behind her, already unbuckling his belt as he walked. He pushed the door shut as he passed through it, and twisted the lock into place. When he reached her on the bed he kissed her hard and opened her legs, stepping between them. One hand went into her hair, holding her as he kissed her, the other went under her dress, slipping beneath the lacy fabric of her knickers to feel the moist lips it'd been tasked to cover. He plunged two fingers into the wetness, pumping them hard inside of her. He loved the way it made her body squirm and her toes curl.

Hermione kissed him back eagerly, glad that she had worn a dress today. He immediately had fingers plunged inside her, and she moaned against his lips. She tugged at his shirt in an attempt to get it off, she missed his naked torso, and was eager to get a good look at him.

Draco grinned against her lips as she attempted to undress him, and his hand was forced to leave her core in order to comply with her wish. Both his hands left their posts as he pulled the pale blue v-neck off and discarded it on the edge of the bed. His hands now free, he finished what he'd started in opening the front of his pants, releasing the hook and zipper and withdrawing his very hard, very eager prick. He pulled out his hardy sack as well, hooking his balls over the zipper to keep his pants out of his way.

He pulled Hermione closer to the edge of the bed, as close to him as possible as he stood before her, and spread her legs wide by her ankles. He entered her unassisted, and took a moment to savor the feeling of her body welcoming him inside before his hips started their rocking motion.

Hermione moaned as he entered her, and with one hand behind her for support, the other stroked his bare chest as he began rocking inside of her. "Merlin, I missed you," she moaned as she

leaned up to kiss his chest. Three days was definitely too long to be without him.

Draco moved roughly inside of her, but at a steady pace. When she leaned up to kiss his chest, he dropped her ankles, instead putting his arms around her body to hold her close to him. One arm was wrapped tightly around her torso, the other gripping the upper portion of one of her thighs, helping to pull her to him with each thrust. His mouth went to her neck, sucking and biting hard on one spot as the movement of his hips quickened in pace.

Hermione repositioned the arm supporting her, bringing her hand closer to her back, and the other wrapped around his shoulder. She tilted her head to the side as he bit and sucked her neck, gasping. It hurt at first, but quickly became pleasurable, and as his pace quickened she could feel her orgasm building quickly. "Fuck!" She gasped, trying to keep her voice low, just in case her parents happened to be on the other side of the door.

Draco would rather draw it out, make rough love to her all day, but he knew that wasn't much of an option, her parents could be back at any moment, and she would be begging for mercy soon enough. He quickened his pace still, releasing his hold on her and, with a kiss lowered her to the bed. He pushed her thighs towards her until her knees were against her shoulders. His hold on her waist was almost bruising as he slammed into her, without any sign of mercy. He knew she was toppling over the edge, and he was damn close to going over with her. "Fuck, Hermione..." She was so good, and he rubbed her clitoris roughly.

Hermione moaned as he pushed her knees up, and as soon as he began rubbing her clit her legs began to spasm. "Oh, God!" She gasped as she began to cum, the relentless rubbing had her body trying to squirm away from him as she reached completion.

Draco didn't think he could hold out any longer, and the way she gripped him made it nearly impossible. He kept moving only long enough for her to still underneath him before allowing his own release. When he was finished, he leaned forward on top of her, kissing her deeply. "I love you," he whispered as he peppered kisses down her neck and shoulder.

Hermione relaxed under him, kissing him back, and smiling. "I love you too," she told him, enjoying the feeling of his lips on her. She tangled a hand in hair, letting out a happy sigh. She vaguely wondered if her parents had returned, but tried not to think of it. As long as they weren't knocking on the door, she didn't care if they were out there.

Moving off of her reluctantly, Draco performed a cleansing spell on his pants and put himself away. He pulled his shirt back on, and looked down at Hermione on the bed. "You know, I don't think I've ever seen you in a dress in the daytime," she'd worn them on dates, but never a casual sundress like the one she was wearing now. Not even, to his recollection, in years past.

Hermione looked down at herself, and nodded. "Yeah, you're probably right. It's just so humid here, I can't really stand to wear jeans," she told him. "Is it...weird?" She asked as an afterthought, wondering if it was strange to see her in something she never usually wore.

Draco laughed. "You joking? You look beautiful. Plus, the easy access can't be beat." He smirked at her, pulling her off the bed and kissing her hard. "You should wear them more often."

She grinned, wrapping her arms around him after he had pulled her off the bed. "I'll keep that in mind," she told him, kissing him back. "Should we see if my parents are back?" She asked him, since he was dressed, and cleaned up.

Draco smirked a mischievous smirk, and before she could stop him, put one hand under her dress, swiping a finger up the slit of her cunt, effectively coating it in their combined juices. As quickly as he did so, he grabbed the lacy fabric that had been forced to the side, and repositioned it over her as it was meant to be worn. He sucked the finger clean, wiggling his eyebrows at her. "Yes, now that you're decent, let's go see."

It was a while before her parents returned, perhaps an hour or so. The young couple waited nestled into the couch, watching a program on the television. Draco had never actually watched television before, it was fascinating. When it came to advances in technology, he might have been forced to admit that muggles had the ever unchanging magical community beat. By the time the Grangers returned, Hermione had fallen asleep across his lap (their brief tryst must have worn her out), leaving him momentarily alone to greet them.

"Mrs Granger, Mr Granger, it's nice to see you." Draco greeted them from where he was trapped beneath her on the couch. "Hermione, love, wake up," he prodded, barely shaking her shoulder in order to wake her gently.

Monica and Wendell entered the hotel room to find Hermione asleep on Draco's lap, both of them offering a smile as he greeted them. "It's nice to see you, too." Monica said.

"Good to see you," Wendell said politely.

Hermione woke up when Draco shook her lightly, looking up at him. "I didn't mean to fall asleep," she said through a yawn, and then realized they weren't alone. "Oh, mum and dad, you're back. What time is it?"

"It's about time to get ready to go to dinner," Monica said, glancing at her wrist watch.

When Hermione sat up, Draco stretched a bit, feeling stiff from playing bed to her for so long. "Should we change?" Draco asked, wondering what the appropriate attire for dinner would be. They'd chosen the restaurant, after all, so he figured they would know.

Monica looked them over and smiled. "No, that's fine actually. It's a casual restaurant," she told them. "We'll just get ready, and then we can head over there," she offered. They had been at the pool, so they both needed to freshen up and get dressed for dinner.

Hermione stretched, watching her parents retreat to their room to get ready. "I should probably make sure I don't look like I just woke up," she told Draco with a laugh.

Draco chuckled at that. Truthfully, her hair was a bit mussed from her nap, but he wasn't going to be the one to say so. "You go ahead and do that. I'm going to find my shoes." He'd redressed after their quick shag, but he hadn't bothered to put his shoes back on to simply lounge around the suite. He stood and took Hermione's hands, pulling her onto her feet as well, before turning her into the direction of their room and giving her bottom a quick swat.

Hermione let him help her up, grinning as he swatted her ass. She went into their room, into the bathroom to freshen up. It was a good thing, because her hair was a mess. She didn't take too long, but she managed to tame her hair back down, and fixed up her makeup before returning to Draco with a smile. She felt much more awake now that she was fixed up a bit. "So, are you ready for dinner with my parents tonight?" She asked him, wrapping her arms around his neck, and leaning up to kiss him.

Draco hummed against her lips. "Is there something I need to be ready for?" he asked playfully. "I'm not going to get a full-on interrogation or anything, am I?" He didn't actually think so, but it was definitely a possibility. He'd never been faced with a girl's parents before, because he'd never had a girl he called his own.

Hermione smiled at him, shaking her head. "No, it'll be fine," she assured him. She'd never had a serious boyfriend to have dinner with her parents with, but she was sure they would be nice. "I mean, I don't think so," she added, because she couldn't be absolutely positive about how the night would go.

The restaurant seemed nice. It was off the main strip, the kind of place frequented by locals more so than tourists, but still busy enough that Draco could tell that it was an establishment with a good reputation. After they'd placed their orders, Draco helped himself to a slice of fresh, warm bread. "So, Mr and Mrs Granger, have you two been here before?" It was easy to assume they had, but they could have simply known about the place, having never patronized it.

Hermione took a sip of water, looking to her parents as Draco spoke to them. "We've been here a few times, it's always good food." Her dad answered.

"So," Monica spoke up now that their orders had been placed. "How long have you two been dating?" She asked, her gaze fixed on Draco.

Draco should have known the questions were going to start coming in. "Well we had our first real date on Valentine's day," Draco answered, not thinking about the consequences of that answer. "A double date, actually, with Potter and his girlfriend."

Monica was surprised to hear this, she knew that he had mentioned being together a lot longer than that, and also knew how far along her daughter was. She glanced at her husband, and back to Draco, and Hermione, who looked a bit red in the face. She could see the wheels turning in her mothers' head. "So, you guys were..together, before you were dating. Am I right?" Her mother asked him.

Draco looked at Hermione quickly, then back to her parents each in turn. He took a drink of his water before answering. "Well... I guess you could say that. But it's not as if..." He didn't know what to say to make himself sound like less of a womanizing jerk. "There hasn't been anyone else. Not since the term started." He hadn't been committed, but he'd been, incidentally, exclusive. There was no need to bring up her little indiscretion.

Hermione cleared her throat, sensing the tension at the table. "I didn't want a relationship at first, I was going through a lot when I failed to find you over the summer," she said, they would be more forgiving of her than of him, even if it made her look bad. Her dad frowned, but nodded. "I'm sure it was hard." He said.

"I didn't want to bring anyone down with me, but I was lonely, and we liked each other," she explained. They didn't need to know it was purely physical, and they definitely didn't need to know the other aspects of the relationship. But the timing didn't add up, so it was clear that they hadn't been serious at first.

"Right," her mother said, trying not to get upset. It wasn't that she was upset with Hermione, just the situation, really. "So, what do you plan to do for a living then, Draco?" She continued her questioning, taking a sip of water as she waited.

Draco was glad to have been asked a question he could answer that might actually make him sound like a good person. "Actually, I've inherited a great deal of wealth. More than Hermione and I, or even our children, could probably manage to spend in our lifetimes. I was hoping to put some of that time and money to good use. Maybe begin a non-profit or something of the sort." He hadn't actually figured on making it this far, or Potter succeeding in order for him to have a future to plan for, so he never really had.

Hermione smiled at his answer, she had never even asked him such a question, so she was just as surprised as her parents by his answer. "Oh, well, that's very kind of you. I'm sure there's a lot of good you can do," she said with a nod.

"Are there any skills you hope to acquire, besides magic, which I'm sure you're good at?" Her father asked, and Hermione spoke up. "Aside from me, he's the best in our school," she said with a smile in Draco's direction.

Draco considered the new question for a long moment. "You know, I'm not entirely sure. I mean, I'm sure things will come up. I might want to learn to drive a car, for instance," Draco said with a slight chuckle, having never thought he'd hear the words out of his own month. "I'd also like to fine-tune my potion skills. It's a very delicate art, and quite a useful one at that."

Her father nodded in consideration. Hermione couldn't help but chuckle a little at the image of Draco trying to learn to drive. "Well, how about any hobbies, stuff you like to do for fun?" Her mum chimed in.

Hermione hadn't thought the night would turn into a full on interrogation, but she also couldn't blame her parents for being curious. And so far, they hadn't crossed any lines.

At least that was a question he knew how to answer. He'd leave out his favorite hobby, which was bending Hermione into indecent positions on top of various pieces of furniture. "Well, I enjoy flying. I used to play quidditch, which I'm told is like your football and cricket combined, sort of. I didn't join the team this year, on account of my responsibilities as Head Boy." He thought for a long moment about what else he might consider a hobby, but couldn't think of anything worth mentioning. He'd made a hobby out of being a bully in his younger years, but there was no reason to bring that up.

Her parents nodded, seeming satisfied with his answers so far. "And what about your past relationships? Have you dated many girls?" Monica asked him.

Hermione cleared her throat, shifting in her seat uncomfortably at this question. She knew Draco's history with girls was nothing to brag about, at least not to parents you're trying to impress.

Draco should have known that that question would be coming up at some point. "I'm not going to try to insult the two of you by spinning some sort of story that makes me look like a saint. I've never been particularly compelled to commit myself to any girl before now. I had a girlfriend a couple of years ago, but I never... felt for her what I knew someone is supposed to feel." He'd felt it with Hermione, it'd taken him some time to identify it, with certainty. He looked over at Hermione and smiled, taking her hand across the table. "I felt it with Hermione. I knew."

Hermione watched her parents expressions as Draco spoke, they didn't seem upset, they just seemed like they were listening and trying to understand him. She smiled fondly at Draco, giving

his hand a light squeeze.

Their food was delivered to the table before her mother spoke up again. "Well, you seem like a very well rounded young man, we just like to know who our daughter is involved with." Monica explained. Wendell nodded in agreement.

"It's not every day our Hermione brings home a man." He added.

"I completely understand," Draco said in agreement. "And I know, given our history, in particular, you probably thought that she was crazy to even consider a relationship with someone like me. And I'll be sure to prove my worthiness to her every day." He wondered if this was the moment, the right one, to get down on one knee and ask her, but then, he thought, he'd rather do it while they were alone.

"You do," Hermione said with a smile. Her parents seemed satisfied, for now, and they all began to enjoy their food. She was happy the questioning was over, even though it wasn't her in the spotlight, it still made her nervous to have such things brought up. Their relationship had started so unconventional, she didn't think she would ever like talking about how it began.

Chapter 28: Sex on the Beach

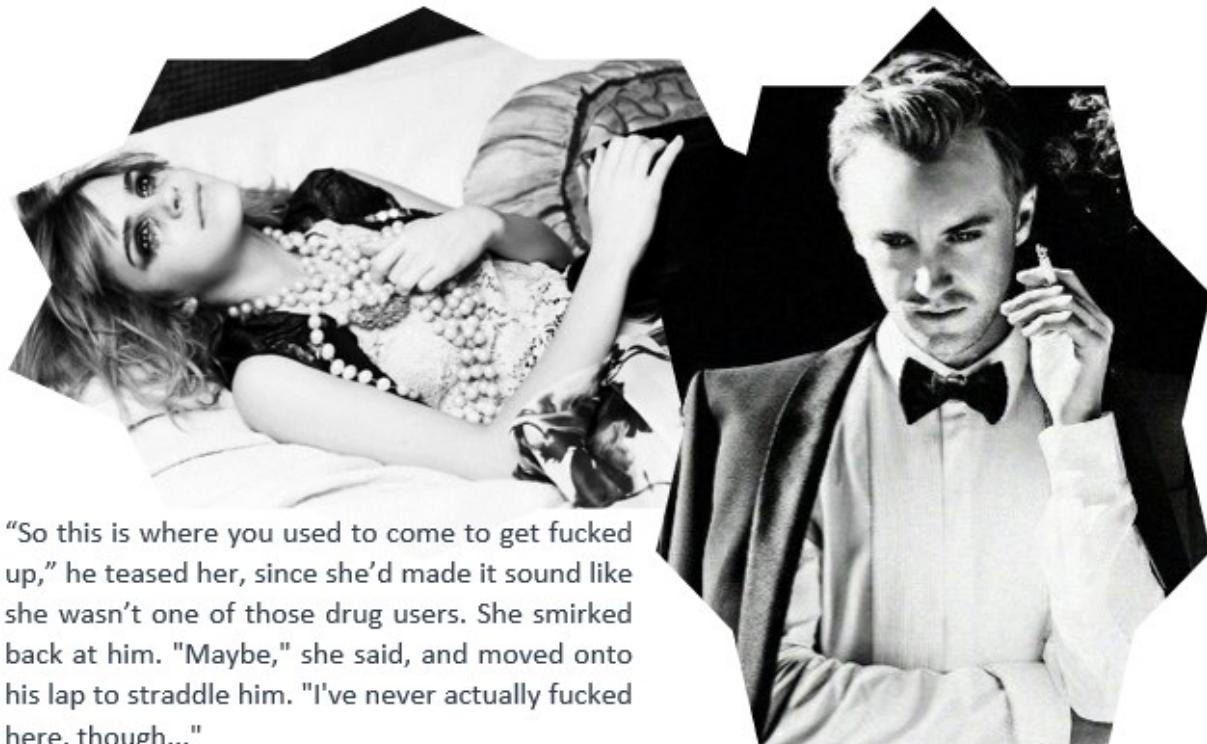
Chapter Summary

Yay for two chapters in one day, and both with smut!

This scene is pure sex, so enjoy!

Chapter Notes

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



"So this is where you used to come to get fucked up," he teased her, since she'd made it sound like she wasn't one of those drug users. She smirked back at him. "Maybe," she said, and moved onto his lap to straddle him. "I've never actually fucked here, though..."

Snow Storm: Chapter 28

When at last they had finished their dinner, Mr and Mrs Granger announced that they were going to head back to their house for some final packing, and Draco, his arm around Hermione as they exited the restaurant, turned to his girlfriend. "Hey, what say we head down to the beach," he suggested. "I'd like to see the stars on this side of the hemisphere." As if he gave a rat's arse about the stars on this side of the hemisphere. He was simply curious to see where it all started, her drug use.

The time spent with Draco and her parents was a nice change, the dinner went great, and she was pretty sure her parents liked Draco. She had been a little worried after her mother had seen the

dark mark on Draco's arm, but she seemed to have moved past that. Her parents decided to go to their house and pack up the last of their stuff, and Draco mentioned he wanted to go to the beach.

A smile crossed Hermione's face, and she nodded. "Yeah, let's go to the hotel first so I can change," she suggested. She also wanted to grab a few things for the occasion. She even knew of a secluded spot where they could be alone.

Draco agreed, and apparated them to the hotel suite. "Should I change as well?" he asked. Then again, he was wearing a suit, and not a bathing suit, so he had to assume the answer would be yes. He began to undress, carefully hanging his suit pieces as he dug through his suitcase for something more suitable.

She nodded, "Just something comfortable," she told him, as she got out of the fancy dinner dress she had been wearing, and changed into one of her other sun dresses, since he had said he liked them on her. She grabbed a bag, throwing the extra sheet in it to lay it out on the sand. Once she was ready, she went over to Draco. "You ready?" She asked him.

Draco changed into the only pair of shorts he'd brought with him to school, as well as a linen button-up, which he put over a white tank top. The shirt left unbuttoned, and the sleeves rolled up, Draco slipped into a pair of loafers. "How's this?" he asked her opinion. He hadn't been to the beach since he was a child.

She looked him over and smiled. "Looks good," she told him, leaning up to kiss him. "We should go. I don't want to be there too late," she told him. The spot she planned to take him was sometimes occupied later in the evening, and she wanted time alone with him.

Draco took her hands in his. "Would you like to do the honors?" he suggested, since she knew the location. Thankfully this muggle community didn't have those pesky wards preventing apparition.

Hermione smiled, and apparated them to the beach. She looked around, and saw no one close by, and since she had taken them straight to the private spot she'd had in mind, they wouldn't have to worry about anyone seeing them. She pulled the sheet out of her bag, dropping the bag in the sand, and opened it up. "Here, help me lay this out," she suggested, holding on to two corners of the sheet.

When they landed in the sand, Draco took a look around. What he was looking for was unclear, but he was driven to take in his surroundings as thoroughly as possible. When she asked for his help with the sheet, Draco turned and other end, combating the breeze slightly as he helped her lower the light piece to the ground. He toed off his shoes and laid back on the sheet, propped up on his elbows so that he could watch the crashing tide from a distance. "So, is this where you used to hang out?" he asked her casually. Her guard was down, and he wondered what information he'd get out of her this time.

Hermione slipped her sandals off, using them to hold down two corners of the sheet, before getting comfortable next to him. "Yeah, it used to be used as the local drug users spot, it's not really visible from the rest of the beach because of the trees, but you can still see the water," she told him.

Draco nodded, turning to give Hermione a smirk. "So this is where you used to come to get fucked up," he teased her, since she'd made it sound like she wasn't one of those drug users.

She smirked back at him. "Maybe," she said, and moved onto his lap to straddle him. "I've never actually fucked here, though..." she told him, leaning in to kiss him.

Draco was genuinely surprised when Hermione mounted him, and smirked up at her, his hands finding her waist. "Is that so?" he asked, and kissed her a second time. "Maybe we should rectify that travesty." Truth be told, he was glad to hear she hadn't shagged anyone here. He had wondered.

Hermione grinned down at him, leaning down to kiss along his neck, nibbling his ear. "My thoughts exactly," she said softly against his ear, her hands moving to the buttons on his shirt, which was already open. She pushed it down his shoulders, kissing the newly exposed skin.

Draco let her help him out of his shirt, before swiftly pulling his tank top off as well. He knew how much she loved to admire his chest and abs, and he wasn't going to deny her, especially when this was the second time today she'd thrown herself on him. He had absolutely zero complaints. "Someone's horny today," he teased her. As he did so, he reached behind her for the zipper of her dress, pulling it down her back.

Hermione grinned down at him, letting the dress fall off her shoulders. If they did happen to get caught, it would be easier to just pull her dress back up and make herself decent. "I guess I just really missed you, and I've kind of always wanted to try this," she told him, meaning sex on a beach, of course. "Just never had the opportunity," she added, reaching down and moving her dress out of the way so she could undo the button and zipper on his shorts, and move it out of the way. She leaned down to kiss him again, "Have you ever done this before?" She asked him curiously.

Draco kissed her back, and chuckled at her question. "I haven't been on a beach since I was a child, so I think that's safe to say." He looked up at her mostly topless form, and pulled her breasts from the cups of her bra. If she got to stare at his bare chest, so should he be able to stare at hers, especially if they were going to be bouncing so tantalizing for his viewing pleasure. When she opened his shorts his cock, mid-growth, sprung free to greet her.

Hermione had to admit she was glad it would be a first for both of them. She reached behind her, unhooking her bra, and tossing it at the bag she had brought to give him a better view. With that done, she reached down to stroke his now exposed member, and as she did, she moved down his body, taking it in her mouth to get him ready for her.

Draco groaned as he watched her go down on him, and one hand tangled into her curls, holding it away from her face so he could see the work she was doing. There were no words to describe how lucky he felt to have her all to himself, and assuming she said yes, he'd have her for the rest of his life. When finally he couldn't stand the need to be inside of her a moment longer, he used that fistful of hair to pull her head away. "You have gotten very good at that," he informed her. She didn't do it often, but when she did, her skill increased measurably. He guided her towards him for a smoldering kiss.

Hermione moved back up his body, leaning in to kiss him. "I'm glad you think so," she said with a grin. Every once in a while she liked to treat him to it, considering how often he went down on her. It was nice to know she was getting better at it. She reached down, moving her panties aside, and lined his now hard cock up with her already moist core. She slid down on him slowly at first, enjoying the feeling of him filling her up. She let out a moan as she began moving on top of him.

Draco just enjoyed her for a few minutes, relishing in the feel of her moving on top of him, in the sight of her breasts, which were beginning to grow now, flouncing happily in front of his face. But he hated not having control, not being the one to fuck her into the ground. As a compromise, he laid back the rest of the way, placed his hands on her hips, and planted his feet into the sheet, knees bent. As she rode him, he began to buck upwards into her, and as soon as he had a good rhythm going with her, he moved his hands up from her waist to hold onto those delightfully jiggling tits. He smirked up at her as he massaged them, lightly pinching her sensitive nipples.

Hermione moaned as he bucked into her, her hands resting on his chest as she continued bouncing on top of him. She could already feel herself on the verge of an orgasm when his hands moved to her tits, which only pushed her further over the edge. "Oh, shit," she moaned as she came, her nails digging into his chest as she continued to ride him.

Draco took great pride in his ability to make Hermione cum in just a few short minutes. He groaned as she constricted around him, and bucked wildly into her protesting cavity. His pace increased, taking over control at a speed he knew she'd not be able to match. He put his arms around her and, with great use of his core, he lifted himself into a kneeling position, guiding her legs to wrap around him. He bounced her in his lap and groaned into her mouth as he kissed her longingly, arms wrapped around her body once more.

Hermione wrapped her arms around him as he changed positions, kissing him through moans as he bounced her in his lap. She was trying her best not to be too loud, if anyone happened to be around, they would still be able to hear her, after all. She broke the kiss, biting his shoulder instead, to keep herself quiet.

Draco loved the intimacy the new position provided, but it was murder on his thighs. After a couple of minutes, he lowered her onto the sheet, yanked off her burdensome knickers, and then rolled her onto her stomach. He gave her ass a hard slap, the sound echoing around them briefly. He spread her knees out on either side of her and flattened her into the sand. Moving onto his knees to lock her in place, he reentered her, fingertips digging into the flesh of her ass.

Hermione let him reposition them, moaning as he took her from behind, feeling his fingertips digging into her skin made her hiss slightly with pain, the kind that he knew she enjoyed so much. A few more minutes in the position and she was cumming once again, trying her hardest not to cry out in pleasure.

The feeling of her clamping down on his cock as she came was, as usual, almost more than he could take. Draco pounded into her hard, loving the sound of the fronts of his legs slapping against her as he rode her through her waves of pleasure and into his own. At the last possible moment he pulled out and used the dripping wet head of his cock to lubricate her arse, pushing in just enough to allow his release to flow freely into her body. "Fuck, yes!" he groaned, with a few final shallow thrusts. He just loved the way her puckered hole stroked his delicate tip as he came.

Hermione laid her head on the sheet panting when he had finished, "Merlin," she breathed out with a slight laugh, having thoroughly enjoyed herself. For some reason it was something she had always wanted to try, but she had never been with the right person to try it with until now. It had not been disappointing in the least, but sex with Draco never was. "I can cross that off my list," she said, grinning, though he couldn't see it.

Draco enjoyed a few extra lazy strokes inside of her glorious anus as he began to deflate, before finally withdrawing. He moved down her body and bent down low, giving one of her cheeks a

hard bite, slapping the other as he did so. He kissed the abused spot just inside of the teeth marks before coming to rest beside her.

"Have I told you yet today?" he asked, looking over at her as she laid there, dress around her waist, underwear missing, leaking fluids from both holes. She was everything he never knew he needed.

Hermione sucked in a breath as he bit her ass, but couldn't help smiling. When he came to rest beside her, she folded her arms under her head, turning to look at him lazily. "Hmm?" She made the noise in response to his unfinished question, not bothering to fix herself just yet.

Draco turned onto his side and propped his head up, looking at her. "How incredibly lucky I am to have found you," he finished the oddly gushy sentiment. It took him losing a war and her developing a drug problem for them to actually see each other. He supposed things happened the way they did for a reason. "So, who did you used to hang out with here?" he asked curiously.

Hermione smiled at him, he had been a lot more gushy as of late, but she liked it. She knew if he was willing to say it out loud it was something he truly felt. "Not as lucky as I am," she countered with a grin. When he asked who she used to hang out with, she laughed. "Oh, just these two stoners," she told him. "They didn't really even do much coke, they mostly mixed it in with their weed. They would come here to smoke it sometimes," she informed him.

"Couple of blokes? Smart," Draco commented. "If they're selling I mean. They can sample their product without making a dent in their supply." He pulled her closer to him, enjoying the cool sand underneath them. "And you smoked weed with them too?" he figured if they weren't simply doing coke she couldn't have started that way. "You sure do like your guy friends, don't you?" As long as he'd known her she'd always been surrounded by two guys.

She snuggled in close to him, "Yeah, I smoked it over the summer, but it slowed me down a bit. I didn't think it would mix well with my school work," she said with a laugh, she didn't feel judged by his curiosity, so she answered him without issue. When he mentioned her liking guy friends, she laughed again. "I never really thought about it, but I guess you're right," she hadn't really put the pattern together until right then, but she had gone from hanging out with Harry and Ron, to hanging out with Justin and Jared.

Draco chuckled. "Do you think you'll want to smoke it again later, after graduation, after the baby's born?" It wasn't a judgement, or an accusation. He had no opposition to the recreational use of marijuana, as long as it was used responsibly, when she wasn't working, or taking care of the baby.

Hermione shrugged, thinking about it. "Maybe if we did it together, but I think I'm done messing with that stuff on my own," she told him. It was clearly a slippery slope for her, and she didn't want to end up back sliding again and find herself addicted to drugs again. The fact that she had continued to use after she knew she was pregnant just showed her how weak she had become because of the drugs. It wasn't something she wished to repeat.

Draco nodded, accepting that answer. "I might want to try it someday," he commented more than requested. "It doesn't matter now," he said. He trailed his fingertips up and down Hermione's back lightly. "Your parents are probably going to be wondering where we disappeared to. Maybe we should go help them with their packing," he suggested. Their magic would make it go a hundred times faster, after all.

Hermione nodded, knowing he was right. "Yeah, I suppose you're right," she said, and reluctantly pushed herself into a sitting position, and began to put herself back together. She started with her bra, and then pulled her dress back on, and turned her back to him. "Mind zipping me up?" She asked him.

Draco tucked himself back into his shorts and did them up, before sitting up to help Hermione with her zipper as requested. He kissed her shoulder and got to his feet, locating his tank top and shirt and putting them back into place. He threw her her knickers after shaking away any sand that might have gotten in them.

Once they were both decent, and the sheet shaken out and folded, they went to the house where her parents were still working on packing up. With the help of their magic, they had the boxes packed and ready to go in no time. With that done, they all headed back to the hotel for the night. They spent some time playing a board game her mother enjoyed, before they all turned in for the night.

Chapter End Notes

Comments = Love! Please do not deny me of your feedback, praise, criticism, suggestions, suspicions, whatever it might be! I LOVE to interact with my readers.

My posting has been slower due to my recent return to work but I've got one more new chapter in the bank for next week at the latest, or after the current in-progress chapter is finished, whichever comes first.

Chapter 29: On Bended Knee

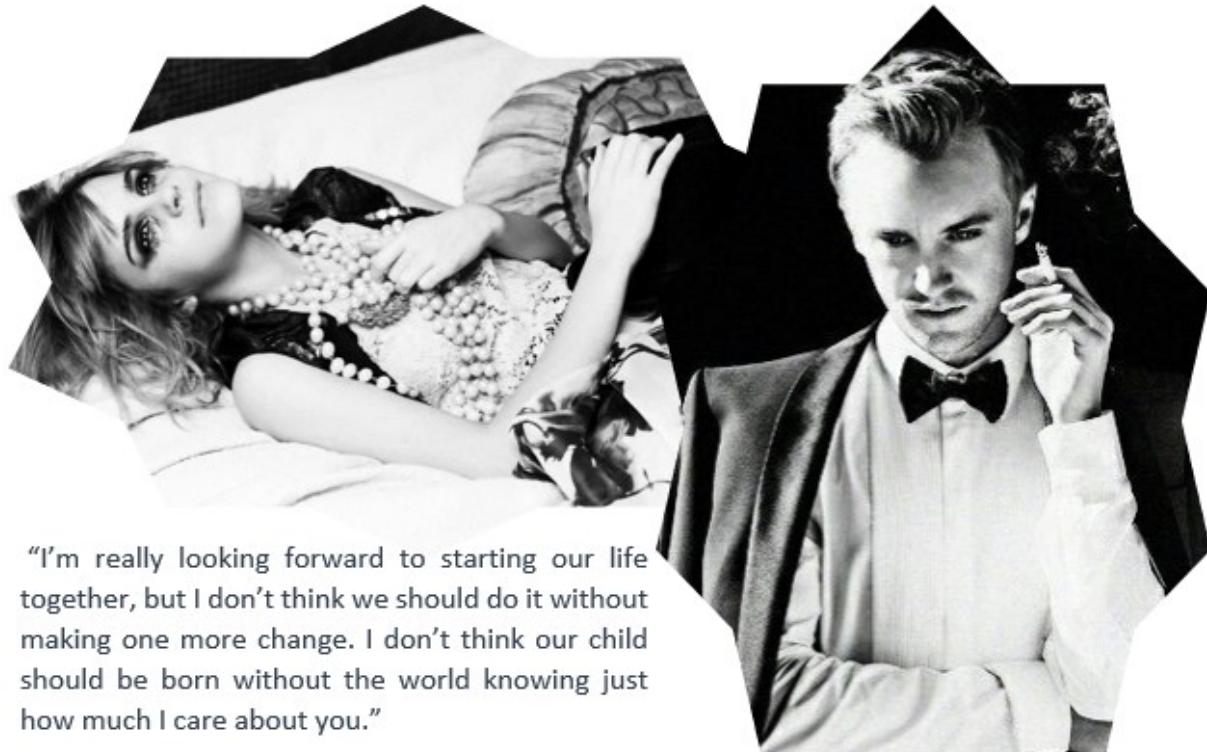
Chapter Summary

Need I really explain? I think the titles says it all!

Also, some delicious shower smut.

Chapter Notes

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



"I'm really looking forward to starting our life together, but I don't think we should do it without making one more change. I don't think our child should be born without the world knowing just how much I care about you."

Snow Storm: Chapter 29

Saturday was their last full day in Australia before they were due to return to King's Cross the following morning to catch the Hogwarts Express back to school. As Head Boy and Head Girl it was important that they be present on the train ride. Saturday also happened to be the day that Draco had decided he would ask Hermione to marry him. He'd managed to book a reservation at a very famous restaurant, wanting to give her the full fine dining experience she deserved for such an occasion.

The day went by casually, for the most part. They enjoyed the hotel's amenities, taking some time to soak in the sun by the pool, before visiting the spa for massages. Draco had encouraged

Monica to go with Hermione to get their nails done, and when they returned after a long day of pampering, it was time to get ready for dinner. Draco, himself, paid a trip to the hotel's gym, and had just stepped out of the shower, a towel wrapped low around his waist while using a second to dry his hair, when he heard the two women return from their adventure at the salon.

Hermione and her mother returned from the salon, it was nice to be pampered, she hadn't had her nails done since her and Ginny had done them, and even then, she'd just had her toes done. She had chosen a red, it went nice with the slight tan she had managed to build back up over her short vacation to Australia. It had also been a nice bonding experience with her mum, which they had needed.

She went into the bedroom when she didn't see Draco, and found him fresh out of the shower. She shut the door, and went over to the bed, sitting down. "Hey," she said, admiring his mostly nude body as he dried himself off.

Draco smirked at Hermione when she returned to their room. "Hey," he greeted her back, and walked over to the closet where he'd unpacked his things. He dropped the towel before finding the suit he planned to wear for dinner. He stepped into the pants, sans underwear, and fastened them up. He pulled out a black shirt and jacket as well, along with a black silk tie.

He turned back to Hermione as he laid his selection onto the bed next to her. "Did you ladies enjoy yourselves?" he asked. He hoped her mother had been able to keep the secret. He ideally wanted Hermione to be surprised by the proposal. That's how proposals were meant to go, when not in the case of an arranged marriage, which thanks to his blasphemous relationship with Hermione he'd managed to avoid thus far.

Hermione watched as he got dressed, and realized as he suited up how fancy the restaurant they were going to would be. She would definitely have to dress accordingly. "Yeah, it was nice to be pampered. They have chairs that massage your back while they do your nails," she told him with a smile. She had never actually gone to a salon, never felt the need. But it had been Draco's suggestion, and she knew once the idea was put into her head that her mom had been excited about it.

She got up, going over to the closet to see what she had to wear. She was sure she hadn't packed anything nearly as fancy as the suit Draco had just put on. She pulled the closet open, and noticed there was a garment bag hanging there, she hadn't put anything in a garment bag, so she unzipped it and realized it was a dress. She pulled the dress out of the bag to get a better look at it, it was a gorgeous black strappy dress, and it looked expensive. "Did you do this?" She asked, unable to hide her grin as she looked at him questioningly.

Draco, who was still buttoning his own shirt, looked at her with a cheeky grin of his own. "I knew you didn't know to pack anything quite so formal," he told her, as though it was a perfectly normal thing to do to just out and pick out something for her to wear for him. "When was the last time we actually got to go out, just you and me, no double date, no parents, no press...?" It was meant to be a special occasion, after all. "There's shoes, too," he informed her, in case she hadn't seen the box beneath.

Hermione grinned, bending to pull the shoe box out, taking a peek at the gorgeous heels inside. "I love it," she said, going over to kiss him. "Thank you," she said, smiling up at him, before going back to the bed, laying out the dress, and setting the shoe box down so she could get undressed, and put the dress on. She stripped down, and pulled the dress on, and sat to slip into the shoes,

taking a moment to get used to the height. "Zip me?" She asked, turning her back to him, and pulling her hair out of the way.

"Of course, love," Draco said, already fully dressed now. He carefully slid the zipper up her back, tickling her back as he did so. When he was finished, he gently turned her to face him, and took a step back as he admired the sight of her. "The image of perfection," he almost whispered, more to himself than to her.

Hermione laughed, almost squirming away when he tickled her. When he turned her around. She looked down at herself, and then caught her reflection in the mirror on the wall. "You're too sweet," she told him with a grin. The dress was tight, and she was sure that before too long she wouldn't be able to pull off the look. At least not without giving away the fact that she was pregnant.

"Are you ready to go? Our reservation is in thirty minutes." They'd have to apparate to a more discreet location before walking to the restaurant, but at least they could explore the shops near it as they strolled. He had the ring tucked safely in his jacket pocket.

Hermione nodded, she had already had her hair and make-up done for the salon, so now that she was dressed properly she was ready to go. "Yeah, let's get going," she told him, going over to loop her arm through his.

Draco held onto Hermione as he apparated them where they needed to be. When they arrived at the restaurant they were escorted to their table for two, which was candle lit with a small vase of roses that the other tables were without. He'd even gone as far as to put in a request for a sparkling juice in place of champagne, which was now chilling in a bucket on the table. Draco pulled out Hermione's chair and helped to push her in before taking his own chair across from her.

Hermione couldn't believe how incredibly romantic the whole setup was, and when he pulled out her chair, she sat down. The waiter served them sparkling juice, which was a nice touch to the overall atmosphere, since she couldn't drink champagne. She thanked the waiter, took a sip, and then picked up her menu. "This place is...wow. I don't think I've ever been anywhere this nice," she told him, impressed.

Draco smirked. "Well, every once and a while a girl like you needs to be treated like royalty," she was deserving of this and so much more. He picked up the menu and scanned it over. "I hope you're hungry, this menu looks amazing." He'd chosen the location for its reputation and menu alike.

Hermione grinned at him, looking over the choices. "Yes, starving, and I have no idea what to pick," she informed him, because he was right, everything looked amazing. She chewed on her lip as she tried to decide what she wanted to try the most, and after a few moments, she finally decided, and set her menu down. "I'm going to try the lamb," she told him.

Draco nodded. "I was considering that one too," he agreed. When the waitress appeared, he ordered a plate of bruschetta for the two of them to share, and, wishing to avoid anything too fishy for tonight, the braised beef for his dinner.

When their dishes had been cleared away, and dessert ordered, he reached across the table and took Hermione's hand.

"You know," Draco started, reflecting on their relationship as a whole. "It's pretty crazy to think about everything that got us here." From years of hatred and rivalry, to some outstanding but meaningless sex, to starting a family together.

Hermione smiled, squeezing his hand lightly as she thought about that. "Yeah, it's been a pretty wild ride. Not even just this year," she said, there was a lot of history between them, not all of it good. Actually, most of it hadn't been good, but somehow they had found a relationship that actually worked.

Draco just smiled. "I'm really looking forward to starting our life together, but I don't think we should do it without making one more change. I don't think our child should be born without the world knowing just how much I care about you." He pushed his chair out, pulling the small box from his pocket at the same moment that he lowered himself onto one knee before her.

Hermione was smiling, listening to him speak, and it took her only a few seconds to realize what was happening. He was getting out of his seat, and getting to one knee, and before she knew it, he had a ring box in his hand. She felt tears welling in her eyes instantly, she hadn't expected this at all. "Draco.." she said, pushing away from the table so she could hug him. She threw her arms around his neck, nodding her head. He hadn't actually said the words yet, but she didn't care. "Yes, of course it's a yes!" She said, pulling back so she could kiss him.

Draco held her in his arms, kissing her back. "Bloody hell woman, I haven't even asked the question yet," he chuckled as eyes from around the restaurant began to fall on them. People were clapping now, politely celebrating with the young couple. He hadn't even gotten to show her the ring yet!

Hermione laughed happily, "I don't care, I already know my answer," she told him with a grin. "You should know from school that I don't need a complete question to come up with my answer," she joked, pulling away so he could finish, if he felt the need.

Draco laughed and got back onto his knee, wanting to do the job properly. He opened the box. "Marry me, you perfect, beautiful genius woman." It was less a question than an order, but she was pretty damn good at taking orders from him.

