

Drowning In Him

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Drowning In Him

by [searchaser](#)

Summary

Hermione Granger loves routine. Her favourite routine includes sneaking off to the prefect's bath under Harry's invisibility cloak to watch the blonde Slytherin boy she's obsessed with have a soapy wank. He's none the wiser... or so she thinks.

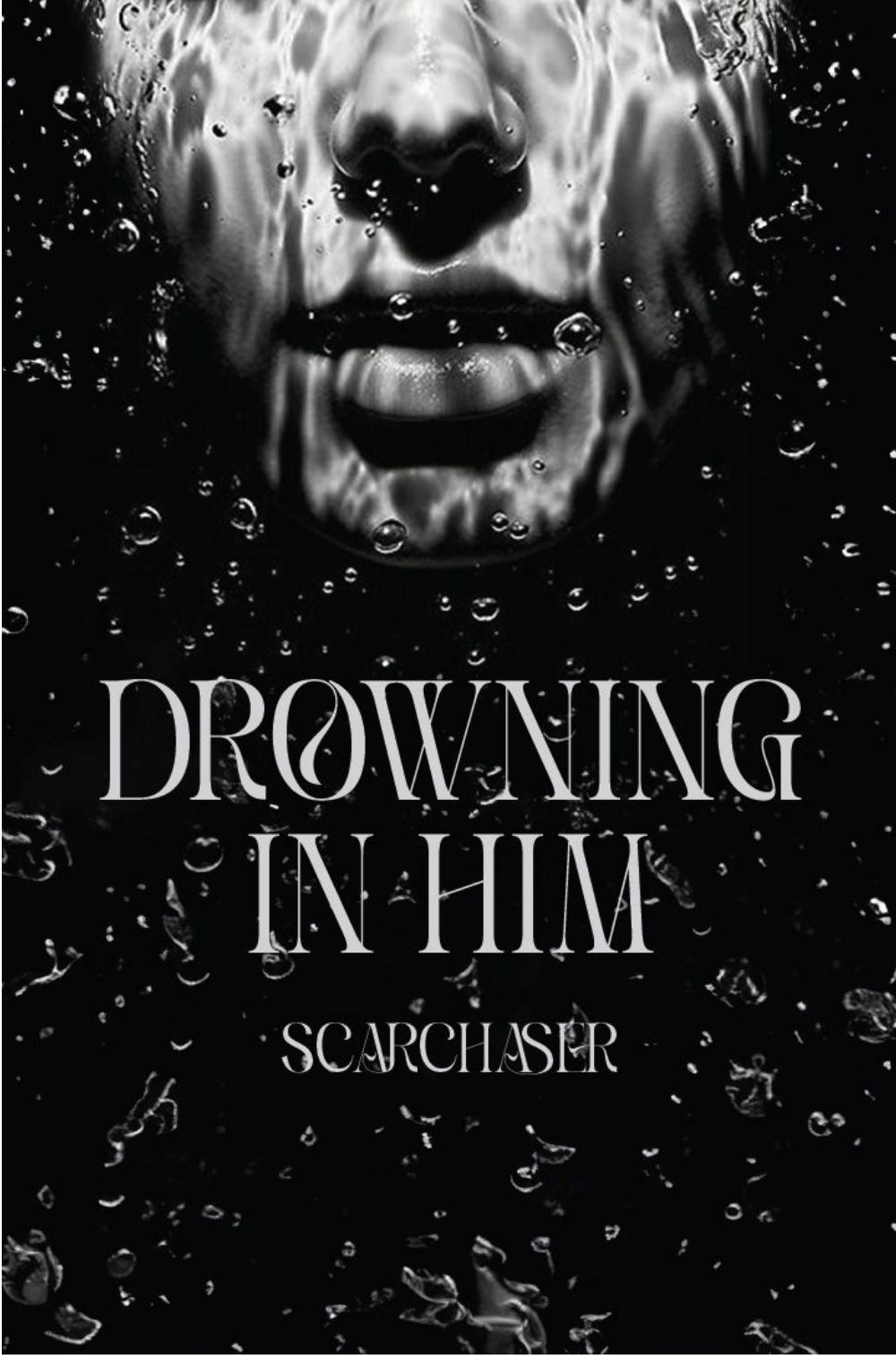
DEAD DOVE This is smut, but it is very dark smut. Please mind the tags. There are heavy non-con and abusive elements. Please read at your own risk, and if you don't like, don't read.

Notes

Thank you so much to my wonderful betas! [@mercuryinmalfoy](#) and [ImtheProblem_itsme313](#)!
Gorgeous cover by [knickersandkneazles](#)!

This work was a challenge to myself to write a very different type of character and relationship dynamic. I hope you enjoy!

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



DROWNING IN HIM

SCARCHASER

Hermione Granger loved routine. In fact, she loved routines so much that she had a unique one for every night of the week that she outright refused to break. On Mondays, she worked on Ancient Runes and washed her hair. Tuesdays were for Advanced Transfiguration homework and liaising with the House Elves in the kitchens about their working conditions and furthering their career opportunities. Wednesdays, her favourite night of the week, were all about Charms and self-care. Tonight just so happened to be a Wednesday.

It was a little before 11:00 p.m., and Hermione was sat at a tiny table in the Gryffindor Common Room with piles of books and parchment around her. She had a Charms essay half-finished in front of her, but her routine mandated that at 10:45 p.m., she would stop wherever she was and pack up her schoolwork for the evening.

Hermione placed a bookmark in the open textbook that she was using to reference interspecies transfiguration and rolled up her essay parchment, careful to cast a quick-dry spell on the ink so it wouldn't smudge.

Hermione stood, deciding to leave her items where they were. She'd work more later when she returned to the tower if she had the energy, or she'd start again before breakfast. Either way, she'd be back before anyone could accuse her of being a table hog. While she was used to being called a swot after five and a half years at Hogwarts, she also didn't seek it out. That was partially why she always chose the table closest to the entrance to the Common Room. It was universally agreed by the Gryffindor students that it was the worst table in the cosy space due to the terrible draft that would wash over the occupant whenever the portrait swung open.

Hermione was lucky tonight; the Common Room was empty except for a couple of cats curled up together in front of the grand fireplace, one white and one with long, dark fur. Hermione smiled as she walked by them, thinking they looked perfectly matched—almost like they were fated.

The lack of stragglers meant she didn't have to be sneaky as she climbed the boy's staircase instead of her own. She ascended quickly with the quiet precision of experience. The Sixth Year's dorm room was halfway up the tower, and Hermione had to pause quickly when she reached the door to let her breathing settle. Laboured breaths would give her away.

She knocked quietly, as she always did, to give herself plausible deniability in the unlikely case someone was still awake. Hearing no response, she waved her wand at the doorknob, and the door silently swung inward. Three of the beds had their drapes closed—those belonging to Harry, Ron, and Neville. Harry and Ron had morning quidditch practice the following day and usually did their best to get to bed early now that Harry was the Gryffindor Captain and had to set an example for the rest of the team. Neville went to bed early most nights, preferring the quiet morning hours to explore the greenhouse alone.

Dean and Seamus were the ones she had to be most careful about running into, but they were often out till past three in the morning. They always claimed to be causing mischief, but Hermione had picked up on their secret relationship a few months ago and knew firsthand that the two boys snuck away to the Room of Requirement most weeknights.

Hermione felt a special kinship with the boys on Wednesdays over their shared trysts. Not that they knew she was aware of their secrets or had any knowledge of her own.

She cast a silencing charm on the floor and quickly crept over to the foot of Harry's bed, where his trunk was propped open by the clothing haphazardly spilling out of it. As careless as he was with most of his belongings, Harry Potter could always be trusted to take special care of his Invisibility Cloak. It sat where it always did, at the bottom right of his trunk, and Hermione was able to retrieve it easily without making any noise.

