

LIMERENCE

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Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Rape/Non-Con
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Relationships:	Hermione Granger/Draco Malfoy , Daphne Greengrass/Blaise Zabini , Draco Malfoy/Pansy Parkinson - Past
Characters:	Hermione Granger , Draco Malfoy , Pansy Parkinson , Theodore Nott , Blaise Zabini , Astoria Greengrass , Daphne Greengrass , Harry Potter , Ron Weasley , Severus Snape , Horace Slughorn , Minerva McGonagall , Luna Lovegood , Madame Pomfrey , Cormac McLaggen , Filius Flitwick , Lucius Malfoy , Neville Longbottom , Kade Thatcher (OC) , Vincent Crabbe , Marcus Flint , Gregory Goyle
Additional Tags:	Heavy Angst , Hurt No Comfort , Jealousy , Blood and Violence , Possessive Draco Malfoy , Obsessive Behavior , Dead Dove: Do Not Eat , Rape/Non-con - Freeform , non-con potion use , Rough Sex , Rough Kissing , Blood Kink , Spit Kink , Hogwarts Eighth Year , Alternate Universe - No Voldemort , Toxic Draco Malfoy , POV Hermione Granger , POV Draco Malfoy , BAMF Hermione Granger , Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism , Unreliable Narrator , Out of Character Hermione Granger , Dark Magic , Draco Malfoy Has a Large Cock , Forced Orgasm , Forced Proximity , Power Imbalance , Dark Draco Malfoy , Dom Draco Malfoy , Explicit Sexual Content , Minor Character Death , Trauma , Manipulation , Murder , Mentions of Suicide , Biting Kink , psychotic behaviour , Some unrequited love , some Stockholm Syndrome , When I say he's insatiable I mean it , Forced Marriage , Sexual Violence , Mutilation , Sexually Experienced Draco Malfoy , Virgin Hermione Granger , Emotional/Psychological Abuse , Unredeemable Draco Malfoy
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LIMERENCE

by [K_D_SLYTHERIN](#)

Summary

A Murder.

An Arrest.

Letters of obsession.

How far will the lines blur between love and limerence.. and how can one really tell the difference, when sugar and salt look the same?

Notes

Welcome to Limerence!

This is a dark and gritty, self-indulgent story with pieces of my heart and personal experiences woven in. If your brain is as pitch-black as mine then this is the story for you, but please proceed with caution, it is a horrific and painful tale.

A few things to keep in mind -

The characters in my story are older, starting Hogwarts at 16 and making them all 24 years old in their eighth year. There is no Voldemort so there is no war but there was a battle of the Astronomy Tower with Bellatrix as leader.

Music is a HUGE motivator for my writing and helps me set the mood, so you'll find a lot of that in each chapter.

If you're looking for funny and quirky characters, you won't find them here. They have their moments but for the most part they're subdued and terrified of Draco, which is often the case when coming face to face with someone as malevolent as my version of him. This is a Dramione-centric fic, focusing on their dynamic and the heartbreak and betrayals that come with being forced into a whirlwind Hermione never wanted and an obsession Draco can't break.

The burn will be FAST due to nature of this kind of relationship.

Hermione and Draco are both very flawed characters. Draco will do many unredeemable things—he's pitch black and past the point of being saved. Hermione is both a light in his dark world and his poison. Her choices won't always make sense, in the same way that her thoughts and actions won't always match. She's a tough cookie, but that toughness only stretches so far in the face of the cruel Slytherin Prince, and temptation is a dangerous thing.

See you in hell.

-K ♥

Chapter 1: The Devil

Chapter Summary

Limerence, with its intense desires and irrational nature of infatuation.

“You were destined for me. Perhaps as a punishment.”