Her jaw dropped when she actually saw the ring he was presenting to her, it was gorgeous, and unlike any ring she had ever seen. And, of course, it was massive! "Yes!" She answered again, just for the sake of doing it the right way. She held out her left hand, waiting for him to slip the ring on her finger so she could get a better look.

Draco beamed with pride as he slid the massive ring onto her slender finger. "I love you," he told her, standing and pulling her in for a kiss once more. "I still don't know how I got so lucky." Just then, the waitress brought out their dessert, and she too seemed to be grinning with happiness for the newly engaged couple. She congratulated them quietly as she set their sweet treats on the table. "These are on the house," she announced, before making her leave.

Hermione kissed him back, tears streaming down her cheeks. "I love you too," she told him happily, admiring the ring on her finger. "And this ring is absolutely amazing, I love it," she told him, impressed by his choice. It was a huge opal, surrounded by sapphires and diamonds, and the band was rose gold. She barely noticed the waitress bringing their deserts, her head was spinning from his proposal still.

Draco smirked, shameless about the extravagance of the item. "It had to be as beautiful and as valuable and as unique as you." He sat down again, watching her admire his choice. "Ginny actually helped me pick it out," he admitted, because he knew that at some point soon Ginny would likely claim partial credit.

Hermione sat down, though her eyes were still glued to the ring. She grinned and looked up when he mentioned Ginny had helped him pick it out, which also meant that Ginny had known he was planning on proposing. "You went shopping with Ginny? How did I not know that?" She asked, wondering when he had found the time.

Draco laughed. He'd expected such a reaction. "Well, after getting your father's blessing to ask you to marry me, she and I snuck out while you were spending the evening with your parents." He smirked, proud of his successful sneaking.

Hermione raised her eyes in surprise, "My dad knew? Who else knew you were going to propose?" She asked him. She was glad none of them had spoiled the surprise, she was just surprised no one had slipped up. She was still grinning as she picked up her fork to take a bite of the chocolate cake that was sitting in front of her, while she waited for his answer.

"Potter knew. That is, he knew the reason I wanted to bring your parents home was so that I could ask for your hand." He scooped out a spoonful of the sorbet he'd ordered, and let it melt in his mouth, savoring the flavors. "And I'm assuming your father probably told your mother about my intentions."

Hermione grinned, taking another bite of cake, and realizing that he had likely suggested their visit to the nail salon in preparation for tonight. "You put a lot of thought and planning into this." It was more of an observation than a question. "I think it's pretty clear that I'm the lucky one, here," she added with a smile.

Draco's smile shifted into a dark smirk. "Yes, well, you've never had the pleasure of being fully sheathed inside of you." He took another spoonful of sorbet while he waited for her to look appalled by such a statement.

Hermione could have acted disgusted, but instead she laughed. With this ring on her finger, and a promise to make her his bride, he could say anything he wanted tonight. "Well, I guess I deserve all of this, then," she said, gesturing around her. The entire night had been lavish, and expensive, and thoughtful.

When they had finished their deserts and Draco had settled the tab, they apparated back to their hotel room. He knew Hermione was going to be anxious to show off her new ring, and tell her parents the good news, even if they already knew it was coming. His fingers locked in hers, he brought her hand up and kissed the back of it gently. "Ready to go share the news?" He expected they'd be up waiting for their return. He could hear the television playing in the sitting room.

Hermione grinned and nodded, anxious to show her mum the beautiful ring. She knew her dad would be excited too, of course, but he wouldn't swoon over the ring the way she knew her mother would. She opened the door to their suite, and saw her parents both look up from the television. Hermione beamed, holding her left hand up, and her mother jumped up excitedly. "Oh, honey! Look at that!" She said rushing over to hug them both. Her father joined in a moment later, kissing Hermione on the head. "I'm glad I don't have to keep that a secret anymore." He said with a grin. "Oh, Wendell, look at this ring!" Her mum nearly squealed, holding Hermione's hand

up to show it off. Her dad grinned, checking it out. "Congratulations, you two." He said, which reminded her mother. "Oh, yes, congratulations!" She said. Hermione laughed, grinning up at Draco. "Thanks, the entire evening was lovely," she said happily.

Draco hugged Hermione's mother, the act still feeling foreign, but pleasant, and smiled more modestly than he usually did. "She deserves all of it and more," he stated.

Hermione was over the moon the rest of the night, the four of them sat around talking, her mum asking questions about the wedding that Hermione had barely even begun to think about. She was still stuck on the idea that she was going to have a complete family. A husband, a son, and her parents would all be in her life. It was something she had feared, just that summer, that she would never have.

After spending some time with her family, they all decided to call it a night, and went to their rooms, Hermione was still in the dress Draco had gotten her, and began to remove it carefully, intending to place it back in the garment bag.

Draco removed his suit, and decided he should help her out of that dress. He pulled down her zipper for her, and slid the shoulder straps down her arms, his fingers grazing her skin lightly as he did so. He moved her hair over her shoulder, and trailed gentle kisses from the cap of her shoulder up her neck. He was elated. She'd said yes. He'd never doubted she would, but there was always the chance she might not want to get engaged so soon. When her arms were free from the dress, he began to push the form fitting material down her body, kissing his way down her back as he did so, until he reached her waist in a kneeling position. He began to pull down her underwear, continuing to spoil the newly revealed flesh with his touch.

Hermione's eyes fluttered shut, enjoying his gentle touch, and the kisses he trailed down her body as he undressed her. It was strange for her to think that he was no longer just her boyfriend, he was her fiance. And one day, he would be her husband. She smiled, and once her panties and dress were off, she turned to face him.

When she turned around, he was face to face with his favorite part of her, which he took a brief taste of, before standing up again. "Take a shower with me," he requested, though if it wasn't obvious, he was more interested in getting dirty than getting clean. As if to prove that point, he pulled her in for a passion filled kiss.

Hermione felt a shudder go through her body as he licked her. And she kissed him back, nodding as she did so. She would not deny him such a request, especially not tonight. She wrapped her arms around his neck, kissing him passionately, before pulling away to lead him into the bathroom.

Draco started the water to a nice warm, almost hot temperature. The suite had a large marble shower with a bench seat across the back side. The fixture overhead made it like bathing under a warm rainshower, and it was definitely large enough for two. When the water was warm enough, he pulled her in with him, wrapping his arms around her tightly as he kissed her once more, steamy water raining over them.

Hermione got into the shower with him, her arms wrapping around his neck as she kissed him back. She loved this shower, it was so relaxing. She pressed herself against him, loving the way their slick skin felt against each other.

In just a few short steps Draco had Hermione trapped against the wall, the water still coming down on them as he explored her mouth. Regretfully, Draco broke his mouth away from hers for breath, before crouching down in front of her. He picked up one of her legs and hooked it over his shoulder, opening her to him so that he could lavish her with the praise her glorious pussy deserved. He was rock solid for her in less than a minute, and he stood again, turning her around. He moved her soaking wet hair over her shoulder and nipped playfully at her exposed neck while lifting one of her legs to the side. With little further warning, he pushed into her and began thrusting harshly.

Her hands tangled into his soaked hair as he pushed her against the wall, throwing a leg over his shoulder. She moaned, enjoying the treatment while it lasted. When he turned her around, she hiked one leg up, resting it on the bench as he entered her, letting out a deep moan as he pushed into her. She braced herself against the wall as he thrusted roughly into her, little gasps of pleasure escaping her with each thrust.

It wasn't a very deep penetration, but the feeling of being inside of her was still his favorite thing in the world. With her having the bench to support her leg, he leaned on one arm against the wall beside her, rubbing her clit with the other hand to make up for the lack of impact. He continued to kiss and bite her neck and shoulder.

Hermione dropped her head as he began rubbing her clit, along with the kisses and bites on her neck and shoulder, it wasn't long before she reached her climax, her leg nearly giving out under her as she shook, moaning as he thrusted into her.

Draco tightened his arm around her as he rubbed her, feeling her body begin to quake with bliss, holding her securely upright in case her legs decided to betray her. He bit down on her where her neck met her shoulder, bearing down on the fragile part as he willed himself not to succumb to her grip. "Fuck," he growled when at last her body relented, and he was able to keep thrusting inside of her. He chuckled darkly. He helped lower her leg from the bench and turned her back to face him, kissing her deeply, breaking momentarily in order to not lose control too soon.

Hermione wrapped her arms around his neck, her legs feeling slightly weak from her release. She kissed him back deeply, "I love you," she said against his lips. She didn't say it enough, but now that they were engaged to be married, she felt more inclined to express it to him.

It was nice to hear it from her, without saying it first. The novelty of it, the idea that someone loved him, and that he had found someone to love, never faded. Every time he heard it or said it, it made his heart swell. He never expected it to be an option for him. "I love you," he replied, kissing her hard once more. "Now bend over on that bench." His hard cock, pressing firmly against her stomach while they kissed, was eager to get back inside of her.

Hermione grinned, kissing him back. "Yes, sir," she said, never tired of him taking charge in their intimate life. There was something about being dominated by him that just thrilled her. She did as she was told, bending over the bench, her back to him, legs spread slightly, ready for round two. At least, round two for her.

Draco put one foot on the bench this time, holding onto her waist for balance as he slid back inside of her, groaning at delight. Bringing her hips to match his thrusts, he drove into her forcefully, making up for the lack of penetration from before. "Fuck, yes," he growled as he moved, grunting from the force of his own movement.

Hermione let out a moan of pleasure, moving her body back against him to meet his thrusts. "Merlin," she moaned out as he continued, now getting his full length inside of her. The warm water showering over them as he thrust into was pleasant and she did her best to keep her hands steady on the bench, not wanting to slip as he pushed into her.

Draco leaned his body over her, holding onto her neck where it met her shoulders, careful not to squeeze too hard, but still using a rather firm grip as he came closer to his own release. "Where do you want me to cum?" he asked her. He usually finished however he wanted, but this time, since it was a special occasion, he'd let her decide, and this time, he'd actually do what she decided, rather than punishing her by choosing the opposite. He could finish inside of her, in her backside, on her back, on her perky tits, in her mouth... The possibilities were only endless, and he was so bloody close.

Hermione thought about his question as best she could as he was moving inside of her. "I love feeling you finish inside of me," she told him breathlessly. "But I want you to cum wherever you want to," she added with a smirk he couldn't see.

Well, if that was how she really felt... Draco was tipping over the edge of climax, and as much as he wanted to make her scream with yet another orgasm, he couldn't wait. "Get on your knees and hold your tits together," he instructed her. He didn't typically make a mess of her in this way, but they were in the shower, so it'd be an easy cleanup. When he'd completed his order he stood away from her, stroking himself to keep up momentum.

Hermione grinned, he had never chosen to finish on her tits, but when he told her to get on her knees and hold them together, she knew exactly what he planned to do. She did as he told her, lowering herself to her knees quickly, and pressing her tits together in front of him. She was looking up at him, blinking away the water that fell in her face as she awaited his release.

He hadn't planned it, initially, but now that she was kneeling there before him, as loyal and devoted a lover as he could have ever hoped for, with her pointed nipples poking out from between her fingers, he saw an opportunity that was not to be missed. He pressed his hard cock in between her breasts, thrusting into them and allowing the water falling from overhead to slick the path for him. It was less than a minute before the excitement overtook him, and he pulled back just far enough to shoot several thick loads onto her waiting mounds.

Hermione's eyes were glued on the sight of him fucking her tits, and he finished so quickly. She watched as he came on her tits, the evidence of the act washing away almost as quickly as he had finished. She got back to her feet, leaning in to kiss him. "See, your idea was much better than mine," she told him with a grin. He finished inside of her all the time, and she loved it, but when did he ever get the chance to just cum wherever he felt like at that moment?

Draco chuckled, his arms hanging around her waist. "Oh, you liked that, did you?" he teased in reply. "Maybe I should fuck other parts of you more often," he teased. Of course, all of the other parts worth fucking he already did quite frequently.

Hermione laughed, hanging her arms over his shoulders as she looked up at him. "If you want to," she told him, not really sure what other parts she had that were fuckable. Normally she would say her tits weren't really big enough to accommodate such treatment, but lately she had noticed they had grown slightly.

Draco growled playfully and snapped a playful nip against her already bruised neck. "I want every inch of you," he informed her very seriously. "And I want to do very dirty things to every inch of you." He bit the other side of her neck this time. As soon as she recovered from the birth of their son, he intended to resume the brutalization of her ever willing body.

Hermione grinned, letting out a little hiss as he bit her neck. "Good," she said, equally as serious. "Because if we're going to be married, we're going to have to keep things interesting," she said with a smirk. She knew they would have no trouble in that area, at least.

Chapter End Notes

Yay! They did it! She said yes!

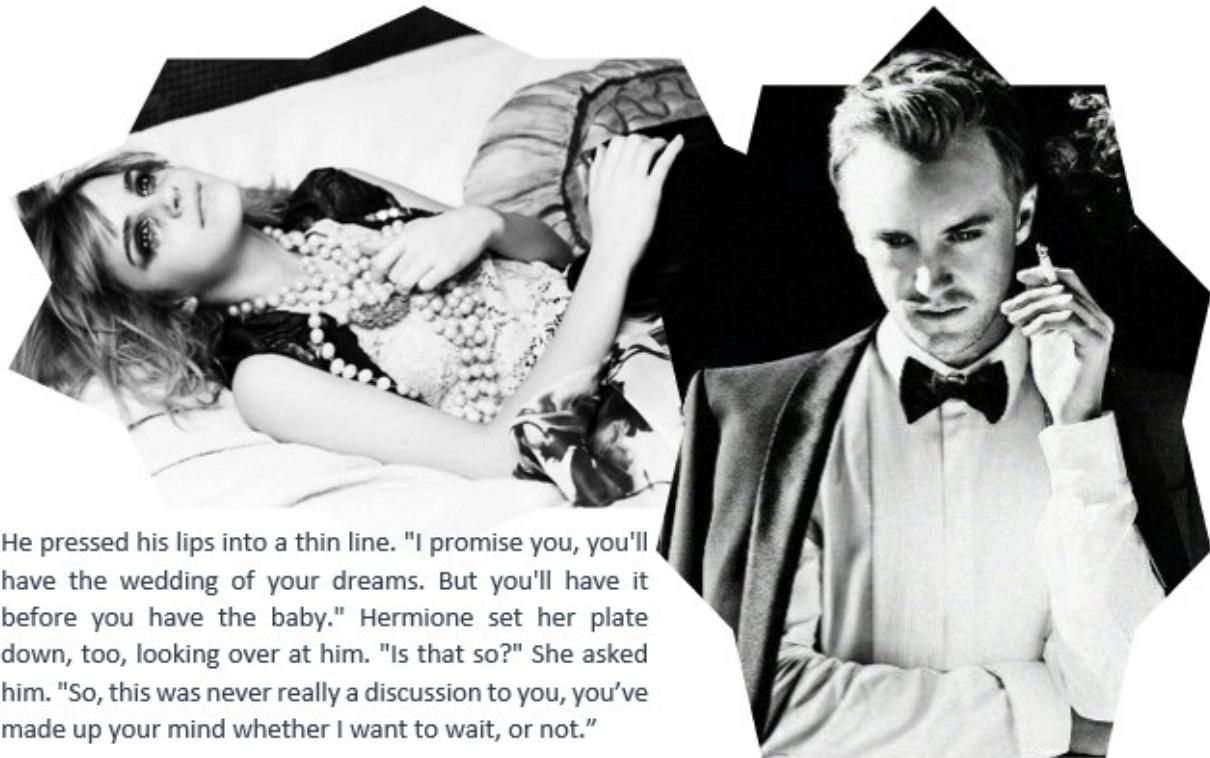
But will the ring stay on? Muahahaha....

Chapter 30: Pureblood Expectations

Chapter Summary

Draco and Hermione have their first row as a couple.

No sex in this one, sorry guys!



He pressed his lips into a thin line. "I promise you, you'll have the wedding of your dreams. But you'll have it before you have the baby." Hermione set her plate down, too, looking over at him. "Is that so?" She asked him. "So, this was never really a discussion to you, you've made up your mind whether I want to wait, or not."

Snow Storm: Chapter 30

Returning to London in order to ride the Hogwarts Express with the other students, Draco couldn't help the pride radiating from him. The ring on her skinny finger was huge and very noticeable. He didn't care if the whole world saw it. Hell, he hoped they would. He stood with her near the front of the train, greeting students as they boarded. He could see that some of the parents were looking at them, talking about them, and for the first time ever he relished in the scandal. Let them talk and gawk and speculate. Hermione was as good as his, and nothing was going to come between them, not if he had any say in the matter.

Draco insisted to Hermione that she stay put on the train and let her friends come to her. He took over patrolling up and down the train. When he ran into Ginny, he let her know where she could find Hermione. He was sure the two females would have a lot to talk about, both pregnant, both engaged, both with a lot of planning to do.

Once they made it to Hogsmeade, Draco escorted Hermione to the Three Broomsticks and they flooed back to the dorm they called home, for now. It felt good to be back.

Hermione could feel the eyes on her as everyone was boarding the train, and while she was, by no means, flaunting the ring, it was very noticeable. She rarely wore jewelry, and the thing was very large and eye catching. No one really said anything until she was actually aboard the train, where Draco had told her to stay put and rest, while he patrolled.

She let him, and merely patrolled from her compartment to the loo every now and then, every time she was making her way she was stopped by several students, who asked about the ring. Ginny, along with a few other friends also stopped in to inquire about it, and got more details about the actual proposal, and they all gushed over it. Ginny made sure to tell everyone who would listen that she had been the one to spot the ring, of course.

Finally they made it to Hogsmeade, and from there they took the floo to their dorm. Australia had been nice, but she was happy to be back. She sat heavily on the couch, and was immediately greeted by Crookshanks, who jumped up into her lap, clearly missing affection. He settled down in her lap, and she pet him thoroughly in all of his favorite places.

"Somebody missed you," Draco commented, joining Hermione on the couch. He reached over and scratched the flat-faced feline behind the ears. "I wonder if this guy has any idea how much things are about to change." Soon enough there'd be a smelly sticky baby pulling at his tail and limbs and ears.

Hermione smiled, "He's pretty smart, I'll bet he figures it out, if he hasn't already." She did wonder how Crookshanks would feel having to share his attention with a new baby, but that was something she wouldn't know until she actually had the baby. "So, my ring got a lot of attention on the train," she told Draco with a smile. "I'll bet everyone in school knows by now."

Draco smirked over at her. "Oh without a doubt," he agreed. "You..." he leaned over and gave her a kiss. "Are going to be a Malfoy. Good or bad, that's going to come with attention." He stood up from the couch and stretched. Maybe it'd be an opportunity, a chance to change the meaning of the name.

Hermione kissed him back, and laughed. "Yes, that's one thing I've always lacked, attention," she joked. She got plenty of attention for being friends with Harry, and her part in the war, so it was something she was already used to, at least

Draco laughed with her. "So you should be used to it by now," he pointed out with a smirk. "Do you want to go downstairs to eat, or stay here?" There was a feast tonight, but as it wasn't the start of the year, the end of the year, or a holiday, it wasn't one he felt they were obligated to attend.

Hermione thought about his question, "Well, we could just stay in, couldn't we," she mused. There was really no reason to walk all that way. They had just spent a seven hour train ride with everyone, there had been plenty of time for socializing on said train ride.

Draco removed his shoes, sweater, and tie, and rolled his sleeves up. "Well then, love, I guess the better question is do you want to eat in bed or in a bath?" He was still in a romantic type move, and if she was going to relax after such a long day, she might as well do it right.

Hermione thought about the offer carefully. "Both sound absolutely delightful. Perhaps dinner in bed. Desert in the bath?" She suggested with a grin.

Draco took a plate from the kitchen cabinet and moved over to the table, which had just become laden with a large spread of food. "Well then you and fuzzball go get cozy, and I'll bring you your dinner," he offered. He began to select foods he knew she liked, and avoid the few he knew she didn't favor.

Hermione grinned, and stood up, carrying Crookshanks in her arms. She laid him down on the bed, where he got up, walking in a circle and laying down again more comfortably. Hermione got into bed, making herself comfortable as well as she waited for Draco to serve her food. She could definitely get used to this.

Draco carried both plates of food into the bedroom and passed her plate to her before getting onto the bed beside her, the cat between them. "This is going to be a thing now, isn't it? Him trying to get between us?" He propped a pillow behind him and sat up against the headboard. "He wants to be the only man in your life."

Hermione took the plate from him, and laughed, petting Crookshanks lightly. "He will get used to it, I mean, he's probably just being so clingy because we were both gone," she told Draco. "So, how did you enjoy your little muggle vacation?" She asked him. He had stayed in a muggle hotel, and even watched some television while they were away.

Draco had just put a forkful of food into his mouth, and considered his answer as he chewed. "It was really nice. Your parents are much, much kinder than mine," he told her. "Which explains a lot," she was probably the kindest person he'd ever met, except for perhaps Loony Lovegood. "Maybe after we're married, and after the baby's born, we can go again, and explore a little more." Their activities had been limited due to her order to rest.

Hermione smiled, "I'm glad you like them, even with their interrogation, which you handled well, I have to say," she said with a chuckle. "They mean well, really. I think they just want to get to know you a little better before we're married," she told him, and took a bite of food.

"Right," Draco agreed. "And about that, I think we should start thinking about the when and where. There's only two months left in school and another two after that before the baby is born, which leaves us about as large of a range to choose from. Anywhere between July and August. Preferably sooner rather than later, because you never know." The little guy could try to surprise them early.

Hermione looked at him, a bit surprised. "That's not a lot of time to plan a wedding. I mean, would it be so bad to have the wedding after he's born?" She suggested. It made sense to her, she would fit into a dress better, and the stress of trying to plan a wedding during school would likely be more than she was supposed to be taking on.

Draco chucked around the food he'd just put in his mouth, but when he looked at her she didn't appear to be joking. He nearly choked in his effort to empty his mouth of food in order to respond. "You're not suggesting he be born out of wedlock?" It happened, yes, but not to Malfoys. Not ever.

Hermione shrugged, "Well, he was conceived out of wedlock, there isn't much difference, is there?" She questioned him. She already felt she was beginning to show, it's not like they'd be

fooling anyone anyways.

"Well everyone's conceived out of wedlock," he exaggerated. It was whether or not the father married the mother that legitimized or illegitimized the child. "Hermione, we have to be married before he's born." Was that not something muggles cared about?

Hermione wasn't sure she agreed with him. Sure, it would be nice, but it was also very fast. "I mean, not everyone is conceived out of wedlock. And trying to plan a wedding that soon is going to be a lot of stress. We're still in school, and you want to start planning now?" She asked him. She doubted he would be okay with a small wedding, after all.

Draco was frowning now. "You're right, you should be focused on finishing school and growing our boy." He told her. How hard can it be to plan a wedding? "We'll hire someone to do the bulk of the work, we'll just give our must haves, our absolutely-nots, and our opinions along the way." It seemed simple in his book. She clearly didn't understand his urgency.

Hermione looked at him, he clearly wanted to rush this along. In a way, she understood, but at the same time she didn't. "I mean, sure, we could. But as a Malfoy, you're already doing things unconventionally just marrying me," she reminded him. So what if they didn't do things according to the 'proper' timeline.

Draco sighed and set his plate on the nightstand. "Everything about our relationship has been unconventional for me. But some things are still sacred." He pressed his lips into a thin line. "I promise you, you'll have the wedding of your dreams. But you'll have it before you have the baby."

Hermione set her plate down, too, looking over at him. "Is that so?" She asked him. "So, this was never really a discussion to you, you've made up your mind whether I want to wait, or not." It wasn't really a question, because he had made that very clear.

Draco could tell she was angry, as angry as he was frustrated. "It never occurred to me that this would even be an issue. When have either of us ever waited for anything?" They'd jumped head first into fucking each other every chance they got. They jumped straight into a committed relationship the moment he knew the baby was his. And he regretted neither of those things. "Why start now? I think it's rather working for us."

Hermione frowned, "I'll be huge by then, maybe my dream wedding doesn't include being nine months pregnant," she pointed out. She probably wouldn't have been so stubborn about it if she didn't feel like he was trying to force her into it as soon as possible.

Draco sighed. "You're already five months pregnant and no one can even tell. If we have the wedding at the end of June, or beginning of July, you'll still be small. It doesn't take that long to plan a wedding. Bloody hell, my mom did it in three months and you would have thought it was the wedding of the century." Magic helped of course, and money, neither of which they were lacking in. The important things were venue and catering. Everything else was easy.

"Well, I can tell," she told him. She had been looking at herself in the mirror often, looking for signs that she was growing, and she definitely was starting to see a bump there. And watching Ginny. She knew as soon as it was noticeable it only got more noticeable by the day.

"Tell what, Hermione? There's nothing there! You're barely the weight you were this time last year." He hadn't noticed anything, anyway.

Hermione felt her face redden, a mixture of anger and embarrassment. She got off the bed and lifted her shirt. "You can't tell at all? Because I can," she told him, maybe she was just feeling self conscious at this point, but she had definitely noticed her stomach getting rounder.

Draco looked at her stomach, the creamy flat stomach, with the occasional freckle, that he adored. Only, it wasn't flat, not like it used to be. Right at the bottom of her abdomen protruded a small, but undoubtedly present, curvature. His irritation deflated at the sight of it. "Well when did that get there?" He asked, trying stubbornly to hold onto his argument.

Hermione sighed, dropping her shirt back over her stomach, and sat down again. She could tell she wasn't insane, it was noticeable, even if it was only noticeable with her shirt off. "It's not the only reason I would choose to wait, you know. Muggles have a name for this sort of thing, they call it a shotgun wedding. It's not classy, either," she informed him.

Draco sighed. "Hermione... I don't want you to think that the only reason I want to marry you is because you're pregnant. It's not. But it is the reason I want to do it sooner rather than later. Saint Potter gets to wait, sure, because he can do no wrong. But fuck, what have I ever gotten to do right?" He'd started out his rant sympathetic but ended just as frustrated as before.

Hermione reached to pet Crookshanks, who had apparently left, not liking the tones of their voices. "I know it's not the only reason, I just don't want other people to think that," she told him. It shouldn't matter what people thought, but she already knew her own parents would likely think that was the reason they were rushing things along.

With a bitter scoff, Draco put his fingers in his hair and messed it aggressively. "So you're more concerned with what other people think about our relationship than what it means to me to bring my child into this world legitimized?" This was a no-win situation, because one of them was most certainly not getting their way, and the other was going to be unhappy for causing that.

Hermione groaned, laying back on the bed. "Not entirely, I just didn't expect you to want it done so quickly. Give me some time to get used to the idea," she said. When he put it that way it did seem ridiculous, but she couldn't really help the way she felt.

Draco thought hard for a way to make them both happy. He couldn't see how that could be done, but he could try, couldn't he? "How about... What if we plan the wedding, for as soon as possible, and if we get closer to the day, and you're not absolutely happy about it, we can talk about postponing?" It was the best form of compromise he could think of.

Hermione thought about his offer for a moment, before nodding. "Alright, sure," she agreed. She wanted it to feel right, and she didn't want to have to worry about what everyone was thinking of her on her day, especially.

Draco hadn't thought she'd actually agree to that, but she had, and he smiled. He pulled Hermione close to him and kissed her deeply. "Good. I'm glad that's settled." He didn't mean for it to sound as much like 'I'm glad I got my way' as it may have. "We should submit an engagement announcement to the papers in the morning, beat the gossip," he suggested.

Hermione kissed him back, nodding at his suggestion. That, at least, she could agree with. She wanted things to be on their terms, after all. Which was also why she didn't want people thinking they were simply getting married because she was pregnant. "Yeah, I'm sure we won't have much time to do that without someone doing it for us," she agreed.

Draco nodded. "Perhaps I should get it out tonight, then," he reconsidered. "After dinner," he decided, settling against the headboard once more and grabbing his plate.

As promised, as soon as he was finished with his dinner, Draco sat down at the desk and penned the announcement. 'The Malfoy family is proud to announce the upcoming nuptials of their son Draco Malfoy and girlfriend Hermione Granger, current Head Boy and Girl at Hogwarts school. The two, who became engaged over the Easter holiday, will be committed in front of family and friends this summer, shortly after graduation.'

"Hey babe," Draco said unthinkingly, bringing the parchment in for her to read over. "What do you think? I'll send a copy of it to Mum as well. She deserves to not have to read this in the paper at least."

Hermione looked up from the book she was reading, she was sitting on her bed with her door open when she heard him. She was sure she had never heard him call her by a pet name, except for the rare occasion he called her his lioness, and it was usually in a sexual manner. "Babe?" She repeated, grinning slightly. It sounded bizarre coming from him, honestly, but she could probably get used to it. She took the parchment from him, though, and read over the contents. "Yeah, definitely let her get the first copy. Although if we could keep your father from ever finding out, that would be preferable," she said, half joking. The other half was fully serious, and she dreaded what he might do when he found out.

Draco made a face. "Yeah, no, it sounded weird to me too," he told her, chuckling. They really weren't the pet-name types. "So, I'll make a copy for my mother with a letter, and send both out. And when I get back..." he smirked at her deviously. It wouldn't take him long to fly down to the owlery and back. "Still interested in having dessert in the tub?"

Hermione laughed, maybe pet-names just weren't their thing. "Yeah, I am actually," she told him with a smirk. For a moment she thought the night might have been ruined by their disagreement, but they seemed to have gotten past it without too many hard feelings. "So, hurry back," she told him.

"Better get that bath ready then." Draco leaned in and stole a kiss from his future bride before disappearing to compose a quick note to his mother. He explained to her that he loved her, and he was looking forward to spending the rest of his life with her and their child. He explained that he wished for her to be a part of that family, but it was her choice. He warned that the same notice she received would likely appear in the morning paper, and to be prepared for all that came with it. When he'd said his share, he headed off to the owlery, enjoying the spring night air on his face as he rode.

He returned about ten minutes later, and began to strip off his remaining layers. It'd been a long day, and he was looking forward to a steamy soak.

Hermione kissed him back, and while he was writing the letter and sending it off, she ran a nice hot bubble bath for the two of them, using some nice lavender bubble bath to make it even more relaxing. She got them some fruit to eat, setting it beside the tub, before stripping down, stepping into the water, and sinking down slowly.

By the time Draco joined Hermione in the bathroom he was already fully nude, raking his fingers through his wind-swept hair. "Now this is a beautiful sight to come home to," he informed her, and sank into the tub across from her. He sat admiring her for a long moment. She had changed. He hadn't noticed it, having watched it happen slowly over the course of five months, but now it seemed as obvious as ever when he thought about it.

Since becoming pregnant, and getting sober, Hermione no longer looked as feral as she had at the start of September. Her skin looked healthier, her hair was longer again and the curls, while subtler than before, were looking soft and bouncy once more. Her breasts were bigger as well, which was a delight all of its own. They floated atop the water, covered in bubbles, but he could still make out their size. Her arms and thighs had filled out once more, no longer stick-like, though she was still very narrow and petite. She looked truly healthy for the first time in a long time.

He thought about that small roundness of her stomach, which he swore hadn't been there the night before, but apparently she'd been very aware of. There was a life forming inside of her, half him and half her. Half Slytherin half Gryffindor. Half quidditch player half bookworm. A hundred percent stubborn, and brilliant. "Come here," Draco requested holding his arms out to receive her. "Sit with me."

Hermione smiled when he entered the bathroom, watching him, already nude, join her in the tub. They were technically here for desert, but she hadn't touched it yet, simply enjoying the warmth of the bath, relaxing her muscles, which she hadn't realized were a bit tense. Perhaps from all the talk earlier, and all the changes coming her way. And knowing that he was sending out a letter to his mother about the engagement, and also the rest of the wizarding community. She couldn't help but think of Lucius, who had already made it clear that he didn't want her to have this baby.

She decided to let all her worries wash away, and focus on the scent of lavender, and their skin brushing against each other. When he told her to sit with him, she moved to his side of the tub, her back against his chest, laying her head back to rest on his shoulder. "This is nice," she murmured with a happy sigh. She should have lit some candles, the thought hadn't even crossed her mind until she was already in his lap.

Draco spread his legs to make room for her between them. When she settled into place, he hummed contentedly and wrapped his arms around her, one hand on her chest, the other cupping her teeny tiny baby bump. "It is," he agreed. After a few seconds, Draco felt something move against his hand. "What was that?" Perhaps it should have been obvious, but he didn't know to expect it. He didn't know much of anything. Perhaps he needed to read those books.

Hermione had just closed her eyes, relaxing against him when she felt the little kick, the biggest movement she had felt yet. Right where his hand was resting. She was surprised to hear that he had felt it, too, and she grinned. "I think he just kicked," she looked over her shoulder at him. "I think he can feel your hand there, he must sense his daddy," she told him with a grin.

Draco's eyes went wide. "That was him? He did that?" he awed. He rubbed her belly in small circles. "Do it again," he coaxed the half-way developed baby. "Does he do this often?" he asked

Hermione this time.

Hermione grinned down at her stomach as he rubbed it. "No, I mean, I've felt some stuff but nothing like that," she told him. "Like, little flutters that I couldn't tell for sure were him," she added for clarity.

Draco kissed the side of Hermione's head, as close to her forehead as he could from behind. "We should probably start thinking about what to name him," Draco suggested, pondering that thought as he reached for a piece of fruit. He selected a strawberry, and offered it to Hermione for a bite before finishing it himself.

Hermione took a bite of the strawberry, leaning back against him as she thought. "It'll have to be a good, strong name. He's going to be brilliant, you know," she said, grinning.

Draco smirked as he chewed, thinking about that. "Well that goes without saying, doesn't it?" He grabbed a grape next and popped that into his mouth. "I've always liked the name Scorpius."

Chapter 31: The Unbreakable Vow

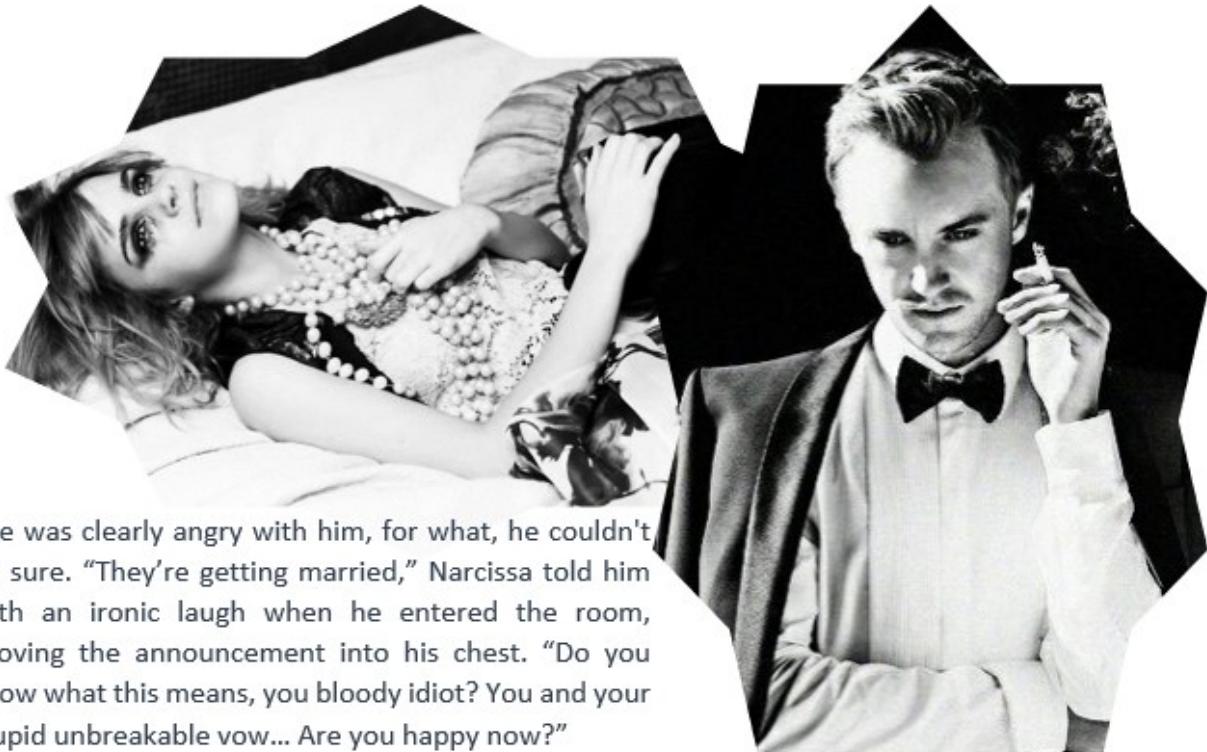
Chapter Summary

Draco and Hermione just can't catch a break, can they?

No sex in this chapter, but NEXT chapter is going to be steamy.

Chapter Notes

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



She was clearly angry with him, for what, he couldn't be sure. "They're getting married," Narcissa told him with an ironic laugh when he entered the room, shoving the announcement into his chest. "Do you know what this means, you bloody idiot? You and your stupid unbreakable vow... Are you happy now?"

Snow Storm: Chapter 31

Narcissa hadn't anticipated receiving an owl so late in the evening. She was just getting ready for bed when she heard the tapping at her window. She recognized the eagle owl that she'd gifted her son on his eleventh birthday. Were it not for the late hour, she might have been excited that he was writing to her. Instead, she was instantly filled with anxiety. She tied her robe around herself and moved to the window, letting the avian inside. At first she thought the parcel contained two letters, but she quickly realized that one was not a letter at all. She read the newspaper announcement with a heavy heart. She wanted to be happy for her son, she did, but how could she when she knew that her husband's very life hung in the balance?

Several years ago the Malfoys made a promise to the Greengrass family, swearing her son in marriage to their youngest daughter. It was a common practice in families like theirs. It wasn't necessarily set in stone, but it was a plan, and removed the nasty complications of courtship. Astoria Greengrass was two years younger than Draco, presently a sixth year Slytherin student at Hogwarts, barely even old enough to wed. However, when Astoria's father learned from his oldest daughter, Daphne, who was a fifth year same as Draco at the time, that he had begun to build a negative reputation with his female classmates, he felt the fate of his daughter's future was in jeopardy.

The mothers were furious when they learned what their husbands had done, an unbreakable vow, wherein Lucius swore that Draco would follow through with their promise to marry Astoria no matter what. Angry, but not afraid. Narcissa had been confident that when the time came, Draco would dutifully commit himself to the young woman. It wasn't until she saw the necklace around Hermione's neck in that issue of Witch Weekly that she had reason to fear for her husband's fate.

It was how she knew that Lucius would kill the child if given the chance. It wasn't nearly as much about her dirty blood as his own life. She knew that her son would never bring a child into this world without binding himself to its mother. And tonight that belief was confirmed. He was marrying her. And the moment their union was made official, Lucius would be lost forever. And as far as she was aware, Draco was none the wiser of the sentence he'd just laid upon his father.

"Lucius!" She shouted angrily. "Lucius, get in here, now!"

Lucius sat in his study, a glass of whiskey in his hand as he scowled down at the stack of papers in front of him. He heard Narcissa summon him, sounding quite angry, and he sighed. He downed the contents of his glass, got a refill, and stood, making his way to her. "Yes, dear?" He said sarcastically. She was clearly angry with him, for what, he couldn't be sure.

"They're getting married," Narcissa told him with an ironic laugh when he entered the room, shoving the announcement into his chest. "Do you know what this means, you bloody idiot? You and your stupid unbreakable vow... Are you happy now?"

Lucius took the announcement, reading over it quickly, before looking at his wife. "Well, of course I'm not happy. The bloody idiot. He needs to know." He scowled as he thought of his son marrying that mudblood whore. She had already taken part in ruining their family name, and now she wanted to take it? "He simply can't, he won't go through with it once he knows the truth." He took a large drink of his whiskey. After their recent history, he actually wasn't that sure.

"You honestly believe that? After everything that you've put that boy through, you honestly think he'd ever choose you over her?" Narcissa hardly believed it. Draco's loyalty to his father had dissolved into nothing in the last year or two, from what she could tell. "He's going to marry her, Lucius. He loves her!"

He hated to admit it, but she might be right. He sighed angrily, slamming the parchment down on the dresser. "Well, she wouldn't go through with it. She's the bleeding hero, after all, you really think she would marry him knowing I would die as a result?" he challenged. He hated to put his fate in her hands, but he knew she was such a goody-good that she would never go through with it.