She felt a surge of giddiness, as she always did at this point in the night. There was something so liberating about her Wednesday night routine—in that nobody would expect any of this from her. If Harry and Ron knew just how many times she had snuck into their dorm and stolen the cloak out from under their sleeping noses... Hermione grinned wickedly to herself as she clutched the cloak to her chest and crept back towards the door.

It was possible she'd enjoy her Wednesdays just fine if all she was up to was a little light thievery. But that was not the plan for tonight. Oh no, her night had only just begun.

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Hermione strode confidently through the fifth-floor corridors. As a Prefect, Hermione was privy to the patrol rotation and schedule. Wednesdays were monitored by the Sixth-Year Hufflepuffs, and, being the practical types that they were, Hannah and Ernie always started on the seventh floor and worked their way back down to their Common Room. Given that patrol started at nine o'clock, they were likely down on floor three by now, and Hermione wouldn't have to worry about having to explain to them why she was out of her Common Room past curfew.

Even still, she had wrapped herself up in the Invisibility Cloak on the off chance a professor or ghost decided to take an evening stroll. Wearing the cloak had the added benefit of keeping some of the frigid February chill off her that swept through the airy castle.

Hermione looked down at her watch. 10:54: right on schedule. She passed the statue of Boris the Bewildered and carried on four more doors down until she reached the Prefect's Bathroom. Hermione tingled with excitement, eagerly awaiting what came next as she whispered this month's password to the door, *teakwood*.

The door swung open to reveal a large marble chamber with a sizable pool sunken into the floor, the far edge of which was adorned with a hundred different taps. The room was empty, as expected. Considering most prefects were strict rule-followers, it wasn't often that this bathroom was occupied after curfew. On Wednesdays, however, these four walls would house not one but two misbehaving prefects.

Hermione closed the door behind her and scurried across the tiles, moving so quickly that she nearly floated. She almost couldn't contain her glee as she sat herself on one of the long benches along the right-hand side of the room. She chose the same spot every week, and it had yet to fail her.

Her feet bounced slightly as she got comfortable. She was dressed simply under the Invisibility Cloak, still sporting her uniform from classes earlier that day. The only difference was that she had left her robes and underwear behind. She wouldn't have much room to move about once the night's events got started, so she liked to arrive prepared.

She also sported a small beaded bag that she had worn cross-body on her walk here. Now that she was settled, she pulled it off over her head, causing her to struggle slightly with the Invisibility Cloak, careful to make sure it was still secure and covering all of her. Having successfully removed it, she stuck her hand into the magically extended purse and pulled out a large milk-white dildo.

Her mouth instantly watered at the sight, and she had to fight the urge to stick it in her mouth, lather it up with spit, and then fuck herself wild with it. That would come; she wouldn't rush things.

It was a beautiful cock—nine inches in length and nearly as thick as her wrist. It was a perfect replica of its reference and an object of Hermione's own creation. She had transfigured it, using a pair of silk pillowcases and her own memory. Beyond being beautiful, it was an absolutely divine toy. The silk of the fabric had transferred an unbeatable softness to the dildo, which she had transfigured into flexible silicone. It had a slight curve to it that hit the front wall of Hermione's cunt on every thrust, like it was made specifically to fuck her body—to fit inside her. It was the key that unlocked every ounce of her pleasure, and no other toy or her own fingers had ever compared.

That cock was the reason she found herself here, in this steamy bathroom, sweating under Harry's invisibility cloak while she fucked herself to the lurid sounds and visions of her beloved every Wednesday night.

She pulled up the edge of her pleated skirt and lowered the fake cock to her pussy, teasing slightly at her entrance. She was already so wet with anticipation that it slipped easily through her folds and dipped briefly into her opening, causing her to moan loudly. She would grant herself just one audible reaction before he arrived, and then she got to play the very fun game of keeping quiet while she played with herself. She knew she could cast a silencing charm, but there was hardly any fun in that. She'd rather play with fire; there was enough water in that tub to put her out if need be.

She placed the beaded bag on the bench to her left and the beautiful, perfect cock on her right, ready for her when the time came. She stared at it, erect and veiny, and longed to make its twin so heavy and hard.

She glanced down at her watch and frowned. It was 11:02.

He was late. He was never late. This was their routine.

Hermione began to shake in expectation, fear, or anger—she didn't know. She immediately began to contemplate the possibility that he wouldn't show and the thought caused her heart to shatter. She let out a choked sob, devastated at the idea that he could abandon her on their only night together, her only chance to spend time with him alone.

She reached next to her and grasped the rigid cock in her right hand, squeezing and stroking it. The motions were calming and they grounded her. Hermione's eyes drifted closed as she let her mind drift to him. Her other hand dipped under her skirt and played delicately at her soaked folds, thinking about how his face tensed when he had his hand on his cock and was moments away from bringing himself to orgasm.

Hermione let out another desperate moan when the door to the prefect's bath creaked open. Hermione nearly shrieked in surprise but managed to keep quiet as she quickly checked herself over, confirming that she was still fully covered by the cloak. Satisfied with her disguise, she allowed herself to focus instead on the tall figure crossing the room.

Draco Malfoy, with his tapered platinum blonde locks, steely grey eyes, and chiselled cheekbones, was every inch the handsome vision that corrupted Hermione's every waking thought.

His face, as it always was, was impassive and stony, his eyes locked on a bench on the other side of the room, opposite Hermione's. He stalked to it, his long legs crossing the room quickly, as if he also felt the tardiness of his arrival and wanted to get back on track. Hermione's heart soared at how thoughtful he was about their routine and how he respected it just as tenderly as she did.

Draco reached the bench and began to strip down. He started with his robes, shucking off the black and green drapery emblazoned with the Slytherin crest and sparkling Prefect's badge. Hermione loved that they both had one of those, even if they were in different colours. It was another thing they shared, another reinforcement of their special connection.

He shucked off his grey knit jumper next, folding it neatly before placing it on top of his robes. Then he lifted one leg and balanced it on the stone bench, and Hermione had to bite down on the inside of her cheek as Malfoy bent to untie the shoelaces of his black leather oxfords; the movement accentuating the curve of his arse.

His black trousers, which Hermione knew were not Hogwarts-issued, were perfectly tailored, giving Hermione ample evidence to feed the depraved fantasies that she concocted during the hours outside of this bathroom. She would often mentally drift off during class, imagining all the ways Draco could fuck her over Binn's desk while he droned on about *notable unicorn sightings of the 18<sup>th</sup> century*.

Hermione would tell herself it was fine to spend a few minutes every class thinking about Draco, seeing as she knew all the coursework already. Plus, he was already in her head, infiltrating it against her will with his expensive cologne that she could smell from three desks away.

Perhaps her attraction to Draco Malfoy was a bit more intense than a traditional seventeen-year-old girl's crush. Hermione was a self-aware person; she could admit that. But he hadn't become more important than her schoolwork, of course not. She just learned how to have them both, that was all.

Draco tucked his shoes and socks under the bench and then stood up straight. Hermione could see his hands move to his neck and knew that he was taking off his necktie next. Hermione's mouth watered as she thought about him using that very necktie to tie her wrists behind her back. Fuck, she would let him have that—have her—any way he wanted.

Hermione was grateful when Draco turned slowly, facing her again, so she could watch his long fingers pull at the buttons of his crisp white button-down. Hermione could tell Draco

savouried this part of the experience. He always took his time stripping down the last few articles of clothing.

He released the final button and pulled the panels of the shirt open, revealing his bare chest to the room. Hermione felt her cunt release a fresh wave of slick as she took in his sculpted chest. Being a seeker meant Draco needed to be lean, but he clearly didn't let that stop him from strength training. The boy was carved with long lines of hardened muscle, and Hermione desperately craved to get her mouth on him and use her tongue to count each one of his abdominals.

