

Private Tutor

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Private Tutor

by [allofthelights11](#)

Summary

When they come back for their 8th year, all students are paired with students from other houses for coursework and assignments - in the name of building inter-house unity. Professor McGonagall pairs Hermione with the youngest Death Eater in history as he tries to rehabilitate his image.

Across a reluctantly burgeoning friendship, Hermione comes to learn that Draco has almost no experience with girls since the age of fifteen. In light of his desperate crush on Daphne and his defeated prospects re: making a move, she offers to help.

or

That time Hermione offered to give Draco Malfoy some much-needed sexual experience.

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Notes

This is a flip from the typical virginity trope I did in [Five Months Until Summer](#). That one was the first time we all wish we'd had. This one is... far more realistic (I feel), hopefully in both satisfying and amusing ways.

UPDATE! Lovely news - this is now completely prewritten and will clock in at 20 chapters (I know, you're welcome). It's ~87k words and I think I counted properly and located 26 orgasms. Feel free to check my work.

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

Chapter 1



Art by [incendiosketches](#)

“All students will be partnered up in lessons this year, without exception. Yes, Mr Creevy, even younger students. Now that the war is over, uniting across our differences is paramount to moving forward. We believe the house system has been causing more division than unity here at Hogwarts. We see no reason to uproot everyone’s dormitories, but this year, every student will be paired with several others, depending on which lessons you are taking. You will share between one and three classes with a partner, and -”

“That doesn’t make any sense!” Ron exclaims, annoyed.

“It’s confusing...” trails Parvati. “How do we keep track?”

“If you please,” huffs Minerva McGonagall, and references the parchment in her hand. “Mr Weasley, I’ll set you as an example. In Herbology and Care of Magical Creatures, you’ll be working alongside Susan Bones. For History of Magic and Transfiguration, you’ll be with Millicent Bulstrode. And for Charms and Potions, your partner will be Terry Boot.”

She has to raise her voice above the muttering common room. “I know it seems confusing now, but you will each receive notice of who your partners will be and they’ll be listed in each common room for reference. And although some of you prefer to work alone, the professors expect each of you to learn how to work together and overcome any differences - not just in ideology, but in temperament, work habits, and everything else. In your careers, you will frequently be called upon to work with people you’d prefer not to. Consider this good practise.”

She abandons the room to a collective groan.

* * *

“Let me see!” Ron makes a swift grab for the paper in Hermione’s hand and she yanks it away, right into Harry’s waiting grasp from behind her.

“Aha!” He holds it up high out of reach and Hermione declines to jump up and down for it on principle. She crosses her arms over her chest and scowls, as if this could possibly do any good.

She already knows how they’ll react. Why had she bothered trying to avoid it? This was going to happen first thing Monday morning anyhow, as soon as they saw her sitting next to...

“Malfoy?! McGonagall *must* be joking.”

Ron doubles over laughing so hard that he has to clutch at his stomach to control it. It doesn’t work. Hermione sighs and faces Harry.

“It’s not like I asked for it, you know.”

Harry’s still scanning the paper. There’s not much there, but the first line of it evidently threw him off before he got to the rest.

“Anthony Goldstein and Hannah Abbott. Not bad. But you’re with Malfoy for... jeebus, Hermione, four lessons?”

“There aren’t many other students taking as many courses as I am! He must be one of them. Don’t know why I’m surprised,” she mutters, almost to herself at this point. She snatches the parchment back and crumples it in a hand.

“And here I was, assuming McGonagall liked you,” Ron wheezes. “And she’s paired you with Malfoy for a solid half of your NEWT classes.”

Harry finally takes pity on her. “At least he’s a good student. You won’t be dragging him along.”

* * *

It’s nowhere near as bad as Hermione feared. Even she can admit that. She’d had her doubts, just like everybody else - could the divisions and grievances between the houses (and individual students, for that matter) just be pushed aside with a little parallel revision time?

The professors attempted to avoid highlighting the specific rivalry between Gryffindor and Slytherin. Most everyone was paired with another student from each house, making the partnerships seem evenly sorted. Hermione finds Anthony Goldstein slightly pretentious, but he keeps up with the work and isn’t too chatty. Her classes and study sessions with Hannah Abbott are even fun - the Hufflepuff is sweet and quiet around others, but one-on-one, she has a wickedly dry sense of humour that often has Hermione in stitches.

And Malfoy... well, by late October, they’ve reached an understanding. Sort of.

It couldn’t be avoided. They share four NEWT classes that meet a total of eight times per week, plus studying, plus collaborative essays and projects.

He's different than she expected. She's not sure what she did expect, precisely, but she couldn't have specified it if someone had asked. Would he still be pompous and arrogant, the king of his own mountain, even after Voldemort's downfall? Would he try to pretend he was above it all, that he shouldn't be lumped in with the other Death Eaters? Would he pretend nothing whatsoever had happened, and that maybe Hermione was the crazy one for knowing it did?

It had been none of those things. Malfoy was as quiet and reserved as Hannah Abbott always is in public. He was... almost demure.

At first, he didn't speak to her, but she got the sense that it wasn't a snooty superiority. He just wanted to get his work done and they happened to share a table. As Hermione usually relishes quiet (and gets very little of it when revising with Harry and Ron), she didn't protest.

Gradually, Malfoy came out of his shell. A little at a time, he'd ask her to hand him something. Once, she nearly fell out of her chair when he admitted to being stuck on the seventh reason why interspecies Transfiguration is regulated. His brain just wouldn't cobble up the last one, and did Hermione know it?

He'd given her a small smile when she had, and thanked her politely, and went back to work.

As the professors began to assign the more collaborative work later in the term (probably a calculated timeline to avoid throwing too much at their hapless pairings too early), Malfoy seemed almost normal. He'd speak when spoken to, offer answers that were always correct, and was annoyingly punctual.

Hermione couldn't decide if she wanted more penitence out of him or not. Him being here at all was part of his Ministry-mandated 'rehabilitation,' something which some students glommed onto with menace. Malfoy wasn't particularly popular inside Hogwarts this year. That was clear to anybody with eyes. But he kept his head down and didn't instigate anything.

"I just want my NEWTs," she heard him mutter to Cormac McLaggen inside the library that Thursday.

"Why? Who cares? You don't need them."

"I do need them."

"Why?" Cormac presses, and Hermione is shocked to see him almost nose to nose with Malfoy.

"...The reparations."

"Oh, right, right. You don't have any money now, do you? The Honourable Lord Draco Malfoy will be working for a living just like the rest of us now."

"Sod off, McLaggen," Hermione snaps, thumping her overfilled bag on the table. "Don't you have better things to do?"

"Better than tormenting this fucking war criminal who has the audacity to use this library just like we do? Just like *you* do?"

"Don't drag me into it! If I have a problem with it, I'll tell him myself."

"Standing right here," Draco mumbles, but his eyes are fixedly on Hermione's bag.

“Do that, then,” suggests Cormac, ignoring Draco. “Surely you have a few things to say to him. I’ve never known you to hold back, and it’s almost November. So what is it, Granger? Is he bribing you to sit there?”

“No, he bloody well is not!” Hermione feels her face grow red with irritation. “Get lost. I have work to do and you’re in my way.”

Cormac’s eyebrows lift, but it has a knowing and suggestive tilt that further inflames her annoyance. He leaves, though, and that’s all she could have asked for.

“You didn’t need to do that.”

She glances over and Malfoy’s taken his seat at their table. He’s not looking at her. He’s just arranging his books and ink, and reaching for his quill.

“I know that. But he’s a troll and unless he’s going to help - not likely under good circumstances - I’d rather be shot of him altogether.”

“Didn’t you go to one of Slughorn’s parties with him in sixth year?”

She groans. “Don’t remind me. It wasn’t for McLaggen. I did it to make Ron jealous.”

Malfoy seems entirely unaware of this level of relationship drama in Gryffindor house. He’d had rather a lot going on in sixth year, Hermione recalls, and feels her face heat again.

“How’d that work out?”

“Brilliantly,” she replies in a flat tone, and Malfoy seems to understand she’s not aggravated at him.

“Well, thanks. Although, if people do think I’m somehow bribing you to sit here...” he trails off, disturbed. “Well, if they do, I could be in a lot of trouble. My probation...”

This has not occurred to her. “I don’t really think anybody thinks that. I haven’t heard anyone else say it. Have you?”

He shakes his head, looking dejected. “I don’t know if McGonagall really thought this through. I think she was hoping that being seen with you... would help me. I don’t know if it’s going that direction or not.”

This has also not occurred to her, and she wonders why not. Malfoy seems to think she needs more convincing to see the Slytherin angle of it, which she does not, but she lets him speak anyway. He hasn’t spoken this much in her presence all year.

“If Hermione Granger can forgive me, surely other people can manage. Although why you would is beyond me.”

“Why do you say it like that?”

He finally looks her way, his own cheeks a little pink. “I was horrible to you, Granger. All the time. Pretty much every chance I got.”

She considers this and can only come out with absolute honesty. “You were. But at some point during my... travels during the war, I saw an awful lot of what I’d consider real evil. Sorry if it’s a

ding to your ego, but you don't really rank."

He surprises her by laughing, a soft chuckle that sounds real.

"I've just been pleased that you haven't continued it this year. How's that?"

Malfoy nods, accepting. "It won't. And I'm sorry for all the times before, for what it's worth."

They work in silence for a good while. Hermione's wrapping up her portion of an essay when he speaks up again.

"And thank you for working with me. I'd like to think McGonagall's goal was a good one."

"I don't know how much good I can do, to be honest -"

He cuts her off. "A lot. It could do a lot, but I'd never have asked it of you. I probably wouldn't have even thought of it. Well, that's not true." He catches himself and looks down at his lap. "I'm a Slytherin. If I'd known about this proposed partner lesson plan, I definitely would have thought of it. But I wouldn't have asked."

Hermione isn't sure which angle is more surprising to her: that she, personally, could effect so much potential change, or that Malfoy needs it *that* badly.

"Okay, that's still not true," he half-moans in aggravation, lolling his head back enough to make her smile. "I would have asked. But I'd have asked McGonagall, not you."

"Working on honesty, are we?"

The smirk he shoots her is so reminiscent of Malfoy and so different at the same time. It's a commiserating smirk, one from a joke she's in on, for a change. It's a smirk they share.

"Reluctantly."

"So is working with me having any positive effects so far?" Looking at Cormac's reaction today, she's not so sure it is. Malfoy shrugs one shoulder.

"It isn't hurting - so long as people believe you sit here of your own free will."

There's no doubt that he is extremely isolated this year. It's probably natural that the other three houses still view him with varying levels of animosity, but he doesn't even hang around his own Slytherin housemates much. He sits at the same table for meals, but the conversation there seems perfunctory, at best. Pansy used to be draped all over him every chance she had, and she sits clear across the table now.

As if he's reading her mind, Draco carries on in a quieter tone, "It probably doesn't hurt that you're a witch."

"How do you mean?"

He clams up. "Never mind. It's stupid."

"No, tell me!" Maybe he's noticed in eight years and maybe he hasn't, but Hermione can be quite persistent when she chooses. One corner of his mouth turns up in a wry kind of grimace.

“I don’t know if witches think like wizards do, but seeing a pretty witch with another bloke tends to make us want to be in that bloke’s seat.”

Is he calling her pretty? She’s too shocked to contribute.

“So other witches seeing me here with you... maybe it makes me seem alright. Maybe one of them would like to be in your seat one day.”

Hermione bursts out laughing and covers her mouth, struggling to stay quiet enough to go unnoticed by Madam Pince. She can’t work out whether Malfoy’s complimenting himself, or her, or neither of them. “*What?*”

He looks offended. “I told you it was stupid.”

“Wait, wait.” She waves a hand in a generic gesture that could mean ‘stop talking’ or ‘hang on’ or ‘I’m confused.’ Maybe all three. “You think sitting here with me makes you seem more attractive?”

Now he’s just dumbfounded and she has an odd rush of satisfaction. “How could it not?”

Her cheeks grow warm. “In this analogy -” (was it an analogy? She’s all off kilter) “- did you call me pretty?”

She doesn’t think she could be more shocked by this conversation, but he manages - his face as pink as hers and back to looking at his parchment.

“Granger, everybody knows you’re pretty.”

* * *

Now that he’s opened up a bit, Malfoy becomes more of a conversationalist. He has a surprisingly self-deprecating humour about him, something she’s sure wasn’t well-developed until after the war. Hermione’s receptiveness to listening opens a dam somewhere within him.

Some of it is war-related, as if he needed to get it off his chest, but most of it is frivolous - the kinds of things he probably used to talk to his friends about. He misses Quidditch and the weekly poker games Slytherin house holds that he used to be invited to. Or maybe he can’t afford to gamble any longer; that bit is left ambiguous.

It becomes plain that he still carries a torch for Pansy when he casually drops how much he misses Hogsmeade, and Madam Puddifoot’s Tea Parlour gets a mention. Hermione stops writing for so long that her quill leaves a giant blue ink blot on her parchment that she has to work around - not that she notices.

“I wouldn’t have thought you’d be caught dead in Madam Puddifoot’s.”

Malfoy lets out that low, soft laugh. “Well, no wizard in the place wanted to be seen there, which lent to a solidarity where none of us would ever talk about it.”

“And the witches? Surely Pansy would crow about it from the rooftop.”

“Oh, I’m sure it went around the witch gossip circles. But we’d argue that we were either (a) able to be persuaded to go there specifically or (b) the generous kind of date who wanted to offer up the girliest, most embarrassing place in Hogsmeade. Either one could be spun to our advantage.”

“Merlin’s pants, you lot find an angle in everything.”

“It’s a honed skill.”

Unspoken is that he’s been unable to spin any of these angles to his advantage this term.

She doesn’t plan what she says next, but it’s too late to reel it in. “I’m sorry about Pansy. That she’s not -”

“- Not what?” Malfoy’s confused, which makes Hermione confused.

“That she doesn’t want to go with you to Hogsmeade anymore.”

His eyebrows disappear under his blonde fringe, something Hermione’s been forced to admit is cute. His decreasing reliance on hair products suits him.

He blushes, another trait she’s quite sure didn’t emerge until post-war, and stammers out, “Not Pansy. Daph - Daphne. It’s Daphne I’d like to take, but -”

Daphne Greengrass? Hermione didn’t see that coming and doesn’t know why. It would probably be considered a good match - if specific matches are still the kind of thing the pureblood contingent is inclined to do.

Daphne is devastatingly gorgeous and blonde, with delicate bone structure and startling blue eyes. Her lashes are long and dark, and her skin is smooth, surrounding full lips that smile easily. She’s not overly tall, but her legs are long and she’s curvy in all the right places.

She’s the physical embodiment of perfection. Whether the average wizard would agree with Hermione’s assessment or not, she isn’t sure, but she certainly thinks so. All Hermione knows is the searing insecurities she feels when she sees Daphne Greengrass walk confidently through a room, every eye following her every move with different forms of coveting.

“But she doesn’t want anything to do with me, so -”

Malfoy breaks off this miserable outpouring and looks like he’d rather sink into the floor than have this conversation continue.

Some self-flagellating lack of sense makes Hermione attempt to joke, “Not even after seeing you with me these past few months?”

Now they’re both mortified, albeit for different reasons. As if she could ever compare to Daphne Greengrass. As if Daphne Greengrass would ever wish she was Hermione.

Letting something uncomfortable settle before reengaging is a habit of Malfoy’s. She hasn’t gotten used to it yet. Just when she thinks an awkward exchange is over for good, he can’t let it lie. Maybe he’s a nervous talker.

“She wouldn’t anyway, not Daphne. I’m sure she’s talked to Pansy. Forget the money, which is a whole other problem. But Daphne would want someone who isn’t branded with the war, a regular eighteen-year-old. I’m not, in any way. I’d be stupid and awkward, anyway, I’d act like a fifth year, and she -”

It's a terrible habit that he must revile, because he inevitably stops when he's too red to continue. Hermione has a hard time believing his self esteem is this bad, but nothing about him has been what she expected this year.

"What would... talking to Pansy have to do with anything?"

Malfoy runs an aggrieved hand through his hair, a newish tic he's picked up. "You know how witches talk. I'm sure she's heard Pansy talk about me."

"Why wouldn't that be a good thing?" Hermione can't imagine Pansy could be that negative about anything like that. War-related conversations: maybe. Hermione wouldn't presume. But dating?

He snorts. "Because the most recent detail Pansy could give her was from fifth year. Things weren't that great. We were young. I didn't know how to do anything."

Hermione's about to protest that no one did at that age when his voice drops to a disgusted whisper she doubts was meant for her.

"- not that I do now, either, so..."

He's fallen quiet, hunched back over his work, and she's quite content to let that one lie for a bit. He may or may not start up again. She's not sure what to think about it.

On one hand, when would he have had loads of time to engage in average teenage fooling around? If it hadn't happened during their fifth year, it probably hadn't played a significant part in their sixth. After that... when would he? Once the war was done, perhaps, but his social life has suffered since then.

Hermione hasn't considered Malfoy's potential eligibility, but he's not the desirable pureblood bachelor he once would have been.

For her own part, Hermione has made great strides since fifth year. Well, since fourth, really - since Viktor took her to the Yule Ball. That had gotten things started. She and Ron had dithered around a good bit but when she'd been home the summer after sixth year, she'd set out to lose her virginity.

It had started as the prudent thing to do, once she'd accepted that they were heading into an extremely dangerous conflict. She's not stupid; she knew what would likely be done to her if they were captured. So she set out to own the experience, to do it her own way and on her own terms.

It had been... horrid. There was no other word for it. She was left with the lingering impression that *that* couldn't possibly be what all the fuss was about. No way.

So like any good academic, Hermione had set out to do it again. Further testing had been required.

What she'd gleaned was that sex (in all its glorious and myriad forms) presented a sharp learning curve. She hadn't branched out too much older than she was, but the older they were, the more capable they seemed. She didn't have enough data for a clear trend line, but it was a reasonable assumption that more experience translated to better performance.

This had borne out (not that correlation equals causation, which she often reminded herself) when she and Ron had finally consummated their relationship. Even though she'd expected to trump him in experience by that point, it had been underwhelming.

Hermione was not averse to giving some strategic instruction, but Ron hadn't wanted to hear it. First he ignored it, continuing on with whatever he happened to be doing as if she was mute, then he grew offended that she dared try to direct him.

After their third attempt, she gave it up as a bad job. Maybe they just weren't compatible.

Between the end of the war and the start of this year, Hermione had sought out lots more partners. She refused to slag-shame herself about this. She wanted to own the experience and she was still figuring out how to have good ones. She'd much rather do that with random men, wizards or Muggles, that she never had to see again if she didn't want to.

A teeny part of her had hoped to discover something that might have come in use with Ron. What that might be, she had no idea, but she trusted it would become apparent if she found it. Alas, she never had, and the longer it went, the less she thought about Ron in a sexual light at all.

And it's certainly not like she's some expert, but something about Malfoy's defeated and humiliated exterior makes her offer something she'd have never anticipated.

"I... could give you some pointers sometime, if you like."

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Listen to the [podfic of chapter 2](#) by FanFixation!

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

Had she really just said that?

Forget that; had *he*? Why can't he just shut his mouth? He never used to be like this. He used to be a paragon of self-control. That had all ended with the war.

Maybe he took it from his mother, who is undeniably happy and showing it in every possible way. His father is incarcerated (again), but now Narcissa minds less than she ever did. Draco has no doubt she loved his father once, and part of her probably still does, but she'd grown to resent how Lucius had put the Dark Lord above his own family. Now there's no Dark Lord *and* no Lucius, and Narcissa is thriving. He's never seen his mother in so many varied colours, as if her mood is literally bursting at the seams to broadcast glee to everyone around them.

With that has come a freedom in loquacity, something she plainly felt constrained by in the past. She'd hid that well, but half the time when Draco sees her, he can actually imagine the happy teenage girl she was when she met his father.

So maybe it's contagious. It would be nice if her happiness was similarly catching, but so far, all Draco's absorbed is a tendency to talk too much. Maybe it's just his limited options of people to talk to all funnelling down into this one witch who's (for whatever reason) willing to sit here beside him for multiple hours a week.

Granger's still staring at him. Shit; he hasn't answered. He's probably gawping like a buffoon.

He might eviscerate himself for this later, but Draco's not daft. A pretty witch is offering to snog him (and maybe more) and his head moves up and down in an automatic bob.

No, he's not attracted to Granger specifically. It's been a while since any witch held the place of honour in his thoughts, daydreams, and wet dreams but Daphne Greengrass. But still, Granger is pretty. More than pretty, but he won't be lewd about it, loose tongue or not.

She's nearly a physical opposite of Daphne, but it's not like that would hinder anything. She's a good bit shorter, but they're both extremely curvy. Her hair is obviously the biggest difference, Granger's mayhem to Daphne's sleek, organised waves, and Granger's skin is much darker. She's got a permanent bronzed tan of brown, the kind that would make his mother vividly jealous if she could see it in person. Daphne's skin resembles Draco's own, so pale that her veins could be traced from her shoulder to her wrist.

But this is daft thinking again. Draco doesn't think a single thing would make him say 'no' to this offer except his own dignity. Certainly no quality of Granger's would make him decline. That's the salient point.

She's looking at him oddly and Draco realises this is probably the quietest he's been since they started working together in September.

"Ah, yes. Sure. That would be... great."

'That would be great'? He wants to smack himself. Well, at least he's proving he needs it.

"I mean, I know you won't talk like Pansy does. You probably won't want anybody to know, which is also great. I mean, why would you? So yeah, you're not going to go around gossiping about it. Although if anybody did find out, it would probably be McLaggen's reaction all over again, which would be... not great. At all. So maybe this isn't a great idea."

Does he know an adjective outside 'great'? Doesn't seem like it. He rakes his hand through his hair and looks back at his papers, trying to sort through the wildly vacillating emotions the last six minutes provoked. General mortification followed by an offer to pity-snog him, which he'd definitely have done, but now the loss of that to sheer common sense - he's more disappointed by it than he'd have thought.

Granger seems to be working through something similar, probably in reverse. Draco can't meet her eyes and see yet more pity in them, so he keeps his focus on his work. She'll get over the offer, an offer that was impulsive and probably regrettable.

That's the last thing Draco needs: the war heroine golden girl snogging him because she feels bad for him and immediately regretting the decision.

His own reputation is of no concern. It can't get much worse.

Maybe he'll just move to France when he graduates. That's only a few months away. His mother would probably be delighted.

There will be witches to snog in France. None of them are Daphne Greengrass, but Daphne is a pipe dream.

* * *

Hermione notes with some interest that his hands are trembling a little, his fingers holding his quill with less steadiness than usual. His throat bobs as he swallows, and while he's staring at his essay, he's not seeing it. He's seeing something, but it's not here.

His jaw tightens and the sharpness of it casts a shadow in the library light. He's slender but he's not thin. Hermione's not sure how he works out but he must. Maybe it's a way to pass the time on his own when he's not in lessons or here in the library with her. Either way, there's not a drop of body fat on him. His hand, while not quite steady, still flexes with long, ropey muscles in his forearms.

Suddenly she thinks she wouldn't mind snogging him, not really. He's better looking than most of her prior snogs, even without the trademark arrogance that permeated his every pore in earlier years. Hermione had always found that a little attractive, tucked somewhere fiercely private. She'd have taken it to her grave - not that confidence in men is attractive to her, but that it was Malfoy's confidence, specifically.

Now that's evaporated, but physically, he's fitter than he's ever been. It's really a shame. If he'd looked like this when he was an arrogant toerag, she'd have probably had to change her knickers

after each shared class, *especially* now that they sit next to each other. She'd have been doomed.

"No one has to find out."

He darts a glance at her but that's all. She persists, not really knowing why. Does *she* need a snog so badly?

"We could use the Room of Requirement."

Malfoy flinches and tries to hide it. He'd been in that room an awful lot their sixth year and she'd forgotten. That doesn't change that it's still the best option for privacy.

"It takes whatever form we need it to."

He slams a book shut and she jumps. "And what would we need it to become?"

Hermione doesn't know. This was stupid. "Okay, fine. Forget it. I just don't want you to think it's inevitable that people will find out. It isn't."

They work in an irritable quiet for a while until a scent of sugary vanilla perfume floats nearby. Malfoy stiffens in his chair and simultaneously hunches lower over his parchment. Hermione chances a furtive look over her shoulder, and none other than Daphne Greengrass is leaning against one of the shelves and chatting to her younger sister as Astoria browses the selection. Her eyes flick over to where they're sitting, but she doesn't linger.

Hermione can't help assessing the other witch with a more critical eye. Yep; excruciatingly pretty. Maddeningly gorgeous hair that she probably wakes up with, even a tousled appearance seeming deliberate and stylish. Has she ever been spotty a single day in her life? Probably not. Was she ever not perfectly proportioned? Everyone goes through an awkward phase, usually around the critical age of eleven or twelve, right when they were all starting at Hogwarts. Hermione can't remember that far back (except to say her own awkward phase had been predictably atrocious), and she's sure Daphne was immaculately put together even then.

But Hermione probably has more experience with wizards.

It's more spite than anything else that makes her turn back to Malfoy. Breathing in deep for Gryffindor courage, she slaps his quill down on the table and grabs his face in her hands.

He's too shocked to either pull away or voice a protest, and she crashes her mouth onto his.

* * *

The gasp from behind them is so validating. The sound of a book crashing to the floor is even better, although Hermione has to battle back her concern for the book.

Once he recovers enough to react, Malfoy lunges into action and Hermione glad to see that he's not timid here. He is a bit tonguey though - a little stabby with it, but it's teachable.

"What the hell did you just do?" he mutters against her lips and smiling into a kiss feels natural.

"Whatever the hell I wanted. You should try it."

He slides a hand behind her neck and into her hair and she shivers. She loves the feeling of fingers on her scalp and it distracts her from the whispering behind them.

Malfoy breaks it off but doesn't go very far. "I used to only do whatever the hell I wanted. I can't recommend it as an exclusive approach. When it goes a bad way, it goes very bad."

"And this?" Hermione breathes, refusing to look at the Greengrass sisters - if they're even still there.

"There are plenty of ways this could go badly." Malfoy leans back and the Greengrasses are gone. Hermione can't tell what he's thinking.

"Maybe so."

"That's going to be all over school tomorrow. You know that, right? There's no way around it."

"I'm not worried about that. Who is going to say something to me about it? Who's going to tell me I can't?"

With a rush, Hermione knows this is true. She's never fully held the mantle before, but it feels good. She can do anything and no one will stop her. She's a godsdamned *war heroine*. She helped defeat You-Know-Who not six months ago. She's nigh untouchable and it's not as if she's stealing dragons or robbing banks.

She sits back in her chair and crosses her legs. "You know, I imagine this is how you used to feel. I have to be honest, it's freeing."

Malfoy snorts. "Until it isn't."

Maybe so, she thinks again, but she'll roll the dice.

* * *

They don't talk anymore about it and they settle no logistics of anything more substantial. But Malfoy was right about it weaving its way around the castle before their next lessons. Ron confronts her about it first with Harry hanging back on his heels.

"What the hell, 'Mione? *Malfoy*? Have you lost the plot?"

"It was just a snog, Ronald. Why do you care?"

"He's a Death Eater!"

"Well, not anymore." She almost laughs at the way his eyes bug out with this cavalier statement. It does sound a little silly. "You know he was tried. He's here on probation. There are literally no more Death Eaters. Now he's just a student with a tattoo he wishes wasn't there."

Ron starts to sputter and she looks at Harry next. "It's not like I'm marrying the git. It was a snog. He's not so bad."

She's torn between two diverging angles of explanation: either she's snogging him because she fancies him (not precisely) or she's snogging him to help his image (and why would she bother and/or care?).

She isn't sure herself and reverts back to the same thing she told Malfoy. "I wanted to. And who's going to tell me I can't? You two should try it sometime. Stop worrying so much about what other people think."

Ginny and Harry are seeing each other, so she's really pointing that advice to Ron. She means it, though. One deliberate snog and she's never felt so liberated in her life.

She doesn't even mind the chatter and whispers. She's had those her whole magical life, of course, and it's weirdly amusing to have them be about something other than her blood status or her bushy hair. Malfoy might be a smidge oversensitive about his prospects, too. A fair amount of what Hermione overhears isn't, "ew, *him*?" but an appraising sort of, "mm, not bad."

The idea that maybe it's *Hermione* who isn't half bad in the equation only makes her feel more empowered.

It's given Malfoy a similar renewed vigour. He's not been so bold as to snog her in return, although she couldn't begrudge him a sneak attack like she'd done to him. He does drop a hand on her shoulder when he approaches her in the library, lets his hands brush hers when they exchange books, and initiates other likewise casual touches. The result is that maybe they're snogging and maybe they aren't. The greater student body can't tell one way or the other.

It's highly entertaining that other wizards have begun to want a chance with the great golden girl. Not that Hermione's swayed by any offers, especially coming from classmates who have never given her a second look until now. Maybe it's her rumoured dalliance with Draco Malfoy, disgraced Death Eater, or maybe it's simply because she's famous now and appears willing to entertain herself outside of textbooks for the first time in her life. Motivations remain murky. She turns them all down either way.

Hermione might be imagining it, but Daphne seems to be skirting her eyes around to Malfoy - and Hermione - a little more often than was typical.

She's not alone. Malfoy notices too, and it motivates him.

"She's not seeing anyone. I have no idea why, but she turned down Avery over the weekend and she's not in a betrothal contract."

"Well, one of those should preclude the other, I would think." It's all Hermione can manage. Some families still use betrothal contracts? Some things are a simple difference between Muggle and wizarding traditions, but she thought contracts for marriage were uncommon even for the wizarding world. But what does she know?

"I think I'll try to ask her to Hogsmeade for Valentine's Day."

This shocks her just as much. But that's over three months away, after all. She ought to encourage him. He set a positive goal, and it's the first time she's heard him talk about anything future-related outside of the NEWT exam timeline.

"If she's not in a contract yet, there must be a reason. Her father must be trying. I wonder what's off. I wonder if her mum would take a social call with mine. No, it's too soon. And if they don't visit already it would seem weird. And why would she say yes, anyway? We don't have any money. I can't offer her anything. I couldn't even -"

This sort of backsliding feels like the kind of thing Hermione ought to discourage. She's still not certain they're even friends, exactly, but she's grown accustomed to his rambling and can't deny she likes the idea that he's getting his feet back under him. This stream of consciousness, though, is counterproductive.

Without overthinking it, she grabs him and kisses him again. He shuts up, as intended, and responds enthusiastically after the customary two-second shock.

"You have plenty to offer her. I think Valentine's Day sounds reasonable."

"Do you think... would you still... would you still help me? At least let me know if I'm - if I'm any good at anything? It's been a long time and I don't want Daphne to be the first one in three years. That would be the only date I'd ever get. I can't -"

Hermione's sure he's nowhere near as woeful as he thinks he is, but a little confidence boost never hurt anyone. She'd never say it aloud (speaking of counterproductive manoeuvring) but Malfoy's insecurity is the least attractive thing about him. If he goes into conversations - or, gods forbid, a date - with Daphne while spouting off shite like this, he might be sunk before he sets sail.

"Yes, I will." She avoids the word 'help.' "Where should we meet? When?"

He visibly gathers his resolve and sets his jaw. "The Room of Requirement. Maybe... Wednesday evening? We're making good progress on the Arithmancy, and the joint project between Runes and Transfiguration won't be due until the Monday after next. We could skip a night revising... couldn't we?"

His eyes scan hers for approval and she thinks that'll be the first thing she wants to stamp out. He's uncertain and questioning and catastrophizing when given the skinniest opportunity to spiral. This man needs some self-confidence.

* * *

Draco arrives first, of course. He can't help it. He's been nervous all day. He hasn't been in this room - not even this part of the seventh floor corridor, for that matter - in a year and a half. But he knows Granger was right. It won't look the same. He doesn't need the Room of Hidden Things. He needs... what? If he's going to snog a witch, where has it been in the past? Standing or on various pieces of furniture: sofas and chairs. One memorable post-Quidditch match with Pansy in the locker room, but he's not thick enough to think witches prefer that sort of thing if offered a choice. So he needs furniture.

He paces the requisite three times, battling back his déjà vu. The heavy, ornate door appears in the stone wall without fanfare, and Draco heaves the iron handle towards him to swing it open.

Salazar's snakes, the only thing the bloody room conjured was furniture. It looks like the shop floor of a sofa peddler. Two dozen pieces fill the floorspace, all in miscellaneous colours and formations. It's a blinding headache of mismatched fabrics and prints. Some are clearly for two people, some probably fit three, some fit one and a half (if Draco is lucky), and others could house most of the Slytherin Quidditch team.

He has half a mind to exit and start over, but now Granger's here and he sighs, accepting defeat.

She's rarely without her school bag and he wonders what excuse she gave people tonight - if any. She scans the room without comment, tucking her hair behind her left ear. She's wearing the same thing she wears all day: her uniform, but she must have shed the outer robes after lessons. It's just her blouse and skirt, her standard issue Mary Jane shoes, and her dark red tie, slightly loosened at the top.

"The room likes to go overboard," he offers, awkwardly scratching his head. "It's always giving more than it needs to. Like I'm going to complain about that sofa over there, or that the chair there is too small, or maybe I don't like purple - because everything in this blasted room is purple when I look around, or -"

"You notice the purple because it's the complementary opposite to green. I think your brain is probably coded to the natural pairing to green, since you see it so often."

Is that true? Draco racks his memory. His mother would know about colour palettes and their nuances.

"In any case, it doesn't matter. Unless Daphne hates purple. Might be pertinent to figure out, at least if you're planning to ever bring her here."

Granger's voice is calm and even, but the mere mention of Daphne makes his heart speed up. The temperature in the room goes up a few degrees. Showing Daphne this room (not *this* one, of course, but one more suited to the purpose of the visit, and that could be *anything*, anything at all, and now his collar is even tighter) could be something impressive. She's probably never seen it. Very few people have.

To that end, Draco supposes they're quite lucky the room still works at all after the flaming inferno that consumed it during the Battle of Hogwarts last year. The Room of Hidden Things might be burned up for good. He hasn't tested it and doesn't plan to.

Has he been saying these things aloud? He scans Granger's face rapidly but it seems like he hasn't been.

Sometimes it's hard to tell.

Right now, she's waiting for him to say something. Suddenly, Draco is so tired of saying things that he abandons the whole impulse. He asked her here. That was stupid but she'd offered, and he took her up on it - so what? So he'd picked tonight and he'd picked the room, and now she's here, and it's not to talk.

With two big strides, he takes Granger's face in his hands and kisses her. She's shorter than Daphne in his daydreams, but this doesn't register. She lifts up on her toes just like Daphne would do, and he slides his hands into her hair. At her scalp, it feels soft and welcoming, and he can't tell whether it's brown curls or blonde waves against his fingertips.

* * *

Oof, he's stabby with the tongue.

I've got five chapters written and I'm guessing this will be about ten. No promises, of course.
Smut likes to smut. I'm powerless against it.

Comments and kudos are love. 💜💜

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

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Yes, stabby tongue, but she's gratified to see his assertiveness in snogging her first. Hermione tries to lead by example, letting her own tongue explore in a more gentle, sensual manner. It doesn't have to be a tongue war.

At least he's not bitey.

Hermione steps forward, gradually crowding him until he steps back one foot at a time. He'd been right about one thing: this room conjured an egregious selection of sofas. They probably have more names than 'sofa,' or maybe they all fit into distinct sofa subcategories she'd never keep straight, but they all serve the same purpose here.

Malfoy's knees hit the back of one and down he goes, his breath leaving him on impact. Hermione regrets this in hindsight - she ought to be letting him lead, after all, and she sits next to him rather than on him.

Entirely without her consent, her whole spine shivers from neck to arse at his fingers in her hair. That one thing could undo her, if she's not careful.

No one ever has the bollocks to tangle their fingers in her tumultuous hair. Everyone is intimidated by it, but this is two times in a row that Malfoy hasn't thought twice. Hermione adores the feeling of fingers against her scalp, only surpassed by the sharper scape of fingernails, preferably slow and excruciating, savouring, holding back.

Her mouth opens against his in reflex, and his tongue battles hers again. She sighs and he tilts his face to snake it in deeper.

"A little less tongue," she whispers, moving to the side. When he freezes, she kisses his neck and he loosens up again. His thumbs toy with her earlobes and she fights back a flutter in her stomach. This isn't about attraction. It's about utility.

"Some girls may like more than I do," she offers fairly, wanting to provide solid advice. "Just let her lead and mimic hers."

Malfoy nods, his own mouth moving towards her neck and Hermione lets her hands graze up his chest.

He's distractingly fit. She's snogged... how many men by this point? She's lost track and isn't going to bother minding a count. Over a dozen, at any rate. And none of them have had this kind of musculature under her nonchalant slide.

Hermione has to put real effort into making this seem casual and not lingering, because she really wants to. She knows he's in shape but this feels... almost obsessive. Maybe it is. Maybe she's the only one to have noticed or appreciated it.

This thought makes her run her hands across his chest again, slower. Even over his shirt, she's appreciative. His fingers slip across the back of her neck and she fights back another quiver. This isn't about her.

Isn't it, though? Why shouldn't it be? Why shouldn't she get a good snog out of it? Just because he's into Daphne doesn't mean she can't enjoy the next five minutes.

Hm. Given some leeway, his tongue takes over again. Must keep an eye on that, and she straightens up to regain some purposeful balance.

She shuts his tongue out altogether as she closes her teeth on his lower lip, sucking it into her mouth for a quick second. Malfoy sucks in a breath and notices her own lip, ready and waiting for attention.

He pulls it between his teeth gently, letting his tongue trace it quickly before releasing it, and Hermione feels a surge of promise. She replicates it on her side and feels his breathing hitch. She does it once more, biting down quickly before letting him go, and his chest rises under her hands.

The muscles flex beneath her fingers and if her hands were near his throat, she'd have felt the cords tighten.

His own hands leave her hair, much to her chagrin, and slide down her sides. They flare out at her hips and all Hermione feels are the angle of his thumbs - until his hands wrap around her hips and his fingers grip the meat of her arse, squeezing in time with his breathing.

This makes him lose himself in the snog again, his tongue darting forward again to taste her. Hermione opens her eyes to see his own tightly closed and she lets her hands explore back up to his chin. Letting her thumbs scrape the stubble across his jaw, her fingers rest against his cheeks.

"Let her lead with the tongue," she says again, softly, letting her mouth meet his again. The last thing she wants is for him to get lost in feedback as critical dislike. He nods against her hands and she rewards him with more kissing along his neck.

"I guess not everyone likes this," she exhales into his skin, "but I do. She might. Check and see."

Malfoy takes the direction and moves to her neck, breathing his hot air onto her already warm flesh, but pressing light kisses here and there to break up the sweat.

"Good. That's good."

She can feel him smile against her as his cheeks broaden, and his tongue darts out again - to taste her sweat, this time. Hermione sucks in a quick breath.

"I liked that. Did you?"

"What part?" he murmurs and her mind is totally blank for a long minute.

"Your mouth. Do I... taste okay?"

He considers, moving the collar of her shirt to the side and letting his tongue slick across her shoulder. Hermione bites her own tongue and holds her breath. This isn't about her.

"Mm.. salty. Warm."

Gods, that's probably how the rest of her tastes, but she's not going there. Malfoy rests his lips where her shoulder meets her neck and stays there, expanding his touch to a full kiss.

Hermione's having trouble thinking straight. Maybe he doesn't need her help at all, save the French kissing. But if he wants feedback, she won't deprive him. She'll take a good snog without shame.

With one strong hand, Malfoy scoots her closer to him on the sofa. Hermione doesn't even know which one they inadvertently chose.

Her hands leave his chest and move up, up, up, across his collarbones (which her thumbs bump over), and the tendons in his neck, until she feels his hair under her fingers. Does he like it the way she does?

She tells herself all she wants to show him is how to explore and react, how to scout and learn, but his mouth opens against hers at her touch. He inhales a ragged gasp and her fingers clench into fists at the base of his neck. She scratches his scalp and now his hands clench, gripping her by the hips and pulling her into his space.

Gods, when was she last snogged like this? Her upper half leans in until her elbows hit his torso. Her hands are buried in his hair, her grip tight enough he'd have to forcibly remove them.

He seems to have no desire to do this, but she can't assign this any logic. Once he slid her body over to his, his own fingers traced back up her sides, dancing along tantalising locales but not stopping until he had her by the face again. His thumbs circle her cheekbones and her jaw drops open.

Maybe she needs air.

Maybe she needs brain function.

* * *

Draco thinks she's liking it. He fights back a surge of satisfaction. He hasn't lost his touch since fifth year.

Granger likes less tongue, and she was open about it. He listened and she responded. That was useful.

He loves her hair. He's still cupping her cheeks but his fingers feel the wildness of her curls. The last time he was tangled in a witch's hair was Pansy three years ago, but 'tangled' isn't even the right word. Her short, sleek hair was nothing like this. She'd always fussed at him for doing it, anyway.

He can easily imagine this is Daphne. If she responded to him like this, he'd be a lost man.

Even without the mental image of Daphne, Draco hasn't snogged anybody like this in... longer than he cares to recall. He's still a regular teenage wizard, and the rampant activity in his groin is

hard to miss. But he can't expect Granger to be on board with all that - she'd offered to give him pointers, but he seems to be doing just fine. Maybe his uncertainty in this area was for naught.

It feels weird to keep his eyes open during a snog anyway, but Draco prefers them shut. He can pretend better, although that's a slippery slope. The more he pictures Daphne here, the more painful the situation in his trousers is getting.

The imminent dangers present themselves when he kisses below her ear again and she sighs, rolling her head to the side to expose it to him. If this was the neck of Daphne's uniform shirt he was sliding to her shoulder, and the sweet and salty taste of Daphne's sweat on his tongue... Draco adjusts himself and thinks Granger might miss his hand in her hair based on the little huff she makes.

He really hopes Daphne is more like Granger than Pansy, and would let him muss her hair. Daphne's blonde hair is much more orderly than Granger's, but still far looser and wavier than Pansy's. The end result is a carefree touselling that resembles bed head, and the thought of Daphne in bed and looking up at him with her hair all across the pillow (*his* pillow?) makes him groan.

* * *

Malfoy shifts on the sofa, trying to be subtle about things, but it's pretty clear what's happening. Hermione can't blame him and sheer curiosity makes her stretch one leg across his lap. The other is folded beneath her as she leans into his kiss, but her aim was true.

He hisses at the contact and she feels the corresponding twitch into her calf. Hermione smirks, inordinately pleased with herself, and Malfoy takes complete leave of his senses.

Both of his hands fly to her chest. His jaw falls open, disconnecting from their kiss as he squeezes. He sucks in air like he's starving for it.

Hermione's lungs, caught off guard by both the unexpected proximity of visitors and the accompanying scrunch by his fingers, release a high squeak.

"Sorry," he breathes, blinking rapidly and bright red. "Sorry. I should have asked first."

Well, probably, but then again, she probably should have asked first, too. That's not why she squeaked. She'd felt rather like a puppy chew toy.

"Never mind that, just... do it gently."

Malfoy attempts this, poorly, and she realises he's probably never felt a set of sizable breasts before. Even now, Pansy's are small and round. They fit her frame, but they're not generous, and while Hermione had not been eyeballing Pansy Parkinson's rack in fifth year (or at all), she can presume they were probably smaller then.

Meanwhile, she can't think of the right comparison for what Malfoy is currently doing to her breasts. The closest would be flexing his fingers around a stress ball, and her breasts put up far less resistance than that.

He mistakes her small gasp for something good and doubles down. Vocally, she'd never be able to avoid outright criticism and instead of crushing his confidence, she claps her own hands over his.

This also comes across as encouragement. Hermione has to grip his hands hard enough to get his attention, sacrificing a final clench of each breast between his fingers.

His eyes fly up to hers and finally seems to realise she's not exactly melting under his touch.

"Oh, gods. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I got... carried away. I'm so sorry."

Hermione can't tell if he understands her exact objection. She blinks at him, trying to decide how best to proceed, while her hands still cup around his cupping her breasts.

Malfoy's frozen to the spot, hands outstretched. Are her hands holding his in place?

Their eyes are locked together and as if completely out of his own control, his fingers very slowly depress down around them one more time.

If she was a bike horn, they'd be honking.

It's completely absurd but all she says is, "Yes, they're quite fun. I'll let you do more of it if your hands stop mimicking Pac-Man chomping a cookie."

"...huh?"

Bad analogy. "Don't squeeze. Here. It's more of a roll."

She releases her left hand from over his, and focuses on her right. She gently palms the motion around his hand, rolling into his fingertips towards the underside of her breast. She's right handed to his left handed, so this works out well. Malfoy, for his part, is riveted. Is it because she's letting him do this at all or because she's helping?

Hermione's not aroused by this interaction but he is. He twitches under her calf again, closer to a throb this time. She flexes her calf muscle and he unconsciously rubs against it once.

He's fondling her from over her uniform shirt, the thin tank top she always wears under it (she's popped a blouse button before and the resulting embarrassment was only going to ever occur once), and her bra. He can't feel her nipple and up to this point, she's relieved she's had the extra cushion of three layers of clothing.

She should probably offer up some practical advice, if this is his first real set of tits, but he beats her to it.

"So... you like it like this?"

He's got the hang of the motion - and more importantly, the requisite pressure.

"Yes. As girls get turned on," she swallows, starting to find voicing things a little awkward, "they get more sensitive. I don't think they actually grow any, not like - like you do when you're turned on, but they feel heavier somehow. Or maybe we're just increasingly aware of them. Some girls want less pressure then, more of a light brushing. Some like the added sensitivity and want more."

She's trying to impart (again) that the key to success at basically every stage of these encounters is to pay attention to what the girl likes, and then maintain course.

Malfoy's other hand has been resting lightly above her knee, and he dips his face back to hers. Somehow snogging him while he fondles her feels very different, and she doesn't know why she's thrown off by it. This was the intent, after all.

But she has hope for him. He remembered the feedback about his tongue, and he recalled that she liked the nip and suck on her lower lip.

"Which one do you like?"

She has to think about it. Ordinarily, she'd say more pressure and a stronger touch, but with him... maybe she should veer towards the safer ledge. His hands are very strong. "Depends on how far into things we are."

That's true, while ultimately unhelpful towards Malfoy determining what to do with her. Deciding on the spur of the moment that experience is the best experience, she just snogs him like they were doing ten minutes ago. She keeps her hand on top of his, though, finding that she kind of likes angling his momentum.

Malfoy clearly has no objections, according to the erection along his thigh. She can feel the entirety of it beneath her leg, now, and she voices a question of her own.

"Doesn't that hurt? When it's... forced down like that?"

"It's not comfortable," he grimaces, evidently deciding not to hide it. It wouldn't have done any good anyway. What if letting him contribute to the learning opportunities helps put him at ease? It might.

Hermione's torn about asking to feel it.

She'd use a lot more care than he'd grabbed her breasts with. It feels substantial down there and her curiosity is growing by the second - alongside his own growth, it would seem.

She's just not sure how far to take this, but she can't deny he did need some help. She'd been lulled into a false sense of security with his snogging, once they'd sorted the tongue issue.

If he'd felt a girl up before, said girl had not been built like Hermione. But surely, he had. Surely, he and Pansy had done more than snog. Right?

Testing a theory, she uses her hand to direct Malfoy's into the neckline of her shirt. She frees the top two buttons still clinging together for dear life, and steers him beneath the tank top and the fabric cup of her bra.

He's better with the nipple than he was with the over-the-shirt fondling. Maybe he'd just been overwhelmed by the size of her breasts, but no matter what size they are, every witch has nipples. He must have had some experience with those. They've found a similarity between Hermione and Pansy, at long last.

While she did not find the boob honking arousing, things have improved.

Not having much room inside her bra, she leaves him to it and wraps her hands around the back of his neck again, tracing his hair with her fingernails. Malfoy seems to like this as much as she does,

and - even better - remembers that she does. His free hand leaves her knee and tangles back up into her own hair.

His fingers twirl some strands at the base of her neck until she feels the tension as they catch with a small tug. A rush of arousal flows and coils in her stomach, and she gasps into his mouth.

No one's ever done that before and she... loves it. She wants to wriggle flush onto his lap and holds herself to flexing her calf muscle against his thigh instead. She wants to feel him.

Her nipple is aching hard under his fingertips and she traps his bottom lip with her teeth.

"Good?" he asks when she lets go, and she nods.

"Very good."

His forefinger circles her nipple, feeling the pebbling of her areola. She's about to skip a few steps and pop this shirt right off when he starts subtly shifting his hips to find friction against her leg across his thigh.

"Can I feel it?" she whispers.

Malfoy nods and she relishes the shiver he makes at her mouth near his earlobe. He's flushed and breathing harder, and when she reaches for his bulge, he buries his face in the crook of her neck.

Her fingers trace it up, slowly, and back down, and she can hardly believe the size of it. The head of it - what she can feel beneath his trousers - takes her breath away.

Suddenly, more than anything, she wants to feel this, skin to skin. She wants that velvety smoothness in her hand, wants to prod the veins beneath her thumb.

His breaths have become shallow and rapid.

Her fingers have just started a second trip when it jerks - twice, three times, and goes still. The miserable grunt he produces with it leaves nothing to mystery.

In a flash, Malfoy's up, nearly dumping Hermione on her arse on the ground. She catches her balance on the sofa in the nick of time, but he's already halfway out the door.

Chapter End Notes



Comments and kudos are love. 💜💜

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

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He can't avoid her indefinitely. Between classes and revision, they meet at least a dozen times per week - lessons alone account for eight of those. He's putting up a good fight, though. They work parallel in class in their assigned seats, but he ignores her and flees the room at his first chance. He hasn't shown up for their typical library sessions.

Hermione hasn't got a clue how to handle this. She's not daft enough to think 'you have no reason to be embarrassed' is an angle that will work. Even though she thinks it's silly, she knows wizards put a lot of stock in this sort of thing. She can only hope it didn't devastate his confidence so badly that he shuts down and won't try again.

"That Runes and Transfiguration research is due on Mon -" she begins, but Malfoy shoves a rolled parchment at her, staring at the front of the class. Hermione sighs and unrolls it, unsurprised to find his perfectly detailed portion, scripted in his neat, angular handwriting.

"I trust you can work with that," he grumbles and she's had about enough.

"I can work with lots of things."

"Well, that one is better than most, even though I set a low bar for it."

"You're acting like a child."

His indignant snort draws attention and he slouches down in his chair. Once their classmates resume normal positions, he grits out, "Whatever you're going to do, would you just do it already? Get it over with."

She's flummoxed and (because he still refuses to look at her) Malfoy takes her silence for stubbornness.

"Whatever you have planned, whoever you've told, just get on with it. Waiting for the shoe to drop is making me mental."

She casts a quick *muffliato* with the usual flicker of irritation that no matter how much she complained to Harry about using spells from that old Potions book, this one does come in handy.

"You... think I told someone?"

"I *know* you told someone. Why wouldn't you?"

“Because I’m not a complete asshole?” She’s put it together now. In his house, embarrassments are weaknesses to be exploited. Leveraged for gain, somehow, and piddle the social fallout.

Despite her best efforts, because this really isn’t about her, she’s growing offended.

“Do you really think I’d do something like that?”

He doesn’t respond.

“If that’s what you expect out of your friends, maybe you really never had any.”

It takes Malfoy a few seconds to work through that one but she’s long given up on an adequate reply. She’s further annoyed when he breaks her concentration.

“You’re saying you’re my friend?”

“I don’t know, Malfoy,” she snaps, smacking her quill down. “Am I? But if I am, you had better start talking to me like one. I don’t tolerate being ignored by my friends.”

They fall back into quiet and Hermione leaves it in his hands. Whatever. She can’t force him to open up.

Then she changes her mind.

“Also, you nearly dumped me on the floor, which I did not appreciate. I thought we were getting on rather well.”

The absurd understatement of this finally cracks him.

“You... really didn’t mind?”

“Being dumped on the floor? Yes, quite a lot. The other thing? No. It’s an autonomic bodily process. The idea that we ever have any level of control over it is wild, to me. The only difference is that witches try to chase it down instead of fend it off.”

Even though they’re muffled and she’s not come close to describing the crux of the issue in clearer terminology, he’s still uncomfortable. Belatedly, she glances around and is relieved to note that this class is not one they also share with Daphne. She hadn’t thought to check.

At least Malfoy is talking, but she has no idea if he’s going to want to risk meeting up again.