Narcissa narrowed her eyes at her husband. "You tried to abort her unborn child!" she shrieked, grabbing an object off the dresser and throwing it across the room. It shattered against the

wall. "Do you have any idea how much more she must hate you now than she ever would have before?"

He watched her throw the object, shaking his head. She was right, but he also thought he might be right, too. "She will understand why I did that, when she knows about the unbreakable vow. And do you really think she would kill me? Because, hate me or not, I don't think she would," he reasoned coolly. The more he thought about it, the more he was sure she would call it off once she knew the truth.

"Ha! You think she's not capable of letting you die? She doesn't know. Are you going to tell her? You think she's going to fall for it?" She began to turn down the bed roughly. "You've asked for this, Lucius. You had no business making that fucking vow."

Lucius watched her, he could tell she was pissed. She had been pissed since he'd made the vow. "You're right." He said, setting his glass down, and moving over to her. "You're absolutely right, I shouldn't have done it. But I did. And if she hears it from you, she just might believe it." He hoped his softer tone might sway her. He placed his hands on her hips, trying to get her to turn to face him. "Do you want me to die? Because if you do, then let them marry, and you'll be rid of me."

Narcissa allowed herself to be turned towards him, and looked up at him through flaming eyes. Why did he have to put it that way? The flames began to burn out slowly. "Maybe I do," she tried the thought out loud, to see how it felt. But at the end of the day, she knew that that would only lead to loneliness, more so than what she already felt now in his presence.

Lucius reached up, cupping her chin and letting his thumb brush against her cheek, sighing. "I suppose I deserve it, don't I?" he reasoned. He knew how to soften her up when she was pissed at him, and part of it was admitting that he was a snake. He knew, at the end of the day, she wasn't going to want him to die. Not like this. "I suppose if he's happy, and you're happy, maybe we should just let it happen." He watched her expression for any signs that he had changed her mind.

Her eyes closed, and Narcissa leaned into his touch. "There must be another way..." She wanted her son to be happy, more than anything, but how could he be happy if he ever learned that his very happiness had ended his father's life?

Lucius sighed, leaning down to kiss her forehead. "He just has to marry the girl when she's of age. He doesn't have to stay with her," he reasoned gently. Sure, divorce wasn't common practice for wizards, but this was a very complex situation they had found themselves in. "Perhaps, two years from now, he won't feel the same way for the girl, and he will be glad he waited."

Narcissa looked up at him sadly. "He loves her, Lucius. Can't you tell? Can you not see it?" She thought about it for a moment, looking away from him. "It'll break his heart..." It didn't matter what happened, their son would not make it out of this situation unscathed.

He sighed, nodding. "Of course I can see it. I hoped it wasn't true, but it seems it is." He said. "Use your best judgement, if I contact them they will think it's another ploy to keep them apart, I'm sure." He told her.

The wife looked back at her husband sharply, eyes wide. "You want me to do it? You want me to ask her to break our son's heart? To call off the wedding?" She realized she was once again being

manipulated, but what could be done of it? Was she supposed to let her husband die? It was the only thing more permanent than marriage itself.

Lucius watched her, his dropping to his side. "Whichever decision you can live with. If you would let me die for our son to be happy, then so be it." The words came out colder than he intended, he was trying to win her over, after all. He shook his head, retrieving his glass of whiskey from the dresser and downing it. "It may not make a difference, they will do as they please."

Narcissa sighed. He was leaving it in her hands. She had half a mind to do nothing, to let the events play out as they might. "Once again, Lucius, your actions have ruined our family as we know it."

It was nearly impossible to sleep that night, and by morning, she had reluctantly made up her mind. She would write to Hermione, and see what the girl wanted to do. If she wanted to let Lucius die, so be it. If she wanted to spare Draco the burden of killing his own father, then maybe they could reunite later, like Lucius had suggested.

'Hermione, I'd like for you to know that I am very pleased to learn that you and Draco would like to be married this summer. It brings me great comfort to know that Draco has found love. However, it pains me, also, as there is something you must know. Draco is already betrothed to another, and while that alone would not typically stand in your way, as arranged marriages such as his are not meant to be set in stone as much as a suggestion, there are extenuating circumstances surrounding Draco's arrangement in particular. His father has vowed that Draco will in fact marry this girl. An unbreakable vow. Though it grieves my heart I must implore you to consider what this means. If you marry my son this summer, Lucius will die.'

She hesitated in sending it, considered discarding it, or even burning it, but by noon she had been forced to resolve herself to it. She had to protect her own. She sent the letter with Draco's eagle owl.

Hermione was sitting with a book, having finished lunch not long before, when Draco's owl returned with a note, which appeared to be for her. She took the parchment, unfolded it, and looked it over. She read over the note twice before the words really sunk in, and she let her hands, clutching the note, fall into her lap. She felt numb, tears stinging at her eyes. She didn't know if she should believe it at first, it could be another ploy, Lucius pretending to be his wife, trying to split them up. But as she looked down at the parchment, studying it, she could see some of the words slightly smudged by tear drops, and she knew the person who had written the letter had been upset. It was surely not Lucius, who was more prone to anger.

She got up from the armchair, and went to find Draco, wiping at her eyes, still clutching the note in one hand. After she walked through the dorm, she remembered that he had left, and she sat heavily on the couch, reading over the note again. If Lucius had made an unbreakable vow that Draco would marry another girl, she could only assume Draco knew about it. Perhaps he didn't care, but she wasn't sure she could go through with the wedding knowing it would kill his father. What if it was the reason he wanted to rush things, even. She was left to her thoughts, which were racing with possibilities, and she knew she wouldn't be able to keep it together to go to class. Not until she spoke to him. If that meant missing a class, she would. She knew he would come to find her if she didn't turn up in class, he would know something was wrong.

When Hermione was late for Charms class Draco felt slightly uneasy, wondering where she was. It was unlike her to not be perfectly punctual. When they were fifteen minutes into the lesson and Hermione still hadn't shown, Draco excused himself to the loo, instead making his way straight to their dorm. "Hermione, are—" He spotted her huddled up on the couch, looking distraught. "What's wrong?" he questioned urgently.

Hermione looked up from the letter, by then she had read it about a hundred times. "I don't think I can marry you," she told him, the words coming out quieter than she intended. Her voice was slightly hoarse from crying, and she dropped her gaze back to the letter, which was sitting in her lap.

The words struck Draco in the chest like a hot knife, and he felt the air escape him. "What?" He was next to her on the couch in a few short strides. He hadn't noticed the parchment, his eyes only on her. "What are you talking about? Why not?" His heart was hammering in his chest. He'd never felt anything like it, like his world was crashing all around him. He felt helpless.

Hermione felt her lip begin to quiver, trying her damnedest not to start crying again. "You have to marry the other girl. The one you've been promised to," she said, she was trying to make the words come out sounding strong. Resolved. But she could feel her heart breaking as the words escaped her.

Draco listened to her words, and he felt himself steeling against them, a wall going up. He'd never told her about that. "How do you know about her?" Hell, he hadn't even thought about that stupid betrothal in years.

A sob escaped her, he knew about it. He was going to marry her and just let his father die, and never tell her about it! She couldn't even speak to answer him, so she pushed the letter into his chest, so he could read it for himself.

"Hermione, it's just a stupid arranged marriage. It doesn't mean anything. I'm not actually obligated—" As he spoke he took the parchment she'd shoved at him and started to read it over. He recognized his mother's script immediately. As he read, he could feel a rage he hadn't experienced since his last encounter with his father boiling inside of him, and Hermione's sobs were like gasoline on the fire. "FUCK!" He stood from the couch quickly, not wanting to yell directly into her face. "That FUCKING SICK PSYCHOPATHIC..." He wanted very badly to break something. "I should have just killed him that day at the restaurant," he spoke rashly.

Hermione wiped at her eyes, jumping slightly when he yelled. He seemed very surprised, and angry, for having known about it. Which made her think, maybe, possibly he didn't know about the vow. "You didn't know?" She asked him quietly, when she had found her voice again.

Draco was pacing now, his blood boiling painfully beneath his skin. Had there been a mirror in the room, he'd have discovered he was now a fair shade of red. He stopped his pacing briefly to reply to her question. "Know? That my dickwad of a father bet his own life against my future marriage to someone I've barely had two conversations with? No, I didn't fucking know." He started pacing again.

Hermione watched him pacing, pulling her knees to her chest. "We have to call it off," she said weakly. "If you don't marry her, he's going to die," she didn't know who the girl was, she didn't really care, because clearly he never intended to go through with it.

"No!" Draco refused indignantly. "No, that man's death is not going to be on my hands or yours. I didn't make that vow, he did. And he didn't even have the decency to warn me. Fuck Lucius. Let him rot." He didn't think he could take any more horrible surprises from that man.

Hermione shook her head, "Draco, we can't," she hated it, but how was she supposed to live with the fact that they would be killing him just for the sake of their own happiness? "We know about it now, it would be on our hands."

"And what about us? What about our home and our child and our life together? I'm not marrying anyone but you!" Perhaps a couple years from now if he'd not found someone he'd have agreed to settle with her, why not? But he had Hermione now, and he loved her, and they had created a family.

Hermione stood up, walking over to him to stop him from pacing. "We can figure something out. A way to make this work," she said, looking up at him. "But we have to at least try to find a way to do this without killing your father. You may hate him, but what about your mum?" She asked him. The tear stains on the letter told her she at least still loved her husband, and she was most likely torn between wanting her husband to live, and wanting her son to be happy.

"My mum would be better off without him," Draco argued further. "He can't do this to me. He can't take you away from me." He couldn't remember the last time he'd felt this angry. Draco took Hermione's hands in his, needing her to ground him even as he shook with rage. "There has to be a way to dissolve the vow."

She took his hands, frowning, her head shaking. "It can't be broken, Draco, that's the whole point. He bet his life that you would marry this other girl," she said sadly. "What if you tell the girl? She would understand, right? You could legally marry her. That would break it," she suggested. It hurt to even say the words, but she had to at least try to find a way to spare Lucius, even if he was a snake.

Draco shook his head. "It's not like muggle marriage, Hermione. You can't just get married and have it annulled a week later because you made a mistake. It's a magically binding union. Its fucking hard to get out of. And the only one I want to be magically bound to is you. I don't want you to be my bloody mistress." It wasn't unheard of to have a mistress, but it certainly wasn't supposed to be part of the plan!

She sighed, wishing she had never read the bloody letter to begin with. "So, we just go about our business, and let him die, then?" She asked him hopelessly. "That will kind of put a damper on the wedding, don't you think?" She knew, for her at least, it would be the only thing she would be thinking about.

"Or I could kill him now and get it over with," he muttered bitterly. It did seem like the better option, compared to knowing that the moment they said "I do" Lucius was going to drop dead somewhere on the spot. "Look, even if I could marry her now and go through the pain of having it undone, I don't think she's even of age yet." If she were, he was sure their parents would have made a point to remind them by now.

She shook her head, sighing. "Right, you go off and kill him, and I'll visit you in Azkaban and we can get married," she said sarcastically. "I don't know what to do here, Draco. It feels selfish to just get married knowing he will die," she told him.

Draco sighed. He saw her point, and he could hear how heartless he sounded, but it didn't change how he felt. "Fuck! He asked for this, not me. This is bullshit." He dropped her hands and turned to kick the coffee table with his final word.

"I know," she said softly, she agreed completely. It was bullshit, and Lucius had asked for it, but it didn't change the fact that they'd be killing him if they went and got married. "It's really not fair of him to put this on you. But that letter is from your mum, and she doesn't want us to go through with it," she told him.

Draco sighed. "My mum, who's been pushed around and manipulated and neglected by him for over twenty years. She doesn't know what's good for her or she'd have thrown him out a year ago." Even with that said, he had no desire to hurt his mother.

She nodded sadly. "I mean, our lives would likely all be easier with him gone, but I just...I can't do it like that." She couldn't walk down the aisle knowing it was going to kill him. "Our marriage would be tainted by his death. The very first thing we'd do as husband and wife is kill your father," she sighed, shaking her head.

"Well, the couple that kills together..." The joke was in bad taste, he knew, but he couldn't not say it. "Wish he'd just kill himself and put us all out of our misery." Draco sat down on the edge of the coffee table. "He's never going to stop ruining my life." He put his head in his hands, elbows rested on his knees.

She frowned, walking forward to rest her hand on his leg. "We're both smart, we can figure this out. You were right, there has to be a way around this, and we will find it. I'll go to the library and get anything they had on unbreakable vows," she told him. "I want to marry you, Draco."

Draco wrapped his arms around the back of her legs and rested his head on her stomach. "I will marry you. Hermione."

Chapter End Notes

As always, I LIVE for your comments, feedback, and suggestions.

Chapter 32: The Other Fiance

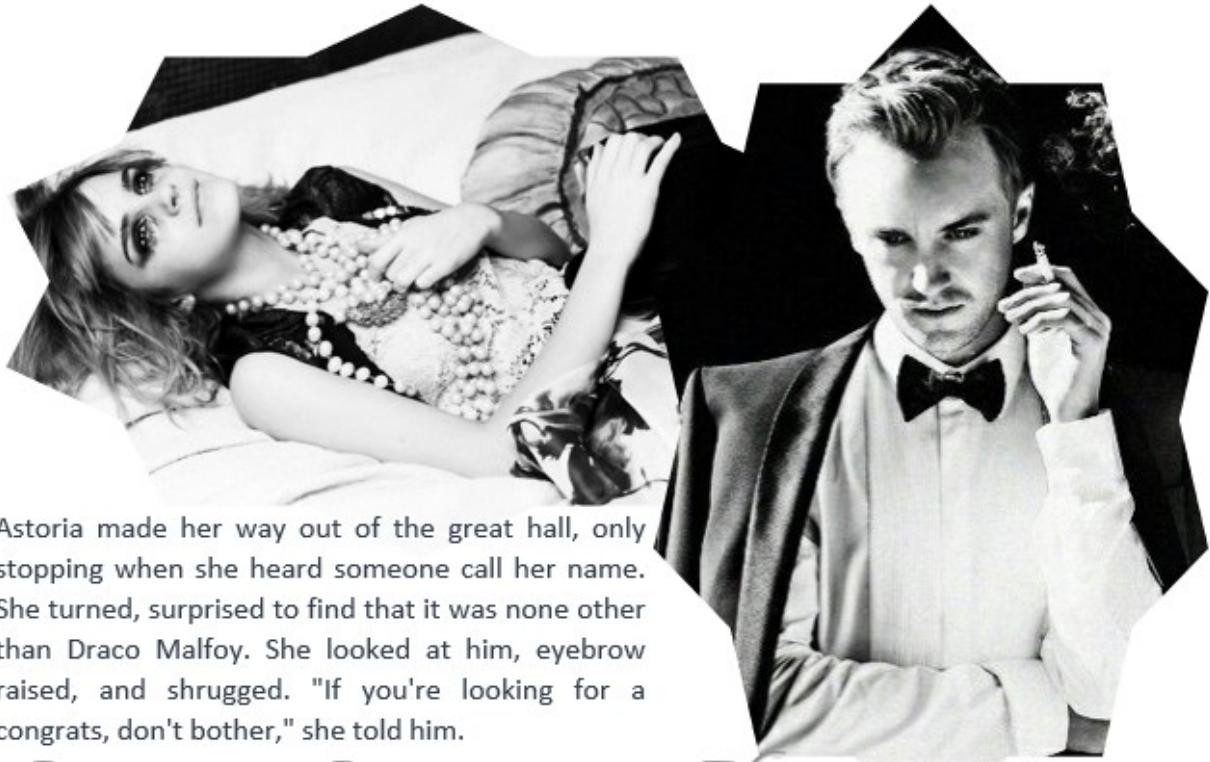
Chapter Summary

Draco confronts Astoria Greengrass about their betrothal, and then Draco takes out his many stresses on Hermione's very willing body.

Anal, Voyeurism, Double-Penetration, Toys, Restraints

Chapter Notes

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



Astoria made her way out of the great hall, only stopping when she heard someone call her name. She turned, surprised to find that it was none other than Draco Malfoy. She looked at him, eyebrow raised, and shrugged. "If you're looking for a congrats, don't bother," she told him.

Snow Storm: Chapter 32

Draco had never paid much mind to Astoria Greengrass. She was two years younger, and they didn't run in the same circle of friends. He was vaguely aware that she was a good-looking girl, and he'd never resented the arrangement between them. He figured he could stand to marry her if it came to it, that is, until now. Now Draco sat in the Great Hall eating dinner and he couldn't take his attention off of her. She was just carrying on, laughing, chatting, eating her fill, most likely completely unaware that her mere existence was causing him such anguish. And it wasn't even her fault.

He'd had two days to consider how to handle their little "situation", and he'd come to the conclusion that he could get no further without speaking with her directly. He waited until she stood to leave and followed.

"Astoria!" He called to her, trying to sound casual. It'd been at least two years since they'd so much as acknowledged each other's presence, much less the ties between them. "Can we talk?" he asked when she turned.

Astoria made her way out of the great hall, only stopping when she heard someone call her name. She turned, surprised to find that it was none other than Draco Malfoy. She looked at him, eyebrow raised, and shrugged. "If you're looking for a congrats, don't bother," she told him. Honestly, she was happy to be out of the situation their parents had put them in. Her interests elsewhere, but that didn't change the fact that they were technically supposed to be married, and he had gone and gotten engaged without even consulting her.

Draco rolled his eyes. He'd almost forgotten what it was like to deal with "his kind" of people. "No, it's not that. I mean it's about that. Can we just go somewhere? It's private." He asked, but he hoped she realized it wasn't a question.

Astoria let out a sigh, as if speaking to him would greatly inconvenience her day. "Fine, lead the way," she said, flipping her hair over her shoulder, and made to follow him.

Draco led Astoria into an empty classroom and shut the door. "You're not actually mad at me about proposing to Hermione are you?" It was the first thing he needed to establish. She was either being a brat for the fun of it or he had some actual damage control to do here.

She followed him inside, sitting on an empty desk to face him. She considered his question for a moment, she wasn't actually upset, but it was also clear to her that he needed something from her, otherwise she probably would have never heard from him concerning the whole thing. "Well, it does complicate things for me. My father will be livid, if he's not already seen the announcement," she told him.

"Yeah, well, your father and I have a bone to pick. Do you have any idea what our fathers decided to do to ensure I marry you?" He was angry again, and was about to begin pacing again as well. He sat himself on the edge of a desk instead, and his leg began jumping with anxiety.

Astoria examined him, he looked pissed. "What? What did they do?" She asked him. As far as she knew they simply had a verbal agreement that they would marry when she was of age. Which, may have been great, considering he had turned out to be quite handsome. But his reputation told her that she would likely end up with an unfaithful husband, if they went through with it.

Draco became aware of the shaking of his leg and planted his foot firmly on the floor to make it stop. "An unbreakable vow," he informed her venomously. He half expected her to be as angry about it as he was.

Her eyebrow perked up at his words, "No shit?" She said. "Those bloody idiots.,," she muttered. "Wait, which one of them made the vow?" She asked curiously, "And better yet, when did you find out about this?" She added. He seemed pissed, which probably meant his fathers' life was on the line, and he probably didn't know about it before he got engaged.

"Monday afternoon, when my mother wrote to my fiance begging her to call off the engagement," Draco growled his answer. "As if I even care to save my father's life, but Granger reckons it'll put a damper on the wedding if we let Lucius die."

She nodded, trying not to seem slightly amused by it. Of course Granger didn't want her wedding to kill Lucius, she was all about saving lives. "Well, that is quite the predicament. What do you want me to do about it, though?" She asked him. Obviously he wanted her to do something, otherwise, why bother pulling her into an empty classroom to talk?

Draco sighed. "Well, Hermione is doing what she does, research. But I'm not sure there's anything we can do. Not unless you break the vow first." He watched her carefully to see how she reacted to such a suggestion.

It took her all of two seconds to realize what he was asking her to do, and she laughed. "Seriously? Are you asking me to marry some bloke so you can have the wedding of your dreams?" She asked him incredulously, shaking her head. "If my father hears about your engagement, he's going to be pissed. If he hears I eloped, he will be out of his mind," she told him. What she didn't tell him was that she wasn't all that unwilling to work with him, but she would want something out of the deal, too.

"Listen, I know it sounds crazy, but Hermione won't marry me if it's going to result in another death. And no offense, but my mind is pretty made up on her." He looked up at her with a daring expression. "So I've got two options. Kill my own father in cold blood, or convince you to marry someone who isn't me first."

She studied him for a moment as he spoke, and she had a feeling he didn't want to wait around. "You could have just waited until I found someone, but considering you're here, begging me to marry someone tells me you have a timeline in mind," she observed. "Merlin, is she pregnant?" She asked him, a tone of amusement.

Draco sighed, but didn't bother to deny it. "Yes, she is. And if you happen to give a damn, I don't want my son born out of wedlock," she could laugh all she wanted, but he'd rather risk people finding out about Hermione's pregnancy than not be able to marry her at all.

As amused as she was, she could tell she was just pissing him off further. "Alright, I suppose I could be persuaded," she said finally. "But, the man I happen to be seeing is a half-blood, and his family isn't exactly well off like yours, so I'll need some convincing if I'm going to tie myself to him," she explained, examining her fingernails as she spoke. "Daddy will likely be upset, maybe enough to cut me off," she added, and looked at him. "And considering the ring you just got for the future Mrs. Malfoy, I'd say you're not exactly hurting for money."

It was fair, all things considered. She'd planned to marry into his wealth. If she was going to do him this favor, of course she was going to want money for her troubles. "What do you have in mind?" Girls like her could be bought, he just hoped that he could afford to pay the price and still provide Hermione the life he'd promised her.

She shrugged, thinking about what she was really asking for. "Not trying to break the bank, but I was promised a certain lifestyle and level of comfort that I will be losing if I do this. So, maybe monthly deposits, bi-monthly, yearly, whatever you prefer. As long as it's enough to keep us from struggling," she suggested. She thought it was fair, considering the main thing she would be missing out on was his money.

Draco nodded. "A monthly stipend. That sounds fair," he agreed. "I'll talk to Hermione. We can offer you a down-payment. Then after graduation, after the baby's born, we can start monthly payments." He didn't know what that amount would be yet. He knew he'd have to discuss it with Hermione. It was her money too now.

She was satisfied that he was willing to work with her, "You must really care about her," she observed, no longer teasing. In her experience the Malfoy's were all about money and blood status, two things he was willing to give up for her. "Well, sounds like I'll be proposing. This should be interesting," she said, shaking her head. She hopped off the desk she had been sitting on, heading for the door. "I'll come by after I get a chance to talk it over with Kole, let you know what we've decided," she told him.

Draco reached out and grabbed Astoria's wrist as she passed him. "I'd appreciate it if you didn't tell anyone, except for, you know, your boyfriend. About the baby..." He didn't care that she knew, he owed her the truth. But he didn't need the whole world knowing they were having, what had she called it? A "shot-gun" wedding... "And thank you." He released her.

She stopped and looked at him, nodding curtly. "Never been one for gossiping anyways," she agreed. If she was going to propose to Kole, she would likely have to explain why, but she hadn't planned on telling anyone else. She liked to give him shit, but she wasn't trying to make him miserable. She had nothing against Draco. When he released her, she continued towards the door. "Thank me when he says yes," she told him, smirking back at him, before leaving the classroom.

When Astoria was gone Draco headed up to their dorm to talk to Hermione, who was eating there because it was closer to her last class than the Great Hall. He walked up behind the couch where she was sitting and kissed the top of her head. "How was your day?" he asked her. She'd had two days to think about their situation, and to visit the library half a dozen times in search for solutions.

Hermione was in the middle of eating. With a stack of books around her, covering the table, most of them were open. "It's been fine," she told him. Considering their circumstances she was doing okay. It helped to have books to dive into and keep her distracted. She had decided that whatever had to happen, she wasn't going to let the stress of it affect her. "How about you? Where have you been?"

"I ate in the hall," Draco informed her. "I wanted to talk to her." He hadn't actually given Hermione her name, she hadn't asked, even though he wasn't necessarily hiding it. He didn't want to burden her with the information unless she actually wanted it. Then again, he was about to tell her that they were going to have to pay her a monthly stipend, probably for the rest of their lives.

She looked up at him, she knew who he was referring to, in a way. She didn't know who the girl actually was, she didn't think it would make a difference either way, honestly. "You did?" She said, a little surprised. "And? Did she know about the vow?" She asked him curiously.

Draco nodded and leaned his back against the back of the couch so that he could face her, crossing his ankles casually. "Yeah. We talked. She didn't know. I didn't think she would. But..." He let out a sigh. "We may have come up with a solution." He hoped she was happy about it. He himself wasn't entirely thrilled to be indebted to the girl for life in exchange for his father's life.

Hermione shut the book she had been reading before he came in, "A solution? What is it?" She asked him curiously. She had been reading non-stop and hadn't thought of a work around just yet, and was curious what they had come up with.

"Well," Draco began. "If my father vowed that I would marry her... What happens if she marries someone else first?" He raised one perfectly manicured platinum brow. "My father won't have broken his commitment." It was worth the risk.

"Of course," she said, shaking her head. "Why didn't I think of that?" She said, annoyed with herself. It seemed so simple now that he said it. "So, she's agreed to that, then?" She asked him, surprised that the girl would go through that for them.

Draco nodded. "I mean, assuming her boyfriend wants to go through with it, too. But there's a catch, and that's something we need to talk about." He didn't think she'd be terribly upset about it. After all, she wasn't marrying him for the money.

Hermione let out a relieved sigh, it was a sliver of hope, at least. "Well, what's the catch, then?" She asked him. She couldn't imagine it would be too horrible, no worse than his father dying, at least.

"Well," Draco explained. "She'll be marrying down. In fact she will be marrying someone with less than pure blood, not to mention a lower fiscal station. Chances are she'll be disowned, or at the very least cut-off financially." He wanted to explain the risk that Astoria was taking, in order to explain why the rest was so necessary. "She wants money. And, I think that's fair. I told her we could discuss a down payment, and after we're settled, and the baby's born, we can begin the process of a monthly stipend." It was like alimony, only it was in place of the marriage, rather than succeeding it.

Hermione was nodding slowly as he spoke, and when he got to the part about money, she spoke up. "That is fair," she agreed with him. "She's doing us a huge favor. It should probably be your dad paying her, seeing as it's his life we're saving, but I'd rather not involve him," she said with a sigh.

Draco rolled his eyes. "Yes, well, I'm the one going against the family's wishes, and apparent commitment, to marry a Greengrass." He hadn't meant to say the name, but what did it matter really?

"I wouldn't expect him to anyway," she said. He mentioned Greengrass, and he had also mentioned that the girl was underage, so she could only assume the girl was Astoria. "So now we're just waiting to see if the boyfriend is willing to get married, then," she said. Well, it was something, at least.

"Right." Draco sighed. "She didn't mention still being under age when we talked. She must have had a birthday." Had he still been living in the Slytherin dorms he would have noticed the celebration. "I suppose we need to consider how much of a down payment to offer."

Hermione nodded, "What do you offer for that sort of thing?" She asked with a dry laugh. "I mean, is her family as rich as yours?" She asked, wondering what her idea of 'a lot of money' might be.

"Well, it should be enough to help them settle. I know he doesn't come from as much money as our families, but I'm not sure if that means he's sickleless either. Maybe ten thousand?" It was a lot of money, but it could serve as a deposit on a moderately impressive home when converted to muggle money. He tried to think about how much inheritance he had left. They still needed to furnish the home they'd just bought. "Hey, at least after saving his life my father can't cut off my trust for marrying you, right?" He hadn't been counting on that trust money to still exist once he married her, but now his father owed him.

Hermione smiled, "Yeah, that's true. So, we can offer her ten thousand and see if that's enough," she said with a nod. It seemed like a lot of money to her, but then again, she had always lived modestly. Her parents were both dentists so they had money, but they weren't considered rich, they were simply comfortable.

"I'm sure she'll want more," Draco commented with a smirk. "She never gave a damn about me but she made a point to complain that I didn't get her permission to propose to you. She's going to milk it," she was a pureblood after all, and a Slytherin to boot! "It's the monthly stipends I'm worried about." He'd be more or less supporting two families.

Hermione nodded, "I don't really know her, but I'm sure you're right," she agreed, and stood up, moving to stand in front of him, wrapping her arms around him. "But whatever ends up happening, we will make it work," she said, leaning up to give him a kiss. She just hoped that she was able to convince her boyfriend to get married. It was a big leap, considering how young she was, but maybe they were in love, too.

Draco kissed Hermione back, putting one arm around her while the other reached into his pocket, retrieving his silver cigarette case. "I know we will," he agreed, though he wished he could be as confident as she was. Nothing about their relationship had ever been simple. The only thing that'd ever been easy between them was the sex. And the sex was different now, now that she was pregnant, and sober. Days like this he really wished he could abuse her in the way that made her beg for more. He sighed, thinking about it, and withdrew a cigarette. "I'll be right back," he told her, and kissed her forehead before leaving her for the balcony. He was already bringing the stick to his lips as he walked away.

Hermione stepped away, watching him go to the balcony. She could tell he was stressed about the situation, she was too, but she had to look at the bright side. Too much stress, and she would be hurting the baby. She waited a few moments, and decided to follow him out to the balcony, undoing the top few buttons of her shirt on the way. She slid the door open, and walked out onto the balcony, leaning against the railing facing him with a smirk.

Draco relished in the calming effect of menthol. He had only a few hits worth remaining when Hermione joined him, looking unusually coy. He exhaled the smoke in his lungs away from her. "You're not supposed to be out here," he reminded her, wondering why she looked so smug. The dropped buttons did not escape his notice, and he breathed in another helping of sweet cooling poison, staring at the exposed cleavage, which was greater in volume than before.

"Maybe I feel like enjoying the nice weather, too," she told him. She leaned forward on the railing, flipping her skirt up to expose the lace thong she was wearing. She looked over her shoulder at him, smirking again. "We have such a great view, I don't come out here nearly enough."

"Great view indeed," Draco agreed. He flicked his cigarette over the edge and moved to stand behind her. Both of his hands moved under her skirt, slapping down on the exposed flesh of her cheeks and gripping them hard. He pressed his groin into her backside. "I thought you didn't like heights?" he asked, sneaking one hand between her legs to rub her through the practically useless piece of underwear.

Hermione grinned, enjoying the feeling of his hands on her rear. "You wouldn't let me fall, now would you?" She asked him. She began to grind her ass against his groin as he reached around her, letting out a soft moan as he rubbed panties.

"No," Draco answered, slipping a couple of fingers beneath the moistened lace and plunging them deep inside of her. He drove them into her quickly, and with his other hand reached around to further unbutton her oxford. "But I would let all of those people down there watch you get fucked by me," he warned darkly. When he reached the hem of her skirt he tugged the shirt free and pulled the last of the buttons away by force. With that accomplished, he gave one of her plump breasts a firm squeeze over her bra. "What do you think of that?"

Hermione looked down over the edge, she could see people walking around down there. Some lounging by the lake, others playing games or just talking. "I think I might like that," she told him, her voice breathy as he fingered her. She spread her legs a bit wider for him, fully prepared to let him take her right there on the balcony. At least it would take his mind off of all the other shit they had going on, right?

Draco slid his fingers out from within her and undid his pants, withdrawing his hard and ready cock. He stroked it with the slick from her pussy, lubricating the head before he positioned himself at her entrance around the flimsy undergarment. From her breast his hand traveled up to close tightly but not dangerously around her throat. He pushed his hips forward and became encased in her heat, causing a groan to escape him. He moved inside of her casually at first, developing a good rhythm despite the added difficulty of their stance. But he didn't want her to get too comfortable just yet. With one particularly exaggerated back-thrust, he popped out of the warmth of her cunt and upon moving forward again he prodded at her rear-entrance. "Don't scream," he warned her, reestablishing his grip on her throat, and with the guidance of his other hand pushed fully into her with one unprepared movement.

Hermione moaned as he entered her, gripping the stone railing to steady herself. She was enjoying him taking her from behind, her eyes closed, and briefly glancing down to see if anyone was looking at them. She didn't think so, but she wasn't all that worried about it, either. They were on the third floor, anyone far enough away to see all the way up to their balcony wouldn't be able to make out what he was doing from where he stood behind her. All they'd see would be her bra, which wasn't necessarily great either, but she was beyond caring in her pleasure.

Her eyes widened slightly when he removed himself, and lined himself up with her other entrance. She let out a gasp, trying her best not to scream, her grip on the railing white knuckled, or be too loud as he pushed himself into her quickly, almost as if he was trying to get her to make people notice. "Oh, fuck!" She gasped, not daring to look down this time, in case anyone had heard her.

Draco moved more roughly now. Some days he couldn't believe she was so willing to put up with his most dirty desires. The narrow canal stroked harshly with each thrust, and he could move so much more deeply within her than he could have in her cunt. "You like when I fuck your ass?" he

taunted in a shaking voice, while lifting one of her legs and pulling it back to lock behind his waist. He wasn't typically so crass, nor did he usually take her ass without permission, or at least preparation, but today he needed it, and she'd clearly come out onto the balcony with the sole intent on servicing him in his moment of need.

At first it was painful, but as he moved in and out of her, she adjusted, and before long it felt good, intense. With each thrust she gasped, and moaned. "Mmm, fuck yes," she answered him, her words coming out of her breathlessly as she held tightly to the stone railing. He had a grip on her neck and her leg now, but it didn't feel altogether secure considering her fear of heights. But the danger of being seen, and the fear of heights only enhanced the whole experience for her.

Trusting her to more or less maintain the position of her leg by herself, Draco released his hold on it, and instead placed both hands over Hermione's mouth, one on top of the other. He pulled her face so that her head bent back towards his shoulder, and increased his pace within her. He jackhammered into the forbidden cavity as if to destroy all of the problems that had arisen in their lives since the day after she agreed to marry him. "Uh, fuck! You feel so good," he growled between jagged breaths.

Doing her best to keep her leg in place, the sounds coming out of her increased in volume, though muffled, as he covered her mouth and fucked her even harder. As his rough treatment continued, she shuddered as she reached her climax, her eyes rolling back in ecstasy.

"Yes!" Draco encouraged in a low voice into her ear. "Cum for me, love." He rubbed her clit roughly, turning up the intensity in her most vulnerable moments of pleasure. He was nearing climax himself, but he was not ready to let it be over so quickly. He didn't think he'd been in her five minutes.

Hermione groaned as he rubbed at her clit, her one leg on the ground shaking, and weak from the orgasm. He managed to draw it out even longer as he rubbed, making the pleasure almost unbearable, but she loved every second of it. When it finally died down, she relaxed a bit, as much as she could while he was still fucking her ass.

Draco, grudgingly, slowed to a stop. "Go get on your bed," he ordered her, still inside of her, but released his hands from their holds on her and helped her lower her leg. "Put a pillow under your back and wait for me," he instructed further, and withdrew finally, regretfully. He slapped her backside hard, the crack echoing against the stone walls of their outdoorspace.

Hermione was grateful to have both feet on the ground again, and let out a little gasp when he slapped her ass. "Yes, sir," she said with a smirk. She moved to the door that led to her room, her legs weak from exertion, and went inside. Before getting onto the bed, she removed her clothes, dropping them on the floor before getting onto her bed, a pillow behind her back as he had instructed.

Draco went into his bedroom, where he retrieved a bag of goodies he'd purchased in an adult shop while they were in Australia. They hadn't had the chance to use them yet, given that the very day after their return his mother had nearly brought their relationship crashing down with her news. He brought the bag with him into her room, not revealing the objects inside, except for a satin blindfold, which he levitated into place over her eyes.

Hermione relaxed, letting her sore legs rest as she waited for Draco. When he came into the room, she saw he had a bag, before the blindfold was placed over her eyes. She reached up to feel

the soft fabric. "What's this, now?" He asked, intrigued, wondering what he had planned.

"The blindfold is to help you relax and not think, only experience," Draco informed her. With a flourish of his wand, silky restraints wrapped themselves around her wrists and ankles. "Just go with it." The strong ribbons drew her limbs out in every direction, before coiling around the posts of his bed, legs slightly elevated.

Hermione didn't see the rest of the restraints coming, so she was slightly surprised by them. "As if you have to tell me to go with it," she responded with a smirk. She was usually ready for anything with him, even now, being pregnant, she would take what he gave her. He had definitely toned it down since he found out about the baby, and she trusted him not to take it too far.

Now that she was fully restrained in the desired position, Draco removed two items from the bag, both of which he'd already rid of their packaging, and crawled up the bed between her legs. The first surprise was dripped onto her throbbing pussy, which was eagerly awaiting attention of any kind. The warming liquid slid down her clit, through her seam, and into her entrance, which Draco further guided with a finger, letting the lube spoil them both as he leaned in and took a taste of the fruity flavor her cunt now possessed. He fingered her slowly, wanting her to truly savor each moment, while his mouth worshiped her labia.

She felt the shift in the bed as he moved close to her, and felt something drip onto her pussy. She felt it warming, it was a very pleasant sensation, and she could already feel it entering her, even before he slipped a finger inside of her. She bit her lip, letting out a moan as he furthered her pleasure by putting his mouth to work, too. "Fuck, Draco," she moaned, her toes curling as her legs jerked against the restraints.

The flavored lubricant was nice for her already delicious pussy, but he had another use in mind, and he withdrew his finger, letting his mouth work independently while his hands created further mischief. Draco poured a liberal amount of lube onto a long pink knobby toy, which narrowed at one end, and had a set of controls on the wider end. He snapped the bottle closed and smoothed the liquid over the entirety of the not yet vibrating toy, before pressing it into her recently visited anus. One nodule, then two, then out one, and back in two more, until he'd fit six whole inches into her. He turned on the device, feeling it begin to thrum energetically inside of her. While it vibrated, he moved it in and out of her slowly, letting each ball-like fixture pop in and out of her puckered hole.

She let out a gasp as he slowly pushed the toy into her, she couldn't see it, but she could feel that each nodule got larger the further he pushed it in, each time he pushed it in further, she let out another gasp. Finally he had fit the whole thing inside of her, and she felt it begin to vibrate, creating an entirely new sensation. "Oh, God!" She gasped, her legs instinctively jerking each time he moved the toy inside her.

Draco worked the toy inside of her a little while longer, before he spelled it to pump on its own, moving rhythmically inside of her ass while he moved off of the bed once more. He was only gone long enough to undress, and when he was free of the burden of his clothes, he moved on top of her once more. He peppered kisses up her body, across her breast, and finally found her lips in a smouldering kiss. He could feel the vibrations within her as he slid easily into her cunt once more.

Hermione could see nothing going on around her, and barely registered that he had left the bed at all until he returned. She kissed him back, though she was only able to concentrate on his lips for

a moment as he entered her. She tilted her head back, the moans escaping her growing louder as he worked both holes, along with the vibrations from the toy. It was almost too much to bear, and she could already feel her second orgasm growing near.

The charmed toy inside of her rear worked on alteration to his own thrusting action, and even Draco could feel the object moving inside of her through the thin layer that separated the two passageways. He focused his attention on her neck and ear while he drove into her hard. "I remembered how much you enjoyed being double-fucked last time," he told her in a husky tone while he nibbled on her earlobe.

His attention on her neck, and the words spoken into her ear sent shivers down her spine. She grabbed onto the silk binding around her wrists, just to have something to hold onto as the intensity grew. "Merlin, d-don't stop!" She said breathlessly. Any minute now she knew she would get there.

Draco didn't need to be asked to be unrelenting, but Merlin was it hot to hear her beg. "What was that? Harder?" He reached behind him and pressed the button on the toy a second time. The vibrations intensified, and Draco picked up his pace. It wouldn't be long now. He'd go with her into bliss, he was sure of it. He wouldn't resist her efforts to milk him.

The increased vibrations, along with his increased pace pushed her over the edge quickly. "Oh God, oh God!" She cried out as she climaxed for the second time.

Draco groaned loudly as she gripped him. He pushed down on the back of her thighs, the magical bindings loosening to allow him to bend her knees towards her for deeper access when, as expected, her orgasm won him over. He grunted through each thrust while he spilled into her. "Fuck, you're so good," he told her as he slowed.

Hermione was catching her breath as he finished, grinning widely. "I don't think distracting you from your problems has ever been quite so fun," she told him in a raspy voice, thankful for the wards they had up to keep people from overhearing them.