Draco's hands ran down his torso, riding every groove as he appreciated the look of his own body. Hermione couldn't blame him; he was gorgeous. Hermione's thighs pressed together as he pulled the button down off his shoulders and neatly placed it with his other clothes. She admired the dark tattoo on his right forearm. She often wondered where he had gotten it, desperate to trace her fingers over the snakelike design. One day he'd roll up his sleeves in class, and she would ask then. Maybe he'd even offer to have her examine it. Her legs bounced in excitement.

She knew what was coming next, and she nearly cried out in want as his hands went to the silver belt buckle that held up his trousers. He pulled the tail of his belt through the loops and slowly unfastened it from his waist, taking his time and inadvertently making Hermione suffer in wait. She was panting now, her tongue lolling slightly out of her mouth. She had to consciously close her jaw, aware of how dangerous it was to make any noise before Draco turned on the taps. This room was an echo chamber with its high-tiled walls, and Draco could probably hear her swallow if he listened closely enough.

Hermione's patience was rewarded when the belt was pulled free from the dark trousers and Draco's hands made their way to his fly. Hermione wished for nothing more than to be on her knees in front of him, to be the one to divest him of his clothing. She would be so good for him, he wouldn't have to do any work at all. He would see how perfect and helpful she was and he'd keep her; she was sure of it.

Draco stood there for a moment after dropping his fly. The tops of his trousers hung open, revealing a deep V of muscle that Hermione knew led to great treasures below. He stood up straight, his abdominal muscles flexing as he ran his fingers through his hair. If there was one thing that could distract Hermione from Draco Malfoy's cock, it was his hair. She thought endlessly about how soft it would be as she gripped it, using her hold on it to press his face hard into her throbbing cunt as he licked her between her thighs.

He looked up and glanced around the room, his eyes catching slightly where Hermione sat. She held her breath, remaining motionless, despite that not being necessary under the Invisibility Cloak. He didn't know she was there; he couldn't. She was very practised in remaining quiet for him. But her toes curled at the idea that he was putting on a show for her.

Draco completed his inspection of the room. Hermione tried to decode the look on his face, but, despite a slight smirk playing at the corner of his mouth, his face was as cold and blank as ever. He looked back down at himself and hooked both thumbs into his trousers, pausing for a moment that Hermione could only imagine was to torture her. Finally, he shucked the fabric off his hips, and the entirety of him came into view.

Hermione couldn't stop the hand that went straight to her cunt, her fingers circling lightly at her clit as she gaped at the beautiful cock hanging between his thick quidditch thighs. Even soft, it was huge, and Hermione couldn't look at anything else as Draco stepped out of his trousers and set them next to the rest of his clothes. She kept her eyes fixed on his dick as long as she possibly could as he walked to the edge of the bath and stepped in.

Hermione whimpered slightly as he lowered his body into the water, his stallion cock disappearing from view. He settled down at the edge of the pool, facing Hermione, and waved his wand at the taps, causing three of them to turn and pour varying liquids into the bath. One dripped a viscous oil, another poured steaming hot water, and the last put out a deluge of white suds.

Hermione wasn't surprised by this. Just like Hermione, Draco was a creature of habit, and this combination was his go-to. Hermione knew the oil would have the whole room smelling like lavender in a matter of minutes, and the bubbles would completely obstruct any lingering views of the pale flesh distorted by the water.

Draco dropped his wand next to him and tipped his head back as he basked in the hot pool. His arms spread out along the tile on either side of him, giving Hermione an excellent view of his chiselled chest. His breaths slowed, becoming deeper and more ragged as steam filled the room. The thick air was making it difficult for Hermione to breathe under the cloak, but she didn't mind, because this signalled that the best part of the night was about to begin.

Draco kept his eyes closed as he slipped one of his hands beneath the water. Hermione's imagination ran wild as she pictured what was happening beneath the bubbles. She could see the top of his submerged arm flex, and Hermione's cunt clenched as she registered that it had closed around his cock. Hermione's playful circling of her clit suddenly became much more intentional, her brain whirring as she touched herself to the sight of Draco touching himself.

Despite being on opposite sides of the large room, Hermione felt the intensity of their intimacy. They were sharing a special moment, indulging in pleasure in the company of another person. They didn't have to be touching for Hermione to know that they were connected in this moment, strengthening their bond. Hermione longed to rip off the cloak—to reveal herself to him the way he had to her—for him to take her into the water with him and fuck her raw. He wasn't ready for it yet though, she knew. She would bide her time for now, and she would revel in what moments she could get with him until that time came.

Hermione slipped her fingers lower, the sound of the running taps making it safe to let out a very quiet moan as she dipped her fingers into her soaking cunt. Hermione was very familiar with her own body. She made good use of silencing charms around her four-poster bed on a nightly basis, her fantasies always consisting of a joining of grey eyes and curly hair. She had no problem getting wet while thinking about Draco, but on Wednesdays, when she was actually in his presence and watching him go through the motions of pleasure, her cunt was a never-ending gush of slick. Her body practically begged to be filled by him, desperate to clench down on his hard cock.

A soft cry left Draco's lips, followed by a quick *fuck*, and Hermione couldn't hold back anymore. She withdrew her fingers and grasped the dildo next to her, quickly bringing it to her entrance and inserting it in one easy thrust. Hermione used the hand that had just been

inside herself to cover her mouth, the smell of her arousal infiltrating her nostrils and adding to her carnal hunger. She quickly slipped her fingers into her mouth, sucking off her essence, watching Draco and wishing it was his lips wrapped around her fingers. He would love the taste of her; she knew it. He would come to crave it the way she craved him.

The dildo version of Draco's dick split Hermione wide, and her cunt pulsed happily as she adapted to the feel of him inside her. *This is what Draco Malfoy would feel like inside her;* if she closed her eyes, it could almost be the real thing. But it lacked something that made her heart hurt. It wasn't warm like he would be, it didn't have his scent or taste, and, most importantly, it didn't have his hips attached to fuck her hard with.

Hermione's head fell back, her shoulders resting on the wall behind her as she shifted her hips forward to give herself a better angle. Her arse nearly hung off the bench, and her skirt rode up around her hips as she worked her wrist to fuck his cock into her, strong and deep, the way she knew he would be with her. She did her best to match the rhythm of his arm, pulling the silicone dick out when his hand was nearly out of the water and thrusting it back in as his hand slid back down himself.

They were doing this together; they were a team, and they were the best fucking team there ever was. Hermione smiled at her man, so proud of him for being so good to her. She wished he knew just *how* good she was being for him. She fiercely wanted him to see just how well she took his cock and how perfect of a fit he was inside of her. He would be so proud.

Hermione felt the familiar coiling building deep in her gut, letting her know her orgasm was approaching. She glanced over Draco's face and saw the lines form between his eyebrows, signalling that he was close as well. Hermione fucked herself harder, the hand in her mouth moving to her clit. She was powerless to stop the soft pants she made, but she knew Draco was too caught up in his own pleasure to notice her.

"Fuck, so fucking good," Draco moaned, and Hermione preened, blushing at his compliment.

The water around Draco's waist started to splash as his hips lifted, bringing just the tip of his cock out of the water as he continued to fuck himself with his hand.

Hermione's heart was beating almost uncontrollably out of her chest as she climbed the precipice with him, pleasure rocketing through her body as she tumbled towards the cliff of ecstasy she knew was waiting for them both. But she wouldn't come before him, no. She wanted her man to get off first; the sight of him spilling his cum into the frothy waters was her favourite and would set her off every time.

He was close; she knew it, but she had to pull back on her thrusting, edging herself slightly so she didn't finish before him.

Draco let out another moan, louder this time, his shoulders rising up to his ears as he lost control of his body. Hermione adored watching him come undone. He was always so stiff during the day; closed off and restrained. She wasn't sure if she had ever seen him laugh. In joy, at least, he laughed *at* her plenty of times. Memories of his insults flooded her mind, and her pussy leaked harder onto her dildo. The sounds her cunt was making bordered on obscene.