She hopes he does. Until the final seconds of their encounter where she narrowly avoided an increased familiarity with the floor of the room, she’d started to enjoy herself. He is incredibly fit. His chest and shoulders are broad and strong. His hair is perfectly fiddleable while she snogs him - *and* they’d sorted out the snog preferences.

Add to that the extremely tantalising bit of anatomy she’d gotten to feel along his leg - albeit for not nearly long enough.

Hermione’s never considered herself an overtly sexual person, but after having lost her virginity (several times over) before the war, she’s not gone through many dry spells. The tent in the woods was one of them, but as they were all generally dirty, hungry, and snippy every hour of the day, no one had much of a libido.

This term at school is probably her longest period of inactivity, and while she wouldn't have said it was bothering her until now, it sort of is. At the very least, she'd like to do a lot more snogging.

* * *

He'd really just started feeling a bit better about things. After Granger had kissed him in full view of the library, interest did seem to pick up - mostly for her, which was both unsurprising and very interesting to Draco. He'd never have expected interest in Draco Malfoy to pick up, but he *was* interested to see just how many people Granger turned down. Everybody wanted a piece of her. She brushed every one of them aside like a fly trying to land on her shoulder.

And no, she's not Daphne, but the simple fact that she was willing to snog him made Draco feel a thousand times better about things.

They'd had a couple missteps in the Room of Requirement, but he'd figured out some things she liked - and that was validating, too. Her breasts are insane and having her hand on top of his, to roll and feel them *with* him, was hotter than he'd have imagined. Not to mention the way her nipple got hard beneath his fingers once he was under her clothes... well, suffice to say it's made innumerable appearances in his imagination since, except the breasts in question always belong to a gorgeous witch with blonde waves and blue eyes.

It had all gone downhill with his hand in her hair. He'd had one hand inside her bra and the other at the nape of her neck, and when he'd done that slight pull on her hair (a pure accident, and he'll die on the hill), she'd gasped and shuddered, and all of a sudden, Daphne's face was the only one he could see.

With his eyes shut tight, he nodded when she asked if she could feel him. Her voice is low and velvety, almost husky, and it was Daphne's voice. And the fingers tracing his length (so painful and so, so exquisite) were hers, and he couldn't hold it back.

He thought he'd have to move. France was starting to look quite nice. He could take his NEWTs the correspondence way - maybe. Probably. Once, a request like that would have been automatically granted to a Malfoy. But now he can't even rely on that.

But his social standing outside Hogwarts is by the by. Within the castle, he waited on tenterhooks for days for it to come crashing down around him. Surely, it was going to.

Granger had been right in the library the week prior: she can do anything she wants. Draco knows she doesn't receive the paper, but if she did, she'd see herself plastered all over it. Not current photos, of course, not on Hogwarts grounds, but they recycle anything they have in inventory for her. She's their entire generation's 'it' girl. No one cares if she's not model-thin and taller than Draco; she'll be asked to represent clothing lines, high-end jewellers, to be the face and model of 'new' wizarding society. She'll scoff all over that, but it's coming and Draco doesn't think she really grasps the meaning of it.

That kind of social and societal power is something Slytherins are attuned to by nature. She holds every card in her hand, and a Slytherin would be playing them by now. It's the sort of thing that drives Draco to find out something equally compromising about her, to have cards of his own held close to his chest. But the Golden Girl is the perfect little Gryffindor with nary a skeleton to uncover - unlike Daphne, Pansy, and the rest of Draco's housemates.

It brings a new level of risk to Daphne - if Draco still wants to ask her to Hogsmeade in February (and does he ever), he needs to make damn sure nothing like - like *that* happens with Daphne.

He weighs his options. Granger seemed appalled that he thought she'd use what happened against him. It appeared genuine. She'd been shocked and offended in equal measure, and if that's true, then maybe he can trust her.

He certainly can't trust anybody else with it - the last thing he needs is two witches in this castle knowing about... that. And he certainly needs enough practice that by Valentine's Day, he can trust his own loins to behave themselves.

Part of him knows the Valentine's Day goal is stupid, for any number of reasons. She'll definitely be seeing someone by then, for one thing. For another, Draco knows he's still the least desirable option for her, and she'd never deign to accept. Even so, the daydreaming idea of it has been strangely motivating.

Or maybe he just wants to keep snogging someone. He hadn't noticed how much he missed it until Granger strolled along.

His dick agreed. Clearly.

Now, the next order of business: will he embarrass himself in front of Granger a second time? He can't assume she'd be so... considerate re: gossip if it happened again.

If he keeps his bloody eyes open this time, he thinks it'll be alright. Granger. He's snogging Granger. In no way should he imagine Daphne in her place.

Next time he'll also have himself a good shower wank first. It had been a naive oversight before.

This bravado sustains until he's faced with her, once again, in the Room of Sofas and Copious Other Fancy Furniture (SCOFF, if you please).

Until this very moment, Draco's done a remarkable job not thinking about Granger's incredible tits during lessons. He saves them for private moments, like a normal person. Avoiding this in class is easy enough to accomplish by revisiting his subsequent mortification instead, although this did become slightly masochistic after a while. Even so, he persisted. It seemed the safest course in public.

But now, facing her squarely for the first time in almost a week, all he can see are her tits beneath the snug buttons of her uniform shirt. He knows witches hate this, hate a bloke's gaze roving everywhere except her face, but he can't help it. Even though he's already drilling into his own brain, '*they aren't Daphne's, idiot,*' on repeat, it still takes a manual effort to wrench himself topside.

Granger seems vaguely amused by it, so that's something.

His mouth, having taken quite a sabbatical this week, reverts back to its usual state.

"I guess you noticed - well, maybe you haven't, or maybe no one tells you, which is stupid, because they ought to - but you have amazing tits. Or at least I think so. I can't imagine anyone saying you don't, though, but I guess people just wouldn't say anything at all -"

Granger shuts him up nonverbally, a tactic Draco must respect, by unbuttoning her blouse and tugging it off her shoulders.

“I don’t know how much you read the *Prophet* -”

(he reads it every day; when was the last time *she* read it?)

“- but people are quite happy to say negative things, either in lieu of something nice or in the vacancy of anything else. Most peoples’ default position is negative, I’d have to say.”

Draco blinks. “Are you saying people have said negative things about your tits?”

“Not at all. Although, no one talks like you do, so I can’t take it for granted.”

Having shed the uniform shirt, she’s standing here in a thin black tank top and her skirt, with her pristine white socks at her knees. She’s stepping out of her shoes and comes to stand just out of arm’s-reach flat footed in her socks on the stone floor.

“...what are you doing?”

“Well, I thought this might work well for tonight. I’m hearing that you like my breasts. I figured I’d let you... I don’t know, fiddle around with them. I won’t touch you unless you ask me to.”

Draco starts to huff before realising that’s probably not an awful idea... at least until he’s sure he’s got things handled. He could use a couple sessions in the Room of SCOFF without embarrassing himself. A few in a row would go a long way.

Something’s nagging at him, though.

“What’s in this for you, Granger? Why are you here? Because if this is a pity snog, you can keep it. I still have some dignity.”

Even with all evidence to the contrary, his brain finishes, but he keeps this to himself. Only just, but he manages. He’s gratified to see mild surprise in return.

“I...” she starts, wets her lip with a darting glance to the side, and then finishes with an astonishing admission - even though it shouldn’t be. Draco’s spent too long convinced that something nefarious is afoot in her motivations. “Well, I also want to snog someone. So play with my tits all you like, so long as you also snog me. A good bit, if it’s not a hardship.”

The sputtering protest is on the tip of his tongue when he sees the sparkle in her eye. He curbs his initial impulse and allows a reasonable, “It’s not a hardship. Just keep your tits out.”

Having reached this acceptable middle, Granger begins to divest herself of her socks with a private smile on her face. Draco stops her with a coughed-out, “Leave those on.”

She stops, meeting his eyes. “Do you want me to take off anything else?”

All of it? None of it? The uniform itself is sexy, something the original bloody founders *had* to know, setting up teenagers to fail en masse. However, she did ask... Draco never would have, but Granger just opened the door. She can’t expect him not to walk through it.

“...your top?”

“Don’t ask me. Tell me.”

The blood rushes south so fast he almost bends at the waist. His wank earlier feels pitifully meagre. He swallows and rallies his courage. “Take off your top.”

Obediently (with another corresponding surge of arousal in Draco’s crotch), Granger peels off her tank top and drops it. Her breasts are contained - not the right word, but if their ‘containment’ fails, Draco hopes it’s alongside the integrity of the garment itself - in a black bra. It’s nothing fancy, but the cups are full. They’re overflowing a smidge (a lot) and Draco knows it’s putting in hard work. He thinks he can spy a slight arc of an areola just above the seam, and he realises he’s staring again.

Granger, with the air of somebody in the midst of a calculated plan, takes a demure seat on the closest settee. She crosses her socked feet at the ankle, and looks up at him from beneath long lashes. Her breasts rest confidently, propped up by the diligent efforts of her bra, and their excess is the first thing he sees when he looks down.

“What do you want me to do?”

The open-endedness paralyses him. “...Kiss me?”

“Stop asking. Come take it.”

She’s pledged not to touch him without a direct request, but this is a danger of a whole other sort - and yet, exactly the same. His eyes are wide open and this is Granger, not Daphne, and his dick is so hard as to be painful. He puts one knee on the settee and almost collapses down in his urgency to slide his hands around her face. His thumbs stroke her cheekbones as he presses his lips to hers.

“I don’t want to do something you don’t want.”

She chuckles a little, forming words between intermittent mouth contact. “I’m not telling you to snatch something away without permission. I’m telling you that I’m here to snog you, and when I ask what *you* want, I want you to state it. Don’t question a second time. Be confident.”

This kind of assertiveness is something he’d have never factored into tonight, but it does feel good. She’s here for an agreed-upon reason. She wants him to explore. It’s all he needs.

Her lips are so smooth. They’re not forceful, but they’re firm. She knows what *she* wants, and isn’t this what she tried to impart upon him last time? Pay attention to his partner and react accordingly. She catches his lower lip in her teeth and his brain shorts out for a moment. He regains function (briefly) until she sucks on it, and his dick gives a favourable jerk in his trousers.

Remembering she likes a less-assertive tongue, he sneaks his in before kissing her own bottom lip. She murmurs something that might be approval and her fingers clasp around the back of his neck to pull him in.

His eyes flicker open enough to register a handful of faint freckles, nearly obscured in her dark bronze skin. If they weren’t this close, he’d never notice them. His own hands divide and conquer, one sliding into her hair and twisting a few strands around his fingers. His other hand slips into her bra and he groans into her mouth.

Her eyes flash open now and with surprise, he sees her pupils are dilated. She opens her mouth and says, “Play with my nipple again.”

...Alright. Draco takes this to task with enthusiasm. He hasn't even seen them yet but he can tell they're big, fat and round like her breasts. They're so responsive to touch that he's almost jealous - how would it feel to have his own react like this? They harden instantly beneath his finger and he traces the full pebbly circle of them slowly, then faster. She makes a noise from deep in her throat and her hands make fists in his hair.

Her chest moves up and down with heavier breathing and Draco moves his mouth to her neck so he can focus. Granger. It's Granger. He can look at her crazy brown hair and still appreciate this fat nipple, this nipple that he rolls between his fingers, plucking at it. Her back arches into his touch.

He wants to pull her onto his lap but that would be a mistake. He's already fighting the inevitable.

He keeps the rolling tug on her nipple while he takes a furtive look around. The room provides, as it is wont to do.

His hand pulls out of her bra, to her open chagrin. She meets his gaze, a little fuzzy about it, and manages, "What is it?"

Draco tilts his head towards the new addition and says, "Go get on the bed."

Not intending to be so direct about it, he feels a little guilty, but he needs the time to readjust what's happening in his trousers. Flipping it up towards his stomach helps straight away and he breathes a sigh of relief. Meanwhile, Granger's slowly walking backwards towards the bed, one foot at a time, her eyes hooded and dusky.

Her knees hit it and she sits. Before he can think about it further, Draco adds, "Take your bra off."

She does this, unclasping the back and slowly dragging it off her shoulders. Draco feels like he was hit in the head with a bludge, seeing her breasts in the open for the first time. He's never seen anything so stunning. They hang heavy and full, the areolas a deep pink and pushing up erect nipples to the open air.

He's been standing here gaping like a cretin for too long and his feet finally take him to the bed. As he approaches, he sees her pupils are blown wide, showing none of the pretty hazel gold he's used to.

"What else?"

"Lay back on the pillows."

She does this at once, scooting on her elbows and pushing back with her heels. Draco avoids looking at the smooth bronzed skin of her thigh, but the contrasting white flash of her knickers (balancing her white knee-high socks) is hard to miss. He swallows hard. She's almost prone on the mattress, the pillow providing some fluff to elevate her head but not much else.

Holding eye contact, Granger's right hand comes up to her own naked breast. She rolls it once and pinches the nipple, rolling it back and forth between her finger and thumb.

Draco resigns himself to coming in his pants, his new goal being to make it unnoticeable.

"I like it when you tell me what to do," she whispers, not looking away.

He wants to ask, ‘just you, or most girls?’ but has an odd inclination that it might burst the mood. This has managed to evolve past Draco and Daphne - at least, for Granger.

“I like it when you listen,” he offers back, which is the absolute truth. “You’re a good listener, aren’t you, Granger?”

She gives a lazy smile, eyes half closed. Her finger and thumb give her nipple a slight pull, and she might as well pull his cock along with it. “The praise thing is... I don’t know. Not really my thing. Not in bed.”

Before Draco has a chance to scramble backwards, she rolls her breast and arches her back up, pushing into her own hand and chasing any linguistic response clear out of his mind.

“I think... once, I think I would have liked it. But I think you might. I think you like it when I say I like something, something you’re doing.”

He does, but he hadn’t explored it in such concrete terms.

“Malfoy.”

He couldn’t tear his eyes from hers with a crowbar.

“You’re... really good with my nipples. So can you come take over, please? You’ll do it better.”

Sweet fucking hell, he’s never moved so fast.

“So you tell me to take my bra off and lay on my back, and you do... that. Do that. Yes, more of that. Oh, gods. And I tell you how fucking good it feels, how good you’re *making it feel*.”

Draco would be doing just fine without it, but the vocal validation does add another layer to things. Granger has held to her promise of not touching him, but she doesn’t need to.

He’s in heaven. Her face is turned into a pillow with her hair splayed all around. Her hands are tangled in it, but he doesn’t miss the occasional grip of her knuckles. It’s not an idle hold. Her hips shift on the bed, but only a little, as if she’s trying to stifle the impulse.

Draco alternates the rolling palm motion she showed him a week ago, a slow reach from his thumb through his fingers, and finishing with her nipple - a brush, a flick of a fingertip, or a clasp and pull that elicits the most delectable muffled noises from her throat.

Now that he’s more familiar with them, he understands their density and the resistance (or lack thereof) they offer. Given that Granger likes this pressure, Draco knows he’d been far too rough on them at first. He thanks his lucky stars she’d been willing to help him and that he hadn’t learned by squeezing Daphne’s to the point of pain the very first time. It’s still relevant, even though Draco’s fairly certain Granger’s tits are bigger. It’s hard to imagine a more delectable set - not that his mind doesn’t try.

He relishes the weight of it in his palm, rolling it again the way she likes. She told him not to ask, but he feels funny escalating things unbidden. He splits the difference.

“I’m going to use my mouth now.”

He checks her face for any sign of protest. Her head tilts back to his side and she meets his eyes. Her mouth is slightly open, her eyes dark and only half-open. "Go on, then."

He ducks his head and takes her in his mouth, and he'll hear the groan she makes in his dreams for weeks. Her tits are large enough that he needs to stabilise it with his hand, taking the ready opportunity to tease her with that slow palming. His thumb cradles it from below, gently pushing upward into his waiting mouth.

His tongue circles it, skipping across the pebbled surface. It's so erect, it's quivering in the air, and it's not just her hitching breath.

Without thinking about it, Draco lets his hips rest against the mattress and quietly thrusts into it. It only takes a few motions. The head of his cock is protruding from his trousers, the ridge of it caught decadently on the waistline, and he has time to think *'good thing I didn't wear a belt,'* before his orgasm overtakes him.

His mouth only stutters over her nipple for a second and he doesn't think she noticed. The wet spot on the bed is another matter, but he'll sort that somehow. Maybe he can muss the covers she's lying on. Maybe he can move her to another piece of furniture entirely, a new goal being to utilise every absurd thing the Room of SCOFF can conjure up.

* * *

Hermione feels a brush of hot spurt on the underside of her raised thigh and decides not to mention it. If Malfoy doesn't sprint from the room, it's still a win. And why would she bring it up? She's abjectly envious, in fact. What she wouldn't give to come right now.

He's so bloody good with his hands and mouth, with very little necessary instruction. This man has loads of promise, but even so, Hermione's never been able to orgasm from nipple play alone. More's the pity, but that's extremely rare. She's an outlier in many, many ways, but this isn't one of them.

This does beg the question of how far to take things tonight. What is the natural ending to this, if not an orgasm (hers, now, since he's already checked that box)? Unless she's going to let him under her knickers - and she could, but should that wait a while? maybe - she won't come here. She'll have to take herself back to her dorm and hope the lavatory isn't occupied so she can take a very specific kind of shower.

On the other hand, the point of this is Malfoy's continuing education. He's got the breast-and-nipple bit down pat. Is there any specific reason to draw things out, save her own enjoyment of them?

She feels a bit selfish about that. Obviously neither of them would want her to be dreading these sessions, but she'd offered to do it to help him - not herself. She shouldn't slow-roll his experimental experience on purpose.

She doubts he'd object.

Not touching him is making her insane, and while they're both enjoying him touching her, she won't get off from it. And she needs to get off. It's building to a full requirement.

This is giving her an idea. She should probably save it for next time, but she really doesn't want to. It might be an awful idea. But it might not be, and that sliver of possibility runs away with her contrary, distracted, and increasingly desperate brain.

“Would you like to see me touch myself?”

Chapter End Notes

What say you? Should I slow-roll his experimental experience on purpose? 🤔

Comments and kudos are love. 💜💜

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

You lot have been very patient. This chapter has plenty of spice, but don't worry. We're not done with humiliating and realistic early experiences quite this soon.

Listen to the [podfic](#) of chapter 5 by FanFixation!

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

“...yes.”

He says it as a declarative rather than a question, so she lets his tentative hesitation go. Nudging him into assertiveness was the right call. She's been able to bolster his confidence levels in an organic kind of way. His inclination is to hedge towards asking permission, which is a good thing - if it's not borne of debilitating insecurity. So long as they've set initial parameters, Hermione wants him to get his feet under him.

And he definitely likes being told he's done well. She's not overdoing that. Not yet. It could be a natural outcome of his need for experience, but she thinks it's more than that. He'd be preferential towards it either way, and those are sparks she can stroke into flame.

Watching her get herself off will be instructive. He's shown he can listen and apply concepts himself. And Hermione will finally get to come. It won't take long, something that's counterproductive to education, so she might need to draw it out a little with some verbal detail as she goes just to pace things out.

She does not care. Whatever step-by-step process will lead to an orgasm is what she supports, right here and right now, even if she adds a few assorted moments to extend things. That might make it better in the end, anyway, and she's more than willing to try.

Malfoy said yes, but he's still hesitating. Hermione wants to scream and valiantly battles back a desire to argue that it's her turn to come. He had his and now it's hers, but she knows he doesn't want her to know about his. She's avoiding looking down at the bed on purpose. She bites her tongue, literally, pinching it between her teeth in frustration.

Understanding dawns after he finally voices it.

“Can I do it? You told me not to ask, but I'm suggesting an alternative.”

This is a fair approach, she admits with reluctance. And she certainly can't say out loud that she doesn't know if he can - that would crush his confidence. It would defeat their entire purpose of being here. So... okay.

Hermione nods and starts to remove her knickers before stopping and looking at him. Using her eyes, she prompts him.

He's flushed and perspiring. His hair dangles in his eyes, which are molten charcoal as he drinks her in.

"Our anatomy is trickier than yours," she posits first before things really get going. "We don't get the same guarantee of success."

It seems like he wants to say a couple of things back to this and finally picks one. "Are you saying wizards automatically get to come?"

Not quite, but still. Certainly compared to witches. "Barring some specific situations, usually involving too much Ogden's on the rocks, pretty much."

"And I have gotten a girl off before. I wasn't completely inept with Pansy."

This shocks her in a way that she knows is unfair. "Fair enough then. Have at it."

She hadn't meant for that to come across challenging, but the half-smirk Malfoy gives her shows he took it as one. Alright, so he feels good about this part. Gooseflesh rises on her thighs as his fingers slip to the waistband of her knickers, tugging them down to her ankles.

The instinctive need to go all professorial on him won't go away so easily.

"Much like breasts, while we've all got the same general components, we all look a little different."

* * *

She's waiting for him to protest again that he knows how to get a girl off. It's on the tip of his tongue, but stops there. Upon closer inspection (and who is he kidding? He'd never actually *looked* at Pansy's), things down there are a bit mysterious. Flaps and ridges and holes. Well, he knows what to do with that.

But he's loath to admit that he hadn't ever really dedicated that much time to this part. When he and Pansy would fumble around on the sofa, sometimes she'd let him slide his hand down her knickers and feel around. It just always seemed mostly self-explanatory. So he couldn't have drawn a topographical map of it, but he knows witches get wet with contact down there.

Would Pansy be wet? Yea. Could Draco push up in there with a finger or two, upon which time Pansy would get wetter? Yea. A few in-and-outs and she'd slick up just fine, and Draco would tilt his head back and think of England for as long as he possibly could until Pansy started making the right noises, and then he'd finally let himself come. It was a fairly straightforward interaction.

It never seemed difficult and he wonders what Granger's on about. Maybe she has trouble with orgasms, though. He believes her when she says some women have a harder time getting there. It's just in his experience, Pansy never had.

Draco thinks all of this is a bit superfluous, to be perfectly frank. When he'd spouted off to Granger in the library that he doesn't know why Daphne would ever go out with him, he was telling the truth. She'd caught him on one of his worse days, when the self-loathing and lasting humiliation of

his social position was bearing down on him even more than normal. It had been a bad night for him and it had reflected in their conversation.

Now, he definitely doesn't want to shoot in his pants if he ever gets Daphne alone. The seemingly insurmountable hurdle is getting Daphne to agree to give him a chance in the first place. But if she did and if she ever let him get this far with her, not blowing his load in the first four minutes will be the most difficult part.

Faced with shagging Daphne Greengrass, Draco's self-restraint would be sorely tested - but he's confident that if he could stave off his own orgasm long enough, he could get Daphne off. That's what matters.

He's brushed off the dust on the snogging, gotten some great tit action that should translate well to Daphne's bountiful rack, and this part here is just a bonus. Granger's done a lot for him. He should do something for her - it's not as if it's a burden.

Especially since he came already.

From a purely voyeuristic point of view, he ought to have let Granger follow through with her own plan of doing it in front of him. It was hasty to jump in there like he had. But he'll take care of business here and maybe she'll be up for another round later this week. They can both enjoy themselves.

Bolstered by this excellent plan, Draco scopes out his target.

Propping himself on one elbow, he spreads the two primary folds of skin for a better look. Granger shifts her hips on the bed with a small whimper that goes right to his dick (which has decided it rather likes the situation and is working on rejoining the party).

The movement allows the light to catch on how wet she is right in the centre. Draco swallows hard.

She liked him parting her with his fingers just now, so he gently works the folds, gently spreading and releasing tension - not unlike a very light massage.

Granger groans and flips an arm over her eyes, wriggling under him.

This is a good start. He grins.

* * *

Malfoy's teasing the hell out of her. It's maddening. She needed to come ten minutes ago and it has not abated. His fingers are strong and she can imagine how delectable he could make a back massage, but between her legs, he's everywhere except where she wants him.

His fingers roll open again with gratuitous care and she rocks her hips. He increases his speed, but only just, and she wants to scream at the torment.

"Do my clit," she wheedles, abandoning an effort for eloquence.

Looking down, she meets his blue eyes and finds them slightly confused.

"I am."

Huh? “The thing in the middle.”

His index finger traces the fine circle of her opening, which is definitely a leap in the right direction, but not quite the direction she pointed him.

“Not that middle.” She curses herself for falling inarticulate now, of all times. “The ridge, above that, in the middle. It’s got to be swollen and staring you in the face. You can probably see my heartbeat in it.”

A shrill, *‘for fuck’s sake,’* makes a solid bid for freedom, but she holds it in. Just in case she still came off too harsh, she adds, “That’s how it feels when I’m really turned on, anyway.”

Malfoy is taking this under deep consideration. “Like it throbs with your pulse?”

“It feels that way. Now touch it.”

He chuckles a little and she’s relieved that her level of impatience is somehow coming off endearing - although on the scale of female arousal, she’s rapidly slipping back towards the middle of the metre.

“This is killing you, isn’t it, Granger?”

Bloody hell, this is not the time for smug self-satisfaction. He’s so close to her core that his words brush across her like air. She fights back a shiver and her mouth pops off with, “Do that again.”

The confused expression is back but he rallies. She has to give him credit for figuring it out, since she wasn’t descriptive about it. He purses his lips and lightly breathes on her, and the jumble of both warmth and chill makes her quiver from head to toe.

“You like that?”

His voice is husky, and it comes across as confirming a theory, not tentatively questioning.

“Yes. Yes, yes. Do it again.”

He does, slower, changing angles to cover more ground. It feels so counterintuitive - open air dries things. But Hermione feels herself growing wet and wetter, and when his thumbs spread her wide again, she exhales another, “yes.”

He shuffles his weight on the bed and gets his second hand into the mix. This is promising.

Malfoy presses the pad of his thumb onto her clit, finally, at long last. Even though this impedes the sensation of the air, she wants to cry with relief.

He starts up with a nudge of it from side to side, left to right and back again.

Having not closely inspected other witches’ lady bits, Hermione doesn’t know exactly how hers compares, but she knows it has a noticeable swell. He’s amusing himself by pushing it back and forth.

It won’t go very far (obviously), and that keeps his thumb in the right general area, but the motion needs improvement.

She swore she wouldn't touch him tonight (although she's already had her hands in his hair, that doesn't seem like the same thing at all), so does touching him to touch herself count?

Hermione grants him about fifteen more seconds of clit-nudging before she caves.

To make it seem like something she might do either way, she palms her own breast with one hand before finding his fingers between her legs with the other. Her index and middle fingers come to rest on his thumb and she starts up a gradual swirling.

She runs through several cycles, alternating a circular motion with a slow figure-eight, and changing pressure from lighter to heavy. She doesn't think she'll come like this, though, unless she can get his mouth back around her nipples.

"Come back up here," she whispers, and like lightning, he appears.

He presses his lips to hers and she's gratified to see the assertive side reemerge. Mid-snog, it takes him a second to reposition his hand and she wordlessly assists in finding the right spot. It's easier with his fingertips from this angle, and he's able to mimic her previous suggestions.

"Bring your knees up."

Happy to oblige, Hermione tucks them up snug with her heels to her bum. Her knees fall further open and Malfoy bites her lower lip. The coil of heat in her stomach is tightening again, and before she leaves his hand to his own devices, she takes one quick swirl through her slick wetness. He groans.

"That feels so good," she murmurs in his ear.

"Mm, I can tell."

Glancing down is a mistake. She can see the red, engorged head of his dick peeking out the top waistband of his trousers.

Her mouth falls open at the width of it, and her clit throbs a heavy pulse. She wants that. She wants to feel it press just at her entrance, to notch inside. She wants to feel the start of accommodating it, the necessary stretch.

Just imagining that stretch makes her back stretch in turn, arching up into Malfoy's waiting fingers.

Can't have it though; not tonight, anyway. She releases a low moan as he circles her nipple, aching hard in the air.

The muscle of his thumb supports the underside of her breast and he rolls it like she's shown him. His tongue swipes it and she shudders. She's about to tell him how much she likes it when he blows a steady stream of cool air right onto her wet nipple. The words die on her tongue and all she can do is let out an extended, whinging groan.

She's getting so close and she ought to be giving more direct feedback. There's only one other thing she needs right now.

"Finger me."

For a split second, she wonders if he knows what she meant - that 'fingering' can also mean 'going spelunking,' but he gets it.

One of his deliciously strong fingers slides in and she grips it immediately, almost as if trying to pull it further inside her.

Malfoy drops his forehead to her shoulder. "Fuck. *Fuck*. I don't remember it ever feeling like this... Can I... can I use two?"

As wet as she is right now, she bets he can - and if she ever wants a prayer of having that dick inside her, he must. She nods in anticipation, struggling to be patient and hold still for him, when a disappointing realisation washes through her.

He's never shagged anyone, and while she didn't put much importance on the social construct of virginity, he might. He probably wants it to be Daphne, unless his desire for experience first outweighs it.

For all Hermione knows, Malfoy wants Daphne to be the only witch he's ever with. She'll have to wait and find out, and somehow not influence the decision in the heat of the moment.

Her orgasm is slipping away from her again, even though a second long finger has crept in with the first. Malfoy swears again, his breath hot on the crook of her neck and begins to feel his way around - not that there's a whole lot of space, especially not now.

He's pushing them in and out, slowly, and she's impressed to find that he's positioning his thumb back into the mix by her clit.

"Move them inside. Your fingers. Not just in and back out."

She's about to elucidate, maybe showing him a motion with her own fingers, but he nods. "Yea, I overheard Nott and Zabini talking about this once. Nott called it 'the butterfly.'"

Both curious and amused, Hermione waits until he starts up an alternating flicking with his two fingers. It's the same gesture she could imagine using if she were walking her fingers across the top of a desk. She wonders how this works out for Nott, pushing aside a pang of melancholy that in the way he'd phrased it, Malfoy had not been included in that conversation.

At the front inner wall, it's just about the right spot. The reverse flick towards the back doesn't do anything in particular, of course, but it's half right.

"Do more like that on the front side."

"Which side is the front side?"

Well, that's fair, she supposes. Glancing down (avoiding the delicious bulging cockhead still spying on her from the waistband of his trousers), she confirms his hand position.

"The natural curl of your fingers to the direction of your palm."

He lifts one eyebrow but does it, and the resulting scrape makes her squeak out, "Oh, that's good. Yes. Like that, only a little slower."

Malfoy does, his breathing growing heavier as he watches her face. He takes her advice and melds it to his own tactic, doing a one-two scrape of his fingertips just inside her, in a slow rhythm. Hermione's mouth falls open and after several panting inhales, grows lightheaded.

"Oh, fuck. Just like that. I'm really close. I'm going to -"

Her orgasm crashes into her and she gasps, the tension in her body clenching down around him. "Again. Do it again. Don't stop."

He's groaning into her shoulder as she grips his fingers in wet, pulsing spasms. "What the hell is happening?"

The last ripples of it leave her body, abandoning her to a shaky and sweaty condition. She brushes her hair out of her eyes. "It's a female orgasm."

She quirks an eyebrow at him, not wanting to inquire further. He'd said he'd given Pansy one before and now she's very much doubting that's true.

"I've never felt anything like that in my life. Is it always like that?"

Still a little winded, Hermione affirms, "That was a good one. I'd been worked up for a while. That thing you did with your fingers was... magical."

"You liked that?" His voice turns shy but it's not insecurity she hears.

"I loved it. And I want you to do it again."

Malfoy looks surprised. "Alright. I guess... we could come back tomorrow night. Do you have anything going on?"

"I meant now."

He only stares at her and Hermione makes a snap decision. Before she can voice it, he interjects, "You... could come again now?"

"Girls can come several times." She declines to note the comparison that he, too, could come again right now.

Stretching out her hand, she stops well before she reaches his waist and looks at him, waiting for his opinion on the matter. "I'll get you off, too."

He flushes, a fresh coat of pink atop his already exerted appearance. "It won't... I can't last. Not after feeling that."

Riveted, his eyes stare between her legs as if he's found the Holy Grail. "You said it's always like that?"

"With an actual orgasm, yeah. Lots of girls don't come every time, though. There's no guarantee about it, but it's not like the rest of it doesn't still feel good - great, even. That's no reason not to try, though," she admonishes, an extra declaration that's probably unnecessary. Malfoy looks like he'd give anything to make it happen again. He licks his lower lip and nods.

"Do I just... go right back in?"

Hermione's prior snap decision comes back into play. "Let me get you off first."

He hesitates again and she knows what he's about to say. "It doesn't matter if you can't last. I wouldn't expect you to - we've been messing around here for an hour. I know you're right on the edge. And I can't speak for everyone, but... I find it kind of flattering when a man can't control it well around me. When I can make a man come... fast."

As she speaks, her hand stretches out towards him again. She won't do it, though. He has to be the one, and after several more long moments looking in her eyes, Malfoy unbuttons the top of his trousers. He has to work around the head of his cock for the button, and Hermione swallows hard.

She moves to her knees on the bed, sliding them out wide and feeling the air between her legs. Her nipples are tingling with a raw ache as he unzips. His cock is further restrained by the elastic of his pants, but she sees the long outline of it.

It's blatant gawking but she can't help herself. Malfoy's hand reaches down and squeezes it, hard enough that she winces a little on his behalf, but a pearly bead of pre-come leaks from the top.

Neither of them mention the state of the bed comforter, already messy between her own fluids and his previous ejaculation. Hermione's wet enough again right now that she can feel a distinct trail drip down from between her legs.

"I'm not sure if you know this - or maybe you'd be partial to it anyway, as it's yours, but that... is a gorgeous cock."

He flushes and gives it another harsh squeeze. "You haven't even seen it."

"Hurry up, then."

Malfoy grimaces, casting his eyes to the ceiling. "You don't have to. I can do it right here, in only a minute or two."

"I want to, you prat. I've been dying to see that thing. I want to feel it. I want to do anything to it you'll let me, really, but one thing at a time."

He groans and covers his eyes with his free hand. "Granger, when you say things like that... it makes this really fucking hard."

"I can see that. Now take it out," before she hastily adds, "please."

His thumb swipes across the tip to spread around the pre-come and she bites her lip. She'd wanted to do that. But she doesn't want to pressure him. This has to be his choice and she decides to shut the hell up. At this rate, she'll be begging him to let her fuck him, and she can't just wrestle his virginity from him like that.

But that cock... she feels another wet drip slide down the inside of her thigh.

"You can do it yourself if you want," she concedes, sliding her hand between her own legs. "I'm sorry. I don't want to push you."

"Stop," he grits out, looking alarmed at her new plan. "If you touch yourself right now, I'm going to come. And while I'm resigned to that happening, I'd much rather you did it - if you really don't mind how fast it's going to happen."

Without further discussion, he thumbs his pants down and off his hips, his cock springing free in all its glory.

Her jaw falls open. She'd known it was large under his pants, but it had been muffling a fair amount of detail. It's so thick, the head that has been teasing her so obnoxiously the literal tip of the iceberg. The ridge around it, the protruding vein pulsing with every throb, what it's currently leaking. She's captivated. Hermione has to manually wrench her hand away from her own entrance, slick with want.

"Fuck," Malfoy groans again. "Stop looking at it like that."

"I can't help it. It's gorgeous." She'd do anything to lick that tip, feel the slit of it under her tongue, and trace that bulging vein all the way down.

"Okay, well," he swallows hard, "do what you want to do."

They've not discussed oral and Hermione's almost as curious to have it in her hand. Almost. But it'll do. Slowly, waiting for any physical sign or voiced protest, she reaches out and lightly wraps her fingers around it.

The ghost of her touch last time is all that did it, and maybe a harder contact helps him stay grounded. He grunts here, his eyes only on her, and she gives him one solid pump, then a second. It's hot and silky, the only disruption being the fat veins under her fingers.

She reaches the head on her second pump and gives a slight twist to let her fingers tease the underside of the ridge. It produces another small spurt of pre-come, far more than a few drops, and she waits, looking back at Malfoy's face.

He's straining and red, veins in his temple almost as prominent as those beneath her hand. She doesn't think he's inhaled since she began, holding his breath instead.

With her thumb, she smears the pre-come around and under, deliberately rubbing into the tender spot just below the head of his cock. It jerks so strong in her hand that she almost lets go and she's taken aback by how powerful it is. Her hands aren't large but she can barely get all the way around him.

His hips roll upwards, just a smidge, and she takes it as encouragement. She repeats the pump back down to the base, back to the top, twisting and retrieving the present it makes for her.

Forced to inhale or pass out, Malfoy grunts another, "Fucking hell. One more. Please."

Happy to cooperate, Hermione does it again, keeping a smooth cadence into the gesture. At the top she squeezes just a touch, waiting with her thumb to time the twist-and-smear, and his hips stutter up. He begins to come and she uses it, taking the seed and working it back down and up, three more quick times with the twist around the head. It continues to spurt and she marvels at it. This was his second one of the night. A final rope of come squirts into her hand and she fights back a sharp urge to taste it.

He's panting and supporting himself with one hand on the bed. Hermione's ravenously hot, dripping between her legs imagining what he could do with this cock - what *she* could do with it - and suddenly desperate to feel some part of him inside her again.

Still on her knees, she leans back until she's in the same position she was in the last time: flat on her back, knees pulled up, cunt exposed. Malfoy looks up and sees her spread there, choking into his fist as he recovers from his own.

"Your cock is so hot," she tells him, swirling her finger around her own slick. "Please touch me again. Do that thing with your fingers. I need it."

His eyes are hooded and heavy, pupils fully blown black, and she knows he likes her words. She lets her knees fall further open and he creeps up her side, leaning onto one elbow.

"You like this, too," he says, sucking one hard nipple into his mouth. She's so sensitive but it feels good, and she arches for more. His teeth gently close around it and she freezes, but he keeps it light. His tongue bats at it while he holds it in place, rolling his jaw slightly to tug at it, and she moans.

"Your fingers. Give me two inside."

Her clit is throbbing and swollen, desperate for him. He swipes past it with his thumb to sink two fingers straight inside and she keens. He ignores her directive for now and pumps in and out, quickly, and she lets herself imagine it's his cock.

"Give me a third."

He sucks her nipple and pulls, rounding her pebbled areola with his tongue, and pumps in a third finger. Hermione doesn't want it gentle and begs, "Harder. Again. Curl it like you did before."

"I don't know if I can do that with three," he notes fairly, and compromises by keeping them bundled into one thick package with his middle finger scraping that perfect spot deep inside.

The noise she lets out is guttural, a moan building to a scream. Malfoy does it again, faster, and presses more firmly against her g-spot on each way out. His teeth pull at her nipple in time with his thrusts.

"Oh, fuck! That's so good. More. More. I'm going to come."


He hums his desire onto her nipple, trapping it again. The vibrations go straight to her clit and she rocks down onto his hand, seeking friction.

She's past words but finds what she needs on the heel of his hand. He keeps his pace and she matches him, letting loose with a wail as her orgasm hits her like a load of bricks. Spasms wreck her and his mouth leaves her breast with a wet pop that sounds just as wet as her cunt does around his thrusting hand.

After the last time, he knows to fuck her through it. She wrenches down around his fingers, feeling the compression as her walls grip desperately for purchase. She grinds her clit onto his hand with the final aftershocks, finally releasing him to go limp on the bed.

Malfoy sits back and looks at his glistening hand with a renewed sense of wonder.

Yes, she's thirsty. He's fit, what can I say? Also, they're just horny teenagers. She does creep towards pressuring him and then tries to remember to keep things more neutral. Let's not forget they're not 30 years old with ages of experience, here. That it's amateur hour is kind of the whole point.

Comments and kudos are love. 

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Surprise! This chapter is dropping a day early. I have art coming tomorrow for the next chapter of Out of Time, and I want to post that live rather than go back and add it, so I'm swapping update days.

Also, you may have noticed the chapter count increased. I'm not sorry.

Listen to the [podfic](#) of chapter 6 by FanFixation!

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

Draco spends an inordinate amount of time reliving the whole encounter. He'd told the truth: he'd never felt anything like that in his entire life. Whatever had happened with Pansy was nothing like that. He has an admittedly small sample size and he's left wondering if Granger's special.

It felt special to Draco. He'll never forget the feeling of just how wet she'd gotten - also nothing like Pansy, a whole different level of 'wet' - and the strength in the contractions around him. How would that feel around his cock? He battles a raging erection every time it crosses his mind, which is... a lot. Sometimes his (copious) wanks feature the exact scene in the Room of SCOFF rather than imagined alternatives with Daphne Greengrass.

That night, Granger had dismissed him with a breathy, "Okay, you're good. If you do exactly that and adjust to follow her lead on things, you'll do just fine."

She'd even patted him on the shoulder on her way out, casual as could be, but he detected a flicker of regret in her tone. He thought so, anyway and that had done just as much for his self-esteem as the rest of it put together. As a result, he's not quite walking around the dungeons like he used to, but his chin is a little higher.

('That... is a gorgeous cock')

Is it? She'd been quite right that he was inclined to be partial to it regardless, as it's his, but what if Daphne would also think so?

('I've been dying to see that thing. I want to feel it')

It was Granger's full mouth that said it, but the words go right to his dick every time. The words, the look on her face - openly ravenous gawping. It's the first time he's ever seen an expression on a witch's face that rivals the way wizards gape at breasts.

('I want to do anything to it you'll let me')

Salazar's snake, the ache is exquisite.

He skulks less now, a little at a time. While he's not enthusiastically embraced by anyone in particular, he makes occasional eye contact and will lift a corner of his mouth in a nonverbal, 'hello,' when it happens.

Daphne regularly swishes through his vicinity, her stylish skirts flowing and delicate heels tapping on the floor. Her hair always looks perfect and her perfume causes a Pavlovian response in Draco's trousers, accompanying the flutter in his stomach. His heart races right alongside it, and Daphne (the epitome of class and grace), never looks at him with the same derision most of the others do. Or have in the past.

Part of him can concede that her magnanimous above-it-all demeanour stoked his crush in the first place. He can't forget she's a Slytherin and grow complacent, but she's never been nasty to him. Not only is she the most gorgeous witch he's ever seen, she's always been polite and conciliatory - even when Draco was at his most despicable. No, she never gave any impression of fancying him back - she's never even initiated a conversation - but her simple lack of hostility had meant the world to him.

So now, Draco is putting his plan into action. Slow action, true enough, but action. He's got until early February. He's going to gradually work his way into Daphne's social periphery. One would think simply inhabiting the same Slytherin dungeon would qualify, but alas - since the war, Draco occupies a social circle of one.

Well, two. It might be one within the dungeons, but it's two everywhere else in the castle. He spends so much time with Granger that 'friendship' is impossible to deny at this point.

Not only has he assisted (Draco will stand by this until the day he croaks his last breath) with her perfect top marks, he's seen her naked - something that certainly should elevate one from 'acquaintance' to 'friend' status.

Naked, glistening, and telling him how great he made her feel.

Each time this train of thought arrives in the station, it inevitably concludes with Draco wanking in the shower.

The enthusiastic resurgence of his libido is directly correlated to Granger's 'assistance.' He's smart enough to know this much. And while Granger seemed content re: Draco's prospects, he thinks he'd rather be extra, double-sure.

* * *

"I don't know if you still want someone to snog sometimes, but I sort of do, and I thought maybe some more practice wouldn't be the worst idea in the world. If you want to, that is. I do. And you're a really good teacher, and - fuck, you don't go in for the compliments, you said, but that doesn't make it untrue -"

He wants to hook up again? Hermione's heart leaps for joy. It's not that she's sexually deprived, by any means, but she's not going to go snogging her way through Hogwarts. She's gotten herself off plenty since their night in the Room of Requirement almost two weeks ago. It isn't the same, and even though she knows it still won't be like in her imagination (which features a series of absolutely filthy scenarios Hermione would be mortified to suggest in real life), she would love to see his cock again.

She holds up one hand to stop him. "It's not that I don't like being complimented. Thank you, by the way. I just don't need to be praised in bed to enjoy myself."

In truth, she's not so sure she is that great a teacher. She'd been far less eloquent and instructive than she'd have pictured, when faced with the real thing. But she's what's available, and so the bar for 'good teaching' is set quite low.

Malfoy's head bobs in rapid understanding. "Okay, so would you? There's only a week left until the Christmas hols, so maybe before we all leave?"

Hermione grimaces, through no fault of his own. She's been avoiding thinking about the holidays. She's not planning to go to her empty childhood home in Hampstead and has mostly resigned herself to crashing at the Burrow along with everyone else. This usually wouldn't bother her much, but it's going to be her first holiday season without her parents (not counting that memorable one spent in the woods, freezing her tits off), and she hasn't yet decided whether it'll be worse to be consistently smothered by Molly or sit around the castle, largely alone.

Malfoy misunderstands at once, and scrambles backwards so fast he'd have fallen over if his feet had been involved.

"Or not, it's okay, I understand. I'm sorry I asked, you have better things to do than sit around and just snog me for fun, you might even have someone else -"

"Malfoy, between lessons and studying, we meet up at least eleven times per week. The castle isn't that big. If I were snogging someone else, you'd probably have caught wind of it by now."

He's continuing to ramble, back on the bit about her having better things to do that *don't* include snogging, and she grabs his shirt in both fists and pulls down.

Her mouth crashes into his with only moderate clanking of teeth, and as soon as his stops trying to form more words, she lets go.

"I'm nineteen, you prat. I'd like to snog over doing loads of other things -" (not including things far past the level of snogging, which would be very much prioritised over an hour spent kissing on a purple sofa) "- just as I assume you would. I get horny just like you."

"You... do?"

"*Obviously.*"

"So... is that a yes, then?"

"*Obviously.*"

* * *

"How far are you willing to go?"

Hermione can see immediately that she should have prepared him for that one. It's a mite too broad. He freezes, grey eyes growing wider by the second.

"Okay, nevermind. I'm assuming you don't want to have actual sex. But what else are you wanting to learn? Or - or practise?" She cringes, wishing she'd avoided saying 'learn,' a term that came off

condescending.

For the first time she can recall, she's shocked him into silence verbally. Ambushing him with a snog also works, but this is the only time he's simply had nothing to cobble together in response to something she said aloud. She abandons ship.

"Okay, forget that, too. How's this: we just snog, and you feel me up, and before we do anything we haven't done yet, we check in."

He nods, mouth still slightly agape. She can see the pink tip of his tongue bracketed by his teeth.

"For me, I'm happy doing anything we've already done and you don't need to ask. If you do something I'd rather you didn't, I'll let you know - like I have all along. Fair play?"

His head bobs again and she battles back a feeling of frustration. She's just about to ask him to tell her what to do (shirt on or off, where she should sit, etc) to get the ball rolling, when he blurts out, "Can I go down on you?"

Surprised, she blanches and he hurtles backwards again. "Nevermind, gods, I shouldn't go there, what was I thinking -"

"You can absolutely go down on me. Have you done that before?"

Shy again, Malfoy shakes his head, his fringe falling adorably into his eyes. This does not deter her, even though she hadn't quite prepared for that in advance.

She hasn't showered since this morning and ordinarily, she'd be a bit self-conscious about things - but she knows she'll power through. He has nothing to compare her to, which will go a long way.

This is a valuable skill for him to possess. If she can hone his technique before setting him free onto the world, she'll be doing a public service.

"Can I... go down on you, too?" She can't help it. Her mouth is watering at the idea. That thick, velvety shaft, the tip hitting the back of her throat. She swallows right now, imagining the difficulty of going around it.

"You want to?" Doubtful, his eyes scan hers, but he can't mask the glimmer of hope.

"I told you last time - I want to do anything you'll let me do."

He groans and covers his face briefly with his hand. "Alright. Yea. But I'll - I'll need to come once first. Unless you want it to be fast. You said you like that, and I know that much I can do, so -"

She interrupts him, unwilling to let this decadent topic go askew. "I find it -"

"- fuck, why did I say it like that, like now you have to get me off twice? Fuck me, Granger, I'm - no, not - I didn't mean, 'fuck me, Granger,' I meant -"

Hermione raises her voice, refusing to be properly interrupted. "I find it flattering when a man is so turned on by me, he has trouble containing it. But I want to do that for more than a few minutes. So we'll do whatever we have to do. Sound good?"

She may as well have *stupefied* him, but the prominent tent in his trousers shows his enthusiasm. Malfoy skims the room, his Adam's apple bobbing, and she decides to wait him out. It only takes one more look at her and her expectant expression, before he blurts, "Let's sit over there."

Alright. Hermione walks backwards to the sofa he pointed to, approving of the selection. Good cushion. Middle-high back. Sturdy legs. It'll do fine. Her fingers toy with the buttons of her blouse but as he hasn't asked her to do anything with that yet, she doesn't do it on her own principle.

Pink in the cheeks, Malfoy turns them so he sits down first, moving Hermione between his knees. He runs his hands up the outsides of her thighs, letting his thumbs toy with the hem of her skirt. The strength in his fingers reaching towards the inside of her legs makes her thirsty with want, and she knows she's getting wet.

"Sit on my lap."

She plays dumb. "Like this?" She sits on one knee, demurely crossing her legs across his other one, and takes too much pleasure in his stammering.

"N-no, like - I mean, that's great, that's - but maybe facing me?"

She feels the throb of his cock against her thigh as she shifts, moving so her knees are on the outside of his hips. "Like this?"

"Yeah," he breathes, eyes locked on her chest right in front of his nose. Hermione settles her weight to spread her knees a smidge, just low enough so she can feel his erection between her legs. Malfoy's breathing is heavier, and she doesn't want to overdo it. She stills and after a moment, his fingers start at the top of her shirt to undo one button at a time.

"Gods," Malfoy swallows hard. "Sometimes I thought I imagined these."

She feels similarly about his dick. "What would you like to do with them?"

For now, gape. His hands move up her sides, thumbs coming to rest at the underside of her bra. He gently pushes her breasts up and together (this doesn't take much) and drops a light kiss to the top of one, then the other. The slight pulse between Hermione's legs grows stronger, and she shifts until she's resting on the crest of his bulge.

Spread wide, his fingers almost touch in the middle of her back beneath her shirt, now hanging loose off her shoulders. He stares at her reverently and she makes one light, slow slide with her hips.

It jerks beneath her and she wants to gasp at how strong it is. She fights the urge to reach down and palm it, squeeze, anything.

With his index finger, Malfoy pulls the cup of her bra down to expose her nipple. It hardens at once in the open air, rippling pebbles around her areola, and he thumbs across it. She's unable to stop another slow slide and he rolls his hips the smallest amount to meet her in the middle.

It hits a perfect spot and she bites her lip, holding in a quiet whine. Unspoken, they both do it again, and she knows she's wet through the gusset of her knickers. She starts a third rocking and he tilts

her back just enough to place his mouth around her nipple. Her body spasms in gleeful surprise, her head hanging back, and suddenly she loses her balance.

His hands behind her back aren't quick enough to stop it and gravity slithers her free. With reflexes faster than she'd have expected, he shoots a hand forward, but the only thing he can grab is the middle of her bra, where the two halves of underwire meet. It gives up the ghost without a fight (probably overtaxed in its regular menial work already) and the clasp in the back comes free with a snap.

Hermione lands on her arse on the floor with breasts bouncing fully out now, her bra hanging limply from Malfoy's index finger.

Horrified, his eyes bulge just as she bursts out laughing.

"Oh, gods, oh, gods, I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. Are you okay?"

She's laughing too hard and rolls onto her back, hands clasped across her stomach. "It wasn't your fault. I wasn't far enough onto the sofa. It's fine, I swear. We just need a different one."

He plainly does not buy this, though the sight of her jiggling tits seems to be helping. This sends her into another peal of laughter.

"Granger, did you hit your head? Are you really okay?"

She's into the cycle of giggles that she can't stop. This has happened only a dozen times in her whole life, *maybe*, and definitely not since before the war - but here she is now, almost curled on her side on the stone floor and cackling to the near point of tears. He's kneeling next to her now and for the sake of his sanity (if not her own), she reaches out a hand and lets him pull her to her feet.

Sniffing away the last of her hilarity with her dignity, she spies a better piece of furniture. "Let's try that one."

Looking supremely doubtful, Malfoy lets her lead him that way. He's still trying to eyeball the side and back of Hermione's head as if expecting to see a head injury blooming, and she has to give him a gentle push to sit. She straddles him again, making sure her knees make firm contact with the back of the sofa this time.

No blatant erection now, but it's sweet the way he gathers her more to his chest. His hands grip across her bare back solidly, assertively, and he clasps her close in what's almost a hug. She lets her hips settle down, slowly beginning to rock against him again.

This is a good sofa, she decides, cushions deep enough that she can do this without feeling like she's at risk of toppling over backward. Her centre of gravity is solid.

This nearly makes her chuckle again, an urge she represses lest he start questioning her sanity all over again. It occurs to her that there's a (slim) chance he deems her incapable of solid decision-making, and that won't do at all. She's fully in command of what she's doing here. She does not want it cut short.