"And that," Draco sat, carefully removing the toy from within her. "Is just one of the reasons why you are the only one I could imagine spending my life with." He grabbed his wand from beside her where he'd left it and cast a cleaning spell on the device while he powered it off. He moved down her body and gave her dripping cunt a swipe with his tongue before moving off of the bed altogether. With another flourish of his wand, the bindings lowered her limbs back to the bed and disappeared.

Hermione felt herself relaxing after he removed the toy, and her bindings disappeared. She grinned as he gave her one last lick, and slid the blind fold off. "Well, I can't see myself with anyone else, either, just to be clear," she told him with a smile, sitting up to pull him into a kiss.

Draco smirked against her lips. "There's more goodies in this bag for later," he told her, getting off the bed and replacing the objects inside of it. "If you're lucky." He vanished the bag to his room, into a special hiding place. He couldn't let her find it and spoil the surprises.

Hermione looked at him with a grin, her eyebrows raising. "Oh, really?" She asked him, intrigued. "I'm sure I'll get lucky," she purred, kissing his neck, biting it gently.

Chapter End Notes

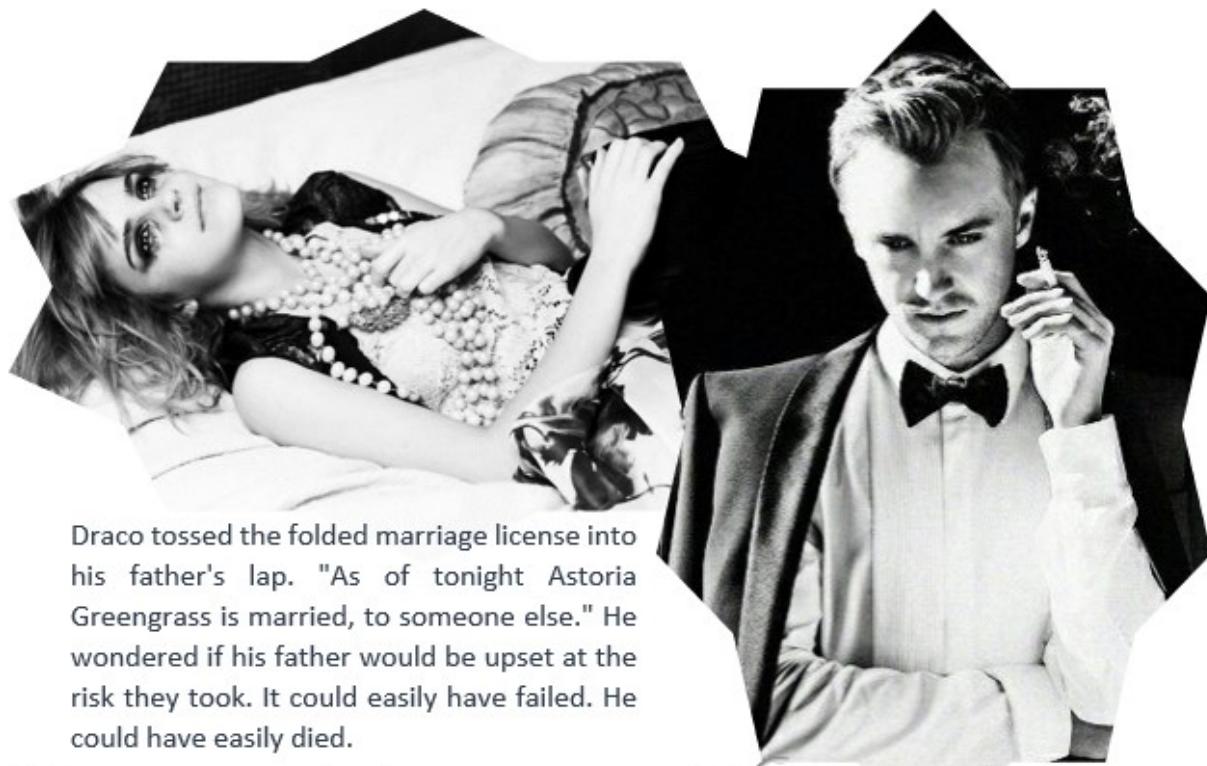
Thought you guys deserved some fun kinky sex, the likes of which these two haven't shared in quite a while.

And to anyone who has read any of these sex chapters and thought "people don't really have sex like that" or "girls don't really like anal like that", let me just say, I write what I know, and I know good kinky consensual mildly bdsm sex with lots of anal, m'kay?

Chapter 33: Going to the Chapel

Chapter Summary

It's the big day, and Draco and Hermione are all dressed and ready to go to the chapel... To witness the union of Astoria and Kole, that is!



Draco tossed the folded marriage license into his father's lap. "As of tonight Astoria Greengrass is married, to someone else." He wondered if his father would be upset at the risk they took. It could easily have failed. He could have easily died.

Snow Storm: Chapter 33

It'd been three days since Draco approached his formerly betrothed. It was Saturday afternoon, and Draco didn't think he could stand the wait. How long would it take for Astoria to convince her boyfriend to elope? Had she even had the nerve to ask? She knew this was time sensitive, right? He nearly ran out of cigarettes from smoking so much in the last seventy-two hours, until he remembered he could duplicate them.

Finally, there was an unexpected knock on the door, drawing Draco's attention away from his homework. Maybe it was them? Draco moved quickly to answer, relief washing over them when he saw the younger couple standing there. Just as quickly, anxiety flooded him too. Just because they were here to talk didn't mean it was good news. They could be coming to reject the proposal. He greeted them, and welcomed them inside. "Hermione, could you come out here please?" he called towards the bedroom where she had been lying down with a book and her cat.

Astoria stood with her boyfriend, Kole, waiting for Draco to let them in, which only took a mere few seconds after she had knocked. She could see how anxious he was, and she walked inside, pulling Kole along with her. They sat down on the couch, and a minute later, Hermione joined the group, a smile on her face.

Hermione had been doing her best to rest and relax while Draco stressed over what would happen. She didn't have the luxury of stressing out, so instead she busied herself with making sure she stayed healthy, and as happy as she could be, considering their fate was hanging in the balance. "This must be your boyfriend... Kole, is it?" Hermione asked, having seen him around.

Astoria gave a nod, but smirked a little. "Fiance, actually. But, yes." She corrected her. "That is, if we all agree on the terms we discussed." Her and Kole were indeed in love, but she never thought it would actually work out with him. In truth, they were doing her a favor, too, but without the money she wasn't comfortable taking the leap and marrying down.

Draco was able to finally settle on relief. All he had to worry about now was whether or not they'd accept the offer. He and Hermione had talked it through. They'd start with ten grand. Ten thousand galleons was more than enough to purchase a comfortable home to begin a family in. But he knew she'd want more, and he was prepared for that. "Yes, Hermione and I talked about it, and we'd like to offer you ten thousand galleons to get you started." He looked over at Hermione and took her hand, giving it a quick squeeze. He was curious how difficult she'd be.

Kole turned his attention to Astoria, wondering if this was an acceptable term, because he honestly wasn't sure. His family wasn't broke, but neither of his parents came from the Sacred Twenty-Eight, and he hadn't ever had any hope of being able to keep a girl like her.

Hermione squeezed his hand gently, she felt the relief wash over her, and she knew he did, too. Now they just had to settle the money part of it.

Astoria considered his offer, it was generous, but she knew he was starting off lower than he was actually willing to go. "Let's make it fifteen, and we have a deal." She told him. "We can settle the monthly payments after we actually get married." She added, knowing he would want them to actually have tied the knot before throwing anymore money at them.

Draco was honestly surprised she hadn't asked for more, but he couldn't agree to it too easily, or else the later negotiations would be brutal. He looked over at Hermione for a moment, trying to read her, but she had previously agreed to let him do what he thought was best, so he turned back to Astoria. "Let's split the difference at twelve-five. You and I both know that's more than enough. You'll have to buy a muggle home anyway, and the exchange will get you far with that kind of quid. Trust me." He'd just bought a home, so he would certainly know.

Astoria looked to Kole briefly, but she knew that he was trusting her to make sure they were taken care of. Not coming from money meant he had been fully prepared to live a simple life, and work for everything he would own. "Alright, fine." She agreed after a moment of thought. "Then, we have a deal." She added. "Shall we make the unbreakable vow?" She suggested sarcastically with a snicker.

Draco gave her a stern look. "I think we can shake on it," he said in reply. "I expect you know this has to happen sooner rather than later. Have you set a date?" They'd have to elope, there was no other way to get around her father, and he wanted to know when that day would be. He wasn't going to just hand over the money now.

Astoria couldn't help but smirk, her little joke about making the vow had the exact effect on him that she had intended. "Well, I guess the question is when will you be getting married? Do we have until after school?" She asked him. They hadn't exactly gotten to the planning part yet, she knew it wouldn't be some fancy wedding with guests and all that, but there would have to be some planning to pull it off.

Draco raised a brow at her answering of his question with a question. "Hermione and I are getting married immediately after graduation, but this might not even work, and it'll be a real damper on the festivities if we have to plan a funeral at the same time. Assuming you're both already seventeen, this can't wait. And you won't get your money until your union is official." He knew that dangling the money over her head like a carrot to a mule would have her motivated. "And we'll want to be there as witnesses, of course."

Astoria let out a weary sigh, but nodded. "But, of course." She agreed, "Let's say two weeks from now? Is that soon enough? I at least want time to find a proper dress. And we'll need rings." She told him, and glanced over at Kole to see if he had any objections.

Hermione was looking between Draco and Astoria as they spoke. If she had even thought to be jealous of whatever they were, she definitely wouldn't be now that she had seen the two in the same room together.

Kole looked around the room at the three parties as they negotiated. "Tw-two weeks?" He asked hesitantly, but then sat up a little straighter. "I mean, yeah, two weeks is fine." He loved Astoria, he just never expected to be getting married when he still had a whole year left of school.

Draco nodded. "Two weeks is great. We'll help in whatever way we can, right, Hermione?" he asked, looking over at his own bride.

Hermione nodded, "Of course, if you're in need of anything, even just a place to plan in secret you should stop by." She agreed. It only seemed right, considering the favor they were doing for them.

Astoria could tell Kole was a little shaken by how sudden it would be, and she reached over to take his hand. "Great, we'll keep that in mind." She agreed. "We should be off. We have a lot to discuss," she said, standing up to take her exit.

In the two weeks following the agreement set forth between himself and Astoria Greengrass, Draco had paid a visit to Gringotts to get Astoria's money, and while he was there he got Hermione's name added onto his accounts. A spare key to his vault was made, with which she would now have access to all that was his.

With all of that accomplished, it was now May 8th, and tonight they would learn if they'd been correct on their assumption that her marrying first would break the vow their fathers had made, and spare Lucius' life. Truth be told, he couldn't care less if the patriarch lived or died, but it would certainly please the women in his life to see him spared, and that was motivation enough to try.

The four teens were gathered in a small but elegant chapel in London. It was a muggle establishment, but such ceremonies were acknowledged by the Ministry as valid, with the added

bonus of discretion. Draco even offered to escort Astoria down the aisle. After all, he was quite literally giving her away. Draco was unsurprised that she'd managed to find such a glamorous gown for such a small occasion.

"You look beautiful," Draco said to the Slytherin girl genuinely, waiting just outside the doors to the small room the service would take place in. Hermione and Kole were already inside, waiting. All they needed now was their musical cue. "I'm sorry to have to force this on you. You can always have a real wedding later."

Astoria had spent the two weeks leading up to this night planning, she had found a venue which was both acceptable and discreet, she had found a beautiful dress, even though there would hardly be any witnesses. She had gotten a photographer for after the ceremony, so she would at least be able to show off the dress in that manner. They had gotten the rings, and since they were doing it together she picked her own ring. She didn't trust Kole to make the right decision when it came to such things, anyways.

Now, here she stood, with Draco walking her down the aisle. She wasn't exactly nervous, she wasn't regretful, either. She actually wanted a life with Kole, she never thought she'd be able to marry for love. And if she was able to spare Lucius' life in the process, that was an added bonus. She looked at Draco when he complimented her, smirking a little. "Having regrets, are we?" she teased him, knowing full well that he was one hundred percent committed to Hermione. She shrugged at his apology, "Who needs a real wedding full of a bunch of snobs and assholes, anyways." She said with a grin. She heard the music start, and hooked her arm through his. "That's our cue," she said, and began walking with him down the aisle, in beat with the music.

She saw Kole standing in front of the priest, watching her approach, and Hermione was seated in the front row. Astoria had insisted she didn't need to stand by on her account, and though it was nice of Draco to walk her down the aisle, he should join Hermione when he got her there. They were there to witness, after all, not be part of the ceremony.

When she was face to face with Kole, the priest started the ceremony. They opted for the standard vows, not having enough time to write their own, and the whole thing was over fairly quickly. They exchanged rings, and were instructed to kiss, and it was done. She did wonder, in the back of her mind, if Lucius, wherever he was, had just dropped dead. But she didn't stress over it. It was his own fault if he had, he was the one who had bet his life that him and her father would be able to control their futures.

Astoria walked over to Draco and Hermione, hand-in-hand with Kole, her now husband. "Alright, so, I've got a photographer out back in the garden waiting for us, and I'll get you some copies. You did mention wanting pictures, right?" she asked, looking at Draco with a perked eyebrow. "You'll have to let me know if your father is alive to see them when you get them to him," she said with a smirk.

Hermione was wiping at a few stray tears. It had been a very intimate ceremony, but beautiful all the same, and her hormones had gotten the best of her. "Everything was lovely, I'm glad we got to be here to see it." Hermione said, even though they were mostly here to see that it actually got done, she was pleased to have been there. Astoria just laughed, "Hormones, huh?" she asked, winking at Hermione.

Draco took Hermione's arm to escort her out to where the photographer was waiting. He didn't wish to impose, it was Astoria and Kole's special day, not theirs, but he watched and waited, and

when all was finished, he approached the two with a package that had been shrunk down in his pocket all evening. "Your wedding present," he said, handing the money over to Kole, because he was now the head of their new two-person family. "Use it well."

As they finished with the photos and Draco and Hermione approached, Astoria watched as Draco handed over the money to Kole. "We will, thank you." She said, hanging on Kole's arm. "It's been a pleasure doing business with you." She added with a smirk.

"Before we go," Draco added. "I'll be needing a copy of that marriage license. The photos won't be available for days, and I'd rather like to show it to my father tonight. May I?" He held out his hand, ready to duplicate the official document for his own records.

Kole handed over the document with a nod. "Of course," he agreed, Astoria nodding as well. "Make sure he knows how lucky he is that you actually give a shit." Astoria added. She honestly wasn't too sure if it was Draco, or Hermione who didn't want to see the man dead, but either way, he was lucky.

"I don't," Draco corrected coldly, and swept his wand across the paper. With a flick, a second identical sheet appeared. He took the copy and folded it. "I just couldn't have him ruining my bride's day with his death." He passed back the original. Even if he died this night at least he'd have tried, for Hermione's sake.

Hermione reached down to take Draco's free hand, giving it a squeeze. "It would give our special day a certain sense of doom and gloom." Astoria laughed, and nodded, "Not for me, if this didn't work out in his favor he shouldn't have bet his life on us." She said. "Anyways, we're off to our honeymoon." She said sarcastically, they were simply going back to Hogwarts, but she did plan on getting her new husband alone, at least.

"See, that's what I said," Draco said to Astoria, using his hands holding Hermione's you pull her closer to him possessively. "Bleeding heart, this one."

Hermione shrugged, they had done all they could for Lucius. If it didn't work, at least it wasn't on her wedding day. "Some people just care too much," Astoria said, and with her arm hooked through Kole's, she disapparated them back to Hogsmeade.

Hermione turned to look at Draco, "Are you going to see him now?" She asked him curiously.

Draco turned his attention fully to her now that they were alone. "If I'm being honest, I can't wait to shove this in his face." After a moment of consideration, he added, "You didn't want to come with me, did you?" It was an invitation, if she wanted to, and a pass to decline, if not. He didn't really think so, but he didn't want to assume for her.

Hermione considered for a moment what the best choice for her would be. Even though she had wanted to spare his fathers' life. She had no desire to actually see the man. "Why don't I just go back to the castle and wait for you there." She finally decided. "If he still has any desire to try something, I don't want to give him the chance." She added.

Draco nodded, and kissed her deeply. "I love you. Go rest," he said to her, not wanting to part until he'd said those important words to her. He didn't actually expect anything tragic to come from his visit to the Manor, but he could never count on it being a simple affair.

He released her, took a step back, and vanished with a crack.

Draco had the walk from the edge of the property to the front door to think about what he would say to his father. He didn't intend to be kind, but he did intend to keep his wand to himself, unless his father made the first move, of course.

He entered his childhood home, which despite its countless familiarities now felt nothing like. "Father, are you home?" He called out from the center of the house near the bottom of the stairs. "I'd like to have a chat." There was a faint tone of ice in his voice.

Lucius was in the drawing room, sitting with a glass of whiskey. It had been a little over two weeks since Narcissa had written the mudblood, asking her to call things off, and they hadn't heard a word in response to the plea. There had been a dark cloud over him since, he was sure they planned to go through with it. Their announcement had been put in the daily prophet, and they hadn't bothered to have it recalled. He sat, scowling at the corner of the room, his free hand rubbing at his chin, which he hadn't bothered to shave for two days, when he heard Draco's voice.

"In the drawing room." Lucius answered, sitting up a bit straighter in his seat as he waited for Draco to find him. He had a feeling he was about to learn what his fate would be.

Draco entered the blood cursed room. "You're alive I see. Well, looks as though it worked then." He looked his father up and down. He was a mess. The last time he'd seen his father in this state was when he'd first returned home from Azkaban. "Pity."

Lucius studied him, confused. "What are you on about? Have you done it, then?" He asked. He was dressed up, but he didn't look as though he had been attending his own wedding.

Draco tossed the folded marriage license into his father's lap. "As of tonight Astoria Greengrass is married, to someone else." He wondered if his father would be upset at the risk they took. It could easily have failed. He could have easily died.

Lucius picked up the paper, setting his glass aside to unfold it and study the marriage license. "So it seems she is." He commented, and looked to Draco. "So you still plan to marry the mudblood?" He asked him coldly. He was happy to be alive, but the rest of the situation was displeasing, to say the least.

"You ungrateful son of a bitch," Draco snarled, his fingers itching for his wand. "I was going to let you die. But for some bizarre reason she thought that would put a damper on our wedding night. You show her some fucking respect."

Lucius watched his hand, ready to grab for his own wand, should he need to defend himself. "Oh, of course, you would let me die, but the friend of the savior would not." He couldn't help but smirk a little, because he had told his wife as much.

Draco glared. "Need I remind you of your attempt to take my son's life? And for what? To save your own skin? You're deplorable. I have no idea why mother still wants you alive." She had written to beg for his mercy, after all.

Lucius let out a weary sigh, "I was doing what I thought best for you, how was I to know you'd have already grown so attached? I was trying to save you from making a life changing mistake

before you're ready." He said, shaking his head. "But if this is what you want, I won't stop you. I've promised your mother I won't stand in the way any longer."

"Really?" Draco asked skeptically. "Just like that, you're suddenly okay with having a half-blood grandchild? And Muggleborn daughter-in-law?" He had a hard time believing Lucius was just accepting that fate. "Whom you just called a mudblood even knowing that she saved your pathetic skin?"

"I wouldn't go as far as to say I'm okay with it, but for your sake, and the sake of your mother, I won't be trying to stop you. Or murder anyone." He added the last but with a smirk. "I am grateful you found a way to spare my life. Just think of this as my way of saying thank you." He told Draco. "Now, you may not want me attending the wedding, and I fully understand that. But you should let your mother attend. She is rather looking forward to it, she almost refused to write your...fiance." he said the last word with a bit of distaste, he would have preferred to stick with mudblood, but he didn't think Draco would appreciate it.

Draco sighed. "Of course mother is welcome. I wouldn't punish her for your stupidity. An unbreakable vow? The FUCK were you thinking making that vow? And why would you not tell me?"

Lucius picked up his glass again, taking a sip before he answered. "There was talk of your reputation, I was simply trying to ensure your future was secure." He answered him. "None of us could have predicted this outcome."

Draco rolled his eyes. His reputation? He wasn't that bad about hooking up, was he? "But why go to such lengths? Why put your life in the line just to help the Greengrasses marry well? Or was it me you feared wouldn't marry well?"

Lucius sighed, looking at his son. "You were never serious about girls before, her father wanted assurance that she would be taken care of, and I wanted to be sure you married a pureblood. It made sense at the time, but your mother was furious when she learned what we had done." He told him. "I planned to tell you, eventually."

"Well I hope you're both happy, because not only did she fail to marry well because of your fucking vow, but I've not marrying a pureblood, either. Maybe this will teach you not to think you can control other people's lives!" It was infuriating.

Lucius laughed bitterly, "Perhaps," he said, finishing off the contents of his glass. "Her father surely won't be happy, he will likely cut her off, but I did all I could." He shrugged. He would stick to controlling his wife, whom he was still able to manipulate, at least.

"Yes, well, if only children could disown their parents as easily. But if you're really sorry, you'll prove it," Draco challenged, crossing his arms over his chest. "Pay me back the twelve and a half thousand galleons I had to pay her to marry her halfblood boyfriend."

Lucius raised his eyebrow at his son's request, considering it. "If I do, I'd like to be part of your life, eventually. You may hate me, but I would like to meet my grandchild." He told him.

Draco laughed a dark and bitter laugh. "You want to be in the life of the grandson you'd rather see never be born? Check yourself, Lucius. You may be getting senile in your old age."

"As I said before, I was trying to help you, but now I see the child means so much to you, and the girl, I won't be trying something like that again. I have no desire to." He explained. "Just think about it, you can have the money either way." He said finally. He summoned his bottle of whiskey, pouring himself another glass, and offering the bottle to Draco. "It's not poisoned, I assure you." He said, taking a drink just to prove his point.

"No thank you," Draco rejected curtly. "I have a beautiful woman at home waiting to have a number of sins committed against her body. I'd like to be sober while I do so." He'd have never gotten away with saying that if Hermione had been with him. With that he turned in his heel and began to leave, but not before stopping once. "Tell mother she can expect her invitation. We'll forgive her her bad judgement in saving you."

He returned to the head dorm feeling exhilarated. Not only had he properly told his father what for, but he'd done so without it turning violent.

Hermione sat in front of the fireplace waiting, nervously reading with Crookshanks in her lap. When Draco returned, she looked up, taking in the atmosphere around him. He looked... smug. "I take it he's alive, then?" she asked nervously. For all she knew, he could be looking smug because his father had kicked the bucket regardless of them trying to spare him.

Draco met Hermione on the floor and kissed her deeply, even granting the feline a scratch behind the ears. "Unfortunately, yes. But who knows, the vow could still be in place until I marry. We mustn't lose hope," he told her positively. If she couldn't guess, he was still unhappy with his father.

Hermione kissed him back, and laughed. "He's as pleasant as ever, I take it?" She said with a shake of her head. "You'd think he'd at least be a little bit thankful. Anyone else would be." She said with a sigh. "Well, as far as I'm concerned, the vow is broken and I won't be worrying about him on our wedding day." She told Draco with a smile.

Draco smiled back at her. "He's grateful enough to pay us back the money we had to give them," he informed her gladly. "But he somehow had the nerve to suggest..." He almost didn't want to tell her, but he couldn't not. They didn't do secrets. "He actually requested to be a part of our lives. Said he's done getting in our way."

Hermione stared at him, startled by his words. "Seriously?" She asked, unsure how to react to that information. "What did you tell him?" She asked curiously. She couldn't imagine Lucius wanting to be part of her life. Draco's, maybe, but hers as well? It didn't seem..right.

"I told him he was going senile," Draco told her honestly. "Hermione, I'm not going to let that man near our child." That should have been obvious. "Not without him being lobotomized first." Was that an option? Because he'd pay good money to have that done.

She was honestly a bit relieved, she didn't trust the man. His word was worthless, even after they had done their best to keep him from dropping dead from their union. "Well, good, because I think I'd be likely to have an anxiety attack if he got near Scorpius." She told Draco, trying out the name that Draco had mentioned he liked. It was nice to have a name for the little bundle she was carrying around, rather than just calling him the baby.

"It's not going to happen. Not on my watch. He did have one request which I agreed to honor, however," he informed Hermione vaguely. "He asked that we invite mother to the wedding. I told

him that we were willing to look past her poor judgement and not hold his mistakes against her." He assumed that she'd be okay with that. She did seem to have a soft-spot for his mother. He did as well.

Hermione nodded, "At least he's not saying he wants to come to the wedding, too." She said. "Of course I want to invite her, though, it'll be nice to not have to worry about him trying to tag along with her." She said. She had already considered inviting his mother, but she had been worried about Lucius.

"The best part, though, was telling him that I had a beautiful woman waiting for me at home," Draco told her sweetly, before immediately ruining it with the rest of the truth. "Who was waiting to have a number of sins committed against her body." He leaned over and bit her shoulder playfully before she could yell at him. "The disturbed look on his face as I walked away was almost worth the twelve and a half grand."

"Draco!" She shouted in surprise, but then laughed, unable to contain it. "You did not!" She said with a shake of her head. But she also knew he probably did say exactly that, because it was exactly the type of thing he would say. Even to his father.

Draco laughed. "I absolutely did," he told her. "You're not going to make a liar out of me, are you?" he asked, tweaking his eyebrows at her playfully. He was still riding the high of being freed from the arranged marriage and telling his father off, and he would love to use that excitement for good.

Hermione stood up, slightly amused, and a little embarrassed thinking of his father likely thinking of them together. "You're just lucky that wedding got me a bit worked up." She told him, a grin spreading across her face. It was likely the hormones that had really done it, she was hardly ever not in the mood these days. "Your room, or mine?" She asked him.

Draco looked up at her from the floor. "Why waste a perfectly good fire?" he countered as a third option. He reached a hand towards her to help him back down to the floor, if she so chose.

Hermione took his hand, getting down on the floor next to him. "That's a fair point." She said, she enjoyed a good shag in front of the fireplace, it always reminded her of the first time they had been together.

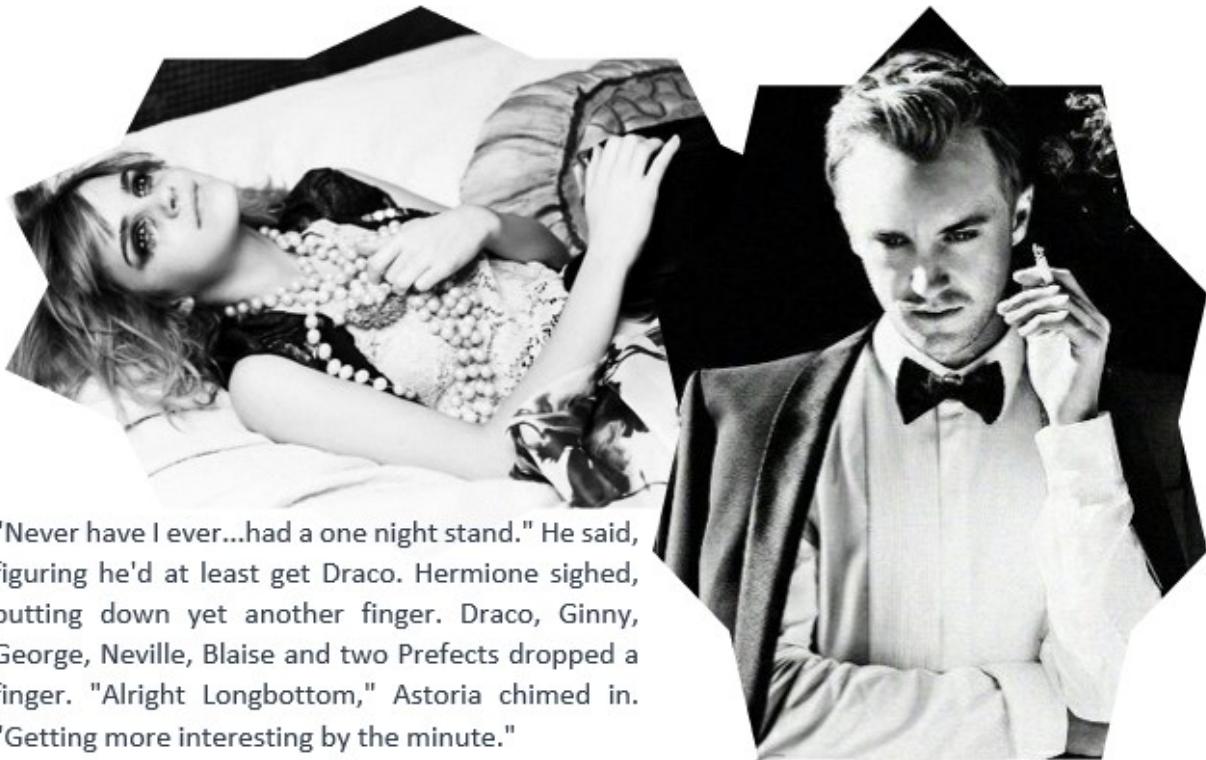
Draco rolled over on top of her, kissing her deeply. He, too, remembered that this was where it all started. He remembered how she surrendered herself to him, letting him pin her to the floor, hold her down, and take her roughly from behind until they both finished. It'd been a wet-dream come true, and he was going to be able to relive it any time he wanted for the rest of his life. He was a lucky man.

Chapter 34: The Baby Shower

Chapter Summary

Fun and Fluff ensues as Hermione and Ginny are lured into a surprise party filled with family and friends.

No sex



"Never have I ever...had a one night stand." He said, figuring he'd at least get Draco. Hermione sighed, putting down yet another finger. Draco, Ginny, George, Neville, Blaise and two Prefects dropped a finger. "Alright Longbottom," Astoria chimed in. "Getting more interesting by the minute."

Snow Storm: Chapter 34

The month of May was moving quickly for the expecting teens. Now that Hermione had begun to show her stomach seemed to grow more voluminous by the day, which became twice as difficult to hide as the weather turned warm, making it harder to keep her school robes in place to mask her growth. Naturally, it was a secret not meant to last, and pretty soon it was common knowledge that Ginny was not the only pregnant student of authority.

The scandal didn't last long. There had been too many similar discoveries this year, and Hermione's coming so late meant that the novelty had all but worn off. Post-war baby booms were being noticed all across the UK. Even the Daily Prophet had recently reported on the increase in maternity cases that St Mungos was faced with since last May.

After the announcement in the Prophet about their engagement, it was all too easy for Draco to locate a wedding planner to manage the affair. They spent one entire weekend interviewing potential planners, because Draco knew that Hermione was hesitant about having the wedding so soon, and he wanted her to feel like she was getting her dream wedding. She needed to trust that they would respect her wishes. It took some time, but they'd settled on a two-witch team who promised to make the affair exactly what she wanted it to be. Plans were officially underway.

Come the final weekend in May Hermione was already twenty-five weeks pregnant, which seemed like nothing compared to Ginny's thirty-six, but Draco would not recommend telling Hermione that. While Ginny was strutting around the castle as though being the size of a house had no effect on her, being the poster-witch for pregnancy, Hermione had come to realize that morning sickness was nothing compared to the last few months of expectancy. While she and the baby were stronger than ever, she'd never suffered so many unpleasant symptoms, and while many of them had easy fixes due to magic and potions, some were burdens she'd be forced to bear.

Draco did his best to be a loyal and doting spouse, which he figured he could use practice at. There was a slight slow in her sex drive, due to her sometimes not feeling up to the task, but he tried to keep her satisfied on those nights anyway. He had known that the pace they'd set at the beginning of the year couldn't last, but that didn't make him miss it any less. So instead he focused on their wedding and (mostly) their home, which still sat empty and lacking in any furnishings. He just hoped she would appreciate the surprise and not be mad at being excluded from the process.

The final Friday evening in May they sat with all the school Prefects in yet another meeting. Final exams were just two weeks away, and they'd all be going home, many for the last time, a week later. Last week they'd begun discussing an end of year party for the graduating students. For the first time in a long time their year hadn't been plagued by tragedy, and it truly was something to celebrate.

"I can't believe I'm probably going to have to miss it," Ginny said with a pout, holding her bulging stomach. She sat on the couch next to the Heads, her back against the arm and one foot tucked underneath her, which had fallen asleep several minutes ago from the weight. "James might be here by then."

Draco didn't fail to notice the brag in her tone. "Yes, yes, we all get it, you're very pregnant," he dismissed her teasingly. She shoved his shoulder, knocking him towards Hermione briefly. "As I was saying," Draco continued. "We've been approved to use the courtyard for the party from five to ten, the school elves will provide snacks, but this means nothing stronger than butterbeer can be served."

"Could we have the party in Hogsmeade instead?" A Ravenclaw seventh year suggested.

"We could, but that means someone has to secure a venue, which won't be free, nor would the food and drink, and it also means that whatever depravity you lot get up to will probably be in the morning paper," he answered her in warning. The Ravenclaw pursed her lips, not thrilled with the answer, but unable to look past the logic. "Listen, everyone taking their N.E.W.T.s this year is going to be perfectly of age to drink whatever they like. I for one don't plan on babysitting. Just don't spike any communal drinks. Alcohol consumption must be a choice."

"You're just saying that because those two are pregnant," the seventh year Ravenclaw who'd been passed up for Head Boy complained.

Draco narrowed his eyes on the male. "I'm saying that because I don't think any young lady should find themselves in any situation they didn't choose to be in, especially not while celebrating. Do you disagree?" Silence. "I didn't think so. No punch spiking. So, we're still looking for volunteers to—" Draco was interrupted by a loud knock on the door. He sighed. "Someone go get that please."

An eager fifth year hopped up from her seat and opened the door. A sixth year student stood outside it, looking distressed and out of breath. "Come quick," she urged, clutching a cramp in her side from running to them. "All of you. Something's happened to the librarian! Hurry!"

Hermione was listening to the prefects arguing with Draco about spiking drinks, and suppressed the urge to roll her eyes. She really didn't need to worry about whether or not she could drink the punch, but she didn't say anything, Draco put them in their place for her.

The knock on the door interrupted their meeting. And her attention was pulled toward the girl on the other side of the door, who seemed very distressed. Hermione got to her feet quickly, as quickly as she could, and offered Ginny, who was much bigger than her, a hand to help her up as well. The girl claimed something had happened to the new librarian, whom Hermione liked. She was much nicer than the previous librarian, so as someone who spent a lot of time in the library, she had developed a bit of a friendly relationship with the woman.

The rest of the prefects were already filing out of the common room, heading for the library, and Hermione hurried after them. "I wonder what's happened," she commented to Draco, concerned.

Draco was right beside Hermione, a comforting hand placed on the small of her back as they hurried to the library, Ginny attempting to keep up beside them, though her breathing was somewhat labored from the effort. Luckily they were only going just down the hall. The Prefects all filed into the library ahead of them, and Draco ushered the two expectant women in ahead of him.

The library was... blue. Powder blue and gold balloons, streamers, and banners covered every inch of the main study area, and the tables which were usually spread throughout the room had been rearranged. Two sat at an angle, mirroring each other and facing the open area that had been created. They were both laden heavily with gifts. On the opposite end a buffet of snacks and appetizers had been assembled. Much of the seating had been arranged in a semi-circle, facing four other chairs, two and two separated by another bunch of balloons. Other tables were assembled for eating. The banner floating over the four chairs read "It's A Wizard!"

It was a bloody baby shower. Worse, it was a double baby shower! The room was filled with a similar crowd of family and friends as the Potter's engagement party, only with more students since it was right in the castle. And of course, the librarian, who showed absolutely no sign of peril.

Hermione slowed to a stop when they reached the library, taking in the decorations, and the group of people inside. She could see the librarian, who was perfectly fine. It was very clearly a set up to get them to this surprise party. As Hermione and Ginny entered the library, everyone inside, as a group shouted "Surprise!"

Hermione looked at Draco suspiciously, "Did you know about this?" She asked in a whisper. But even as she asked, she could tell by his expression he was just as surprised as she was. She grinned as she looked around the room, taking in the banner, the balloons, the presents. It was really a sweet gesture, and she looked to Ginny. "It's a baby shower, for the both of us!" she said excitedly, and moved further into the room to start thanking people. They even had snacks, which she was definitely going to be exploring once she had gone around the room to talk to everyone.

Harry found his fiancee and greeted her with a kiss. "I didn't know why I'd been summoned either," he told her. "Not till I got here." It was sweet that the Prefects cared enough to throw them a shower, even if it was more than likely a partial ploy for them to gain favor with the Chosen One.

Draco sighed, but seeing the look of surprise and happiness on his lover's face was enough for him to forgive whoever had planned this party. "I can honestly say I had nothing to do with it. But you definitely deserve it."

Hermione grinned at Draco, nudging him a little. "I'm sure it'll be fun, besides, look at all the presents!" She said, keeping her voice low so that hopefully only he could hear her. Of course the four chairs were likely meant for Ginny, Hermione, Draco, and Harry to sit in while opening presents, and possibly for some games as well.

Ginny, who was completely happy being pregnant and showing off her baby bump would have no problem being the center of attention for such activities, while Hermione was still in the awkward stage where she was just beginning to look fairly pregnant, and felt somewhat self-conscious of her growing belly.

They went around the room thanking guests, and for a little while were instructed to eat and mingle. Soon it was fairly clear who had been the ones planning the event, because they had everyone sit down to play some games. They played one particularly horrifying game where everyone had to guess how many toilet paper squares fit around each of their baby bumps. They played another game, three people at a time were blind folded and had to try to put a diaper on a baby doll, and whoever got the diaper on the best, and fastest, won a prize.

Apart from the awkwardness of there being so many Weasleys in the room (it appeared that the weasel himself had decided to sit this one out), Draco was actually having a pretty decent time. Everyone seemed excited for them, and there wasn't any outward sign of lingering judgement (except perhaps from some of those who still wished that Hermione and Ron could have ended up together).

After the games the four parents-to-be were sat down once more, and presents off of their respective gift tables began to levitate in their directions one by one. Draco took each of Hermione's and created a pile beside him, so that he could pass them to her one by one as she finished with the last. He was suddenly grateful he hadn't taken the initiative on the nursery.

Ginny was only too eager to start opening presents, thriving in the spotlight that motherhood shone on her. She instructed Harry to make a list of all the presents and who they came from. Not to be out-mannered by Potter, Draco did the same, summoning parchment and a self-inking quill (they couldn't very well have bottles of ink spilling all over books) from the resources desk.

The presents took much longer to get through than Draco could have predicted, as Hermione and Ginny had to take turns in order to give each gift its due. When at last the gift opening was

concluded, many of the guests left, leaving only the closest circle of friends or friendly-like people behind. Now occupying the semi-circle of chairs were a handful of their closest prefects, Luna Lovegood, Neville Longbottom, George Weasley, Draco's closest mate Blaise Zabini, and for some reason, the newlyweds Astoria and Kole.

"Alright, now that the boring people are gone, or, most of them anyway, why don't we play an interesting game?" Astoria suggested. Baby shower games were so... adult. She might have been young and in love as well, but she was determined to not let it make her boring for a long, long time.

Hermione didn't enjoy the spotlight as much as Ginny, but she was grateful for every gift received, and was happy to see Draco making a list so they could send out thank you cards to everyone later on. As people slowly filtered out, using this or that excuse, Hermione had returned to the snack table, before taking a seat again to socialize. It was an odd group, but it worked somehow.

Astoria suggested they play an interesting game, and Hermione looked at her, eyebrows raised. "Well, do you have any suggestions?" She asked, politely, because she was still very grateful for what the younger girl had been willing to do for her and Draco.

"Ooh, I know!" Hermione turned her attention to Morag, one of the prefects, the prefect she had once had to use a memory altering spell on to cover up some seriously scandalous events the girl had walked in on. "How about never have I ever?" She suggested. Hermione looked around at the group, some seemed excited, while others merely shrugged, no other better suggestions coming into play.

Ginny grinned. "Oh, juicy, yes, lets!" Ginny didn't know shame, she was a pretty open book, so she thought it might be a lot of fun.

Draco wasn't familiar with the game. "Never have I ever?" he questioned.

"You hold up all ten fingers, and you go in turns and say things that you've never done before. And anyone who has done that thing has to put a finger down. I mean you typically play it with alcohol, but since this is a sober party, we play with fingers." She'd played it both ways in the past.

Draco was skeptical, and looked to Hermione for her opinion with a raised brow. "What do you think?"