Hermione watched him with bated breath, her fingers swirling on her clit, sending bolts of electricity up her spine. Draco sped up his thrusts; little *Oh, oh, oh*'s leaking from his lips. Hermione knew it was about to happen; she sped up her fingers, rubbing her clit raw, ready to shatter with him. His mouth opened, and she knew it was imminent, ready to hear the final *oh-fuck* that signalled his orgasm.

But that wasn't what he said.

"*Hermione,*" Draco moaned. To her surprise, and against her will, Hermione came. Hard. Her orgasm was an odd mixture of panic and pleasure, as the wand that Hermione hadn't noticed Draco pick up waved in her general direction and sent the Invisibility Cloak flying. Hermione's now completely exposed body was spasming uncontrollably as they locked eyes. His were blown wide and dark, a livid fury etched across his face, but Hermione couldn't do anything but ride out wave after wave of the most intense orgasm of her life.

*He had said her name. Draco Malfoy had said her name while masturbating.*

He loved her; that was the only possible explanation, and the thought of that sent her immediately into a second orgasm as she continued to play with her clit, unable to help herself. She knew she should feel embarrassed, even guilty, for being caught, but for the first time in her life, Draco Malfoy was watching her, and she couldn't bring herself to care about anything else.

Draco stood, revealing his lower half to her. His cock was still hard, standing proudly erect from his torso.

*He hadn't come.*

Hermione felt a sudden crash of sadness. *Why hadn't he come? Was it her fault? Had she not done enough to bring him to orgasm?*

Hermione whimpered as she watched him climb out of the pool and stalk over to her, his cock swaying indecently as he moved. An aftershock rippled through her as she wriggled on the bench, her dildo still buried up to the hilt inside of her.

Draco closed the distance between them, getting right in her face. He grabbed her chin roughly, his strong hands digging into her skin, likely hard enough to bruise.

All Hermione could think about was how he was touching her. Her cunt pulsed around the replica of his cock, which she now had a close-up view of, and she applauded herself for her excellent replication. His touch was scorching hot, and she wanted his other hand on her; specifically between her legs.

"You filthy little Mudblood." Hermione's cunt throbbed at the slur. "You think you're so smart, don't you, bitch? You've been sneaking in here, watching me every week, and you think I didn't know." His crushing grip tilted her head to look up at him and away from his cock, which was steadily leaking precome. Hermione wanted so badly to lick it.

"I, I, I-" Hermione stuttered, lost for words, as she looked into his grey eyes, his pupils blown so wide they were almost black. *He had known. How long had he known?*

"You're a perverted, disgusting waste of space. How dare you think you're worthy to be in here with me? How dare you touch yourself while looking at me? Do you think you can use me to give yourself pleasure? *Huh?*" His grip tightened as he pulled at her, slightly lifting her off the bench with the force.

"I didn't-" Hermione started.

"Don't fucking lie to me, Mudblood. I know all about your little obsession with me." Draco surprised her by spitting on her face. Hermione felt some of the splatter land and eagerly licked her lips. He tasted better than she could have ever imagined.

"At first, I let it slide because I wanted to see how far you would go - how far the world's precious 'Golden Girl' would fall for Pureblood cock. For *my* cock."

Hermione could see out of the corner of her eye that the hand that wasn't on her had moved to his groin. Hermione squirmed in his touch, desperate for him to let her go so she could watch him fist his cock. She was so close to it.

Her hands moved of their own accord as she reached for him, pawing at his lower half, trying to feel for his dick without being able to see it. He realised what she was doing and dropped his hand from her before quickly replacing it with a hard slap across her cheek.

A sharp pain rattled through Hermione's jaw. She cringed, her hands quickly going to the spot where he had touched her. Equal parts reverence for and reeling from the impact.

Draco didn't apologise, and she didn't expect him to. She deserved that slap. She should have asked permission to touch him first, but she hadn't.

"You desperate little whore. I knew you wanted me, but Merlin, it's vile to see it play out. You're going to make me lose my fucking hard-on if you keep trying to touch me with those filthy Mudblood hands. What would the professors say if they could see Star Student Hermione Granger, unable to string a single sentence together because of how mind-fucked by lust she is?"

"I'm sorry, Draco."

Draco slapped her again. A single tear welled at the corner of her eye, and Hermione willed it not to fall. She had already disappointed him so much tonight, and she knew crying would upset him further. She didn't want to do that to him.

"How fucking dare you use my given name with me? What gives you the right, Mudblood?" He stood back, watching her with loathing on his face as he continued to stroke his cock.  
"You will not address me, but if you must, you will call me Sir. Is that understood?"

Hermione nodded and dropped her gaze as she addressed his cock, watching his weeping head slide through the circlet of his fingers. "Yes, Sir."

“So fucking desperate for my cock, aren’t you, Mudblood? You can’t even take your eyes off of it for one second, can you?”

“No, Sir,” Hermione replied quickly, not wanting to upset him again.

“Finally, something out of your mouth that doesn’t immediately disgust me. But you know what, Mudblood? I think I’m sick of hearing you say anything at all, so I’m going to shut you up by giving that mouth something worthwhile to do.”

He didn’t wait for her to respond before striding up to her, roughly gripping her jaw, yanking it down so her mouth opened, and filling it with his cock.

Hermione’s brain short-circuited as she tried to register what was happening when Draco began forcefully thrusting into her mouth.

*His cock was in her mouth.*

She wanted to cry out of joy. This was it; this was the moment she had been waiting for. His beautiful cock was inside her, and she had been given the gift of being able to service it for him. Her cunt tingled with delight at the honour. She wouldn’t let him down.

It took Hermione a few seconds to adjust, and she choked around him as he continued to piston into her face. She tried to breathe, but his cock was so thick that it was impossible to get any air around it.

“I knew you’d be fucking terrible at this. Have you even had a cock in your mouth before, slut? I doubt it; what bloke would be willing to put his dick anywhere near your swotty mouth?” Draco pulled out fully, and Hermione was able to take a breath before he forced himself back in, the head of his cock ramming hard against the back of her throat.

Hermione had sucked cock before. In fact, she had sucked *his* cock before, deepthroating the dildo she had made from his image more times than she could count. She knew this cock like the back of her hand and thought she knew exactly how to use it. It killed her to know he wasn’t satisfied with her. Hermione tried to focus so she could be better for him, but the constant brutal fucking of his cock into her mouth made that difficult.

*Think, Hermione.* What had she done before? What had the boys in her year mentioned they liked when they didn’t know she was eavesdropping? What had she seen Seamus do to Dean in the Room of Requirement last month? Dean seemed to really like it; *what had it been?*

Hermione groaned, the lack of oxygen starting to make her head spin.

Lips. Tight lips.

Hermione closed her lips around Draco’s cock, and the effect was instantaneous. Draco swore loudly and thrust deep inside her mouth, his cock curving down the back of her throat. Hermione worked hard to suppress her gag reflex, wanting to keep him there as long as she could. She was suddenly aware of her tongue again and experimentally flicked it around his shaft, tasting a mixture of lavender bath oil and sweat.

“Fuck,” Draco moaned, pressing deeper into Hermione’s throat so her nose was crushed against his pelvis, making it impossible to breathe and her vision blurry. “Little Lion came out to play, huh? Not completely useless after all, are you? Well, I’ll consider you to have one use at least.”

He pulled out again, and she spluttered, taking quick, deep breaths as her vision cleared. “You want my fucking cock?” He pointed at it. “Show me you’re worthy of it, then.”

Hermione launched forward and grabbed his shaft with both hands, revelling in the feel of being wrapped around him. It was familiar but also new. She knew his girth and length, but this version of him was visceral. His skin was so soft and flexible as she gave it a few enthusiastic tugs. It was warm to the touch, and she could feel how responsive he was, twitching in her hand.