- Fyodor Dostoevsky

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

Obsession by Mellina Tey

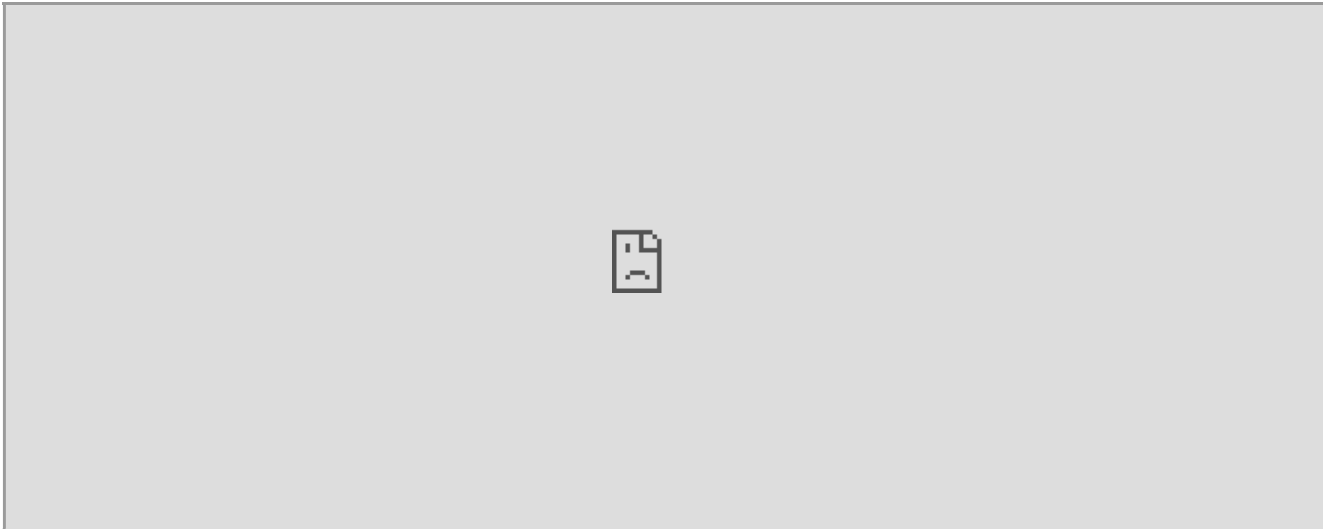
In My Veins by Shaker, COBRA

Sugar by Sleep Token

Give by Sleep Token

Gone by VILLYBON





DRACO

Wednesday, September 3rd 1998

Hogwarts, Scotland

Draco Malfoy knew very little about love.

He had never really felt much of it in his life, except maybe the fake love from people too weak to stand against him, too riddled with terror to even hold his eye contact. It was a respect out of fear, not loyalty.

Good, let them fear me. Fear means they aren't stupid.

His mother had loved him once, but she didn't like what he had become and so she tore her own life away from him with guilt and selfishness. Being the mother of a murderous death eater will do that to a person he supposed.

I don't need love anyway, I just need her.

He knew for sure that what he felt for the girl before him wasn't romantic, it was thick, *acidic*. It wrapped itself around what was left of the beating organ in his chest and buried its sharp edges into him with searing acknowledgment.

He could taste it on his tongue, feel the weight of it. It was something that he had never felt before but knew with certainty that it wasn't going away anytime soon, the roots would only grow *stronger* as they had done over the last year. Leeching onto his nerves and spilling venom into his veins with every breath, like a parasite claims its next victim.

A curse.

But one he would relish in. He couldn't wait to lick the sweet sap of glory from his fingers when he finally got the chance to sink his claws into her, to feel the long-forgotten sting of sun on his skin when she was firmly in his grasp, no matter the cost. No matter how much pain it would inevitably cause the both of them to lay claim to her.

He watched her through the gaps in the shelves, stacked with books and dust in the Hogwarts library where he knew without a doubt she would be, her energy pulling him through the dusky corridors to her exact location.

His eyes darkened as they followed her, drawn to her like a candle in the dark. His icy interior burned for her like the first rays of morning sun tearing through a frostbitten forest, melting away the cold. Her scent lingered in every corner, calling out to him like a siren song.

Vanilla, sweet and delicate with something feminine and sexy. So sexy.

A scent that drew him in. Had him hooked on its sweetness.

But Hermione Granger was anything but sweet and delicate. She was a sexy, intelligent force to be reckoned with, a feisty little thing with a sharp tongue. How else could the attention of a dominant powerhouse like Draco Malfoy be held if not for someone who spits the same venom as he does? If not for someone who could drive his all-consuming desire into the ground with a single glance in his direction.

If not for someone that stands out from the rest, someone that leaves a mark. Someone that spits fire and has fight. Someone that's not afraid to challenge him.