Hermione looked back to Draco, she almost wanted to say no. It could end badly, but everyone else seemed into the idea, and they had been nice enough to throw the party for her and Ginny. She didn't want to be the lame one who refused to play, so she shrugged. "Yeah, sure, why not?" She agreed after a moment of thought.

"Great," Astoria said quickly. "I'll go first. Never have I ever gotten pregnant," she said smugly, but she meant it as a friendly kind of teasing. It was a baby shower, after all.

Ginny rolled her eyes with a playful grin and put one finger down. She and Hermione were obviously the only ones who've ever been pregnant.

Astoria looked at the boys next to their pregnant girls and smirked. "Oh I think this counts towards you two, too. Are these not also your pregnancies?" Draco gave her a look, but Harry laughed, appreciating the intended humor. Both expectant fathers lowered one finger.

Hermione put a finger down, rolling her eyes playfully. "Me next. Never have I ever gotten married at the age of seventeen." She shot back with a grin. It was a low blow, considering the reasoning behind the marriage, but it was the only thing she knew for sure would get her back.

Astoria put a finger down. "Fair enough," she agreed.

Draco was next, as he was sitting next to Hermione. "Never have I ever..." He should have spent more time thinking. It was hard to come up with something he hadn't done. Then, he finally thought of something that he hadn't done that he knew at least one other person in the room had. He hoped she didn't hate him for it later, and hopefully other people would put their fingers down as well. "Smoked pot."

Ginny put down a finger, much to the astonishment of her fiance. George as well, as well as a muggleborn prefect, and Blaise. The real shocker was when Neville put down a finger. "Well, it's a plant. I needed to understand it for myself..." But he didn't look nearly as ashamed as he tried to sound.

Hermione would have been upset, but the number of people who put a finger down was far greater than she would have imagined, and she put her finger down, as well. She was most surprised by Neville, and couldn't help but giggle a bit at his explanation.

Harry cleared his throat, "I guess that makes it my turn.." he said, thinking for a moment. "Never have I ever...had a one night stand." He said, figuring he'd at least get Draco. Hermione sighed, putting down yet another finger.

Draco, Ginny, George, Neville, Blaise and two Prefects dropped a finger. "Alright Longbottom," Astoria chimed in. "Getting more interesting by the minute."

It was Ginny's turn now. Ginny thought for a moment. "Never have I ever... shagged in public." Ginny looked around curiously.

Draco dropped a finger, smirking shamelessly, as did his best mate.

Hermione sighed, dropping a fourth finger. At least she wasn't completely alone in that one.

With a smirk that was not quite the smile that used to adorn him, George lowered a finger. "Not sure I needed to know that one way or the other," he joked of his baby sister, who was clearly not a baby anymore, as she was weeks if not days from having her own. And as he was the one sitting closest to said sister, it was his turn. "Never have I ever died and come back to life."

Harry gave George an annoyed look, though smiled, and lowered one finger. It was clearly directed at him, since no one else had died and come back.

One of the prefects was next, and he seemed to have his ready. He cleared his throat, "Never have I ever been arrested." He said proudly, avoiding eye contact with Draco.

Draco rolled his eyes. "Oh that's funny," he said, putting his finger down. He was right though, he was the only person who'd ever been arrested. "Yet," he added, because any one of them could piss off the wrong auror like he had. Granted that was his second arrest, nearly his third.

Luna was next, and for a long moment she sat considering her turn. "I've never been involved in a newspaper scandal," she said, not quite keeping with the format of the game, but getting her point across all the same. "Not unless you count trouble involving the Quibbler... which I don't think can be attributed to my own personal actions..."

Draco couldn't help but laugh. "Well played, Lovegood," he said, putting yet another finger down. He was down to one hand now. Harry and Ginny followed suit.

Hermione put her first hand down, now down to five fingers.

Neville was next, and he thought momentarily before speaking. "Never have I ever...been turned into a ferret." He said, grinning at Draco, who would now be losing.

"Did you guys just decide to target me specifically?" He wondered. He couldn't tell if they were poking fun at him because they were accepting him or because they never would. He put down his thumb, just four fingers remaining. He was losing by a long shot. "And for the record, that was bloody traumatic."

Hermione was trying, and failing, to hide her laughter. She was also pleased that now Draco was losing, and she was not. "Well, you've traumatized people plenty, by, say, causing their front teeth to grow freakishly large?" She said with a grin, nudging him slightly.

It was Morag's turn now, and she had her answer ready. She waited for the playful banter to end before speaking up. "Never have I ever messed with someone's memory to cover up a sex scandal." She said, her eyes fixed on Draco and Hermione. She honestly was unsure which of them had done it, but she knew one of them had tried to wipe their sexual act from her memory, somewhat unsuccessfully.

Hermione froze, her eyes widened slightly and her heart rate picked up at being called out. She had always felt guilty around Morag for what she'd done in that moment of panic, but apparently Morag remembered it happening. Slowly, she lowered her thumb, looking overly guilty. "Yeah... sorry about that." What does one say to that?

Morag was just happy to have the confirmation, finally. "I knew it! Actually, I thought it might have been Malfoy, but I knew it..." she said, shaking her head.

"Hey, I was just going to let our secret be out," Draco defended himself, smirking over at Hermione, who was the real criminal. "But Hermione here couldn't bear to have anyone know that she was shagging the devil." That was how this lot saw him, right? Even if they didn't anymore, they certainly used to.

Ginny was intrigued, grinning as she looked between the three. "Wait, okay, now I really want to know what happened." Morag had painted a very vague picture.

Hermione shook her head, "No way, I'm not getting into that at my baby shower." She said, her face already red. She couldn't imagine how embarrassing it would be to tell the full story in front of everyone present.

Ginny pouted. "Alright, fine, but you're telling me later." Hermione had been involved in a number of sex-related scandals this year. Ginny was by no means envious of the scandals, but she wished her sex life was half as exciting as theirs seemed to be.

Blaise cleared his throat, smirking slightly at the redhead mother to be. "Never have I ever loved the one I'm with because I couldn't be with the one I loved." Even if the words could have been interpreted as bitter, the tall dark Slytherin was not. He valued his time with Ginny, but he knew what their relationship had been from the beginning. He was happy for her happiness.

Despite the confusion of the room at large at Blaise's very specific "never", Ginny rolled her eyes with a smile, and put one finger down. After all, every boy she'd ever been in a relationship with, who wasn't Harry, this applied to, and everyone knew that.

Kole was the last one to get a turn, and he waited until everyone seemed to have recovered from that very revealing "never". "Er... Never have I ever... Fought with my fists instead of my wand." He looked around the room to see every single participant lower one digit.

Chapter 35: Breaking In Belle Vue

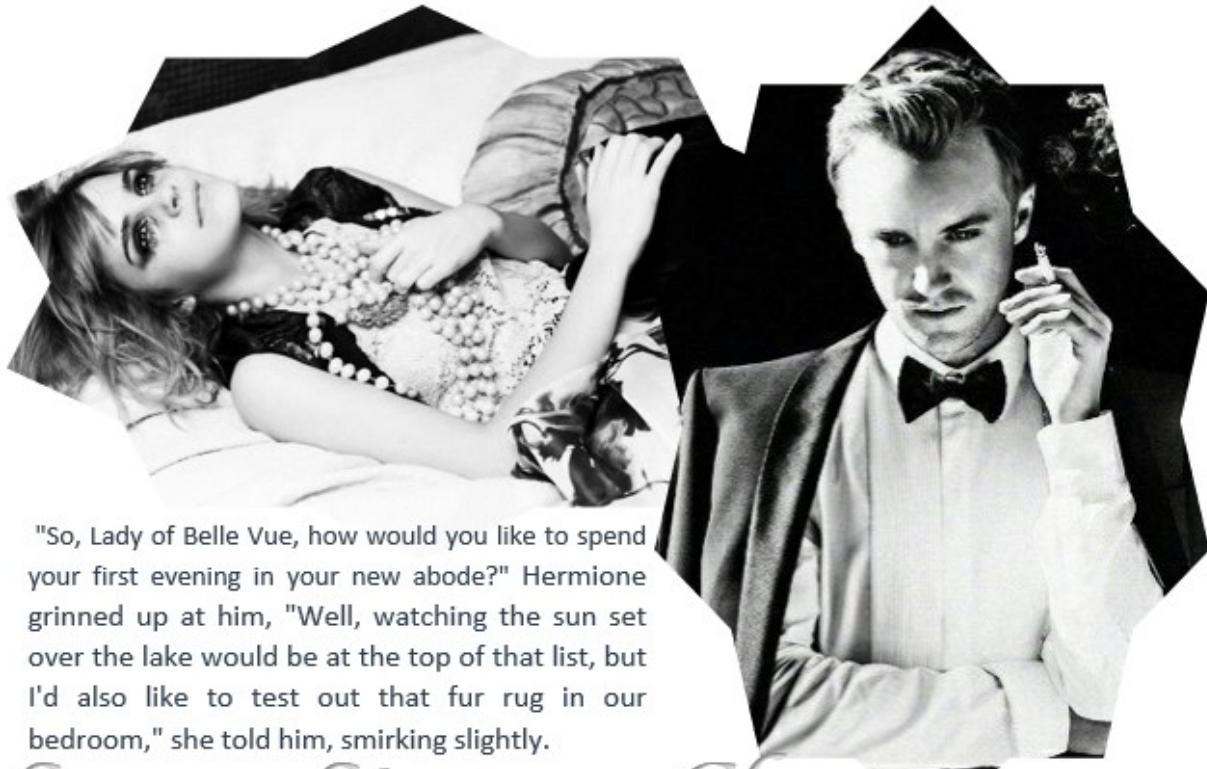
Chapter Summary

Hermione and Draco finally make the long awaited transition into their luxurious new home, and settle in to life as an adult couple.

Much fluff, and sex.

Chapter Notes

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



"So, Lady of Belle Vue, how would you like to spend your first evening in your new abode?" Hermione grinned up at him, "Well, watching the sun set over the lake would be at the top of that list, but I'd also like to test out that fur rug in our bedroom," she told him, smirking slightly.

Snow Storm: Chapter 35

The last couple of weeks of school went by in a blur of study sessions and practice testing. Hermione seemed to be at an all-time high of stress. Draco was doing everything in his power to alleviate that stress. And the wedding planning duo was working double-time to ensure that the Malfoy wedding would go off without a hitch.

It was Wednesday, the third day of N.E.W.T. testing, when labor pains excused Ginny Weasley from the exam. James Potter the second was born several hours later at St Mungo's hospital. Meanwhile at Hogwarts many students were cramming for their last couple of subjects.

Draco reminded Hermione repeatedly that she could list all the ancient runes and their meanings in her sleep, and then told her she could use some of it. She was just entering her third trimester, and while she'd made a remarkable recovery from where she'd been when he first learned of their impending parenthood, now was not the time to start pushing it.

Each night in bed Draco urged Scorpius to stay put, that he was absolutely forbidden to make an appearance any sooner than September. This, at least, bought him a smile from the tired student.

They made it through the last of their examinations, and though the heads promised to return for their graduation ceremony, it was time for them to finally move into their ready and waiting home. With McGonagall's blessing, Draco and Hermione finally transitioned into the waterfront mansion they'd dubbed Belle Vue, for it, indeed, had a beautiful view.

Draco only hoped she wouldn't be upset for his initiative to furnish dwelling for her. "You can change absolutely anything you want. I just didn't want you burdened with coming home to an empty house." There were still many empty rooms, guest rooms, non-essential recreational spaces and such, but the living room, dining room, breakfast room, and study had all been fully furnished and decorated with a clean white and gray pallet. He wanted the home to be bright, unlike where he was raised, but still elegant.

The master suite was very different from the room downstairs, though. It had a loveseat in front of the fireplace where they could cuddle up together in the evenings. A (faux) fur rug underneath for more physical activities. Angled in the far corner of the room was a king sized bed. The ornate posts in each corner were draped with sheer curtains which would serve for more than just privacy. The bedding was made of the finest silk, a combination of silver and gold in order to show the union between the two very different occupants. Along the north wall was a large wardrobe, which housed absolutely no clothing. Instead it housed the handful of items Draco still hoped to soon surprise Hermione with from his trip to the adult store, and much more room for such a collection to later grow. The doors were magically sealed to only open for him, as to not ruin such surprises.

After the stress of the N.E.W.T.s, coming home to find that Draco had been working on furnishing their home was actually a very pleasant surprise. She expected to find an empty house, and have to worry about what to put in it. There were still many empty rooms, but the important rooms, the ones they would be using the most were furnished.

She could tell, as Draco showed her around, that he was nervous to see what she thought of this. Once they were in the bedroom, she smiled and turned to him, pulling him into a kiss. "Draco, it's perfect." She told him, to ease his mind. She turned, to look around the room further. The fur rug in front of the fire was a nice touch, and she moved to the wardrobe to pull it open, only to find it wouldn't open. She turned to look at him, raising a questioning brow. "Is this locked?" She asked.

Draco smirked at his lover, drawing her away from the piece of furniture by both hands. "The contents of that cabinet are for me to know and you to enjoy," he informed her smoothly. He was endlessly relieved that she was happy he'd taken the initiative with the house. It could have seriously backfired. She could have been furious at being left out of the decision making.

"But one room that I left relatively untouched, he said, leading her back out of the master suite and across the way. "Is this one." He opened the door to the nursery. The only change was that the ceiling had been turned into a precise replica of the night sky, focused specifically on the constellation their son was to be named after.

Hermione laughed, it might have bothered her, him having a secret wardrobe she couldn't access, but she enjoyed his surprises. As much as she wanted to know what was inside, she also didn't want to spoil the surprise. She went with him to the nursery, and leaned against him, trying to envision how she wanted to decorate it. They wouldn't have much time to decide now, especially if he decided to make an appearance early. She hooked her arms through his, her other hand moving to her stomach. "Well, we need to get started on this, don't we?" She said, smiling up at him. She was happy to be out of school, in her new home. Without the stress of having to furnish the other rooms, she could put her focus on the nursery.

Draco leaned into her as well. "Yes I should certainly say we do. I can call in the decorator who helped with the rest of the house, if you'd like." He didn't know how hands-on she had the energy to be.

Hermione nodded, as much as she would love to do it herself, she also knew her limitations. She would need help. "Yeah, good idea." She agreed. "Which means tonight, we can just enjoy being in our home, finally." She said happily. It seemed like it'd been forever ago that they had picked out their house, and finally being able to live here seemed a little unreal still.

Draco turned to face Hermione, wrapping his arms around her waist. "Precisely." For that night, if only that night, they hadn't a care in the world except settling into their new residence. "It feels different, doesn't it?" They'd been living together for more than nine months, but there was something official about it now.

Hermione turned to face him as well, her arms settling around his neck, though her growing stomach put a slight distance between them. "It does, it doesn't quite feel real yet, does it?" She asked him. "I'd almost forgotten how beautiful the house is." She added with a grin.

They had been sharing a bed for a while now, but now they officially shared a home, and a bedroom that was meant for both of them. A home they could do with as they pleased. Their wedding plans were underway, and soon they would be married. It was almost hard to remember how hopeless she had felt when she'd first learned she was pregnant, especially when she had been unsure if the child she was carrying belonged to Draco or Ron.

"Not as beautiful as the lady of the house," Draco told her, smirking. "So, Lady of Belle Vue, how would you like to spend your first evening in your new abode?"

Hermione grinned up at him, "Well, watching the sun set over the lake would be at the top of that list, but I'd also like to test out that fur rug in our bedroom," she told him, smirking slightly.

Draco's brows rose in surprise. He took a quick look at his watch. It was a little after five. Definitely enough time for a shag before sunset. "Alright, love. So tell me..." He began leading her back to the master suite again. "Would you like to feel that soft warm fur on your back, or on your nice plump tits?" He didn't hate how much bigger they were getting, seemingly by the day.

Hermione thought about his question as she walked beside him. "Let's start with my back, and see where that gets us." She suggested, knowing that they never stayed in position for long.

Draco smirked as he pulled her into a passionate kiss, pulling away her burdensome clothes. There were a lot of rooms in this house that would require breaking in. He withdrew his wand and flicked it towards the fireplace, which roared to life. He then discarded the wand onto the

loveseat, where it would be within reach if he needed it again. He broke his lips from hers. "Finish undressing," he instructed her, and began to do the same for himself.

After breaking in the rug with their lovemaking, Draco and Hermione admired the sunset on a blanket in the grass. It was the greatest sense of peace Draco had ever known. After the sun went down, Hermione suggested that they "order in". Draco wasn't entirely sure what that meant, but he suspected it was similar to the room-service they'd ordered at her parents' hotel. It seemed to him like a good idea. They didn't have any groceries in the house, and he didn't feel like going out. However, he wasn't prepared for Hermione's suggestion that he make the phone call.

"You want me to do what?" he asked, standing with her in the kitchen. They had the phonebook in front of them, looking for somewhere to order from. He didn't know the first thing about using a telephone. The only reason they even had one was because it was installed on the wall in the kitchen. He'd had to have the real estate witch help him through the process of getting a phone line put in. He had to write their phone number on a note above the phone because he wasn't sure he'd ever be able to memorize the random series of numbers.

Hermione was amused by his reaction, but she also believed he needed to learn to use the phone. "Look, you just find the place you want to call," she explained, pointing at the phone book, "and dial the numbers on the phone. It's easy." She could have easily done it herself, but if they were going to live in a muggle home, she was going to teach him what he should know about it. "Besides, phones are way quicker than owls when it comes down to it," she added matter of factly.

Draco tried to disguise his anxiety about the task with stubbornness. "Why don't you just do it, and show me, and I can do it next time?" he suggested. "I wouldn't even know what to say. I don't know phone etiquette." At least that much was true.

Hermione smiled at him sweetly, but she could tell he was nervous to call. "You start with 'I'd like to place an order for delivery' and then from there it's just a conversation." She told him. "Nothing scary about that." She pointed out with a smirk.

She made it sound so bloody easy. "But what do I order? I don't even have a menu." He'd never even had delivery pizza before. This was all very new to him.

"It's pizza, just ask for pepperoni" she told him with a laugh. "Come on, it's easy. You can give the phone to me if there's an issue." She said with a grin.

Draco sighed, and with determination, he picked the phone up off the receiver. "Alright, read the number to me," he said. She could at least do that much for him. He dialed the numbers as she read them, and a moment later it began to ring. After a few rings, a voice sounded from the other end. Draco tried to quell his anxiety. "Yes, I'd like to place an order for delivery," he said, quoting her exactly. He was asked for their address, and thankfully he knew that one. He asked for a large pepperoni pizza, was given a total, and finally, it was over. He scowled at his fiance. "You enjoyed that way too much," he told her.

Hermione watched him as he ordered, it was quite amusing, seeing him look and sound so unsure of himself. It wasn't something she saw often. "Oh, come on, you did great!" She said with a laugh, shoving his shoulder playfully. "Nobody likes ordering on the phone." She teased him.

Draco's eyes went wide. "You- You made me do that just so that you wouldn't have to, didn't you?" he accused. She'd said it herself, no one likes ordering on the phone. "You sneaky little..." He shook his head. "You're lucky you're six months pregnant," he said to her in warning, teasingly.

Hermione grinned, not denying the fact that she didn't want to call in the order herself. "Hey, if you're going to take care of me, you have to learn how to order in." She told him with a cheeky grin.

"Oh yeah?" Draco asked her, smirking wickedly at his bride-to-be. "And just what muggle chore are you going to do to take care of me?" His words could have had a hundred meanings. He was curious how she'd take them.

Hermione leaned her elbow against the counter, looking at him thoughtfully. "Hmmm, that's a very good question.." she said, drumming her fingers on her lips as she thought. "Well, I suppose I could do the grocery shopping." She told him after a moment, grinning at him.

Draco raised his eyebrows, considering her for a moment. "How will you know what to buy me?" he challenged. Sure, they'd been living together for nearly a year, but through now they'd always been fed by the school elves or restaurants.

Hermione shrugged, grinning, "Trial and error?" She said with a laugh. "Or, you could make a list." She added. "Muggle families make grocery lists all the time."

Draco leaned towards her. "Tell you what," he said, pulling her to him. "We'll shop together until we learn."

Hermione smiled, wrapping her arms around his neck. "Deal." She agreed, and kissed him on the lips.

Draco joined Hermione on his first ever "grocery shopping" excursion the next day, which he found fascinating. There was so much food to choose from, if half of it could even be called food. He picked out all sorts of fruits, baked goods (he couldn't remember the last time he'd received fresh pastries from his mother), and explored the big bad aisle of junk food.

Over the next couple of weeks they got the nursery decorated, and Draco became increasingly aware that in two months' time he was going to be responsible for another human life. And as quickly as that day was approaching, their wedding drew nearer still.

Two weeks before their late July wedding, Draco found Hermione in the kitchen sneaking another morning snack. He smirked at her teasingly as he set to preparing himself a cup of coffee (it was one of the first appliances he'd been determined to learn to use). "So," Draco started, feeling confident about the topic but also preparing himself to be shut down. "Two weeks until the big day. Are you, er, still thinking you want to hold off until the baby is born?" He turned the coffee maker on and turned his back to the counter, facing her.

Draco had not failed to make clear how he felt about the matter, and it was the first real fight they'd ever endured as a couple, and a couple mini-spats since then on the topic, but she'd been active in the wedding planning process, and he hoped she'd come around by now. He wasn't sure he'd take it well if she decided it was too soon.

Hermione shoved the rest of the pastry into her mouth as she thought about his question. In truth, she had already decided to go through with the wedding. They had done a lot of planning, most of which she was directly involved with, and she had even picked a dress without Draco knowing it. It was still at the shop, she knew she would need last minute alterations with her ever growing stomach. She was also very aware of how much it meant to Draco to be married before Scorpius was born, and she decided that she wanted to give him that. Besides all the planning they had done, they had also gotten Astoria to marry, which was another reason it made sense to just do it.

"Well," she said, finally, after chewing for what seemed like a long time, "I suppose we should just go ahead and do it. I've already sent out the invitations." She told him.

Draco smirked at his cheeky little witch. Invitations had indeed been sent out a couple weeks ago. Four weeks' notice wasn't a lot for a wedding, but it was enough. They'd already received back the majority of the RSVPs. The invitation list wasn't as spectacular as he might have imagined for himself in years past, but he suspected that was because his mother hadn't played a role in creating it. Most of their friends were over the shock of their coupling. There were very few "no" replies, largely because they didn't send invitations to those they knew would decline. They were, however, expecting many classmates, friends, professors, and so many Weasleys...

"Are you sure you're ready to be the next Mrs Malfoy?" Draco asked her, pouring the freshly dripped coffee into his mug. It was not his first cup of the day.

Hermione smiled at him, shrugging, "What's the point in delaying the inevitable?" She asked him. "Yes, I'm ready. I'm more than ready." She told him with a smile. She put a hand on her stomach, grinning, "Scorpius is awake." She told him, feeling how much he was moving around lately was amazing. "I think he hears his daddy."

"Oh yeah?" Draco asked excitedly, and reached out to hold her stomach. It was growing each day, but not so extreme that she couldn't disguise it with a strategically designed gown. She was right, he could feel his son's movement inside of her. It amazed him every time. "He's strong." He had to be to survive what he'd been put through in his earliest weeks of development. "And hungry," he teased her.

Hermione grinned down at her stomach. "Always hungry." She agreed, it had been a lot easier to eat more lately. It was a struggle at first to try and put the weight on, now she ate because she was starving quite often.

Seven days and counting until the highly anticipated Granger-Malfoy wedding. Draco and Hermione were preparing for their respective "last nights" on the town. Of course, with Hermione in her third trimester, and Ginny having just had her baby, there wasn't much "on the town" in the cards for them. Instead, the girls would be enjoying a night in at Potter's place. Meanwhile, Draco had somehow been talked into going out with a mix of his few remaining friends, and hers. The couple were both in their expansive closet, getting dressed for what were sure to be two very different experiences.

Draco looked over at Hermione where she stood in her underwear, seemingly very critical of every piece in her wardrobe. He hadn't seen her this insecure since... Well, since he'd been the one to bully her about her looks. Draco's shirt was half-way buttoned when he sighed, set down his tie, and walked up behind her, placing his hands on her waist. "Whatever you wear, you're going to look as beautiful as always," he informed her very matter-of-factly.

Hermione sighed, but put her hands over Draco's. "Thanks, it's just.." she frowned at her clothes. She had been much less insecure when Ginny had been pregnant, too, and much more pregnant than her, at that. Now she was practically back to her tiny self, and Hermione was huge. At least they wouldn't be going out, but Draco, he would be. "Are you guys going to some sort of horrible strip club or something?" She asked, looked over her shoulder at him.

Draco turned Hermione around in his arms to face him. "No idea. I've let the lads make the plans." He kissed her deeply. "You know the only girl I want is you, right?" He let his hands move down to grasp her (more voluminous than ever) rump. If she was feeling insecure, he was going to remind her just how desirable she was to him, and as far as he was concerned, he was the only one who mattered.

Hermione kissed him back, and smiled up at him. "You mean it?" She asked him, putting on a bit of a pout. "There will be lots of other girls to look at, I'm sure. Way less pregnant than I am." She snaked her arms around his neck.

Draco let his hands slide underneath the material of her panties, squeezing the bare cheeks this time. "Well then maybe I should get it out of my system now," he suggested, bending to kiss down her jaw to her neck.

Hermione grinned now, tilting her head back. "I like that idea. If I tire you out, I won't have to worry about you thinking of other girls." It wasn't really that she didn't trust him, but her body was not what it used to be. Ginny had bounced back quickly, but every woman was different, and there was no telling when she would truly feel attractive again.

Draco smirked against her skin, nibbling it lightly. "Even if I have a naked woman dancing on my lap the only girl I'm going to be thinking about climbing into bed with is you." He began to pull down the delicate underwear. "The only tits I want to suck on," he carried on, unclasping her bra. "Are yours." He pulled the bra off of her, and nibbled his way towards one of the stiff points, rubbing the other between his fingers.

Hermione bit down on her lip, and closed her eyes for a moment as he teased the delicate skin on her neck. When he slid her panties down, she stepped out of them, letting out a moan as he rid her of her bra next, turning his attention to her nipples. One thing was for sure, he still knew exactly how to turn her on, even if she wasn't feeling particularly attractive. "Good, because getting home to you is going to be the only thing on my mind tonight."

Draco let out a soft sound of disappointment and kissed his way back up to her lips. "No, have fun tonight," he encouraged, sucking on her lower lip briefly before kissing her once more, he began to move her towards the large overstuffed ottoman in the center of the room-sized closet. "It's quite possible I'll be far too drunk tonight to do this." He lowered her onto the cushioned surface, and moved down between her legs, burying his face in her heat. His tongue swirled around inside of her as he pushed her thighs towards her middle.

Hermione kissed him, smiling as he backed her up to the ottoman. "Well, in that case—" she had started, but he was already between her legs, his tongue working inside of her deliciously. She spread her legs wide as he pushed them towards her, one hand moving to his hair, the other at her side to keep her from falling over. "Oh, Merlin," she moaned, letting her eyes slip shut, her head falling back.

Draco continued to enjoy the sweet taste of his lover before swiftly removing the clothes he'd only just put on. He didn't care if they were late to their respective parties. His love needed to be reminded how desirable she was. He stood at the end of the ottoman and placed one foot on the cushioned velvet surface, pushing his stiffness deep into her. He leaned forward, taking a handful of hair from the back of her head and using it to draw her closer to him in a smoldering kiss. He picked up his pace, breaking the kiss in order to focus on his momentum, but his hand remained in her hair, his eyes locked on hers.

Hermione kissed him back, moaning into his mouth as he thrust into her. She was likely going to be late, and she didn't care. She needed this, and he didn't seem to mind either. She wrapped a leg around him, staring into his eyes as he fucked her faster. She never got tired of him, even now that they couldn't enjoy each other the way they used to, it was clear to her that there was much more than just sex between them.

Draco eventually couldn't take the strain in his thighs from crouching near the edge of the tufted surface, so he withdrew, just long enough to guide Hermione instead onto her knees. With her hips raised, he was able to sink back into her with ease. Pulling her to match his every thrust, Draco pounded into her anew.

Hermione complied, positioning herself so that her chest was on the ottoman, her ass raised high for him. She matched his thrusts, moaning anew at the new position. She loved when he took her from behind, and she dug her nails into the soft fabric of the ottoman, already feeling her orgasm nearing after just a few moments.

Draco loved the nights when he and Hermione went at it for what felt like hours, but there was something fun about a good hard quicky. The race to the finish, completely unrestrained. He was ruthless, pushing her upper back down to hold her in place as he felt her begin to clamp down on him violently. "Fuck yes, love, cum for me." He would be joining her soon, so soon!

Hermione loved how ruthless he got with her when she was close, and it only pushed her further over the edge. "Fuck, yes, Draco!" She moaned as she began to cum with his coaxing.

Draco drove her through her climax and into his own. He was going to miss being able to cum deep inside of her without concerning himself with pulling out or casting a contraceptive charm. Who wanted to have to keep their wand nearby when they were trying to use their wand? When he had nothing left to give her, Draco slowed to a stop, and withdrew carefully, his hands on her hips holding her where she was. He watched as her pussy clenched and released several times in search of its former occupant. His seed began to drip out of her slowly, and it was a lovely sight.

"Now, would you like help picking out something to wear?" he offered her, making no move to help clean her of her mess. She could wear it tonight and think of him.

Hermione made no move to clean herself, either. Instead, she got to her feet, and pulled her panties back on. She quite enjoyed having his mess inside of her, it was like her own dirty little secret only the two of them knew about. "Yes, actually, I'd like that." She got her bra back into

place and clasped it. She had no idea what to wear to her Bachelorette party. She wouldn't be going out, her and the girls would be staying in at Harry and Ginny's, she couldn't drink, and little James and Victoire would be there, as well, which she was actually quite excited about. She needed more practice with a newborn before she had one full time, and she hadn't seen much of either infant at all since they'd each been born.

Draco walked over to where all of her clothes were neatly assembled, dresses hanging in order of color and length, pants and skirts hanging below, blouses up top. Sweaters were folded neatly on shelves, and her shoes were proudly displayed. There were many empty spaces for him to help her fill over time. But for tonight, a dress seemed appropriate, even if they weren't going out. Draco flipped through the hangers, taking his time considering what was best. Finally, he came across a dress with an empire waist, black from the waist down, and nude with a black lace overlay on top. It was a pencil-fit dress, certainly not a maternity dress, but it was made of a stretchy material already, and that could be fixed. Draco set the dress, on its hanger, on a display hook.

"I'll be right back," he dismissed himself, and went into the bedroom to retrieve his wand. When he returned he cast an unlimited expansion charm on the dress. Now it would stretch to fit her no matter what.

Hermione watched him choose for her, carefully, with a lot of consideration. It was actually quite nice to have a bit of a clothes snob around, considering she had never been very fashion forward. She had found she quite liked dressing up, though, and he was good at picking out outfits that complimented her nicely. When he was done with the dress, Hermione pulled it on, and looked at herself in the large mirror at different angles. It accented her baby bump quite nicely, and was still tight fitting everywhere else. "You never cease to amaze me." She told him with a grin, feeling much better about herself than she had been.

By the time she had gotten herself into the dress, Draco was already wearing a pair of perfectly tailored dark gray pleated pants, a black button-up shirt that was only buttoned most of the way, and was attaching his platinum "M" cufflinks. "You do look phenomenal," he informed her, checking her out, before checking his own reflection. He used his fingers to adjust his hair until he was satisfied with it.

Hermione was still checking herself out, trying to get used to her new shape. It was a lot easier to feel good about herself when Ginny had been strutting around even more pregnant, and far more confident than Hermione. She turned to look at Draco, and smiled. "And you look as handsome as ever." She told him, no longer worried about other women. They would certainly be interested in him, but at least he was going to this party satisfied. And she also knew Harry would tell her if he got up to anything, as well. Hermione looked at her shoes, picking up a pair of black heels, and a pair of black flats, holding them both up. "What do you think?" She asked him.

Draco looked her up and down, then looked at the shoe selections. He walked over to her shoes, considered them for a moment, and then picked up a third option, a black lace and sequin pair of flats. He cast the same extension charm on the shoes to help with swelling, even if she would be sitting most of the evening. "Here," he offered her, placing them in front of her so that she could step into them without bending.

Hermione grinned, holding onto his shoulder as she stepped into the shoes. "I may have to have you dress me every day, you know." She told him. He definitely had an eye for it. "I'm just going

to fix my hair, and then I'll be ready." She said. He had messed her hair up a bit when he had shagged it, not that she minded.

Draco chuckled. "That's not a terrible idea," he agreed, not to insult her, but he did indeed have better taste than she did. She wasn't a bad dresser by any means, but he was better. "Alright, I'd better get going. The lads are going to be wondering what I'm doing to you if I'm any later than I already am." How he'd let himself get roped into this he'd never know.

Hermione grinned, wrapping her arms around his neck, and pulling him into a kiss. "I think they know enough about our relationship to wager a few guesses," she told him with a smirk. "But you're right, we're almost past fashionably late." She let go of him so he could leave.

Draco kissed her a second time. "You ladies have fun. And for the record, if Ginny hires you a male stripper..." Draco considered his words for a moment. "Well, lets just say the same rules better apply," he said, before winking at her playfully, and taking his leave.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys don't hate this slow chapter, we really wanted to show a progression of time moving us closer to the wedding, and it had to be done.

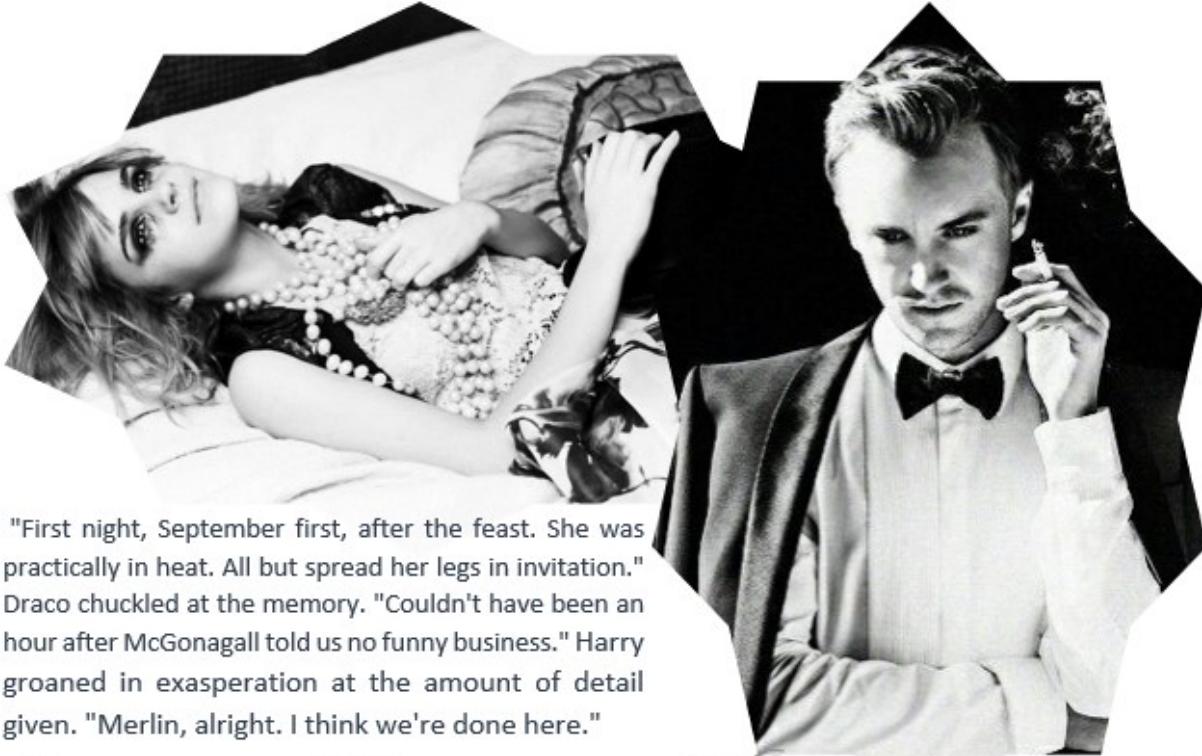
NEXT WEEK'S chapter is going to be SO MUCH FUN! The Stag Night/Hen Party shenanigans shall commence! No sex but it's a RIOT!

As always PLEASE show me some love in the form of comments! Also, don't be sad that this story is ending, check out my new fic Regrettable, and many other new stories are well underway. There will never not be Dramione smut to be written.

Chapter 36: The Last Hoorah

Chapter Summary

Hermione and Draco attend their respective last nights on the town before their upcoming nuptials. Harry gets an opportunity finally get some answers about Draco's relationship with Hermione, and an unexpected individual crashes the party.



"First night, September first, after the feast. She was practically in heat. All but spread her legs in invitation." Draco chuckled at the memory. "Couldn't have been an hour after McGonagall told us no funny business." Harry groaned in exasperation at the amount of detail given. "Merlin, alright. I think we're done here."

Snow Storm: Chapter 36

Draco flooed to the Leaky Cauldron, where the men would be meeting up for the evening. Inside he found Harry, Blaise, Gregory, and Kole (who Astoria was now apparently trying to push into a friendship with the groom), all sitting at a table waiting for the guest of honor. With a flourish of his wand, he removed the soot from him, and approached them.

"There he is!" Harry exclaimed, standing.

"Finally dragged yourself away from your witch, I see," Blaise added, chuckling lowly to himself.

Draco smirked at his tall dark friend. "You'd have trouble dragging yourself away too," Draco replied shamelessly.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Yeah, okay, everyone knows you two like to shag like rabbits. That's why you're in this mess," he reminded them.

The men busted each other's chops for a while longer before they migrated to the first venue of the night. It was a simple pub, but in the muggle part of London, where the high profile attendees would not draw attention. They got a table, ordered a large pitcher of beer, and some food for the table.

Meanwhile, Hermione arrived at Harry and Ginny's to find the group of girls waiting for her. Ginny, Luna, Fleur, and Astoria were all sitting around the living room, drinks in hand, chatting. When she walked in, their attention turned to her, "Finally!" Ginny said, enthusiastically, but quietly so she wouldn't scare poor James, whom she was holding. "Sorry, I couldn't find anything to wear." Hermione grinned as she entered the room, finding a seat. Well, it wasn't a lie at least. Ginny gave her a knowing smile, "Well, you look amazing," she said, to which Hermione grinned back.

Fleur stood up, "I vill get you a drink," she offered, her accent wasn't as thick as it had been when they had first met, but still very evident. Before Hermione could offer to get her own drink, Fleur had gone to the kitchen to get her one already.

"So, what's the plan for tonight?" Hermione asked as Fleur returned, handing Hermione a flute of sparkling juice. She suspected the rest of them had champagne, which she was fine with. Fleur took her seat again, on the floor in front of her she had a little bouncy seat with her sleeping two month old daughter, Victoire.

"Some games, some food, and later, a surprise," Ginny answered with a grin. Hermione wondered if that surprise came in the form of a male stripper, but she didn't ask.

"Well, let me hold that baby, and you can set up the first game," Hermione requested, eager to hold the little guy. He was awake, pulling at Ginny's hair, but she wasn't sure how much longer he would be both awake and happy.

Back in the dark London pub, the men had all had a few drinks, and took turns between shooting pool and playing darts. So far it was casual, fun, and free of any sort of drama. After Goyle scratched on the eight-ball (swearing loudly and nearly breaking the pool stick before Blaise calmed him down, the group moved back to their table. With a fresh pitcher of beer in front of them, they each refilled their pints, and Blaise withdrew a simple pack of playing cards.

"Alright, lads, I assume we all know the game." He set to shuffling the deck, and when he was satisfied, he spread the cards in a circle, face down, around the pitcher. "Kings. Ace is waterfall, Two to you, three to me, four to the floor, five to the guys, six... Fuck the sixes its just us guys tonight. Seven to heaven, eight pick a mate, nine bust a rhyme, ten categories, jacks never have I ever, queen is question master, and king gets to make a rule that lasts the rest of the game. Any questions?"

He looked around the table, a thick but neat ebony eyebrow raised.

"I'm sorry, what?" Harry asked, and they all began to laugh. Harry had never been granted the privilege of a normal youth. Something as trivial as a drinking game was not something he was experienced with.

"You'll catch on. Draco," he turned his attention to the groom. "Since this is your night, you go first."