She quickly lowered her mouth back down to his cock and closed her mouth around him again, feverishly pulling him to the back of her throat before dragging herself off, sucking hard as she went, careful to keep her teeth away from his precious member.

Draco thrust up, and Hermione felt her insides flood with pride as he reached a hand into her hair, fisted her curls, and pushed her roughly back down. His cock painfully hit the back of her throat again, and Hermione knew she would be sore there tomorrow, delighting in the prospect of having a reminder of their time together.

Hermione took him down as deep as she could; the part of him that she couldn’t reach with her lips she gripped tightly with her hand, stroking up and down in tandem with her mouth.

“Merlin, fuck.” Draco let out, and Hermione dropped a hand to the apex of her thighs, so turned on by his lovely swears that she needed to touch herself despite having come just minutes ago.

She moaned around his cock when her fingers struck home, and the vibration she made must have felt good because Draco thrust again into her mouth, using both hands now to grip her head and force her down onto him.

He gave her a couple more quick pumps of his hips before pulling back and stepping away, breathing hard. Hermione’s eyes were glued to his cock, where she could see a gooey string of her saliva mixed with his precome dripping off him. *That was them, mixed together.* Her toes curled. She felt empty with his cock gone and wanted it back in her mouth where it belonged.

She dropped off the bench, looking up at Draco as she crawled on her hands and knees to him. His mouth was open, and he was still breathing heavily as he watched her. His eyes were narrowed, and there was a snarl playing at his lips that made Hermione wet.

“Can I have your cock again, Sir?” Please?” She sat back on her heels and looked up at him expectantly, not willing to make another mistake but hoping he would take pity on her and let her continue to suck him off. Merlin, she wanted it so bad.

Draco leered down at her. “Why, Mudblood? Do you think you deserve that? Do you think you’ve pleased me?” He bared his teeth at her as he continued. “You haven’t fucking pleased me at all. In fact, you disgust me, and I can’t look at your ugly fucking face one second longer.

He dropped down and, with both hands on her shoulders, pushed her backwards. Hermione toppled over, immediately losing her balance and crashing to the floor. Her head smacked against the tile and her vision went hazy for a second as she tried to right herself. She looked up just in time to see Draco hovering over her and holding up the Invisibility Cloak before throwing it over her.

“That’s better. Filthy little Mudblood loves her invisibility cloak so much she can wear it.” Draco chuckled, and Hermione’s face burned with mortification. This was his way of making her feel guilty for spying on him; it had to be. He was putting them back in their original roles so she could think about how wrong it was. But it hadn’t felt wrong at the time and Hermione had only done it out of desperation. They were supposed to be together, but he wouldn’t come anywhere near her during the day, so this was the only way. He would understand eventually, and she would wait for him until he did.

“Now I don’t have to even look at your ugly mug while I fuck you.”

Hermione squirmed. *Fuck her?* She felt an instant rush of wetness between her legs. Was this really happening? After all this time, all this waiting, and all this longing, she was finally going to be intimate with Draco Malfoy. She was positively thrilled.

Hermione immediately lifted her legs and spread them so her pussy was bared to him, ready for him to take her. She knew she was so wet for him; he would be so proud of her. She couldn’t wait for him to notice.

“Well, well, well, what do we have here?” Hermione watched him inspect her between her legs, and her face burned when she felt him prod at the dildo that was wedged in her cunt. She hadn’t even realised it was still there, too focused on servicing Draco.

She whined when he pulled it out of her, the empty feeling that it left behind devastating her. She needed to be filled, and she needed to be filled by *him*.

“Hm, doesn’t this look familiar?” He waved the dildo in front of her face, and she squirmed when she saw that it was coated in her juices. She craned her neck to watch him as he brought the silicone cock and held it up next to his own. The visual was beyond erotic: two twin cocks standing at the ready, jutting from Draco’s pelvis. Hermione nearly combusted. All the things he could do to her if he had two dicks...

“Fairly accurate render, Mudblood. I’d hate to give you a compliment, but when I’m really just complimenting my own cock, I think it’s allowed.” He smirked, dropping the cock that had just been removed from her to the ground next to them and crawling between her legs.

“Such an eager little slut; you want me to fill all your holes, don’t you, Mudblood?”

Hermione squirmed, wiggling her hips to get closer to him.

"Answer me, Mudblood, when I'm talking to you." He landed a hard slap on her exposed clit, and Hermione's thighs closed automatically as the pain ricocheted through her.

"Sorry, Sir. Yes, Sir, please fill all my holes, Sir. My cunt was made for you, Sir."

Draco grabbed her by her knees and pulled her open, her clit stinging as it was reexposed to open air. He pulled her roughly against the tiles so that the back of her thighs were flush with the tops of his.

"I hope you're not all stretched out from that fake replica of my cock. What a waste of time you would be if you were already loose."

She felt a pair of cool, long fingers probing at her; spreading her lips, and inspecting her. She blushed under the scrutiny, pleading with her body to be as tight as possible for him. She was kicking herself now for ever using the dildo. She should have kept her hole untouched for him. He should have been the first dick inside of her, not the silicone monstrosity. She was so stupid. Now she would never be good enough for him.

A tear slipped down her face, for which she was grateful he couldn't see. She could feel where the cloak's coverage ended, so she knew that, from his point of view, she was nothing more than a pair of legs and a cunt.

Draco inserted three fingers into her without warning, and she clenched down on them tightly, desperate to prove to him that she was tight and untouched. He thrust inside a few times, which Hermione could tell was not for her benefit but to test the waters and see what she might feel like before sticking his cock in her.

He pulled out, and Hermione held her breath, waiting patiently for his deliberation. She watched as he brought his fingers to his face, inspecting them. Her heart leaps, hoping he'd taste them and feeling desperate for him to love the taste of her as much as she loved the taste of him. Instead, he sniffed his fingers, scowled at them, and then wiped them off on the Invisibility Cloak.

Hermione's soul deflated, knowing she had once again disappointed him. Her last hope was that he had found her tight enough for his use. She didn't know what she would do if he didn't fuck her. If she offered herself up to him like this and he rejected her. She didn't think she could stand it.

"You'll do. But keep quiet, Mudblood; I don't want to hear a word from you. As far as I'm aware, there's no witch attached to this cunt. Is that clear?" He slid his hands down her thighs and up to her hips, lifting her so her back arched off the floor and her cunt was level with his cock.

"Yes, Sir." Hermione responded dutifully, thrilled that he had chosen her.

"Good, now that better be the last word I hear out of you, Mudblood." Draco spat, emphasising the last word with a thrust of his hips as his cock slid home.

Hermione's world was igniting. He was *inside* her. They were connected, finally, two halves becoming one as he slotted himself between her legs. It was euphoric.

Her dildo paled in comparison to the real thing, especially when he started jackhammering into her harder and faster than Hermione could ever manage herself. She cried out in pleasure as he thrust deep, his hips hitting hers with a bruising force as he used her body to get himself off.

A sharp slap landed across her arse, and she bucked up into him, meeting his stride and pulling him impossibly deeper.

"Shut the fuck up, slut. I told you not to make a sound."

Hermione raised a fist to her mouth, inserting as much of it as she could so as to stop the barrage of moans that were bubbling up and ready to spill out of her.

This was heaven.

Nothing had ever felt like this before.

It was her first time being with a man, and that man was Draco Malfoy, the object of all her desires. He was fucking her like he desired her too; like the world would stop spinning if he pulled out of her. He needed her, and she would let him take everything from her for as long as she was alive.

He shifted their position slightly, pulling her up even higher and gripping her by her arse cheeks. She was now anchored to the ground by just her upper back, the hard tile sharp against her bony shoulders. But he was touching her bare skin, so nothing else mattered. He grabbed at her soft flesh like he wanted to rip off chunks of it as his dick rubbed furiously against the walls of Hermione's cunt.