Malfoy drags one hand up her spine to her neck, and into her hair. His fingers explore her scalp thoroughly, slowly, spreading about.

“Does anything hurt?” he asks and she answers him with a kiss, opening his mouth to hers and sucking his lower lip into her mouth.

“No. I didn’t hit my head. Keep doing that.”

“You like this?”

“I love it. Make a fist with it.”

He does this, twisting her hair around his fingers, and she gasps into his open mouth. “That makes me hot. No one’s ever done that with my hair before.”

“Just me?”

“Just you.”

His flagging erection is coming back to life between her legs. He’s fully dedicating one hand to her hair now, and seems reluctant to abandon his secure palm on her back that’s helping hold her in place. She wants him on her breasts next, and to emphasise her sufficient level of stability, she grips his hips between her knees. Hands split between the back of his neck and the back of the sofa complete her positioning, and finally, *finally*, he trusts that she’s not going to capsize arse over tit a second time.

Feeling a renewed sense of purpose between her thighs, Hermione wriggles until she finds his growing cock beneath her. Just so he doesn’t revert back to keeping her in place, she won’t release her grip on his neck - but she does relinquish the sofa to run her hand down his chest. She slips it down the front of his shirt, annoyed by the persistent state of its buttons, and lets her fingernails skate across his skin. He sucks in a breath and grips her tighter. The fingers tangled in her hair twist her head slightly, and she flushes with arousal.

Grinding on him harder, she abandons any sense of propriety. She can’t think when he has her hair like this. She works herself on his lap, delighted to feel the hard rock beneath her.

With a solid fistful of his hair, she lets herself lean back, hoping he’ll go for her breasts. But him leaning forward would take her anchor point with them, something that occurs to her somewhat belatedly. She swaps to his shoulders, broad and strong, and lets herself just feel.

“Please put your mouth back on me,” she pleads. “You do it so well. Please. I won’t fall.”

Malfoy’s mouth hangs open with his breathing, and she presses against him mercilessly. His hips roll into her and she shifts in the perfect spot, hitting her clit with every forward motion.

Gods, she’s so wet. “I’m going to make a mess of your trousers,” she whines in desperation.

He gives a low laugh, his breath tickling her throat. “Was that a threat, as in ‘if you don’t put your mouth on me, I’m going to make a mess of your trousers,’ or that you’re going to make a mess of my trousers either way?”

She flushes a little and doesn’t answer - not verbally. He keeps the roll of his hips upwards at the same pace, letting her grind, and it feels so good she could almost forget about where else she wants him. He’s clearly not concerned with limiting how turned on he is or otherwise trying to

manage it, so she just relaxes into the motion. Pressing her weight down a little harder, she slows down right across her clit and a sensual shudder runs through her body.

His fingers twist in her hair again and this time, she can't hold in the whine. With the grip he has behind her head, Malfoy feels comfortable enough to cup her breast between them. He makes no movement to put his mouth down there, keeping her head still firmly located circa his collarbones - delightful neck proximity, too, which she takes full advantage of and enjoys the vibration of the rumble deep in his throat against her tongue.

He plucks her nipple lightly between his fingers, and swaps to the rolling tug that nearly makes her lose it right on top of him. Hermione's back arches until her head is pressed against his fist, no tension left with her hair. He releases the tangled strands to cup her head with his whole hand, supporting her, and just so he doesn't get distracted by her physical stability, she contributes to the cause by clutching his shoulders.

Malfoy's shirt is still on, something that does affect her grip somewhat, and she'd quite like to feel his body skin-to-skin. After this, though. She's getting close, and her nails pinch into his shoulders for purchase.

With his cock trapped in his trousers, it's hard to tell what's deliberate motion on his part, or just rampant throbbing of it against her.

"I might come like this," she whispers in his ear and he inhales sharply.

"Can I... feel it? I want to feel it."

Well, it's certainly not like she's going to complain about better contact. She moves his hand beneath her skirt and feels the savage jerk from beneath her when he feels how wet she is.

"Fucking hell," is all he manages. She leans back in, kissing him on the neck as she starts to move again. He parts her folds, smearing the moisture around her clit and tries to begin the circular pattern she'd shown him a few weeks before. There's just not a lot of room.

"Put your fingers in me."

He wriggles two into an upward position, and she starts to ride his hand. The tent of his cock is in the way, now, and they shift slightly to the side to accommodate.

"I want you to come like this, but I don't want to come like this," he says, half-joking, but Hermione's not quite sure what she can do about that.

"Come however you like, as long as I can still go down on you - if you want me to," she adds hastily at the end, trying to recall that she shouldn't be pressuring him into new territory. Her thoughts are quite fuzzy just now, but her words spark a groan from Malfoy. His desire reflects hers and she whispers into his ear, "I'm close. Can you feel it?"

He may not be far enough in and he reads her mind, adjusting a bit for better access. Rather than do the one-two pattern he'd done last time, he curls his fingers against her and holds there. She rides it with increasing pressure, dipping her head to his shoulder. "Right there. That. That feels so good."

Whether it was a reflex or not, his fingers clench her hair in a tight fist and she gasps.

“Harder,” she pleads and without knowing which direction she wants it, Malfoy tenses both. Her hair pulls in his hand and he curls his fingers. Two more scrapes along her g-spot and her orgasm takes over. She rocks against him, breathless and riding the waves of ecstasy one at a time, until she sags against his chest.

His heart races beneath his shirt, only increasing as she slowly unbuttons it. With her knees, she holds her weight slightly off him now, not giving him any friction he doesn't expressly seek out. She slips another button loose and his hands trap hers, unexpectedly.

“It's all scarred up.”

Blinking, Hermione realises what she's about to find. “Do you not want me to see it?”

“I know you know it's there. It's just... ugly.”

“You've seen mine.”

She's not intending to use that as a bargaining chip, but that doesn't make it untrue. He's never visibly reacted to the sight of it, always far more preoccupied by her tits. Her own scar is faded, slightly more prominent now in the winter without a tan, but her skin does an admirable job of masking it either way. That doesn't stop it being a hideous starburst of scar tissue, the impact near her appendix and expanding outward in streaks.

“Yours doesn't bother you?”

She considers. “I'd rather it wasn't there. And trying to explain it to a Muggle doctor is very weird. On the other hand, there's nothing I can do about it. People can either accept it as a part of me, or they can't. At least I'd know sooner than later.”

Malfoy mulls this over, and then finishes undoing the remaining buttons. Hermione maintains an even expression, hardly skimming over the scar, before returning her attention to his mouth with a deep snog.

On her own, though, she lets her hands do some exploring. She's careful to cover wide swatches of chest real estate so it doesn't seem like she's focussed on it, but it does fascinate her. The scar tissue is deep and varied. She understands why he's self-conscious about it.

“Harry felt really bad about it, you know.”

He scoffs. “Yeah, that really helps.”

“I was really cross with him. I shouted a lot.”

She feels his cheeks move as he smiles. “That helps more.”

“Also, I happen to find scars sexy. It means you survived something. I might wish mine wasn't there, but it's not going to change what I want to do. It would never make me avoid a two-piece swimsuit in the summer.”

“I might like to see that.”

“Mm, I bet you would.” She's about to add that the reactions she gets from men about it are validating, a combination of intimidation and awe, but mentioning other men feels odd - even if she

and Malfoy aren't snogging because they fancy each other.

“Should we move to the bed?”

Chapter End Notes

It may have happened before now (I wasn't on TikTok until about a week ago, so I wouldn't know) but PT got a shoutout rec! Things like that make me squeal with joy. If you like this, tell somebody else! Recs, comments, and kudos mean everything to me. Also, now that I'm on TikTok, come hang out. I make horrible videos but I'm learning.

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Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Listen to the [podfic](#) of chapter 7 by FanFixation!

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

“We’d have more space.”

Malfoy’s eyes glint with mischief. “I kind of like you this close, actually. On my lap like this.”

“Well, *I* like it when you can use your hands.”

“I was - wasn’t I?”

Hermione kisses his neck, enjoying the feel of his heartbeat under her lips. “You were, but I like them elsewhere, too. Why don’t you have more of them?”

“More hands? I’ll work on that.”

Without another word, he stands upright and she stifles a squeak of surprise. Her legs grip his waist, but his hand at her back isn’t going anywhere. It’s like she weighs nothing. Her breasts are pressed against his bare chest and it’s hard to tell if it’s the rapid beat of his heart she’s feeling or hers.

“You’re really fit. Do you work out?”

Malfoy throws his head back and laughs, a full-belly one. “It is the best way to kill time alone when I’m too cross-eyed to revise anything else. So yes.”

He moves to set her down but she lets go on purpose, and lands on the bed with a playful whomp. Leaning back on her hands, she takes in the view. Shirt unbuttoned, pale chest bare - silvery scars, yes, but rippling muscles, too. A gorgeous v-line from his hips into his trousers, where a very large and ready prize awaits.

“Take your skirt off.”

The zipper is twisted around to one side when she reaches back for it, and she fumbles around, unwilling to stop looking Malfoy up and down like the feast he is.

“It’s your turn. What do you want?”

His eyes turn dark and hungry, the mirth gone. “I want those tits.”

No denying it, he’s a ‘breast’ man. Hermione doesn’t mind, now they’ve passed the Pac-man stage. Her tits are in a good spot when she leans back on her hands again. High and perky, nipples at attention. Heavy, but that’s always the case. She personally likes them best with the cleavage a bra

provides, something about the deep line down the middle sexier than seeing them loose. But Malfoy disagrees - or maybe not, but it's hard to imagine a matching look of enthusiasm on his face. He wants to devour them.

The idea makes them tingle in the air and she dusts across one with her finger, watching him practically salivate.

“Go on, then.”



Art by [incendiosketches](#)

His mouth is on one before she can suck in a breath, his tongue hot and wet and everything she wants. He finds every bumpy pebble, pulls it into his mouth, uses his hand to roll it upward.

Hermione falls flat on her back, abandoning any pretence of staying upright, and snakes her hands into his hair.

He suckles and tugs, bites just a smidge and presses a light kiss right on top when she shudders. Hermione wonders how often he's dreamt of doing exactly this over the past weeks. He traces his nose down the valley in the middle and emerges beneath them both, nudging one up and feeling its weight. His mouth attaches to the underside and he sucks rhythmically, enough to leave a mark.

Fingers pull on her other nipple and she releases a quiet moan. Her feet draw up on the bed and the cooler air between her legs feels divine. He gives one a hard flick with his forefinger and she gasps at the sharp sting before his tongue soothes it again.

Her clit is beginning to throb. But this isn't supposed to be about her; this one is about him, and now they've gotten this far Hermione feels comfortable exploring the top of his trousers with her hand.

"Can I?"

He nods, letting his teeth move her nipple along. Gods, how would it feel if he really pulled? She both wants to know and doesn't, all at once, and her hand works his zipper down.

Malfoy divests the trousers with impressive speed, leaving her breasts alone for only seconds. Hermione reaches out and grabs his hard cock, still hidden in his pants, and gives the kind of squeeze she's seen him do. He groans around her nipple, the hot breath and cold wetness and crisp air of the room doing wonderful things between her legs.

His hand slips between and her knees fall further apart. "Fuck, you're wet," he murmurs. "Again."

"Told you."

This time, he uses his signature pattern when he pumps in deep, the alternating curl in a rhythm he sets on purpose. She gives his cock another squeeze but falters midway through, and she realises that was probably his plan. Keep them both somewhat distracted and draw things out.

The heat in her stomach builds precipitously anyway. She yanks down his briefs without fanfare or aim, staring at the ceiling while he works both her nipple and her clit. His cock springs free and he releases a guttural moan when her fingers wrap around it.

She avoids the head, but it's mostly because she can't reach it well. Now unrestrained, it's bobbing almost to his tense ab muscles. She pumps around the shaft in time with his thrusts into her cunt, something he quickly catches onto.

"Fuck, I can imagine it," he groans, panting around her aching nipple.

"Just wait until I come."

"Are you going to? Again?"

"I don't know... probably. Keep doing that and I will."

"I thought it was my turn."

"It is."

His tone was teasing, but with this, she releases him and swipes her fingers through her own slick. She gathers and swirls it around her clit before wrapping her hand back around his cock. He swears and almost staggers, but she doesn't let up. He's thrusting into her fist and now she can reach his bulging cockhead with her thumb. She adds what he's leaking into the mix. Malfoy seems unable to do more than maintain, rolling his hips and keeping his fingers deep inside her.

"You're really good at this," she tells him honestly, even though she's taking her own pleasure over and riding his hand instead. She wants to keep up the positive reinforcement. "Feel how wet I am?"

"From what I did..." he whispers, sounding somewhat dazed and disbelieving, staring down at her.

Her hand curves over the ridge of his cock and smears around more precome, the combination of her own and his a devastating combination.

Malfoy groans when she says, "From what you're doing," and pairs it with a particular squeezing final twist at the top.

He shoots into her hand and like last time, she uses what she can to pump him through it, drawing out every bit he has to give.

He generates so much come - not that she's paid particular attention to this bit in the past, but when faced directly with it, it seems like a lot. She supposes she'll have a better benchmark when she goes down on him. Those orgasms are somewhat easier to quantify. But seeing just how much he produces feeds a particular desire she refuses to indulge and battens down, far down, in her psyche.

"You didn't come that time, did you?"

"No, and it's good that you can tell the difference now."

Myriad looks flicker across his face, as if he has *opinions* about this.

"It's ok. It was like you said - that one was for you."

"It feels... inequitable, somehow."

"How's that? I had one already."

She didn't come again, but the way he'd frozen in place for his own orgasm had given her something delightfully rigid to grind on. Now, she's properly hot, but she doesn't want his fingers again. It's time for the next stage.

"Dunno. It seems like it's easier for witches, so it should happen more times."

"It's not easier at all. You lot are almost a guarantee. We are not. And remember what I said last time? It still feels great."

"That felt great?"

His eyes search her face, questioning.

"It felt *great*. I would have come if we'd kept going."

This disturbs him and she waves it away before he can interject. "I'd rather you went down on me."

“I don’t know how to do that yet, though. Not really. So you probably won’t get off from it and if I got you that close, I’d rather -”

“You’ll do fine.”

In truth, he might be right. Hermione doesn’t know. But she’s upfront that it still feels good, and she has already gotten off. She doesn’t want him to get bogged down thinking he has to get her off every time or the encounter is a failure. Some wizards eventually take that to mean female orgasms don’t matter or aren’t worth heartily pursuing - but she doesn’t think Malfoy is going to be one of them. He’s going to try his damndest, and she wants to impart that it’s alright if sometimes it just doesn’t happen.

To forestall other protests, Hermione fluffs the pillows and nestles back. He tugs his pants back up, seeming more comfortable not being completely naked, and leans in studiously.

Malfoy’s not taken a good look at her since the last time they were in here several weeks ago. She tries not to be self-conscious (at least, no more than the time before) but it’s hard in the face of such intense scrutiny. It’s fully lit in here, she’s completely exposed, and she’s already sort of a mess.

There’s also the teeny details that one of her miscellaneous hookups had made a throwaway comment that he just didn’t like doing this, and another that said it always tasted bad to him. Hermione had only shagged him once so clearly “always” had to include other women than Hermione, but it had been hard not to take it a smidge personally. Or, at the very least, make her more concerned about the reaction of future cunnilingers.

She’s quite used to her own smell, of course, but she’d started taking probiotics last summer that had absolutely altered her own odour. It had made her paranoid. Different must be bad. Then she’d wondered if maybe her original scent was what was bad, and she was so accustomed to it she just didn’t notice. Maybe this new one was better.

In the end, she’d decided that unless she’s seeing the same lad before and after a week’s worth of probiotics, no one would know the difference anyway.

It’s a little like her scar tissue. It’s who she is, and she won’t let it stop her doing what she wants to do. If someone doesn’t like it, she’d rather know sooner than later.

Also, Malfoy’s been in this general region before now and had no (voiced) opinions about the scent of her. She’ll do better to just close her eyes and let him take his time - without her watching him do it.

He’s somewhat stumped, staring the way he did before and spreading her lips between his fingers.

“Okay, well, I know you like it here.” He touches his tongue directly to her clit. It’s a good start. “And you like it when I move my fingers in a circle, so...”

He does this, dragging a wide, slow circle with his tongue. She shivers.

“And you like different pressures.”

He tongues it back and forth now, not unlike his initial clit-nudging from side to side with his index finger.

“So what’s the rest of it like?”

Now comes a long, deliberate lick skating right across her entrance and up to the top of her clit, and Malfoy seems to have no objections to taste.

He starts saying something else and Hermione cuts in, “I think some blokes use their tongue to spell things, right over the clit. It makes a varied pattern you don’t have to think about.”

His eyes flick up to hers and she’s stunned at the rush of arousal she feels from his bright eyes peeking out between strands of fringe. He’s flushed and adorable. “Like what?”

“Like the alphabet, maybe.” Or their name, she thinks - but doesn’t say. That’s too personal. Proprietary.

“The alphabet? That seems awfully simplistic,” he smirks. “How about drawing constellations?”

The thought of the Draco constellation drawn between her legs with that tongue makes her feel quite peculiar (something for later perusal, she decides) and she chokes out, “I don’t think there’s quite enough room down there for full constellations, to be frank.”

“Well, I haven’t tried, yet,” he notes fairly, dipping his head back down. Hermione tilts her own back to the pillow and stares at the ceiling, heart racing. Heat spools in her lower stomach.

The drawing of constellations entails some direct licks but a lot of dabbing, for individual stars, and she fights back a giggle. It’s both cute and a little ticklish, depending on where he’s at, and she won’t come like this. But as she keeps reminding him, it’s not exactly a hardship to lay here and let him experiment, so that’s precisely what she does.

She busies her mind trying to discern which constellations he’s after (refusing to give any particular import to the Draco constellation, should it make an appearance), but she can’t tell. True to her prediction, the real estate is necessarily scrunched to a small area. Star patterns covering large swatches of space get compressed. But she can’t deny she’s impressed with the creativity - if he’s even still doing stars at all. The darting dabble of his tongue has faded to laving, predominantly focussed on and around her swollen clit.

She should probably provide some feedback.

Doing this feels different each time. Snogging advice was easy enough - her brain was fully present and accounted for. But doing it when she’s turned on is getting increasingly difficult.

Hermione wants to lose herself in the process, abandoning the impulse (for once in her life) to pontificate about something.

“Is it like your nipples? Should I suck on it or just lick?”

A fair question that hones her focus again.

“Suck on it, if you can.”

That was stupid. Why did she say it like that? Of course he *can*, even if he can’t actually grip her clit between his lips. He can still press his mouth over it and suck. She sees stars when that’s precisely what he does, fastening around it, pressing his tongue down right in the centre and sucking in with his cheeks.

Hermione swears into her fist and the pressure vanishes. Malfoy's head pops up, grey eyes alarmed.

"What? Did it hurt? Fuck, I'm sorry -"

"No one's ever done that. Do it again."

Reasonably satisfied that she's not in pain, he still looks suspicious as he dips back down. He does it again but slower, more purposeful, giving her a bit of time to expect it. If anything, it makes it better and she bites down on her knuckles.

"Can you come from it?"

She doesn't know. "I've never come from just oral. I've always needed fingers, too. But like I said, that's no reason to rush right into that and avoid the oral part."

"Wasn't gonna," he mumbles, sounding a little insulted. "But you're really wet. I had to ask."

He attaches to her clit before she can respond, and this time, he does suck it between his lips to worry at it. Her hips buck and she swears again.

"I think I can feel your heartbeat in it, like you said."

Is that true? She hasn't a clue. It feels like a tangible throb to her, but not necessarily in a rhythm like her heartbeat. She'd been being hyperbolic at the time. Malfoy presses his tongue flat against it again - not that it could possibly flatten out - and stills for three excruciating seconds.

"Yep," he declares, sounding satisfied.

Hermione tangles her hands in her own hair to stop from gripping his and shoving him back into place. "It's really good. Really, really good. Can you finger me, too?"

"Not a lot of room down here for both, but I'll try."

Having never considered the logistics, Hermione waits to see what he'll do. He shifts around a little, stretching out on his stomach and putting his weight on one elbow. He slides two fingers in easily - gods, she *is* wet - but when he moves his mouth back into position, he pulls back after one lick.

"Need both hands. Hm."

Malfoy wriggles to the side, wrapping an arm around her from below. His hand skates up her arse and around her hip, coming down from the top to spread her open with his fingers.

"This is complicated."

But from this new side angle, his chin isn't in the way of his fingers when he slips them back inside, and her back arches into it. It takes him several tries to find a collaborative rhythm between his mouth and his fingers, finally just trapping her clit lightly between his teeth and flicking at it with his tongue.

"Yes, like that," she gasps, not able to manage anything better, and he curls his fingers one after the other. She starts out a swear that turns into a squeak when he presses his mouth flush against her again and sucks, hard.

He pulses it along with his fingers scraping inside her, over and over, and she knows she's moments away.

"Don't stop that. Keep going. I'm going to -"

She breaks cleanly, her orgasm squeezing his hand. She grips and spasms, feeling her hot arousal coat him. He doesn't flinch, working his mouth against her and using his tongue to lick up what comes his way.

"Gods, that was hot," Malfoy comments, looking more unfazed than he has any right to (in Hermione's opinion). She feels like a pool of melted butter.

She wheezes, "Alright, gimme a minute," remembering that while she doesn't owe him anything, she does very much want to get his cock in her mouth. She wants to rally. Has he? "Are you ready again?"

Malfoy glances down. "Yeah, actually. The mechanics of that were nice and distracting, but tasting the end was... yeah."

That settles that internal debate, Hermione supposes. She's grateful she's too overheated for her red cheeks to be considered blushing. Looking around her right shoulder, she finds that the room has conjured up a small loo. Hopping off the bed (which is more of a roll, really, her muscles too wobbly for 'hopping'), she avoids the mirror and dips her mouth under the faucet of the sink for some water.

Malfoy's eyes dart back to the bed when she turns around, and she grins as she wipes her mouth with her hand. "Getting an eyeful of my arse, were you?"

He awkwardly scratches the back of his neck, just as red as she is. "Well, can't blame a bloke for that. But it's not really why we're here, so... sorry."

Even though she'd been heckling him on purpose, Hermione finds she doesn't mind. It's flattering. Lots of things about the way he looks at her body are flattering.

Malfoy clears his throat. "Ah... where do you want me?"

Hermione considers, surveying the myriad furniture options available to them, and Malfoy's mouth runs away.

"If you want to, that is. You don't have to. It's fine. I don't know why I asked that, like it was automatic that you would. Sorry. Really, ah, presumptuous. I shouldn't have assumed -"

"It's fine. I *did* ask if you were ready, you know. If anything, I feel like I'm the one constantly pressuring you."

Malfoy's grey eyes pop out of his head, pink-cheeked and mouth agape. "You couldn't... you couldn't possibly."

This is not true, but Hermione won't hammer the point. As long as he's sure and is not just saying it in the heat of the moment. Most of their moments end up more like this anyway, stilted and awkward rather than passionate and desperate. One thing is for certain, though, and that's that

Malfoy is not going to tell her to blow him. It's unreasonable to expect assertiveness just now, so Hermione takes the reins.

“Just stand, then. Right there is fine.”

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

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Draco can hardly believe his eyes when she drops to her knees in front of him.

He can hardly believe anything about this night, in fact. That he's gotten her off twice is the least of it (nor is Draco letting her fall smack onto the floor when they were snogging earlier, something he still can't believe he let happen, *or* that she didn't immediately storm out when he had).

He'd overhear the lads talking about eating girls out, mostly with a grudging tone of 'eurgh, fine, I suppose I had to,' or, even worse, outright disdain - as if they were too good for that. They all wanted girls to go down on them, and nobody wanted to go down on the girl. Draco's natural, innate curiosity had driven him to ask if he could go down on Granger, the same impulse that makes him one of the top students in the school.

Greg even made noises that it had been disgusting, but now, after having done it himself, Draco's far more inclined to think Goyle had been full of shit - no witch has ever let Goyle do that. He's posturing to fit in.

Alright, fine, it was messy. That didn't make it bad. Not when the mess was directly correlated to how much she'd enjoyed it - but it was messier than this version of oral sex is about to be.

Well, no, he doesn't know that. Not for sure. That's only true if Granger lets him finish in her mouth, and why the hell would she do that?

Just contemplating the outcome (whatever that ends up being) makes his dick jerk in his pants. Glancing down at Granger doesn't help in the least. She'd grabbed a throw pillow from the nearby chair to rest her knees on, and is in the middle of putting her hair in a wild knot on top of her head. Her tits are still out, something that could undo him all by itself, but then she tugs her hair back down with a calculated look.

"You keep it out of my face."

Done and done. He wants to see every second of this and he likes his hands in her hair.

"Wouldn't you be more comfortable if we were on the bed again?" he can't help asking. The sheer fact that she needs the pillow under her knees makes him feel bad.

All he gets is a single sly look in return before she prompts, "Do you want to take it out or do you want me to?"

Which of them, indeed? Draco mulls it over. Himself, he decides, figuring he'll last longer if they can skip this early bit of penile handling.

The look on Granger's face would happen either way, though, and that's something he can't imagine ever getting used to. Neither is the visual of his wayward dick bobbing just by her nose, her physical proximity to it forever scorched into his brain.

Kneeling before him, white socks snug up her shins, plaid skirt fluttered out around her - tits out and enjoying life, almost as if they're mocking him, especially as erect as her nipples are. The areolas are a dusky deep pink and he can see the pebbling of them even at a distance. Her face is flushed and her golden brown eyes stay locked on his.

He gathers her chaotic hair gently with both hands, transferring it into one. Reluctantly, he tears his eyes away from hers, tilting his head back to the ceiling and holding his breath.

She surprises him by starting with her mouth. He'd have expected her hand, if only to stabilise things. Her tongue starts near the base, sliding along his length towards the tip, which she avoids, choosing instead to retreat back to where she began. Her full lips press against him for her next drag up the side and he feels the moment her jaw opens to involve her tongue.

Panic strikes. Without looking at her, it's too easy to pretend this is Daphne. He has to watch, but that is almost the end of him, too. Granger's brown eyes are still watching him intently from beneath long lashes, verifying... something. What? His willingness to participate? He's never been more willing for anything in his life.

Her lips feel like a kiss, like his own against her shoulder when she straddles him. It's intimate, jarringly so when the wider picture involves his angrily red dick, throbbing in the air and threatening violence. She removes her mouth and blows his mind by tracing her nose along him until she reaches the head, almost nuzzling as she goes.

Draco's fingers tighten in her hair without warning and she shifts on the pillow beneath her.

One delicate hand slips around his base and he groans, "Grip it. Hard."

She does this, but not enough, and he chokes out, "Harder."

There's a question in her eyes. She could ask it - her mouth is currently unoccupied - but he doesn't need her to. "It'll help me last."

This is good, he figures. She has a measure of control over the situation now. If she wants to be done with things (not like he'll complain if she does), she can remove her hand.

Even with the punishing grip beneath her fingers, the purplish-red head of his dick leaks. Her head darts forward and she catches it with her tongue, dipping it into his slit so fast he might have imagined it. He knows he didn't because his fingers tense in her hair again. His wrist flexes and it pulls the tendrils, something he's aware of as it moves her head to the side.

"Fuck, fuck, I'm sorry. I'm not trying to - to move you. You do whatever you want. I'll just keep it out of your way."

Her tongue dabs her lower lip in a way that could be either function or seduction. "I like it when you pull it."

He throbs and she grips simultaneously. Draco swallows hard.

“That’s why I put you in charge of it.”

Unable to maintain, Draco closes his eyes and prays for strength. This witch... forget the actual sexual release. The things she says and does... somehow he can’t imagine Daphne ever mimicking this and now he’s wondering if maybe the real fantasy is the one right in front of him, on her knees and licking her lips as she drinks in his cock.

“Is there anything you want to try, specifically, that I can do?”

Without warning, his spare hand clenches around hers at the base. He squeezes so hard he sees stars and then drops it at her quick intake of breath. Fuck. He hurt her again.

“Sorry. Sorry. This is really hard for me. That’s not an excuse. Did I hurt your fingers? Just - squeeze harder. Fuck. No. You don’t have to. No, I’m not going to tell you what to do. I just -”

Unable to keep his eyes on the ceiling, Draco caves and looks back down. He might have caught an eye roll before all thoughts are wiped clean from his runaway brain.

Her knuckles are white as she clenches her fist around him. In a single, smooth motion, she takes him deep into her mouth. Draco’s hip stutter forward like he’s being dragged, and to avoid nearly breaking her fingers a second time, his hand flies out to grip the poster of the bed instead. He swears and Granger glances up, a smug look on the corners of her lips. Draco wants to tattoo the image of his cock in her mouth, topped with that perfect smirk, right behind his eyelids.

“It doesn’t matter what you do or don’t do with that hand,” he stammers, “I will come if you keep doing that.”

She inclines her head to the side with a nonchalance that must be an act, before releasing his eager dick with a wet pop.

“Why don’t you set a pace then? Use my hair.”

...what? He blinks, gawping at her. She can’t be serious.

“Just don’t move my head and your hips at the same time. Deal? It’ll go too far in, too fast if you do.”

She slides her free hand up the back of his thigh, tickling a little against his leg hair. “If I need you to stop, I’ll let you know. Okay?”

He readily agrees but it’s harder than he expected - and he was expecting it. The natural, innate drive is to thrust into something. Anything. He’s not particular and he doesn’t think he’s a rarity. Moving her instead is a manual gesture, each time. This is probably good, making him do it far more slowly and shallowly than he’d be doing with his hips.

Granger hollows out her cheeks and extends her tongue. Draco feels every glorious stretch, wishing it was right around the tip of his dick - until, that is, the tip hits the back of her throat.

Salazar’s fucking snakes. He groans and releases her head, the opposite impulse to the twisting pull his fists want to do with it. Granger gives a low hum in her throat that ripples like an electric shock down his limbs. She bobs deeper onto it once and withdraws when her throat spasms. She releases him and wipes her mouth with the back of her hand.

She's inspecting his cock with a strange level of interest, leaning to one side to get a better long view. Her head tilts.

"What... is it?" Draco manages, sounding hoarse.

"How far did I go?"

"Fuck if I know. A perfect fucking amount. Good gods."

With a calculating stare, Granger prepares to move back in. Her eyes flick up to his. "Let me do this one, and then you can do the hair again."

Having her hair loose provides a new visual. She leans forward to take him back in her mouth, and her hair falls all the way down her back to the crack of her arse. It's almost as tantalising as the front view of her naked breasts, but who is he kidding? No matter what angle he's viewing her from, it's a perfect one.

This time, her hand comes back into play at the base of his cock. She moves more towards the middle of his shaft until her lips touch her thumb, and bobs a couple of times rather shallowly. He understands at once when she goes deeper, the added saliva working beneath her fingers. It feels like an extension of her mouth and he groans, gripping the bed poster for support again.

Her hand stays still now, locked into place around him while her mouth bobs down to meet it each time. Draco has the wild impression of a bookmark, saving her place. The meat of her tongue presses up into the ridge of his cock, the tip dancing further down, and he staggers.

"I'm so- sorry I let you fall earlier. I -"

Her eyes meet his in bewilderment and he has no idea what he's saying. Choosing to ignore him (always an advisable course of action, Draco feels), she goes down deep and holds, letting her throat constrict. He's overcome by the visual at his feet, his cock disappeared deep inside her mouth and her eyes holding his.

"I'm going to come. If you do it again, I'll come. Let me finish it off. Here."

He tries to pull away but her other hand, behind his thigh, clasps him firmly in place. She couldn't actually stop his movement, but he hesitates long enough for her to notch him deep in her throat one last time.

"Fuck. Fuck - Granger. I can't -"

Her eyes prompt him, accepting him, and Draco moans into a fist. His hips stagger and Granger's throat swallows the head of his cock. Down, down, and he spurts what feels like an infinite spend. She swallows and swallows, the rhythmic constriction endlessly milking his cock and he can't believe his eyes.

Breathless, his head hangs down. He can't even lift his hand to get his fringe out of his eyes. "Why did you - you didn't have to do that."

She delicately removes herself, tongue licking the corner of her mouth in a way that generates another small leak from his cock. She inspects the place where her hand stopped, seeing what

progress she made with an indiscernible expression. Finally, she shrugs, rocking back on her knees and standing.

“It’s already in there. What am I going to do, spit on the floor? Gross. And if I were to sprint for the loo, that just keeps it in there that much longer. Might as well be efficient about things.”

The practicality of this suits her, in a way that Draco still can’t fully wrap his head around. She’s a paragon of function, actually, reaching down and fetching an article of clothing at a time. His brain is still trying to drip out of his dick.

“Does standing make it harder?”

He blinks. “Make... what harder?”

Granger shrugs again. “I don’t know, the whole thing? I can’t imagine supporting my own weight when I come. I want to be... I don’t know, weightless or something. That’s not the right word, but I want to be able to relax. Not worrying about falling over, at a minimum.”

He’s mulling this over when she continues, almost thinking aloud at this point.

“Because I think I would. But I suppose for men, you’re standing or otherwise supporting yourself most of the time, aren’t you? Usually you’re on top of us. I guess you don’t have to be, but - I just never really thought about it. That would be hard for me, I think.”

Wildly, Draco almost throws out, “We can try it, if you like,” and bites it back just in time. Try *what*, exactly? Whatever Granger’s been willing to do thus far, Draco should not expect anything more.

To that end, he meets her gaze a little shyly. She hands him his trousers and one limp sock, lifting a single arched eyebrow when he asks, “More snogging after Christmas?”

* * *

She’d been enthusiastic, of course.

In fact, Hermione spends most of the Christmas break at the Burrow ‘reading’ in armchairs as she always does when visiting the Weasley family. Except on this visit, the page rarely turns and her eyes glaze over more often than not.

It’s her favourite armchair in the Burrow, overstuffed in the cosy way - rather than the pretentious way - with bulbous arms ready and waiting to support her book(s), while she tucks her knees up to read voraciously for hours on end. The chair is performing admirably, as is her chosen book (which is what, again?). So is the ambient crowd, which changes hour by hour. In this chair, the full Weasley battalion knows to leave Hermione to her reading.

It’s her brain that won’t cooperate as usual.

What she sees in place of the words on the page is Malfoy. Malfoy’s endearingly blonde fringe covering most of his endearingly earnest grey eyes, peeking up from between Hermione’s thighs. It’s Malfoy’s white-knuckle grip on the bed poster when her tongue slid up the length of his shaft, eyes squeezed shut in the opposite of pain.

But what reoccurs most often is the feeling of his fingers splayed across her back. It's the diligent look on his face as he holds her in place, the concern that she does not fall, that his hands can keep her stable and secure.

* * *

A month. He has just over a month until Valentine's Day. There aren't many opportunities for typical dating at Hogwarts - infrequent Hogsmeade weekends represent the extent of it. But even without the formality, Hermione doesn't think Daphne Greengrass is seeing anyone.

She can't figure out why.

Admittedly, she's putting more thought into it than she'd have ever done a few months ago. But Daphne *is* gorgeous and as Slytherin girls go, seems less nasty than most. Maybe it's that her parents are already wrangling a match for her outside the castle and Daphne's merely biding her time.

Maybe she's not attracted to anybody at school - the pool is slim, after all. Hermione tries to think back to previous years and seems to recall Daphne dating as much as anybody else had. So maybe she's already gone out with anyone she fancied here and is biding her time for a different reason.

One of her primary partners for lessons is Wayne Hopkins and Hermione occasionally sees the pair together in the library. Malfoy does too, of course, and Hermione's gratified to see that he ignores Daphne well. He acts as if she's any other student rather than slinking down in his seat. This seems to confuse Daphne, who flits glances their way more often than not.

The more she watches, the more certain Hermione is that Daphne's aware of Malfoy's debilitating crush on her. Whether she wanted him to ask her out or didn't have a care in the world, she clocked his furtive attention on her. Now that Malfoy has other things to think about - not that his crush has gone away, by any stretch - Daphne seems to notice it's diluted.

Does it bother her any? Hermione can't tell. Having not noticed any earlier than this, she has no solid metric to compare it to.

She hasn't mentioned it to Malfoy, of course. She thinks he'd be mortified to think Daphne knows he fancies her. That's probably universal. Everyone thinks they're extremely subtle about a crush and nobody ever really is. Better to let it all go unacknowledged and let him maintain a blissful ignorance about it all.

She's pleased with how his confidence is improving. She can't really take credit for it, but she's a little proud of herself nonetheless. Even though it comes across more like nonchalance, Malfoy's slouching less in lessons, meeting peoples' eyes when they walk by, and she's even seen him tilt his chin up in a nonverbal 'hello' once or twice when a fellow Slytherin passes through.

Is he going to be running for Minister for Magic? No. But at least his overall demeanour is less 'kicked-puffskein' than it's been all year.

Once or twice, she thinks he's trying to get up the nerve to speak to Daphne, but he hasn't quite gotten there yet. Hermione considers asking Wayne Hopkins if they'd like to study together as a little quartet, but for some reason, she talks herself out of it.

She just doesn't want to.

Why rock their little study boat?

As far as the rest of the student body is concerned, no one knows exactly what to make of them. There's no further overt public displays of affection, no other sudden mouth-to-mouth in the library. They don't even do anything as pedestrian as hold hands, but they're almost always together. Are they seeing each other, or aren't they?

Hermione finds this amusing until it occurs to her that there's a slim chance Daphne (or more likely, another witch in the castle. There are dozens, after all) doesn't consider Malfoy to be available. Hm. She ponders this for a while and decides she might be doing him a disservice by accident.

She'll find her own date to Hogsmeade and set the public record perfectly straight that she and Malfoy are not dating.

Just in case.

* * *

"Mm, right there."

She exhales, mentally forcing herself to relax her shoulder muscle into his thumb. She's not quite sure how she managed to sleep so funny two nights ago, but it became plain that the nerve between her shoulder and her neck was not going to loosen itself. Malfoy hadn't seemed put out when she asked if he could work on it for her, and so far, she thinks it's helping. It's hard to say, when the initial sensation is still a smidge painful.

"I think this would go better if you were lying down," he offers and she shoots a glimpse over her shoulder before grimacing. Wrong shoulder. Ow.

"Are you offering to give me a full back rub?" Hermione posits, only half teasing, but he gives a half-shrug.

"Sure, I guess. Not here, though. Might cause a bit of a stir if you laid flat down on this table in the middle of the library."

"It's not the *middle* of the library -" she starts, not sure why she's bothering to argue what's clearly a joke. Her eyes drift across their mountain of work, which isn't helping the tension in her back and neck. But really, they've made good progress on everything. Nothing is imminently due and they're not behind. There's just a lot still to be done.

"Alright, fine. We can come back later."

Without discussing it, they both know they're headed to the Room of Requirement. Where else? Ever useful, the room tempers back the assortment of sofas it usually throws at them. There are some, of course, as if it can't help itself, but there's also a long, flat table taller than a typical height. There's even a padded head cradle for her to rest her forehead into.

"Handy," comments Hermione, dropping her bag on the floor and unbuttoning her uniform blouse.

"What are you doing?"

Her hands freeze mid-button. "Ah, I figured it would be easier if I were just in the tank top. I guess I could keep it on, though."

Cheeks furiously pink, Hermione slips the button back through. Why had she assumed? She moves up to redo the next button and Malfoy finds his voice.

"No - no, I mean, take it off. If you're more comfortable. I guess you would be. The shirt probably bunches up, doesn't it? And it's not as if I've never - I mean, we've -" He stops, possibly redder than she is, and finally finishes with, "Do whatever you want to do."

Now what? What *does* she want to do? She's at a loss.

"It's just that whenever my mum would have a massage at the manor, she always had a robe on. One of the big, fluffy kinds."

One of these appears in the room, to Hermione's infinite amusement. It's giant and pink and frilly.

Her fingers are still frozen on her top button. Malfoy scratches the back of his neck with one hand.

"Of course, then she'd tell me to leave the room and Eduardo would shut the door behind me. And the massage always seemed kind of painful, because my mother would make an awful lot of noise, so do whatever you need to be comfortable."

Hermione blinks, struggling to absorb this information dump. Is he saying Narcissa was... wait, what *is* he saying?

She has no idea what to do with this and finally chooses to keep unsolicited opinions about Narcissa and Eduardo to herself. The buttons slip free once more and she shrugs the blouse off her shoulders, feeling perfectly fine in her standard tank top.

To her right, Malfoy hands out the robe. He's averting his eyes. "If you'd rather change into this, you can. My mother seems to prefer this kind."

That's unlikely to be the only thing Narcissa likes about the massages (or her massage therapist, for that matter), and Hermione just can't bring herself to wear a Narcissa-style robe in front of Malfoy - no matter how cosy it looks. Nevermind the fact that wearing the blasted thing is maybe the least practical massage attire Hermione can think of.

"I think I'm alright, thanks." Just so she doesn't hurt his feelings, she hastily adds, "I think I'll take it back to my dorm with me, though. It looks like an excellent post-shower robe."

This mention of showers and the implication of nudity brings the pink back to Malfoy's cheeks. This does feel different, somehow, to their usual messing about in this room, and she can't quite pin down why. Hermione decides to parse through that later and climbs onto the table without further discussion, laying down and resting her face in the padded cradle.

Malfoy approaches her right side and his hands on her skin are warm. He digs in deep with one thumb and Hermione braces against him, tensing.

He brings his second hand into the mix with a squeezing motion where her neck meets her shoulder, repetitive and quick. Hermione lets him work for a few minutes, willing herself to stop tensing into his fingers. It's counterproductive. But his pressure is hard - not a little painful. One

thumb moves further towards the middle of her back and she flinches. Gritting her teeth, she powers through what must be close to ten minutes.

Finally, she can't take it anymore. It's not getting easier. She's not relaxing into it. Giving herself a mental shake, she blurts out, "A little lighter, please. And maybe more of a slow roll with your thumb, more than your fingers."

Malfoy stops moving and must be considering these instructions. He starts up again without removing his hands. "Like this?"

"Yes. That's better."

"Why didn't you say something sooner?"

Why *hadn't* she? His thumbs provoke a more gentle roll into the muscle of her shoulder and the disgruntled nerve twinges.

"I think..." she starts slowly, trying to piece it together as she goes, "it felt wrong to say something when you're essentially doing me a favour. Like it was going to sound like I was complaining, or something."

"That's weird."

It is, isn't it? Hermione reflects. Is it an instinctive need to not be a burden? To not make his task harder?

"You're right. It is. It was instinctive to not... inconvenience you, or something. I can't really describe it."

"How is it different from when we're snogging?"

Her cheeks feel scrunched by the face cradle and she's glad Malfoy can't see. "Well, you aren't doing me a favour by snogging me."

"Aren't I? You said you wanted to snog someone sometimes." His tone is teasing, but grows serious. "Although you were kind of doing *me* a favour, and I guess it would feel odd to have asked you to do something differently. I'd have felt like a prat, asking."

Hermione's about to reply that maybe it's a more relatable impulse after all, when he lightly swats her shoulder. "But this was hurting you, wasn't it? At first? *That's* when you need to say something. I don't want to think that I hurt you. I mean, it always seemed to hurt my mum, but she could have said something, too, I guess. It was up to her. And it's up to you."

She doesn't even notice the reemergence of Narcissa's massages (or would that be 'massages'?) to his rambling, suddenly rather preoccupied.

"If you want me to use more pressure, I will. Say something either way, but I don't like thinking I'm the one who's making something hurt."

In a rush, the steady and secure feeling of his hands spanning her back has returned to her. How safe she felt on his lap, how he wouldn't let her any further away from him than he possibly could. The tension in his fingers, making sure she didn't fall. His mouth on her neck and her hands on his chest, palms resting lightly over the thrumming of his heart.

Chapter End Notes

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Other works:

[Memory Lane.](#) Voldemort wins AU, Westworld inspired. Remaining Resistance and Order fighters held captive for the amusement of the Dark regime, and Obliviated after every encounter. Draco is inspired to save Hermione. Dark but HEA, rape/non-con implied but not written (sexual violence is kept abstract). Rated E. Complete.

[What it Means to Live.](#) No one knows Dolohov's curse is slowly killing Hermione - least of all Draco Malfoy's loyal friends, who can no longer tolerate his insufferable crush and hand deliver him to Hermione. Some angst around the curse but mostly light and funny, found family with the Slytherins, Pansy/Hermione friendship. Rated E. Complete.

[Five Months Until Summer.](#) Complete. Hogwarts 6th year, 5 chapters, light and spicy, 85% spice, ~27k words. Rated E.

Leads into **[Three Months Left](#)**, complete. The second work from Draco's POV (more plot, mild angst, 6 chapters). Rated E.

And a third and final work called **[Out of Time](#)** (WIP, updating twice a week) that's much more plot driven.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Listen to the [podfic](#) of chapter 9 by FanFixation!

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

“Socks are underrated,” declares Malfoy in an undertone, gaze never leaving his essay.

“Hm?” He’s wholly broken her train of thought. Hermione was doing a semi-decent job of focussing, in her personal opinion, until just now. Blast Malfoy and his broad shoulders and excessively lithe fingers.

“Socks. They’re underrated.”

She sets down her quill and corks her jar of ink before calamity can strike. “Is it socks or shins that are underrated?”

“Socks.”

He says it so quickly she’s not quite sure how to parry it. It’s not like it’s a stunning admission; she’d noticed his preference for her white knee-high socks from the start, but she can only default to an inarticulate, “oh?”

Malfoy glances at her and away again, quill scraping across parchment. “I mean, socks in general, yes. Although the colour matters. The colour of yours, for example, is nice - the stark bleached white against your legs.”

Hermione considers, unsure what he’s going for. He brought it up, after all.

“So... if my socks were a different colour, it wouldn’t be the same?”

Her innate drive for concrete answers makes her want to test it. What else does she have in her drawers in the dorm besides uniform-standard white? She’s got a couple of pairs of thicker, woollen socks for cold weather. They’re far more colourful. She’d have never considered wearing them with her Mary Janes. But in the interest of science...

Malfoy hasn’t responded. She’s stumped him. Hermione knows this is temporary: once he recovers, he’ll bowl her over. She acts first (second)?

“If -” she lowers her voice, “- if Daphne wore blue socks, would it...”

He gives her a horrified look. She’s not sure which component was so objectionable: blue socks, Daphne in blue socks, mentioning Daphne at all? But she’s not in the library at the moment. Hermione always checks before she speaks now. She just drops her volume to be polite. But Daphne is entirely different from Hermione, physically. Her skin tone would look entirely different

with the same colour socks. Maybe a pop of colour against Daphne's pale porcelain would be attractive. What does Hermione know?

Malfoy mutters something unintelligible, as pink as the socks Hermione imagines inhabiting Daphne's trunk in her dormitory. He drops the debate. She lets him.

* * *

She needs a date for Hogsmeade. The sooner, the better. She needs to eliminate any possibility that she's going with Malfoy in the collective hive-mind of the gossip mill.

In a quick stroke of genius, she does approach Wayne Hopkins. He's one of Daphne's study partners, after all, and could be an easy one to get out of the way. Hermione has no particular interest in him, which could be unfair if viewed in a certain light - but she has no real interest in anyone else, either, so it all balances out in the end. It's just walking into Hogsmeade and getting lunch, which she'll make sure she buys herself.

For his part, Wayne looks surprised but pleased at the offer. In the back of her mind, Hermione acknowledges she'd never have asked a bloke to Hogsmeade before this year. It wasn't out of some misplaced sense of traditional patriarchy, where the lad had to do the asking. It was more that she wouldn't have had the confidence. Why bother risking the rejection for someone she was only mildly interested in, at best? She wouldn't have.

But now, she can fritter away a pleasant afternoon without loading it with a disproportionate amount of promise. It doesn't mean anything. It's a butterbeer - maybe two, but she's happy to chip in.

What Hermione doesn't anticipate is the rabid chatter that ensues. Hermione Granger asked Wayne Hopkins to Hogsmeade! The 'Golden Girl' (how she loathes that nickname) selected her own date! Is he a lucky fellow, or is he about to be bulldozed by the Brightest Witch of Her Age (she loathes this one worse, although it's a near thing)?

In the end, all she can do is grit her teeth and hope this fiendfyre of gossip assists Malfoy in asking Daphne. Not that she brings it up when they're together, but she doesn't think Daphne's seeing anyone in particular. There are blokes here and there, of course, but nothing that seems serious. Malfoy would have an opening, if he's confident enough to ask.

And if he gets shot down? Well, Hermione will do her best to make sure he doesn't take it to heart. In fact, she's considered subtly scouting around, stretching little feelers out for interest in Draco Malfoy that might be hidden in more hushed corners.

She hasn't done this, though. She's not really sure why not.

If it comes down to it, she decides. She'll do it if it's necessary.

Wayne, a cute - if bumbling - sort of fellow, accepts her offer happily. Sure! Hogsmeade, on Valentine's Day? He'd like nothing better! He'll meet her in the entrance hall at half ten.

Hermione must respect the deliberate planning he suggests, leaving slim opportunity for compromise, but otherwise being direct and confident about things.

Although Malfoy has come quite a long way on that as well, she reminds herself.

Why is she thinking about Malfoy's assertiveness?

She isn't.

* * *

Hermione recrosses her legs, swapping right for left. Malfoy shifts his weight up slightly, coming back to rest just above her knee once she's re-settled.

He flips a page, the book resting on his stomach as he reads. His knees are slung over the arm of the purple sofa, feet dangling out of sight.

How did he get the prone position again? She can't recall, mildly annoyed that she's sitting upright like a stiff and diligent mannequin, and he's sprawled out. He's just as comfy as can be, and she irritably shifts her weight again. Malfoy lifts his head up in response, almost absently, until she goes still this time, too.

"Okay?" he asks, looking up at her quizzically from below. His chin tilts up and his blonde fringe dangles adorably to the side as he scans her expression.

"I'm not quite sure how you got the good spot," she grumps, regretting her tone at once.

"My head on your knee is the good spot, is it?"

"Yes, it is! It's the best spot in the room - obviously."

Her bravado is hilarious (apparently) and Malfoy's head leaves her knee as he crumples forward to laugh.

"It isn't. Want to know how I know?"

"Desperately," she drawls, fighting the urge to roll her eyes. She snaps her book shut. It's a lost cause, anyway.

"Because when I look up, I can see the massive bogey you have in your nostril. Just... just there." He flicks his index finger at her and she dodges just in time, flinching away.

"Excuse you! I do not!"

"You do," cackles Malfoy, doing his level best to lay his head back down on her leg and look upwards, scouting. Hermione jostles her leg and he rises, pulling a pouty face.

"Fine, then. I won't stare up your nose."

"I don't believe you were to begin with. Bogey hunting, were you?"

It was automatic banter but she's hit the mark. Malfoy flushes and she pieces it together. He'd been staring up at her tits. Her nose happened to be in view - and more's the pity.

"Ah-HA!" she cheers, triumphant. "Was a little green bogey ruining the scenery?! So *sorry* if it was - whatever shall I do?"

“Blow your nose, for one thing,” he sulks. “And then sit back down so I can do it some more. Sans bogeys, of course.”

Hermione does not like the idea of flashing around glaring bogeys at the cusp of her nostrils and does exactly this - not that she'll admit it's because of his position just above her knee. Well, now it's more the centre of her thigh. Either way.

* * *

“Are you really going to Hogsmeade next month with Hopkins?” Malfoy wrinkles his nose and doesn't bother trying to hide it. “Why?”

Now that she's faced with saying her rationale aloud, it sounds dumb. She sighs. “He spends more time with Daphne than anybody. I figured - well, not that he was planning to ask her, but that people might assume they were going together. Maybe - sort of like us, I guess. People might assume we're going together, so I thought -”

Malfoy's frozen to the spot, the only movement a quick blinking of his eyelashes. “Do people assume we're going together?”

“I don't know! Maybe? They see us hang out together all over school. You carry my bag for me half the time. Just because I haven't snogged you in the library lately doesn't mean -”

Hermione breaks off, growing annoyed with herself. Maybe she jumped ahead of things unnecessarily when she asked Wayne to go, and she rushes to justify it in any way she can.

“I just think the ambiguity might be hurting your chances. That's all. So I figured I'd eliminate ambiguity on - on both sides of the equation.”

There. That's the best she can do, and it's not half bad. That probably says it better than she's managed in her head thus far.

“Do you... fancy Hopkins?”

“No...” she responds slowly, unsure what that has to do with anything. Malfoy fancies Daphne and snogs Hermione senseless all the time anyway.

“Well, don't you think that's a little - I don't know, unfair to the bloke?”