Draco reached out into the ring of cards and selected a jack. "Never have I ever. Gee, sounds familiar. Pretty sure we played this at my last party. Alright..." He thought for a moment, placing the card down to begin a discard pile and putting up three fingers. "Never have I ever... cheated on an exam." He wasn't sure if anyone else had done so, but he knew he hadn't.

Goyle lowered a finger, and as he was on Draco's left, he went next. "Never have I ever forgotten all my friends over a girl," he said, mostly joking. Draco shook his head and lowered a finger. "You would too mate," Draco told him. "Trust me. You would too."

Kole was up next. "Never have I ever performed an Unforgivable." All but Blaise lowered a finger.

After Kole was Harry. "Never have I ever been caught with my hand inside someone else's pants." Draco dropped the last of his three fingers, and the other Slytherins at the table who had tested out that summer looked at him in shock.

"Again, you would too," Draco said with a smirk, and took a large gulp of his ale.

"Can we stop talking about my best mate's sex life now?" Harry requested, disturbed. The table laughed.

With the mini game complete, it was Goyle's turn to draw a card. "Nine bust a rhyme..." Goyle thought for a moment. "Owl."

"Scowl."

"Cowl."

"Howl."

"Jowl." The rhyme came full circle back to Goyle, who failed to think of something new, and was quickly ordered to drink.

Kole drew a six at first, but discarded it as no women were playing, and drew again, this time a seven. His hand quickly shot into the air, and Harry, new to the game, was the last to catch on. He drank deeply of his glass. He then leaned forward and drew a queen. "Question master," he recalled. "What's that mean, exactly?"

"It means that if anyone answers your question, without it being in the form of the question, they have to drink." Harry nodded in appreciation of that answer.

"Well then I suppose you have to drink now, don't you?"

"Touche," Blaise agreed, nodding, and drank. He drew a three. "How about that, looks like I'm drinking again." He took another large gulp of his beer, which was now half-empty.

Ginny had set up the living room with the couch and chairs around the coffee table, where she placed snacks and more drinks for the girls. Both alcoholic, and non-alcoholic drinks. She had, of course, asked Hermione first if she wanted alcohol to be served. Hermione had agreed that just because she couldn't drink, it shouldn't stop the rest of them.

Ginny had, much to Hermione's horror, baked and decorated a batch of penis shaped cookies, which were proudly displayed among the rest of the sweets she had set out in front of them. When Ginny brought them out, Hermione was blushing, but Astoria snagged one off the plate, biting off the pink tip with a smirk. "Brilliant," she complimented, which made Ginny grin.

"Alright, the first game is going to be pretty simple. Truth or dare," Ginny announced, and Fleur laughed, Astoria Rolled her eyes, and Hermione groaned. "Oh, really? Alright then," she agreed with a laugh and a shake of her head. She supposed it was just the girls, how bad could it get?

"You first, Hermione." Ginny instructed, sitting forward in her Seat. Hermione, who was still holding James, looked around.

"Alright, Luna, truth or dare?" she asked the younger blond.

"Dare." Luna said boldly.

Hermione thought for a moment, "I dare you to... chug an entire glass of wine," she said, shrugging. Luna laughed, but complied, filling her glass before quickly drinking it down. Hermione couldn't have a drink, so she figured she would just get the rest of them drunk.

When Luna was done with her drink, she looked thoughtfully around at the group of girls. "Astoria, truth or dare?" She asked.

"Dare," Astoria answered without hesitation.

"Alright, I dare you to... kiss Hermione." Luna said with a smile. "That's fun, right?" She asked, looking around the room. Ginny's eyebrows shot up, looking between Hermione and Astoria. Fleur was a bit shocked by the dare as well, covering her mouth with her hand delicately. Astoria shrugged, and got out of her seat, crossing the room to capture Hermione's lips in a kiss. She wasn't bothered by it, but Hermione sat there stiffly, letting her get the dare over with. She wiped at her lips when Astoria went back to her seat, trying not to seem bothered. It was a party, after all.

"Alright, Fleur, truth or dare?" Astoria asked.

"Truth," Fleur answered immediately.

"Is it true you're part Veela?" Astoria asked curiously. Fleur nodded, "Yes, yes it is." She answered.

"Ginny, truth or dare?" Fleur asked.

Ginny shrugged, "Dare," she challenged her.

Fleur looked around the room, looking for inspiration. "I dare you to see how many penis cookies you can fit in your mouth at once," she said with a smile. "Without chewing."

Ginny was impressed with the challenge, and began fitting as many of the cookies into her mouth as she could. She managed to stuff five of them in her mouth before she thought she might gag, or choke, and went into the kitchen to get rid of them before returning to the game, highly amused. "Five penises, I can't wait to tell Harry!" she said with a grin. "Alright, Hermione. Truth or dare?" She asked her friend.

"Truth," Hermione answered, and Ginny grinned, tapping her chin thoughtfully.

"What is your favorite sexual position?" Ginny asked Hermione. She knew her and Draco shared a very... sexual relationship, and she was very curious.

Hermione was blushing as she thought about her answer for a moment. "Merlin, I don't know. Doggy style, I guess?" She said, covering her face with a hand. All the girls laughed at that, even Hermione couldn't help an embarrassed laugh.

After two full pitchers of beer, the party finished their game of Kings and decided that it was time to move on to their next destination. As they approached the club with blacked out windows, Draco quickly suspected what type of establishment this might be, and he turned to his closest mate, Blaise, with raised brows. "Really, Zabini? Strippers?" He knew it was so cliche that it was more tradition, though, so he wasn't mad about it. Luckily he and Hermione had already had the "stag do" talk, and knew that he was allowed to look as long as he didn't touch.

The five entered, confounding the bouncer because they didn't have identification, and were granted the VIP reservation that'd been made. They were escorted into a large round royal blue booth, and the table, which was at least six feet in diameter, had a pole coming straight out the middle. Before long, a beautiful muggle with large breasts, long black hair, and dramatic makeup came strutting their way. She was dressed in a red plaid miniskirt, a white button up that was not buttoned at all, but rather tied in a knot near her navel, and white fishnet stockings that went to her thighs. Draco strongly suspected that Blaise had put in a suggestion on this particular costume choice. She introduced herself as Pepper, and asked for the groom.

"That'd be this one," Blaise directed her towards Draco, who had an outside seat for accessibility. "Getting married in a week, with a baby on the way."

"Oh?" the dancer inquired with raised brows as she set a platform heeled for on the seat beside him, revealing the deep red garter belt that was holding up the stockings as her skirt fell up her leg. "So this truly is your last night out." She swung her other leg over his lap to straddle him on the bench, pressing her chest to him as the music changed and a new song began. She started to dance on top of him, and Draco was not at all opposed. She was beautiful, sexy, a little trashy, exactly the way a stripper should be, in his opinion. But hell, he appreciated the impersonation.

Harry wasn't terribly fond of watching one of his best mates' fiance being danced on and virtually seduced by another woman, but he seemed to be on his best behavior, appreciating the girl's work without seeking more from her. Maybe he wasn't drunk enough just yet...

He watched her lean in and speak something into Draco's ear for only him to hear. Draco smirked in response before giving his answer, also unheard by the curious junior Auror. A moment later the girl kissed his cheek and removed herself from his lap, and moved instead into the table stage. She twirled and rolled her body against the pole, before she began to slowly untie the knot in her oxford. Pepper centered her back to the pole and continued moving her body to the music as she opened the shirt, first the left side, then the right, before slowly drawing the rolled up sleeves down her arms. She freed one arm, and used the other to toss the shirt forward at the person sitting in the middle of the booth, who happened to be Goyle. The former school bully grinned happily at the attention.

With the shirt now gone, they were presented with a dark maroon push-up bra that seemed to match the garter belt Draco had caught a peek at. Pepper danced around the pole a bit more, seducing the tall metal shaft as she seduced the men, before she began to slip the skirt slowly, tantalizingly, down her waist. It popped into place under her rump briefly, where she wiggled her hips and then lowered it to the floor. Her platform stiletto kicked the tartan article forward, landing in Harry's lap. The Gryffindor, who had stopped watching the bachelor and instead decided on enjoying the show, felt his mouth drop open. It was his first striptease, and he was only a man. What was not to like?

Ginny had planned a few more games, and brought out more food for the girls to enjoy. Everyone seemed to be getting along well, Astoria seemed a bit bored with the whole party but Hermione ignored it. After all, she was only invited because of the favor she had done for them, no one said she had to come.

Ginny had gotten James to bed, and they also put Victoire in his room for the time being while she slept. She had woken up briefly, ate, played a bit. And was back asleep already. Ginny had a camera in James' room so the girls felt comfortable continuing the party while the kids slept.

"Please tell me you have something fun planned next!" Astoria begged, to which Ginny rolled her eyes.

"I think the whole night has been fun," Hermione countered. And she wasn't lying, it had been fun. Who didn't enjoy playing some games with the girls? Besides, the rest of them were able to drink, and she had noticed Astoria had been drinking the most out of any of the other girls. It must just be a Slytherin thing.

"I do too, it 'az been long overdue, a girls night." Fleur said with a smile. She, too, had recently had a baby, and likely hadn't done much else but settle into motherhood. Luna merely smiled and nodded.

Ginny looked at her watch, and lit up, running to the kitchen to grab a chair from the dining room table. She brought it out, and began moving the coffee table out of the center of the circle of girls with a levitating charm. She set it off to the side so drinks and snacks were still available, and replaced it with the chair. Hermione watched her with a curious look, "What do you have planned?" She asked her redhead friend.

"I told you, it's a surprise!" She squealed happily, moving to the window to peek out at the street. It was only a few minutes before said surprise arrived, in the form of a male stripped. Hermione rolled her eyes, but she grinned all the same.

The man walked in, he had a tight little outfit on which showed off his toned arms and legs, he was quite handsome. "Looks like you're all ready for me. Which one is the bride to be?" He asked with a charming grin. Ginny moved over to Hermione. "Right here!" She said, pushing Hermione out of her chair. "Go on, sit in the middle," she prompted her more quietly. Hermione let out a low sigh, but did as she asked, sitting in the chair right in the middle of all of the girls.

The man turned on some music, and began moving in time with it, making his way towards Hermione. "Now, I won't touch. Not unless you ask me to." He told her with a smirk. "That won't be necessary," Hermione told him politely.

"It will be, if I get a turn in the chair!" Astoria chimed in, finally looking amused by something Ginny had planned. The man winked at her, before turning his attention back to Hermione, he was in front of her now and began rolling his body, ripping off layers as he worked. He came very close to gyrating on her, and Hermione had pulled her hands back, careful not to touch him as he worked. She didn't want him getting any ideas. Before long he was down to a tight pair of spandex shorts, which accented his bulge nicely. He moved on from Hermione, letting all the girls have a turn in the chair. When it was Astoria's turn, he did, indeed, touch and grind against her lap as she had permitted, much to Astoria's glee. She didn't seem worried about what Kole might think. Or perhaps didn't plan to tell him.

Several drinks and a solid hour and a half later the group of five exited the gentlemen's club (which Harry declared was not very gentlemanly at all) and walked in a small cloud of drunkenness and cigarette smoke down the street without aim. Blaise held his arm around the waist of Pepper, who had just clocked out for the night. The sly wizard had staked his claim on the girl early in the evening. Draco, for one, had definitely witnessed his darker companion letting her ride his fingers to her own completion under the guise of a lap dance. It had been an erotic sight to behold, but the only pussy he craved drenching his fingers until they wrinkled from its moisture was his fiancee's.

They continued on foot back towards where they started, until they reached the muggle side of the Leaky Cauldron. "Now what exactly is your plan Zabini?" Harry asked as they approached one of the popular secret entrances to the magical community. "You are aware that I'm an Auror, right?"

"In training," the Slytherin contradicted. "And I'm pretty sure fraternizing with a muggle is below your jurisdiction."

"That may be so but you can't honestly think it's a good idea to..." Pepper was looking between the two young men with confused, dilated eyes.

"What's a muggle?" she asked, and laughed, finding the word funny feeling on her tongue.

"Excuse us." He grabbed Blaise and pulled him a few feet away. "Is she high?" Harry shook his head, dismissing his own question. It didn't matter. "How do you plan to travel with her? Are we all just supposed to avoid magic for the rest of the evening?"

"Listen, your friend Granger isn't the only one with a talent for memory charms. Just because she won't remember it tomorrow doesn't mean she's not consenting to it tonight." He winked, and returned to Pepper's side, pointedly pulling her in for a harsh kiss.

"Let it go, Potter," Draco said, walking up to the stunned looking wizard. The six were now more or less loitering on the sidewalk, not a destination in mind.

"Yeah, it's a party, isn't it?" came the sheepish voice of Ronald Weasley from a short distance.

Draco turned on his heel to face the redhead, reaching into his pocket for his wand. "What the fuck are you doing here, Weasley?" If there was one thing that could ruin this night, it would turn out to be the Weasley fucker who threw him in a cell for two days.

"Alright, Malfoy, lets just... calm down, alright? Ron's just here to-"

"You knew he was going to be here? The fuck, Potter?" But his hand moved away from his wand. Potter wouldn't really let something go down between them here and now on the muggle side of town.

"I may have mentioned that we were going to be out here tonight," Harry said, not quite answering the question.

"So, what? You're here to find another bullshit reason to throw me in jail? Wanna make me miss my own wedding, is that it?" Perhaps Draco wouldn't have gotten so loud if he hadn't had so, so many drinks.

Ron sighed, "No, I'm here to apologize about all of that, actually." Ron said. He was sober, and he was well aware that the rest of them had been drinking and celebrating, so he took no offense to Draco's attitude. He fully expected this reaction. "I was really immature, and jealous." He said sheepishly. He wasn't afraid to grovel a bit, he had been an asshole.

"Well that's for fucking sure," Draco agreed, deflating minutely. "Tell me something I don't know!" He chanced a snarky look at Harry for orchestrating this encounter, and looked back at the ginger quickly, untrusting.

Ron frowned, but persisted, he was here for a reason. "I know you have no reason to even want to hear me out, but I'm hoping we can put all of that behind us. I'm really sorry for everything, and I just want my friend back." Ron explained, shifting uncomfortably. He was well aware that he was groveling in front of a bunch of drunk Slytherins, but it would probably be the last chance he got before the wedding.

Ron appeared to be genuine, which irritated Draco further, because Draco greatly wanted to pull out his wand and jinx the bastard into next week. "Well I'm not ready to forgive you, but if you want your friend back you're going to have to take that up with her." He had really fucked her over, and Draco wouldn't blame Hermione if she didn't accept his belated apologies. It seemed like very little, and much too late, for the things he'd done to them both.

"Well," Ron started, he just wanted Draco to not want to hex him on sight, really, he didn't expect forgiveness. "That's kind of why I'm here. She's been one of my best friends for years, and I was hoping you'd allow me to come to the wedding so I can apologize to her, too," Ron said, a bit nervous as he spoke. He fully expected Draco to tell him to sod off, but he had to try, for the sake of his friendship with Hermione. "I just... I don't want to miss her special day," he added with a frown.

Draco considered him for a long moment, irritated. If he turned him away, and Hermione would in fact like her friendship back, he would be the one to prevent that. Did he want that burden? Perhaps she needed to make her own choice here, as much as he would like to make it for her. "If you upset her, or disrupt our wedding in ANY way," Draco warned, a very obvious threat. He didn't care if he was speaking to an Auror, or that he was doing so in front of another. "I will DESTROY you. Is that understood?"

Ron grinned, he was threatening him, but he was also saying he could come. "I won't, I promise. If she won't hear me out I'll leave." He agreed. He just wanted a chance to make amends, and get his friend back. It was clear who she had chosen, he couldn't change that, but he had realized how much he missed having her as a friend. As much as he loathed Malfoy, it wasn't worth losing her forever over.

Draco glared at Harry briefly, but the raven haired wizard only rolled his eyes. "You're getting weak, Malfoy," he teased.

"So, where are we headed next?" Goyle interrupted the drama with his question. "C'mon, we're not done already, are we?" It was past closing time now, they'd been partying for several hours.

Draco thought hard, which was especially difficult with how drunk he was. He hadn't been this drunk since... Well, he couldn't quite remember. Before his relationship with Hermione, for sure.

"I know!" The blonde exclaimed excitedly. They had intended to keep their home a secret, but since he had his father's word that he was no longer a threat to their relationship or their family, who were they hiding from? "We'll go to Belle Vue!" The confusion that surrounded him amused him greatly.

The group took turns flooing into the drawing room of Belle Vue manor, and as a last pitying gesture, Draco allowed Weasley to join. He was still questioning his decision to allow him to come to the wedding, and felt the need to assess him further, in case of any ulterior motive. Blaise was not ready to part from his muggle slag, so he had her close her eyes, covering them with his necktie, and told her he was going to do a magic trick. He led her into the floo, wrapped his arms around her, and flooed with her to Belle Vue.

She seemed far too inebriated to realize the gravity of what had transpired, instead delighted by his ability to pull off the best trick she'd ever seen!

When they all had arrived, Draco held his hands up excitedly. "Welcome to Belle Vue, fuckers!" he exclaimed.

Ron was surprised to be invited to join the guys for the rest of their celebration, but he definitely wasn't going to turn down said invitation. He was going to prove he meant it, that he could get along with all of these blokes, and have fun. He knew Draco had already given him permission to come to the wedding, but he wanted to show him he had really changed.

"Damn" Ron said, looking around after flooing in. The room they were in was huge, nicely decorated, and Ron was definitely impressed..and a little jealous, if he was being honest. "Is this where you live?" He asked, mouth gaping as he looked around.

Draco may have wanted to rub it in Weasleys freckled little face. "Of course this is where we live. What did you think? That I brought her to Malfoy Manor?" As if he ever wanted to see her

standing in that drawing room again. "Only the best for my bride," he bragged shamelessly to the group at large. Weasley would never be able to provide this kind of life for Hermione and he knew it. She deserved it.

Harry had known about the mansion, but he hadn't known what to expect. "Bloody hell." It was the exact opposite of what he pictured Hermione in. It was bright, all whites and light grays, but it was so much marble... If it wasn't for the overstuffed furnishings it would have said it looked hard, cold. Truthfully though, it was also quite picturesque. "I didn't know you had such an eye for interior design, Malfoy," he teased.

Draco scoffed. "I hired people for that. Honestly, Potter, have you still not figured out how to use your wealth?"

"Maybe I just don't feel the need to," Harry replied with snark.

Ron had to work pretty hard not to get angry at the obvious gloating. He had won, he had to remind himself that he was here to win back her friendship and not her heart.

"Well, how about a tour?" Ron suggested. He definitely needed a drink, he could tell the rest of them were pretty drunk, maybe not Harry as much, but the rest of them had surely had their fair share.

"Well the upper level is all bedrooms, and I'm pretty sure my bride is up there sleeping." But he took them around the main floor, and showed them the pool as well as the waterfront view, bragging how it faced the West and made for beautiful sunsets. Then he took them downstairs, to the rec area. He'd had it fully decked out, with couches, a full bar, billiards, and more. There was also a loo and a workout room in the back. Merlin did he need to get back in shape this summer.

Within a few minutes Blaise and Ron, possibly the only Slytherin Ron didn't have a personal beef with (though he might if he knew about the things he'd done with Ron's sister) set up a game of table quidditch, a recently popularized version of beer pong that some muggleborns had introduced around Hogwarts. There was nothing magical about it, but the added mini quidditch posts created an additional challenge. The ball had to first go through the goal and then into a cup.

They paired up, Pepper and Blaise against Weasley and Goyle. Draco and Potter would take winner, and for now were relaxing on the couch with fresh drinks, enjoying the show.

Harry had offered to get their drinks, insisting he wanted to check out the bar that the rec room provided. Really, though, he just wanted to add a little something extra to Malfoy's drink. He had been supportive of their relationship, but Hermione was his best friend, and before she married the bloke, Harry had a few questions. So naturally, he had slipped some truth serum into his drink to be sure the answers he received were honest.

"So," Harry started, glancing over at Draco, "You nervous for the wedding?" He asked him, a bit of a test question, though he was also curious.

Draco took a long swig of the drink Potter offered, and didn't need to think about the answer, it came to him quite easily. "Nervous about getting married? Absolutely not. Worried about someone or something ruining it for us? Terrified."

Harry nodded, well, that was good, he supposed. "What if something happened, and you couldn't be with her? What would you do?" He asked him, taking a sip of his own drink.

"If she rejected me? I'd have to bloody avada myself, wouldn't I?" Draco answered, and took another drink just at the thought.

Harry nodded, "Well, what if it wasn't Hermione rejecting, per say. What if something happened to her and the baby? Or someone did something to ruin the wedding?" He was watching Draco closely, he was oblivious to the fact that Harry had slipped him the truth serum. That much he was sure of. He had already been good and drunk, after all.

Draco glared across the room as though it was a threat, but his glare was directly truly at the hypothetical threat, not Potter himself. "If someone took them away from me I'd be in Azkaban, because people would die." And Merlin did he mean that. The threat of life in prison would mean nothing if she was gone.

Well, at least he cared about Hermione, truly. "So, has your dad ever threatened them?" He asked curiously. He had wondered, ever since he had gotten Draco out of Azkaban what had really happened. If it had all been lies, or if something had actually gone down between him and Lucius.

Draco let out a sarcastic, dark chuckle. "Lucius..." Draco shook his head. "He's lucky to be alive after the things he's done to keep us apart. He's just lucky he never succeeded."

Harry narrowed his eyes slightly, he needed to know more. "What did Lucius do to keep you apart?" He asked first, "And then, what did you do in retaliation?" He added. He thought he knew that at least, but he was still going to be furious if he was right.

"He tried to poison her with an abortion potion," Draco answered venomously, and after a moment he realized that he probably shouldn't, but he felt the answer to the second question spilling out of him anyway. "I crucioed the fuck out of him! What would you do? I lied of course, had to save my own arse. I should have gotten Hermione out of there the moment we got to the restaurant and saw him there, but part of me was looking forward to getting it over with." He'd known his father would react negatively to the relationship.

Harry struggled with this information. On one hand he was pissed at Draco, and even Hermione for that matter. They had lied to him and gotten him to abuse his power to free Draco. However, learning what Lucius had done also made Harry livid, and he could understand why Draco did what he did. "Is she safe from Lucius now?" He asked, she was still pregnant, after all.

"He swears she is, says he's done trying to get in our way. He only did it to save his own skin. He made an unbreakable vow, swearing me in marriage to Astoria Greengrass. Didn't you wonder why two sixth years were married? We had to find a loophole because for some reason Hermione didn't want Lucius to drop dead on our wedding day. The fucker even had the nerve to ask to be in our lives, our son's life. Can you believe that?" Draco didn't think he'd ever talked this much to anyone but Hermione in his life. "The fuck did you put in this drink, Potter?" He questioned, starting to catch on.

Harry was surprised by that, then again, Lucius was a sick fuck. When Draco started to catch on, Harry smiled down into his drink, shrugging. "Just..a little something for my own peace of mind, before letting my best friend marry you." He told him, and looked up at him with a smile. "Can't

really blame me, can you? After everything that happened leading up to this?" He asked him, knowing his answer would have to be honest.

Draco would have been more angry if that didn't make perfect sense. "Alright Potter. Give me your worst. What else do you want to know?"

Harry thought for a moment, trying to think of what else had been bugging him. "Did you know about her drug problem?" He asked him curiously. He had never really asked Hermione about that, he had just tried to be supportive, tried to get her off the drugs.

"I've known about it since her birthday." Draco answered. "Wasn't really much of a problem until she was pregnant, was it?" It'd been the whole foundation of their relationship, and hell, he'd never felt so alive.

Draco's attitude about the drugs really made him wonder. "So then, were you doing it with her? The drugs, I mean." He added the last bit, he already knew they were doing it and didn't need to be reminded.

Draco shrugged. "I mean yeah, why not, right? It was fun, and it turned her into a bloody animal," he added the last part deliberately, as a reminder. After all, Potter had drugged him. He deserved it.

Harry sighed, squeezing the bridge of his nose slightly. He did not need those kinds of details, but he had also drugged him, and Draco was now aware, and likely saying it to be an arse. "Just out of curiosity," Harry started, pausing to think his words over carefully, "When did you first start to have feelings for Hermione? Not sexual, but real, loving feelings?" He asked him.

This did make Draco pause, because it was a more abstract question. "Christmas," he told him. "She came back to school, she was all upset, and crying, and... I hated it. I just wanted to fix it. It ended up being the first night we shared a bed, for sleep."

Harry nodded, it was an interesting answer. "The night I found out she was using... and she found out she was pregnant," he commented, more to himself. "So then, when were you guys first... intimate?" He asked, though as the question left him he was less sure he really wanted to know the answer.

Draco smirked. He'd almost hoped that question would be asked. "First night, September first, after the feast. She was practically in heat. All but spread her legs in invitation." Draco chuckled at the memory. "Couldn't have been an hour after McGonagall told us no funny business."

Harry groaned in exasperation at the amount of detail given, "Merlin, alright. I think we're done here." He said, shaking his head. He couldn't think of Hermione like that, she was too much like a sister to him. "You've made your point." He said. He wasn't sorry he drugged him, but he was glad that Draco had passed his questioning, for the most part.

Draco laughed. "No, let's keep going." He finished off his drink. "This is fun." He was joking of course.

Harry considered for another moment, before remembering something that'd happened earlier in the night. "What did that stripper say to you, at the end of her lap dance?" he asked.

With a slight chuckle and a shake of his head, Draco sat back against the couch. "She was just commanding me for my loyalty to my bride. I was the first bachelor she hadn't made hard."

Harry raised an eyebrow, not having expected that to be the answer.

"So did I pass your test? Do you approve of you marrying your precious Granger?" Draco asked smartly.

Harry shook his head with a chuckle, "Yes, you passed. Though in the future tell me the truth about your unforgivable curses, if it comes down to Lucius or Hermione, I have her best interest in mind too. Auror or not." He told him, finishing off his drink as well.

"I couldn't take the risk of you deciding that what's best for her is me being far, far away," Draco replied, the truth hitting him, sobering him a bit. He was unapologetically selfish when it came to her.

Harry nodded, he understood. "Personally, I might have done the same if I were there. Possibly worse." He told Draco truthfully. She was his family, he wasn't going to let something happen to her, either.

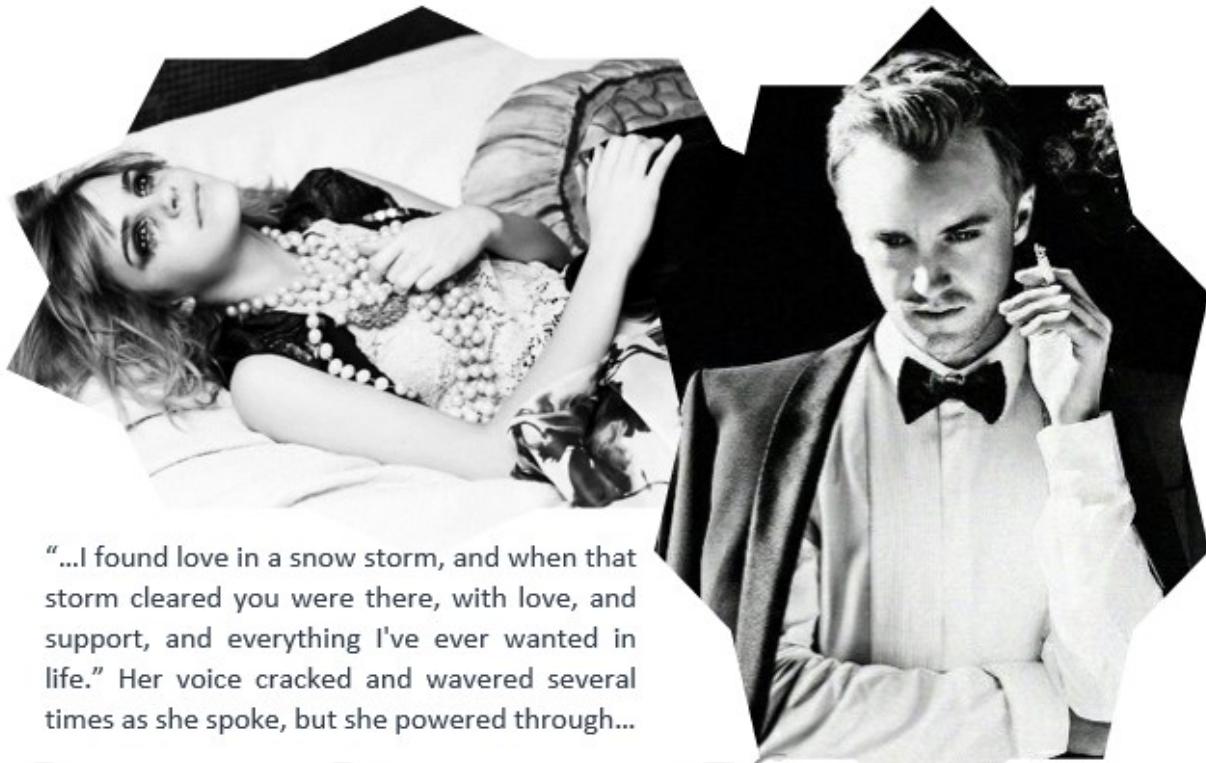
Chapter 37: A Very Dramione Wedding

Chapter Summary

The big day is finally here, Draco and Hermione's wedding! But will they make through it in one piece?

Chapter Notes

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



"...I found love in a snow storm, and when that storm cleared you were there, with love, and support, and everything I've ever wanted in life." Her voice cracked and wavered several times as she spoke, but she powered through...

Snow Storm: Chapter 37

The remaining week before the wedding had gone by incredibly fast. With the last minute planning, going over the guest list, making sure the flowers and catering were all in order, among the many other things that Hermione wanted to oversee herself, she felt like she barely had time to breathe. Even with the help of two wedding planners, it was a lot for the pregnant witch.

The day had finally come, though, and whatever was going to go wrong couldn't be helped, unless by magic. Hermione had gotten up early to prepare for the wedding. She was grateful for her bridesmaids, her mother, and Mrs. Weasley, who were all fussing over her hair and makeup, making sure she looked perfect for the ceremony. Her bridesmaid's consisted of Ginny, Luna, Fleur, and Astoria. She had considered not asking Astoria, but she had found she actually didn't

mind the girl. Even with her crude sense of humor, and general Slytherin attitude, she owed the girl a lot. And she had been present at Astoria's wedding.

Ginny and Fleur were currently fighting over how her hair should be done. "I say we straighten it, or do it up in an elegant bun," Fleur was saying, to which Ginny shook her head.

"No, no, she should have some loose, tame curls. We can pull part of it back, that way it's not too different from how her hair usually is, but still elegant." Ginny suggested. She held up a silver hair pendant with many sparkling gems, "We can use this," she added.

Hermione thought over the three options, glancing over her shoulder in the mirror at the dress she was to wear, pursing her lips in thought. "Sorry Fleur, I kind of like Ginny's idea." Hermione said regretfully, which Fleur waved off.

"It's your day, do not be sorry." Fleur told Hermione with a smile.

The two of them set to curling her hair, as Ginny had suggested they did loose, intentional curls. Hermione's hair had grown quite a bit, and was especially healthy looking from all of the vitamins she was taking for the baby, and she wanted to show that off. Luna stayed back, being useful when she could be. Molly and her mother were fussing over the rest of the girls, making sure they were getting themselves ready as well, while Astoria hung back and got herself ready.

When all of their hair and makeup was done, Hermione began to really grow nervous. She was getting her dress on now, with the help of Ginny. Her dress was form fitting, down to about her knees, where it flared out with lace that dragged on the floor. The long sleeves were also completely lace. Hermione had debated on what style dress she wanted, and in the end she decided that she was going to show off her baby bump, and looking in the mirror, she was glad she had. There was no hiding it at this point, anyways. While they had all been getting dressed, Molly left the room to get herself ready.

"Mione, you look so beautiful," her mother said, smiling proudly as she helped her with her veil. Once it was secure, she placed a hand on Hermione's stomach, smiling teary eyed at Hermione in the mirror from over her shoulder.

"Thanks, mum," Hermione said, smiling back at her. Just then, Molly burst into the room again. "It's time, everybody ready?" She asked excitedly. Hermione hurriedly got her shoes on, she had chosen to wear heals, just until the ceremony was over. After, she had a nice pair of flats picked out for the rest of the night.

Hermione was led to her father, who was ready, and looking quite dashing in his suit. Her mother and Molly went to find their seats, while the rest of the girls went ahead of her and her father.

Draco couldn't shake the feeling of dread that had plagued him since he woke that morning. It was all just too good to be true. He'd never looked forward to anything more in his life, making Hermione his and only his. And she wanted to be his. Which seemed... impossible. But thus far, the day had gone by, from what he knew, without a hitch.

He made it all the way to the altar, dressed in a freshly tailored tuxedo, as it was too warm for dress robes. The Zabini Vineyards were a perfect venue for both the ceremony and the reception, and he was glad that Blaise had convinced his mother to allow the event on their private property. Blaise Zabini himself stood at his side, along with Potter, Goyle, and Silva, all the same blokes

who'd attended his bachelor party. A hundred white wooden chairs, adorned with flowers, were set out before him, with a long aisle set down the middle, a white runner covered in pink and white rose petals leading to where he stood. The seats were filled with friends and family. Even his mother had come, which shouldn't have surprised him as much as it had. Weasley had shown, as he'd asked permission to do, though Draco had hoped he'd chicken out.

All that he was waiting for now was for Hermione and her father to come walking down the aisle, and the music had just begun. Any moment now...

Hermione held onto her fathers' arm, watching as her bridesmaids went down the aisle one by one ahead of her. She took a few deep, steady breaths as she watched Astoria disappear behind the curtain, she was the last one to go before Hermione. "Ready?" Her dad asked, smiling down at her. She nodded nervously, and then began to walk. Her dad held the curtain open as they passed through into the bright outdoors, where she was surrounded by the wedding party that was made up of both of their friends and family. At the end of the long walk she saw Draco waiting for her, and couldn't help but grin.

As she walked, she spotted a certain head of red hair that made her panic momentarily. But as she looked at him, he looked back with a sheepish smile, and she decided there was nothing to be done about it at that very moment. Soon, her father placed her hand in Draco's, and she was standing face to face with her love. Before he departed, her father gently moved the veil back to reveal her fully, and then he went to sit with her mother.

The sight of his bride coming down the aisle toward him was... startling. She'd always been beautiful, but to see her now, in that lace dress, with her belly proudly on display, well, he'd never seen anything so precious. His knees buckled for a moment as she came nearer, and when her father passed her off to him, he gave her hands a squeeze. "You look... amazing," he whispered to her in awe.

Hermione grinned at her soon to be husband. "So do you." She told him quietly, squeezing his hands lightly, before turning her attention to the officiant. He began the ceremony, and she listened as he spoke, they had opted for a traditional ceremony, and to write their own vows, which she had been working on in her free time obsessively. Before she got to do hers, however, Draco was asked to read his vows. She turned her attention back to him, prepared to cry. Luckily they had charmed her makeup not to run or smudge.

Draco looked at his beautiful bride and took a deep breath. He'd been preparing his vows in his head for a few weeks now, but it wasn't until that morning that he'd fully memorized the words he wished to share with her. He wished he could have done so more privately, but that would defeat the purpose of this public declaration. So, he gave it his all.

"Hermione, from the first day we returned to Hogwarts I could tell that things were going to be different between us. Our battle was over, along with all of the preconceptions and prejudices that came with it. For the first time I didn't see Hermione Granger the muggleborn, the Gryffindor, the best friend of the Chosen one. For the first time I saw Hermione Granger the genius, the compassionate, the woman. Before I knew it I was addicted to you and everything you brought into my life. I didn't even notice at first when that shifted into something more. And the day I learned that we were going to be a family I knew, without a shadow of a doubt, that this was what I wanted, this moment here, now, and every moment that we will come to share for the rest of our lives." He stroked his thumb over her hand slowly. "I love you, Hermione."

Hermione stared at him, tears welling in her eyes as he spoke his vows. She kept her eyes on him, not wanting to be distracted by the many people that were watching them in such an intimate moment. She squeezed his hands, trying to collect herself to speak.

"I love you, Draco. Words I never imagined I'd say, in all our time knowing one another. Returning to Hogwarts this year was the best decision I've made in a long time, I was in a dark place, and when I think back and remember how close I was to not returning, I imagine how different my life would have been. I never thought you would be the one to pull me out of that darkness, to put me back together, to put my family back together, and then help me create an entirely new family, and future. I found love in a snow storm, and when that storm cleared you were there, with love, and support, and everything I've ever wanted in life."

Her voice cracked and wavered several times as she spoke, but she powered through, and when she had said all she had to say, she took a deep, calming breath, happy to have that bit over with.

Draco might have been the only person, save for perhaps Potter, who had any idea what she meant by "snow storm", but he couldn't have thought of a more accurate way to describe it. He wanted to kiss her, now, but it wasn't time yet. He was barely listening to the officiant who was talking. When he heard something about a ring, Draco turned his attention to Blaise, and took Hermione's wedding band in hand, turning back to his bride. He repeated the words that were dictated to him. "Hermione, with this ring, I make you my wife, to love, honor, cherish, and protect for the rest of my days." He slipped the ring onto her finger.

Hermione waited until it was her turn, turning to Ginny to get the ring, and turned back to Draco. "Draco, with this ring, I make you my husband, to love, honor, cherish, and protect for the rest of my days," she repeated the words. At this point, the officiant asked if anyone wished to object, and she suddenly remembered that Ron was there. She held her breath, her eyes falling on him, but he was sitting there calmly, and no one spoke up to object.

"Well then, by the power vested in me by the Ministry of Magic, I pronounce this witch and this wizard husband and wife. You may kiss your-." Draco didn't need to hear the words to know that it was finally time to seal this ceremony with a kiss. He dropped her hands and brought her face to his in a tender but steamy kiss, uncaring who saw. She was his now. "Bride..."

Hermione was looking at the officiant when Draco grabbed her face, kissing her prematurely. She grinned against his lips, throwing her arms, bouquet and all, around his neck. She let the kiss linger, and when they broke apart, she was still grinning. "We did it," she said happily. For a moment she had been scared that Ron was there to wreck the whole thing, but now she couldn't help but wonder why he was there. But the ceremony was over, it was official, and all that was left was to celebrate their union.

The next hour consisted of the bride, groom, and bridal party posing for what felt like hundreds of wedding photos. It was nearly sunset before they made it to the reception, where their guests had been enjoying a well catered cocktail hour. The couple was announced as Mister and Misses Draco Malfoy, and Draco escorted his bride out onto the dancefloor. He wrapped his arms around her as their first dance song began to play.

"I still can't believe we managed it," he spoke to her with a smirk. "We got through the whole ceremony without any sort of drama, or tragedy. Of course, the verdict's still out on Father." For all they knew he was lying dead in the manor somewhere.

Hermione was happy to have the photos over with, but she knew she'd be even happier when she actually got them. She had gotten many compliments on her dress on the way to get them done, and was feeling pretty confident with her dress of choice. If she was going to get married when she was about to pop, why not show it off?

As they began their first dance, she laughed at Draco's words. It was true, there was no way for them to know if his father had keeled over, his mother was still at the wedding reception, after all. "Ah, who cares!" She said with a grin in regards to his father's well-being. They had done enough to try and prevent him from dying, after all. "But, speaking of drama, did you see Ron at the wedding?" She asked him as they danced. She hadn't had the chance to really talk to him about it until now, and she was still wondering what that had been about, and if he was still around somewhere just waiting to stir up some drama.

Draco nodded. "Yeah, Weasley made a special request to attend," he informed her. "He's here to see you, to apologize. And if that's not his intention I'll still kick his arse," he told her with a smirk. She'd probably be upset that he hadn't told her sooner, but she might have refused, and he'd promised the weasel a fair shot at an apology. "I'll let him make his own case for himself."

Hermione was actually pretty surprised to hear that Draco knew about him coming, and had allowed it. And if she weren't so happy that the day had gone so well, she might have allowed herself to be mad about it. "I'm surprised you allowed that, I think you've gone soft." She told him with a teasing grin. If Ron wanted to apologize, and had waited until after she was married to do so, she didn't think he would actually try anything funny. But it would have to be one hell of an apology.

Draco let one of his hands slip down, and squeeze one of her lace-covered cheeks firmly but quickly. "Going soft, am I? I'll show you how soft I've gone tonight." He couldn't wait to celebrate their nuptials with his new bride later that evening, after all the festivities. In fact, he might not even be that patient.