She loved being so desired.

Hermione felt an orgasm quickly approaching and scrambled quickly to get her reactions in order. Clearly, her noises distracted him, and she didn't want anything to disturb him as he neared his own climax. She wouldn't be able to stop it from happening, however, no matter how hard she tried. Just the thought of fucking him was something she had gotten off to a thousand times before, but *actually* fucking him? It was more than her body could handle.

"Do you want to know how I knew you were here, Mudblood? Want to know how I know every dirty depraved thought you've had about me?"

Hermione wasn't sure if it was a redundant question; it seemed like he would tell her regardless. But he had asked her to respond when addressed, so she did.

"Yes, Sir. Please tell me." Her words came out in stuttered breaths as he slammed into her over and over again. Her cunt started to pulse around him, and she knew he could feel it. She hoped he was happy that he was making her feel good; she hoped he was proud of himself.

“I felt you staring at me during History of Magic. I could feel your traitorous little eyes on me, and I knew you were up to no good. You, Potter, and Weasel are never up to any good, so I decided, in my own best interest, that I should take a peek to make sure you weren’t plotting anything against me.”

Hermione’s stomach sank. *Oh no.*

Malfoy’s hips sped up.

“I saw them. Every single one of your perverted scenarios that you would play out in your head when you *should* have been paying attention. I saw how you wanted me to bend you over Binn’s desk. I saw you naked and straddling me on my broom, sitting on my cock, while we flew over the Highlands. I saw myself ravage you on the Slytherin table in front of the entire school. I saw you sneaking into the Slytherin Common Room, crawling into my bed, and waiting naked for me to get back from quidditch practice so I could fuck you raw. I. Saw. Them. All.” He enunciated the last few words with particularly brutal drives from his hips.

“Imagine my disgust when I realised how desperately you wanted me that you would spend so much time creating imaginary scenarios to rub yourself off to. That was until I saw images of me sprawled out in the Prefect’s Bathroom, my hand fisting my cock as I brought myself to completion. *That wasn’t* an image of your own creation, oh no. That was a *memory*. Perfect Prefect Granger was sneaking into my bath and watching me wank and getting herself off to it. Now that, that made me livid.”

Hermione desperately tried to hold off her orgasm, but it was vibrating through her now, and every limb tingled with unreleased tension.

“How dare the dirty little Mudblood think herself worthy of being in my presence, particularly to be with me in such a way? In that moment, I vowed I would make you pay. Make you suffer for ever daring to think that you could have me.

*But I do have you,* Hermione thought; *you’re inside me, you’re mine, and I’m yours.*

“You are *not* mine, and I am *certainly* not yours.”

He was inside her head again. She hadn’t even realised it.

“Yes, Mudblood. I’m inside your head. It’s a filthy, fucked-up place, do you know that? I don’t even think you’re aware of how fucked up in your head you are. You actually think this is something special and that I’m fucking you because I *care* about you. Well, news flash, Mudblood, I don’t. All you are is a hole to me. I literally covered up your face so I wouldn’t have to look at it; how are you not embarrassed by that? You’re so obsessed with me, you can’t even see this for what it is.

“But that’s all the better for me anyway. You’re pliant; that’s one redeeming feature. I can be as rough as I want. I bet I could do anything I wanted to you, and you’d just take it and say, Please, wouldn’t you, Mudblood?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Fucking mental, you are. I always knew Mudbloods were fucking nutjobs. You’re not supposed to have magic; it’s rotted your muggle brain. This is why we need to stamp your kind out and kill a lot of you so you don’t procreate and further dilute our kind. We don’t need any more Mudblood bastards.”

Hermione’s head was reeling. She thought his words were a little unkind, but she was certain he didn’t mean them. She had heard the other girls in her dorm talk about how men would say crazy things in bed—something to do with the testosterone. Maybe it was a kink of his to be mean to her. She was okay with that; if he was getting pleasure out of it, she’d be happy. All she needed was to be with him.

Hermione’s eyes rolled back in her head as he continued to pound into her. She absent-mindedly brought a hand up to her breast, opening her school top and baring her breasts. *Perhaps he’ll like my tits; he hasn’t seen them yet.*

Hermione pulled at the edge of the invisible cloak and lifted it up so it revealed her chest, but not so far as to uncover her face.

Draco laughed coldly.

“Think you can make me like you by showing me your tits, Mudblood? I’ve seen a hundred pairs of tits, all of them better than yours.”

He said the words, but he dropped his grip from her hips all the same, leaning forward to grasp one of her breasts in his hand and kneading it. He wanted to touch her. She showed him a new part of herself, and he couldn’t resist. She beamed with pride.

“You should try an *engorgio* charm on these; they’re way too small to be any good to anyone.” He slapped her across the tit, this time not too hard, and the sting was more pleasure than pain, reverberating down to her cunt.

Malfoy started pounding into her again, and at this angle, his pubic bone brushed against her clit. It only took a few thrusts before Hermione realised what was happening, and she was coming apart on his cock. Hermione moaned, her fist shooting back up to stifle her noises as her cunt clamped down like a vice, milking his cock for all it was worth and begging him to topple over the edge with her.

Malfoy stalled his hips and looked down at her cunt, aghast.

“Did you just fucking orgasm, slut?”

“Yes, Sir,” Hermione said quickly, the words coming out as half a moan as she spasmed with aftershocks, her entire body alight with pleasure as she looked up at him, trying to catch his eye and momentarily forgetting he couldn’t see her.

“You fucking freak. I’m fucking you with absolutely no regard for your needs, calling you a dirty whore, and you fucking cum on me. Do you think you’re supposed to be *enjoying this?*” Draco’s voice was furious as he ripped off the invisibility cloak.

“You’ll regret that, slut.”

Draco grabbed Hermione by the hair and yanked hard, pulling her body across the floor and over towards the edge of the bath.

Hermione had had this fantasy before, sitting in the warm water on Draco’s lap as he fucked her from below. She couldn’t believe she would get to live another fantasy tonight. *She truly was so lucky.*

“Not so lucky.” Draco spat as she roughly pushed her forward.

Hermione threw her hands out to brace her fall, gripping the edge of the bath as he closed in behind her. Her weight was so far forward that she nearly toppled over into the water. She would work her hardest to stay upright if that’s what he wanted; she would do anything to please him and make his fantasies come true.

“Since you can’t seem to keep quiet on your own, I’ll make you stay quiet.” One of his hands was back in her hair, and he was gripping it so tightly that she could feel clumps of hair tear from her scalp. She hoped he would take those pieces home with him.

“Now don’t struggle, got it, Mudblood? I don’t want to have to deal with you in a more permanent way if you can’t stay calm.”

Hermione’s stomach flipped. She was good for him; she had been nothing but good for him. Of course, she would remain calm and do whatever he asked.

“Yes, Sir, I’ll stay calm.”

“Good. Now take a deep breath.” Hermione did as she was told, and not a second too late, as Malfoy plunged her face into the water at the same time as he plunged his cock back inside her cunt.

Hermione nearly cried out but had enough sense to know that if she opened her mouth, she could drown.

Hermione’s blood instantly went cold. This was different; this scared her. She was upside down, and her head was completely submerged. Her survival instincts kicked in, and she pushed her head against the hand, trying to resurface, but Draco was much stronger than she was, and he held her under.

Hermione’s lungs started to burn and she struggled to keep air inside them as Draco fucked her furiously from behind. *Why was he doing this? Hadn’t she been so good to him?* She wanted to cry, and perhaps she did. She’d never know under the water like this.

Hermione’s panic grew when she realised she was starting to lose awareness. If there had been a way to tell Draco it was too much, it was too late now. The pain in her chest grew as her mind went fuzzy. He was going to be so disappointed in her. He wanted to try something new, something that not even Hermione could have thought up, and she was going to ruin it

by dying. He was right about her; she was useless. She couldn't even get him to come once. Hermione nearly sobbed at the thought.