She carried herself with an independent, courageous and self-assured air, one that said she could not be easily controlled or bent out of shape. It was the exact attitude that damned her to him, unintentionally putting herself in his hazardous line of sight, and it was his *irresistible* invitation to chase.

He swiped his hungry tongue across his teeth at the thought.

It started when she punched him in third year, *naturally*. He had always had the taste for violence and favoured the smell of blood. Draco had been largely turned on by the fact that Granger actually had some bite to her bark. He always suspected it, but he never knew for sure until he witnessed her rage for himself, in all of its delicious glory.

He wasn't mad or embarrassed that he'd been bested by a girl, to get undivided attention like that from *Hermione Granger* was most boys' wet dream. He wore that punch like a badge of fucking honor.

Her skin on his for the first time, touching him with hard knuckles pulsing with hatred was enough to make him lose himself in the sting she left behind, a souvenir. Draco had many fantasies about all the ways in which he would coax and dominate that sexy little temper of hers, fucking all of that attitude right out of her.

He had tried to find the same feeling with other girls, but it was never the same. That one hit to the face from *her* in particular gave him more pleasure than any random fuck ever had. Not even Astoria could hold his attention for more than a quick one, as pretty as she was, or Pansy for that matter. But Granger mesmerised him. She was everything they weren't. She was everything that most girls weren't and he wanted that. Craved it.

Her eyes glistened in the dying sun that filtered in through the ancient school windows. The flecks of golden amber in her irises caught the light and pulled him in like a moth to a flame, ready to be scorched by her cinders. The risk would always be worth the reward in regards to her.

Grangers body was sloped and curved to perfection in her tight school shirt and pleated skirt that he couldn't wait to tear from her body. Each dip and bend the perfect shape for his hands to slot against her skin. A rare flame of desire burned through him as he watched her tuck a wisp of curly hair behind her ear.

She flipped through the pages of a paperback, dogeared at the corners and looking like it was made for only her hands, like the pages welcomed the heat of her fingertips as she caressed them softly.

Like the damn book had feelings.

It seemed silly, the prospect of being jealous of the attention she was giving that book, but he was. If only he could be graced with the warmth of her hands touching him in the same way.

Draco's eyes traced a hot path up to her face, captivated by the moisture on her lip as she pulled it through her teeth. The action made his knuckles tighten, white with the strain to hold himself back from revealing himself then and there.

Fuck, i need a cigarette or a whisky.

Both would be better.

He could feel the swelter of the numbers on the side of his neck as he watched his precious golden girl. Ink burned into flesh, labelling him a prisoner, reminding him of what he did, the very thing he doesn't regret—feels no remorse for.

The old wizard had it coming. He had been playing with fire for far too long and everyone knows that if you play with fire, you get *burnt*.

Bella wanted him dead, and so Draco was all too happy to oblige. He had killed Dumbledore in cold blood, a brutal murder. Mutilated and staring up at him through the icy fog of depraved magic. He had watched through hateful eyes as the spark left his old wise ones and felt the buzz of life like a drug as it slowly drained from his veins.

Dumbledore's body was cold and stiff as it slammed into the courtyard cobblestone below. Bella's deranged cackle floating on the wind.

Draco had once worn a mask and his face had grown to fit it, who it made him now was who it made him forever.

His mug shot was splashed across the Daily Prophet for months. Eyes as black as sin, only slithers of his usual grey peaking through the dark. His platinum hair hung over his forehead, blood dripping from his jaw like he'd just ripped someone apart with his teeth. A bloodied smirk in place. *Pleasure*.

Draco's only regret was getting caught, earning himself a scarred reminder. Everyone knew he'd done it, most had watched with their own terrified eyes. The call of Azkaban was inevitable, and Bella should have known better.

That decrepit wedge of rock in the ocean is where he would come to spend a year away from *her*.

When Granger appeared at his trial, all beautiful and fierce, he knew it was over for him. Her presence had solidified his obsession. The little flames of defiance that danced around in her eyes as she looked at him with so much anger only made him more desperate to have her, to taste the fury that seeped from her pores.

She was pissed off and oh so *enchanted*.

He was utterly bewitched and her eyes had *fucked* him forever.