Hermione huffs, “Look, it's not perfect. But I won't let it go past one Hogsmeade visit and I'm planning to pay for myself anyway. Yes, I suppose technically, it's leading him on for the day. But I won't drag it out.”

Malfoy scratches his chin in a way that suggests he has a beard. He doesn't. “I don't know, Granger. He's been looking at you a lot. I think he might fancy you. And there's three weeks until Hogsmeade, so you're sort of leading him on for three weeks, not just a date.”

Bollocks. Has he been? Hermione tries to think. She spends far less time gazing across Daphne and Wayne when they're all in the library than Malfoy must.

“I don't like the idea of you going with him,” he insists stubbornly.

“Because it's unfair to Hopkins? What do you care?”

His eyes get shift. "I wouldn't want to think Daphne would do that to me, that's all. If I was Hopkins, I mean."

"Are you saying Wayne Hopkins fancies me like you fancy Daphne?"

"No! Well, I don't think so. I just - nevermind. Forget it."

Malfoy drops down in the chair in a huff and the obvious sulk to his shoulders makes Hermione want to laugh. This is so ridiculous. She opens her own lesson notes but can't stop mulling over what he'd said, despite her best efforts to force History of Magic to the front of her mind instead. It's a losing battle from any angle.

Maybe she should give Wayne Hopkins an actual chance - at least a fair shot before writing it off as a one-time date. Having a few real conversations with the man won't kill her. It's not that he's not fanciable; she's just never given it real consideration.

He's a little bookish, but it's not as if she can hold that against somebody. He's a little taller than she is with sandy brown hair that could easily turn a dusky blonde if Scotland ever got enough sun, and his teeth are sparkly white. Hermione's never noticed if he has a sense of humour or not - probably that means he doesn't, but maybe she just hasn't paid any attention.

She'll go with that.

"I think we should ask if they want to study together."

Malfoy swallows the wrong way. She didn't see that he was swigging from a bottle of water until he began to choke on it, and she whacks him a few times on the back.

"Let's ask them when they get here. They usually show up a little past six."

"They're not going to want to. Don't bother."

"What do you mean, they won't want to? Maybe you don't think highly of your own, but my study skills are in high demand. People want to be my partner."

Something flickers through his eyes but it's gone before she can identify it.

"You're just afraid she'll decline but I promise, they won't."

He doesn't dignify this with a reply and they fall into silent, parallel work, both exuding a permeating sense of dissatisfaction with the whole affair.

The stink of it lasts until Daphne's perfume replaces it, the sweet, flowery waft somehow reaching them before she does. Hermione, expecting that Malfoy will continue to pretend Daphne doesn't exist, is flabbergasted when he beats her to the offer.

"Hopkins!" he calls easily, although when Hermione swivels to stare at him she can see the thin beads of sweat beneath his fringe. "Want to work over here with us tonight?"

Wayne readily agrees after a quick glance at Daphne, who shrugs one delicate shoulder like nothing could possibly make a difference in her world.

Hermione can't even grind out a muttered, "Told you so." What the hell is happening? She was the one who suggested it and she still feels completely thrown off.

Chairs are pulled out, bags are plunked down, and textbooks are fetched. Malfoy's mouth reverts to what's comfortable as Wayne and Daphne get settled across from them.

"We're almost done with the Charms work - you know, the one that merges with Herbology on the best ways to entice some of the plants into cooperation. Granger and I have some fundamental differences on method of preference, and I think we'd both like an outside vote - unless the pair of you are split down the middle like we are. Are you? Well, we'll get to that. Aside from that, we're planning to begin the Astronomy work that's due next week tonight. Wait, are you paired up for Astronomy?"

Wayne manages to interject (in the considerate pause for breath Malfoy now requires) that they are not, and Malfoy waves this aside. "Transfiguration? Charms?"

Wayne nods assent at this one and Hermione tries to focus on him - the whole point of this, after all - and not allow Daphne's overarching perfection to get under her skin.

It's hard, though. Daphne's in a purple blouse cut high at the neck and draped with a decorative bow that ties off just below her collarbones. There's a single button beneath it, clearly intended to stay buttoned, flashing a single sliver of creamy skin. Her hair is tied casually half back with a clip, revealing a set of subtle drop pearl earrings that probably cost more than Hermione's wand at Ollivander's nearly eight years before.

Her perfume seeps into Hermione's nostrils, pores, and general being. She feels the low thrum of a headache start up.

* * *

For it being her own blasted suggestion, Granger seems cross. Draco can't figure out why. And he can't, for the life of him, figure out why her suggestion makes him cross in turn. Her rationale was thoughtful. She's trying to make sure his path to invite Daphne to Hogsmeade is unhindered.

Daphne is the picture of grace and class, as ever. Draco can't see beneath their little square table, but he's certain her ankles are crossed perfectly and tucked to one side by one chair leg. Her elbows never rest on the table, as if she's about to take tea and biscuits with the Minister himself. The rich, velvety purple of her top makes her skin look especially smooth against it, and the way her hair is partially tied back restricts her thick blonde waves from showing off in front of her shoulders. She's as gorgeous as ever. Her blue eyes are clear and alert. Her eyelashes are dark and lush, and practically touch her eyebrows when she blinks them open. Her full, reddened lips -

Well, her lips should be enough to distract Draco for an entire evening on their own, and yet the way Granger is eyeballing Hopkins makes him hesitate. With another single glance across that half of the table, it fully breaks his concentration. Her gaze on Hopkins is simultaneously scrutinising and affirming, as if she's looking for cause.

She said she doesn't fancy Hopkins. Why does it look like she's searching for reasons to change her mind? Her cheeks are even somewhat flushed, reddened by stimulating conversation - or something. She tucks a wayward curl behind her ear and Hopkins' eyes follow the movement.

This just won't do.

Draco, putting forth his absolute best effort, manages to engage Hopkins in academic conversation instead. The bloke isn't a total pillocking toerag. He's just... sort of nondescript. Unexciting.

Granger appears to disagree, enthusiastically responding to each point Hopkins coughs up with encouragement. Not dissension, not counterpoints the way she incessantly forces upon Draco, but *agreement*. Draco finds himself more annoyed by the second.

In return, he's left with no other option but to engage Daphne. This goes reasonably well, by any metric. She's reserved but polite, smiling when she answers, but never gushing effusively over Draco's commentary the way Granger is over Hopkins. Why not?

Draco finds himself somewhat envious of Hopkins, and promptly wants to fling himself into the lake for the very thought.

During a short break, Hopkins, perhaps fancying the dangerous side of life (or perhaps not; a dichotomy for later consideration), asks Granger what she'd like to do in Hogsmeade when they attend Together.

'Together' is a proper noun the way Hopkins says it, with full capitalisation to note its importance, and Draco's teeth grind together entirely unbidden. He misses Granger's answer.

The blood rushes in his ears as Daphne asks, perhaps a little shyly, what Draco's plans are for the Hogsmeade weekend. She's likewise ignoring the other half of their little table, which should also be notable, but isn't. Draco scarcely hears himself respond that he has none in particular, and does she, by any chance?

She does not.

Without even knowing he's about to do it, he suggests that he escort her. One half of his brain hears Hopkins mention the time half ten in the morning, and so he regurgitates it without registering an actual opinion on the time.

Daphne offers a demure half-smile, glancing down into her lap, and agrees.

She... agrees?

Draco's undisciplined brain catches up at long last.

She agreed!

He's taking Daphne Greengrass to Hogsmeade on Valentine's Day, meeting her in the entrance hall at half past ten that morning, and the fact that Granger and Hopkins will be meeting three paces away to do the exact same thing has no bearing on it whatsoever.

Bollocks.

Suddenly, he has a driving urge to see Granger in the Room of Requirement once this is over. Hopkins is smiling at her in an unsavoury way (Draco would never leer at Daphne in such a way, but that's neither here nor there) and he's possessed by the urge to snog someone. Can't be Daphne, obviously, and Granger rather likes snogging, so the choice is clear.

Because of the snog. Not because of the person.

Or because of the person's date to Hogsmeade.

Obviously.

* * *

Wayne isn't so bad. Hermione's feeling rather guilty about her snap judgements. No, maybe he isn't a laugh riot, but this is also their first extended conversation. Malfoy might have been right about one thing - Wayne seems to be paying extra attention to her. That could be because she asked him on a date; any extra attention is easily justified. But now she's trying to assess it from an outsider point of view, like Malfoy has. Would he be interested anyway? It's difficult to say. Hermione, while having plenty of experience once clothing is physically out of the equation, has a bit less when it comes to core attraction.

She can admit that his focus on her is flattering. But what came first? His focus or her invitation?

Does it matter?

Probably not. Plenty of times, one half of the pairing acts before the other's ever really considered the possibilities. All it takes is a willingness to see those possibilities to fruition. And Wayne doesn't have a reputation for messing about with witches aplenty, breaking hearts left and right. He seems like a sincere kind of fellow.

She could do worse.

Malfoy aggressively clears his throat - for the seventh time - and she shoots him a disgruntled look.

In an extremely unpredicted (yet ultimately unsurprising - to Hermione, anyway) turn of events, Daphne catches onto this. It's so subtle as to be invisible, but Hermione would expect nothing less. It's so subtle, in fact, that she could be mistaken - but she doesn't think so.

The pattern rolls on. Hermione engages Wayne. Malfoy harrumphs in one way or another, breaking up the one-on-one connection in some (not) innocuous way. Daphne's eyes track it, no doubt feeling adrift as a solo operator at this table of four. And she doesn't care for it.

Witches don't miss this kind of thing. Even without the innate social navigation skills that witches like Daphne seem born with, Hermione can follow this much.

But this is none of her business. From her left side, she can hear Malfoy ask Daphne to Hogsmeade with the perfect level of mild interest. Daphne accepts, no doubt batting her eyes and blushing attractively atop immaculately sculpted cheekbones. Hermione focusses on Wayne instead, something he doesn't miss. He soaks it up, every drop, and still manages not to come across over-eager.

If she could concentrate on it, she might be impressed.

Then, Malfoy ducks his chin back to his parchment in an expert move. Hermione approves, waiting for the right moment later to compliment him on his nonchalance. Daphne looks put out for the merest microsecond before masking it, carrying on as if she expected nothing less. Wayne soon follows suit, leaving Hermione to pretend to move her quill and act like she's similarly on top of things.

Malfoy slides her the scant parchment with a cool, “Will this do for the Herbology component? Take a look.”

Obediently (and when did she get so obedient, anyway?) Hermione aligns it before her. With no Herbology preamble in sight, she sees, *‘Room of Requirement at eight?’*

Why on earth would he propose that? Maybe he’s dying to debrief the whole thing, scarcely able to keep a postmortem of every single second all stuffed inside much longer. Daphne said yes and he must be fit to burst. Maybe he needs to blurt it all out to somebody, and Hermione shouldn’t be surprised that it’s her - or that he chose their only reliable place of privacy.

Wayne’s shiny white teeth are at the perimeter of her vision. She blinks them away and scribbles, *‘8.15? Let me drop off my books.’*

Malfoy openly scoffs and Daphne poorly hides a quiet perk of interest. But she can’t see his written reply, something Hermione takes perverse pleasure in.

‘Why bother?’

Why, indeed? Why bother ditching her satchel? Aside from acquiescing on principle, and Hermione’s unable to cave. And what’s with all the throat-clearing? Malfoy sounds like he’s trying to dislodge a three-toed frog from his oesophagus. She peers up to face the others, deliberately brushing back her hair and letting her chin come to rest in her palm with her elbow propped on the table.

Daphne’s elbows haven’t come anywhere near the table.

“Wayne, would you walk me back to my tower after this?”

Three other reactions occur simultaneously across the group, to her immense amusement. Malfoy forces out a scoffing nostril exhale not dissimilar to a bull in Pamplona, Spain. Daphne’s eyes widen the barest amount and she disguises her surprise with a hand cupped over her mouth, pretending to yawn with delicacy. Wayne’s eyes light with absolute delight.

“Sure! Wh -” he breaks off, suddenly unsure. “When?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Hermione considers thoughtfully, stretching her arms high behind her head and letting her shoulders roll. “Maybe eight? I have an early morning tomorrow.”

Wayne leaps on the offer. Now accustomed to this sort of scanning, Hermione’s entertained to note that his eyes dip and then stay firmly above her breast line as she rolls her shoulders, pushing them outward.

Once back to regular position, Hermione kicks Malfoy in the ankle with the heel of her shoe, hoping it isn’t noticeable.

“Er, could I... walk you back?” he posits to Daphne with only the slightest wince. She kicks him a second time. She’s pushing her luck and he better not require a third kick.

“If you’d like, that is,” he finishes with far more confidence.

Good. Hermione breathes a sigh of relief. But there’s still an uneasy current running through her belly and she just isn’t sure why. Daphne nods with another shy smile (all pink lips, no teeth), and

in another mystery of the night, it doesn't make Hermione feel any sort of tangential accomplishment at all.

Chapter End Notes

We are by no means done with spice, but I had to amp up the jealousy. Will it make the spice better? I'll be taking bets in the comments below. 🤔

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Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

HELLO! Lovely news - this is now completely prewritten and will clock in at 20 chapters (I know, you're welcome). It's ~87k words and I *think* I counted properly and located 26 orgasms. Feel free to check my work.

This time, it's Hermione's turn to be embarrassed - because she's been somewhat impervious to it up to now, and we all must take our turn at the mantle of mortification.

Listen to the [podfic](#) of chapter 10 by FanFixation!

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

Wayne's nice enough. He surprises her with Muggle knowledge, talking about the first Muggle astronaut (well, they're all Muggles so far, to Hermione's knowledge) to walk on the moon, among other Muggle trivia she would consider... eclectic, in the wizarding world.

He leaves her at Gryffindor Tower with a respectful half nod in her direction, looking like he'd maybe kiss the top of her hand if he'd been holding it. But he hasn't been and now seems largely flummoxed. He plays it off with a self-deprecating grin and ambles away, back to his own dormitory.

Hermione reflects on it a bit, walking to the Room of Requirement after dropping off her school bag. Wayne's funny in a reserved kind of way, as if he's gauging her reaction to everything he says before determining what path to venture down next.

It would be cute, if - it *is* cute, but all thoughts of 'Wayne' and 'cuteness' are chased from her mind when Malfoy's mouth crushes hers inside the Room of Requirement.

"Wha-mmff -" is all Hermione manages, taken completely aback by Malfoy's determined landing.

Okay, she thinks (poorly) while he sucks her lower lip into his mouth, he's got his date with Daphne and he needs to expend some tension. Stress. Whatever; *something*.

"Need to get serious about this," he says between their mouths, and her heart does a funny little stumble into her intestines. "Need to make sure I can do it."

"Oh, is that it?" she heckles him, refusing to dwell on the peculiar ricochet her innards are doing. "Don't think you've got it down quite yet?"

"Might as well make sure. Don't you think so?"

Hermione doesn't answer him. She can't. She's not sure how to. Usually, this sort of thought-paralysis drives her mad, forcing her to fixate until she can work through whatever mental block she's facing. Not this time. She shoves it down deep, figuring it can keep good company with the surging fluttering in her stomach.

But Malfoy does bring up a good point. She's not sure how he feels about this impending date with Daphne - maybe this ought to be their final time doing this.

Later. She'll bring that up after. Now, they're busy. Malfoy's walking her backwards and she scarcely has time to reverse his new assertiveness before the back of her knees hit a sofa. Well; a chaise lounge, the left wing of a gigantic plum sectional.

Why is everything in this blasted room purple?

All she can figure is that it's a cycle, now, the room adapting to every mental mention of a colour in the purple range of possibilities. It's spiralling down into one single wedge of the colour wheel. *Green pillows*, she thinks, and wants to die laughing when several appear.

"What is it?" he murmurs, positioning himself atop her. She's nearly flat on her back and grabs one of the newly-arrived lime pillows to stuff beneath her head. She shakes it in a wordless, *'nothing, never mind,'* sort of way, and Malfoy willingly abandons the inquiry.

His hips roll against hers and her mind goes blank. What pillows? He shifts to roll into her again, and his rock-hard length presses right into the soft flesh where her hip meets her groin. Before she can reposition him, he thrusts a third time, burying his face in her neck.

Ow. That might bruise. While Hermione tries to shift, Malfoy slides his hand between her head and the cushion, and grasps her hair in his fingers. Coherent thoughts leave her again as he twists it, pulling her mouth to his. She gasps and he soaks it up, tugging lightly on her lower lip.

His erection crushes into her groin one more time and it breaks through her haze of befuddled arousal. Hermione gets her heels under her and shifts, pushing herself further up the sofa. Malfoy's mid-roll and there's one more semi-painful drag of his dick against her soft flesh - so close, and yet so far.

Ahh, that's better. Right in the sweet spot, now. His dick is Neil Armstrong, of the Apollo11. Well, that's not quite fair. He's landed on this moon before; just not yet tonight.

What the everloving fuck is her brain doing?

His fist in her hair prevents her from reaching down to his trousers. Why does she find that so hot?

And why is he so tall? Why can't she reach? At least now his steady, even thrusts are hitting the right spot, even if clothes are still in the way.

"Take it out," she asks, doing her damndest to sound level-headed without a drop of plea in her voice.

Malfoy nips her earlobe hard, making her suck in a sharp breath. "Don't you wish it was *his*?"

"Is that what this is about?" Hermione tries to look at him but his grip in her hair keeps her head tilted to the side, allowing him to ravage her neck instead of answering her.

“Should I -” she breathes in, winded for no good reason, and gathers every bit of spite she can muster “- take my tits out, then? Or would you wish they were *hers*?”

He pulls her face around by her hair and fuck, if it doesn't soak her knickers when he does it. His eyes are black, his messy hair not disguising the heat in his expression.

He still doesn't answer, crushing his mouth back to hers instead. Letting her anger fuel her, she bites his lip hard enough to draw blood and isn't even surprised when his tongue dives into her mouth. Hers battles valiantly for dominance, no mental protesting about tongue-related stabiness.

On a whim, she matches him in a second way, winding her fingers into the hair behind his neck and making her own tight fists with the fine blonde strands. They're shorter and silkier, putting her at a distinct disadvantage in that particular war, but she'd never stand a chance anyway. She couldn't forcibly move him anywhere specific if she tried.

In contrast, her hair is long and wild, perfectly tangle-able - and Malfoy's fingers have her held precisely wherever he wants her.

It shouldn't be this hot. It's annoying that it is and she attacks his mouth with fresh fervour. His grip has to allow this and that alone sends a fresh surge of heat down her body, the tingling in her scalp reflected perfectly between her legs.

He rolls his hips into her again, grinding into her core and her legs wrap around his waist. She meets his next thrust, lifting her hips to keep the contact longer and he pants a small groan into her neck. His next one is slower, purposeful, and Hermione arches up into the perfect grind against her clit through the entire motion.

“Take your dick out,” she grits out again, so hot she can barely stand it. She's throbbing from head to foot. “You stupid prat.”

She doesn't even know exactly what she intends to do with it, and she doesn't get the chance to find out. In response, he abandons her hair entirely. It leaves her feeling empty and alone - as if all of him were gone, instead of just his hands.

She has too much fresh air now, gasping for it on the little lime cushion beneath her head.

Malfoy slinks down her body, pushing her thighs roughly apart with the meat of his palms. Her skirt is ignored entirely, fabric resting uselessly at her hip bones and covering nothing. He spares a two-second glance up at her for signs of protest before yanking Hermione's knickers down her legs.



Art by [incendiosketches](#)

Who *is* this man? she marvels breathlessly, staring at the ceiling in awe. At least if this is their last time here together, he's finally taken all of her teachings to heart.

His whistling exhale on her clit intensifies and she knows what's about to happen the split second before his mouth makes direct contact on her. She can't hold in a yelp and he looks up long enough to verify that it was a good one.

Two thick fingers slide deep inside her and she shoves the pillow away. She needs to be flat on her back. Her heels tuck up further, knees raised, and she feels him reposition to use his second hand.

He spreads her lips open, letting his fingers gently massage the folds like he did before he knew where her clit was. It adds a peripheral sensation that drives the feeling inward, to her centre, right where his teeth lightly trap her centre bundle, already swollen and hot.

Hermione swears and can't stop her back arching. She can't hold still. Her hips rock down to his face and back again in a rhythm he uses, holding his fingers inside perfectly firm. She rides his hand as best she can, feeling her clit pull lightly between his teeth at the top of her motion.

Gods, she's close. So close. The tension in her stomach is coiling tight, hotter, faster. Malfoy's fingers stretch her open farther and farther, and she feels exposed to the world - or just to him. Only him.

She can hear how wet she is against his hand every time she rocks and he's begun to shift his fingers deep inside her just a little each time. When he knows she's bottoming out, he curls and

presses, sucking her clit between his teeth and she whispers in desperation, "Again. Again."

He's so attached to her that she feels his cheeks smile and his tongue flattens against her clit as he curls her into his face with his fingers.

"Oh, fuck!" She starts to contract in erratic, pulsing waves and in response, he simply sucks - hard.

Hermione nearly shrieks with the added sensation, feeling like she's losing her mind. She convulses around him and he never releases either her g-spot or her clit, sucking her inside his mouth for an eternity. Her eyes squeeze shut so tightly that she sees a starburst of colour behind her eyelids.

She can't recall the last time she had an orgasm this strong, the release going on and on. Her body finally wracks itself out, leaving her limp and almost weepy on the plum sofa.

Unclear how much time has passed, she opens her eyes to find him kneeling on the floor next to her floppy legs. He's inspecting his hand with a curious expression, occasionally glancing at her - but not exactly at her face.

"...What is it?" she asks, suddenly nervous. His eyes dart to hers and he's flushed, winded and sweaty just like she is.

"Ah, I don't know. You, er..." he trails off, looking very unsure of himself, and stares back at her again - between her legs, if her knees were still raised.

Come to think of it, things do feel a little different. The sofa feels wet beneath her outstretched legs and Hermione's eyes grow wide in a disbelieving horror. There are three things she can think of that could make this sofa this damp. But it's not her time of the month, Malfoy doesn't have the usual tinge of embarrassment to his cheeks that she's come to identify with something specific, and that only leaves one thing.

"Malfoy... what just happened?"

"I said, I don't know." He sounds vexed: not quite cross but definitely perplexed by something. "You..."

Hermione knows. That's all he needed to say (or not say; *please don't say it*, she mentally pleads).

"...really?" her traitorous mouth contributes, and she slashes a hand in the air to forestall any nervous-talking contribution from Malfoy. Lips pressed into a thin line, she swings her legs away from the sofa and forces out, "I've never - that's not - that's never happened to me before. I can't believe -"

Fuck, she needs a loo. Where's a fucking loo in this fucking room? She needs privacy. Ah, there it is. It appears against the far wall. She practically sprints for it before Malfoy can react, slamming the little door shut behind her and collapsing against it on the other side.

"Granger?" he calls at last, his voice sounding closer on the second syllable. She squeezes her eyes shut, mortified, and buries her face into her forearms.

"Go away."

Fuck, she thinks she might cry. Where is this coming from? The unexpectedness of it all? The newness? That she caused a great big fucking giant wet mess all over everything? Sure, she's

teased about 'making a mess on his trouser leg,' that is *entirely different*. That was practically to be expected, really, but this...

"So it's not n-" he stops himself and she almost barks out a self-loathing laugh.

"No, Malfoy, it's not '*normal*.' Most girls don't do that. I've never done that. Fuck," she curses, mostly under her breath at this point. Her eyes are full of tears and she still doesn't know exactly why.

The door settles in its frame as he sits down on the other side of it. For some reason, it makes her feel worse.

"Okay, well, I almost came in my pants when you did it. That was so hot. I couldn't believe it. I was hoping maybe I hit some rarefied threshold of success."

Hermione has nothing to say to this, so says nothing.

"...so you're saying I didn't? You're saying it was a bad thing? Was it a bad orgasm?"

Hermione truly can't tell whether this is honest self-doubt from the other side of the door, or whether he's trying to draw her out. She rolls her eyes.

"No, you cockknob, it was a good orgasm. A great orgasm. Clearly."

"So it *is* a good thing." This is a statement, not a question, and Hermione knows he has her backed into a corner - or, at the very least, a makeshift toilet with one door in and one door out.

She still doesn't answer, though.

"Help me understand, Granger. How can a great orgasm be a bad thing? If the primary mark of good response is you getting wetter, how could this possibly indicate something negative?"

"Using a bigger vocabulary won't mitigate this, Malfoy."

But she's talking, and she can hear the smile in his voice.

"So you've never done it before. Who cares?"

She leans her head back against the door, staring at the ceiling. "I don't know. It was... messy. Embarrassing. I don't know a single other girl who's done it."

"How many other girls have you asked about it?"

"None! We don't talk about it! It's a humiliating topic!"

"Maybe you all think it's humiliating because none of you talk about it," he states, perfectly reasonable, and she wants to pull his hair. "Maybe it happens to more people than you think."

Hermione doubts it but has nothing with which to back this up. Her mortified resolve finally thaws a bit when she compares it to premature ejaculation. That happens to teenage wizards quite a lot too and she's equally certain none of them talk about it. So, fine then. It still takes her several more minutes before she's ready to emerge, and she can't quite meet his eyes when she does.

Malfoy takes this in stride. Hermione deliberately angles towards a different piece of purple furniture, and sees the offending sofa and its artificially darkened cushions are gone when she glances to the side. Malfoy looks slightly crestfallen at this, but rallies. Hermione's just glad the room listened to her desires over his, and with that thought, she wishes the lights were lower.

There they go. Dimmed, and even a little more in the next breath she takes. Okay; she feels better. Somehow masked or shielded from embarrassment, if he can't see her well.

"What is this?" he asks, waving a hand around generically. "Obfuscation or romance?"

He smirks at her and she loosens a smidge, selecting a cushy looking oversized chair to sit in while she rolls her eyes, forgetting he probably can't see that much detail.

"Obfuscation, clearly."

"No, 'clearly' is the wrong word. Am I meant to sit here with you, or what?"

Well, that's fair. She can't expect him to sit on top of her, now can she? He'd squash her like a bug. She lifts up and perches on one of the arms until he settles deep into the cushions.

"Are you planning to stay there, then? Doesn't seem very comfortable."

Before she can reply, he's pulled her down into his lap. The meat of her arse rests against his crotch and she can't help a small wiggle. A timid poke greets her and she lets herself rest right on top of it. It's growing beneath her, a little at a time, and Malfoy's hands use her hips to set her on top of it more firmly.

Her legs are draped over the arm of the chair, and he's supporting her back with his forearm. She's hot and sweaty and tired, yes, but none of that stops the thrumming of her heart feeling him throb beneath her. He hasn't gotten off yet, and she wriggles a little more firmly into him. It's intoxicating, feeling him get hard while flush against her arsecheek. She presses her weight down with her hips and feels him grow even further.

Malfoy fingers her hair, twirling curls without contact. "I thought what you did was insanely hot. What did I do that was insanely hot?"

Hermione rolls her arse against him again, slow, and feels herself throb along with him.

"Pulled my hair," she whispers into his ear, still feeling exposed by his eyes. She'd rather tuck into him and pretend it hadn't happened at all. The lights are low and she doesn't have to think about it.

His hand winds tighter until she feels the fist at the base of her scalp. "Like this?"

"More."

He twists his wrist and tilts her head to the side, presenting her neck to him. "Like this?"

"Yes," she breathes, as he kisses and teases a spot halfway between her ear and her shoulder. All she can reach of him is his jawline, thanks to his fistful of hair, and she presses her tongue to it right before landing on it with wet lips. The stubble on his jaw sends another rush of heat between her legs.

Suddenly, he pulls her head back just far enough to push her breasts up in front of him. She's still clothed, with the exception of her missing knickers.

Malfoy seems to have made a decision. He pulls her further back by her hair, until she'd fall backward without him. Gravity forces her to rest against his hand. With his other hand, he pulls the buttons of her blouse loose, and tugs her tank top down beneath her bra. The white cups shine bright in the dim light, and his mouth lowers to her throat.

He moves her back, back, back, as his lips go down. His spare hand fumbles with the clasp of her bra behind her back for a bit before giving up, and simply tugs the cups down beneath her breasts to join her tank top.

Feeling largely clothed like this is also hot, like they're stealing hurried moments away. The wired cups of her bra push her breasts up, in a shape that's not exactly round but when his mouth traps a nipple, Hermione couldn't care less. She's so hot again, the arousal flooding her system, but this isn't supposed to be about her.

Reaching down, she can just barely palm his erection against her thigh. The head of his cock is engorged and she can feel the small damp spot on the leg of his trousers where it weeps there.

Malfoy's begun a certain rhythm with his tongue around her aching nipple, and Hermione shifts her weight at the same time. She grinds him deliciously, snaking her clit against the long, hard cock beneath her, trapped torturously in his trousers.

In a flash of inspiration, she works one hand between her legs - but not for herself. She keeps her fingers right on the ridge of his cock, tracing the bulge of it with each cycle of grind. He groans around her breast and tightens his fist in her hair.

Hermione moves faster, needing the friction desperately. The throbbing that's hard to pinpoint when she moves is easy under her fingers, and she teases him without mercy.

"Fuck, Granger," he murmurs into her ear, having abandoned her breasts to pull her closer to him. Her nipples push up against his shirt and she arches her back into him.

"Let me feel you."

He rolls his hips to meet her and snakes one hand between her legs. "Here. I don't need your weight on it. Your fingers are enough. Do it with me."

He inserts two fingers into her wet heat and she almost cries out in relief when he holds them in the perfect, rigid curl for her to ride.

She does this without thinking, without embarrassment, without reservation. Later, she'll be surprised that she isn't more concerned about the possibility of squirting again - right onto his lap, no less. But right then, it's the furthest thing from her mind. With each thrust against him, she traces the head of his cock with her fingertips, matching the motion.

Malfoy somehow keeps his hand still while still moving his thigh in small ways to meet her fingers. She presses down to provide more solid pressure, raking them across the ridge of him again and again.

This cock - this cock in her hand, under her fingers, between her legs. Hermione wants it so badly, and as if he can tell, Malfoy inserts a third finger.

She palms his erection, moving over the head of his cock with more urgency. He buries his face in the crook of her neck, holding her close, and his movements grow staggered.

“Yes,” she breathes, feeling her nipples press into his chest. “Do it.”

The spasming jerks of his hips jerk his hand, too. He can't help it. It claws at the inside wall of her cunt and she bites back a delirious shriek of pleasure.

Her walls grip his fingers, pulsing around him, and she rides him with abandon to chase down her second orgasm. She catches it and grinds down, pressing her weight into her own hand right over his cock at the same time. His hips jerk again, in time with her own, and his fingers in fist her hair as they come.

* * *

“Do you think we should maybe stop doing this?”

Hermione's not sure what made her say it out loud. She's thought about it, sure, plenty of times over the past week. But with Hogsmeade growing closer and their study quartets a regular thing - as is Wayne walking her to her tower afterwards - it's starting to seem more relevant.

Malfoy disagrees. “Why?”

“I don't know. It feels dishonest, for one thing.”

“How?”

“I don't know! Are you saying you feel totally normal about it? You're taking Daphne on a date in two weeks and I just had your cock in my mouth.”

Malfoy has the gall to shrug one shoulder, looking nonplussed. “She's not my girlfriend. And she wouldn't be after one date, anyway.”

“So if Daphne and Wayne were getting each other off all the time like we do, it wouldn't bother you any?”

A flash of annoyance twists his mouth. “I wouldn't have any claim on what she's doing right now. Me disliking it wouldn't mean anything. I have no right to tell her not to.”

Hermione's vividly torn between applauding this stance and raking him over the coals for being a hypocrite anyway.

“And after Hogsmeade? What then?”

“It's only one date.”

She blanches in disbelief. “And you're saying if after Hogsmeade, Daphne hooks up with Wayne - or anyone else - it wouldn't bother you in the slightest?”

“No, it would.” Malfoy shifts uncomfortably in the chair. “But unless she’s my girlfriend, I still wouldn’t have the right to get upset about it.”

“I disagree.” Hermione crosses her arms firmly over her chest and prepares to defend this position. “Even if Wayne and I don’t talk about being officially together, I would feel weird meeting you here. I would feel like I was being dishonest, or laying false pretences for him. Something like that.”

“That’s asinine, Granger.”

“It is not! Maybe it’s not totally rational, but it’s the way I would feel. I would feel like I was being unfair to him.”

“Okay...” Malfoy begins slowly, scrutinising her with a direct, unblinking gaze that makes her want to wiggle away. “So you’re saying after Hogsmeade, if things go well with Hopkins, you don’t want to do this anymore.”

Her stomach plummets at this, knowing it is the core of what she’s getting at, but wishing it was more about Malfoy than about herself. Wait; does she? She doesn’t know. She’s all tangled up.

“I’m not saying that.”

“Yes, you are. Don’t backpedal now. You’re saying that if you and Hopkins have some undefined *thing* going, that it would feel dishonest and wrong to meet me.”

Why had she brought this up? Suddenly, she’s desperate to rewind the whole conversation. She’d rather stick her head in the sand and let Malfoy get her off as many times as he fancies, Hogsmeade and all its implications be damned.

“What you’re saying, Granger, is that continuing to come here would feel like cheating. On Hopkins. With me.”

Her temper flares in sheer self-preservation. “No matter how things go with Wayne, you’re going to want to take Daphne out again. So at what point will it *not* feel weird to you? After two dates? Four? There’s not another Hogsmeade weekend until the end of March. Is that the only thing that counts as a date? So between Valentine’s Day and the next six weeks, you’re still single, so let’s fuck around all we want?”

He ignores this entirely, his volume rising to meet hers.

“Granger, if you don’t want to meet here anymore, all you have to do is say so. I’m not trying to make you feel weird about Hopkins. I don’t know why you feel weird about Hopkins in the first place, but it’s none of my business.”

“I don’t know why you *don’t* feel weird about Daphne! Why would you risk hurting her feelings by continuing to meet me?”

“There are no feelings yet!” Malfoy roars, startling her. He’s flushed and starts to pace, one hand gripping his hair as if it can centre his temper. “We haven’t even gone on the first date! Why are you getting so... so *insane* about this, about something that hasn’t even happened yet?”

She doesn't know. She really doesn't. Her eyes blur with prickling tears, and all she can do next is leave the Room of Requirement behind, with Malfoy in it.

Chapter End Notes

IM SORRY, ITS TEMPORARY.

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Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

This chapter is for Ada_P_Rix, who's enjoyed this story so far and decided to give me a gorgeous rec. When one of the Queens of Spice says your spicy spice is spicing, you have to celebrate it. 💜💜

Listen to the [podfic](#) of chapter 11 by FanFixation!

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

Their next study group is awkward. In classes, no one seems to notice that she and Malfoy are hardly talking, but it's blatantly obvious to both Daphne and Wayne. Both keep glancing at each other, as if checking to see that the other notices it, too. No one addresses it.

Hermione's temper isn't improved by the fact that Daphne is a nice person. She may not be hilarious and extroverted, but she's polite and considerate, and the more they all sit in this little table at the library together, sometimes Hermione thinks Daphne even verges on 'sweet.' It's one word that's never been applied to Hermione in her life.

Malfoy's irritation with her works out well for him in regards to Daphne. He's unable to fixate on his nerves. His mouth stays clenched shut more often than it sprints down the road.

This is glaringly obvious to Hermione. Having not spent enough time around Malfoy to know his more specific habits, Daphne takes this in stride. But Wayne's more attuned to Hermione than she'd expect, and asks several times whether she's alright.

Malfoy's signature harrumph makes an appearance each time.

Finally, Hermione slams her Transfiguration book shut. "I'm tired. Wayne, would you walk me back?"

Wayne practically trips over his bag in his rush to grab Hermione's too.

She makes sure to take his hand as they walk away, telling herself she's imagining Malfoy's eyes boring holes in their backs.

* * *

Wayne swings her hand a little as they walk. Hermione ignores the weird feeling it gives her. It's anticipation, she insists to herself. Wayne's cute and he fancies her, and they're going out the weekend after next. This is what it's like to nurture a fresh, new crush.

"What else would you like to do in Hogsmeade?" Wayne asks, innocently playing right into these mental wanderings. "Lunch, of course. Then Scrivenshaft's? Do you need anything from the

bookstore?"

"I'm sure I can find something I like there."

Wayne's fingers squeeze hers, bringing to light the unintentional subtext in her response.

"Then, I'm not much for Madam Puddifoots -"

Hermione snorts in disgust.

"- but maybe back to the Three Broomsticks after for some hot butterbeer?"

"That sounds nice," she replies softly, pausing at the portrait hole. Wayne leans in and brushes her lips with the lightest touch.

"I'm looking forward to it. See you tomorrow?"

* * *

A useless question, she scoffs alone in her dorm. They're all in the same assortment of classes. Everyone sees everyone else in eighth year every bloody day. A better question would have been, *'library revision again on Tuesday?'* Something that could, in theory, change. It won't, though. She and Malfoy have had the same set schedule all year. Even when they're snippy and hardly talking, Hermione knows they'll both be there.

Wayne kissed her. Sort of. She's not sure what she thinks about that. It hadn't been anything notable. It hadn't even lasted long enough for her to return it.

Would she have?

Does she want to?

Kind of, she decides at last. She wants to give him a real chance. So why does it feel so strange? Because she initiated the date in the first place without any particular attraction to him first? And now he seems to have pulled ahead of her on that scale. Is it just that she feels an odd sense of being left behind on her great idea?

That's it. That's all it is. He's more sure of how he feels.

So why does it feel like she's leading him on? People don't progress through attraction at the same pace. Just because one is further along than the other doesn't mean they're being led on.

('It would feel like cheating. On Hopkins. With me')

And she deserves this. Malfoy has a real chance with Daphne. It's all he wants and Hermione deserves to find someone, too. Whether he liked it or not, Hermione was right. She and Malfoy can't snog indefinitely.

She's got a weird preoccupation with the snogging. It has to stop. Malfoy's always been very, very clear about his preference for Daphne. If Hermione is now somehow... preferential to the idea of snogging him, it's her own fault, and she needs to manage it.

That's all that's keeping her from fully giving Wayne a chance. It must be.

* * *

She's surprised at breakfast when Wayne plops right down next to her at the Gryffindor table. Maybe this is what he meant by 'see you tomorrow.'

Ron gawps. Harry recovers fastest, and Hermione marvels that the pair of them hardly enter into her thoughts lately. She spends all her time with Malfoy, outside of meals, but even then she's usually in and out quickly. Who has time for food?

Wayne disagrees. He smiles easily at the others and in response to the general atmosphere of '*why is he there?*' he leans over and gives Hermione a short peck on the cheek.

"I'd like to see more of Hermione. That's it." He spoons some scrambled eggs onto his plate, grabs a few slices of bacon and some toast, and then surprises her by setting it down in front of her, instead.

"Oh. Thank you, but I usually don't -"

"What's the hurry?" He winks, fixing his own plate, and Hermione mentally surrenders with a sigh.

* * *

Draco drops his fork and swears under his breath. He blindly feels around for it by his feet, finding it but not before nearly smushing the food on his breakfast plate with his chin.

Hopkins kisses Granger on the cheek and Draco grips the fork in hot anger, realising belatedly that he's grabbed it by the tines. They puncture his palm and he swears again as the blood pools.

"Just leave it," Daphne says and Draco's heart briefly stops. "Look, there's already another."

Her tone is full of sweet concern, if puzzled by Draco's dedication to retrieving this now-dirty fork, and sure enough: a new one has already appeared on the table.

He clears his throat. "Right." He needs a new napkin, too, using his to wrap around his bleeding hand, but one appears right before him.

Daphne sitting across from him is new. It's not as if they sit *together*, not exactly. Nobody sits *with* Draco at meals. But Daphne persistently takes the seat across from him, now, and Draco figures it must be on purpose.

And of course she was talking about the fork. Her back is to the rest of the Great Hall. She hasn't a clue that her study partner is kissing his best friend on her cheek in front of everyone.

That's what bothers him most. Granger is his best friend. Hell, she's essentially his *only* friend and Hopkins fancies her. It's as plain as day. And Draco isn't at all sure that Hopkins is the right bloke for her. He thinks he detects a tinge of insincerity to Hopkins. His earnestness is too - too *earnest*. And Granger can't see through it. Draco really thought she was smarter than that.

Because if she doesn't, it means she fancies Hopkins, too. His best friend is not dumb enough to fall for this act, unless she's really into Hopkins. Which would be dumb. He's mediocre. She isn't, but he makes her seem that way. She's lesser, with Hopkins; a lesser version of herself, and it's unacceptable. Granger should be with someone that makes her the best possible version of herself she could be, and it's not Hopkins.

Why can't she see it? Is she so smitten?

"Draco!" Daphne's polite worry pulls his attention. She points at his hand with a perfectly manicured pink nail. "You're bleeding!"

So he is. He shouldn't be. His fist is so tightly clenched, the fact that blood can even escape the wrapped napkin is notable.

"Hospital wing," he grunts, rising from the bench. Daphne doesn't offer to accompany him, but this is alright. That would be a very public declaration of allegiance, and Draco doesn't expect that from her. Everyone will see it in Hogsmeade in a week and a half, anyway - provided Daphne still wants to go by then.

Hogsmeade, he seethes, walking towards the infirmary. Completely preoccupied, he runs right across Granger and Hopkins, standing in the middle of the corridor that leads towards the Arithmancy classroom - which Draco knows Granger has right now. She has it with Draco.

They don't see him and he ducks behind a suit of armour. By any metric, it's a poor visual blockade but it's all he has. He just won't move.

Hopkins swoops down and kisses Granger right on the mouth.

Draco's best friend just stands there. She doesn't push Hopkins away and for a split second, Draco wonders if this will be it. But after another second, she turns her head to slot into Hopkins's tilt, lifting her chin and returning the kiss.

It's not extended. It's certainly not a *snog*, not the way Granger kisses Draco, but Draco's still glued to the spot. Hopkins departs, oblivious to his hidden audience, and saunters off with a jaunty stride. Draco thinks he even whistles as he walks. That might be Draco's imagination, but how could he not be?

Somehow this corridor is still empty, but it won't be for long. Granger starts to walk towards Arithmancy, seeming a little dazed. It flames Draco's fury further, the idea that his best friend really is this besotted with some average, everyday arsehole.

Before he knows what he's doing, he grabs her and spins her into the closest classroom. Slamming the door behind them, he rounds on her and stops, frozen.

What is he playing at? What is it he wants to say? Somehow he doesn't think insulting her about how stupid she must be to fancy Hopkins will go well for him.

"What the hell are you doing, Malfoy?" she shrieks, demanding his brain catch up to his impulsivity. She shoves him backwards with both palms flat on his chest and his shoulder blades hit the door.

He has no fucking clue.

Before he can stop himself, his left hand cups her cheek and slides decadently to the back of her neck. She lets him, as paralysed to the spot as he is. Draco grips her hair and twists it around her fingers, pulling her head to the side.

He steps into her space, still having no bloody idea what he's doing. This feels like that night in the Room of Requirement, the night she'd squirted. Once his surprise had subsided, it had become fairly obvious that's what she'd done. Discussing it through the bathroom door had all but confirmed it.

Draco would love to ask some of the lads in the Slytherin common room if they've ever known a witch to squirt (if only to tell Granger it's not that uncommon after all), but he has no idea who he'd prompt with such a random question - or how he'd avoid the inevitable speculation about how/why Draco would be curious about that in the first place.

He'll never forget that night, ever, as long as he lives. He'd practically pounced on her, and she *hadn't minded*. It had been a near-mauling, Draco gorging himself on her, refusing to think - just like now. But now they have class in seven minutes.

He leans down, still acting entirely without a plan. His fingers grip tighter in Granger's hair and when he turns her head to make her look him in the eye, he's stunned to see hers are fully dilated.

"What are you doing?" she whispers again, this time without fire. She's breathing heavily. So is he, come to that, and his dick likes whatever the fuck is happening right now.

Draco steps back, releasing her. They have Arithmancy. They have... things. Things to do. Granger's flushed and not a little winded. Draco looks away, towards the door, and says, "I'll be there in a few minutes."

Without any further consideration (or complete lack thereof, as it happens), he leaves and heads for Pomfrey. He has to get his hand sorted before class, along with his head.

Pomfrey tsks, seeming sceptical that he punctured his palm in four places with something as mundane as a fork, but Draco doesn't register this. She fixes him up easily and sends him on his way, letting Draco settle into his usual seat on Granger's left side only two or three minutes after Professor Vector starts lecturing.

This isn't a moment for talking anyway, but Granger doesn't seem as frosty as she has of late. Draco isn't sure why not; surely after his display a few minutes ago, she'd like nothing better than to scream and shout at him.

She seems conflicted, if Draco could be so bold as to assess his best friend on body language alone.

Maybe twenty minutes into the lesson, Granger scribbles something on a spare bit of parchment and slides it to him.

'What the hell was that?'

He still doesn't really know, even though he's had plenty more time to sift through it. He goes for the basics, leaving out the bit that would insult her intelligence.

'He's not good enough for you.'

She huffs under her breath.

'Based on what metric?'

'Mine.'

'And what metric is that?'

Draco grows frustrated. He stalls under the pretence of checking that Professor Vector is still oblivious to this juvenile note-passing in her most advanced class. On his right, Granger gets antsy.

'You're my best friend. You were the only one in this whole castle who gave me a chance this year. You're great and he isn't. That's all.'

Granger takes her sweet time after he slides this note across. She tucks it under her textbook so it peeks out at the bottom.

Draco finds this more anxiety-producing than he'd have guessed. She shoots him one quizzical look, quick as a dart, before bending to the parchment, scribbling something, and passing it back over.

'I'm your best friend?'

Draco's driven with a sharp impulse to take it back. Why? He doesn't know. But it's useless, anyway. He can't claim that it's a lie.

'You're my only friend.'

'So by default I'm the best.'

It's difficult to discern her tone this way and Draco is suddenly uneasy. Maybe this is going sideways and his inability to tell one way or the other drives up his uncertainty about the whole thing.

'Can we talk about this later?'

In person, hopefully? He's worried he's offended her somehow. And regardless of how she wants to classify herself, not spending time with her is making Draco insane. Meanwhile, she's putting his feet to the fire with this one, too. Now he's the one growing antsy.

"Hermione?"

They both turn to her right where Weasley has a funny look on his face. Draco wants to tell him to shove off, but open speech means class is over. He doesn't have a clue what Professor Vector covered and doesn't care.

"What, Ron?" Granger prompts, sounding irritable about it, and Draco's glad it isn't just with him.

"You have something on your cheek. Just there." Weasley points but as Granger can't see her own cheek, Weasley touches her. Draco's own irritation flares as Weasley leans closer.

"Is that... blood? Did you cut yourself?"

In a flash, Draco turns her around by the shoulder to look. Right there on her right cheek is the smear of blood from his left palm when he'd cupped her face right before class - before grabbing her by the hair and watching her pupils dilate, before his dick started doing... things.

Granger only looks confused for several long minutes until realisation dawns. Her hand goes to her cheek as if in a daze. Draco can't bring himself to say it out loud, and neither does she. He licks his

thumb and gently turns her face to rub it away, the dried blood cracking lightly and falling away in powdery flakes.

“All gone,” he says softly, glaring at Weasley. Granger’s hand replaces Draco’s on her cheek once Weasley finally totters off, her eyes seeing something far away.

* * *

Pacing the Come and Go Room, Draco’s nervous. He’s paced this exact path time and again, just as anxious, but this feels different.

Well, is it? *Why* is it? Before, he couldn’t believe she was going to meet him here and prepared for her to change her mind at any minute. It’s the same thing.

Except then, Granger changing her mind would have been... the expected thing. Draco wouldn’t be losing anything. Now, if she bails... *when* she bails, he reminds himself. That was the whole crux of their fight here a few nights ago, Granger wanting to stop coming here.

But she said she was coming tonight. And Draco isn’t planning to give her a chance to bail this soon.

His heart is hammering in his chest, faster with every turn of his heel to change directions. Needing variety before he goes mad, he weaves his way through rows and rows of purple furniture, pitching every stupid throw pillow he comes across into the same pile halfway across the room.

Finally, finally, the heavy door creaks open. Granger slips through, in her usual outfit. Perfectly crisp white knee-high socks, skirt, blouse a size too small and showing the tank top underneath between the stretched buttons. Her hair is in a high ponytail.

That stops him. She’s never worn it up. Why is it up?

She looks like she’s about to speak and suddenly, Draco knows he can’t let her get it out. He will, later. Just not now. Not yet.

In two strides, he’s upon her. Granger’s chin lifts to meet him, willingly abandoning speech, and his heart swoops around alarmingly. Then again, she’d done this for Hopkins’s kiss earlier, too, and Draco won’t accept the comparison.

His mouth opens hers and Draco wonders how he ever went so long through life not snogging witches like this. Granger’s hands run up his chest and he no longer worries what she thinks about his scarring. She pulls the buttons free, popping one off entirely, and Draco helps shrug his shoulders when she lifts to her tiptoes to pull it down his arms.

It’s so comforting to know what she likes. Draco doesn’t second-guess anything about her any longer, not in here. He slides his palms down her sides with pressure, feeling every rib and bump of her hip bones with his thumbs before sliding his fingers under the meat of her arse.

She bites his lip and whatever blood in his body that hadn’t yet sprinted south finishes the trip. His fingers grip and lift, pulling her up. She wraps her legs around his waist and he starts to walk, knowing the room will put the right thing in the way.

Draco has spent considerable time recalling every moment of the night he'd made her squirt - just in case there was one single thing that might have done it. He's dead determined to make it happen again.

He can tell himself it's to make sure she's no longer embarrassed about it, but that's only partially it. In the chance that Granger was right and it is rare, he wants to see it one more time. He wants to make it happen. And the primary difference that night had been Draco's assertiveness. No questioning, no hesitating, no fumbling around. He'd gone for exactly what he already knew she liked, and just... done it. Every single thing he could think of.

Why had he been so determined that night? It's unclear. For unrelated reasons (probably), he feels similarly tonight.

Granger's legs tighten around him when his knees hit a random bed. He lets her back hit the mattress and catches his own weight with one hand, deliberately pressing his mouth onto hers in the same downward fall. She hasn't released her grip on him with her legs and he ruts into her beneath her skirt - slow at first, then smooth and hard.

She whines against him and in a flash, Draco realises this is the closest they've ever come to mimicking the actual act of sex.

This gives him a minute pause. They haven't done that. *He* hasn't done that. He presumes Granger has and that flares something odd deep within. But what's most important just now is that he doesn't try to figure out something else new. Not this time.

He still can't help another slow thrust, and then another. It's addictive. His dick wants to do it with far less in the way. Leaning on his elbow, he shifts his weight (erection screaming in protest) and snakes a hand between her legs instead.

Granger turns her head to look at him, flushed and breathing through her mouth. She looks gorgeous. Her eyes are heavy-lidded and she slowly licks her bottom lip. Draco finds her ponytail and works his fingers into the curls, winding and twisting them.

"Did you think this would keep me from pulling it?"

He's so glad he's tucked close to her ear because he can hear the way her breathing shudders.

"If you don't want me to pull it, just say so. Otherwise..."

He gives it a tug, wrapping it around his hand.

"Otherwise it just gives me a better grip."

She whines again, biting her lip, and in a flash he knows this was what she'd intended all along.

"You're a dirty girl, aren't you, Granger? You *want* me to control your hair. You want me to move you, don't you?"

Her brown eyes look up at him through dark lashes, and she nods slowly, never breaking eye contact. This makes him hesitate through his surge of arousal. What is he supposed to do with her now? He knows what he wants to do. But is it also what she wants? The last time she told him to move her head she'd been on her knees.

Draco splits the difference, turning her head to face him squarely.

“Tell me what you want to do.”

This seems to do the trick. He’s still being assertive, pretty much the only thing she’s ever wanted from him. Her pupils are completely blown, but she starts and stops answering twice. Finally, she wets her lip again and says, “I want to suck your cock.”

* * *

She feels a vindictive rush of self-satisfaction dropping to her knees at his feet. There’s no way perfect pureblood society wife Daphne Greengrass would do this for him. Hermione’s going to leave him one hell of a memory to stack Daphne up against.

She ignores the guilt at excoriating Daphne this way. Daphne, who’s been nothing but pleasant to Hermione. Kind, even. But if this is the last time - and Hermione is determined that it needs to be - she’s not going to leave him with a garden-variety night here.

That fact that she’s directly responsible for Malfoy’s current skill set is vexing to her in a way she hadn’t expected. It’s not as if it had been a burden, but setting him free to go get Daphne Greengrass off with everything she’s taught him is... irritating.