She was going to die. This was the end. The world seemed to quiet as her consciousness started to slip away. At least if these were her last moments, she would rest easy knowing she got to be with him. At least once.

Hermione's body gave out; any resistance she had been putting up against Draco was now depleted. She was ready for it to be over, for the pain to grant her peace. She would die, and she hoped he could forgive her for it.

Suddenly, warm air filled Hermione's lungs as she was yanked from the water. Hermione coughed, gulping down air frantically as a head rush overwhelmed her, and she fell back against Draco's chest.

"Get off me, you nasty Mudblood." Draco leered as he dropped her back into the water.

Hermione thrashed wildly, as she hadn't been given any warning this time, and hot, soapy water filled her lungs.

She was immediately pulled back out.

"What the fuck is wrong with you, slut? I thought you were going to be good for me; you're not being good for me; you're making quite the scene."

Hermione gagged, soap suds spilling from her mouth straight into the pool.

"We're going to try this one more time, Mudblood. And you're going to behave, aren't you?"

Hermione wanted to shake her head. She didn't want this; the last thing in the world she wanted was to go back into that water again. Well, not the last thing. The last thing she wanted to do was disappoint Draco, which meant her other want was trumped.

"Yes, Sir," Hermione said, quietly and reluctantly.

"Good girl. Deep breath." Hermione preened at the praise before taking a large breath and letting him resubmerge her in the water.

She tried this time to keep calm. He hadn't let her die last time; he didn't want her dead. He was just messing around. This must be some sort of kink he had. She didn't understand it, but she would ask him about it later. In her research on rough sex, it was usually followed by aftercare, consisting of cuddles and kisses, and Hermione did her best to focus on the prospect of getting that with him soon.

She could hold her breath. She could do anything for him.

Just as Hermione was starting to relax, she felt something probe at her arsehole. She was confused. Draco was currently fucking her pussy, but whatever was pushing at her back door was larger than his fingers.

She nearly screamed when the object breached her tight ring of muscle. But once again, Draco's hand kept her down. She was trapped.

The object slid in further, and Hermione groaned as she felt how deep it went. She could sense the general size of it, and her heart flipped when she realised what it must be.

Draco's cock.

Not his actual cock, no, that was still buried in her cunt, thrusting rapidly, rubbing against the foreign object on the other side of her thin internal walls.

No, that was her dildo.

Draco Malfoy was fucking her cunt with his real dick and her arse with its silicone replica.

Hermione nearly came again as she realised that she had not one but two of Draco inside her. It surprised her that, beyond the initial shock of being penetrated *there*, it didn't actually hurt. She had done anal play before with her fingers, but never her dildo; she must just have a very pliant colon. She groaned and gave into the pressure in both her holes as endorphins flooded her system.

*He did care about her.* Fucking her with her dildo wasn't doing anything for his pleasure; he must be doing this to increase *her* pleasure. *How thoughtful of him.*

Hermione's lungs started to burn, but she didn't even care as she let the overload of sensations happening inside her cunt and arse wash over her. Hermione smiled to herself under the water as she felt Draco work both of his cocks in and out of her in tandem. He would thrust his hips and pull back the dildo at the same time, then switch, inserting the silicone cock as he pulled away from her, making sure that she was always filled with *something*.

He wanted her to feel filled; he *cared*.

She felt the air hit her face before she registered the pull on her hair, and she breathed in deeply.

The cock in her arse was seated deeply as Draco continued to fuck her.

"I bet you fucking love this, whore." Draco snarled in her ear, having pulled her head up next to his. "Two of my cocks in you at once; you don't even care that I could kill you right now if I wanted to. You're so cock hungry; that's all you're thinking about, isn't it?"

"Yes, Sir," Hermione responded automatically. It was true. Not a word of it was a lie.

"Well, take one more big gulp. I need to come, and I can't be bothered to use legilimency to monitor if you're alive or not, so just try not to die until I come, got it? You're not worth going to Azkaban for."

Hermione's stomach flipped. He had been monitoring her. When she thought he was letting her die, he was making sure she wouldn't. He could joke about getting arrested for her

murder all he wanted. He wouldn't kill her; he cared about her.

"Yes, Sir." Hermione smiled, playing into his games.

"Good. Now do it." Hermione obeyed, taking another huge gulp as he tipped her forward again, and her head went back under the water.

He immediately picked up his pace with gusto. Thrusting into her hard and quick, at the same time he jackhammered the dildo into her now sore arsehole. She would have to tell him she wasn't used to doing it *there*. If he knew, he would have been more gentle with her, she was sure. They would work on it for next time.

Hermione's head rocked in the water, the violent thrusts from behind knocking her around. She had never felt so full in her life. She loved it. Knowing that Draco was fucking her was a gift. She had never known lust like this or longing like this. The pleasure intensified as she ran out of air, and before she knew it, she was catapulting off the ledge of her third orgasm of the evening.

Intuitively, her mouth opened, and in rushed a flood of soapy water.

Hermione struggled, her orgasm still rocketing through her as she felt Draco's hips stutter and finally still behind her, and a flood of warmth coated her insides.

Fire burned in her lungs, but she waited for him to pull her out. He knew her limits, if he thought she could handle this, then she would.

She felt Draco pull his cock from her and drag her out of the water at the same time. He threw her on the tile next to him, where she curled into a ball, coughing up water and sucking down air at the same time.

She started crying; the intensity of the orgasm and her near-death experience were too much for her to handle.

"About fucking time, I wondered when you'd finally have enough."

Hermione peered up through blurry eyes to see Draco looking down at her. His cock was soft and hanging limply between his legs, just as it had done when she first watched him get into the bath earlier that evening.

"Roll over, slut; I'm not quite done yet."

Hermione hiccuped but obeyed. She didn't honestly have anything more to give him, but if he didn't mind her just lying there, she could manage at least that.

He spread her legs, and Hermione felt her face flush as he stared down at her. It was silly of her to be embarrassed, considering what they had just done and how intimate they had become with each other's bodies. But she couldn't help it.

She closed her eyes, unable to keep them open as exhaustion washed over her.

She felt something prod at her cunt, and she opened her eyes, shocked that Draco was hard and ready to fuck her again.

He wasn't. He was inserting the dildo into her.

"There you go, stupid slut. Time to leave you just as I found you."

He thrust his replica dick inside her a few times, her oversensitised body shuddering in disapproval. The soft schlicking sounds let Hermione know that his cum was leaking out around the cock as he slowly fucked it into her.

"I need to drain you first; make sure you don't find my cum in you and wonder where it came from when you come to. That would ruin this little routine we have, now wouldn't it?"

Hermione's brain short-circuited. *Routine*? This was not part of the routine; this had been a very happy deviation from the routine. What was he talking about?

"Oh, Mudblood, how very wrong you are." He was inside her mind again.

"I don't—" She started trying to piece together the fragments of what he was saying to make some sense out of them. Her heart rate sped up as she felt a creeping sense of not knowing something she should prickle at her gut.

Draco laughed cruelly. "I don't know if the fucking is my favourite part, or if this is. Getting to see you realise what we've actually been doing these last few months after every session is just so," he gave one final hard push of the dildo, plugging it as far into her cunt as it would go, "rewarding."

He stepped away from her and Hermione, feeling slightly queasy and suddenly very cold, pulled her legs to her chest and wrapped her arms around them. Unconsciously, she started to rock as she sat in a puddle of cooling bathwater and Draco's cum.

"I'm honestly just impressed with my own spellwork. Memory charms have never been my strong suit, and your brain is particularly noisy and rather unpleasant to be inside. I had thought perhaps you would have found a weakness in my charms before now, but nope, just as unaware and pliant as ever. It's exceptional."

*Memory charms*? Draco had been placing memory charms on her? No, it wasn't possible. What would he be erasing from her? She remembered every single one of their nights together in here. She came in, he got himself off, she'd get herself off, and then she'd leave.