Hermione grinned at her husband, "I can't wait," she told him, not minding that people had probably seen his hand on her rear. It was their night!

They danced, and socialized, and danced some more before Hermione finally needed a break, and went to sit down and enjoy the one glass of wine she would allow herself that night. She had told Draco he should ask his mother to dance, not wanting to make him sit on the sidelines as well.

Watching Hermione get married to anyone, much less the former death eater Draco Malfoy, made Ron's stomach turn, but he'd attended with the intent of seeing it for himself, for closure. If he was going to try to be her friend, he needed to accept that they loved each other. And if he had to be honest, seeing them at the altar together, hearing their vows, even he was moved.

When Hermione was alone, Ron decided that now was as good a time as ever to talk to her, one on one. He was nervous, so he brought the bride a peace offering in the form of a plate of appetizers. "You look beautiful," he told Hermione by means of greeting, offering her the plate. He'd heard that brides sometimes didn't get the chance to eat at their own weddings, and she needed to eat for two.

Hermione looked up at Ron, who offered her a plate of appetizers and a compliment, and she smiled. "Thanks," she said, taking a piece of food from the plate to take a bite. She was definitely hungry, so the food was a welcome peace offering. "You want to sit?" She asked him, gesturing to

the chair beside her. Having known why he was there, she had been wondering when he would approach her, or if he would lose his nerve and just not say anything at all.

Ron moved to sit next to her as she offered. "Hermione... I know that the things that I did and said to you were... unforgivable. I just want you to know, it wasn't because I hated you, I could never hate you. I was just jealous. I was losing you and I didn't understand why and..." He shook his head. "But I only lost you because of the things I said, and you didn't deserve any of it. It's not your fault you fell in love with someone else. I want you to be happy, and I see it now. You are."

Hermione listened to his apology quietly, leaning close to hear him over the music and talking. When he finished speaking, she gave him a slight smile. "I appreciate you saying all of that." She told him. "It was... pretty brave of you to ask Draco if you could come here today, and while I was surprised to see you, I'm glad you could be here." She told him. "And I'm sorry too, it wasn't just you. I said some pretty horrible things too, and I'd like to put all of that behind us," she said with a slight smile.

Ron smiled back at her. "I'd like to put all of that behind us too." He sighed, building up a bit more courage. "I mean, if Harry can stand up there next to him at your wedding... he must see something in that snake that I don't." He smiled, showing that he was only teasing in calling her husband a snake.

Hermione shoved his shoulder playfully, but laughed. "They get along alright, actually," she said. Harry had been at the baby shower, the bachelor party, and one of Draco's groomsmen, and from what she could tell they actually didn't mind each other. She took another appetizer from the plate and popped it in her mouth, chewing and swallowing. "I have missed having you around, even after everything that was said," she informed him with a sad smile.

Ron offered Hermione a sheepish smile. "Do you think we can ever be friends again?" he asked her, genuinely hopeful, but also doubtful. It was one thing for her to accept his apology, it was even one thing to admit to missing him, but being willing to be friends again, that was a whole other story.

Hermione thought about his question for a moment. He had said a lot of things, threatened even worse things to try to keep her. She had done some pretty horrible stuff as well, she'd risked her own child's health just to keep having a good time, and here she was, about to have a healthy baby, and she was now married to the man she loved. It seemed only fair to give Ron a second chance as well. They had been best friends at one time, and if Draco was fine with her making up with Ron, she didn't see any reason not to give him that chance. After a long pause, she smiled at him, "I think it'd be a shame not to try." She finally answered him.

The celebration, while fun, felt as though it would never end. Thank Merlin for the wedding planners who were able to handle all of the cleanup and free the bride and groom to head to their final destination of the evening. Draco and Hermione had booked a couple nights at a resort not far from the Zabini family vineyards (where Hermione had spent the previous night leading up to the wedding) in order to indulge themselves in a mini-honeymoon. They would have their real honeymoon at a later date, sometime after the baby is born, perhaps for their anniversary. So when at long last the party was over, Draco escorted his new bride to their suite, which featured a luxury bedroom, a private pool and, one thing that he was especially looking forward to, an oversized tub that would comfortably fit them both.

Ever one to maintain tradition, Draco lifted Hermione into his arms and carried her through the threshold of the suite, delivering her to the center of the room before gently placing her down again. It was a different room than the one she'd stayed in the night before, in order to maintain the element of surprise.

"Wow, this is really something," Draco expressed, looking around the suit as he rid himself of his jacket. With a flick of his wand the piece floated off to hang itself in the closet. "Remind me to thank Zabini for the hookup later." He was unbuttoning his vest now, and it, too, flew into the closet. He started on the tie.

Hermione had enjoyed the wedding, and the party that followed it, but she was ready to relax. When Draco carried her through the threshold, she laughed, wrapping her arms around his neck. She didn't think he would drop her, but she was definitely heavier than she usually was. Before he had set her down, she had kicked off her flats. Now that they were inside, she took a good look around. It was a lot bigger than the room she had shared with Ginny the previous night, with one king size bed, rather than the two queen size beds they had in the other room.

"Yeah, he really came through, with the vineyard, and this room. Merlin, look at that tub," she said peeking into the bathroom briefly. She went over to the bed, falling back on it while Draco undressed. "I'm going to need your help with this dress." She informed him with a laugh. There were buttons all down the back of the dress that she wouldn't be able to manage by herself.

Draco continued undressing until he was down to just his underwear, before stepping over to the bed where Hermione had unceremoniously plopped herself. "Here, let me see," he offered her a hand to pull her back upright, and, after pulling her hair to one side, including all of the stray locks and curls that had fallen throughout the night, he began to carefully work the little pearl-like buttons that trailed all the way down her spine. "Bloody hell, why are there so many of these?" he asked, awed and amused.

Hermione laughed as he worked at the buttons. "Something about making the fit just right I think. It's pretty standard for the dresses that are meant to fit snug." She would know, she had looked at a lot of different dresses, in a lot of different styles. When he finally finished unbuttoning the dress, she stood up and removed it carefully. The dress floated off to hang itself with his suit, and she was left in the silk slip she had worn under her wedding dress, feeling much less restrained by the form fitting dress she had chosen.

Draco chuckled. "Alright, fair enough." When the dress was gone, Draco found himself admiring the half-naked woman left standing before him. Even with her swollen belly and tired eyes she was still the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. He approached her, wrapping his arms around her. "Can you believe it? We did it. We actually fucking got married." Eight years ago he would have pitched a fit if someone would have told him he'd soon marry a Gryffindor, much less a muggleborn!

Hermione rested her arms lazily on his shoulders, grinning up at him. "And I dare say, not a single thing went wrong all day." She added, leaning up to kiss him. It was strange to think she was now a Malfoy, and she was kissing her husband. She actually had a husband!

"Now, before we jinx that, I suggest you finish undressing and get your little arse up on that bed, Mrs Malfoy," he warned her, smirking wickedly. He couldn't wait to consummate their union, not that they hadn't consummated it literally hundreds of times before.

Hermione smirked at him, stepping away to pull the slip over her head, which she let fall to the floor. "Yes, sir," she said, and made quick work of removing her bra and panties as well. She got onto the bed as he had ordered, reveling in how comfortable it was.

Draco swooped in, crawling onto the bed and moving straight between her legs. He spread her thighs with his hands and moved straight in to taste her. He moaned into the heat of her cunt and lapped at the light layer of moisture that lived there. His tongue dove into her opening greedily, licking away the juices that had begun to pool there, and he sucked eagerly on her clit a moment later. With the aid of three fingers, he pumped into her harshly, still sucking and now nibbling on the small pleasure nub. He was going to see just how many times he could make his bride scream his name, which she now shared.

Hermione moaned, her hand moving to tangle in his hair as he began his assault on her sensitive clit. Every time he sucked or nibbled on it he caused her legs to spasm uncontrollably. Her eyes are closed tightly, too tired to try to look over her stomach and watch what he was doing to her. Her mouth fell open as sounds of pleasure escaped her. "Fuck!" She gasped as his efforts pushed her to climax quickly. Her back arched as she clamped down on the three fingers that were moving inside of her harshly. When her body finally relaxed, her grip on his hair loosened, and her eyes did not open.

Draco devoured her orgasm like it was a refreshment offered in reward to a job well done. Her body had stilled, but it wasn't until Draco came up for air that he realized that her heavy panting had turned into very steady, even breathing. "Hermione," he said, to no reply. He moved up her body to hover over her. His rock solid cock was pressing painfully into his underwear trying to escape, but as he looked down at her there was no doubt in his mind. His beautiful, sexy, freshly climaxed bride... was fast asleep.

Chapter End Notes

They did it! They had their wedding and, to their knowledge, nothing bad happened! Yay! This also means that this story is ALMOST over! No worries, next week comes the FINAL installment of this story, and it's going to be LOOOOOOOOOONG. I wanted to provide plenty of closure for this story, which has been such fun to write, and so satisfying to share with all of you!

Chapter 38: Two Years Later

Chapter Summary

Two years after graduating, marrying, and bringing their son into the world, Hermione and Draco are still madly in love, and in lust. The two are late to a DMLE benefit banquet at which Harry Potter was receiving new combinations for his work as an Auror, and it's no surprise to anyone why.

Chapter Notes

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

Hermione sat on the floor, her hair wet, in a robe, and a fresh set of little boy clothes in her lap. A naked, freshly bathed two year old was running about his room, air drying his platinum blond hair as Hermione watched him with a grin. "Scorpius, you have to let mommy get you dressed if you want to see Mimi and Papa," she informed the little boy, who slowed to a stop and looked at her, before squealing happily and continuing to run about the room.

With a laugh, Hermione got up off the floor, grabbed the clothes, and scooped Scorpius up as he ran past her. "Come on, you," she said, as she carried him over to the bed. He was giggling and squirming, attempting to escape her as she set him down, kneeling in front of him. She quickly put the shirt over his head and got his arms through the holes, got his training pants on, followed by his pants, socks, and shoes. All the while he fought to free himself of her. She was only too used to this now, and was barely put off at the task. "Do you want daddy to take you to Mimi and Papas?" She asked, tickling his ribs now that he was fully dressed. "Yes!" he responded through squeals and giggles. Hermione grinned, getting up off the floor. She leaned down to kiss his cheek before letting him run off again. "Draco! He's ready!" She announced, scooping up his overnight bag, which she had already checked, and double checked.

Draco loved how excited his son got when he was allowed to take a "big boy bath", or shower as the rest of the world called it, but Merlin was it nice to get those last few minutes alone to clean himself up and vanish all his unwanted body hair without having to keep an eye on the toddler. Hell, he would have rather showered with Hermione, but there wasn't a chance in hell of that happening while the boy was awake. He had barely enough time to put on his tuxedo and dress robes when Hermione announced that Scorpius was ready to be delivered to his grandparents down the street.

Having been married for more than two years, Draco and Hermione's relationship, like any other, was far from perfect. It was only inevitable that their incredibly different upbringings would result in conflict, particularly where the raising of Scorpius and any future children was concerned. Hermione wanted the children to attend primary school, Draco thought she should stay home and teach them herself (that had gone over swimmingly with the misses). There was an almost constant debate regarding the use of western medicine (or even holistic medicine) versus magical healers whenever Scorpius was so much as feverish. And discipline for their toddler also

brought out very strong differences in opinion, spanking versus time-outs, and other such methods.

However, they agreed on far more than they disagreed. They both wanted to raise their children in loving, happy homes. They wanted to play the most significant role in raising their children, as opposed to an elf, au pair, tutor, or other outside assistance on which they could easily pawn them off during their formative years. They both wanted to raise their children within the company of their peers (even if those peers were Potters and Weasleys). They wanted to instill better morals in this generation of Mafloys than in generations past. And, very important to both of them, they wanted to raise their children with an inclination towards academics. After all, they'd both made Head Boy and Girl for good reason.

At the end of the day the two were still madly and irreversibly in love, and their sexual appetites had somehow only grown more intense and, without doubt, more perverse.

Tonight, remarkably, the young lovers would be childless. They were attending a ceremony honoring the Chosen One and his latest accomplishments within the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, because it seemed there would be no end to his collective fame. It was a black tie affair taking place at a swanky hotel in London, in which Draco had thought prudent to rent a room. Scorpius would spend the night with Hermione's parents, giving the young parents a night to enjoy themselves. Draco had been looking forward to this for weeks.

It was only on one of these rare special occasions that Hermione and Draco allowed themselves to partake in the forbidden substance that had brought them together three years ago. His wife was strictly forbidden from ever asking for it, but when his devoted lover had earned a reward, and they were relieved of their parenting responsibilities for an evening, he knew this was one of her favorite indulgences. Tonight he would surprise her with it after the party when they would retire to their suite.

For now, however, he had a special delivery to make to his in-laws. "Is that true?" he asked his son upon entering the play room. "Are you ready to go?" He pulled his pants up at the knees as he bent down, squatting to his son's level. He looked over at Hermione with a playful smirk, before turning a brighter smile onto the mini-Draco.

Hermione smirked at her husband, she knew the look. They loved being parents, but the rare occasions when they were without Scorpius for a night was when they really came alive. And the chance to dress up, have some drinks, and stay somewhere foreign to them was also a plus.

At Draco's question, she saw her giddy son jump a bit towards his father, throwing himself into his arms. "Go see Mimi Papa!" The little boys said excitedly. Hermione grinned, walking over to them to hand over the bag she had packed. "You look absolutely dashing, Mr. Malfoy." She told him.

Draco slung the bag over his shoulder and lifted his son onto his hip, and wrapped his arm around his robed wife's middle. "I do don't I?" he agreed shamelessly. "Your dress is on the mannequin. And... be sure to dress like a proper lady tonight." His wife would understand the meaning of his words even though their son would not. "I'll be back soon," he promised her, and leaned over to capture her lips in a kiss. One thing he was determined to change from the way he was raised was that he was going to let his son see how much his parents loved each other.

With a playful bounce of the toddler on his hip, Draco made his leave to allow Hermione the chance to get ready in peace. He walked with Scorpius down the stairs and out through the garage. "You want to drive your car?" he suggested. Deciding to have mercy on his in-laws, he thought it might be a good way to wear the child out before bed. It was a decent walk to their house. Just the walk from the garage to the main road was extensive. "Yeah!" the little boy exclaimed, and squirmed in anticipation before Draco set him on his feet. He ran over to the vintage car designed riding scooter that he'd received for his birthday and hopped onto the seat. Scorpius kicked off against the floor and zoomed forward, again and again, while Draco spelled the garage door open before he could crash into it.

Draco's long stride easily kept up with the tot's effort to scoot himself all the way up the block, and Draco was truly impressed with his stamina. His tiny legs must be burning by now. When he knew no one was looking, Draco cast a spell on the riding toy, making it feather light and that much easier for the child to manage. Before too long they were outside the Grangers' door, scooter discarded in the grass, and Draco lifted Scorpius to reach the doorbell, which he rang far too many times before Draco could lower him again.

Wanting to give Hermione plenty of time to get ready, Draco stuck around to chat with her parents for several minutes before remembering that he still needed to fix up his hair before they could go. He made his way home and returned to the master suite to look for his wife. What he saw of her was surprisingly triggering.

She had her foot on the ottoman, pulling her suntan toned nylon stocking up her leg to connect to her garter belt, a black lacy object that sat underneath a matching black lace thong. Covering her supple breasts was a strapless bra. The sight of her there, with her makeup perfectly applied and her hair in an impossible-looking updo, the vision of perfect... He couldn't take it.

"My Princess..." Draco spoke in a steely tone, trying to control his sudden urges to pounce on her like the predator he was, but the smirk playing on his lips was hard to hide. "I guess I should have stayed with your parents longer."

Hermione looked sideways at her husband as he entered the room, she knew instantly by the tone of his voice that her hair was in danger of being ruined. She smirked, clipping the stocking in place, before running her hands up and down the leg slowly. "Maybe just a little longer." She said, a slight tone of amusement to her words. She stood up straight, moving across the room to where he stood. "Should I bother with the dress?" She asked him, her hands moving to adjust the front of his dress robes.

"I wouldn't, it was expensive," Draco answered, and his hand came up, the backside of it stroking her check gently, before his hand fell around her neck, gripping it just enough for her to feel a strain from the pressure. His second hand moved down between her legs, slipping inside her underwear, to feel for the object hidden inside of her. He tugged on it a few times, feeling the weight of the balls within her jiggle from the force. Her fit cunt gripped the tool tightly, unwilling to let it go. Then without warning he ripped hard on the silicone cord, pulling the weighted balls out from her.

With the smallest nod of his head, he instructed his wife to move onto her knees.

Hermione's head fell back slightly as he gripped her throat, she clenched around the weighted balls defiantly as he tugged, a sharp gasp escaping her as he ripped them suddenly from within her. She dropped to her knees in front of him obediently, gazing up at him patiently.

Draco held the internal weights up over her face, lowering them towards her perfectly crimson lips. "I know you want a taste." He wanted a taste as well, but he'd take the real thing soon enough. "Clean these for me?" He watched her mascara covered lashes flutter up at him around her carmel colored eyes, entranced. He had to snap himself out of it, he was in charge here.

Hermione looked up at him, and opened her mouth so he could lower the balls into it. She sucked on them, it wasn't the first time she had tasted herself, and certainly would not be the last. She kept her hands on her knees, sucking on the weights until he was satisfied.

Draco withdrew the balls after she had sufficiently sucked and licked them clean and tossed them onto the ottoman he'd found her on. He withdrew his wand from inside his robes and summoned a new object from within the locked wardrobe on the wall near their bed. It was a crop, a long rod with a heart shaped leather strap, featuring red satin laticed ribbon. He caught the crop and stroked it lightly from her right ear down her jaw to her chin, and up the other side, then down her neck, and across her chest. With a whip-quick flick of his wrist the end of the crop slapped against the flesh of her left breast. "I think we're going to be late to the party," he informed her.

Hermione stared up at Draco as he caught the crop, biting her bottom lip eagerly as he stroked it lightly along her face. She let out a little yelp of surprise when it snapped against the flesh of her left breast, grinning at his words. "I was hoping you'd say that," she said. Even though tonight was for Harry, she was eager to have some fun with her husband. They would have time at the hotel, certainly, but all of their toys were here at home.

Draco smirked down at his princess. He stroked the crop's end across her chest, and snapped it against her right breast. "What else are you hoping for?" he inquired curiously. It wasn't to say that she would get it, she should know well by now, but he was always open to suggestions, when they were solicited.

She jumped slightly as the crop snapped against her right breast, and she shifted slightly, she could feel herself getting wetter each time he swatted her. "I'm hoping you might use that on my ass and pussy, as well, Your Highness." She told him, gesturing to the crop, and using the name he preferred her to use in the bedroom.

Draco loved it when Hermione said "pussy". It was so foul, and coming out of such perfect lips made it ironic and twisted. He also loved when his princess called him "Your Highness". She'd been well groomed in the last two years. They'd learned, together, about the dark side of their sexual fantasies. They learned what each liked, and didn't like. What made one another mad with need. They knew how to bring the other onto the very edge without letting them fall.

The crop he held, for instance, had been part of her last birthday surprise. He'd blindfolded her and slapped little heart-shaped prints all over her naked body. He'd turned her onto her back and slapped her clitoris so hard that, after so much stimulation already, she came instantly. Since then it'd been a favorite of hers, which meant he only brought it out on special occasions, as to not wear out the novelty of it.

The weighted balls he'd extracted from her cunt were there to stimulate her, keeping her horny and dripping all day long. They also worked the muscles of her already narrow passage so that she could continue to squeeze him with her vice grip no matter what he put inside of her. It had become overwhelming for his wife to wear them all day, making it difficult to get as far as lunch without feeling desperate for release that eluded her as she worked. It was a distraction that she couldn't afford at work. Being a merciful husband, he instructed her to wear them only when she

returned home from work. Work was one of the few exceptions, however. If she was out of the house running errands, or with friends, or home for the day, the spherical weights were to be wedged just inside of her.

Draco smirked down at his obedient wife as he removed his dress robes. "Go ahead," he said, giving her permission to do as he knew she was craving. His hard cock was pressing into his trousers teasingly in front of her face, and he would like it free and inside of her mouth as much as she would, if not more. He continued to disrobe, ridding himself of his jacket, cufflinks, and beginning to remove his shirt. He stepped out of his shoes and pulled his socks off with his feet. She was far too underdressed for him to stay clothed, and he needed his outfit to remain freshly pressed for Potter's party.

Hermione didn't need much more prompting than that, and she began working at his belt delicately, taking her time to free him from his pants, as to not seem overly eager. He also spent a great deal of time and money choosing his outfits, especially for events such as the one they would be attending. She liked to misbehave from time to time, just for the punishment, but not when it came to his clothes. She hooked her fingers in his waistband once she had him unbuttoned and unzipped, and moved his pants down his legs, watching as his cock sprang to life in front of her eyes. She licked her lips, looking up at him, before she moved in to lick the length of his cock slowly. Eventually she took it into her mouth, slowly bobbing her head as she swallowed him over and over. It was something she had gotten very good at, and prided herself in seeing how quickly he would make her stop, knowing that if she continued he would spill his load right in her mouth. She kept her eyes fixed on his as she worked, switching between deepthroating, and stroking his length as she paid special attention to the sensitive head of his cock.

Draco hummed his appreciation as his outfit floated neatly onto the ottoman for him to put back on after. He admired her as she worked, and spared her hair, for now, by keeping his hands to himself, resting them on his hips. After just a couple of minutes of her blissful treatment Draco cleared his throat. "That's enough," he warned her. She'd become far too skilled for him to let her continue for more than a minute or two unless he intended to let her finish him, and he by no means wanted her to finish him yet. "Stand up."

Hermione gave one last lick to the tip of his cock, before standing up as he had ordered. She let her hands explore his chest as she waited for his next orders. He was still in great shape, perhaps even better shape than when they had first begun their relationship, thanks to the in home gym which he visited frequently.

Draco captured his wife's lips in a tender kiss. The crop clutched in his and moved behind her back as he embraced her. And after a moment, it clapped down on her left cheek loudly. He smirked against her lips. "Go bend over the bed and spread your legs for me, Princess," he instructed her, and whacked her rear again. "Let me see that pussy."

Hermione moaned into his mouth as the crop made contact with her rear. She grinned at his next instruction, "Yes, Your Highness." She said, kissing him once more before moving to the bed. She leaned over the bed, leaning down until her chest pressed against it. She spread her legs and lifted her rear to expose as much of her as she possibly could for him.

"You may grip your ankle straps for support," Draco permitted her as he removed his pants, which revealed nothing underneath. He didn't much see the point in restraining himself any more

than absolutely necessary. Now more nude than she, Draco stepped up behind her and placed his wand near his feet. The crop traced nonsensical designs across the back of thighs, occasionally slapping them without warning.

The bed was neatly made, hiding the ankle straps he had given her permission to grip. She found them easily under the comforter. And held onto them, and with their help she was able to get her knees onto the bed, spreading herself even wider for him, letting out small sounds of pleasure and surprise each time he gave her thighs a slap.

Draco reached between her legs and pulled her thong underwear to one side. He should have instructed her to remove them, it was his fault, but he'd make due. He slid the faux leather piece back and forth over her lips. He paused once, but didn't hit her as she thought he would, instead resuming the slow teasing touch. "I want you to count your orgasms tonight," he informed her. It was a burden he'd set on her before, and it always amused him to watch her struggle to keep count amidst such ecstasy. With that said, he finally brought the crop down hard against her glistening labia. He watched as her cunt throbbed and contracted eagerly in response to the abuse.

She waited eagerly as the crop stroked teasingly along her opening, and she bit her lip, waiting for him to strike. Instead, he informed her he wanted her to keep count of her orgasms, which was always difficult to do. He had gotten so good at abusing her body in the most delicious ways, she often found herself lost in the ecstasy of it. "Yes, Your Highness." She certainly couldn't say no, and nodding her agreement simply wouldn't do for him. He liked her to treat him like royalty in the bedroom, and she didn't mind one bit. It was a fun game they played. She simply couldn't get off without his help, he had her trained, her body trained, to only react to him. It was how they both preferred it. He finally gave her what she had been waiting for, the stinging pain causing her cunt to restrict, wishing to be entered. She gripped the ankle straps even tighter, bracing herself for him to continue.

"Good girl." He marred her exposed skin with several more marks, including several particularly harsh assaults on her greedy, wanton cunt, before finally setting the training tool down. She had her backside so close to his face, he couldn't wait to give it a taste, but he resisted. "Don't move." Revisiting the wardrobe that opened only for him, Draco selected a few choice objects for the evening. A pair of rubber coated clamps connected on a silver chain, for her nipples. A small plug with a red rose on the end. A bottle of water-based lubricant flavored like watermelon. And finally, a small almost v-shaped object that Draco had ordered by catalog. A thick but short shaft was to be inserted, while the more petite and narrow end of the V would press against the clit. Once turned on, the effect it would have on Hermione's unsuspecting body would be quite the show. She didn't know he had it, and wanting to hear her reaction at full volume, he'd waited. Tonight would be its long awaited debut.

He brought all of the accessories back to the bed and placed them near his wand on the floor and stood between her legs. "You may turn around now," he told her, smirking. She had no idea what was coming to her with this new toy. He was positive she would enjoy it. "Take off your bra and thong, and rest your head on your pillow. The belt and stockings can stay." They wouldn't interfere with anything he had planned for her. "But first, bring me your lips." She'd been very obedient tonight so far, and that wasn't always the case.

Hermione very much enjoyed the treatment, it was still her favorite birthday gift she had received. He always made her cum when he used it right, and this time was no exception. With a satisfied grin she let go of the ankle straps, moving off the bed when he told her to. She wrapped

her arms around his neck to kiss him passionately. She reached behind her back to undo her bra, and then slid her panties down her hips, kicking them aside. "What else would you like me to do?" She asked him obediently.

Draco brought one hand down hard against her backside, grasping and squeezing the abused cheek. "Just lie down and close your eyes," Draco specified to her, and released her. Only after she obeyed, settling into the bed and shutting her eyes, did Draco retrieve the unused objects and climb onto the bed, spreading her legs open to kneel between them. "No peeking, my love," he warned her. Turning on the brand new v-shaped object, it began to buzz to life, humming into the large room quietly. He applied the end of the vibrating object ever so gently against one of her nipples. After a moment of teasing it into a form point, Draco applied one clamp. He repeated the process against the other, and turned off the vibrating toy, for now.

Hermione bit her lip, grinning as he slapped and groped her abused cheek. "Yes, sir." She agreed, moving to lay on the bed as he instructed. Once she was in place and comfortable, she closed her eyes. She felt the bed moving, and then he was between her legs. He told her not to peek, which only made her insanely curious. "Okay," she agreed. But as she felt the vibration against her nipple, and then against the second nipple, she found it very hard not to try and catch a glimpse, letting out little gasps as each newly hardened nipple was fitted with a clamp. She didn't mind, she rather enjoyed the slight pain and pressure they caused. He always enjoyed surprising her when he acquired new toys, but without a blindfold it was hard to keep her eyes closed.

Draco gave the chain a hard tug, both to test the clamps' grip, and because he'd definitely seen her try to peek. "You know the rules, beautiful. If you peek you don't get your surprise. You do want your surprise, don't you?" She'd been so well behaved up until now, it would be a shame to have to put the toy away for another day. Who knew when they'd get another night alone with the freedom to be crazy and loud like they would tonight.

Hermione gave a gasp as he yanked on the chain that attached the two clamps to her nipples, giving them both a painful tug. She closed her eyes tightly, moving her right hand to cover them for good measure. "I want the surprise, I'm not peeking." She promised him.

Draco chuckled at her attempt to remove temptation with the placement of her hand. He teased her entrance with his cock briefly, before withdrawing again. Instead he coated the shaft of the premiere toy with the flavored lubricant, before inserting it in his wife's weeping cunt. Once fully inside of her, just a few inches, he made sure that the mouth of the external wing of the toy was aligned just over her clit. "Are you ready?" He asked her. He couldn't wait to see her reaction.

Her body reacted to his teasing cock, pressing herself closer to him, but it was just the briefest contact before he was gone from her entrance. He instead inserted the toy inside of her, she could feel pressure on her clit as well, and was anxious to see what this new toy would do to her. He asked if she was ready, and she smirked. "I'm ready, more than ready."

With a single touch, the object came back to life, vibrating inside of her while simultaneously vibrating and sucking on her clit, a vacuum effect assaulting the pleasure spot just strongly enough. Draco didn't know which he was more interested in seeing, her spasming pussy or her shocked face. For now, he studied her expression, wanting to see her reaction to this new treat.

Hermione had said she was ready, but she had no idea the level of intensity the toy would provide. It was vibrating against her g-spot, and sucking her clit at the same time. The second it was turned on, her back arched, the hand covering her eyes moved up to her hair, effectively

messing up her perfect updo. "Fuck!" She moaned, her toes curling as she writhed on the bed in ecstasy.

Draco grinned mischievously as his wife squirmed spasmodically underneath him, and placed his hands firmly on her thighs to pin her down on the mattress. Finally turning his view downwards, he watched a small dark spot form on the lavender colored blanket beneath her, fluids dripping out of her as she shook with the ongoing orgasm. It was a magical sight, and he wanted to be a part of the action. "I don't hear you counting," he warned her through his smirk as he aligned himself underneath the toy. He pushed in, joining the device while she stretched to accommodate both girths.

He moved at a moderate pace for now, the vibrations humming through his own body, riding up his shaft and into his balls. He threw his head back. "Fuck that's good!" he exclaimed as well. He wasn't so arrogant as to think that the aid of sex toys couldn't be of benefit to him as well. Pleasure was pleasure.

Hermione had all but forgotten his order to keep count of her orgasms, and she had a feeling it would be near impossible to do tonight. Since he had turned on the toy it seemed like one continuous orgasm, or maybe many orgasms strung together, she wasn't quite sure. And when his length joined the toy inside of her, she gripped his arms, still writhing under him. This was by far her favorite, if not most overwhelming toy he had ever surprised her with. Her nails dug into the skin of his arms as she squirmed uncontrollably under him, his cock felt like a second vibrator from the vibrations the toy provided, only making the experience that much more intense. "Oh, Merlin, I can't!" She managed to gasp, the muscles in her stomach were already sore from the intensity of it all.

The words "I can't" were always a clear indication to Draco of success. They were possibly his favorite words, being cried from between her lips. "You can and you will," Draco informed her, enjoying the feeling of her cumming all over him. He picked up his pace. He wouldn't be able to keep it up long, but he was by no means ready for it to end. He reached out and grabbed the chain draped in the valley between her breasts and pulled it towards him. Her breasts strained towards him within the clamps.

Hermione let out a mix of moans and whimpers as she endured the torturous pleasure. She clawed at his arms, from his shoulders down, unable to stop herself. She bit her lip hard as he tugged on the chain, highlighting the pain it caused in her nipples to add to the rest of the sensations she was feeling. She knew there was a puddle of her own making under her, and she was certainly going to feel the result of this workout for days.

Draco kept going, harder and faster, before suddenly and completely without warning, he pulled out of her. He could feel the instant spray of fluids rushing out of her at the sudden vacancy. He moved down the bed and shoved three fingers into her roughly, pumping aggressively. He withdrew them just as suddenly. Another stream, and this time he got the satisfaction of seeing it.

Hermione let out a cry of pleasure, she knew this was the sort of thing they couldn't do with Scorpius in the house, she was far too loud for the young boy not to worry if he was around to hear. But Merlin, she was close to using her safe word, not because it hurt, but because it was so intense her body could barely stand it. She could have cried when he withdrew himself from her, only to replace his cock with fingers. She had hoped he would finish so her body could rest, but instead he continued to tease her. "Fuck, please!" She cried out, barely able to think. She had a

feeling his request for her to count her orgasms had been a ploy all along, knowing there was no way in hell she'd be able to.

Draco chuckled darkly, her beg for mercy going unanswered. He leaned over her and held her neck firmly in one hand. "Turn over," he ordered against her lips. "On your stomach." He wanted her flat on the bed, not yet finished with her. He had just one or two ideas left for her now. He'd been planning this night for a while, though he hadn't expected it to happen this night in particular. The moment he'd seen her in the closet looking the way she did he knew it was the perfect moment. He moved off of her and off the bed in order for her to get into position, and picked up his wand.

Hermione nodded weakly, and with her arms and legs shaking, she managed to roll onto her stomach. The toy was still going strong, and she couldn't help squirming and curling up slightly as she tried to lay flat for him.

Hermione was struggling, and knowing that she was simply overwhelmed with pleasure was of great satisfaction to her spouse. He flicked his wand with a wordless spell he'd mastered easily in the last two years, and the bindings that hung from each corner of the bed, cleverly hidden by their bedspread from anyone who might enter their room, sprang forward, capturing each of her wrists and ankles and buckling her in. Her body splayed out for him on the bed. She was completely helpless and vulnerable to his intentions, for which he had many. "You still haven't been counting," he reminded her again, the warning obvious in his voice now. This would mean punishment for her, and she would later learn what that punishment would be.

Hermione could do nothing with her hands and wrists bound, it was even more torturous than before. He pointed out once again that she hadn't been counting, and he was right. "One," she said, and had she not been in such a state, the defiance and sarcasm would have been more clear.

Draco laughed, having not expected that answer, but for her petulance, his hand crashed against her backside so hard that his own palm burned. Then again, for all she knew it had been more or less one very long, painfully extended orgasm. "You'll pay for that later," he informed her, and crawled back onto the bed. He acquired the bottle of lube from where it had rolled away on the bed, and applied a very liberal amount of it to his cock, as well as her now very experienced anus. Crouching over her so that his feet were planted on the mattress on either side of her waist, Draco pushed into her in one continuous motion, until he was buried to the hilt in her ass. He could still feel the vibrations through her wall between her cavities, and he shuddered before beginning a rapidly increasing pace inside of her.

She let out a cry as he smacked her ass, and a second later she felt him behind her again. She didn't have the strength to try to look behind her to see what he was up to, instead she had her face pressed against the bed as she continued to experience wave after wave of unending pleasure. She barely noticed him applying the lube, so it came as a bit of a surprise when he entered her ass. "Fuck!" She cried. She loved taking it in the ass, but with the toy still going inside of her she wasn't sure how long she could hold out. After just a few moments of his increasing pace, she couldn't stand it any longer. "Dragon! Dragon!" She cried her safe word. She needed a break from the endless pleasure if she was to be expected to attend the party tonight.

Draco had wondered if he would take her to the breaking point, and the sound of her safe word, while in one way disappointing, was also incredibly satisfying. Draco stopped, and turned off the toy, carefully removing it from her. He remained inside of her, however, and leaned in to speak

into her ear, which he nibbled playfully. "Would you like to continue without the toy, Princess?" he asked, knowing that it was likely the main culprit. After all, he still needed to get off.

Hermione took a moment to breathe once the toy had been removed, but nodded. "Yes, Your Highness. I want you to finish." She told him breathlessly. She was only a little disappointed she couldn't hold out until he finished, but she had a feeling he knew that might happen when he had shopped for the toy.

Draco smiled appreciatively, but since she couldn't see it, he kissed the back of her head. "Good girl," he said to her, and began to move within her once more. He settled onto his knees, forcing his feet under her bound legs as he bucked into her. He rested on his forearms beneath her arms, pressing in against her narrow body. After only a couple of minutes Draco had reached an aggressive speed, and began to groan and grunt with each thrust as he reached his goal. Finally, he shook and slammed into her, spilling into her gracious hole. Slowly, and very carefully, Draco began to withdraw. "Do not move a muscle," he told her. He slipped off the bed, his own legs weak and tired, and picked up the rose-adorned plug, returning to her again. He slipped the modest sized object into the dripping hole before anything more could escape her. "You'll be wearing this tonight," he informed her as he corked the milky load within her.

Hermione smiled at the kiss to the back of her head, but soon he was moving inside of her again, and she let out a mixture of cries and moaned as he fucked her ass aggressively. It was much less intense without the toy, but still a bit overwhelming after everything else he had put her through. When he finished, she was relieved, more than ready to relax, and as he ordered her, she didn't move a muscle. She didn't think she could if she tried. She felt him leave the bed, and then felt him press something into her ass to stop his seed from leaking out of her. She couldn't help but grin, he was so dirty, and she loved it. "I'd love to," she agreed breathlessly. She was still bound to the bed, lying in her own mess, but she didn't mind. Her body was exhausted from the countless orgasms she had just experienced. She was fairly sure he had broken his record, but since she hadn't actually kept count like she'd been told, she couldn't be sure.

Draco released her bindings with another swish of his wand. "Go ahead and make yourself decent. You've made us late enough already," he told her with a smirk, as though it'd been her fault they hadn't left more than thirty minutes ago like they were meant to, and they'd been cutting it bloody close to begin with. He went over to his wardrobe once more, and withdrew one final pair of items. One was rather small, the smallest object homed within the secretive cabinet of sexual toys and accessories, almost like a bullet. With it was a small controller, small enough to hide easily within his pocket. "But come to me before you put your dress on," he added. "You're still due for your punishment."

Hermione laughed at his joke, "Right," she said, amused, as she got off the bed slowly. Her legs and stomach muscles were so sore she barely felt able to walk. She collected her bra and panties, putting her bra on, and then her panties, after she had wiped up some of the mess she'd made on herself. She sat at the vanity once again, attempting to salvage her hair, only to have to start completely over with her updo. Luckily she had already spelled her makeup before he had come home, and there wasn't the slightest smudge. He loved her with red lips, which were difficult to keep in tact without fixing them all night. And with the help of magic, she didn't have to worry about giving him red lips when they kissed.

When she was ready, save for her dress and shoes, she approached her husband, wrapping her arms around his neck. She was insanely curious as to what sort of punishment he had planned for

during the party. "I'm ready to put on my dress." She informed him with a tired smirk.

Draco readied himself while she fixed her hair, putting his suit back on and removing any wrinkles with a spell. When he was ready he watched her hard at work on her hair. It baffled him how much effort it took, but the final effect was as beautiful as the first time. Draco wrapped one arm around Hermione when she came to him dutifully for her punishment, and pulled her into a kiss. As he did so, he removed the bullet-like object from his pocket and slipped his hand into her knickers. He felt around down there for a moment until he had successfully inserted the item into the pocket of material positioned between her legs. He withdrew his hand, which returned to his pocket. He pressed a button on the controller at random, and the bullet sprang to life, vibrating her knickers against her recently exhausted cunt.

Hermione couldn't even see the object on his hand, it was so small. She stood still as he felt around in her knickers, and when his hand dove into his pocket again, she was glad she was still holding onto him. Her panties began vibrating with an intensity that nearly made her already weak knees buckle. "Oh," she moaned, pressing her face into his chest. This could be problematic..

Draco pressed the button again and the bullet went still. "Now you may go put on your dress. And hop to, I don't want to miss supper." He'd been looking forward to the steak dinner he'd been promised all night.

Hermione went into the closet to dress, she was looking forward to tonight, but now she did have to worry about when Draco might trigger the toy he had put in her panties. Most likely it would be at the most inconvenient of times, she was sure.

She got into her dress, which was a beautiful floor length gown, it was white with black floral patterns creeping up the arms and over her breasts, which had a sheer material behind it to make it seem like the floral pattern was the only thing covering her arms and chest. The same floral pattern crept its way up the bottom of the dress, which dragged on the floor, which meant she had to wear the heels he picked for her if she didn't want to be tripping over the front of the dress. Once she was all dressed, she left the closet to return to Draco's side. "Alright, let's get to this event before you miss your dinner." She told him with a grin, hooking her arm through his.

As could be expected, the young Malfoy couple were late to the banquet. The other eight Hogwarts alum at their table, which Draco had graciously paid for in contribution to the very DMLE that had arrested him twice, were nearly finished with their dinner course. While some of their plates were being removed, Draco caught a server and requested his main entree, and one for his "exquisite wife" as well.

"Sorry we're late," Draco said with a smirk as he pulled out Hermione's chair, not looking sorry at all.

Hermione took the seat he pulled out for her, giving Draco a sideways glance. He could at least look regretful, or blame it on Scorpius. "Well, at least you made it before the speeches," Harry said. She had a feeling he knew what they had been up to.

A tray floated by with flutes of champagne, and Hermione snatched two of the glasses as it passed by, handing one to Draco. "Well, you know, kids..." she said. Taking a sip of her

champagne as Ginny gave her a knowing smirk.