In a strange way, part of her wants to only get Malfoy off tonight. Daphne doesn’t deserve to reap the benefits of more of Malfoy’s free practice on Hermione. She won’t actually do that, though. She wants to get off, too. Several times, she hopes, because who knows how long it’ll be before someone else does? It may or may not be Wayne. Hermione’s next hookup remains to be seen.

Wayne won’t have a cock like this one. Speaking of, it might be quite a while before Hermione sees another one like Malfoy’s. This is also irritating.

The ponytail was a calculated move but she’s regretting it - only because when he grabs it, it’s already tight. Now she knows the attraction is from *him* tightening it, but he might feel similarly. He winds the whole mass of hair around his hand in loops until it’s completely taut and firmly tilts her head back.

“Look at me.”

Gods, this makes her so hot. Her fingers undo his belt and trouser button without taking her eyes from his. The tendons are popped in his forearm but he doesn’t pull more than he already is. Her head dips just enough to feel it, to know his hand is still there, but not to pull away. He seems to understand this.

Hermione knows she can’t get away with fumbling around as if she’s dumb. Instead, she lets her fingers explore with purpose, skating up and down his erect length beneath his pants. She cups the heavy sac at the bottom, supported by his boxer briefs, and feels his fingers tighten. His eyes are black and she couldn’t look away if she tried.

She doesn’t want to make him come too soon, although Malfoy has far more control over this than he did at first. Her fingers hook the band of his pants and tug down, having to make distinct efforts to work around his erect cock. This mouthwatering cock, and she should know. Hers is watering, and the tip of it is already weeping small leaks of precome just for her.

Him moving her head forward isn't as tantalising as pulling it back. She appreciates his caution about pushing her mouth onto his cock, but she will need him to give her a little more length if he wants her to move of her own accord. As it is, she can only dart her tongue out to lick the tip. She slides it through the little slit busy beading up another prize for her to take and Malfoy groans.

He loosens his grip to let her take him deeper and she sweeps her tongue around the fat ridge she wishes she could feel for real. Her knickers are soaked imagining it and she makes herself concentrate. She knows how far she can deepthroat him now, having gone down on him two other times, but this is only the second time on her knees. It's different and her stiff nipples ache inside her bra. She wants him to fucking ravage her when she's done here.

She swallows the head of his cock with a tight constriction at the back, and he swears into a fist.

Her hair is pulled back and she releases him with a pop, eyes on his for instruction.

"Can I... fuck your throat?"

Maybe he also believes the odds of him getting this from Daphne are poor. With a devious half-grin that she tries to make demure at the last second, Hermione agrees. She spreads her knees slightly to brace herself in place and slips her hands behind his thighs.

His hands come to rest on either side of her face and she opens her mouth obediently. She doesn't think she'll ever forget the expression on his face, gazing at her in a mix of adoration and awe. She feels like a goddess here, in the most degrading setup. What a juxtaposition.

His cock teases her lips and she licks the underneath of it with her tongue, encouraging him further in. His hips start to move slowly, coming to meet where his hands hold her face still. He goes a little further each time, preferring a slow and deep movement than a rapid jab. She appreciates this consideration, even if the 'deep' occasionally triggers her gag reflex. This isn't her favourite, she decides, compared to him moving her head instead. But she agreed to try it and if his motions are any indication, this won't take long.

One hand leaves her cheek and she glances back up. His other fingers slide behind her neck, leaving one thumb and palm to keep her jaw steady. Gently holding her head, he catches his increasing momentum to keep her steady as he thrusts into her mouth.

His other hand is gripping the poster of the bed as if to strangle it. His hips are moving faster now, and more shallow - as if he's having trouble with control. That's alright. Hermione clasps him behind the thighs and moves to meet him, making up the extra depth.

He releases a guttural moan that goes right to her knickers. "Fuck. *Fuck*. That's so fucking good, never would have thought -"

Her throat hums a 'mmhmm' that vibrates right down his shaft. He trembles beneath her and she's never felt more powerful. "Fuck, Granger, I'm going to -"

She swallows and holds the depth, feeling her eyes water, and he spasms down her throat. As ever, she's astounded by how much he produces. Virile and strong, he shoots again and again, and she quashes the same deep-seated desire she always does in this position.

When she thinks he's done, she pulls away. There's a little dab left and she licks it from the corner of her mouth, finding him staring at her like she's the most gorgeous thing he's ever seen.

“Liked that, did you?” she smirks, trying to ignore the sudden pang of... something. Something she can’t name.

“Fucking incredible,” breathes Malfoy, and Hermione very nearly teases, *‘let’s save it for birthdays and Christmas, then.’*

And then she knows what the drop in her stomach is from. There won’t be birthdays and Christmases spent naked. This is her... best friend. Evidently. According to him.

She knows they need to talk. She came here prepared to. But suddenly she doesn’t want to yet. Now seems like the wrong time, anyway. She’s still on her knees, for Salazar’s sake. To that end, she rocks back on her heels and stands, feeling unbelievably awkward all of a sudden.

Her stomach keeps flipping around. It’s making her feel a little sick.

As if he can read her mind, Malfoy steps forward. He cups her face just like he did earlier - just like he always does, with his thumbs running over her cheekbones.

“Stop thinking. I don’t want to think right now.”

Chapter End Notes

I DON'T WANT THEM TO TALK YET EITHER 🤔🤔

[TikTok](#) | [IG](#) | [Tumblr](#) | [FB](#)

Other works:

[Memory Lane.](#) Voldemort wins AU, Westworld inspired. Remaining Resistance and Order fighters held captive for the amusement of the Dark regime, and Obliviated after every encounter. Draco is inspired to save Hermione. Dark but HEA, rape/non-con implied but not written (sexual violence is kept abstract). Rated E. Complete.

[What it Means to Live.](#) No one knows Dolohov’s curse is slowly killing Hermione - least of all Draco Malfoy's loyal friends, who can no longer tolerate his insufferable crush and hand deliver him to Hermione. Some angst around the curse but mostly light and funny, found family with the Slytherins, Pansy/Hermione friendship. Rated E. Complete.

[Five Months Until Summer.](#) Complete. Virginity trope, Hogwarts 6th year, 5 chapters, light and spicy, 85% spice, ~27k words. Rated E.

Leads into **[Three Months Left](#)**, complete. The second work from Draco’s POV (more plot, mild angst, 6 chapters). Rated E.

And a third and final work called **[Out of Time](#)** (WIP, updating twice a week) that’s much more plot driven.

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Don't worry, there's still no talking.

Listen to the [podfic of chapter 12](#) by FanFixation!

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

Neither does Hermione, and she lets him pivot her and back up until her arse hits the bed. He leans forward, pushing her back with space, and the playful feeling starts to creep back in.

He aims for her mouth and she darts backward, scooting up the bed and leading him to follow.

He's naked and she isn't, something he's determined to rectify. Feeling her knickers, he stops dead. "How can these possibly be comfortable to wear? I could never walk around in soaking wet pants. The chafing would be horrible."

Hermione snorts, disproportionate relief washing over her for no good reason. "Chafing for us is a little different, I think. But they are not comfortable like this, no. Take them off, won't you?"

Malfoy winks at her and pulls them straight down by the gusset, making her squeak in surprise. "Out of curiosity - for the sake of education, you know - how is it different?"

"That's something else most girls don't sit around and chat about, but for me, chafing happens when I've had - a lot of activity down there."

That sounds bad, she realises belatedly. Like she's inviting hordes of rampant hijinks between her legs.

"- Not like - like -" Flushing brilliantly, Hermione gives up and starts over. "If we've... done a lot, I'll feel chafed the next day, but it's more like a tingly reminder. Like it wants to wave a flag and shout, *'hey, remember all that great personal time from yesterday? Remember that? How about more of it, please and thank you?'*"

Malfoy resembles a bright red balloon about to combust and finally bursts out laughing. "*What?* It does *what*, now? Can you show me that again?"

"Shut up!" she protests with a pathetic laugh, horribly embarrassed. She draws her knees up and hides her face. "Leave me alone. That was stupid."

"No, no. Not that easily, you don't." Malfoy grabs her hands to uncover her. When this doesn't work, he pokes one finger at the bare apex of her thigh, making Hermione vividly aware that she's essentially exposing herself to him with her legs drawn up like this.

When she finally brings herself to look back up, his grey eyes are sparkling with humour. "So being chafed for girls just means things are more sensitive?"

She sighs, vaguely annoyed. Why did he have to put it better than she could? “Temporarily. Giving into it is great until the chafing is worse the next day. Bit of a cycle, at that point.”

“Doesn’t have to be a bad one.”

His hand is resting on her inner thigh, thumb stroking idly. Hermione’s stomach roils again and she forces it away. Not now.

“Well, let’s make sure you’re nice and chafed tomorrow, shall we?”

Malfoy repositions between her raised knees and Hermione, eager to get the subject onto something more productive (but not as productive as *talking*, not like that), charitably removes her top. Malfoy’s eyebrows lift but doesn’t comment as she slings her bra off and drops it off the side of the bed.

She nestles down into the pillows, and, as an afterthought, tugs her hair loose again.

“I like it better down, too.” He gives her one more quick wink before pushing her thighs apart with two strong hands that span the full width of her legs. He holds her open and just looks for a long moment. Once, this would have made her self-conscious. Not now. She knows whatever is going through his mind is something good.

Hermione never thought she’d see the day when she’d rather have a wizard closely inspecting her snatch rather than have a conversation - intelligent or otherwise. That she’d feel more self-assured this way than another.

Alas, here she is.

* * *

All Draco knows is that he doesn’t want her to start talking about... whatever keeps making her go all sad and distant. He knows what it probably is, sure, but he’s not voicing it. He won’t breathe life into it. The less thinking, the better, by his estimation.

But it seems like the only times they stop thinking are when they’re fooling around. Thinking about whether this is good or bad is more thinking, and so he neatly rejects it.

Sooner or later they’ll be out of things he can procrastinate with, but he’ll be damned if he gives up without a fight. Granger had gone first, letting him fuck her mouth and fulfill a singular erotic daydream he’s had placed on a pedestal above almost anything else. Now it’s his turn to return the favour.

And he plans to. Can he make her squirt? He’s going to try if it takes him all night. Tomorrow night, too, if that’s what she needs.

Or the next. But that begins to fall into the category of ‘scheduling,’ which is closely related to ‘thinking,’ and is therefore unacceptable at the present time.

One glance up at Granger wipes thought out entirely. It’s a highly effective method. Draco would recommend it if asked about it later. She’s almost flat on her back, limp feather pillows under her head providing no support. Her back arches up to her own hand, where she’s circling one nipple lightly. Even from here, Draco can see how erect it is.

Enough dallying around. He wants to replicate the last time? He needs to dive in.

Easy enough, now that he knows what the hell he's doing. The hardest part is tearing his eyes away from her finger, tracing her nipple right at the top of his vision.

The smell of sex is everywhere. It's one of his favourite things. Sometimes Draco thinks if he ever brewed amortentia, it would smell like this magic between Granger's legs. Salty and earthy at once, an odd mental mix of land and sea. It's primitive. Sweat and toil - a goal he must earn. A hard-won victory at the end.

She makes the best noises, too. Draco hears them in his dreams. On some of his worst days early on, he'd worried if she was placating him or pandering to make him feel better about things. But when it's easy to identify how turned on she is, there's no way she's faking it. She could fake the noises, he supposes - and now has a sneaking suspicion that Pansy used to. Or maybe he'd just been too quick to assume success way back then. Either way, everything is different with Granger. Every single thing.

He knows what pressure she likes, where she likes it, and how quickly to do it. He knows where she wants his hands, how deep his fingers should go, and when to flick at her front wall instead of scrape along it, or even just hold steady pressure there for her use however she likes.

He knows how and when to combine this with a lick versus a suck, and for how long to maintain it. He knows what her sounds mean based on when she makes them. Her hips move a certain way in a certain rhythm, and he can match her.

Draco's never paid so much attention to anything in his life.

And he's doing his damndest right now. He's achieved far more in other walks of life with far less effort and dedication.

Yet... something's off.

He's almost positive this is exactly what he did that time. That specific memorable time among all the other memorable times. His primary goal for tonight. Maybe that's the problem; maybe he needs to just aim for regular orgasms. But now that he knows he could give her a great one, he wants to do just that. There's nothing wrong with aiming high, is there?

He wouldn't have thought so and she seems to get close. But then it fades. It just... slips away. He thinks this has happened several times now, but Granger seems to be trying to hide it. She's masking her frustration. He's growing more certain by the minute.

He tries to not grow frustrated in turn. She's told him about this. Sometimes witches just don't come. He's not supposed to get fixated on it. It's more important that Draco not take it as an automatic lost cause.

Her body's reacting in positive ways. Everything that should be wet is very wet. Her clit might not be as swollen as he's seen it before, but it's definitely enthusiastic. The heat radiates off her and she tastes divine. That's a heightened version of her smell, as if the difference between smelling a lit candle or an unlit one.

It's still not working, though. What now?

Should he revert to something else entirely?

Something that doesn't involve talking. Draco still wants to avoid that for as long as possible.

On a whim, he decides to take his own wishes to heart and stop bloody thinking. He presses his mouth flush around her clit and sucks, hard. This usually generates a reaction and she doesn't disappoint.

The feeling of it in his mouth is indescribable. It's like a mountain range he can move, a little. He hollows his cheeks and starts a suck-and-release rhythm, steadied by his tongue flicking directly on it. Granger's whole body tries to curl around him as she lets out a string of curses, and that must be a good thing. Her thighs close around his head before remembering he might need to breathe - not that Draco's worried about that just now.

Suddenly she pushes him aside and rolls the other direction, leaving Draco confused and not a little moist.

"What? What is it?"

She scuttles for the little loo the room contributes as quick as he's ever seen her move.

"What's wrong? Granger?"

Just before she reaches the door of it, Draco hears a tiny, forced squeak. It's immediately followed by the kind he knows comes out of her mouth when she's shocked by something.

The last time she went for the bathroom like this, she'd just squirted. But that clearly hasn't happened. As moist as Draco's face might be, it's not *that* wet. But the similarities make him think she's embarrassed about something. But what?

He mentally replays the squeak and a huge grin slowly spreads across his face.

"Granger?"

No answer. He hears running water.

"Granger, did you trump?"

The water shuts off. "Excuse me?"

"You heard me. You know, a good ol' trouser-trumpet?"

"...no. Sod off, Malfoy."

His grin becomes, if possible, wider. "Is it a 'no' because you aren't wearing trousers?"

"No!"

But he hears a slight grudgeful smile in her tone, now. Pausing to consider it for a moment beyond basic heckling, he can see how stifling a fart during oral sex might hinder the experience - of both, actually, the oral and the fart. If her face was in the general vicinity of his arse and he felt a trump coming on...

“I’ll have you know, Granger, I can sympathise but I can’t empathise. I’ve never trumped in my life.”

“Liar.”

That alone confirms his theory and he snickers to himself. She still hasn’t come out of the loo, though.

“I mean it. You’ll never hear one out of me.”

“If that’s true,” she says haughtily, turning the knob at long last, “it’s because your arse is pitiful.”

“It is not! ...What would that have to do with anything, anyway?”

“Squeaky... farts... happen when air gets shoved out of a tight squeeze. *Don’t* say it -” she threatens him before he has a chance, but he’s laughing too hard to contribute anything intelligent to this.

She finally emerges, looking defensively superior with her arms folded right under her glorious tits. It’s hilarious emotional armour that he has to respect.

“I’ll have you know, Malfoy, that your arse is limp and flaccid and allows air out with ease. No squeaks. My arse is fantastic, and my arsecheeks touch, and it means air has to work harder to escape.”

Gods, he’s howling. His stomach hurts. “That’s offensive, Granger,” he manages to gasp. “Nothing on my body is limp or flaccid. Take it back.”

“I won’t.” She looks down defiantly and Draco realises he’s still completely naked. And, true to form, he is not limp *or* flaccid. Anywhere. Granger looks put out at his general disobedience to her cause.

“Can I go back to trying to get you off, yet?”

She shifts her weight to her other foot, looking awkward. “Would you... give me a back massage, instead? I’m just really... tight. I need to relax.”

Making her relax is what Draco’s been trying to do this whole time, but he doesn’t hear that last sentence either way. His brain short circuited on Granger saying she’s tight, which is true. He wishes he could say he’s recalling the feeling of her around his fingers, which is a real memory, but no. His brain is stuck on the imagined version of her around his cock.

It’s completely unhelpful. That’s not on the menu. Giving her a back massage will get him back on track, though, so he readily agrees. With one caveat.

“Should we drape something over your bum, Granger? That skirt doesn’t seem like it would help much.”

She whacks him on the arm hard enough to make him flinch a little.

* * *

This is much better than the last time he gave her a massage. No clothes in the way at all. Surely this is better for Granger, too. Draco has no idea why his mother prefers that giant robe for hers, but to each their own.

His thumbs work into her back slowly, remembering the way she liked it. Slow, and a deep roll. When she tenses her muscle against his thumb in return, it's too much pressure.

Draco hadn't been able to appreciate her back the last time. Not really. Not like this. His hands span almost the whole thing, an odd thing to notice but something he finds he likes. He ends up placing his hands symmetrically in the centre of her back, thumbs right on either side of her spine, and seeing how far his fingers splay out.

Fascinated, he makes it to the sides of her ribcage and accidentally tickles her. She wriggles and her skirt shifts over her bum.

"Sorry."

She's bare beneath the skirt. It's an oddly tantalising non-view, seeing the hem of her skirt come to rest just below her arsecheeks and knowing there's nothing else underneath.

Draco had pulled on his pants before commencing this massage. He didn't fancy having his erect dick brushing against the table every time he moved. It's a good thing he got off already, or his general state would be a lot more uncomfortable. But that orgasm had been mind blowing, and it only serves to remind him that he's yet to give her one.

But she wants a massage. He needs to focus.

Granger sighs beneath his hands and he thinks he's doing a good job so far. She's definitely not *more* tense and that's really his only barometer.

He moves up towards her head, to be safe. His hands are too large to really massage her neck, so he adjusts to fingers only. He starts pressing his fingertips into her neck muscles and moving them in circles. This seems favourable to her, and before long, they move instinctively into her hair.

He rubs slowly across her scalp, moving her hair from side to side as he covers more ground. This is definitely good and he combines techniques. Full hands and fingers, gentle circles, letting what fingernails he has scratch her scalp. Granger's practically purring, deep inhaled and shuddery exhaled that go right to his dick all over again.

Granger's breathing grows heavier and without thinking about it, Draco's fingers swirl up her hair until it catches. He makes a fist with it and bends down, turning her face slightly to look at him.

Gods, he loves the way it feels to move her by her hair. He feels powerful. Maybe that's not a good thing - but he figures as long as he's only doing it the way she likes, there's nothing wrong with him liking it, too. But like this, she seems so delicate. Not fragile, exactly, but breakable. And he's choosing not to break her.

It's quite important to him that he not break her.

He blinks away the image of her falling on her arse on the floor right off his lap. His heart rate increases accordingly, his failure to catch her on repeat before his eyes. He blinks this away, too, and flexes his fingers around her hair.

Her mouth parts, a teeny opening that allows her tongue to dart to her lower lip. Blood surges to his cock and Draco feels like he hasn't gotten off in months.

Instead of asking, Draco just says it flat out. It's what she's taught him, after all.

"I'm going to touch you under that skirt."

He waits for dissent and receives none. Pleased, he transfers her hair to his other hand, wanting his dominant fingers between her legs.

Her arse is supple and lush and he takes his time moving beyond it. He cups it in his hand, squeezes with his fingers, and lets them dance closer and closer to what's between her legs. She parts them. She didn't need to; he'd had plenty of room but the slight motion shows him how badly she wants this, and just how restrained she's holding herself.

He kneels beside the table, Granger's face almost level with his own. Her hair twists up tighter in the fingers of his right hand - not his most dexterous, but it doesn't matter. Dexterity matters far more elsewhere.

There's no brown to be found in her eyes now.

Draco's fingers ghost to the apex of her thighs, invisible under her skirt. That's much hotter than her not wearing it, he decides, and his thumb strokes her scalp even as his fingers squeeze into a fist. Granger shifts on the table and he feels the heat of her cunt right at his fingertips.

Her expression is almost pleading.

Without warning, Draco pushes one finger straight in, hoping he's properly lined up. He is. The wet heat envelopes him without a single obstacle, and he sinks in to the last joint. Gods, how much deeper he could go with his cock... he swallows hard. Granger whines, her eyes closing as if she's in pain - but he knows she's not. Her hips are squirming to meet him.

Draco adds a second finger and she clenches around them. He grips her hair in reflexive response, making her suck in a breath. He's hardly touched her and he still knows she's close, but this angle is... odd. Wholly new to him. Curling to the 'front' is now curling towards the floor and he's all turned around the wrong way. But moving to the lower half of her body means relinquishing her hair.

He decides it's worth it. He can't make her come from her scalp, and he repositions himself by her arse.

Granger's legs slip further open and he's never seen her quite like this. Her arse is... magnificent. The skirt lays innocently atop her arsecheeks, but now he has a full view of everything bare below, and he can't stop a hard squeezing clench around the base of his own cock. This isn't supposed to be about him. She hasn't come yet.

She wants to, though. She's as wet as Draco's ever seen her, although this could be a matter of having better lighting. What does he know? He gently grasps her by the hips and lifts slightly to see better, and her knees help her rise up in front of him.

She's not far off the table, but her back arches to keep most of her laying prone. Her face is turned down to watch him, to see Draco's reactions to her body, and he's ravenous for more. Dragging a

hand across his mouth, he gathers his resolve. She's the most gorgeous thing he's ever seen. A couple months ago, he'd never looked at a cunt up close. Why hadn't he? This one is glorious. It's just as Granger had told him - her clit might actually reflect her heartbeat.

He leans closer to look.

This hasn't fixed the quirky angle of his spelunking. He'd rather taste her, instead. She always tells him that if it's somewhere they've already been, he doesn't need to verify a second time, and this is familiar ground. New position, but familiar ground. Without preamble, he dips his face in and licks her from slit to hole.

Granger makes the same kind of noise she had when he was massaging her scalp. Draco finds this an odd comparison to make, but rolls with it. Open-mouthed purring is acceptable praise, in his opinion.

It's harder to reach her clit from this angle. He tugs her hips further up. Granger accommodates this easily, pushing her arse in the air and keeping her upper half pressed to the table. It's oddly sexy. Draco's had fantasies of witches on all fours but never considered this... triangular sort of display.

He's in favour, though.

He can reach everything important much more easily, even though the directions are reversed to what he's used to. Logistics become difficult again, akin to when he first went down on Granger. There was a fair amount of trial and error in positioning, but she never seemed to mind him fumbling about until he found something effective. He does the same now.

Granger helps, as much as she can. They don't discuss this. But as Draco's palm flattens on the base of her spine, she presses up to meet him. It presents her delectable cunt right to the open light, and her useless (if decorative) skirt hangs the wrong way, dangling towards the table instead of doing its usual feeble job covering her naughty bits.

He'll never look at it the same.

Draco wonders if she'd like him to tease her arsehole, and decides against it. They haven't talked about that yet, and he doesn't want to break the momentum. Bit of a pity. Now that it's in his face, he'd quite like to do some gentle prodding to it and see what she likes.

Another time.

His stomach contributes an odd, leaden feeling to this that he kicks to the corner.

"I can't do this well enough this way," he confesses in a low voice, his hand stroking her hip. "Turn over. Or let's go back to the bed."

She must agree, because without a word, she straightens her torso until she's sitting on her knees on the table. Before she can hop down, a squelchy exhale comes from somewhere, and Draco gapes. That wasn't a trump. Not like one he's ever heard, at any rate.

"What -"

Granger flushes slightly - or maybe she was already pink.

"Was that a - another trump?"

“No!” she bursts out, hand to her mouth. “No. That was - well, it was - a fanny fart, I guess.”

“A *what?!?*” Draco’s aghast. Not at the sound (or the term, although that did give him pause), but that she’s taking it so in stride compared to her earlier reaction. Had he really reassured her so much? That’s good, a good thing, but it still seems incongruous to what happened not half an hour ago.

“A -” Granger breaks off with a resigned sigh. She is blushing, he determines. But she’s equally determined to face this one head on.

“It’s a - well, I don’t really know if this is the scientific term for it or not, but it’s a queef.”

This does not help.

“But it - it doesn’t embarrass you? No, I’m glad it doesn’t!” he rushes to add. He certainly doesn’t want to imply that she *should* be. “But I don’t think I’m getting it.”

Her tone of voice changes, and Draco knows he’s about to be *educated*.

“Trumping... not that that’s what I did earlier, mind you - is a biological process. Fanny farts - stop laughing, dammit - are more physics than biology. It’s just air going up there, and when I sit up quickly, the air comes back out. So it’s nothing my body produced. Does that make any sense at all, you heathen?”

He deserves this. He’s almost laughing too hard to focus.

“If you laugh at me one more time tonight, I’m leaving,” she threatens, and this finally strikes home. He sobers at once, restricting himself to the odd chuckle that he tries to muffle with his hand.

“Granger, I swear. All I want is to get you off. Stop making weird noises, and maybe I can.”

Her brown eyes narrow. “Get on with it, then.”

“I’m trying!”

But he won’t turn down that kind of challenge. Granger’s still sitting on her knees on the massage table and in a single motion, Draco sweeps her off it, catching her knees beneath his arm. She squeaks, an entirely different sound from any yet tonight, and Draco wonders how many other new sounds he can add to the roster.

She weighs nothing. He hasn’t forgotten how she’d said he was fit when they first started hooking up. He does exercise a lot, although now it’s less about killing monotonous alone time and far more about maintaining a certain desirable level of ‘fit.’

He prioritises this quite high, when it comes to his dwindling alone time.

Looking down shows him a gorgeous set of tits with hair spilling behind the crook of his arm. Gooseflesh pops with the light dragging touch of her fingernail along the scarring of his chest, something he no longer bothers to worry about when he’s with her.

But when her eyes look up at him as he walks, he can tell she’s starting to think again. No thinking. Not yet.

Draco tosses her on the bed, eliciting a squeal this time. He adds it to his mental list. She lands lightly, sending two decorative pillows tumbling off the far side. Her breasts and hair seem to bounce in unison, reflected in the throbbing of Draco's dick.

He's on a mission now, though. He slots between her legs and spreads her open, his thumbs stroking the smooth skin of her thighs to balance the strength in his hold.

They were right here not long ago but this feels different. He dips right in, licking straight up to where he knows Granger wants him. She whimpers and he skips the tracing of letters against her clit. It's procrastination, that's all. They've had loads of that tonight. It's time for the main dish.

His fingers push inside and flex upward, pressing the pads right where she wants them most. He traps her swollen flesh between his teeth, gently, but enough to keep a hold on it so his tongue can play. Every time he curls his fingertips, he sucks. The curl relaxes and he licks. It's harder than he'd have expected to make this a coherent pattern, but he soon abandons the effort. Granger might have noticed it at first but she's outright writhing under him now.

Draco hums against the nerves, letting his tongue press down and quiver. Granger moans, a deep and needy sound he wants to replay.

She's holding herself open, now. Her hands press against the insides of her knees, spreading her gorgeously before him. Draco makes good use of his free hand, reaching up blindly to find a nipple. It isn't difficult to locate, and he's astonished by the rapid heaving of her chest. She arches up into his touch and the motion presses her cunt right into his mouth.

He swirls up her taste. It's decadent. She tastes like life.

She's getting close, he thinks. Finally, finally, she's letting go. Maybe it's the wrong thing to do, but he switches rhythms and starts flicking the inside of her cunt with his fingers, scraping her inner wall with a steady one-two-one that he matches with his mouth. His cheeks hollow in and out with a pulse that seems to reflect in her clit beneath his tongue.

Slick slips from her and he lowers his tongue to swipe it up from where his fingers are sunk deep inside.

"Come, sweetheart," he murmurs against her. "You can do it."

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

If this chapter feels short, just lead into it with the previous two chapters of sex first. It's foreplay 🌀

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

She's gotten so close so many times tonight, she'd started getting in her own head about it. This is the last time for them together, here. Probably. And if it is, she wants it to be good. Great, even. And it was for Draco, when she'd sucked him off, but that feels like ages ago.

But right now, it feels like the night he'd practically mauled her. His assertiveness and determination had gotten her halfway there before she'd even figured out she was on her back with her legs held apart. His strong grip spreading her open before him had almost done the rest.

Now, she's holding herself open, a position she decides she rather likes. She especially likes freeing up one of his hands so it can tweak her nipple. It's so hard it's achy, straining for touch, and he alternates between flicking it and tugging on it. His tongue dives inside her, tasting, before he replaces it with his fingers again.

He starts a pattern of increasing pulses between his fingers and mouth, drawing her closer to the edge of a cliff she doesn't know she can survive a fall from.

The vibration of murmured words sends a shudder through her whole body, and Malfoy increases the pressure on her clit. Hermione's panting, tweaking her other nipple herself.

"That's - so good," she gasps, and he hums something against her again. That's all it takes. She comes apart beneath him, the force of her orgasm crumpling her at the waist as every muscle contracts. His mouth attacks her opening as his fingers drag across her g-spot again. She can feel his cheeks hollow with the pressure and sees stars with another wave of shattering spasms.

She can't remember ever coming this hard. Well, maybe once, and with this thought, she bends up just enough to look at the bed beneath her. His fingers are just releasing their hold and it's like he's spooning the last of her orgasm into his waiting mouth. She has no idea what she produced (if anything in particular tonight) but the general lack of unusual mess reassures her.

His eyes find hers and pin her down.

"Well?"

"So good," she breathes. "Great."

With that, she collapses back onto the pillow, abandoning her top half to gravity. Malfoy drops a wet kiss onto her clit before moving up her body, pausing to bestow more adoration on the closest nipple.

Hermione stretches out one hand and isn't disappointed. His erect cock dances into grasp and she wraps around it like a boa constrictor, captivated as ever by how little of it she can clasp in her fist.

"That was... for you," he grunts, nevertheless thrusting slightly into her hand.

"Doesn't mean I can't do other things I like."

Some tiny whispered voice deep in her brain tells her that if she wants to talk, she needs to do it now. Even if he's half-distracted (maybe more than half), this is the only way he's going to let her say what she needs to say. The distraction is all that will allow it. And maybe it'll even soften the blow.

She swallows hard and steadies herself, focussing for a minute on the feeling of his velvety cock beneath her fingers as she traces it from base to tip.

"I may be your closest friend. I think you're mine, too. And maybe it is by default, but it doesn't bother me."

But she is bothered. She *is*, and she finally manages to put words behind it. They're just words she can't say.

She's also his default snog, because there wasn't someone better around. But now there's about to be. And Hermione deserves someone who isn't going to hold her in second place.

The sadness sweeps through her as she strokes him. His eyes have been squeezed shut but he forces them open long enough to meet her gaze. It seems tortured, and maybe she ought to hurry things up.

She increases both pace and pressure. "If you want to have a real chance at Daphne, you have to give her that chance. So this can't happen again. And -"

He grunts, eyes closed once more. His only movement is his hips continuing their slow, lazy thrust. Hermione feels all the urgency for both of them, and doesn't care for it.

"- and I -" she stops, swallowing hard again. "I will eventually find someone, too. Maybe it's Wayne and maybe it isn't. But he deserves a chance and if you're really my best friend -"

And is he? Hermione hasn't quite decided if he's usurped Harry, or Ron, or Ginny, or anyone else. But he's in the running, and that's good enough to be going on with.

"- you'll just be happy for me. No more -"

"No more what?" Malfoy growls, his grey eyes flying open and locking her into place. Her hand freezes and he moves onto his knees, crawling up to kneel over her. "No more *what*?"

"No more of - of *this*," Hermione manages with wide eyes, not entirely sure if she's saying no more fooling around, or no more of his bizarrely aggressive displays of jealousy. Probably both. One tends to lead to the other, in her limited experience set.

Her hand is still around his cock. He rolls his hips firmly into her fist and automatically, her thumb wipes the precome around its swollen head.

“This,” she repeats in a whisper. “We can’t do... this.”

Malfoy lowers his head to her collarbone, resting his forehead. “And now?”

“Well...” They’re already doing it now, she supposes, and what’s the harm?

“What can’t I do to you anymore, after tonight?”

Somehow her lips find the side of his throat. His pulse hums beneath her mouth like a bumblebee. “I... I don’t...”

Why can’t she think? He takes over and this is probably bad. It’s definitely bad for her willpower, for her decision-making.

“So you’re done after tonight.”

His thumb presses directly onto her still-sensitive clit, making her gasp.

“Done. You’re done with this. With me.”

She can’t think, let alone speak. How is she so turned on again, already? Her legs have fallen apart, her fist resorting to one single grip that he’s using for his own ends as he thrusts into her hand.

“If this is it... if this is all you’ll let me do, what do you want? What do you *really* want me to do?”

She wants his gorgeous big dick between her legs, but she’s immensely proud of the fact that she holds this in. If she were ever under extreme duress to pressure him, this would be it. But she doesn’t do it.

“I want you to be happy with her,” is what her traitorous mouth provides, and she wants to scream at herself until she faints from lightheadedness, swooning behind the privacy of her bed curtains. Gryffindor or no, that was egregiously self-sacrificing. But she does care about him, and about his happiness. She must, for Salazar’s sake, sending him off to everlasting Pureblood bliss and chaste demurity. What a godsdamned waste.

Malfoy does not buy this. Or if he does, it’s with a gigantic dollop of salt.

“Oh, really? That’s all? There’s nothing I can give you now?”

He eliminates any last traces of independent thought by yanking her hair into his fist. Hermione whimpers beneath him and can’t stop her body from presenting itself for his review. He glances down, seeming almost disinterested, and she whines again.

“You’re spreading your legs to show me what Hopkins gets to have? I don’t think so.”

He coils her hair tighter and roughly pulls his thick cock free from her hand. In a rush, she realises he’s lined himself up between her legs, gently poking at her swollen clit with the head of it.

“Wait,” she gasps, and to his everlasting credit, he does. He lifts one single eyebrow expectantly, and she’s lost for words. Why did she stop him?

“Wait. Don’t - don’t make this about... about anybody else.”

“Who else should it be about?” he growls. “If this is the end of it, you’ll remember me. You’ll never forget.”

And how could she? Besides, isn’t it the same impulse that made her sink onto her knees before him, to take his cock deep in her throat? She wanted to make a fantasy Daphne could never live up to. And if he’s doing this of his own accord...

Her hand comes up to frame his cheekbone, gently pulling him towards her mouth. He falls upon her like a steady wave, mouth and cock in one motion. His tongue dips to hers as he breaches her entrance, notching just inside and making her gasp. She can’t help breaking the kiss. It’s been so long since she’s had sex, the feeling is indescribable. The thick ridge of his cock is divine and he just sits there, barely in, and he waits. He waits for her.

“Fuck,” he breathes and his words are hot on her lips. Now it’s her turn to wait, not wanting to push him faster than he wants to go. But she’s aching for it and she clenches down involuntarily. He swears again and his hips do the rest, pushing him in deeper. She’s so tight, she almost forces him back out by accident, but he perseveres.

Malfoy pants against her shoulder, his hands snaking beneath her back and holding her close. “Fuck. How... how is that?”

“Move, you duffer.” How she manages light heckling, she has no idea. But it breaks the tension beautifully and her hands move south to rest on his hips. She helps guide him in at a slow pace, then back, and in again.

“Yes, like that.”

Then she’s reduced to whimpering of her own as he picks up steam. On his fourth thrust, he fully bottoms out and her mouth soundlessly falls open. Her fingers clench into his hips hard enough to bruise, but this doesn’t cross her mind.

“That feels... so fucking good. Sit up.”

Looking surprised, he follows directions. His torso rights itself, pulling his cock up into a delicious angle that drags against her inner wall on his slippery way back out. She exhales in a whining pant, unable to stop moving her hips in time with his, keeping the swollen head of it right where she needs it.

He’s awestruck. “Does it always feel like this?”

“I don’t know, you asshole, stop talking about other times.”

“I don’t have ‘other times,’” he comments fairly, grabbing her by the thighs and pulling her further onto his lap. On her back on the mattress, Hermione stifles a sharp cry of want. She just came - hard - but another is approaching. She hasn’t been fucked in so long, and his cock is perfect. Her imagination didn’t do it justice. It hits every spot she could dream of, and she bites into her own thumb.

As if reading her mind, Malfoy inquires, “Could you come like this?” and the sheer normalcy of the question floods her mind with fresh determination. If he can form questions, she can drive them

clear from his mind.

Focussing harder than ever in her life, Hermione locks his gaze onto hers. She rolls her hips slowly against his base and grips him, squeezing his cock the whole way. Malfoy's eyes widen precipitously and he swears in surprise.

"Can you... control that?"

"Some," she admits with a surge of self-satisfaction at his dilated pupils. He thrusts his hips into her, his hands holding her in place on his lap. Hermione's feet are flat on the bed on either side of him and she uses the leverage to meet his motion, rolling her clit against the base of his cock and sighing in pleasure.

"Does it get... tighter?"

"When I come, it will," she promises sinfully. "Go slow and long like that, and find out."

His gaze darkens with purpose. Content that her elevated hips will stay where they are, one of his palms presses down on her lower abdomen. "Fuck," he breathes, wide-eyed. "I can feel my cock move."

She's not surprised. She doesn't have a good angle to see it thrust deep inside herself, but she'd like to. The idea of him filling her so completely makes her clench around him again and her eyes roll back.

He should have come by now. He came powerfully once already, and she's making him deliberately slow-roll things now, but she wants to feel it. She loves to feel it, a secret and shameful desire she hides in her inner thoughts. She wants him to spill deep inside, to fill her up, to overflow her cunt with his spend and feel it leak out after.

Imagining this makes her roll her hips into his, grinding her clit against him. This causes the predictable squeeze from inside, and she eagerly meets him when he does it again. The motion becomes a rhythm, Malfoy's hips sliding into hers and Hermione relishing the top of the thrust when his long, thick cock stretches her beyond belief. There's nowhere else for her to grip, it feels, her muscles spasming in place, and her orgasm crests.

"I'm going to -"

He curses violently, slamming deep into her and holding there while she contracts in harsh pulses around him. Her hips rock and stagger, dragging the extensive length of his cock across her g-spot again and again. Tears spring to her eyes with the force of it and Malfoy yanks himself free.

Two punishing fists and he spurts onto her chest, coating her in white. It dances across her left nipple, the underside of her right breast, and the whole of her ribcage. So much, she marvels in a daze. So much.

She's still coming down as he collapses against her, just as boneless as she feels. It's odd, really, to be boneless like this at the same time. Hermione rather likes the symmetry, then stuffs this aside.

It's clear she needs to take the reins here, too. It's the least she can do. Once her heart has slowed a teensy bit - enough to allow her to stand without feeling lightheaded, at any rate - she gives Malfoy one flat kiss on the mouth before she exits the bed.

With a confident superiority she's absolutely faking, she tells him, "Nothing else. Hogsmeade is this weekend. Give her a real chance."

Unable to look at him while she does this, Hermione makes a big show of fixing her hair after vanishing the mess all over her chest. Malfoy makes no reply whatsoever, and she refuses to stop and look back on her way to gather her belongings. Nothing can change the simple facts.

She exits the room as if she's bulletproof, chin raised and semi-restrained hair still askew. No matter. She's in control of this, of herself, of everything.

It's only once she's back in the privacy of her own bed curtains that she lets the tears flow loose.

In her gigantic, frilly pink massage bathrobe and curled around her extra pillow, she lets them freely streak her cheeks. Her stomach aches as she curls into herself, so similar and yet so entirely different from the contractions she just left behind. Feeling like she just lost her single remaining friend in the world and without any distinct mental dissertation why, she cries herself to sleep.

* * *

She just left. Draco can't believe it. He was still in the throes of a mind-blowing explosion of brain matter and she was already on her feet. He'd been about to protest words of some sort (miscellaneous syllables, at the very least) when she'd casually swiped her wand and removed his come from her tits as if wiping spilled ink off a library table. He'd short-circuited again, unable to do anything but gape in her general direction, and then she was gone.

Well, he's not ready to go back to the dungeons yet. No one's expecting him to - or expecting anything else from him, for that matter. He might as well linger here and try to sort out what the hell just happened.

He hadn't intended to shag her. Not really. Well, not at all. But Draco can't hold this against himself. Not everything can be planned and it felt organic. But why? It seemed urgent at the time, as if nothing could be more important.

That tracks, actually. Laying here now, remembering exactly what it had felt like to finally sheath himself deep between a witch's legs, it feels like the most important thing in the world to do again. Now, if he could manage it. He'd rather just live there full time, carrying Granger around with her legs wrapped around his waist - not unlike a joey in a kangaroo pouch. He'd come, soften, and harden again in due course.

Rinse and repeat.

But no more, she'd said. He wonders if she planned it that way, even if he didn't. But no; he'd been the one to suggest the final step. She'd stopped him long enough to make sure he wasn't being reactionary - and was he? Draco didn't know. He didn't care, either, not then and not now.

Why was she being so adamant about this? The thought that she feels any sort of allegiance to Hopkins over Draco is maddening.

It had been all he could think about when her legs had fallen open, when she'd let out that little whimper she was clearly trying to hold in, when his hand twisted in her hair and her eyes dilated. This was the view Hopkins would get. Hopkins would be making her whine like that, and Draco had wanted to - to what?

Paint her head to foot in his come, that's what.

He'd taken a good stab at it, too. Right that second, all he'd been thinking about was pulling out before he came inside her. He'd barely made it. She'd started to come like a tsunami, almost no warning at all (none to out-scream Draco's deafening brain, anyway), and he'd just plunged all the way in and frozen there. She'd squeezed and released - 'release' being relative - in erratic spasms that gripped him, pulled him, had begged for him to go deeper. He couldn't, though, not if he tried. Her cunt had been grasping at his cock as if pleading with him to do it, wanting to physically yank the come from him in ropes.

He'd never wanted to comply with an order more in his life.

Draco couldn't even be sure her orgasm was over before he'd had to pull out. He'd already begun to spurt on his hand and all he could do was aim. Even this was mindless. Desperate. He'd shot come all over her, coating her in white. In the four and a half seconds before she'd rolled off the bed and bailed, he'd been able to see her devastating tits covered in his spend. He'd wanted to rub it in, to massage it into her rocky areolas and roll his thumbs up into their delectable weight from below. His fingers would slide all over, slick and messy, and he'd -

Fuck, he's hard again. How? How long has he been laying here? He grips himself harshly at the base, feeling the blood coursing through to throb all the way to the tip.

How did anything feel that good? He'd asked if it would get tighter, and she'd given him that mischievous little half-grin and said, "When I come, it will." What an understatement.

Closing his eyes, he wishes he could feel it again now. His hand moves up and down, slowly, never loosening the punishing grip of his fingers. His hips thrust gently up to meet it and he stops moving his hand. He wants to pretend he's thrusting into her.

Something appears on the bed next to him and he looks down. A little tube of something. Lotion? He squeezes some into the palm of his hand and his eyes widen precipitously. Not quite lotion. More like an oil, maybe, but it's... warm.

Eager to see exactly what the room provided him, he wraps his hand back around his dick and lets out an audible moan. His hips work faster, gracefully slipping in and out of the faux heat his hand provides. He looks down long enough to see the engorged purple head already beginning to leak.

Fuck, this feels incredible. But it's not Granger if his eyes are open and he rests his head flat on the pillow. Maybe she's riding him. Maybe she's straddling right on top, her knees bracketing his hips, and bringing herself off right now. Her enthusiastic breasts would be bouncing, pushing towards his face with each cant of her hips and her hands would brace on his chest. She'd grind down, keeping him deep, and she'd start to come.

His hand yanks on his cock, stripping it bare of preconceived notions. Panting and groaning, he swirls the warm oil around the tip with his thumb and doesn't hold back.

When he comes this time, it's on his own chest. Not hers.

Okay so this one I'm not sorry about. We have to get to Hogsmeade and angst and more Feelings, so I hope this recent stretch of chapters holds you over for a while re: sex. 🌀

Also, crazy how you made it this far and forgot to leave kudos. 😊

I posted this on Out of Time but I figured I'd put it here, for anyone who doesn't follow that monster WIP.

► So about the recent issues rippling through the fandom and authors pulling their works - this is quite long, so click the arrow to expand it.

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Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Bits of this chapter were prompted by reader feedback. A few chapters ago, someone had commented wondering where Harry and Ron were. When I'd planned this as a quick 5-7 chapter story, I just hadn't planned on including much of her wider social circle, or any real background activity besides this dynamic with Daphne and Wayne. But as the story grew, including some of that periphery helps round things out - so I threaded in some mentions of Harry, Ron, and Ginny for balance.

And Daphne finally gets to participate. Somehow in my stories, I usually end up shitting on Daphne - a lot. I don't know why. I don't set out to do it. I have no animosity towards Daphne in particular. So this time, I decided to play nice. Daphne is a lovely person.

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

As perceptive as he is, Wayne notices something's off with her mood. But he only asks about this once, maybe because she's never opened up to him before or feeling like they don't know each other well enough yet for him to press her.

This is a relief. Hermione doesn't want to tell him. Even if all she said was that she'd had a fight with a friend (an absurd oversimplification, and they hadn't even quarrelled about anything that night, anyway), she finds she doesn't want to confide in him - even to a limited degree to explain away her lingering melancholy.

Lessons and revision continue plugging along normally, but now there's a gulf. It feels almost like it did at the start of the year, parallel work and collaboration, but nothing more. No extra commentary about the assignments. No nervous chatter. Malfoy isn't quite surly, but neither is he open. Hermione begins to worry that this will hurt his chances with Daphne, as it comes across like a reversion to his earlier insecurity. His growing confidence hasn't gone anywhere - she's sure of that. But his disinterest in interacting with anyone at their table is noticeable.

Well, it's noticeable to her. Daphne also seems to think so, so it can't just be in Hermione's head. Daphne's eyes flit between Hermione and Malfoy as if puzzling out complex Arithmancy, and every damn time it makes Hermione feel terribly guilty.

Why?

Malfoy had been correct, when they *had* quarrelled about this. Technically. There are no established relationships here at this little table. No one has the right to expectations or assumptions of... of what? Fidelity? Ridiculous. So Hermione shagged him. So she took his virginity and he's taking Daphne to Hogsmeade tomorrow morning. So what?

His nonchalance around Daphne works to his advantage, though. The first recommendation Hermione would have given him would be to avoid coming off desperate, tripping all over himself with oppressive eagerness.

Daphne does an excellent job navigating this, as if she's perfectly at home with it. It's all a chess match, Pureblood courting, and it's one she's familiar with. The only thing that seems to throw her is Malfoy's furtive glances towards Hermione - glances Hermione ignores unless she's not expecting one. Then their awkward shuffling ensues, both looking down as if burned, and for the life of her, Hermione can't figure out why he keeps bloody doing it.

* * *

Has Malfoy even noticed the gradual shift in his social standing? She can't tell. Part of her would like to bring it up, if only to congratulate him on the evolution.

Wayne is something of a neutral factor, but the steady appearance of friends helps. Those friends including Hermione and Daphne Greengrass help... more.

Theodore Nott is dating Daphne's younger sister Astoria, and it would appear that the four of them now spend time together in the Slytherin common room, if Hermione had to guess. But he doesn't mention this and she doesn't ask. The idea of him spending additional time around Daphne outside of their study group layers peculiar wrinkles in her intestines, as if they're not all tangled up in there already.

The girl really is sweet. Sometimes, Hermione feels guilty about her negative assumptions about her. She'd figured the worst just because Daphne is in Slytherin. Maybe there's a nasty side to her when pressed, but mostly, Daphne's just... blandly kind. She's not particularly funny or charming (in Hermione's opinion). She's just nice and unfailingly gorgeous, two things Hermione's never managed to be. Her ankles never wobble in her heels. Her skirt is never rumpled. Her hair doesn't frizz. Her complexion is perfect and there are never sleepless shadows under her eyes.

Hermione catalogues this and the rest of Daphne's physical perfection at the Great Hall at half ten on Saturday morning.

She'd walked down with Harry and Ron, Ginny chattering away to Harry about one of the professional Quidditch teams - Hermione can't keep track. She'd been lost in thought anyway. They'd peeled off to go ahead, and Hermione was vaguely startled to see Ron grab for Susan Bones's hand. She'd wondered whether their date was anything like her own with Wayne: exploratory and cautious, feeling out something new.

They disappeared out the main entrance three or four minutes ago, and Hermione tells herself to be patient. She rocks back and forth on the balls of her feet, willing herself not to fidget and failing. Daphne's not fidgeting, something Hermione notes from the corner of her vision. She probably ought to go and stand with Daphne, and they can wait together, but -

There's Malfoy, now. She can tell he's trying to hold his shoulders back and appear purposeful.

Wayne greets her with enthusiasm, but has to do this twice. Hermione doesn't notice. From the other side of the hall, Daphne might. Malfoy greets her with respectful politeness, raising her hand to his lips and giving her knuckles a simple kiss. He does not look at Hermione with Wayne and when Wayne captures her attention with a quick peck, Hermione wrenches herself out of her thoughts. *She* asked *him* to Hogsmeade. And why had she? It seems so stupid, now. Malfoy hadn't

needed the help after all and she could be passing a nondescript day in the library with it all to herself for a change.

He squeezes her fingers with an easygoing smile, and she lets him lead her to the little path. Why is she already wishing she wasn't going? She's being totally, completely unfair to Wayne Hopkins, and it only makes her feel worse.

Outside, the day is clear but crisp with a harsh chill in the air. With her free hand, Hermione wraps her scarf around her neck one more time and tries not to watch Malfoy and Daphne ahead of them on the path.

It's a windy day and she'd put her hair in an intricate Dutch plait this morning, but when they start walking, Daphne's hair hardly budes. How does she do that? Hermione seethes inwardly. It's probably some beauty tip to be found in *Witch Weekly* that all the fancy girls know.

"It's a bit early for lunch, first. Why don't we hit the bookstore?"

This is a reasonable suggestion. It will also pull them off the path, allowing Malfoy and Daphne to gain some distance. But...

"What about Scrivenshaft's? If I stop in the bookshop first, I have to carry around everything I buy all day."

"That's why I'm here," he says confidently, swinging her hand a little with their gait, and her stomach bottoms out. She's going to have to break up with this poor bloke and they haven't even completed a proper date. They're hardly started one.

Not now, though, because she's a miserable coward at the worst times. Wayne opens the door to the stationery store at the same time Daphne smiles up at Malfoy. Hermione's last glimpse of the pair notes that Daphne's lipstick is perfectly unsmudged. Hermione doesn't even bother with things guaranteed to fail, and manually shoves it out of her mind.

* * *

No matter how much he tries (or how often), Draco can't replicate the feeling of Granger's orgasm around his dick. He used and abused the warming oil until it ran out. He's no expert, but he thinks the tube is probably meant to last more than three days. It was of no consequence; the room provided him another one when he swung by the seventh floor corridor between lessons.

So what if it's nowhere near the academic side of the castle and it made him late for Charms? What of it?

So now, he can make it feel like Granger and his imagination can certainly picture her there, but he can't replicate the contractions. They were too unpredictable. Too erratic - impossible to mimic, no matter how badly he wants to.

The end result *is* predictable. On the morning of the Hogsmeade visit, he's a little chafed. The oil felt good to soothe this, too, and instead of simply stopping when he should have, he rubbed another one out. This only made it worse, of course, which made him think of Granger calling it a cycle. Highly counterproductive.

He's come so many times in the past handful of days, his ab muscles are sore. He thinks Granger would howl laughing about this, maybe even saying he ought to work a little harder to prevent it in future. 'Get in better shape,' she'd probably heckle, 'by coming as many times as humanly possible. Win/win.'

But today is not about Granger. Today is about Daphne and Draco's first-ever date with the most gorgeous blonde he's ever laid eyes on.

This doesn't prevent Draco from feeling like he's half-hobbling his way to the Entrance Hall at half past ten to meet her.

* * *

Daphne is the consummate high-society lady. Draco's impressed despite himself, having been raised to expect to court a woman exactly like Daphne one day. He was to expect nothing less than impeccable manners and mannerisms. Theirs isn't a formal courtship - yet - but if this day spent together publicly in Hogsmeade goes well for both of them, the courtship would be the next step.