*Didn't she?*

Now that she thought about it, Hermione didn't actually remember him leaving. She hadn't noticed it before—the gap in her memory. But that's just because she was too busy coming down off her own euphoric high to notice him dress and leave. She often passed out of sheer exhaustion in here, due to the erotic nature of the experience and the humid, hot air. A little catnap after an orgasm wasn't anything to worry about, so Hermione... hadn't.

He looked down at her, his head cocked to the side. “Have you guessed it yet? I know how much you love getting answers right in class; you insufferable swot. Care to have a crack?” His tone was laced with condescension, which Hermione deserved. She was never this confused in class and it embarrassed her to no end to not have all the answers.

“I’m sorry, Sir, I don’t understand.” She closed her eyes, unable to see what was surely disappointment in her written across his face.

“Fine then. I’ll enlighten you. But only because I enjoy it so much. You see, Mudblood, it all started at the beginning of the year, when I noticed you staring at me during Binns’ class.” Hermione blushed. Her fantasies about him that he had admitted to seeing had only started within the past few months. She hadn’t realised he’d been monitoring her as far back as the beginning of the year. Back then it hadn’t even been a crush, more of a curiosity. Draco had been acting differently since returning from the Summer holidays and the sudden change had piqued Hermione’s interest.

“Yes, Mudblood, I knew you were thinking about me. It both annoyed and disgusted me. But, I also saw it as an opportunity to run a little experiment. I wanted to see how far, with a little encouragement, you were willing to go. So, I nudged you, planted a few additional seeds in your mind with some masterful legilimency, if I do say so myself.

“Your brain took to the suggestions quite quickly, and it was fascinating to see just how quickly your thoughts of me spiralled into an outright obsession. The stalking was probably most flattering; the fact that I could get little miss rule-abiding Granger to risk suspension by being out of bounds was particularly delicious.”

Hermione’s rocking picked up, as Draco’s words hit her like a tonne of bricks.

“That was my initial plan: get you into trouble just with my mere existence, tempting you to break enough rules so that they’d expel you, or at the very least, slap you with some detentions. How I so desperately wanted to see you tarnish that Golden Girl reputation. But then you went and followed me to my weekly bath, and the plans changed.”

Hermione knew all of this; she had done all of this. But she hadn’t known *he* knew. How pathetic of a witch he must think her to be if she couldn’t hide any of this from him.

“I didn’t know the first time it happened; that cloak is quite impressive. It wasn’t until our next History of Magic class, when I was back inside your mind, pushing your obsessions further, that I saw the memory. I was livid, of course. That wasn’t part of my plan—to have you intrude on me in such a way. The idea that you were getting yourself off to me was expected when thoughts of me were eroding every corner of your mind. But for you to think you could do so in my presence? To *use me* to get yourself off? That behaviour was unacceptable and needed to be punished.”

*No. No no no no no.* He had it all wrong; she wasn’t using him; she was admiring him, worshipping him. She was simply a humble disciple at his altar.

“So, I took what you were more than happy to offer me. Quite amenable. Very happy to please. I hadn’t expected such rewards for my efforts, but I do think they’re deserved, don’t

you?"

*What was he asking her?* Her brain was still trying to catch up, but she didn't want to leave him hanging.

"Yes, Sir."

Draco barked out a laugh.

"Incredible. You don't have an original thought in your head that isn't about me anymore, do you? It makes you the perfect pet for me. Even if you are a nasty little Mudblood, it beats wanking. And you enjoy it, don't you, Mudblood?"

Draco crouched down then, pulling again at the dildo, nearly removing it before reinserting it inside her used, swollen cunt.

Hermione couldn't breathe. It hit her all at once, and she nearly cried out in horror. Draco, the man she thought she loved, the one she would have willingly put her life on the line to please and protect, had been... using her.

Her head dropped to her knees, her legs closing as she tried to push his hand away, which was still thrusting the dildo incessantly into her abused pussy.

Draco had been fucking her in this very room during the weekly visits she thought consisted of nothing more than voyeurism and self-pleasure. She had no idea what had actually been happening here, or how many times it had happened. Tonight wasn't her first time with Draco, not by a long shot. The dildo in her arse... It all made sense now.

*Oh god.* The dark tattoo that shone on his forearm and the implication of what it meant hit her like a punch to the gut. *Harry had been right. Draco Malfoy was a Death Eater.*

Hermione scrambled back, suddenly drenched in anxiety and fear, desperate to get away from the stranger in front of her. She slipped and slid against the wet tiled floor as she crawled away, tears streaming down her face.

Draco laughed, slowly following her, his wand now raised and pointed at her.

"There's the little lion, so scared and frightened. *Oh no,*" his tone was mocking. "Poor pathetic Mudblood finally wakes up. Welcome to your new reality, cub."

"Please, Draco, don't do this; please, I'm sorry; I didn't know; I had no control." Hermione whimpered, burying her face into the cold floor, trying to ground herself, praying she could unlock her fighting instincts and save herself.

"You can cry, beg, and plead all you want, Mudblood, but that's not going to do anything. Remember this, Mudblood: I'm not making you do any of this. Not once have I put the Imperius on you or asked you to do something you weren't completely on board with. Look in the mirror, Mudblood. You may not like the reflection, but this is all you. You're obsessed with me; you came here on your own; you *always* come here on your own. You want this as much as I'm happy to give it to you. It's our *routine.*"

“No, no, this is wrong, you broke my mind, this isn’t me.” Hermione sobbed, feeling more powerless in that moment than she ever had before. Because she believed him when he said he’d never put her under the Imperius. But her mind was still not her own, and what was happening to her was way worse than a simple Unforgivable curse. Curses wore off. What Draco had done was completely rewire how her brain worked, and she didn’t know if that could ever be undone.

Not when she knew this wasn’t the first time she had realised her fate. And she always came back for more.

“Your blithering is getting pathetic. I’ve already come, so I don’t need to listen to any more of your drivel. Time to put you back in your place, Mudblood.”

Hermione felt the air rush out of her as her body was unceremoniously lifted off the floor and sent spinning across the bathroom. Before she could process how she was airborne, she was already being dropped indelicately on the stone bench she had sat herself on just an hour ago.

Hermione felt sick and clutched at her stomach, desperate not to lose another ounce of control in front of this monster. She could hear his steps approaching as Draco splashed across the bathroom towards her. She looked up when she had a handle on her insides and came face-to-face with his wand.

Draco smiled wickedly down at her. “I guess it’s only proper to thank you for such a *satisfying* evening, Mudblood. Will I see you next week?” He laughed. “Oh, who am I kidding? Of course, I will. Sleep tight, Mudblood.”

A blinding pain splintered through Hermione’s brain for a split second before everything went dark.

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Hermione woke with a start. She looked around the room quickly but saw no sign of him.

Her heart sank. *He was already gone.*

Knowing it was late and cursing herself for falling asleep again, she reached down and slowly pulled the dildo from where she had left it inside her cunt. It was covered in her juices, and she remarked at how she always seemed to produce so much more cum on these nights than any other.

She reached for her bag, pulled out her wand, and cast a quick *scourgify* before placing the dildo back inside it. The Invisibility Cloak was mercifully still in place, so she didn’t have to worry about it having slipped off while she was asleep and giving herself away to Draco.

She threw the bag across her body and scurried from the bathroom, quickly retracing her steps back to the Gryffindor Common Room after another successful Wednesday routine.

She felt sad, already missing Draco.

It's okay. She soothed herself.

You'll see him next week.

End Notes

If you made it this far... thank you so much for reading! If you enjoyed please feel free to leave a comment. I'm feeling more vulnerable about this fic than my others so would love to hear your feedback.

I'm currently plotting a longer form smutty (fluffy) Dreomione, so if that's your speed be sure to check back soon!

 Scar

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!