Draco took the champagne from his wife as he sat and took a sip. "I don't suppose we've missed anything interesting?" he inquired, pulling in his chair and looking around at the other pairs at the table. In addition to Harry and Ginny Potter, they were accompanied by Neville Longbottom and his long-time girlfriend Luna Lovegood, Ron Weasley and his apparent new flavor of the month, a girl he didn't recognize, and the last of Potter's Hogwarts roommates Finnigan and Thomas, who, from what Draco could tell from past events, were always together.

"Not really, just food so far." Luna answered with a smile. As she was saying it, their dinner plates were delivered to them. Some delicious looking steak dinners were sat in front of her and Draco. "No harm done, then," Hermione said happily, as she began to cut up her steak. She certainly didn't regret being late, they had definitely enjoyed themselves. And for two parents taking the night off, that was the goal, after all.

Draco received his plate with enthusiastic thanks. He began to cut off a few pieces, and as he brought the first bite to his mouth, he stuffed one hand into his pocket, found the controller resting there, and slid his thumb up and down the buttons, playing the eenie meenie miney mo rhyme in his mind mind, before making his selection. A modest, pulsating vibration. He bit the medium rare piece off his fork with a smirk on his lips, watching Hermione out of the corner of his eye. He only left it on for a couple of seconds, before shutting it off again.

Hermione was chewing her first bite when he decided to activate the toy, and she nearly choked in surprise. She cleared her throat, taking a long drink from her champagne as she shifted in her seat, but it didn't help any. If anything it made it worse, and when she glanced in his direction she saw the smirk on his lips, the prat. She set her fork down, trying her best not to react, but she thought her face must have betrayed her.

"Food okay, Hermione?" Neville asked, looking concerned. She nodded, letting out a small sound that almost sounded like a moan, and then, much to her relief, it was over.

"Just... so good." She bit her lip slightly.

Draco chuckled to himself, giving his full attention to his food. He could picture the toy, inside her knickers, rested somewhere between her moist lips, pressed up against her clit as she sat there. This was going to be fun. It wasn't the first time he'd used a remote-control based punishment, but it was the first time he'd done so at a black-tie affair. "So, Potter," he said, and paused briefly to chew another bite. "First wizard of the year, now Auror of the year. What will they honor you with next?" He and Harry had definitely gotten closer in the last two years, while they raised their boys together so closely, but the teasing would never stop.

Hermione resumed eating now that he had turned the toy off, and she could breathe again.

Harry chuckled, taking a sip of his own champagne. "You sound a bit jealous, mate." Harry pointed out with a smirk. Ron let out a slightly amused grunt, but since he was jealous, he didn't really speak up.

Draco laughed. "I don't know about that. I couldn't imagine being any happier with my life than I already am." As he spoke, he pressed another button on the controller at random.

Hermione jumped slightly as the toy started up again, the speed seemed a bit more intense and she struggled to keep her face neutral. It was pressed right against her clit, and her seated position made it impossible to escape the vibrations. She could feel her cheeks heating up, and she brought her hand up to cover her mouth, leaning forward slightly in her seat. It was the best kind of torture.

Harry chuckled, "A bit too happy if you can't even make it on time," he pointed out. Hermione had mentioned 'kids' as an excuse, but he had a feeling he knew exactly what they had been up to. Thanks to Ginny, he knew more about their sex life than he wished to.

Draco left the bullet buzzing aggressively against her presumably weeping cunt for almost a whole minute before shutting it off again. "Have you seen my wife?" Draco countered. "Don't get me wrong, you ladies all look stunning tonight, but..." He turned to face Hermione. "I couldn't help myself then and I can't help myself now."

"Alright, we get it. You've still got a hard-on for your own wife. Not exactly news, is it?" Ron asked, disturbed more than anything. Ron had quickly learned the value of the single life. He wasn't tied to one woman. He didn't have anyone telling him what to do, how to dress, how to eat, not to swear. He was his own man, and he was never lacking in companionship when he desired it. Tonight he was accompanied by a slightly older witch he'd met during an investigation quite recently. She'd been incredibly grateful for his help, twice that night, and several nights since.

"Well she's definitely glowing," Ginny said with a smirk. Hermione always looked like she was coveting some dirty secret, and Ginny knew exactly why that was; because she usually was. The things that Hermione had told her about their sexual explorations over the last two years had Ginny mad with envy. She and Harry had a perfectly passionate love life, but she would kill for even a taste of the excitement Hermione seemed to get with Draco.

Hermione had come far too close to climaxing before he shut the toy off, and she let out a relieved sigh when it ceased. She finished off her champagne, quickly swapping the empty flute with a full one that was passing by on one of the many floating trays that were rotating fresh drinks.

The conversation around the table wasn't exactly helping, though she was sure Draco was just loving making her the center of attention while he tortured her. "Yeah, I'm sure no one wants to hear about you lust after me, Draco," she said with an awkward laugh, lightly nudging him in the side. "And I'm not glowing. It's the makeup." She told Ginny with a smirk. Saying one was glowing usually led people to think of said woman being freshly shagged, or being pregnant, which they were very careful about, even though Draco had expressed how much he wanted to try for a second child. She simply hadn't been ready yet.

"We really don't," Harry said, looking pointedly at his own wife now, who liked to bring up how exciting Draco and Hermione's sex life was compared to their own, which he thought was perfectly fine.

Draco just laughed. The truth was, Draco always felt uncomfortable surrounded by this many Gryffindors, so having something to use to make them feel as uncomfortable as he did was a way to deal with that. "Fair enough," he agreed, and finished off his champagne, before returning to his steak while the rest of the attendees were being served their desserts. "So, Weasley, I don't believe I've met your friend," he said, turning his attention to Ron. They were by no means

friends, but after the wedding the redhead ex of his wife had been on his best behavior, and therefore his presence was tolerable.

Ron finished chewing and wiped his mouth on his napkin. The Malfoys had missed the introductions at the beginning of the evening. "Right. This is Shantel. Shantel, this is..."

"Hermione and Draco Malfoy," Shantel gathered for herself. "In the flesh. Well, I guess the rumors really are true."

"And what rumors might those be?" Draco inquired as he grabbed another glass of champagne.

Shantel stabbed a bit of chocolate cake onto her fork. "That the two of you are absolutely obsessed with each other."

At that idea, Draco pressed another button. "You're damn right."

Hermione laughed at the idea of people talking about how obsessed they were with each other. "Well, that's a lot better than what people used to..." she cut off, the sudden vibration in her panties caught her off guard again. "Say," she finished after missing a beat and hoping no one noticed. Draco was having way too much fun with this punishment, and once again Hermione was squirming in her seat, unable to follow whatever conversation was going on around them.

"Are you feeling alright, Hermione? You seem uncomfortable." Luna spoke up, eyeing her curiously. Hermione nodded, forcing a smile.

"Oh yeah, just... just fine." She told the blond, and tried to busy herself with cutting more of her steak.

Draco pressed a different button, changing up the speed and rhythm. She should have obeyed him, at least tried, and then she wouldn't be in this mess (that mess being her soiled knickers).

Ginny had been about to say something when their attention was taken instead by the wizard emceeing the night. She turned herself in her chair to look up at the stage.

Draco shut off the toy again, for now.

Hermione's knife scraped loudly against her plate as he switched up the speed and rhythm, causing her body to jerk slightly. She almost swore, but stopped herself. Luckily someone had taken to the stage, and the toy was stopped. She quickly took a bite of her food, and turned to pay attention to the person who was now speaking.

The speaker was not nearly as entertaining as watching his wife squirm in her seat from the corner of his eye. When their food was gone it was quickly replaced by their desserts, and more champagne. Finally, Potter had been called upstage to receive his acknowledgement as Auror of the Year, because he'd locked up the most bad guys, or something to that effect, Draco wasn't actually paying attention. A few seconds into Harry's speech, the bored Slytherin decided now was as good a time as any to punish his wife once and for all. He turned on the first button, the slower, steadier one, followed by the next highest speed, then the next intense rhythm, and every fifteen to thirty seconds he selected a different button at random, never letting her adjust.

Hermione was trying her hardest to pay attention, but the toy he had stuffed in her knickers was going crazy. She squirmed, trying to find relief, but none came. He kept switching it up, and she could barely contain herself. She tried crossing her legs, which only made it worse, and as she shifted again, one of her shoes fell off. She settled for leaning against her hand, covering her mouth, and attempting to cover whatever sounds might escape her. She knew she wasn't going to last much longer, she only hoped everyone at the table was paying close attention to Harry, and that they failed to notice the battle she was facing. She felt herself shuddering as she lost that battle, and she closed her eyes tightly, focused on not making a sound, which was very difficult.

Harry, having known about the award he was receiving in advance, had had time to prepare a speech, thanking his friends, who were more like family, his wife, his professors, and those he worked with in the department. But every time he looked up from his cue-cards he found himself distracted. Hermione was squirming, restless and uncomfortable, and the smirk on Malfoy's face as his eyes darted back and forth between the stage and his wife told Harry quite clearly that he had something to do with it. His left hand, closest to Hermione, was on the table in clear sight, the other couldn't possibly reach her under the table, so he wasn't touching her, but Merlin, he was sure they were up to something. Harry had to pause and clear his throat uncomfortably several times before he finished, and he returned to their table with daggers for eyes.

When he was sure that Hermione's body had been exhausted from the intensity of her unwilling orgasm, Draco turned off the toy and returned his right hand to the table, the picture of innocence. A moment later Harry returned to the table, looking, to say the least, unamused.

Hermione relaxed a little, the toy finally shut off, but when Harry returned to the table she could tell he wasn't happy. "Lovely speech, Harry," she said, giving him a tight smile. Hopefully he didn't quiz her on it, because she hadn't heard a word. "I've got to visit the loo, I'll be back." She said, moving from her chair and quickly slipping the shoe she had lost back onto her foot. She leaned in to kiss Draco's cheek before she departed. "Not funny," she whispered in his ear, before making her way to the bathrooms.

Despite his wife's words, Draco immediately burst out a quick laugh. He'd made his wife cum during the middle of her best friend's speech. It was priceless. He was never going to forget this moment, even when he was old and senile.

Harry was even less amused, and barely registered the kiss he received from his own wife before she disappeared to follow the brunette. "You're absolutely deplorable," Harry told Draco.

"I've no idea what you mean."

Ginny caught up with Hermione easily enough, and checked to see that the restroom was otherwise empty before spelling the door locked. The venue had other loos. "What was that?" Ginny inquired with a knowing grin. She'd been sitting only two seats away from Hermione, and she's observed much of her "struggle", though she had no idea what'd caused it.

Hermione was glad Ginny had thought to lock the door, she could use some privacy. She went into a stall, but didn't close the door as she hiked her dress up, pulled her knickers down, and sat down to relieve herself. "I'm being punished," she told Ginny. As she sat there, she pulled her wand out to clean the mess she had made of herself, and tucked it away again before wiping. Before she stood and pulled her knickers back up, she found the toy and removed it, fixing herself up. She set it on the counter by the sink as she went to wash her hands. "Harry looked furious, he must have noticed something funny going on," she commented. She was a bit

flustered, then again, she had just climaxed at a table full of her friends while her best friend was delivering a speech. And she hadn't failed to notice Draco laugh as she left the table, he was all too pleased with himself.

Ginny looked at the object she'd set on the counter. "Punished for what?" Ginny knew that Hermione was expected to "obey" her husband or else receive punishment in various forms, but she wondered what the cause was this time. "And with that? What is that?" Moments like this she didn't necessarily envy the Mafloys' "arrangement". "Don't worry about Harry. He's a prude." Much to her disdain.

Hermione laughed at Ginny calling Harry a prude, and leaned against the sink to face her. She needed a little break from her punishment, Draco seemed to be setting the damn thing off every five minutes. Ginny wanted to know why she was being punished, and she smirked a little, shrugging. "Well, while we were making ourselves late for dinner, I was meant to be keeping track of how many orgasms I had. I didn't, or, rather, I couldn't." She said, and shrugged slightly. "And that?" She said, gesturing to the small bullet shaped toy. She opened her mouth to speak, about to tell Ginny what it was, when the thing began to vibrate loudly against the marble countertop. "I've half a mind to keep it in my purse, but he'd know. He always knows," she said with a smirk.

Ginny looked at the item buzzing loudly against the hard stone surface, and she understood almost instantly. "That was inside your knickers? Hermione Malfoy, did you have an orgasm in the middle of my husband's speech?" If she sounded mad, she wasn't. Jealous, maybe. Definitely amused. It was no wonder Harry could barely get out the words he'd been practicing all week. "Well no wonder Harry was mad. Ugh, what's it like, having so many orgasms you literally can't keep count?" It was mostly a rhetorical question, a complaint almost. "I mean don't get me wrong, Harry definitely gets the job done every time, but..." There was so much more the redhead wanted to experiment with. Not necessarily the outrageously kinky stuff her friend was into, but just something less... pedestrian. "There are... things I can't seem to get him to agree to, not even just to try it!" Okay now she was complaining, just a little.

Hermione gave Ginny a sly smile, shrugging. "If I did, it wasn't by choice," she said, her smile turning to a grin. "But honestly, it's a bit like I did a thousand crunches before coming here tonight. It sounds amazing, but it's a lot of work," she said with a laugh. She was definitely satisfied, a bit too much to be going to an event after. Especially an event where she was being tortured with surprise orgasms. At what Ginny said next, Hermione raised a curious brow at her friend. "Like, what? What are you trying to get him to try?" She asked her.

"Only you could make getting off over and over again sound like such a burden," Ginny teased her friend. When she asked what it was Ginny was trying to get Harry to try, Ginny smirked an almost Slytherin smirk. "Have you and Draco ever brought a third person in on your lovemaking?" She posed the question, rather than answer directly.

Hermione let out a surprised laugh at the question, "I don't think Draco would be willing to share, honestly. Maybe if it was another girl... maybe." She picked up the toy off the sink, which kept going off randomly, making the most distracting buzzing sound each time. She was glad now she had taken it off. It seemed this might be the only conversation she'd be able to have all night without the thing distracting her. It was insanely hard to hold a conversation while on the verge of an orgasm, it turned out. "So what, are you trying to get him to bring in another guy? Or another girl?" She asked her friend.

Ginny laughed at that. "You might be right. I can't imagine him being interested in shagging another girl. He's too in love with you. But as for me and Harry... I mean I would never torture him by suggesting another man in our bed, but a woman... I really want to try it, and every time I bring it up Harry walks off muttering about how he doesn't want to end up like Ross, and I have no idea what that means."

Hermione froze for a moment while she made sense of the reference, before almost doubling over with laughter, holding her already sore stomach. "Oh, Merlin, he thinks you'll fancy girls and leave him," she told Ginny through her laughter. "It's a reference to a muggle television show." She added with a grin, still fighting her laughter.

Ginny laughed as well. "THAT'S what he meant by that?" She laughed anew. "Merlin, no! I didn't spend my entire childhood obsessing over Harry just to become a... a lesbian and leave him." The very idea was comical. Maybe she just owed him some reassurance. "If anything..." she knew Hermione wouldn't judge her, but it was still a challenge to say it out loud. "I think I might be a bisexual."

Hermione laughed, nodding her head. "It's just absurd!" she agreed. She sobered a bit when Ginny mentioned she might be a bisexual. "Well, there's nothing wrong with having an interest in girls as well, you'll just have to figure out a way to assure him you're not looking to replace him." It wasn't as if they were unhappy, at least, not as far as Hermione could tell.

Ginny sighed. "I also sometimes get the feeling that, like, he thinks I'm entrapping him. Like if I see a hot witch when we're out, and I tell him to check out her ass, he thinks I'm setting him up to get yelled at. When actually, I'm just envisioning bringing her home and doing dirty things to her, with him." She blushed a little. Hermione and Draco might be known for engaging in some seriously kinky sex, but never with outside help. Did that make her a sexual deviant too, like Harry considered them?

Hermione could tell by the look on Ginny's face she was a bit embarrassed, "Harry is... like you said, a bit of a prude. And you're probably right, he likely thinks you just want him to admit the girl is hot so you can yell at him." She let out a slight laugh. "Maybe you should just bring a girl home before he gets off work one day, show him you really mean it. I mean, if he sees her in the house, with you, he can't really think that's entrapment. As for the whole Ross thing, well, just make sure he's not excluded during," she said with a grin.

Ginny tried to picture that. Her, on the couch with another girl, in the middle of a heated snog, while Harry comes home from work, not knowing what he's about to walk in on. She pictures inviting him to join them on the couch, and then eventually the three of them going up to the bedroom... "Yeah," she says, voice caught in her throat. She clears it and nods. "Yeah, I could see it." She smiles. "I might just have to try that."

Hermione grinned at her friend, "He'd be insane to throw a fit. I think Draco would at least indulge me and punish me later if I pulled a stunt like that," she said with a laugh. She had never really thought about it, she had teased him once about bringing in another guy, but she had made it very clear it was just a joke. "Anyways, you know how I told you Draco has been pushing for a second baby?" She asked Ginny.

Ginny beamed. "Yes. Tell me that's what you two were doing to make yourselves so late," she said with a grin. She wanted to have another baby as well, but one was more than enough while

she was in the middle of her quidditch career. But she was craving the presence of another baby in her life, so she had been hoping Hermione would change her mind soon.

Hermione laughed, shaking her head. "No, you can't make a baby that way," she said with a devious grin. "But I have thought about it, and I think I might tell him tonight that I'm ready to start trying." She grinned. "That is, if I even have the energy to have sex with him by the time this event is over," she added with a smirk.

Ginny laughed. "Oh my." She knew what Hermione meant by that. "But I'm so excited! I think that's a good decision. I would love to have another baby but, you know, quidditch." She didn't want a huge family, like she'd had, but she wanted James to have a little brother or sister eventually. "Three years is a good age difference." Scorpius would be at least that age when the new baby would be born.

Hermione grinned, nodding. "That's what I think too, it'll be the perfect age gap." She said, having thought about it a lot. Especially since Draco had brought it up more than once, and she'd turned him down. She enjoyed their sex life, and she knew once she was pregnant again it would be nine months of toning it down, followed by an additional six weeks of absolutely no sex at all. She also knew in order to build their family they would both have to make some sacrifices. "But you guys are going to have another one? Eventually?" She asked Ginny curiously. Scorpius and James were very close in age, it made play dates pretty easy.

"Yes, absolutely, but we never really intended to have children this early. I want to give quidditch a few more years before I retire." It was hard to stay in the league when you're taking maternity leave every other season.

Hermione nodded, understanding. With her job it wouldn't be much if an issue, she'd just have to take some time off for maternity leave. It wouldn't be that simple for Ginny. "Well, if everything goes well, you'll get your baby fix." She said with a grin. "Maybe we should head back out there.." she said, glancing at the clock in the bathroom. They had been in the bathroom for a while now.

"Better put your punishment back in. Like you said, he'll know," Ginny teased.

Draco decided after dinner that he would give Hermione a break. He didn't want her to be too worn out to enjoy their night away. When at long last the event came to an end, Draco escorted his beautiful wife to their luxurious hotel suite.

The suite was amazing, with an amazing view of the city, and most importantly, a large, lush bed for them to shag on all night long. It didn't necessarily have any features they didn't have at home, except for the room service, unless you counted their house elf (who received a weekly salary), which Hermione still wouldn't let him use for every little whim he had. Just scheduled meals and cleaning, mostly. The real treat was being away from home, a different venue, and maybe the satisfaction of letting unsuspecting neighbors hear their throws of passion.

He kissed her against the door as he fit the key into the door, and cracked it open so that she wouldn't fall. "What do you think?" he asked when he broke his lips from hers and opened the door for her to enter.

Hermione kissed him back, and when she felt the door opening behind her, she turned to look, grinning at the first impression. It was gorgeous, but of course he would have picked one of the best suites for them. She turned fully to walk inside, taking in everything the room had to offer. "I think it's the perfect get-away." She told him with a grin, and turned to kiss him again. She went over to the window next, taking in the amazing view they had to enjoy. "I may never want to leave." She told him.

Draco walked up behind her, placing his hands on her waist as he looked out the window from behind her. "Well, as much as I like my alone time, I don't think there's much room here for raising children," Draco laughed. Sure, they only had one child now, but he was hoping for at least one more. He didn't want Scorpius to grow up he did, a bratty little only child.

Hermione smiled, and turned around to wrap her arms around his neck. "Speaking of children.." she said, glad that he had brought it up so she didn't have to. "I'm ready." He would know what she meant, she had told him before she just wasn't ready for it, but it seemed like the right time to start trying. And what better night start trying to conceive?

Draco looked down at her, trying to assess if she was really saying what he hoped she was. "You're ready?" he asked for clarity. "To have another baby?" Again, just to be sure they were talking about the same thing. He'd been wanting this for the better part of the last year or so, and he had no idea how much longer she was going to want to wait. He didn't want to force the issue. She'd already been forced into her first pregnancy thanks to him.

Hermione nodded, smiling up at him. "Yes, I'm ready for another baby," she told him. She leaned up to kiss him, "That's still something you want, right?" She asked him, she was pretty sure he wouldn't have changed his mind after wanting it for so long.

Draco pulled her into a passionate kiss. "Yes," he said against her lips, and kissed her again. "Yes, definitely." He was more than happy to start now. He pressed her into the window, holding her narrow waist tightly. He was already growing hard within his pants, and he reached one hand behind her back to draw down the long zipper of her dress.

Hermione kissed him back, grinning against his lips. She helped him get her dress off, letting it slip off of her shoulders. She reached up to loosen the tie around his neck, leaning back against the window. Trying for a second child would be bitter sweet, she was starting to get baby fever with Scorpius getting so big, but her first pregnancy had been such a burden. She could only hope this time around, with her being much healthier, it wouldn't be so difficult.

Draco began to quickly shed his layers, as he had much more on than she did, which seemed incredibly unfair. Once he was unclothed he pulled her knickers down once more and dropped to his knees. He couldn't wait to taste what had become of her throughout the evening, and didn't hesitate a moment to begin devouring her mess, holding tightly to her waist.

Hermione moaned as he went down on her, throwing her head back against the glass. She got one leg over his shoulder, holding onto his head for support as he cleaned up the mess he had made of her throughout the night.

Draco cleaned her cunt and sticky thighs with his tongue before coming up for air and kissing his wife again hard. He grabbed her waist and turned her quickly, pressing her front into the glass. He didn't care if the whole world paid witness to him taking his wife roughly against the window. He

entered her immediately, thrusting up into her with one hand rested on the glass next to her head, the other clutching her (fuller than when he'd first known it) breast.

Hermione was far from the woman who was scared to be fucked in front of an open window. Any scandal they caused now would be as husband and wife, and not some forbidden love. She pressed her hands against the window, spreading her legs so he could enter her, and letting out small gasps with each thrust. She reached behind her, unhooked her bra expertly, and tossed it aside so she could feel her breasts pressed against the cold glass.

It'd only been a handful of hours since Draco had last been this deep inside his wife, but torturing her with that toy, and knowing that she was wearing that rose plug deep in her arse (which he could feel inside of her with each pass of his hard shaft), even just dancing with her in the ballroom with only minimal ability to touch her, had him feeling ready and quick. Her agreement to start trying for another child was the cherry on top, so it stood to reason that this act of exhibitionism wouldn't last. Within just a couple short minutes Draco grunted his release into her, wasting no time in his conception efforts. He remained unmoving inside of her, lest his seed escape and go to waste.

Hermione remained still against the glass, breathing heavily. She didn't mind the quick finish, they had all night to enjoy each other, and knowing her husband, he planned to. She reached up to pull a few pins out of her hair, letting the updo fall, and her hair fall around her shoulders.

Draco chuckled. "Well, I'm glad I remembered to pack your second surprise of the evening," he spoke into her ear, before pulling away from her slowly. "Why don't you go remove that rosebud from your rosebud and get cleaned up. I'll get it ready for you," he promised with a playful smack to her rear.

Hermione laughed, "Yes, sir." She said playfully, before going into the bathroom. She grabbed her bag on the way, it would be a much quicker job with a simple cleaning spell. She did as he had asked, cleaning herself up, and the rosebud. Once she was done with that she brushed out her hair, and glanced at her makeup, but since she had spelled it she didn't need a touch up. When she returned from the bathroom, sporting only her stockings and garterbelt, she went over to Draco to see what he was up to. She had given him plenty of time (she hoped) to prepare whatever surprise he had for her.

Draco cleaned himself up and tended to their thoughtlessly discarded clothes, sending them to hang in the closet for later cleaning. With that done he retrieved the overnight bag they'd packed, in which he'd snuck her scandalous wooden box. He moved to the coffee table, where, as on so many occasions before, he set to preparing several thin white lines for Hermione and himself to enjoy. A cut off straw rested beside them for easy inhalation.

When she returned he looked up at her with a smirk from where he sat on one of the loveseats. He pulled her down into his lap. "Despite your little bout of disobedience earlier this evening, you've indeed been a good little Princess as of late. You've earned this. Especially since it's going to be the last time for a long time." He reached around her for the straw and held it out to her.

Hermione fell into his lap, wrapping an arm around his neck with a grin. He was right, after tonight she wouldn't be partaking in such things. If she was going to be actively trying to get pregnant, she wouldn't risk it. Not again. They'd been lucky that Scorpius had been a healthy baby, but it had been scary for a while. She leaned in and kissed his cheek, taking the straw from him. "You do spoil me so," she said happily. She leaned forward, inhaling one of the lines he had

laid out for them, handing the straw back to him while she sniffed and rubbed at her nose. She moved off his lap to give him the opportunity to do a line as well, she knew it was meant for him, just as much as it was meant for her.

Draco took the straw and mimicked Hermione's actions, inhaling the next line and sniffing it in deeply. There were only two cut for each of them at the moment, so he handed the straw back to her to finish her share. Their tolerance was lower now thanks to the infrequency of use, so it should be plenty to get them good and high, for now. It wasn't a long-lasting substance, so he might allow for another round later in the evening if they were in need of a boost.

Hermione took the straw again, making quick work of the second line meant for her, before passing it back to him. "We should make use of the wet bar," she said with a smirk. She knew as soon as the drug hit her throat, any moment now, she would be thirsty. She wasn't one to drink excessive amounts, but she did like to drink on special occasions. And tonight had been a celebration of her best friend, and now that she had told Draco with certainty that she was ready for another baby, it was also the last night she'd be able abuse her body in such ways without feeling guilty. Of course, she would let him abuse her as much as he wanted. At least up until she was actually pregnant, and needed to start being more careful.

She got up, going over to the bar to see what it had to offer. There was wine, champagne, some harder liquors, along with mixers. She'd had champagne earlier in the night, but she'd kept her wits about her, and hadn't had more than a few glasses that were spaced out throughout the night.

Draco chuckled and finished off what was in the glass tabletop. He swiped his finger across the glass to collect some of the residue, rubbing it into his gums, before repeating the action to bring to her. He joined her near the wet bar and offered his powder covered finger. "Anything good?" He asked.

Hermione took the offered finger, letting him rub the excess drug into her gums, before swiping her tongue across the front of her teeth. "Looks like pretty much anything you fancy." She told him, picking up various bottles of brown liquid to show him, knowing they were his preferred drinks.

Draco took a particularly expensive bottle of whiskey from her hand as she sorted through them, though he'd wait until later to enjoy it. He didn't like to mix his elements much. "Just one, for now," he instructed her. He knew she could handle her drink, but he didn't want it to take away from the rare treat that was cocaine. He moved to the bed and summoned her toward with one arm outstretched. It was late, but he had a feeling they were going to be up well into the night. Maybe they could convince her parents to keep Scoprius a second night..

Hermione made herself a drink, she wasn't one to argue that command. She knew she would be thirsty, but she wasn't looking to get drunk, either. She took a sip, before joining him on the bed. She set her glass on the table by the bed, cuddling into his side.

Draco wrapped his arm around her, pulling her close. "Did you have a good time tonight?" he asked, in reference to the event, and not their numerous exploits. He cracked open the small bottle of whiskey and took a sip. "You and Ginny were in the loo for quite a while during dinner. Did you have a good talk?" he asked knowingly.

Hermione looked at Draco, smirking a bit. "She uh, needed some help, regarding her and Harry." She told Draco. "And I also told her I was going to tell you I wanted to start trying for a baby

tonight." She added. She wondered if he would ask about the toy, which she hadn't been wearing, but he had been setting off almost the entire time she was in the bathroom talking to Ginny.

Draco chuckled. "Oh really? They're having trouble in the bedroom already?" Draco guessed, mostly for his own amusement. He didn't actually have any hostility towards Potter anymore, but they loved to bust each other's balls every chance they got, even when the other wasn't around.

Hermione smirked, shrugging, "No, it's not that," she told him. She knew Ginny liked to share some of their more intimate stuff with Harry, just to try to get him to try different things, but she wasn't sure if she should tell Draco about the details of their conversation. "She just wants him to try some...different stuff." She said with a shrug.

Draco laughed, sipping his whiskey once more. "So Potter's still not quite doing the trick huh?" he asked. "What's Ginny trying to get him to try this time? You can tell me. I promise I won't give him hell about it." Typically he omitted such a promise, but sometimes he knew that he'd have to make that promise, and mean it, in order to get the good information out of his spouse.

Hermione grinned, she was glad he promised not to give Harry hell about it, because she knew he meant it. And she wouldn't be put in the awkward situation with Ginny if he did find an opportunity to bring it up. "She's been trying to bring another girl into the bedroom," she told him with a smirk. "Apparently Harry is worried she's going to run off with the girl and leave him, or that it's possibly a trap to get him to say another girl is attractive." She said with a laugh.

Draco stared at Hermione, and then laughed. "Well as long as she doesn't mean you, I'm on Weaslette's side. Potter's already married up. He certainly shouldn't be turning away more women." He saw the appeal, generally speaking, but he was most perfectly satisfied with the arrangement he and Hermione had. He had no desire to touch another woman. Though he might not mind watching...

Hermione laughed, too, "Oh, well, I already told her I'd be their third." She said with a playful smirk. She knew he would never go for that, but that didn't mean she couldn't tease him a little.

Draco growled playfully and discarded his now empty whiskey bottle, before leaning over his lover threateningly. "Oh is that so?" he asked, going along with it. "Well I might just have to kill Potter if he thinks he gets to touch my wife, and take his as a prize." Draco was joking, of course. Two could play that game.

Hermione laughed, laying back on the bed. "So what will you do with me then if you have a brand new play thing?" She asked him with a smirk. She liked playing these little games with him, they both knew the other wasn't serious, after all.

Draco climbed on top of her, nipping at her neck and throat. "I might have to show her that it takes a very strong—" He bit down on her throat, "Very stubborn..." He bit down again, this time on the right side of her neck. "Very sexy princess like yourself..." He bit the left side of her neck. "To handle the likes of me." His lips found hers in a deep kiss, a groan escaping his throat into hers.

Hermione let out a hiss of pain with each bite, but he knew she loved it. When he kissed her, she kissed him back, biting at his lip playfully. She was feeling the cocaine at this point, and she felt good. As much as she missed being able to do it all the time, it made it a special treat when he did let her partake.

Draco grabbed hold of one of Hermione's thighs, lifting it to wrap around his middle as he moved between her legs. "Do you ever think about that?" he asked, since he wasn't sure they'd ever formally talked about it. "About what it would be like to be with a girl? To eat her pussy like you suck my cock? To finger her like I finger you? To hold her firm tits in your hands instead of your own?" He was curious, and high as he was feeling, a little turned on by the thought, in the hypothetical. It certainly didn't mean he'd ever want to share.

Hermione wrapped the leg around him tightly, smirking at his questions, she could tell he was picturing it in his head. "I can't say I ever have thought about that," she told him. "But I can tell you are." She added teasingly. "Is that something you want to see?" She asked, reaching up to play with his hair.

Draco chuckled. "I don't know if I'd even let a woman touch my wife," he said, his hands finding hers. He laced his fingers through her own and then brought her hands up, pinning them down on the pillow on either side of her. "And another man would lose every part of him that touched your skin." He kissed her again deeply, his tongue exploring the cavern of her mouth. He could feel it, the rush of adrenaline from the blow, like every nerve in his body was firing on all cylinders. He began to grow hard against her now but he barely even noticed, his sole focus her mouth.

Hermione kissed him back deeply, she loved how possessive he was, she honestly had no desire to stray. She didn't think Ginny had a desire to stray, either, but there had to be a part of her that was interested in being with a girl. It probably had nothing to do with Harry, and everything to do with Ginny. She, however, was perfectly satisfied with her relationship with Draco. As she kissed him, letting her tongue battle against his in her mouth, she could feel him growing hard against her. She bucked her hips against him, moaning into his mouth.

Draco was becoming aware of his own arousal, as well as hers, and he pulled her other thigh so that her legs now both wrapped around him. "Is there any fantasy that I've failed to fulfill for you?" Draco asked. He wanted to know now, because once she was pregnant it might not be an option, depending on what it might be. He rolled his body on top of hers just for the friction, feeling his hardness pressing flat against her wet core. He slid it back and forth on top of her, feeling the head flick against her clit as he did so. "Tell me now, so I can change that."

Hermione moaned as he rolled his body against hers, and leaned up to kiss him again. "You've fulfilled every fantasy, and so much more." She told him with a grin. "And what about you? Do you have any unfulfilled fantasies?" She asked, kissing him again, trailing kisses down his jawline, to his neck.

Draco smirked against her lips. "Nothing that can't be fixed by getting you good and pregnant," he told her. It wasn't a sexual fantasy, he didn't have a pregnancy fetish, or anything of the sort, but he did have a fantasy of a bigger family, complete with more love to go around. And the act of getting that family certainly didn't hurt. In demonstration of this, Draco drew his hips back, and plunged skillfully into her open body. He shuddered at the heavenly feeling of being sheathed in her once more, and began to move in her slowly, savoring the joining of their bodies.

Hermione grinned against his neck, moaning as he entered her. She knew he wanted a bigger family, and she had always wanted that too. She simply hadn't been ready as quickly as he was, but she was happy they were trying now. She moved under him to meet his thrusts. As much as she loved their kinky play, she enjoyed making love to her husband just as much.

Draco kept his movements steady but deep, slamming the tip of his cock into her womb with each roll of his hips. His hands pinning hers down provided him leverage as he gradually began to pick up his pace. He watched her tits bounce underneath him, jiggling in little circles. He leaned in and captured one perky nipple between his teeth, tugging on it playfully, before switching to the other. He sniffed deeply, inhaling the drip from the blow deep into his sinuses, even reveling in the bitter chemical taste. He released her hands and moved them instead to one leg, bringing it up high between them. Ever the predator, Draco leaned in and captured a large chunk of leg between his teeth, biting and sucking on the trapped flesh. He repeated this action across several other parts of her leg as his pace inside of her grew more eager.

Hermione loved when he was high, he seemed much more prone to biting her in this state of mind. Each bite sent sensations along her entire body, and she moaned in response. When he released her hands in favor of her leg, she moved one hand to her hair, the other grasping one of her bouncing tits. She bent easily to his will, she had found yoga was very useful for keeping herself limber for their sexual exploits. After having Scorpius, she had picked it up to both get her body back, and to keep up with how much he enjoyed bending her into difficult positions.

Draco always liked to keep things symmetrical, so when her right leg was sufficiently spotted with bites and bruises he moved to the left. The movement of his hips intensified, slamming into her bent body. After a few minutes of carrying on in this manner Draco had an idea. He slowed to a stop and kissed her deeply, an apology for the next moment removing himself from her. He leaned over the bed to find the overnight bag, knowing that there were many fun things packed inside.

He had packed many toys for this evening's adventures, unsure which he would feel inclined to use. He dug around blindly until he found what he was looking for, a long red jelly-like shaft with a vibrating ring connected to the top of its base. Draco carefully stretched the ring over his own girth, which he realized in hind sight would have been more easily achieved prior to his fully erected state. He was now equipped with twice the penetrating capability, which he knew from so much experience would have her screaming for him instantly.

He moved between her legs again and pushed them towards her until her knees hit her chest. He pulled her bent body towards him bending her still until her dripping pussy and puckering anus were raised in the air before him. He leaned in, sampling both before moving his full attention to her backside, lathering up the hole generously.

Hermione had been enjoying the abuse to her legs, she always loved when he left evidence of the things he was doing to her. When he stopped and kissed her deeply, she knew he was up to something. She watched as he got into the bag and pulled out a toy, attaching it to his own erection. She laid back, watching him with a smirk. It was a good thing he had brought their powdery friend, because she could tell she'd have trouble keeping up with him otherwise.

Soon he was fully equipped with his own erection, along with the toy that she knew was meant to keep him from cumming, which meant he definitely planned to go all night. She secretly hoped that meant he intended a round two of the drug, as well, but she knew she couldn't ask for it. She simply wasn't allowed. When he pulled her to him, bending her in such a way, she let her head fall back, moaning as he prepared her for what he was about to do.

Draco carefully inserted the artificial limb into her tightness, gliding in with relative ease after two years of frequent abuse. As soon as he had an inch or two in, he lined his own cock up with

the entrance of her dripping cunt. In one push he forced both lengths into her, groaning at the limited space the secondary shaft created within her small body. He pushed a button on the toy, the cock inside her ass buzzing to life. He shuddered, feeling the sensation through her walls, and began to move within her once more.

Hermione bit down on her lip as the toy entered her ass, it was a feeling she was used to, but it was always a little much at first. Before long she had both her husband's cock, and the now vibrating toy moving inside her. "Fuck!" She cried out, she never grew tired of the double penetration, and he always had a new toy to put into play for such things. She was sure this is why she never actually longed for someone else to join them in the bedroom, he could do the job, plus so much more, all by himself. With the help of the toys, of course, which he carefully picked himself.

Draco leaned his body over hers, driving into her with as much force as he could muster. He could feel the coiling in his groin, his balls becoming tight with the need for release, but the ring crimped tightly around his base wouldn't allow it. He slowed, moving into a more controlled pace again. He lowered her legs to wrap around him and kissed her tenderly. "Would you like some more?" It wasn't a trick, she was allowed to want more, if he offered.

Her body shuddered as she came, and when he kissed her, she kissed him back deeply. He asked if she wanted more, and she grinned, "Yes, please." She said, eager to get more in her system. She knew it would be a long, long time before she was offered the chance to enjoy it again. She was fine with that, and she was fine with enjoying it as much as she could right now, also.

Draco reached for his wand on the bedside table and summoned the box to him, withdrawing the appropriate instruments. Using the same small scoop she'd favored those three years ago, he brought a small bit of powder to her in offering and waited for her to sit up a bit to take it. His hips continued to roll into her in small rotations, just enough to maintain movement of some kind.

Hermione sat up just enough to inhale the powdery substance. She closed one nostril with her finger, inhaling with the other, before laying back and massaging her nose to help it along as she sniffled. He was still moving inside of her, at a nice steady pace that felt good, without being overwhelming.

Draco helped himself to a small dose as well, before setting the box down again, for now. "Now, do you want to get on your knees for me, love?" he requested in the form of a question.

Hermione moved out from under him, leaning in to kiss him. "Anything for you." She told him with a grin, before getting onto her knees in front of him. She lowered her chest to the bed so she could give him as much access as he needed.

Draco repositioned himself on his knees behind her and placed the artificial cock inside of her heat, but rather than enter her backside with his own length he put his own cock, also, inside her elastic pussy, stretching it to a degree she'd only managed a couple times before, one of which being childbirth. He eased into her, before he was able to move both cocks inside her as one.

Hermione bit her lip hard, she hadn't expected him to enter her pussy with both his cock, and the fake cock. "Oh, God!" She groaned, letting her head fall forward as he stretched her. He knew already she could take it, he'd done so before, but it was always a little painful at first. She clutched the blanket as he moved inside of her, reminding herself to breathe steadily.

They continued for hours, taking breaks to refuel on what remained of their cocaine stash (which would be disposed of before they went home) and to hydrate. Come morning they called for room service, before calling the front desk to ask for a late check out. They hadn't slept a wink.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry this chapter is a day late. I'm on vacation and forgot to take that into account when I promised to have his chapter ready on schedule.

That said, I hope you enjoyed this very long kink-fest. Please tell me everything you think!

Also, who here wants to see Ginny surprise Harry with another girl? Because that is something that can be arranged!

End Notes

Thanks for reading! This story is a collaborative work between myself and a friend, and we appreciate all your feedback. As of today (March 30th) we have 20 chapters completed, so most of the story has already been written. I live for your comments so please let me know what you think!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!