His mother would pay a social call to hers. The two ladies would sip tea wearing fine lace gloves with their legs crossed at the ankles, backs and shoulders rigidly straight, and sitting only halfway back in their respective chairs. They'd discuss the future(s) of their two offspring, and under ordinary circumstances, this would be a mere formality. Both families know each other. This wouldn't be like a first introduction. But with the Malfoys' standing having slipped so precipitously, Mrs Greengrass needn't even take the call. She could outright decline, putting a quick end to both tea and her daughter's potential courtship with the Malfoy heir.

In the strangest nuance, a refusal of this kind would not be akin to declaring social war between the two families. Draco has never really understood this, but the tradition stands. One family declining the courtship offer does not detonate relations between the families (whether Draco's father would have toed this tradition if his son's offer of courtship were turned down is by the by. He's in Azkaban and can't detonate a thing).

It's simply a no, as if declining any other invitation for tea on a weekend that turns out to be unsuitable. The refusing family providing a reason for the refusal isn't a guarantee, either. Sometimes it's just 'no.'

How much input would Daphne have over her mother, should she choose to exercise it? He supposes every family is different behind closed doors.

Does he want Daphne to fight for a courtship, should it come up? Of course. Would she? He has absolutely no clue. She's impossible to read.

It isn't that she's shy. She's just perfectly composed, all the time. In the increasing amounts of time Draco's spent with her of late, this veneer never cracks. But one thing is certain: Daphne wouldn't do anything she doesn't want to. Her control over her world is absolute, just one facet of her deliberate precision.

Draco has the distinct impression that Daphne might have never been embarrassed a day in her life. She doesn't stub her toe on the table leg and hop around on one foot, swearing. She doesn't get food stuck in her teeth. If she wears trousers (a large 'if' - it's frigid out today and she's still in a flowy skirt with a heavy, fur-lined coat to balance), her fly is never accidentally forgotten and left gaping for fresh air.

He's just as certain that she's never trumped - and if she ever has, no one ever heard it. Maybe she's had a fanny fart before (a term that makes Draco snicker and earns him a quizzical look from his blonde date), but somehow if she has, Draco doesn't think it came from sticking her arse in the air so a bloke could go down on her from behind.

And squirting? Please. Maybe it's as rare as Granger said and maybe it isn't, but Draco just bets none of the Greengrasses have ever done it. And would this be because it is humiliating, or because he presumes unorthodox sexual adventures simply don't (wouldn't?) occur for Daphne Greengrass? He can't decide.

Granger. Where is Granger, anyway? She and that prat had forked off the main street into Scrivenshaft's, and he's probably buying her loads of things. Swotty things. That Draco needs to mind his sickles outside the castle is a fact he still hasn't adjusted to, and he swallows hard, knowing lunch might be all he can reasonably manage for Daphne today.

He ought to hold her hand. Things like that (and the quick kiss he'd dropped to the back of her hand) are perfectly appropriate before the negotiations of a courtship. Basic kisses are also generally allowed, but full-frontal snogging is frowned upon.

That's not to say couples don't indulge, especially in private. But Draco hasn't a clue where Daphne would fall on this scale of propriety.

These thoughts are a marked difference from the way he used to think about Daphne. It's nothing intentional. But a few months ago, his rampantly disobedient teenage brain insisted upon placing Daphne into every erotic situation it could conjure up. Now Granger occupies most of that space (having made myriad fantasies come to life right at his feet) and Daphne is now this... proper society girl on a pedestal.

Swapping the two girls instigates a hilariously absurd split image of Granger in lace gloves and a floppy hat that does a poor job taming her hair underneath, sipping lukewarm tea with a brave face in the manor gardens, and Daphne sprinting for the loo in absolute mortification after farting in mouth-adjacent locales.

It's all wrong.

Both are all wrong.

It's as odd as picturing Granger prudishly restraining herself to a simple closed-mouth kiss, or Daphne stripping her clothes off and sinking to her knees. Both are abhorrently wrong.

Draco can't figure out whether this is an insult to either girl. He doesn't mean it as one. They're just so different.

But when did he start stacking Granger up against Daphne, anyway? Outside of comparing their hair, that is. Or their tits.

* * *

"Draco?"

Her smooth voice cuts through his mental wanderings. "Did you want to order yet?"

Yes. He does. He's hungry and gestures for her to go first. His father always ordered for his mother, but only after they'd been together long enough for Lucius to know Narcissa's preferences. Draco knows some blokes do it straight off for the girl, but he's not one of them. Although it would be a good way to control the cost of the eventual outcome, he thinks wryly.

But he can still moderate this with his own order. Daphne takes it easy on him, ordering a salad with grilled chicken, and he doesn't think it has anything to do with price.

It's odd. Now that they're here, he doesn't have much to say. He's usually quieter around Daphne than Granger, but even so. In the dungeons, Daphne's taken to inviting him to sit with her and her little sister, Astoria. Tori is dating Theo - officially, as of last week, permission having been granted by the Greengrasses for their youngest to marry the Nott heir, even if it's not considered a formal engagement. Eventual marriage is the intention of a courtship from the beginning. All parties understand what's on the table. From this point onward, Theo asking Mr Greengrass for Tori's hand in marriage would be a formality. The timing is merely up to the couple in question.

This has begun to seem intimidating to Draco in ways that never bothered him until now.

In the dungeons, none of this is considered abnormal. Daphne and her sister get on like a house on fire, and Draco does enjoy seeing Daphne relax into joking and laughing with her little sister. It's a different side of her. Theo (still no particular fan of Draco's, but willing to tolerate his presence) sits back, crosses one ankle over the other knee, and lets the girls enjoy themselves - playing cards, or gossiping, or dissecting the latest beauty magazines. Whatever witches like to do. He and Draco largely sit in (companionable?) silence. It's not so bad.

His bangers and mash arrive at the same time as Daphne's salad and she hides a private half-smile.

"What? What is it?"

"That's a gigantic plate of food," she teases lightly, pointing with her fork.

"Well, I have to stay fit, you know. Takes a lot of exercise."

This banter is out of his mouth before he can desperately drag it back. He responded as if she was Granger, heckling him about something she's already complimented him on. He flushes bright red, pressing his lips together.

"I mean -"

She nods appraisingly, her full pink lips pursed as she scans him up and down. "No, you are."

Well, then. Draco swallows hard, but figures she must have some reason for agreeing to this date. It can't be his sparse Gringotts vault or his last name. The twitch in his trousers acknowledges the compliment and he remembers just in time to reply.

"Th - thank you."

He takes a gigantic forkful of potatoes before realising he should have said more than that, and swallows the lot with difficulty.

"I mean - so do you. So are you. Fit, I mean."

Daphne's cheeks are as pink as his but Draco can't tell if it's derived from amusement. Does she think he's funny? Unintentionally funny? That doesn't feel great.

Laughing with Granger feels so natural. He knows instinctively that she's not laughing *at* him - and it's the same in reverse. She's said and done funny things, but he's always felt as if he's laughing *with* her. He thinks she'd agree, on the whole.

Why is he thinking about Granger? The gorgeous blonde he's fancied for what feels like years is sitting across from him (willingly, let's not forget), possibly blushing at his praise and thinks he's fit. This early awkwardness is just part of getting comfortable with someone. That's all. Daphne's just more difficult to read than -

He stabs a banger with a little too much effort, the metal tines of the fork scraping across the plate. He fights back a cringe. Daphne pretends not to hear it.

* * *

Two things happen at once, just as they're finishing up the meal. Draco only hears one from over his shoulder, as if she's standing there with a bullhorn.

"Yes, that booth is just fine. Thank you."

On approach, she sees his date first.

"Oh! Hello, Daphne." She gives Draco a fleeting smile to match before following Hopkins to a booth somewhere behind them and Draco's teeth grit together at the large bag Hopkins has in one hand. He just knows it's full of things for Granger.

A sharp toe lightly kicks his shin and he startles back to attention on Daphne. She forces a thin smile, her lips losing some of their enhanced pink tinge. "I said, are you ready to go?"

He is. Quickly. He tries not to read anything in Daphne's even expression when he tosses a sufficient pile of coins onto the table to cover the cheque. Is she surprised he had enough? Not at all surprised? Expecting it?

She takes his hand when he gestures for her to exit in front of him and he wonders if Granger and Hopkins can see them. Immediately after, he knew it probably wouldn't matter, anyway. Hand holding outside pureblood society means far less. It's just hands - but for Daphne, it isn't. Not really.

Once outside, Draco makes the expected manoeuvre to tighten her scarf snugly around her neck, fastening the flap of the fabric just beneath her chin. She smiles up at him and a light snow begins to fall. White flakes dust her eyelashes and she looks positively ethereal, a perfect vision of his future wife.

Her voice is as warm as she (hopefully) is when she says, "Could we go to Madam Puddifoot's?"

Draco coughs a short laugh, shoving one hand in his overcoat pocket and clasping hers with the other. "I don't suppose I should be surprised by that request. Alright, then."

"And why would you be surprised by it?"

"I'm not."

“Fine, then. Why aren’t you?” Daphne’s tone is teasing again, the light poke he’s coming to learn from her when she wants him to engage. Probably he should have picked up on this by now, but he’s getting there.

“Because it’s Valentine’s Day and it’s where all the pretty, proper girls want to go.”

“Proper, am I?” She bypasses the ‘pretty’ comment entirely and tugs him by the hand into the covered stoop of the next shopfront. While he’s too surprised to react, she capitalises and lifts onto her tiptoes, pressing her mouth quickly to his.

Draco responds just in time to avoid this becoming an offensive delay. Daphne doesn’t approach using tongue, but it’s far more than a peck. It’s soft and lovely, with a promise of later exploration. He draws back a fraction and she presses one more light kiss to his mouth, blushing furiously before grabbing him by the hand again and setting back off.

Draco feels nothing but surprise. No particular sparks. Was that because of shock? Anyone could have seen them here, and she clearly didn’t care a whit. Speaking of, Madam Puddifoot’s is going to be packed with poor hapless saps like him being dragged around by their dates on Valentine’s Day. But she chose it.

And it’s not like it was full-on snogging. Draco tries to sort through whether it would be hotter for Daphne to want him in broad public daylight like that, or hotter to have a secret snog in the shadows. Maybe they should try that.

Maybe he will.

* * *

Sitting in their booth at the Three Broomsticks, Hermione wraps her hands around the mug of hot butterbeer and soaks the warmth in through her fingertips. She’s just opening her mouth to order when Wayne interrupts, confidently asking for the spicy shrimp cocktail appetiser and a soft pretzel with beer cheese to dip in - a truly bizarre combination, in Hermione’s unlearned opinion.

Before she can vocally contribute to this plan, her mouth sags further open. Right on the front stoop of the *Daily Prophet*’s Hogsmeade outpost, Malfoy is kissing Daphne Greengrass. She’s adorably small compared to him, both reaching up on her toes and pulling him slightly down by the collar of his overcoat. Her blonde waves (still impeccable) spill halfway down her back as her head tilts to meet his.

“What is it?” Wayne asks, genuinely confused, and before he can turn to look at whatever’s happening out the window behind him, Hermione snaps her jaw shut.

“Nothing. Nothing. I didn’t know they had a beer cheese pretzel here. I love those, if they make the cheese right.”

“A beer cheese connoisseur, are you?”

Hermione nods sagely. “That’s right.”

“Not butterbeer cheese?”

She pulls a face, wrinkling her nose on reflex, and Wayne laughs.

It's been a nice enough day so far, Hermione reflects, and lifts a hand to wave at Harry and Ginny as they sit at a table diagonal across the room. Ginny pops her eyebrows at Hermione, who blushes a bit pink.

She did stock up on some needed supplies at Scrivenshaft's and found the latest release of a werewolf trilogy she's been following when she has time for fiction indulgences. Wayne was unhappy about her determination to pay for herself but contented himself with carrying her increasing number of purchases.

Her rough plan is still... undecided. She's split cleanly in half. She should give Wayne a chance and let herself patiently explore the possibilities with a lad who fancies her. She should end things now before Wayne gets attached or spends notable amounts of money on her.

But really, in a perfect world, every relationship a person has ends - except for the person they marry. Every relationship gets to a certain point and either progresses or dissolves. Hermione wouldn't be doing anything wrong. Not really. Her reluctance to Wayne is far more related to extremely confusing things about Malfoy, to which she has no right. Once she formally defeats those, maybe she could fancy Wayne.

She ought to try. She ought to really try.

Glancing out the window again, there's no sign of Malfoy or Daphne. She wonders where they were headed. There are loads of options in the direction they were pointed.

"Hermione."

Wayne gestures kindly at the newly-arrived platter of warm pretzel, salted to the point of excess and accompanied by two large ramekins of beer cheese. One for each of them; how proper. She can double-dip to her heart's delight. No cross-pollination of spit.

Speaking of which, what if Wayne tries to kiss her today? Really kiss her - not the reasonably polite pecks she's been the recipient of for two weeks? Well, Hermione supposes she'll go for it. She won't instigate, though. Although she did like hearing her first name for a change...

Malfoy always calls her 'Granger,' and there's nothing wrong with it. She'd liked that as something different at first, from Ron and Harry always calling her 'Hermione,' but to hear it from the mouth of a wizard who fancies her... it danced across his tongue like a caress.

She tears off a piece of egregiously hot pretzel, dropping the portion on the plate and shaking out her fingers to cool them.

"Hot?" Wayne asks, and she bites back an irritated retort that *obviously*, yes, it's hot.

It's just innocent conversation. Commiseration. Everybody on the planet knows what it's like to pick up hot food and immediately regret it.

Wayne picks it up for her, swipes it through the cheese to capture a generous dollop of it on the end, and extends it across the table to Hermione.

His clear intent is to feed it to her, not for her to take it from him with her fingers, and she cooperatively opens her mouth. He slides it between her teeth with perfect gentle aim, and she pulls it in the rest of the way with a mix of teeth and tongue, licking some errant cheese off the corner of

her lip. Wayne seems to find this saucy, giving her a wink, and Hermione's stomach swoops into odd, guilty places.

"What would you like for lunch? I think you'd really like their burger. They have a house-made remoulade with a slight kick to it, and you can get extra on the side if you're a dipper. Are you a dipper?"

Hell if Hermione knows. Is she? What sort of conversation *is* this? Alternatively, why is she being so critical? It's as if she's trying to find fault and it's not like her at all.

In a bizarre turn of events, Hermione wishes he'd do something embarrassing. She wants to know how he'd handle it. What if she did, instead? Would he make her feel better about it?

How ridiculous; of course he would. That's what people do, kind people - they don't laugh, they mitigate. No one enjoys someone else's true embarrassment unless they're a total arsehole. And Wayne isn't one of those. Even from her careful emotional distance, Hermione knows that much. But he does order for her, taking her lack of clear delineation as a 'dipper' in the positive.

The motive for this becomes clear when it's time to handle the cheque. Wayne waves his hand dismissively, saying, "No, no, I chose two appetisers and the entrees. It's not fair to ask you to cover things I selected for us."

It's a sneaky move she respects with only a bit of grudge. Strictly speaking, it's probably true and Hermione tries to see it from the other side - if she'd been out with friends and offered to pay, and they'd selected all the food on her eventual coin. Somehow this analogy doesn't quite fit, though. She can't force it into place.

"Where to, next?" he prompts her with a smile, his eyebrows lifting in gentle encouragement.

Hermione has no idea. What else does she want to do here, today? Nothing in particular. She's suddenly less enthused about getting a couple of extra butterbeers and chatting for another hour. But will cutting it short come off badly? Would this be considered cutting it short in the first place?

She's so tired of this, of analysing every single second. It's exhausting. Surely, it's not meant to be this exhausting. Or if the analysing is a regular part of things, surely it's meant to be the exciting kind full of nervous apprehension and deep ponderings of what everything means and why.

Hermione just wants to go take a nap.

"Let's just walk around a bit," she suggests instead, sketching out a rough plan to just angle them back towards the castle after a smidge of meandering.

Wayne's eyebrows lift. "It's getting awfully cold. It's starting to flurry out there, now. Look."

"It'll be nice," Hermione insists with trademark stubbornness, and Wayne offers her his hand.

"I'll keep you warm."

* * *

Draco sees them before Daphne does.

Their sojourn into Madam Puddifoot's was, perhaps, predictably brief. She hasn't voiced anything concrete, but Draco suspects even Daphne was put off by the absolute immersion of pink, red, and lace. If Daphne, who respects the girly side of life, found it off-putting, Draco knows it was egregious.

He can't deny it had been easier to concentrate on his date there, however. Maybe this was his determination to let his gaze wander around the tea shop as little as possible, or maybe it was Daphne. He still can't quite figure why he's not more excited to be here.

He never thought he'd be here. Ever.

Maybe it's a dream, the odd kind where even in the middle of it, he knows things aren't going the way they're supposed to.

Daphne persistently led the conversation, precisely how her upbringing taught her to do. Make people feel at ease; lead the discussion, prompting when necessary; ensure everyone is included. When it's just the two of them, this role was undoubtedly easier. Draco hopes so, anyway. He wasn't much help.

Perhaps it's because girls are naturally more inquisitive about details and minutiae, but Daphne had a never-ending stream of inquiries about Draco's upbringing, his childhood at the manor, his favourite hobbies, and everything else. He assumes she knows some of this already, much as he knows a fair amount of the Greengrass family. But it's also true that proper etiquette dictates that she should not presume the answer to something. Draco should be given the chance to say things in his own words, and he tried to remember to return her questions.

Daphne and her sister were largely raised day-to-day by an au pair, a halfblood girl from Germany whose father was hoping the Greengrasses would consider his son as a possible match for one of the girls. She was taught Latin from a young age (giving her an edge in Charms, among other lessons - but Charms is her favourite), but also speaks fluent Italian and French. Draco knows a fair bit of French himself.

About this time, Daphne seemed to grow tired of Madam Puddifoot's. Draco wasn't going to complain about a change of locale, but he's not sure he can afford a third stop. He's preoccupied with how to deter Daphne from suggesting one when he spies Granger's trademark hair. Even in the complicated plait she wrangled it into, it's impossible to miss. He can spot her anywhere.

Hopkins has Granger's petite hand in his right, and the overstuffed bag of purchased detritus in his left. He swings it a little with the momentum of his stride, a nauseatingly cute gesture that makes Draco want to gag.

They're going the way he'd planned to go, but he doesn't want to follow them. The thought of that sends a slithery feeling up and down under his skin. To his right, Daphne squeezes his fingers and with a sudden start, he realises they're painfully cold.

Forget Granger and Hopkins. His date needs his attention. He clasps her hand tighter and stops walking, tugging lightly to turn her towards him. She's on the same page, for what feels like the first time all afternoon, and lifts on her toes again.

Draco slides his other hand behind her neck, hoping against hope that his overcoat pocket had kept that set of fingers from turning into icicles. Daphne doesn't seem to notice either way, and her lips meet his for the second time that day - right in the middle of the snowy street.

* * *

Hermione stops to tie a shoelace, the most overused, contrived excuse in the book to drop someone's hand. Wayne does not notice. If he does, it doesn't discourage him. His palm is outstretched to help Hermione stand again, but from the corner of her eyes, she sees Malfoy and Daphne kissing. They're not ten paces away, dead centre in the road.

Whatever happened to sidewalks? Shadowy shop stoops?

It takes the icy snow soaking through her trousers to get her off one knee. Wayne tugs her to her feet, and as if he's actively competing with the snow down the street, he wraps her up and kisses her.

Hermione's too startled to acknowledge it at first. Her mouth opens in sheer surprise, but he takes it as open encouragement. He doesn't get handsy, keeping her hands clasped in his by their sides, but he leans in. His tongue swipes her lower lip and Hermione gives it a shot.

He's not a bad snog. Quite the opposite, really. The issue is that she doesn't feel any particular urgency to have more of it. It's not a kiss that makes her want another one.

As solo operators go, it's a perfectly acceptable snog. But it won't be the first in a series. She steps back after a moment, giving him a shy smile that he also seems to take as a good thing, beaming back at her and setting back off down the path with her bag back in his other hand.

Well; at least they're aimed back towards the castle. Hermione can't deny she's cold, now, with her trouser leg soaked from knee to shin. The clammy wet feels like it's creeping downward towards her ankle, and it probably is.

She resists the urge to glance over her shoulder and see if Malfoy and Daphne are still snogging. It's a persistent nag in her mind, though, until they progress far enough to turn a corner on the muddy, trampled path. The temptation fades, but not without a fight.

* * *

His earlier urge to snog Daphne properly, if only to see what happens, returns with a vengeance. It has nothing whatsoever to do with the fact that Hopkins is snogging Granger a stone's throw away.

Daphne seems alright with this unspoken plan and Draco remembers (if a little belatedly) to pay attention to how his date snogs and follows suit. She's gentle with her mouth, but exploratory.

His hand is somehow in her hair and it's... different. He knew it would be, of course. Smoother, more orderly, not as long. But she's got something in it to keep it from moving, or maybe it's some kind of charm against the weather. It's not the same when he tries to thread his fingers through it. He has to really wriggle them in there and Daphne gives the merest flinch to the side.

"Sorry," he murmurs to her. "I really like your hair."

She whispers a demure, "Thank you," against his mouth, but that isn't the same either. And does he really? Yes, he does. He does like it. But he doesn't know if he loves it, and especially doesn't know how he feels about her wanting to keep it presentable.

That's silly.

Surely it's just because they're in public. Pansy hadn't liked him mussing her hair back in fifth year, but they hadn't done anything that would possibly count as 'horizontal activities.' Draco can't imagine trying to go down on Daphne with her hair emerging out the other side unscathed - much less shag her.

Where is this even coming from, though?

Of course he's imagined shagging Daphne a thousand times. None of them were realistic. That was half the fun of it, even though his eighteen year-old brain wanted to think it was a possibility. Likely, even.

Daphne yanks his attention back on her own terms by nipping his lower lip. He startles, yanking free to his own detriment. He tastes the slight tang of blood on his tongue.

He's too surprised that she actually did that to say anything, and with an indiscernible look, she asks, "Do you want to go back to the castle?"

Yes, he does. Very much.

But as she clasps his hand again, braving the penetrating cold with exposed flesh, all Draco can wonder is where Hopkins and Granger have disappeared to.

Chapter End Notes

I recently posted a Stalker!Draco one-shot called [Look at Me](#), if you're into that sort of thing.

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

Listen to the [podfic of chapter 15](#) by FanFixation!

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

He doesn't see Granger again until Monday in lessons. He has no idea how her date concluded and doesn't care.

In Charms, Daphne clearly prefers he sit by her. Draco does this, obediently cognizant of many unspoken implications - courtesy his mother, who preferred to have every request in Malfoy Manor nonverbal. Lucius could keep up or suffer the consequences (usually in an inventive, also-unspoken way. The men in the household had to learn one way or another).

From the far corner of his eye, he does not check to see who fills Granger's open seat.

It's not Hopkins, who sits fully within eyesight next to Hannah Abbott, two tables forward and to the left. Curious.

No. No, it isn't.

Neither is whoever chose to sit near Granger instead. Probably just Potter or Weasley, anyway. But maybe it isn't.

Draco misses half of Flitwick's Charms lecture.

Granger had been correct a few weeks ago: she is a desirable partner. And if it's not Draco or Hopkins, who is it?

She's up and out of the class too quickly at its conclusion for him to see.

They don't generally meet in the library on Monday nights. Draco absently agrees to meet Daphne alone, their first study group of two since all this began.

He's still completely preoccupied. Last night's fantasy-turn-dream bled into today's mental wanderings, and Draco is... not focussing well. Or at all.

His current fixation is Granger's soft stomach beneath his palm, feeling his full length thrust in - specifically, seeing just how far he reached. In his memory, of course, he goes further and further every imagining. It's about both the visual of it and the tactile sensation of thrusting under his own hand, but in an entirely different concept than ever before. He could really imagine filling her. Combined with the insanely tight fit, Draco's amazed that his cock managed what it did.

He's no idiot. He knows it's big. It's not gargantuan, not some freak-show of impossibility, but it's large. So is he; it's proportionate. And Granger is petite. Not tiny, not exactly, but the wide-eyed look on her face when she first saw him bared to her will never leave him. Ever.

Daphne is not quite so small. She's a little taller, even without the heels that are her customary selection. They're both extremely curvy, and without further investigation, Draco can't do more than eyeball their physical differences.

He's now snogged Daphne Greengrass properly (or not at all properly, depending on how he looks at things) four separate times. He has not been so forward as to put his hands on her anywhere below the neck, and it's been a challenge keeping them out of her hair. It takes a manual effort that's quite distracting. Perhaps this is good, keeping Draco from moving too quickly and possibly going further than Daphne's comfortable with.

Because, per Granger's stolid advice, he always lets Daphne lead - and *she* hasn't tried to venture past snogging. Draco's self-restraint is laudable, in his personal opinion, because if he'd had to guess, he'd have been likely to maul Daphne Greengrass given any opportunity.

It just doesn't seem that urgent. Maybe he's maturing.

Daphne sits next to him in the library that evening rather than on the opposite side of the table, her warm vanilla scent enveloping them both. It's pleasant; lulling, even, and every time she re-crosses her legs and tucks her hair behind her shoulder, it wafts across him in a fresh wave.

She really is quite good at Charms, and they're exchanging notes when Draco's attention is brutally yanked across the library.

Granger's sitting alone at a table, buried up to her neck in an essay and oblivious to the world. How had he not seen her walk in? Should he call her over? He can't decide. Once, this would have been automatic. They study together. But now... he glances to his left and finds Daphne's clear blue eyes already looking at him.

"I guess things didn't work out with Wayne," she comments in a low voice, not wanting to draw Madam Pince's unwanted attention.

Draco can't restrain himself, unable to focus on the implication that maybe Wayne and Granger aren't an item. Probably the bloke just had something else to do tonight. "What do... ah, you think about Wayne?"

Daphne arches one thin eyebrow, her gaze sliding over Granger again before returning to their own table. "He's very nice. A sweet lad. He's been an excellent study partner, very responsible and always has things ready on time."

That's not exactly what Draco was angling for, but Daphne fills in a whole load of unprompted detail.

"They'd have gone well together. He's a good height and he's fit. Quite fit. Once, I had thought that maybe he... fancied me, but when she asked him to Hogsmeade, he seemed so happy. I think he really likes her."

"Is that just because she asked him, though?" interrupts Draco, his mouth falling into a familiar pattern he's held at bay for some time.

An odd expression flashes across Daphne's pretty face but vanishes too quickly. A calculating assessment replaces it.

“Does it make a difference?”

Draco shrugs, unable to stop himself. “Maybe. I don’t know. If a girl had asked me, I’d leap at the chance, too.”

“Even if you fancied someone else?”

He’s approaching perilous waters and, while not entirely unaware, doesn’t really respect the hazard at his feet. Daphne shifts in her seat, eyeing him with suspicion as he unwisely continues charting this path.

“Are you saying if Hopkins fancied you but Granger asked him out, he should have said no?”

Daphne turns it around on him. “What if *you* fancied Hermione and I asked *you* out?”

Draco sputters, “That’s not - it’s not the same. And I don’t, anyway, so it’s a moot point. I’m saying if a bloke gets asked on a date, he’s probably going to be pretty enthusiastic about it.”

“No matter who she is.” Daphne crosses her arms over her chest, her tone not quite cross - but neither is it happy.

Draco can’t figure out how this is getting so sideways. And anyway, Daphne would never ask a lad out. It goes against everything she’s been raised to do. This whole turn is simply bizarre.

“Well, I’m not saying looks have nothing at all to do with it. Or how old she is. If she weren’t even of age yet, I’d say no outright. And of course I want to be attracted to her, but doesn’t everybody want that? So if I wasn’t attracted to her at all, I’d probably say no, and that just brings me back to my original point. If a reasonably attractive witch my age asked me out, I’d say yes. So did Hopkins fancy Granger first, or was he just excited that she asked?”

“Hell if I know,” Daphne sniffs, eyes rolling in a way that still looks self-contained. “Like I said, I thought he fancied *me*.”

‘*Of course you did,*’ is on the tip of Draco’s tongue, and he bites it back. He’s not trying to be nasty to Daphne. Not at all. He has no idea where her defensive stance emerged from, and his sense of self-preservation takes over.

“Well, he probably did. He’d have to be mad not to fancy you.”

Current spat aside, Draco feels this is quite true. A solid majority of the castle would leap at a chance with Daphne Greengrass.

“But he didn’t ask you to Hogsmeade, did he? I did.”

He traps her in his gaze and a light pink tinges her cheeks. Her teeth pull her lip in to worry at it, the most vulnerable expression he’s seen on her yet.

“Would you rather he’d asked, instead of me?”

Daphne actually snuffles, not that Draco can see any hint of potential tears. Maybe she’s just gathering herself. She drops her eyes to her lap, where her hands are delicately folded.

“No. I’d have rather had you.”

But when she looks back up, her eyes are a little bright - even in the shoddy library lighting.

“But you’d rather have asked Hermione.”

Draco snorts at the blatant absurdity of this. Is that what she believes?

“What makes you think that? If I wanted to ask her, I’d have just asked her.”

It’s Daphne’s turn to shrug a shoulder. She’s aiming for nonchalant and not quite managing it. Unrestrained, Draco ploughs ahead.

“You can’t just be saying that because we study together. That was assigned at the start of the year. You know that. And I couldn’t possibly - I don’t - you and Hopkins have been in the same boat Granger and I are in! Are you saying requisite study partners have to fancy each other? That’s ridiculous. I’ve fancied you for - for ages. Ages and ages, and -”

Salazar’s snakes, he can’t believe he just said that. That he just admitted it, openly and out loud, to Daphne Noelle Greengrass.

With a heroic metaphorical lunge, Daphne stops this runaway train. Draco’s too mortified to object.

“I know. I mean, I think I did. Girls know. And I know things have been really hard for you this year. But you can’t help what your father did, and - and -”

She needs a minute to gather herself up, and Draco’s still too flabbergasted (or horrified with himself, if there’s a difference to be found) to capitalise on an opening. It remains Daphne’s floor to command.

“- and I have to say, I do think you’re really fit, and you’re - you’re *kind*, and you didn’t just pretend to fancy me to regain some sort of social standing, the way our parents might have done. You and me, we’re of a different generation now, and we can do things the way we like. Maybe you were forced into that mindset, but now - I still think - I *thought* that maybe we could have the kind of relationship that was just ours. Only ours.”

Tears do gather in the corner of her eyes now, and Draco’s horrified for a different reason.

“Anybody else my parents match me with would just be there for the match. Sure, I’m a good catch, well done. It doesn’t matter who I am as a person.”

“You like me... because of my terrible reputation?”

“It’s not *your* reputation, you dolt! You’re so fixated on that. Stop it. Your reputation is just fine. It’s just that with the old guard, certain things are expected, and maybe I don’t want to be part of that guard any longer! Maybe I don’t want to keep doing what everybody else has always done! Maybe I want to pick someone for myself!”

Draco’s too stunned at her flat statement that his reputation is fine to absorb much else, which is unfortunate. He scrambles to keep up. This will almost definitely be relevant later. Or now; probably now.

“But you love her. You might not know it, but you do. I know it. And I -”

“Daphne, that’s absurd,” he coughs desperately, reaching for her hand. He has to right this ship. She’s saying everything he’s ever hoped to hear about her own feelings, in his wildest dreams, and yet -

“I don’t. I don’t fancy her. Yes, we’re good friends. She was my forced study partner, and then we did become friends. Until you, I spent more time with her than anyone in this castle, and unlike the start of the year, it was voluntary. Okay - so what? It doesn’t mean I’m in love with her.”

Daphne pulls one of her hands free. He hadn’t known he’d been holding both. She wipes at her eyes delicately, using the tips of her fingers to crest along her eyeliner.

“Please stop. Just stop. I have enough self respect to tell you no. I won’t go past this. I wanted to see how it went because I thought I might not be right, but this past week has shown me that I am. I don’t think less of you. I think I’m telling you something new, but that doesn’t make it wrong. Listen to me: witches know. You fancy her, and I won’t be dragged along because you’re too stubborn to see it.”

With that, she faces her textbook again, firmly shutting him out.

Draco’s left alone with rampaging thoughts, which isn’t exactly where he tends to thrive. He gives this silent stalemate a full ten minutes before breaking it, having no idea whether it’s a wise move.

“What makes you think I do? Can I ask that?”

Daphne stops writing. Her tongue extends just enough to press against her lip, trapped between her teeth. Draco knows she’s trying to select her words, and marvels that even three weeks ago, he would not have known this body language from her.

“You watch her. Not like *watch*, like a creep, but you always know where she is. You know if she’s in the room.”

That sounds creepy to Draco, who tries not to get stuck on it.

“You just... it’s hard to describe. But you care a lot about what she does and who she does it with.”

“Yea. She’s my friend. Probably my best friend.”

Nevermind that he’s blatantly called Granger that to her face and in his own head.

“But it’s more than that.” Irritation bleeds into Daphne’s tone, as if Draco’s too thick to get it. Just how much do witches know, exactly? What a mystery. “In Hogsmeade, for example. Whatever you chose to do with me was at least half a reaction to whatever she was doing.”

This is so egregious, he can’t help but protest - although he has no idea what words are going to emerge from his throat. This is a somewhat-familiar state of being and he’s too accustomed to simply letting it happen. His mouth is in charge of things.

“Are you saying you didn’t know where they were?”

Daphne’s eyes widen in offence. “Of course I did,” she grits out, in what would have been a hiss if her jaw had permitted it. “Because *you* did. You always did.”

“You kissed me because they were around?”

“Did you kiss *me* because they were around?”

Her nostrils flare and in a massively belated brick-to-the-head, Draco knows she’s right. And wrong, but right, too. Daphne had kissed him because Granger was in the area. She was testing him.

“This is exactly what I won’t do,” she states with finality, closing her textbook with a slap of the pages. “I won’t debate the point. The point exists. Go mull it over if you must, and when you’re done, I’d like to hear your opinion on it. But not because I’m holding out hope, so don’t mistake friendship for fancy.”

With that, she stuffs her things back in her bag and stands, smoothing her skirt with an abundance of poise. Hoisting her bag over her shoulder, she exits - in what’s not quite a flounce, but still permeates a stubborn confidence.

Blinking, Draco reflects that he could learn more than a few things from Daphne Greengrass.

* * *

Hermione does her damndest to finish this Herbology-and-Arithmancy assignment, a devilish one leveraging Arithmetic equations to the long-term storage and preservation of Herbology ingredients in different climates, comparing and contrasting Arithmancy with other methods currently in use for both cost and efficacy. It requires her full concentration (and/or a partner, but that’s by-the-by) and she just doesn’t have it.

She doesn’t have either.

Wayne took her declaration reasonably well. Hermione couldn’t have expected much more from him. She thought he was a lovely fellow but didn’t feel any particular... attraction. It was nothing to do with him and she’s quite sure he’ll have plenty of luck in his dating future.

This had not mollified him, not really, but he’d done a very good job masking this. Hermione isn’t sure if he was grateful she didn’t let things progress, or disappointed that he hadn’t gotten to really fool around with her first.

No matter. Malfoy is giving his crush on Daphne a real chance to thrive, which is all she kept hammering on him to do. Hermione can stay out of the way, at the very least. She’s determined to do just this.

So what if she can’t stop thinking about shagging Malfoy? It’s just been too long since she’d had a good shag, that’s all. Since she’s been shagged in general, come to that. Of course her disobedient grey matter would keep returning to it, her overall teenage horniness refusing to toe the line of normality. It’s inconvenient. She chastises herself for this, perhaps unfairly and perhaps not. She ought to be able to wrangle her train of thought back onto the tracks.

Instead, all she can think about is shagging him again. It has to be a case of wanting what’s no longer available to her. She grants the allowance that essentially coaching Draco to get someone else off was bound to get under her skin now. But she had to set him free upon the world. That was the whole point. She’d been doing a public service, really, and since when does Hermione Granger want the selfish road?

She doesn’t. The betterment of public service; that’s her.

So what if she constantly imagines that gorgeous, veiny, rigid dick stroking so far inside her as to rearrange her intestinal tract?

Public service, indeed.

When she next notices her parchment (never mind that she's been staring in its general direction for upwards of half an hour), she's drawn a little dick and bollocks on it like a twelve-year-old wizard would take pride in.

The level of detail included is quite nice.

* * *

Back in her common room, Ron approaches her.

"Want to play some Exploding Snap? We've got a good group going tonight," he offers, gesturing behind him. Neville, Parvati, and Seamus all sit around the fire, flanked by Harry and - presumably - Ron.

"Not tonight, but thank you."

She contributes a wan smile, and really, she ought to join in. It might be the perfect distraction, and maybe that's just what she'll do - after a long, hot shower and some time to get her head screwed back on straight. She should spend more time with her other friends, her closest friends, her -

('you're my best friend')

- her house-mates. She hasn't played Snap in quite some time, and she's not half bad at it. It's been even longer since she's been able to wallop Ron in the game, their individual matches sometimes lasting an hour or more.

Making her way up the stairs, Hermione tugs her tie loose and muses as she walks. When she'd left the library, Malfoy had been alone at his table. Under other circumstances, she'd have joined him. Why did it feel odd to consider that tonight? Because Daphne had been with him only a few minutes earlier?

In truth, she didn't know how long he'd been alone. She'd been determinedly staring at her own schoolwork. But it didn't matter, anyway. He was still doing his level best to court Daphne Greengrass, and just because they hadn't spoken about the particulars didn't mean Hermione didn't know what would come next - what might have already happened.

Malfoy's family (mother, at the present point in time) would approach Daphne's for a formal courtship. Things would progress from there. So either that had already happened, and permission had been given - which meant that either Daphne would ditch Malfoy for some reason, or they'd eventually enter into a formal betrothal.

'Betrothal,' Hermione scoffs internally. What a stupid 17th century term. And she can't figure why Daphne *would* ditch Malfoy. If he's gotten this far, he's good for the rest. He's lovely. He's thoughtful and considerate, and generous, and fit, and -

Why is she thinking like this? Malfoy's general suitableness has nothing to do with Hermione.

A sliver of her brain thinks she ought to be due a 'finder's fee' from the Greengrasses for the work she's put in, and the adjacent sliver rejects the idea. She didn't help Malfoy out of some intent for recompense. She helped him... why? To get a good snog, that's why. And she got it. She got that and a load more.

She always knew someone else would reap the benefits. Any benefits Hermione got to enjoy were temporary. They were limited to the time it took to impart them in the first place. And Hermione could certainly do the same for the next bloke. The next one she finds that could use some strategic instruction, now she knows just what to do.

She could custom-build her perfect snog. Her perfect shag. That shouldn't be discarded like the rubbish inhabiting the closest bin.

And just because she can't imagine agreeing to the same sort of charitable deal with any other lad doesn't mean a thing. She's not running a charity, after all. It's not incumbent on her to educate the male populace of Hogwarts.

So why did she agree to do it for Malfoy in the first place? What had sparked the impulse in her mind to begin with?

* * *

Alone in her dormitory for the time being, Hermione capitalises on the opportunity with no shame at all. One must take advantage of quiet moments. She won't let herself bog down in it. Just because she brought herself off to the idea of shagging Malfoy... twice. And, technically, it was the thought of Malfoy shagging *her*. But there really isn't a difference. Not really.

The fantasy of Malfoy's erect cock spilling his entire load so deep into her that she leaks for the whole ten-minute walk back to Gryffindor Tower could happen regardless of who shags who. Just because her mind prefers the visual of her legs squeezed together and pointed straight to the ceiling, calves resting against his chest, while he drives into her, claspings his hands around her ankles to hold her still...

Well, Hermione's undoubtedly the one being shagged in that scenario.

The end result is the same, though. Malfoy comes deep inside her, so strong she can feel the pulsing - not just of his dick but of his spend, streaking against her insides.

She wants it that way. She always has. She's never let herself put words to this desire. But it's so pervasive that she took action to permit it, should the opportunity ever arise.

She adored Draco painting her tits with his come. She wants to see it a hundred times over, just like that. But she also loves the knowledge of being totally filled by what he produces, his dick thrusting so hard even after it would be considered 'done,' that it squeezes back out with his final motions. There's just no room for both. A creamy ring would appear around the base of his cock, a mix of him and her together, and -

Her next orgasm washes over her, so strong that her thighs shake on her silenced bed, as her hips jerk onto nothing. She finally lays still, half wanting to weep with the aftershocks.

It's the sixth time this week.

Does he really fancy Daphne? Hermione can't decide. For days and days, she's tried to discern whether it's about Daphne or the idea of Daphne.

It's not that she's doubted his intentions. She believes he believes he fancies her. She's sure he did, for aeons. But now, she thinks it might just be a habit.

Or maybe she's just weirdly hopeful. But that alone would be weird, and so she rejects it, stepping on it neatly with her shoe on her way to Transfiguration.

One thing is for certain: Hermione has held herself firmly out of the way. Whatever odd and bizarrely resilient fantasies she might entertain in her private time, she's allowed Malfoy to explore his possibilities with Daphne - exactly as she told him over and over to do himself.

And he is. He really seems to be, and it's a fact that deflates her like a too-old balloon after a party. She just... sort of withers away, in her own mind, until she's just Hermione. Alone again.

But that isn't Malfoy's fault. She won't make it his fault. It's her own, for not putting herself out there more. Wayne was just one example. It hadn't worked out, no, but there are plenty more lads who she could explore the landscape with. It's her own stubborn mind refusing the options. They exist, and she needs to try her luck elsewhere. She cannot grow discouraged.

She's really not dated very much at all. Ron, for a while, and Hermione's just glad their friendship remained intact after it all fell apart. He's been studying more with Susan Bones, and she's happy to see it. Everybody's grown apart some since the war, feeling freer without the pressure inherent on survival. They're all stretching their wings a bit. Harry and Ginny are the only couple together now that predated the war. And they're perfect for each other.

How perfect Daphne and Malfoy are grates her nerves. They look as if they were meant to be together. Tall (even if enhanced by high heels, the end picture is the same), flaxen hair, obviously rich breeding. Comportment classes, finery, society functions of the upper class. Wealth. Even if Malfoy doesn't technically have it by the galleons, his whole bearing reeks of it. His upbringing is plain in every step he takes. How could Hermione ever fit in?

It's one of many micro-pleasures she revels in privately. She's the one who subverted any expectations he might have had. She's the one who totally upended what he might have considered 'good' shagging.

She might have ruined him.

That thought alone is enough to make her run back to her dormitory at her first break between lessons for some necessary private alone time.

When she's done (again), flat on her back and breathing hard with her thigh muscles still twitching in lazy ecstasy, she knows she has to find a new shag. She has to. This can't go on.

Exciting news!! A few things, in fact.

1. I've commissioned art for What it Means to Live from the amazing Cocotamarino, in addition to the cover art she did for me a few months ago. I've got illustrations for 5 chapters and I'm releasing one per week. They're gorgeous. 🥰
2. I was a guest on The Dramione Effect podcast (!!) that will go live within the next couple of weeks!
3. I'm playing a big part in the Deflower Draco fest that will reveal in April! I've got a one-shot that will be an off-shoot of Private Tutor (because what have we done if not Deflower Draco here?), and two short collaborations with other amazing authors - Winterwells and AutumnWeen!
4. And after that, I've got another 3 fics written for the Sub!Draco fest, which reveals on June 5th - our favorite bad boy's birthday! One is 12 chapters and completely pre-written 🙄, one is a one-shot, and the other is currently sitting at 5 chapters (almost fully pre-written).

Big stuff ahead! 🎉🎉

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Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Listen to the [podfic of chapter 16](#) by FanFixation!

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

“I swear to Slytherin’s pit of living snake food, if you don’t ask her out, I’ll hex you,” Daphne swears at him under her breath, jabbing him with a bony elbow in the ribs. Draco crunches to one side unsuccessfully.

“Someone is going to ask her out. Just you wait and see. And it had better be you, you total incompetent.”

That was rude, but it didn’t make her incorrect. Draco steals another furtive glance at the Gryffindor table, where Granger is surrounded by laughing lions. Everybody looks so jolly. He has no idea what the big joke is, but they’re all in on it, and her face is split wide open with laughter. Her cheekbones are perfect and at least the ruckus is drawing the attention of half the Great Hall. Draco isn’t alone in looking.

Daphne sighs irritably. “People know she’s not seeing Wayne. And now that you sit with me all the time, they know she’s not seeing you.”

Somehow, this had just happened. Draco can’t quite figure it out and stopped trying a few days ago. Granger doesn’t sit with Draco outside of lessons and other regularly-arranged things orchestrated by their professors in the name of ‘inter-house unity.’ Now Draco spends most of his spare time with Daphne, which isn’t unpleasant. Not at all. Daphne is just as she always appeared to be: above all the petty Slytherin-ness of many of their dormmates, and a generally kind person to those she favours. And she favours Draco, for some bizarre reason.

It’s friendship, as she bluntly told him the other night in the library. But even that is something Draco never thought he’d have. And having Daphne’s open friendship has provided for a new social resurgence in the dungeons.

But all of this tracks back to Granger extending a hand to him in the first place, months ago.

And now he hardly has a private word with her, ever. He misses her like crazy, but somehow he just can’t work up the courage to go and... what? What does he plan to do, exactly?

Hence, the crux of the issue.

Draco has accepted that Daphne was right, if only because the idea of Granger with another bloke makes him insane. He’s declined to share any of their more intimate hours with Daphne, for obvious reasons, but those do play a part, too. It’s always Granger in his reimaginings. Always.

So; he fancies his best friend. But is she still? It doesn’t feel like it, and the idea of losing her friendship is paralysing. So if he propositions her for real and she rejects him... then what?

“If I stepped aside only to have to ruin your shot with the girl you actually want, I’m going to be mad. Really, really mad. *Draco!* Pay attention.”

He is. Isn’t he? Granger looks gorgeous, happy like she is. He’s paying rapt attention.

Another elbow jabs his ribs, harder this time, and he flinches. “*Ow*, Daph. What is it?”

“You’re going to lose your chance, you idiot. And if you think I’ll go back to snogging you when it happens, you’re wrong. I’m no one’s consolation snog. So if you want to snog a witch, *that* witch, that one right over there -” she pokes her fork in the air with the threat of violence, “- get on with it. Put us all out of our collective misery, won’t you?”

She tucks closely into his side when she talks like this, keeping anybody from overhearing. Draco appreciates her discretion, if not her incessant pushes and shoves in the direction she wants him to travel.

“*Today*, Draco.”

A persistent sort of witch, is Daphne.

* * *

As Dean shows off the newest batch of gadgets from Weasley’s Wizard Wheezes, flaunting it openly in front of Ron that he got the new product line before Ron did (erupting the table into laughs at Ron’s annoyed expense), Hermione tries not to look at Daphne and Malfoy canoodling on their bench at the Slytherin table.

They’re just so adorable, so cutesy sweet that it makes her teeth hurt. It’s like biting directly into a jumbo sugar quill that’s meant for copious tongue action instead.

Daphne’s saying something emphatically, gesturing with the cutlery, and Malfoy’s aiming for... conciliatory? It’s difficult to say when Hermione can’t gawp a better eye full. He seems to be trying to soothe her, at any rate, whatever it’s about. But it’s not a quarrel. It doesn’t look like they’re bickering.

She’s intensely curious, but it’s none of her business. What’s important is that Malfoy and Daphne are together. And Daphne’s not a horrible choice for him, not really. Hermione never really thought she was, but she tries her hardest not to let vindictive thoughts of spite creep in during her weaker moments.

Daphne’s elevated Malfoy back to what appears (to Hermione’s unschooled opinion) regular social status within their house. This isn’t surprising, as Hermione knew Malfoy’s assessment of himself was worse than anyone else’s. But it’s heartening that Daphne is actively trying to help him recover.

Hermione wants him to be happy. He deserves real friends around him, and while she doesn’t think much of the rest of Slytherin house for essentially ditching him since the war, at least Daphne doesn’t fit that mould. And the others are listening, undoubtedly making his last few months here at Hogwarts much more enjoyable than how they’d begun in September.

So Daphne is a good choice for him overall. She’s not just gorgeous and smart, but she’s kind and considerate, and generous, and Hermione snaps a crusty piece of bread in half so hard that crumbs

scatter her lap.

A piece flies down her top and directly down her cleavage, something she couldn't have done on purpose in ten years' time, and causing a critical itchy situation she'll have to address in the girls' loo sooner than later. If she were alone in her dorm, she'd pull her bra away from her ribs and hop up and down a few times to evacuate the premises. Alas, she's not in her dorm. And there wouldn't be crusty, crumbly bread up there ready to accost her cleavage anyway.

What does Hermione have to offer Malfoy? A good snog? Tits covered in food crumbs?

In her lowest private moments, usually soaking in the tub with the room so steamy that tears could be mistaken for perspiration (an important consideration when one has roommates coming and going at will), she rakes herself over the coals. It's unfair but she can't seem to stop.

Her impulse to 'leave him with a lasting impression' of her giving great head was ridiculous. It sounds pathetic in her mind, now. Desperate, even. Why had she cared? Some misplaced sense of pride in an utterly useless act? At the time, she'd felt empowered - because she didn't care what he thought of her.

But that's a lie. A lie that leads directly back to her self-castigation. If she hadn't cared what he thought, she wouldn't have cared what he thought of the oral sex. Or of how she did it (on her knees before him, demurely blinking up through girly eyelashes like a completely wanton slag). She'd put far more into it than basic function and she can't put it down to her impulse to excel. Not entirely. Not this time.

And the... the... squirting. She still has to cover her flaming face whenever she thinks of it, scorching the nearby atmosphere with humiliation. No matter what Malfoy had said in the immediate wake of it, she can't relive the experience in the clear light of reality and not find it mortifying. What would someone else think if she did that? Which circles her back around to caring what *he* thinks about it.

Indeed, his opinion has somehow wound up mattering quite a lot to Hermione. It's silly to try and stack herself up against a crush he'd nurtured for years. She can't expect him to suddenly not fancy Daphne, just because Hermione enjoyed practically choking herself on his cock. There has to be a lot more than sex between two people in a relationship, and he and Daphne look thick as thieves anytime she sees them around the castle.

So: good, then. She helped him succeed.

Hooray.

* * *

Professor Vector drones on, nearly rivalling Professor Binns for lacklustre intonation. Usually she's riveted by new Arithmancy theories but she's distracted. Malfoy's next to her, as he usually is in this class but he seems tense today.

"Are you okay?" she whispers after his fourth fidgety repositioning and he jumps a little.

"Yeah. Yes. I'm okay. Why wouldn't I be okay? I'm fine."

Her eyes narrow on him for a fleeting second of inspection before Professor Vector clears her throat loudly and on purpose. Malfoy stares at his parchment, ears tinged pink.

Hermione doesn't know what to think. Was that a toe dipped in the nervous-talking waters of old? What the hell is going on with him? But now Professor Vector is paying more attention, and she can't risk diving into the puzzle herself. It'll have to wait.

Daphne doesn't share this class with them and Hermione has no way to check if Daphne is similarly unsettled. Maybe they did have a row earlier and Hermione had read it all wrong from across the hall. The professor sets them to solving three complex equations using the newly proposed theory, working independently until she collects their attempts to compare and contrast who understands the process. Hermione struggles valiantly with her attention span. Ordinarily, numbers are numbers no matter what obstacles her brain tries to throw in the way. Not today, but she persists.

She does moderately better in Potions. Apparently, something tactile is what she needs to keep herself busy. Harry and Ron are both working to her right with Harry in the middle, and she welcomes this, too. They keep up a steady stream of semi-confused chatter and theorising between them, occasionally asking Hermione her opinion. It's nice.

She does miss working with a partner who is on her level academically. And while she knew they'd grown closer since being assigned together back in September, Hermione misses his special kind of chatter, too. The nervous talking had been cute, but it had fallen aside for actual friendship - she'd thought. They'd spent so much time together that sometimes looking to the side and not finding him right next to her feels like a missing limb.

Fiddly brews with complicated procedures (and reliably befuddled friends in need) will occupy both her hands and her mind. This will be a multi-day potion and getting today's foundation right will be paramount to its evolution, and this is useful complexity.

Midway through class, something slim and pointy pokes her in the back of the arm.

Turning around, she sees Daphne holding out a tightly-folded slip of paper from the table to her rear left. Daphne's eyebrows lift quickly in a single prompt and Hermione takes the small folded note.

After checking for relative privacy, she opens it to find Malfoy's angular writing.

'Come and Go Room, 8?'

Hermione huffs out a single surprised gasp in reverse. Is he serious? What is he playing at? She can't help glancing back to Daphne in disbelief, and the other girl only gives her a shy half-smile before looking back at her own simmering workstation.

Malfoy's using Daphne to pass her notes about meeting up in their old designated *sex room*? Has he completely lost the plot?

She can't see his expression. She refuses to turn around and glare, and she's not about to respond via note. Quickly, she stuffs it under her textbook before Harry can decide he's curious.

What is Malfoy thinking? Why on earth would he do this to Daphne? Hermione can't figure out why he'd ever do this - she didn't have him pegged for a complete arsehole, no matter how prattish

he'd been in their earlier years here. And no matter how many spiteful surges of emotion Hermione's had towards the poor girl lately, Daphne is lovely and now Hermione's hackles are solidly up in her defence.

Daphne doesn't deserve this. So what if she's probably wanting to take things slow, do a proper courtship with respect and boundaries and all that rot? That's her prerogative if she wants it. What right has Malfoy to skip the line and get his jollies off with Hermione instead in his spare time?

What the actual fuck?

* * *

Granger seems cross with her cauldron. It seems worse every minute that passes and Draco wonders what's gone so wrong with her brew. It's nothing that can't be fixed, he's certain, but her hair is practically crackling with frustration as the lesson draws to an excruciatingly slow close.

Daphne gives him a quizzical look but he's just as baffled. Granger hasn't responded to his note, either. Maybe her potion progress is worse than he guessed and she's completely bogged down with righting a listing ship.

At least he can finally relax, knowing no more of Daphne's sharp elbows are going to come bruising his ribs. She's an expert at it and Draco can't help imagining the Greengrass sisters using elbow warfare as surreptitious, nonverbal bickering at the dinner table when their mother wasn't looking.

Ordinarily, Granger's lack of response wouldn't rattle him much. He knows how absorbed she gets in lessons and this one was a particularly cumbersome one - not to mention Potter and Weasley incessantly asking her for her opinion on their work. He probably should have waited until Transfiguration after lunch, but Daphne isn't in that one with him and he wanted her to see proof that he'd actually gone and done it.

Now, though, it feels like his innards are doing an odd sort of flip-flop. It's been gradual, as if they're painstakingly rearranging themselves upside down - his liver wriggling its way north while his duodenum ventures south.

Somehow it doesn't feel like she's just distracted. Somehow, it feels like her vexation is with him and this provokes a strange reaction. It's different than when they'd rowed before the Hogsmeade trip. He'd known perfectly well that she was irritated with him, and largely knew why - even if he disagreed with the sentiments she'd expressed at the time.

This time is a mystery and he doesn't like it. Assuming it's not about her cauldron's behaviour, that is, and he's having a harder time convincing himself that's it. So something else is wrong and Draco wants quite badly to fix whatever it might be. He doesn't like it when she's upset, not at all, and his spleen starts making nervous attempts to join his liver on the wrong side of his intestines.

He feels guilty for not having noticed earlier in Arithmancy. Some friend he is. He's been so wrapped up in his own inner wrangling that something's really bothering her and he's only just now picking up on it.

And what if she is cross with him? Now his anxiety begins to ratchet up in force. The idea of her being angry with him is unsettling. He doesn't know how to fix something he doesn't know he did.

Sometimes Draco thinks his uncertainties still route back to his inexperience with witches, but he thinks everyone would feel this way. Unless he's particularly oblivious, which - well, maybe he is.

Slughorn dismisses them with a loud clap, catching him off-guard (okay, fine, Daphne's right and he *does* need to pay more attention to his immediate surroundings). Draco's just opening his mouth to ask Granger what's wrong, but she's already got her things stuffed deep inside her bag. Swinging it over her shoulder, it catches Draco across one outstretched forearm, sending spikes of nerve endings rattling up to his elbow.

"Wait, Gra -"

But she's gone, lighting out of the classroom as if her skirt was on fire. Weasley and Potter gape after her, too, so Draco knows it's not just his anxiety telling him she's behaving strangely. He exchanges a flabbergasted look with Daphne, who quickly gathers her own things.

"Let's go, then. Hurry, you can still catch her."

But does she want to be caught? What the hell is going on?

Out in the hallway among the mess of students milling about in temporary reprieve, Daphne stands on tiptoes and points, "There! She just ducked into the loo. Hang on. I'll see if I can find out what's wrong."

Suits him. He's too confused to offer much.

Witches. What does he know, anyway?

* * *

"Hermione?"

The delicate light scent of sugary vanilla perfume reaches her alongside the sound of her own name. It's Daphne. Of course it is. Hermione swears under her breath and splashes a little more water on her face before standing upright. She's stewing in rage, furiously ramped up after having nearly an hour to boil over in class.

"Hermione, is something the matter?"

She closes her eyes and inhales deeply, forgetting that Daphne can see her face perfectly in the mirror. Why does she always feel like a cobbled-together mess of a human being in front of this girl?

She certainly can't tell Daphne why she's mad. Not until she has it out with Malfoy first, getting him to wrench his bloody priorities back in line. If she tells Daphne about that note, he'll lose any chance he has with her.

Idiot. Idiot tosser. Stupid fucking wanker, really, listening to his prick instead of his brain. Hermione did him a disservice after all, waking that thing up to the possibilities stretching all the way to the metaphorical horizon - which only makes her feel worse about the whole affair.

"No, nothing's the matter. Just having some cramps today, that's all. You know how it goes."

Hermione feels two ways about this excuse. It's the most relatable thing to another witch she can think of, and yet using it as an excuse for something always feels cheap somehow. Maybe because someone, somewhere has it far worse than she does (even hypothetically speaking) and manages to power through. What right has she to whinge about it?

Daphne's expression smooths out, her concern honing in as she rummages in her bag. "Do you need something for it? I have some mild pain relievers here. Tori gets hit pretty hard sometimes."

At this, Hermione sighs. This is why. It's undue concern that she hasn't really earned. And is she supposed to decline after it seemed bad enough for Daphne to come looking for her? She stretches out one hand with a wan smile. Why is Daphne so bloody nice? "Sure."

Daphne even waits for her to swallow the little potion down and wash it through with a cupped handful of water from the sink. She loops elbows with Hermione on the way back out of the loo, tucking into Hermione's ear the way she always does to Malfoy these days.

"He misses you, you know. You used to spend so much time together."

Bloody hell, what now? Hermione curses again internally. What Malfoy 'misses' isn't Hermione's study skills or excellent heckling abilities. What Malfoy 'misses' is naked fun time in the Come and Go Room.

All Hermione can manage in response is another weak half-smile and Daphne squeezes her arm once, quick, in commiseration of monthly misery. She releases her in the hallway and tinkles her fingers at Malfoy with a coy little grin on her way back towards the dungeons.

Apparently Malfoy isn't accompanying her. Apparently he's waiting for Hermione, leaning against the wall with one foot propped against it, as casual as can be. His hair is a bit tousled, as if he's been running his hands through it, and his nonchalant stance doesn't quite reach his face.

They reach a mutually silent stalemate until the hallway empties out. Hermione's glad to see neither Harry nor Ron also chose to stick around, and figures they might question her back in the common room. She'll deal with that later. The story about cramps will work just fine for them, too, and it's always amusing to see how red Ron turns when period-adjacent talk comes up. But she's not amused now.

Hermione turns the note - folded again, now, not flashing its offensive message at her again - over and over in her hands.

Malfoy nervously clears his throat. "Is, ah... everything ok?"

The concern on his face appears genuine, but is he concerned for her or concerned for himself? She can't tell and her eyes narrow on him with shrewd suspicion.

His Adam's apple bobs precipitously while he shifts his weight back to both feet. Hermione holds up the note in the air between them, not bothering to unfold it. She doesn't want to see it again, anyway.

"What are you playing at?"

He goes perfectly still, eyes frozen to it. They dart to her face once, and away again, back to the offending piece of paper.

“... so you don’t want to meet up later.” He says this as if he’s creeping his way around a pitch black room with nothing but a stick to check for potholes. It’s an assessing tone, a cautiously evaluating tone, and Hermione doesn’t care for it. Not even a little.

“*No!* Why the hell would I?”

Hurt flashes through Malfoy’s eyes and she refuses to let it affect her. He sets his jaw and glares at the stone wall behind her shoulder.

“Well, okay, but you don’t have to be nasty about it. I just thought -”

“You thought *what*, exactly? I can’t believe you. I can’t believe you’d even ask. Do you know me at all? Did any of our earlier conversations stick with you or was I just talking to the wind?”

Enough of this. She’s not going to stand here and argue with him about it in the middle of the castle. She hoists her bag up.

“Wait. Wait, please. If something’s wrong -”

But she’s turned to leave, now, fresh momentum carrying her feet away. Malfoy grasps her forearm to stop her and she shocks them both by wheeling around with her other palm outstretched.

With a loud **SMACK**, her hand careens off his cheek, which blossoms bright red. His own palm rises to cover it, in a slow and dazed manner that matches the injured look in his eyes.

“I...” she starts, unsure why she feels bad about this. She slapped him quite like this in their third year, but this has a very different tenor to it.

“Please meet me later,” he begs, reaching for her hand again. Why in fresh hell he’d double down on this request blows her mind and she yanks away.

“What the hell is wrong with you?”

“Just to talk! Please! Something’s wrong. Whatever it is, please tell me. If not now, tonight?”

Hermione hesitates and hates herself for it. Does she have any pride at all? Nothing he could say later would make her agree to hook up with him behind Daphne’s back.

“Why are you doing this?” she whispers at last, truly at a loss. Her eyes suddenly feel glossy and, horrified, she makes to leave again.

Malfoy lets her this time, to her immense relief, but not without a final word.

“Because I miss you. I really miss you. And I care about you - so much, and -”

She doesn’t hear the rest, hurrying to turn the corner before dissolving in tears.

* * *

Hermione waits in the Muggle Studies classroom (refusing to consider it ‘hiding’ there) until she’s sure he’s gone back to the dungeons. He didn’t try to follow her, at any rate. And did she want him to? A sliver of her did, even though if she’d wanted to continue the row all she had to do was stick around in the hallway for more humiliation.

He *cares about her*. What rot. She wishes he did, though. She can admit it to herself now, back in the solitude of Gryffindor Tower - where she plans to stay this afternoon. No more class for her today. This is cowardly, she knows, but she can't resist.

Half of her does want to meet him at eight, if only to finally shout and holler at him why she's so offended. Clearly, he isn't about to figure it out for himself, and they have to share classes together for the rest of the school year. At least the Come and Go Room would offer some privacy with which to do this.

After all, she can't just ditch every lesson they share, and she definitely can't sit next to him and pretend nothing's the matter. And if Daphne makes one more kind overture in the interim, Hermione's going to scream.

She's angry about his cavalier treatment of Daphne's feelings, but it's more than that. She'd say she was angry about his cavalier treatment of *her* feelings, although that would admit having them in the first place. But even if she keeps that little titbit close to the chest, he's treating Hermione like a slag. That's what it really comes down to, in the end. She's the side bit of fun.

In all her extensive experience with wizards - experience she sought out for herself - she never once let herself feel like a slag for doing it. But this? This is different. Daphne's keeping him to a more appropriate lane of sexual activity, and Malfoy views Hermione as the one to have some dirty fun with in the meantime.

It cuts her more deeply than she can say.

Not so very long ago, he'd called her his best friend. He's definitely not making her feel like it now. Why would he treat her this way? He can't possibly be this oblivious - can he?

She wants to go and have it out with him. She needs to. But she also needs to be in control of what she's going to say and how she's planning to say it. This requires an even temper with deliberate delivery.

Can she do it? She just doesn't know. Maybe she'd be better off trying a different night after she's had more time to compose herself, but that would necessitate her asking *him* to the blasted room and that would send the wrong message.

Finally, after skiving off her afternoon class *and* dinner, Hermione decides to do it. She can't sit on this tension indefinitely. It'll eat her alive. Even if her body betrays her and cries while she hollers at him, at least she'll get it off her chest.

One perk: if she does cry and shout at the same time, it might thoroughly discombobulate him. It's the only silver lining to being an angry crier. Tears alone paralyse most lads. Add the extra layer on it, and it might just be divine retribution for Captain Arsehole Malfoy.

Thus bolstered, Hermione re-wrangles her hair into a reasonable order and primly straightens her uniform. There's no way to really look like she hasn't spent a good bit of the day in tears, but maybe it's something only another girl would notice: the trademark reddish eyes and puffy skin of a solid crying jag. Luckily, the common room is nearly empty of older students, and Hermione isn't stopped by anyone at all.

Halfway out the portrait hole, she stops dead. Her foot gets hung on the frame of the portrait and she has to hop twice to keep her balance. She faces the corridor again and flames red in the face.

Standing right in front of her is the one girl she's dead certain has never had to do such a thing to prevent falling right on her arse.

Chapter End Notes

My podcast episode on [The Dramione Effect](#) went live on Wednesday! We talked about What it Means to Live and Five Months Until Summer, and Private Tutor got some air time, too!

Also, I've been experimenting with social posts and different formats, and have taken to posting a snippet or two for sneak peeks of upcoming work - including the next chapter of Private Tutor. Come flail along.

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Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Listen to the [podfic of chapter 17](#) by FanFixation!

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

Shit bugger bugger shit. Of everyone in the castle, Daphne can definitely scour past Hermione's poor attempts to hide her puffy, bloodshot eyes. Hermione does her best anyway, going on the offence in a way Daphne can hopefully respect.

"Hi!" she chirrups brightly, choosing to look away long enough to detach her foot from its tangle on the rim of the portrait hole. In a wave of false bravado, she sniffs as if she'd meant to get hung up there, smooths her skirt with her palms, and sets out down the hallway.

"Ah, hello," Daphne hurries along, taking longer strides to catch up with Hermione. "Can we chat?"

"Sure," Hermione exhales, hoping whatever it is can get sorted before she hits the seventh floor corridor. It's only ten minutes til eight. She's split neatly between slowing down and stalling, and staying in motion to keep Daphne from getting too good a look at her.

Her feet make the decision, speeding up when it becomes plain that Daphne means to jump in front of her forward progress and make her halt in the middle of the hall. Daphne takes this unspoken clue and simply walks faster, resigning herself to the journey. Her heels click rapidly on the stone against the sound of Hermione's muffled trainer soles.

"I think there's been a - a *misunderstanding*... about Draco."

"Oh? How's that?"

"I think..." Daphne trails off, sounding winded, but with a single glance to the side Hermione can see that she's just uncomfortable. Extremely uncomfortable. More awkward-looking than Hermione's ever seen her, but in the next inhale, she rallies.

"After class today, he said you still had words in the hall. And he's upset that you're upset. He doesn't understand why. And it's not my business -"

It is both absolutely not Daphne's business, and completely and totally her business all at the same time, and Hermione has no idea which route to follow.

"Let me settle for asking why you care," Hermione finally says, drawing to a stop and folding her arms over her chest. She's determined to stay level-headed about this and not reveal more than she must.

Daphne lifts her chin, clearly fielding a similar urge, and blots her red lips together before speaking. Her blue eyes battle to hold Hermione's, and suddenly Hermione feels less shy about the

reddened state of her own. Daphne does not look nearly as composed as is typical. “Well, I care about him. A lot.”

And there it is, the knife in Hermione’s heart. Daphne fancies him and he’s trying to hook up with Hermione behind her back.

“He cares about you a lot, too.” She bites the inside of her cheek hard enough to draw a salty tinge of blood, but it works to keep her eyes from welling up. She can’t decide if she should feel horribly guilty for lying to the girl about Malfoy’s affections. They aren’t her affections to state, after all, even if he does feel them - despite his recent actions.

Daphne’s lips press tightly together again, as if she’s also holding in emotion and it gives Hermione serious pause.

“Not like you,” she says at length, and Hermione’s bowled over by the effort it takes Daphne to voice the words. She’s suddenly struck by a contrary urge (to her own self-interest, anyway) to say something to comfort Daphne. Anything, even if it makes the inevitable fallout worse.

“Daphne... he’s fancied you for ages. Him being my study partner all year doesn’t mean anything. He probably just misses my help with schoolwork.”

To her mild amusement, Daphne levels her with a droll look. It does give Hermione a skinny prick of guilt, taking a shot at Malfoy’s intelligence - even if it was in jest.

“Will you just talk to him, Hermione? Please?”

The girl doesn’t know what she’s asking of Hermione. If Hermione were a worse person, she’d take full selfish advantage of the situation and snog Malfoy silly no matter who he takes to Hogsmeade on available weekend leisure time. But her dignity won’t dwindle quite far enough to permit this.

However, agreeing will get rid of Daphne - and just now, that’s all Hermione wants. She definitely can’t stroll right up to the Come and Go Room with Daphne in tow. The only way it’ll let her inside is if she knows what it becomes for Malfoy - which means it’ll be their predictable former spot of Sofas and Copious Other Fancy Furniture. She’d rather Daphne not get a personal view, even if it is mostly purple chaise lounges. She just doesn’t feel like explaining it.

What if he’s brought Daphne there already? This stops Hermione cold, and it’s enough to get her to nod her head and agree without further debate. Because if Daphne *has* been there and catches wind of where Hermione’s headed, she won’t be able to disguise the implication that Malfoy’s just trading out one witch for another.

“Sure. Yes, fine. I’ll give him a chance to explain.”

For a split second, Daphne looks as though she’s going to ask Hermione to confide in her - at least, disclose enough that Daphne might be able to help in some way, whatever the trouble might be. But she doesn’t, and Hermione’s eternally grateful. She can’t stomach another simple kindness.

“Okay. That’s good, that’s...” Daphne trails off, wrinkling her petite nose at a portrait of two ladies who are openly eavesdropping. “Well, he’s waiting for you.”

She gives Hermione’s shoulder a little nudge, and before Hermione can wonder whether Daphne does know where she’s going, she strides off down the hall. Hermione watches her go for a few

seconds, a mix of bewildered and impressed at the residual poise drifting along the corridor behind Daphne. Maybe she could absorb some for herself.

Not likely. Her toe catches the corner of the next stone in the floor and she flushes a brilliant pink, glad that no one else is around.

* * *

“...Granger?”

It's clear he's been pacing. His blonde hair is as dishevelled as she's ever seen it, and she's including after their various excursions on, around, or across the furniture scattered through this room. His grey eyes are so hopeful they derail her planned tirade right on the tip of her tongue.

“Did Daphne find you?”

That sharpens it again. She surveys him coolly, not moving any further inside the room than it takes for the door to shut behind her.

“She did. She was waiting outside Gryffindor Tower. She's very concerned.”

“I know, she -”

Hermione's eyes bulge out. “So you know she's concerned about this, and that doesn't concern *you*? What are you trying to do, ruin everything?”

His face scrunches in distress as he starts to protest. “No, no, I don't - that's why I haven't said anything until now. I didn't want to risk ruining anything. But -”

“But what, Malfoy?!” She can hear the shrillness in her voice and hates it. She can't stop it pouring forth, no matter how hard she strains against it. “You just couldn't help yourself?”

“Daphne said -”

“Don't blame this on Daphne! You're unbelievable! How can you make this her fault?”

“It's not - it isn't - it's not her fault. It's no one's *fault*. I just didn't want to lose my chance.”

His... *chance*? His chance for what? Hermione can't come up with a good response for this in time, and Malfoy's mouth takes over.

“I just like you, like a lot, and I know maybe you don't like me like that, but I thought if you didn't like Hopkins that somebody else must like you, because of course they would. Of course someone does. Loads of blokes do, I bet. I mean, I don't *know*, but I have to figure. And Daphne kept saying if I didn't hurry it up, I was going to lose the opportunity to tell you -”

“To tell me *what*, exactly?”

Now it's his mouth gaping open and shut like a dying cod, complete with the shiny silver trimmings. Hermione advances on him slowly, relishing the way his eyes widen in apprehension, how his feet back him away, one step at a time. He's set on maintaining the exact distance between them - a wise manoeuvre, if she were to offer an opinion on it. She otherwise might, but she doesn't feel like paying him any compliments.

“To tell me that you’re bored of waiting for the perfect and proper eldest Greengrass to let you cop a feel, so you felt driven, *positively compelled*, to invite me here instead?”

He shakes his head in a desperate ‘no,’ but she keeps her slow, steady, step-by-step momentum into his personal space. Malfoy keeps backing away from her, as if he’s afraid her outstretched pointer finger could puncture his breastbone. His knees hit an ostentatiously overstuffed chair and he sits down hard, the deep stuffing giving up a soft *whump* under his weight.

“No, Daphne isn’t like that, she -”

“What, then?” Hermione challenges. “Maybe she won’t let you shag her until you’re - what’s the term? - contractually *betrothed*? Have you gotten bored already, Malfoy? Doesn’t speak very well about spending a happy thirty years with her, does it?”

“It’s not that, I swear. It’s not like that. It’s - she’s -”

“She’s delightful, is what she is!” Hermione wants to hex him and busies herself with rearranging her hair in a complicated knot instead. It makes her appear deliberately presentable, when she’s anything but. “She’s perfect and thoughtful! She’s actually bloody *nice*, which is something I never thought I’d say about a Slytherin -”

Malfoy looks offended now, metaphorical hackles rising a smidge for the first time. “What about me?”

Hermione barks out an incredulous scoff. “You expect me to call you ‘nice’? What about this situation would you describe as you being ‘nice’? Please, enlighten me.”

“How about that I asked you here? That I want to see you? That I miss you!”

She wants to hex him so badly now, she takes preventative action by sticking her wand through the top knot of her hair. Let it be decorative, because otherwise, it’s going to be devastatingly efficient in ways Malfoy won’t enjoy.

Her hand trembles when she does it though, and she curses her shit luck when his eyes hone in on her shaky fingers. She lifts her chin defiantly, hoping it comes across as barely-restrained tension, and not the kind of emotion that might have her crying and screaming in obnoxious symmetry.

“I’m sorry that you miss me,” she tries, as evenly as she can manage. It might land. She just can’t tell. The fact that she can’t just flames her irritation, and she begins to lose control of her composure.

“I’m sorry that you miss snogging me! So your preferred snog is just busy sometimes, you’re reverting to your second-place snog? I’m what’s available, and you know, I’m not half bad at it, so why not? You miss me *so badly*, no other snog will do?”

Hermione takes another step forward, not even absorbing that she’s almost between his knees. Malfoy doesn’t notice either, his eyes locked on her furious face.

“Well, *fuck you!* I’m no one’s second choice! Weeks ago, you called me your best friend because I’m your only friend! All that says is that as soon as someone better comes along, I don’t matter anymore. And that’s exactly what’s happening here! Daphne won’t snog you like I do - or how I *did*. She won’t let you feel up her tits, or grind all over your lap, or - or -”

She can't hold it in any longer. She bursts into angry tears, compounding both her humiliation and her fury like lighter fluid on a campfire.

* * *

Horried, Draco can only watch as tears start streaking down her face. She's bright red, her cheeks and hair both inflated until she looks like she might actually take flight, pouring righteous anger down upon him like blood rain.

He just can't figure out why she's so upset, but maybe this last outburst held the clue. She thinks he's choosing her second. She's insulted by it. Okay, okay, he can accept that. That rationale makes a certain sense. How to make her believe he doesn't think that - especially when he kind of did, having tried Daphne first regardless of what he tries to argue?

The half-chub erection he's sporting isn't useful. The way Granger kept walking towards him, even after he found his arse down in a chair, had been undeniably arousing. Now she's practically between his knees, and the only thing giving his groin pause is her tears. The shouting... well, the shouting is taking things in the 'erect' direction, with or without his approval. Or maybe it's just her undeniable passion. That would get any bloke going. Wouldn't it?

But he doesn't want it to get just any bloke going, which circles around nicely to what she shrieks at him next.

"What if I was seeing Wayne?!"

The blood pooling in the lower half of his body returns to his face in full force.

"What if I preferred snogging Wayne to you, you arsehole? And what if Wayne didn't want me, so I came slinking back to ask you instead? How would it feel? How would it feel, knowing I preferred *Wayne*?"

It would feel fucking infuriating, and Draco can't even appreciate the example she's trying to set. His temper flares and he stands up, tall above her. Her chin lifts to hold his gaze and even though tears, she doesn't flinch a bit.

"If you preferred Hopkins..." he breathes, his eyes cold and sharp. Granger doesn't let him finish his thought.

"You'd hate it! You'd absolutely hate it! And here you are, expecting me to just take your scraps like a grateful little - like some pathetic - a... a -"

Her breath starts to hitch again and Draco doesn't even notice. The idea of Hopkins being the one here with her is taking over every synapse. Maybe they're revising together. Maybe they're just chatting, perfectly innocent, but it's a conversation meant between friends rather than mere acquaintances. Maybe it's Hopkins getting to snog Granger, or maybe it's something almost like this, as if Hopkins would be able to comfort her when she's upset - but not quite, because Hopkins wouldn't have gotten her this upset, would he?

The thought of Hopkins besting him at every possible opportunity makes his blood simmer in his veins. Hopkins would be the one scooting in just in time to rescue Granger from the mean Slytherin arsehole who's making her cry - even if said arsehole still isn't completely certain what he did in

the first place. Hopkins would know. It'd be something Hopkins would never do, ever, gods no. Only an idiot would do *that* to a witch, and -

While his useless thoughts run rampant, Granger is rallying. With impressive speed, she's fetched her gumption *and* her temper, and bound them both together in a tight little ball to fling as hard as she can manage right at Draco's head.

"You just want to have your pudding and eat it, too, with your perfect little highborn society wife and your dirty slag on the side! Why did you ever think I'd go for this? That you did is maybe the worst part of the whole thing! I thought you - I thought you cared about me, or at least thought enough of me to respect me a little, but you're not even trying! You actually used her to slip me a note in class! How do you think that makes me feel?"

Draco feels like Ron Weasley gaping at a Quidditch goal hoop as a quaffle flies right through it, zipping just past his freckled nose. He reaches for one of her wrists and she yanks it away, causing a jolt of electricity up his forearm at the brief contact.

"Granger, please give me a second," he begs. "Daphne wanted to help. It was her idea."

Her brown eyes come astonishingly close to popping right out of her head, and Draco thinks he's still missing something. But it does stop her tirade, and even if he has only seconds, he plans to use them well.

"Daphne's a lot smarter than I am." Draco rubs the back of his neck with one hand, taking slim encouragement from the way one of Granger's eyebrows rises and falls in the most blatantly sarcastic nonverbal display he's ever seen. His mum would be impressed. "She told me a few things I hadn't exactly picked up on."

Keeping herself firmly out of Draco's reach by stepping backwards (much to the chagrin of his general groin area), Granger crosses her arms tightly. Her fists are balled on either side of her in a self-protective gesture that makes his heart hurt, but he knows better than to try to touch her again.

What if he never gets to touch her again? What if this is really the end? What if this is the rejection of all rejections?

He can't think like that. He has to keep trying.

"Like what, exactly?" she challenges, and at least she's stopped crying. Draco's glad there aren't new tracks streaking down her cheeks, but he wishes he could wipe away the ones that are still there.

"Like how all your supposed need for 'practise' was complete bullshit in the end, anyway? Like how girls like her don't do that kind of thing, so you needn't have bothered? Like how -" she breaks off with an incredulous scoff of disbelief, as if she's just thought of something new.

"Maybe you'd have been better off all along matching her experience level. Maybe she felt intimidated. And now she's not comfortable doing too much too fast, so she sent you back to me?"

The absurdity of this seems plain to Granger, too, except she takes it in a different direction than Draco. To Granger, it's so absurd, it's offensive all over again.

“No!” he practically shouts, stepping back into her space and desperately hoping he’s not doing the wrong thing. He’s losing his temper, though, and he can’t predict what he’s going to say or do next.

Just like before, she shows no apprehension. She might prefer him further back, but she won’t show any sign that *he’s* the one making her move away. She holds her ground.

This dwarfs the mini-row they’d had before Hogsmeade. She’d stormed away from him after that one and Draco’s determined not to let that happen again. If it does, he’s finished and he knows it.

He draws up tall, using his height in a way he rarely does. Leaning down, he ignores the draw to kiss her with the automatic way her chin lifts in return. It’s defiance, nothing more, and he stays bent slightly over her.

“Stop, Granger. Just stop. It’s my turn to talk.”

His cold directness has an unexpected effect. Perhaps he should have guessed this could happen, but he’d never have been thinking clearly enough to do it on purpose. Either way, her breath catches and her eyes turn darker.

If he didn’t know her as well as he does, he’d think she was reaching a new level of indignant anger.

Instead, her neck is flushed, the colour spreading steadily from her cheeks down to her chest. Draco steps a little closer and slides his hand behind her neck to slowly, so slowly, tangle his fingers up in her hair. He pulls her wand free with his other hand, letting the knot unravel down her back.

“I’m going to talk now.”

Her hair feels so good in his hand. He wouldn’t be able to stop himself twirling it up if he tried, but even Draco knows that pulling it taut right now would be in poor taste.

He’s not trying to force her to see things his way. He’s not trying to intimidate her into listening. But all the same, she’s responding to his assertiveness the way she always has, lips slightly parted and no golden brown hazel anywhere in her eyes.

“Daphne told me I was going to miss my chance. So tell me: have I?”

Her tongue darts out to her lower lip and vanishes just as fast. “Your chance for what, exactly?”

The calculating caution in her tone tells Draco she’s nowhere near cowed into giving him the floor. She’s biding her time to plan a more strategic response, which means his answers here matter. They’re no longer shouting into respective voids.

“My chance to be with you.”

“Daphne told you that?”

Draco nods slowly, deliberately, holding her heated stare. “So tell me, Granger: did someone else get there first?”

She smirks and tilts her own head, testing his grip. “You weren’t even close to first, Malfoy.”

Later, Draco will realise she phrased it that way on purpose. He'd been outmanoeuvred by a Gryffindor.

But in the moment, it's all he can do to contain the surge of jealous fury. His fist tightens in her hair and she clenches her jaw in response.

"I'm no one's second choice. So fuck right off, right now, if you're serious about Daphne. Otherwise, tell me what she meant. Now."

Things are becoming clearer and hazier, all at the same time. Blood keeps vacating his brain at inopportune times, but Draco thinks he's catching on. He's slow, but he's getting there.

"I'm not seeing Daphne. Not like that. Or - I guess you could say, Daphne's not seeing me."

This was a mistake. Why can't he ever stop at the quick and simple answer? Granger's eyes flash and her head pulls taut against his clenched fingers.

"So you *are* here because she doesn't want you?"

With his hand, Draco holds her face dead centre and fails to ignore the abundance of blood flow below his waist. He tries to keep up verbally, hoping she's too distracted to notice their current intellectual imbalance.

"I'm here because she made me see how much I prefer you. You, you irritating witch. You're right _"

This was the right phrase. He can see the minute softening behind her glare, not even certain she knows it herself.

"- she's lovely. She's my friend. I want you to be a lot more."

Granger openly sorts through this, taking her sweet time. Her eyes fix on him, squinting in clear scrutiny as she waits for him to crack beneath the weight of it. But all Draco can do is stare at the corner of her lip pulled between her teeth in a sharp disparity. It pushes the centre of her lip fuller in contrast, wet and glistening. It's waiting for him, but he can't trap it between his own. Not yet.

"So I'm the second-place friend after all," she breathes without a single tremor. Her direct stare is unyielding.

"Turns out, I have more friends than I thought. You were right about that, too."

This gamble also pays off. He takes heart from it, rallying the verbal troops to his cause.

"But she's a distant second for the rest of it. You're the only one I want to snog."

Her hazel brown eyes narrow again and he thinks he screwed it up. Shit. Was that not the right thing to say? Or not the right way to say it? Fucking hell. He scrambles backwards. Maybe his usual open-mouth projectile tactics are best, increasing the opportunity that he'll say something right by sheer probability. As a bandage to the breach, his fingers twist in her hair again. He can't tell if it's his motion or hers that pulls so tightly, but her lips almost curl with it.

"What do you want, then, you presumptuous arsehole?"

“I want you. I want you to be mine. In front of everyone, in the library, in Hogsmeade, and everywhere else. I want to sit with you in the Great Hall. I want everyone to know your top marks are because of me -”

Granger barks an incredulous laugh, and the movement of her head is trapped by his grip. She licks her bottom lip again, and her tongue remains there to tease him.

“Because of *you*, are they? Says who?”

“Says me,” Draco snarls, relishing the hot fire in her eyes. She steps closer, forsaking the tension seized in her hair. Now the silkiness in his fingers is soft again, and it’s both delectable and abhorrent.

“You need *me*, Malfoy,” she whispers, stating every syllable with precision in that husky voice that sends shivers down his spine. “Everybody wants to be my partner. Remember?”

Vividly. “They don’t all want the rest of you, though.”

“Oh, I think they do. I think everybody knows exactly what I have to offer. And I think you’re the one trailing behind, figuring it out last, at the back of the pack.”

Taking his hand along with her, she’s begun walking slowly around towards the back of him. Her index finger is trailing across his chest, his bicep, and bumping right along to his back before Draco can even process what’s happening. He must turn with her, if only to allow her progress, because he won’t relinquish his hold on her hair.

They conclude their slow, joint turn, and out of frustration, Draco wraps her hair around his fist to pull it snug. Granger’s necessarily yanked closer to his torso, and their odd angle only drives more heat south. He’s less in control than ever, and his hand tilts her head back without his overt permission.

“I don’t care who knows what,” he growls. “Or who *wants* what.”

She smiles with a teasing, closed-lipped grin that even wrinkles her lightly freckled nose a bit. “Yes, you do. You always have. You want it to be yours, do you? You want *me*, Malfoy?”

He does.

“Make me believe it. *Say it.*”

Chapter End Notes

Next month will feature Deflower Draco fics, possibly one for Cry Me a River fest, and god knows what else my brain will vomit out. June will have at least three more stories (Sub!Draco fest, already written!) and planned works for HP Daddy Knows Best.

I established a series for [Fests, Challenges, and Other Fun](#), if you want to follow along. Or subscribe to me in general and get notified about everything anyway!

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Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

Listen to the [podfic of chapter 18](#) by FanFixation!

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

What else can he do? He's powerless to resist. This diminutive witch tracing circles around him - literally and figuratively - has all the answers. He's always last to sort through the mystery.

Does he mind? A little. But not if he ends up with Granger. Granger, and her pointed, accusatory index finger. Granger, and her perfectly tousled hair wrapped around his fist.

Granger, and her brilliant intuitiveness, and her bold determination, and her confidence. Her gorgeous cheeks and collarbones, and perfectly gargantuan tits, and the aggravated clenched fist that might pop Draco in the nose right now if he isn't careful.

"I want you. I fancy you. No one else. Daphne's a friend, but that's all. I miss you. I can't stand being without you every day. It's making me mental."

"Sounds like you miss snogging me."

Draco huffs in exasperation, unsure how to better express it. "I do. But I also just miss *you*."

"Did Daphne let you snog her?"

"Yes." This is out before he can determine whether it's wise to disclose. Too late; it's out. "Yes, but I didn't care. It was never the same."

"What wasn't?"

"Anything. The way it felt. Whether I wanted to keep doing it, or just felt like I ought to keep doing it."

This makes next to no sense in Draco's mind, but Granger seems to understand. He can tell because she tries to hide it, pretending that it was pure insensible prattle.

"And she could tell, and she said -"

"So you were so bad at it, she stopped you."

This is a test. Even through Draco's wounded sensibilities, he can tell Granger means this as a test of sorts. The Granger he knows wouldn't say it specifically to injure him. Also, if Daphne had stopped him because of woeful lack of skill...

"You don't really think you did that bad a job on me, do you?"

The right corner of her mouth twitches and Draco knows he has her. Has an in, at any rate, instead of a definite guaranteed lost cause.

Somehow, her hair is still twisted up in his fingers. He steps towards her again, deliberately winding it up until his fist is resting against the base of her neck.

“I don’t care what kind of job you did, as long as you’re happy with it.”

Her eyes dilate again, excruciatingly slowly. Draco could watch them for aeons.

“I’m not with Daphne. I’m not with anyone. But I’d like to be.”

Her chin tries to lift upwards and can’t. His hand has to allow it first, and Draco might imagine the rush of arousal in her eyes. He definitely doesn’t imagine his own physical reaction. His hand tilts her head, a cooperative dance where he moves and she adjusts, and they both pretend she moved of her own accord while relishing the fact that she didn’t. His fingertips stroke her scalp in miniscule gestures and her breathing accelerates.

The strands of hair between his fingers pull taut and he physically leans in to meet her. His hand doesn’t move and they both enjoy the way she strains against him, licking her lower lip the entire time. The tendons in her neck stand out and Draco lets his eyes follow them down to the neckline of her shirt.

“I’ve been an idiot,” he whispers into her ear, taking his time with each word. Each caress of a syllable sends another small shiver through her, making him want to ramble along at will - but now he doesn’t feel the urge. He wants to make it deliberate.

“So you agree? I’ve been an idiot?”

He lets her head nod up and down once, but he doesn’t move it for her. He could have, but he doesn’t. Although, one look at her face tells him that maybe she’d have let him.

“And you figured it out faster than I did, then? Good for you. First to the mark.”

She might not get off on praise in bed, but this still ripples through her body in extremely appealing ways. He can practically feel her quivering through her hair.

“Of course, that’s only one reason why I like you. But it’s a big reason. You can be counted on to tell me when I’m being a massive fucking idiot, can’t you, Granger?”

* * *

His velvety smooth voice, dropped to a lower register than usual (as if she needed more auditory persuasion), is only adding to the distinctly uncomfortable situation happening in her knickers.

The words from his devilish mouth are paced and even, his hot breath ghosting across the shell of her ear. She should take a step back and assess the situation with clearer thoughts, but she thinks she’s doing alright, even with the blatant obstacles to lucid decision-making before her.

He’s not seeing Daphne. Daphne informed him that he prefers Hermione, or something to that effect, and is trying to assist Malfoy to the end goal. Hermione would very much like greater detail in all those areas, but she doesn’t strictly need it. Not now, anyway.

She's not a big fan of the idea that he had to try out Daphne for size first. Well, second, really, and therein lies the whole offending foundation. Of the two of them, Daphne was the second snog but the first fancy, and now he's changed his mind.

"You know," she starts, wetting her bottom lip another time, "this isn't unlike something I thought about with Wayne."

Just as she hoped, his grip clenches again. His wrist flexes and tilts her slightly to one side. A slow grin spreads across her lips, and she could drown in his eyes. She never wants to look away. She won't miss a single second of what this does to him.

"Sometimes people figure things out at different times. Isn't that right?"

He declines to answer, but his jaw tightens once and loosens again, so fast she might have missed it - if her attention to it were less severe. As it is, she's in luck.

"People have different *paces* for things. It doesn't make one wrong, or one better than the other."

Malfoy dips closer to her ear again, just where she wants him. "If you're trying to say that sometimes slow is the best way to take it, I would agree. Savoury. Decadent, even. But sometimes _"

Her head is roughly pulled to the side, just enough to open her neck to him. His lips are millimetres from her skin, but she can't move closer. She can't close the gap.

"Sometimes fast is the way to go. Not *rushed*, but infused with a sense of... urgency. Would you agree, Granger?"

She would. Actually, she'd rather like to get to it, and finally settles on giving him a good, solid push.

"Why don't you show me? Stop all this dicking around and just... show me."

Her skin explodes in heat as his lips make full contact for the first time, right where her neck meets her shoulder. He sits there for a moment, pressing a kiss right into her skin before she feels the flash touch of his tongue joining in. His mouth attaches more firmly, picking up a light pulsing rhythm.

When he finally breaks away, she knows it'll leave a mark. "Any objections, Granger? Like I said, I want everyone to know. Do you have a problem with that? Say it now, if you do."

She... does not. Not that she's seeing someone in particular and not that the person in question is Malfoy. But if she'd thought about it any time prior to tonight, she might have had objections to openly visible markings on her body. Clear marks indicating sexual activity to anyone and everyone, beyond kissing someone for a few stunned seconds in the library. But the more she considers it, the less she minds. Let him do it.

Let him do whatever he likes.

Her hands slip up his chest, resting atop the hard musculature there. Hermione's torn whether to savour this or even tease him a bit above the shirt, or just rip every single button clean off. Which route should she travel, the decadent one or the urgent one?

Malfoy's breathing heavier, inhaling in larger portions between kissing and sucking on her neck. His tongue is playing a larger role and Hermione can imagine it between her legs. She keens slightly, leaning her body into his, and can't muffle a small whine at his next words.

"What do you want from me?"

"Whatever you want."

This is probably the wrong answer, but she's not firing on all cylinders and it occurs to her long past the words making their exit. For instance, she wouldn't particularly fancy Malfoy fucking her face right now - after her entire sticking point of not wanting to be second, or not be held as the slag he has on the side, or any number of other possible grievances with a potentially degrading position.

Maybe he can sense this. Or maybe it wasn't even on his radar to begin with. Either way, the rumbling growl from deep in his chest only serves to soak her knickers. He lets go of her hair long enough to pick her up, his fingers kneading deep into her bum, and she wraps her legs around his waist.

Hermione capitalises on the momentary height advantage to bend *his* head backward while he walks, utterly unconcerned about him tripping over something. The recently relinquished real estate along her neck tingles, a nonsensically rhythmic sensation that's mirrored in her neglected clit. Her hips shift against his torso, finding nothing at all of use, until finally locating his belt buckle by chance at the apex of one thigh. It'll do.

Malfoy laughs a little, a low chuckle, and his fingers reach around from behind to brush against the soaked gusset of her knickers.

"Well, how about that," he muses against her mouth. Hermione refuses to give him any runway to get going and shuts him up. Of course, it's only momentary. She has to come up for air sooner or later.

"How much of this was from my hand in your hair, and how much from the arguing?"

"Neither," she replies primly, doing her best impression at a stiff upper lip.

"What's it from then, clever clogs?"

"You talk too much."

Malfoy does laugh now, a proper full-belly one that jostles his belt buckle against her.

"So I've been led to understand."

They hit the bed and he lets her fall onto the mattress with a thump. He chases her down, catching his own weight just before it collides with hers, and brushes her hair out of her eyes.

"Is this okay? I don't just want this - want *you* for this. I want -"

Malfoy stops, looking at the headboard while he gathers his thoughts. "I want *you*, for real. Is that okay?"

"Are you asking me to Hogsmeade, then?" She quirks one eyebrow, half-challenging.

“What, six weeks from now? Sure, but I want the six weeks until then, too.”

“What all do you want?” She knows what he’s getting at, but it doesn’t mean she wouldn’t like to hear him say it out loud. Again.

“I want meals, and library time, and lessons, and -”

“What sort of lessons?” Hermione enjoys the way he hesitates, mentally scrambling to see if he’s made a misstep. Her hand snakes down between them to undo that pesky belt buckle in the way of what she really wants. “This kind?”

The hungry look he’s trying to restrain gleams through, and he glances down. “All of them?”

“Don’t ask me,” she chastises him with mock-seriousness, waiting for him to look back at her face. “Tell me.”

He lets her free his rigidly hard length from its inconvenient cage, and after only a few weeks, she’s taken aback all over again at the size of it. Her palm slips down the shaft, her fingers wrapping around it the best she can manage. Malfoy groans quietly, resting his perspiring forehead against her clavicles, and yanks her knickers to her knees.

“I want every lesson,” he grits out between clenched teeth. “I want to know how to make you scream. And I want you to call me Draco when you do.”

‘Draco,’ is it? Hermione supposes she can try that out - probably more than once. He thrusts lightly into her hand and she thumbs the thick vein with his motion, bumping along.

“What do you want to do with me, *Draco*?”

His motion staggers slightly under her hand and she allows a predatory smile to spread. His hand cups her bare sex in response, the heel of his thumb pressing directly onto her clit without moving. His fingers barely skate along her core, as if they’re merely testing the heat of the water before diving in.

Teeth pinch her neck once and release before she even has a chance to react. “*Everything.*”

That certainly encompasses all manner of possibilities, and Hermione doesn’t mind any of them. Not really. The one she really wants is one they haven’t come across yet, one they’ve never talked about. Still, preparations should be made for something. She grips her fingers tightly around his base, squeezing as if he’s a tube of toothpaste.

“How tight do you want it?”

She’s going for an in-control delivery of this, a teasing sort of confidence, and does not succeed. In an oddly sentimental reckoning, he understands what she’s getting at without requiring more direct clarification. His teeth trap her earlobe next and she shudders with his exhale.

“Do whatever you like with it, Granger. All I’ve learned is that it can only be a good thing to come more than once. Isn’t that right?”

Too right it is. Hermione plans to come several times, and he’s got her well on her way to the first one - just by holding her in place with one strong hand, the heel giving just enough pressure on her clit to drive her wild.

“Then give me your first one right here.”

With her spare hand, she pulls her own blouse apart in the middle, sending two buttons flying. Her tank top's in the way next, but Malfoy pushes it up as if it were made of tissue paper. Her bra cups are the last step, and he tugs these down below her breasts. Somehow this peek of exposed skin revealed between displaced layers of clothing is more tantalising than if she were naked, and her nipples harden in the open air.

No knickers, skirt at her hips, socks pulled taut to her knees. Her blouse is laying open, buttons torn off, and her breasts point high to the ceiling between her bra and her scrunched-up tank. This could also feel degrading, and maybe it's that tendency that makes her feel so aroused by it. It's difficult to say, but she squeezes his cock again and shifts her hips onto nothing at all.

His hand has wrapped around her own, moving her along with his strokes. The head of his cock points right at her face, like a one-eyed pirate taking aim, and she wants it in her mouth next.

“I've dreamed of doing this again,” Malfoy confesses, and she finds that she loves the feeling of him helping her get him off. She can't help touching herself with her free hand, but he lightly swats it away.

“That's mine.”

Hermione's eyes roll back in her head, but only briefly. She can't look away from his dick for long. The swollen bulge of it is almost purple, leaking at the tip and dripping across a strip of her bare stomach.

“Give me more,” she whispers, and his gaze darkens. He picks up the pace, taking her hand with him, and she lets her thumb skate over the tip with each pass and collect the precome there. Since he won't let her touch herself, she pulls her bra up over her tits so that she has a whole collection of clothing gathered at the very top of her torso. Her fingers trace around her left nipple, watching him watch her.

He's begun a slight twist to his hand, and even though the direction feels backwards to Hermione, she knows he's close.

“C'mon,” she encourages him. *“Draco.”*

One stifled groan and he spurts all over her stomach and tits, catching the back of her hand in it. Hermione wonders how pretty a picture it makes, since he seems to enjoy it quite a lot. He coats her scar tissue in a pleasingly symmetrical starburst, the white standing out sharply against her bronzed skin.

His final grips are an aiming squeeze, a pulse of his fingers over her own, and she feels the flood of arousal between her legs when she looks down and sees what he's done.

Leaning over, Malfoy picks up a small towel the room must have provided, and begins to gently dab at her lower abdomen. The care he shows nestles somewhere deep inside her heart - that he'd rather clean her by hand than simply vanish it.

She stops him anyway. “Leave it.”

He meets her gaze and the heat in it could melt her to the floor in a puddle.

Cock extinguished for the time being, he positions himself firmly between her legs and Hermione tries to ready herself. He tongues the inside of her leg, moving excruciatingly slowly towards her core. He bypasses it neatly, ignoring her not-subtle movements to meet him in the middle, and goes down her other leg instead.

He takes his time and she tries to be patient. When he finally places a light kiss right on top of her clit, she spreads herself open. She's just trying to be helpful, really. One of his wide hands presses against her thigh, his fingers nearly wrapping around to the top of her leg. The other ignores her aching clit entirely and she wants to scream.

Until his fingers slide through the come drizzled across her stomach. Hermione groans, tilting her head back and reminding herself to breathe. The hand on her thigh disappears, two fingers slipping deep inside her without warning. She grips down and he swears under his breath.

Freshly lubricated, his hand palms her breast, massaging his own come around her nipple. The wetness of it mimics the easy flow of moisture between her legs and she thinks she's losing her mind.

"Fuck, Malfoy..."

"Ah-ah," he admonishes before finally darting his tongue to her clit. "What did we say?"

"Dra - *Draco*," she manages, somehow, a truly heroic effort that deserves commendation.

He agrees, licking a long stripe up her clit and fastening onto it at the hood to suck lightly with each syllable. "Her - mi - on - e."

Her eyes roll back in her head and she writhes into his mouth. He pinches her nipple but his fingers are too slippery for solid contact. That alone makes her take over the same act on her other breast, and he murmurs his approval into her clit when he sees.

She rolls and palms herself, wishing there was more to keep it wet around her areola when it slowly soaks into her skin. His fingers inside her reward her efforts anyway, and when she notices he's trying to match her pace, she sets out to do it with more purpose.

He flicks against her inside wall and sucks at her, alternating flat, pressing licks with darting swipes, and throwing in a full-mouth suck and pull when she's least expecting it. Her orgasm builds with rapid urgency, and she begins to pant as she tugs her nipple between her fingers.

Her clit throbs under his tongue, and he dedicates all his attention to chasing it down for her. His fingers inside her curl and hold, letting her rock onto his hand and into his mouth.

"Oh, fuck, just like that. Please. Please, Dr -" she has to inhale and almost stutters his name. *Draco.*"

He murmurs something against her, and she can tell the moment her wave crests. The floodgates of sensation pour open, racking through her violently, and he simply holds his fingers rigidly against her. She scrapes through each spasm, clenching around him, and he laps her up with every swipe of his tongue.

Her vision is still spotty when he climbs up alongside her on the bed, shaking his fringe out of his face.

“It’s so fucking hot when you do that,” he says casually, letting his fingers trace along her swollen slit like a ghost.

Immediately concerned, she tries to look down between her legs. He’s having none of it, visually blocking her by attaching to her nipple with his mouth instead. Two fingers slide back inside her cunt, still overheated and flush against him, and he just rests there to feel the aftershocks ripple through her system.

“I just wish I had a better angle for it,” is what he drops next, mouth still full of her tit, and her eyes bug out.

“What the hell do you mean?”

He gives her a mischievous look. “Would you sit on my face?”

Hermione looks around, for some nonsensical reason, as if the room would provide... what? Answers? There’s nothing to be found but more furniture in various fabric-ridden states of plum, orchid, and eggplant.

“What, now?”

“Well, I’m not quite ready to go again, but I’ll get there real quick if you do that while sitting on my face.”

She flushes a brilliant, tortuous red, but she can’t deny that Malfoy’s enthusiasm for it does help her latent embarrassment.

“I don’t know if... if I’d come that hard again, this soon after.”

“Might as well try,” he offers, as if they’re talking about exchanging Herbology notes. And really, what else does she have to do? Like she’s told him a dozen times, it’s not like it’s a hardship.

He flops down flat on his back, wiggling his fingers at her in a ‘come here’ gesture. Feeling awkward and unwieldy, as if her appendages all belong to somebody else and she’s just been pieced together, she swings one knee over his chest.

“Which way... should I face?”

She’s never done this before and can’t decide if she’s too uncomfortable to get off at all. No matter how many times he’s been between her legs, this feels far more intimate and exposed. Why? What difference is there?

There’s the detail that she’s going to be supporting her own weight if she comes, which she’s always assumed would make things far more difficult - but maybe it’s time to find out. Malfoy seems unconcerned and she takes a page out of his book, settling on facing the wide wooden headboard so she can hold onto it.

His large hands cup her arse and help her scoot further up. Her knees stuff underneath the haphazard feather pillows and she pitches one to the side.

“Fucking gorgeous,” he breathes, and she flames bright red at the sight below her. He’s staring straight up, the lower half of his face hidden between her legs but his eyes locked on her tits hanging pertly above him.

“Stop that,” she protests, embarrassed, but her voice is far too weak to be effective.

“No. Do you think just anybody would look like this right now? You’re the most gorgeous thing I’ve ever seen.”

This is so blatantly absurd, she can’t hold in a quick scoff. “Sure, nudity is brilliant. So are my tits. Get on with things, won’t you?”

“No,” Malfoy repeats. He squints at her as if she’s making valiant efforts to become noncorporeal and drift away with the next stiff breeze. “It’s not just that you’re naked and on my face. It’s that *you’re* naked and on my face. It’s you I want here.”

As much as she’s wanted him to say it, it makes her feel oddly on the spot. Extremely corporeal, as it were. She clears her throat, willing it to become less scratchy than it feels. A thin trail of remaining come drips down her stomach, making its way with gravity’s slow aid and she wants to catch it with a finger.

“Well, I’d rather be on your face than anyone else’s.”

“That’s my girl.” And with that, he dives in, bunching her skirt between his fingers and her arse.

His tongue dips into her core as if he wants to taste whatever was left behind, and Hermione’s just as glad to have the focus off her oversensitive clit for another minute or two.

‘His girl,’ is she? She guesses maybe she is, and lets a shy smile creep across her face. His fingers spread her wide by handfuls of arse, and she clenches the headboard when his tongue flicks against her. He hums something to himself down there, and the vibrations ripple through to her fingertips. She has to stop herself from canting down onto him, but it’s a close reflex.

She decides he can overtalk down there all he likes.

Chapter End Notes

This month will feature 3 (!!) Deflower Draco fics, one just posted for Cry Me a River fest ([The Difficulties of Captivity](#)), and god knows what else my brain will vomit out. June will have at least three more stories (Sub!Draco fest, all already written!) and planned works for HP Daddy Knows Best (1 one-shot complete, one more claim made, two other ideas turning). That fest is anonymous, so don't expect snippets on social media. 😊

I established a series for [Fests, Challenges, and Other Fun](#), if you want to follow along. Or subscribe to me in general and get notified about everything anyway!
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Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Listen to the [podfic of chapter 19](#) by FanFixation!

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

“Relax, will you?”

His voice is muffled by her general vaginal entrapment of him, but Hermione is about as relaxed as she’s going to get. It’s as difficult as she predicted, keeping herself both upright and not suffocating him. Her knees are constantly trying to slip further apart to lower her directly onto his face, and she just can’t imagine it’s comfortable.

She can’t stop recalling the overwhelming sensations of Malfoy fucking *her* face instead, and she’d still had full use of her nose at the time. Both nostrils, fully capable and performing heroic work.

“I’m trying.”

The headboard provides good support, there’s no doubt, but no more than four minutes after she tries to use it to hold herself up do her arms start to wobble. Silly, really - thinking her upper body strength could do a better job than her legs in this situation, but she’s running out of viable options.

“Granger.”

Ignoring him for now, she shifts again and tries to find a better spot. Malfoy shocks her by nipping her clit once between his teeth, and soothing it with intermittent tonguing around her name - something she finds grotesquely erotic.

“Her - mi - own - e. Focus.”

“I’m doing too much focusing!” she blurts out, vexed by the frustrated tone bleeding into her voice. “Do that again, though.”

Encouraged, Malfoy does, only slower. “Her... mi... own... e.” Each one is an alternating lick or suck, and he ends with a long compressed pull with his cheeks hollowed that makes her gasp. Her legs sink open, the wobbliness overtaking her at last, and he supports her.

“Do you really think I can’t hold you up like this? I can hold you right here for as long as it would take. Your only job is to balance and not topple to one side.”

She can’t make any promises about that either, to be fair, and she immediately tests him by letting her weight fall altogether. His fingers grip and manoeuvre, pulling her right where he wants her to be, and just for good measure, he lifts her up and down a few centimetres before settling in to start again.

“See? You don’t have to do anything. Just sit there.”

It is kind of nice, she must admit. She'd said once that she didn't want to feel weightless, not exactly, but that she didn't want to have to worry about supporting herself. Not toppling over is a solid goal, and it seems only just that she contributes a little.

Good gods, what if she had to trump right now, with his face right there and his hands clenching around her bum? That had been horrible, that night. She'd been physically wriggling around it for nearly ten minutes, mentally begging it to just dissipate on its own. It hadn't, of course, and it had derailed any possibility of an orgasm. How could she ever have held it in? Second by second, the danger had mounted.

Somehow this would be worse, and she still doesn't know why. His face is in the same place. What does it matter if she's on top?

Because what if it squeaked its little way out between his fingers tightly clutching her arsecheeks and he *felt it*? The trump that was heard, felt, *and* possibly smelt.

That's it. Her slowly-building orgasm is gone again. Bloody hell.

"Do you ever turn your brain off, witch?"

She sighs irritably, glancing down. "No. It's a curse. I'm no happier about it than you are."

"What will make you stop thinking about anything but this?"

This is a fair question, and she ponders it while she studies his face. He's glistening - obviously around his mouth, but also a bit sweaty round the fringe. Gods, she hopes it's sweat. It's too far away for it to be from *her*, isn't it?

The tip of his middle finger gently prods her buttock, just over the top of the skin and she squirms her legs as tightly together as she can get in shock. Only his grip keeps her from falling off the far side of him. "Malfoy!"

"There she is. Also, it's Draco, remember?"

"Don't goose my bumhole," Hermione admonishes with as much dignity as she can muster.

"Ever?" He arches one moist (sweaty?) eyebrow and she wants to laugh.

"Not to get my attention. How's that?"

"Fine, but can we get back on topic, here? What will make you relax?"

She grumbles resentfully, "Not poking me in the bum with no warning."

"Do you want to lay down and get more comfortable? Here," he starts to move her off him, lifting so effortlessly he gets quite far before she struggles just enough to stop him.

"No, not yet. Let's try again." Over her shoulder, she's spied something that will help. Malfoy might consider it counterproductive, but she doesn't think so.

He doesn't even know what it is yet, but he looks doubtful at her fresh resolve. Not one to argue, he shrugs one shoulder anyway and pulls her back down by the hips. Hermione yelps and grabs for the headboard to stabilise.

“Yep, you lost it,” he declares. “I’ll get you wet again.”

A determined explorer, is Malfoy. Well, she won’t complain. At least he can tell. There might be a new tactic buzzing around his mind, too, because he starts a smooth and extended muttered monologue. He paces by interjecting little licks, nips, and sucks, and she wishes she could hear what he’s saying. This works astonishing well, re: Hermione’s focus, as she tunes out everything else and simply tries to listen.

He can’t do as much spelunking when he’s supporting her entire weight, but he’s managed to get the tip of one finger (his middle, perhaps?) just inside. It’s not bent perfectly to the front, but it’s close enough to be a devil of a tease.

The vibrations of his voice over the tip of his tongue, combined with his fingers - the rest kneading her arse as he holds her in place - and Hermione thinks this might finally work. She might not even need her own plan.

“Keep doing that,” she breathes, closing her eyes and letting herself sense nothing but him. “That’s so good.”

She doesn’t even realise she’s abandoned the headboard until he adjusts beneath her and she almost loses her balance. She flings a hand out behind her and encounters his solid stomach, flexed from the effort he’s expending. Leaning her weight back just a touch, she lets herself feel him, bumping along the muscles until...

There it is. One darting glance back and she sees it, proudly erect. He’s so hard that it almost touches his stomach, and she skims her fingertips over its head. When she drags her touch across the sensitive underside, he groans into her and pulls her closer to his mouth.

“I’m getting close,” she informs him breathlessly, without a drop of shame. Her hand grips him tight and starts to stroke, even though it’s backwards and she can’t do it smoothly enough for her liking. He doesn’t seem to care one way or another, thrusting up into her and panting hot breath against her clit.

“You taste so good,” he grunts and she can’t hide a whimper.

There will be bruises from his fingers across her hips tomorrow, she’s willing to bet. He’s devouring her, rocking her against him and lapping her up. She has no idea how he can breathe but she trusts that he can, giving him nearly her whole weight.

Her haphazard stroking of him seems just fine, but she staggers when he nips her clit again. He traps it between his teeth and repeatedly flicks his tongue against it, hollowing his cheeks until she sees stars. All she can do is squeeze her hand and ride it out.

“Fuck, do - that. Keep doing that. Oh, gods -”

“Say it,” he growls between his teeth. “And hurry, because I can’t hold on.”

Hopefully this pertains to the state of his erect cock, and not his ability to support her weight. She knows what he wants, and his open declaration of urgency tips her over. “*Draco!*”

The coil inside her snaps, having built up and up again, over and over, finally giving up its secrets. His finger is gone now, replaced by his tongue, and he drinks from her like he’s a man dying in the

desert.

The headboard comes back into play, Hermione grounding herself with a hand on the bed and the other around his cock.

She's hardly through the final waves of orgasm when Malfoy's moving her, bonelessly, weightlessly, onto the bed. He turns her on her stomach and pulls her up by the hips, just enough to fit his hand beneath her stomach to position her.

Dazed, she can only look over her shoulder. "What are you..."

"I was seconds away from coming all over your arse on top of me. And if I'm going to come all over your arse, I'm going to see it."

His gaze is carnivorous while he strokes his cock, dancing over her skin, and Hermione wonders how wet she still is.

"Did I...?"

"No. But don't worry. I'll get you to do it on my face sooner or later."

The sheer prospect of this seems to be the only match he needs, stoking the flames.

"Keep looking at me. Gods, your eyes on me, watching me do this. I want you to look at me if I ever I fuck you from behind. Can you do that?"

She nods, still dazed, and idly wondering if his nervous talking tendency might be evolving into dirty talk.

His other hand parts her folds again, exploring the locale until he can sink all the way inside. With just one finger, he points it down towards the bed and Hermione cries out in a wave of hot desire. All night, she hasn't had something truly deep, and she wants it. She wants him. She's just about to ask him to forgo the current plan and just shag her already, when she feels the first shot of ejaculate on her arsecheek.

Arching her back, she lets her breasts rest on the mattress to push her arse up to the light. Malfoy releases a shuddery groan and continues to shoot, aiming spurts across the rest of her bum. His finger jerks inside her with the jerking of his hips, but her whine is lost in his own exhales. The final sensation is a direct squirt of come right onto her arsehole, something that makes her pucker without even trying.

"Fuck," he breathes, slipping his finger out of her cunt and touching her arse instead. His second hand joins the first, and he slowly rubs it into her skin, kneading as he goes. Every time his thumbs venture towards her inner thighs, she wants to spread herself open all over again.

They've both come twice. But Hermione doesn't want to end this little excursion without being shagged. She's exhausted too many daydreams thinking about his cock.

"Sorry," he says, sounding both winded and embarrassed. "I almost got that... well, where it shouldn't go."

Hermione lifts her head as he crawls up beside her, fetching the pillows that had gone careening off the bed. Positioning them in some sort of helpful arrangement, he tugs her up with him and rests

her head on his chest.

“You don’t need to worry about that,” she responds at last - not because she *was* worried, but because her synapses still aren’t firing at full speed. “Before the war, I took care of that possibility.”

Tilting his head back to see her more clearly, Malfoy asks, “What do you mean?”

Hermione shrugs, an oddly ineffective gesture when one is laying on someone’s chest. “My Muggle doctor said sometimes with a certain type of birth control, some girls have their periods stop altogether. That sounded brilliant. I didn’t take it for the birth control, exactly. There weren’t many options on the run. But the idea of not having to worry about monthly incidents while out in the woods... well, that was appealing. I didn’t *know* we were going to be in the woods, of course, but I figured it would be nice not to have to fuss over it constantly.”

“Did it... work that way?”

“Some of the time,” she admits. “Especially after we’d been out there long enough to lose a ton of weight. And ‘some of the time’ was still better than having a period every month. It’s a little implant in my arm that’s good for several years.”

This whole concept is thoroughly baffling him, and Hermione doesn’t want him to get bogged down in Muggle medicine, the effects of body weight on menstrual cycles, or the rest of it.

“Don’t worry about it - which is the whole point.”

There had been another point, something Hermione wasn’t about to explain to her doctor. Her poor Muggle doctor, who’d had a hard enough time getting around the appalling scar tissue across her abdomen. Hermione had not been concerned about birth control during the war, no. Shagging was not top of mind.

“So, it’s... not a potion or a charm?”

“It is, in a way. But I only have to do it every couple of years.”

Malfoy quietly marvels, “Muggle Healers, huh? Wow.”

Hermione figures that’s good enough to be going on with. She rests her cheek back against his chest, just enjoying the feeling of him. Her hand traces his own scar unintentionally, but she notices before he does. Or maybe he just doesn’t mind.

His hand cups her arse from the side, gently squeezing and releasing. This is the first time they’d ever just... laid together like this, and it’s so unexpectedly nice. She could almost fall asleep here.

Malfoy might be thinking something similar. “So... are we good?”

She lets out an indelicate snort, covering her mouth with her hand far too late. “You can’t ask me that *afterwards*.”

He’s quite affronted. “When am I supposed to ask it, then?”

“I wouldn’t have let you do it if we weren’t alright, you tosser.”

“Well, how do I know that? Maybe you just wanted me to get you off a few times before telling me that we are absolutely not alright, in any way, and don’t ever talk to you again. Which you kind of did last time, by the way.”

This is a legitimate assessment, but Hermione won’t admit it. “That situation sounds like me using you. I thought I was the one getting used, here.”

“If you were, I did a damn good job. I came on your tits and your arse.” He squeezes her ass in sharp punctuation, and all it does is make Hermione hot again. It feels proprietary and her nipples harden against him.

Silky fingers stroke the skin of her arm, all the way from her shoulder to the back of hand where it rests lightly on his chest. The barely-there pressure gives her gooseflesh, rippling down her arm as if following his touch in a wave of sensation.

Malfoy’s eyes are closed as he rests his head against a mound of flaccid feather pillows, but his heart rate under her cheek feels mighty awake to Hermione. The fingers clutching her bum haven’t relaxed, either, beyond the kneading of his grip.

Glancing down, Hermione checks the status of his cock, encouraged to see him almost half hard again. On his next pass down her arm with his light, skimming touch, she arches her back just a smidge into his side to press her breasts more firmly into his chest. The fingers on her bum squeeze and she lifts her leg just a little, to urge him to do a little exploring there, too.

His fingers trace the inside of her thigh, creeping inward. His eyes are still closed, but there’s a small curl to one side of his mouth.

“I like your tits on my chest.”

As it happens, so does she. But enough about her tits. She knows he favours those. “What else do you like?”

She’s not sure what made her say it. All the way back at the start of all this, he’d called her pretty. He’d said everybody knew she was pretty. Isn’t that enough? It’s not as if she expects him to start waxing poetic about her glorious cheekbones. He takes his time thinking about it and she’s glad she’s got her head on his chest to escape direct eye contact.

“I like this,” he punctuates with another squeeze and she hopes her eyelashes tickle his chest with her eye roll. She’s about to demand he either say something that isn’t a physical attribute or hush altogether, when he clasps her hand on top of his chest.

“I like this here, too. I like your hair. A lot, and not just because you like it when I grab it. I think your eyes are... really pretty. I like the way you fit right here. You’re kind of a perfect size, really.”

Almost alarmed, Malfoy leans his head back to check her expression. “I don’t mean you - your weight, or - or anything else about your size. I only meant -”

She pats him on the chest, not bothering to move her head. “Stop. I know what you meant.”

And she does, even though everything he’s listed is still a physical attribute. She thinks the same about him, and how his body relates to hers. It’s a fitting, a melding together, of size and shape and function.

“And I like that, too. I like your confidence.”

“I don’t always feel very confident,” she mutters, thinking about Daphne and all her ambient perfection. The girl strolls through life shining like a living *lumos*.

“Well, no one is *all* the time. But you’re confident enough to have helped me with mine. A lot.”

“That was mutually beneficial.”

“Even so.” His voice grows serious, softer. “I like that you gave me a chance.”

He might be talking about this, here, tonight - or all the way back in September when they’d first been partnered together. Maybe even before then. But the weight and meaning behind that chance, whichever one he means, has grown with each successive one.

Malfoy deems this enough talking, and rolls them in one smooth motion until she’s on her back. As ever, the ease with which he does it takes her breath away. His hands are everywhere, supporting the back of her head, running down her bare back, cupping her arse, folding her into his body like she was made to be there.

There’s a silvery glint in his eye when he pins her to the pillow with his gaze.

“So, can I hold your hand between lessons?”

“Only if you carry my bag in the other one,” she shoots back, arching an eyebrow.

“I do that anyway.”

“So can you manage having no hands, if I occupy both?”

“Witch, I can do loads of things with both hands - and no hands, thank you very much.”

“Why don’t you show me?” she challenges, not for the first time, but the shine in his eyes betrays his enthusiasm. The smirk on his face is downright criminal and her heart does a skippy flutter.

“Only if you promise I can also kiss you in public.”

Wriggling a little beneath him, she extracts one knee and wraps her leg around his waist to pull him closer. His hard length throbs against the inside of her thigh and her mouth waters. “Why wouldn’t I?”

Malfoy nuzzles into her neck, trying to push her hair aside as if it’s nothing (she knows better), and inhaling a mouthful when he nips the shell of her ear.

“Because I’m a former Death Eater and a general pile of shit.”

Her heart stops but she doesn’t show it. Her calf flexes, nudging his weight onto her. This is outside the banter; this is a genuine concern for him, and she loves that she knows this. She doesn’t want to make a huge deal of it, though. She angles to strike the appropriate gravitas without putting him on the spot.

“I told you before, on the scale of the evil I’ve seen, you’re not even on the list. Sorry if that’s an insult, but none of us had any business being involved in that war. You think that would stop me if

you're what I wanted?"

He's about to speak but she presses her fingers to his mouth. She's not done. Not yet.

"My reputation is unassailable. So do you just want to snog me in public because I'll make you look good?"

She knows he doesn't. Mostly. Now that she's thought of it, a teeny bit of her does wonder - but it's the insecure part she always wishes she could smother under one of these infernal feather pillows.

"No!" he protests, perhaps predictably, but her tensions still seep away under the intensity of his gaze. He pins her there beneath him with his eyes, and his intent is made all the more emphatic by the hardness he's positioning between her legs. Hermione, while rather eager for this bit (especially now that it's crept so close) isn't quite ready to abandon their verbal negotiations.

"So you want me to kiss you in public. Here. What about outside the castle?"

Malfoy starts to reach between her legs but stops when she's mid-sentence. Half of her wants to beg him to continue anyway, but this is their final year at school. NEWTs are fast approaching. Then what?

"Yes, outside it, too."

"What about your mum?"

She's not sure she wants the answer to this, now that it's escaped her mouth. She can distract him, right? She ought to be good at that by now. Her own hand snakes down between them, and while he doesn't put up a fuss, his eyes never leave hers. She could almost believe he knows what she's trying to do, even more so when his mouth lifts in a distinctive smirk.

"My mum won't care. I know that's hard to believe, but she's happy my dad's gone."

This began as almost teasing, but ended with a solemn sadness that breaks her heart. He doesn't give her a chance to offer any comfort, either verbally or with her exploring hand.

"Really. She never bought into it all the way my dad did. She just loved him and supported him. She wishes she hadn't, especially after he got in as deep as he did. She'll always wonder if she'd spoken out against it, maybe he'd have made different choices. But he chose the - the Dark Lord over us, and I don't know if she'll ever really forgive him."

Her fingertips brush across him, but he's not even close to erect. She lets him alone, no longer wanting to distract him. It feels downright insensitive to try, and Malfoy needs to get this out.

"She's so happy now. I bet you wouldn't recognise her. She's hardly ever in the country, anyway."

Hermione's not entirely sure she buys this as wholeheartedly as he does. She'll wait and see for herself.

"You could talk to her about how much you also love getting a proper back massage."

With no warning, she inhales a mouthful of her own spit. "No -" she coughs into his bare chest, spluttering out, "- no, I don't think -"

Malfoy cups her cheek, letting his fingers stroke down her throat while she practically convulses with racking coughs. She can't help elaborating. Maybe it's her tendency to deep-dive into any topic available, or maybe he just looks so blasted innocent about the whole affair.

Affair. She snorts again, mid-cough, and her body racks with a fresh wave of rasping wheezes.

"You know your mum... might like those massages for something... else. Something Eduardo does, in particular."

His eyebrows lift in sync and it's not clear whether he really heard her or not. "You remember me mentioning Eduardo?"

"It was hard to forget. I don't know that he's there to give your mum a back massage. And if you tell her you're giving me back massages, it might mean something else to her entirely."

Malfoy scoffs in disbelief. "What else would it be?"

For a split second, her stomach sinks. She shouldn't have mentioned it. "Ah, it means... that I think there might be more than just back massages happening there. That's all."

He considers this for a moment, brow slightly scrunched. "Hm. Well, this will mean a back massage. Nothing else alongside it. I'm her perfect, precious popkins. There's no subtext, ever. She *wants* to stay oblivious to anything else."

This... is probably true. Hermione mulls it over, subtly impressed in spite of herself. It's still not clear whether he really grasps why Eduardo visits Malfoy Manor and she decides she's not going to press her luck any further. He moves along anyway, ignorant of her internal debate.

"So inside the castle and outside of it. And you'll meet my mum. What about your parents?"

Good gravy, this has gotten serious fast. Hermione mentally scrambles. This is how purebloods do things, though. She shouldn't be all that surprised. But her parents won't be around to fumble through a social courtship call from Mrs Malfoy. She bites back the rush of sadness at this, because she's going to do everything in her power to bring them back. She won't give up on having them in her life.

In the meantime, a warm feeling of contentment settles over her, an inner acceptance of Malfoy's eventual goals and her innate reaction to them. He wants this to be serious. It's gotten serious fast because *he's* serious.

She places a hand on his chest and looks up at him.

"There's a... situation with my parents, that has nothing to do with you or anybody else I choose to date. I'll tell you about it tomorrow, or sometime when I'm not naked. That's the line I'm drawing. Okay?"

She's not the only one naked and he's on top of her. Her calf is still crooked around the top of his arse, but she doesn't think either of them are exactly raring to shag. It's time to change that.

Enough serious talk for now.

Chapter End Notes

'Perfect, precious popkins' is a callout to some of the banter late in [Memory Lane](#).

Next week is the final chapter! 😭 This has been a wild ride. Thank you guys for following along and giving PT all the love, and to everybody who recommended this work or raved about it to somebody else. 💜

There will be a bonus chapter for Deflower Draco, but I can't actually make it a chapter in this story. I'll have to make this a series and that the second work. So subscribe to me (not just Private Tutor) to get notified when it posts with the fest collection.

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Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

Welp. This is it. Here, we finally top out (lolz) with the 26th orgasm of the fic (orgasms 22-26, if I counted right). Sometimes I can re-read my own smut without blinking twice and sometimes, I want to hide my head under the covers.

I can't believe the response this story has gotten - on AO3, on social, in my email. You guys make me feel special every day. 💜💜

Listen to the [podfic of chapter 20](#) by FanFixation!

The incredible Thistlethread [made a movie trailer for Private Tutor!!](#) Check it out and give her some love.

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

“We’ll figure it all out,” she whispers. “Everything. If you want to, that is.”

His grey eyes blaze into hers. “I know we will. You’re my best friend, or did you forget?”

Hermione tilts her head to one side, enjoying the way Malfoy follows the movement of her hair on the pillow. Maybe he’ll put his hands in it soon; a girl can hope.

“I always heard that’s the best foundation for things.”

He nods severely, as if assigning a detention to a wayward second-year. “It is.”

“And how would you know?”

“Because I can’t imagine a better way for this to begin.”

Well, touché. Her stomach flutters at the idea that maybe this is the last relationship she ever has. What better foundation could she have crafted for it? She can’t think of one. They’ve laughed, cried, fought, fled in mortification and been brought back around... all with and from each other.

They’ve covered a lot of ground.

She’s ready to rehash recent ground, though. He’s only shagged her once, and while tonight’s given her extreme hope that it was the first time of countless others, she’s ready for the next one now.

Her fingers find him after a little effort, wriggling a bit lower down his torso than she’s accustomed to doing. He’s filling out nicely, though, egged on by her touch. The sensation of him hardening in

real time, beneath her palm and because of her, sparks her own arousal back to the surface. She's doing this to him; *for* him.

Malfoy burrows back into her neck, slowly pressing his lips to the spot right beneath her ear. Shivers run down her spine in rippling waves and her nipples harden in the open air.

He's supporting himself with one hand but the other comes around to cup her breast. His thumb rests beneath it, pressing it upwards in slow rolls to meet his fingers around the top. He avoids her nipple, though. The weight of it in his hand feels like Hermione's entire body floating there, right in his palm.

Her eyes drift shut, back arching up until she's pressing against his abdomen with hers. His lips around her nipple take her by surprise and she releases a small whimper as his tongue slides decadently around the pebbles of her areola. Arousal is getting her wet fast, but when she feels the head of his cock against the apex of her thigh, she stops.

"You're... really big. You'll need to make sure a girl is ready for that thing."

Malfoy chuckles around her nipple, tonguing it with a quick flick first. "Why do you say it like that? I know I ought to with you, and you're the only one who matters."

Damn right, she is. That statement alone means he won't have to do much more preparation - if anything. Her calf around his back presses him closer as he fumbles one hand between her legs. Two fingers part her in a quick, exploratory slide and he exhales shakily.

"So wet. Do you need anything else? Let's find out, shall we?"

One finger slips straight in, out, and returns with a second alongside. Hermione can feel the beginnings of that accommodating stretch of her inner walls. She's come twice but the lingering sensitivity is all gathered around the surface. She's aching to feel him deep and reaches down with her hand again. His erect cock bobs up to meet her in the air with a sharp throb and she angles it into place.

"Just you, now. Please?"

"It's all me," he points out with fair accuracy, not even trying to be smug about it. His fingers return to her nipple, circling it with wetness from between her legs and it's not the same as his mouth. The cold air on its stiff peak hits differently, deliciously.

Hermione pulls his face to hers to kiss him, with a sense of wonder that since the initial snog-fests developed into full-body naked time, snogging has sort of taken a backseat. It feels that way, anyway, and she'd like to rectify it.

But she can only manage a few seconds of melting into his mouth. Her jaw falls slack as the head of his cock slowly pushes inside her, just notching past the entrance.

"Oh, gods," she whines greedily. "Yes."

Their bodies are so close that her breasts brush his chest as he moves. The restraint in him is palpable, his motions reduced to a slow, quivery advance that makes her legs shake.

He's abandoned the effort to snog, too, and she can't blame him. She can't focus on anything but how incredible he feels, creeping deeper and deeper until she wants to scream. How can he keep going? How is there still more? Every time she thinks it must feel as good as anything ever has in her whole world, he finds a new, deeper achievement to mark.

Leaning his weight on both elbows, Malfoy's hands snake into her hair as he burrows his face into her neck once more. He holds her gently in place, his thumbs tracing absent circles on her scalp, and she feels the momentous final landing place when he can't move any further. He stills there like a fox in the grass, and her inner muscles squeeze and release, as if begging him to move.

He groans desperately, a lost man. "So fucking small. It's so tight. I can't - I tried so many times to - fuck, if you only knew how many times I brought myself off to this feeling. I tried to recreate it and I couldn't. I just couldn't. So many times. I think I limped into Hogsmeade."

This makes her giggle, incredibly, and as her stomach muscles flex with it, it's like someone goosed him. He pulls out, dragging his cock flush all the way, and slams back in before she can even register the emptiness. Hermione cries out but latches her ankles under his bum when he tries to draw away in concern.

"No, it's good. It's so good. That feels - oh, gods, do it again. Keep doing it."

He starts up at a steady, driving pace, never fully leaving her. He doesn't need a particular angle to hit her inner spot. There's full contact everywhere, with no extra space to be found. It's divine, a religious experience, and his hot breaths by her ear might as well be angels singing just to her.

She stretches her arms up and over her head, rolling her chest. His reverent gaze raking over this presentation of her breasts makes her feel like a work of art.

One hand leaves her hair and gently presses on her stomach. He thrusts in as if to meet it in the middle, going slower this time. His fingers depress around and out of hungry curiosity, Hermione joins him. In a flash, he covers her hand with his and drives in again. She gasps, feeling him inside.

"Again. Again."

How does this not split her in two? This gorgeous cock, in all its glory, moving right beneath her hand.

Knowing they have all the time in the world to shag a thousand times over, she can't help stopping him. She has to try something.

"Wait."

Malfoy freezes, worried he's done something wrong, but she presses his chest until he rolls over. His cock leaves her with a wet, sucking pop, and Hermione takes a luxurious moment to admire it resting on his stomach. It's glistening, a thorough mix of what's his and what's hers, and its reddened bulge throbs at her indignantly. She abandoned it. What is she doing?

Malfoy's on his back and just as perplexed as his cock is. Hermione glides her fingers up and down it once, then rubs her own clit in slow circles as she throws a leg over him. His jaw drops slightly agape while he watches her, eyes locked onto her weight settling over him on both knees.

Feeling vibrantly powerful in this position, Hermione rocks forward to align his cock with her entrance. It throbs with excitement in her hand, the thick vein pulsing under her thumb. He's far too large for her to simply impale herself and she takes her time, slipping down around him with slow, savoury reverence.

She's never seen his eyes roll back in his head before. Presumably they have, thanks to her own various efforts along the way, but she's never gotten a good look. She's never been able to see it happen, and the only thing more satisfying is the groaning shudder his throat produces when she finally comes to rest.

Gods, that's deep. It's so fucking deep, she can't do anything for a moment except rock slowly back and forth, simply feeling every sensation inside her. He's everywhere. Reaching behind herself, she finds his bollocks and his grey eyes fly open.

"What are you doing?"

With a mischievous smirk, she allows, "I wanted to see what's back here. How much room you have."

"Well, you've emptied them twice already."

She rolls them in her palm, squeezing gently and tugging just a smidge. Plenty of room to tighten, to pull up snug before emptying again, and the thought of it makes her tighten in turn. She leans forward, scraping her clit against his pubic bone with a quivery exhale of pleasure.

Malfoy's hands make a move towards her hips before changing course and landing square on her tits, with one in each palm. His thumbs flick across her nipples and Hermione clenches around him.

"Fuck. You like that?" he groans, doing it a second time, then a third. "I can tell. I can't believe you can do that."

It's only somewhat up to her, but she isn't going to argue. The whole point of this change in position was for Hermione to see exactly how deep she can get him. No time like the present, she decides, bracing against his chest. This pushes her breasts together, up and into his waiting hands, and he palms them with slow waves.

She rather likes the rolling momentum of this and hollows out her back, leaning into his hands and grinding her hips backward, keeping sharp contact on her clit.

Mm. This position is... effective. She lifts her feet until the backs of them rest flush atop his thighs, digging her knees further into the mattress by his hips. She's loath to lose the pressure on her clit, but she can't have everything. Using his muscular pecs to brace herself, she begins to ride him, lifting and rocking back down with an increasing tempo.

She's been on top before, but never on someone with as large a cock as Malfoy. It requires more care but it's indescribable. Her only coherent metric is the flood of arousal between her legs, slicking them both with sloppy, smacking noises as their bodies slap together.

"Gods, that's amazing. Your cock is incredible."

She'd almost forgotten how much he liked hearing her positive affirmations. He grunts at her words and drives his hips up just as she's coming down. She gasps at the depth he reaches, truly

wondering if he might split her in two. His fingers clasp her nipples and he holds there with his elbows against the mattress, creating a tugging pull each time she rises off him.

“Oh, fuck. *Fuck*. Malfoy,” she exclaims breathlessly, fighting the urge to simply sink deep and trap him there. She loves the friction of movement this way, and loving even more the sopping wet sounds they’re creating together between her legs. She glances down and sees a quick glimpse of a creamy ring around the base of his cock and her mouth falls open. She’s never seen anything so delectable.

His thumb and index fingers have started a rolling twist back and forth on her nipples, still allowing her to determine how much pull she creates. “What did we say, Granger?”

Dimly, she recalls this, half-laughing her next gasp. “Draco,” she teases, aiming for deliberate and controlled, and failing miserably. Or maybe it was a success after all, when one of his hands winds through her wild hair. He can’t quite reach her scalp but he turns it around his fist three times until it pulls taut.

Unlike his grip on her nipple, which he leaves her in control of, he pulls her hair to the rhythm she sets bouncing on his cock. It’s just enough to tilt her head to one side and they’re both rewarded with a fresh gush of arousal.

“Draco. Draco.”

Eyes locked on her face, he grunts, “Are you getting close? It’s hard to tell because - fuck - how can you get any tighter? How -”

But she is close, even though she knows what he means. Her muscles have nowhere to go. There’s no room, no way to grip harder, nowhere more to squeeze. His cock is everything, fills everything, every drop of available space.

“Granger, I’m going to come in a minute. I can’t hold on any longer. Are you close?”

She ignores this for the time being, unable to focus on more than one thing at a time. “If you’re Draco, then I’m -”

“- Hermione. Fuck. Hermione, I’m going to come.”

He starts trying to shift her off him with increasing urgency, and at the sound of her name she sinks down with all her weight, clenching around the base of his cock like a vice.

“Oh, no, you don’t.”

“I can’t help it,” he whines, a pleading look in his grey eyes. “I’m sorry. I’ll get you off again, I swear, but I need to -”

“Not that. Don’t move me, you prat. Like this. I’ll come if you do it like this.”

“But I can’t - I shouldn’t - I... we can’t -”

She shakes her head, drinking in the desperate man beneath her. “I already told you, you don’t have to worry about that. And I want it. I want to feel it. I want you come to rearrange my intestinal tract... *Draco*.”

She's ceased bouncing and fumbles around behind her for his bollocks again instead. Ah, skin pulled so taut they must be aching. He whimpers, his hips giving short, micro thrusts. The base of his cock rubs against her engorged clit and her eyelids drift half-closed with want. His cock throbs inside her, demanding attention, and she can't tell if it's because she's swollen and ready, or if he is.

"You really want my come?" His expression is pained, as if he's afraid with a single word that he'll wake himself from some dream. She hopes it's a good one.

"I want your come," she affirms, eyes heavy-lidded and hungry. "I want you to fill me up with it. I want to feel it leak out of me, back around your cock, and drip all the way to the bed. I want you to shoot it so far up there that it ruins a fresh pair of knickers overnight. I want -"

He groans as she speaks, his hips moving in earnest now. Hermione tilts forward and relishes the grinding slide against her clit, once after another. She never thought she'd say those words aloud, ever. She's never asked anybody for it before, taking orgasms as they come, but she's always wanted to. And Malfoy's covered her front and back tonight already. It's time he coats her insides white.

Hermione feels the rhythmic clenching pulse of her cunt begin, the millisecond forewarning to a mind-shattering orgasm. She flings a hand down to his chest and takes over the grind, rubbing herself on him and imprinting the sensation of his cockhead rocking back and forth deep inside her cunt.

"Hermione -"

With a shuddering gasp, his hips jerk upward. He slams into her and his wildly spasming cock takes her over the edge. Her whole body contracts with the force of her climax, and she locks him inside like a vice. Heat spreads all the way to her scalp and down to her toes in a ripple of sensation.

"Fuck!" he swears. "It's like your cunt is... is fucking milking it. Milking me dry. How -"

But Hermione's orgasm isn't finished with her yet. His words prompt a visceral image of every time she's ever seen him come, and how much he shoots. She moans through two more shaky ruts and suddenly feels a veritable rush of arousal squirting around his cock.

Oh, gods. Is this what it's like to... do it while he's inside her? While he's still hard, Malfoy takes the eager opportunity to piston up several more times, if only to hear the wet slapping her cunt facilitates. It's as if a geyser had just let loose, and it extends her orgasm another several mind-altering seconds. His thick, heavy cock sliding about so easily, her inner muscles coated with slick, how hard and rough he'd be able to take her. Maybe from behind, with one hand pulling her head back by her hair, driving that cock in again and again until she screams.

She collapses to the side at last, utterly spent. Malfoy makes a valiant attempt to soften this landing, but the bed does a perfectly fine job of it and he settles for tucking her back close to his side.

The rapid strumming of his heart is palpable and he shifts them both until her breasts are firmly squashed against his side. The serene silence of the room envelops them both, and Hermione knows she's in real danger of falling asleep here. But what of it? Who cares? She certainly doesn't, and she snuggles into him. His lips find her temple and her exhausted, overworked heart skips a beat.

Sounding half asleep himself, Malfoy says, "I know I talk too much and half the things I say, I don't need to say at all. Probably. But sometimes I think I should say something, even if it's just to

prevent something else from -" he breaks off with an annoyed exhale. "I'm trying to say that... I should tell you that I want to take this seriously. I was raised to take things like this very seriously, and - well, if you don't, I figured I should know now, but -"

She offers him a perfunctory pat on the chest with a tired hand, finding that she doesn't mind at all. Not the nervous talking or the courtship intent, or any of the rest - of whatever makes him him.

She welcomes all of it.

"I don't have a problem with that. Some evidence to the contrary, I don't usually set out to do things like this... lightly. A fun snog is one thing, but to this extent... no, I'd much rather think there's something real behind it."

Maybe she does doze a bit. Maybe they both do. Her next moments of awareness arrive when she shifts a little on the bed. Her new positioning frees a certain amount of leftover come to drip down her arsecheek to the bed covers beneath them.

"I'm kind of a mess," she notes idly, glancing down as if she could see any of it while pressed this tightly against him.

"You really didn't mind all that?"

Even when asking her a direct question, his arm won't let her lean back enough to crane her head up. Hermione gives up trying and rests her cheek back on his chest, enjoying the rhythmic rise and fall of his breathing.

"No, I really don't. I should probably wash up before going back to my tower, but I'd rather not just yet."

His next exhale is more of a rumble deep in his chest, as if he's a purring jungle cat.

"You meant it? You'd rather... keep it in you?"

Now she's glad to be facing his knees. "Ah... yes? I don't mind it on me - although I also really liked you cleaning me up. Before we leave here, I'd like you to do that... please?"

His fingers grip and release once, quick, like a possessively-tinged hug. She feels the restrained tension still quivering through his hands, resting lightly atop her skin and not relaxed in the slightest.

"I will. If you tell me what you like about it."

Such a Slytherin. She almost sighs, both resigned to the inquiry and wrestling with how to put words to it. She'll do her best anyway.

She doesn't really know. She just knows it's been something she enjoyed the thought of since she started having sex. Something about the final, concluding action of it leaving a mark on her... she doesn't want to think it's peripheral to 'ownership,' necessarily, but it's adjacent to it. She likes the idea of him branding her as his. Even if it's only in her own mind.

Although, wasn't she aroused by the idea of walking back to her tower, dripping come down the inside of her thigh? Having it soak into the fabric of her sock, making it heavier until it droops

down her calf? What if she knew that dried come was still on her chest beneath her robes? On her arsecheeks under her skirt?

What if it could be seen, and someone simply didn't know what it was?

What if they did?

This has not helped her determine how to voice this, in any way. But she tries as best she can, and by the time she's done, she thinks they're both ready to go again.

With Hermione flat on her stomach, Malfoy sits up on her upper thighs, running his broads hands up her back. Hermione has no clue what's been left behind from their last activities, if anything.

"I can't decide if I'd rather you come on my back fresh, all over again, or if I like the thought of you putting a second layer on better."

As his thumbs meet in the middle along her spine, his fingers reach all the way to her sides, skating along her ribcage. His weight on her legs, so tantalisingly close to her arse, has her heart racing with mounting desire. Surely he's not giving her all his weight, but he feels so solid, so strong. So *big*. Add that to the feel of his hands spanning her whole torso, and she practically whimpers beneath him.

"You want me here?" With one finger, he traces right down her spine, making her shiver. "Or... up here?"

He brushes her hair to the side and his weight on her shifts as he leans down. "Oh. Shit. I got some in your hair before. Sorry."

Hermione coughs out a laugh, not caring in the least. "I'm going to need to shower either way." She just doesn't want to, yet.

His hot breath drifts across her ear. "Are you saying I can come wherever I like?"

"I think I am saying that, yes. Where would you like to come?"

She doesn't even know if he can again. Eighteen or not, how many times can he come in one evening? But it has been a rather extended evening. And if he's as happy about the situation as she is... well, she feels lighter than air. Endless, infinite, indefinite. Except that he's currently sitting on her, but even that's adding to the sensation of lightness.

Everything is as it should be - everything, with big hands currently sliding up and down her back with delicious, deliberate memorisation. The tips of his fingers tease the sides of her breasts and she rolls her back to arch up to his touch.

"I want to come... everywhere," he murmurs, his voice sounding a register lower than normal. Gooseflesh breaks out on her arms. "But I really liked coming inside you. You're saying I could... always do that?"

"Mm-hmm." Hermione inclines her head towards her left bicep. "Along the inside of my arm, there's a little thing about two centimetres long, and it means you can come inside me as much as you want for a couple more years."

"And then?"

She blinks, the side of her head resting on her forearms. She really hadn't thought that far ahead. "And then... we talk about it?"

Which is a crazy thing to think. She knows this. But she can't say he's not laying his cards on the table with the question alone. And the way he was raised... he's looking for the first, last, and only. He's already said he wants it to be her.

"I could get another one put in, or..." "Or we could leave it out," goes unspoken, but his hands on her back apply slightly more pressure.

"Because I loved coming inside you," his voice, still in that enticing lower register, whispers into the soft place between her ear and her shoulder - which provides no further clarity to the conversation they'll have a few years in the future.

No matter what direction this conversation goes down the road, right now it's got her significantly hot and antsy. She can't turn her head far enough to see if he's hard.

Finally, she just goes for the gusto: she's not a Gryffindor for nothing.

"Would you like to now?"

"Again? Merlin's tits, witch." The humour in his voice is offset by his shift in weight, the hardness of something coming to rest right at the top of her arsecrack. Hermione inhales deeply, willing her heart to settle down.

"My tits are better than Merlin's."

"You're a needy thing, aren't you?"

These words shoot right to her core, catching her totally off guard. She might not get off on praise, but this does something to her, especially when the slight tremble to his fingers betrays his own lust. He might pretend that she's the needy one, but he's right alongside her.

Lifting slightly onto her elbows, she's able to peer behind her. Malfoy's gaze is predatory, his eyes black in the dim light. One hand snakes between her legs and she wriggles them as open as much she can manage with him sitting on top of her thighs. His fingers rake up and down her slit, parting her folds and finding the resident wetness there - both old and new.

She's never been shagged like this, although she doesn't know if he'll keep her this way or pull her up to her knees. Her earlier vision of Malfoy holding her by the hair while he drives in from behind returns in a rush of imagination and she whimpers beneath him.

He huffs a disbelieving exhale. "Do you walk around this wet? Fucking hell. How do you have any knickers left at all?"

"Grab my hair," she whispers, ignoring his prompt and closing her eyes in anticipated bliss.

He does this without delay, his weight rising to his knees. This allows her to spread for him, just a little more, and his hand provides unspoken praise. She finds she likes this sort of approval just fine, not including the arousing cooler air hitting her swelling, roughly-handled clit.

The calluses of his fingertips scrape along it and she leans into the sensitivity. This is the best kind, the kind she'd told him about, the kind that heightens everything. One of his hands wraps in her

hair, and she feels the tangles left from his come clumping the lower strands. Even that's hot and she's torn neatly between wanting him to do it again, and wanting him to come so deeply inside her this way that she can't walk properly back to her dormitory.

What time is it, anyway? She doesn't care. So what if they spend the night here? Who's going to tell her she can't? Ah, it's freeing; not that she'd set out to use this post-war advantage granted to her, but knowing it's there if she needs it empowers her in a fresh way.

Evidently satisfied with the state of her cunt (Hermione's lost track of how long this verification has carried on), she feels the much thicker head of Malfoy's cock replace his fingers, snuggling its way between her arse cheeks.

Anticipation floods her veins. She lifts her hips slightly and reaches beneath her body to guide him to the right spot. Even from this limited reach, she feels the precome leaking fresh from his tip, and she uses it to swirl around her opening just before he comes to rest there.

"Alright?" he asks in a low voice, and the visual of him kneeling across her thighs and fisting his cock right into her cunt from behind makes her keen beneath him. She lifts her arse to him as much as she can manage, and he slowly presses inside.

It's overwhelming. His cock is so large, so thick and heavy, and with her thighs essentially pressed together... Hermione breathes in deep and exhales as he pushes in just a little further. They begin a pacing rhythm this way, Malfoy's muted, clenched-teeth moans matching Hermione's slow exhalations to relax her body and take him deeper.

"Fuck," he grits out, "if this was our first time tonight, I'd have come all over you already."

"Don't say things like that," Hermione gasps on a measured inhale.

He releases a sharp cough. "No, *you* don't say things like *that*. It makes me want to come right this second."

His hand tightens in her hair, and she'd completely forgotten about it until now. Fresh heat floods her cunt, extra slick smoothing his way. He pulls her head back, arching her breasts into the mattress and lifting her arse into him. He slides a little deeper, slowly working himself to the hilt.

How close is he to being seated there? She can't tell. Every movement is mind-numbing, flooding her with pleasure. His cock is the only thing she can feel; his cock and the nerve endings in her scalp as he directs her where he wants her. Her clit is so swollen, even the slow progress of his shaft inside scrapes against it.

"*How* are you this tight? You're like a fucking dream."

She doesn't know. She really doesn't. But she figures she wouldn't be if he didn't have such a large cock and hadn't made her come three times already. Two more excruciatingly deliberate thrusts out and back in, and he's buried inside her. Her knees are touching, her cunt squeezed tight around his cock with no particular effort from her.

He hasn't moved again, and Hermione tries moving herself, a slow push backwards that hits something shockingly deep inside. She exhales a backwards gasp, pressing her forehead into her arm, and doing it again. Malfoy swears under his breath, his hand tightening in her hair. She arches by necessity, her back bending her head towards his fist.

He steadies himself with his hand on her hip and draws his cock back. Hermione braces as best she can into the mattress, but he still takes her breath away with his thrust, sliding into her with absolutely no room. She can't spread at all, not really, and he curses again as his fist tightens.

She meets him this time, finding his rhythm. He fucks her into the mattress, her hips pressing firmly into the padding as he slams in behind her. She's nearly on her elbows, her back hollowed, and he buries himself as far inside her as he can get. She feels every vein, every twitch. Rather than trying to spread herself, trying to use the slick she's leaking around them both, she squeezes her thighs together.

"Fuck." Malfoy's pace staggers. "Gods, Granger, I'm already about to come. It's fucking incredible. You feel... so good. So good, so fucking good, taking my whole cock so fucking well. Never imagined -"

And maybe she thought she didn't care one way or the other for praise in bed, but when it's coming from him, it does something. Maybe because she cares about pleasing him, the same way he wants to please her.

Maybe it's meant to be reciprocal all along, she marvels, because hearing his rambling words of adoration are only making her want to take him tighter, deeper, harder. She wants to accelerate everything, and she wants to return the sentiment.

"Keep doing this and I'll come, too. I want to feel you do it. Yes, twist my hair how you want it. Move me how you want me to be, and fuck me with - with that - gorgeous fucking cock."

"Granger, I -"

With a devilish blast of clarity, she grins into the pillow. "Ah-ah, what did we say?"

He stutters his next thrust, his cockhead pressing perfectly inside her swollen cunt. His fist gathers her hair and twists, exposing her neck to him. Her mouth falls ajar, eyes half closed, and his cock throbs in response to her punishing squeeze.

Malfoy draws out slightly, deliberately dragging himself against her, out between her clenched thighs. His second hand comes to rest right at the base of her spine, almost gently, in contrast to his tangled grip in her hair.

He waits long enough that her heart rate speeds up in unchecked anticipation, and she's just started to inhale when he slams in, yanking her hips to his and bottoming out in a single thrust.

"Her - mi - on - e," he grits, and as desperate as he was a moment ago, his fingers on her arse are almost soft.

Not for long. He repeats this, drawing back and tantalising her for a split second of anticipation before sending stars before her eyes. Hermione spares a hand to squirrel down beneath her and rub her own clit, groaning in time with his heavy cock trying to split her down the middle. She can hardly rub it with her legs pressed together, but it's the perfect additive to his anguished groans and she hits the edge of the cliff.

She must tighten on him. She can't even tell, her muscles too rubbery and out of her own command to be of any deliberate use. He's used her up, stripped her down, contorted her to his own ends. His hand has her pulled into the perfect arch, her nipples brushing against the mattress.

His unbelievable cock, seeming thick as her forearm, pushes her apart for him. He reaches unprecedented depths, throbbing and teasing her in places she can't even grip. She wonders what she looks like, facedown like this, taking his cock farther than one has ever been inside her. Maybe she'll ask him to show her.

The voyeuristic possibilities of using memories this way enchant her and she presses her arse back into him again. He stills, panting for two full breaths before slamming back inside to the hilt.

"Mal - Draco, I'm close. I'm so close. That feels incredible."

At her words, Malfoy pushes her flat to the bed, rising above her. Hermione gasps at this new position, forsaking any kind of angle. Her legs are tight together, his cock somehow fitting inside, and his hands span her back just like they did in adoration fifteen minutes ago.

He pulls out so she can feel every single ridge, and slides back in as if it's nothing. Slow and casual, savoury, and her climax starts to mount. It's a tease, it's all a tease, and as he draws back out just as slow she wants to beg.

That fat bulge of his cock slides right along, pressing down in every place she needs him most. He pauses, rubbing his cockhead over her g-spot back and forth with excruciating deliberation. Hermione wants to cry. Four orgasms is too much, it's too much, it's just within reach and simultaneously off somewhere in the clouds.

Without warning, Malfoy's fist grabs her hair in two quick circles of his wrist, pulling it tight again. She can't move. His weight is on top of her from behind and even though he pulls, she can't rise to meet him. The tension in her abdomen reaches a breaking point, and he tilts his hips to scrape along her tightening walls over and over, feeling her quiver beneath him.

"Come, sweetheart," he whispers to her, sounding right next to her ear and far away all at the same time. "You can do it."

She ruts her hips desperately into the mattress, chasing the friction between her legs, and he slams his cock in right where she wants it. She still doesn't even know if he can come again, but hers is finally within reach, the coil of heat around her core finally ready to snap. Her release bubbles to the surface with a sob, and she might pass out from the strength of the cresting wave.

"Hermione, you can do it. Come on, come right on my cock. It's incredible when you do. Please let me feel it. What do you need?"

She doesn't know. She's in a swirl of overstimulation. She can't voice a thing.

His weight leans back over her, dragging his hard cock against her front walls again. An incoherent cry of want comes up her throat.

"I need - I need -"

His hips shift as he angles his cock to drag it out and back in, keeping her thighs pressed tightly together around him. "I think I know what you need. You need me to come inside you, don't you?"

Tears rise to her eyes, desperate from her inability to articulate it and from him knowing what it is that'll put her over the edge. She nods her head, half buried in the pillow.

“Yes. Yes.”

Malfoy settles in to the hilt and presses his hips forward into her, while pressing hers down into the mattress. She cries out at the depth and feels his shuddering sigh.

“You want my pureblood come streaking your insides, don’t you?”

“...yes. Please.”

“You want me to cover you in it. You want it... *everywhere.*”

She both nods and shakes her head at once. “Yes. Just... just deep. There. Do it there. Please, let me feel it.”

“*Can* you feel it, sweet girl?”

Hermione has no idea if it’s imaginary or not, but she nods. It seems like it, that wave of comforting heat rippling head to toe. It’s the right answer, whichever it is. His broad palm lays flat on her lower back and he picks up the pace, steady as a clock.

She whines with him, anticipating each stroke, and her orgasm builds until it’s a cliff she can’t edge. She’s going to fall off it and with one more demanding drive of his cock, she begins to crest.

She practically shrieks with it and he springs into action, weight on one knee and slamming into her over and over. Without his solid pressure, she pushes her arse back into him again, meeting with a hard smack that makes him gasp.

Finally he spasms with jerking throbs of climax. Hermione closes her eyes and imagines ropes of white come streaking deep inside her. Her own orgasm is desperate and exhausted, muscles clenching around him at random - pulses she can’t control. She grips him and pulls, releases, pulls again. He curses and buries himself in place.

“Can you feel it, then?”

She can. Both his come covering her insides and his dedication to her, in tandem.

Drained as she is, thrilled that she’s facedown on the bed already, it’s the best feeling in the world.

Collapsing off her, Malfoy gathers her in his arms.

“We can stay here tonight, right? Who cares if they don’t like it?”

She wholeheartedly agrees. Not just the school, the castle, the professors - but anyone else who doesn’t like it.

He’s hers.

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Chapter End Notes

So, funny story. My mom reads my work. She was my first reader and, for a long time, my only reader. She doesn't read ALL of my work, but that's been a recent departure. Not recent enough, though. She's been diligently not pressuring me to finish Out of Time (which is finished, now!!!) but I had a hard time explaining everything else I was writing if it wasn't that. What was possibly taking me so long? Maybe 5-6 weeks after I finished writing this one (and thus, had not re-read it in over a month and had been occupied working on a half dozen other smutty projects), I decided I could toss it over to her, to tide her over until OoT was ready.

That was a mistake. Re-reading these last few chapters of egregious smut have left me in a permanent state of 🤔 bc I can't stop imagining my mom reading it.

Before you ask, she hasn't said anything. The only comment I got (and I don't know how far she'd read) was that she 'prefers a smidge more plot.'

I hope she didn't finish it.

ANYWAY, there will be a bonus chapter of this dropping on Sunday for Deflower Draco, but I can't make it the 21st chapter (fest pieces stand alone). I will make it part of a series, so it'll be [the second work in the Private Tutor series, Malfoy Rites of Passage](#).

I also have two other Deflower stories revealing Sunday, three Sub!Draco fics, two (so far) for Daddy Knows Best, and a whole lot of other fun happening. Subscribe to get notified. It's about to get busy around here.

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End Notes

Comments and kudos are love. 💜💜

Works inspired by this one

[\[Podfic\] Private Tutor](#) by [FanFixation \(SequesteredAudio\)](#).

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