His beautiful stupid girl, to ever think that someone as poisonous as him wouldn't stand up to the challenge. What a dangerous game it was for a woman to garner the attention of a competitive man with veins full of bloodied dominance. The fact that she caught his eye in the first place was a dangerous game. *A deadly game*. One in which he would never allow her to stop playing.

He had never craved the attention of anyone until he encountered hers, and that alone was enough to raise the beast's head and snap its hungry jaws in search of her beating heart.

And so, Draco took it upon himself to write her letters, a few with blood soaked edges as if the implications of his words were a *threat*.

His year in Azkaban was spent pacing his cell like a wild animal, pouring over words of obsession with a constant pulse of the name *Hermione Granger* in his head. The memory of those eyes, burning with challenge, played on repeat. Dark magic had

sponged onto the stone walls around him, seeking something warm and real to suck the life from, frustration tangible in the stale cell block air.

He would often give himself a change in pace, pumping the blood around his body in the form of push ups and any other physical exercise he could do in his tiny cage, just to stop the damn pacing. Draco had learnt the fine art of muggle exercise through Blaise Zabini's many step-fathers and it gave him the push he needed to become everything she couldn't resist.

Nothing but the cold clink of shackles filled his ears anytime he moved, biting into his bones as if he could fucking go anywhere anyway. They were in the middle of the North Sea, for fuck sake. But even there the guards were wary of him and no one ever came close to his cell if they didn't have to. The shackles he was forced into had held a certain power over his magic, keeping it dulled enough to cause no harm but not completely drained and that fact had the guards on edge.

Granger never returned any of his letters, especially when they became obsessive, volatile and more *bloody*.

He was spiralling out of control. He had no way to shove his presence down her slender throat other than desperate attempts to reach her through ink and paper, and when that failed he almost smashed his knuckles to dust on the damp stone walls of his confinement.

His cell had been cleared of blood on more than one occasion. It was the only courtesy he got when the smell of copper became too much for even the guards to endure, and as amusing as it was to watch their wands tremble with fear as they cast a *scourgify*, he kept his hands to himself.

Everything in that place had been rotten and filthy. The damp smell was everywhere and the cold that clung to every corner of the stone was a chill that sank straight to the bone and pierced through his flesh like frozen knives. Thoughts of Granger had dominated his brain, forcing him to spill across the stone to the image of her in his head, providing him with the only warmth he ever got in Azkaban.

But when Kingsley Shacklebolt was made an offer by Lucius that clearly he couldn't refuse—even with the knowledge that Draco was a murderer, he came to his cell at the end of a year and declared that he would return for his eighth term at Hogwarts on probation. Draco didn't question it. He didn't even ask about what sort of bargain they'd struck, he simply didn't care.

Self preservation is everything and even Shacklebolt is no stranger to that. He's as corrupt as I am.

Draco walked to his freedom with the mindset that the rest of the Death Eaters could fucking rot in there, including bella. Being a Death Eater didn't change the fact that he thrived in a one man army. He worked better on his own and always had.

He left his cell that day and felt his dark mark burn in response. But the only feeling that mattered was the need to be close to Granger, to see her again and taste the sweet essence of her presence on his tongue.

It was always her.

Her movement from the shelf she was leant against pulled him out of his thoughts. She wandered over to a table in the corner and Draco stalked the rows just out of view, prowling and watching her, always.

Ever since that punch, he had been fascinated by her and watched her every move with silver eyes full of curiosity. But his trial had sealed her fate, and his unanswered letters only made him more eager. Desire rapidly took over—not a simple need like hunger, but a taut, elastic compulsion.

The urge to ravage.

As she sat down and resumed her book, Draco pulled a green shiny fountain pen from his pocket, embossed with the initials *D.L.M* in silver along the side. It was the only thing of any value that he was allowed to keep in Azkaban, or they were too scared to take from him, rather.

He summoned a scrap of parchment to write her a love letter and leant against a shelf, smirking to himself as he wrote. Draco knew the time had come to make his presence known and anticipation zapped through him like an electric shock.

Waiting an impatient second for the ink to dry, he walked to the other side of the shelves nearest to her table, slipped the parchment into her open bag and retreated back into the depths of the shadows.

It was getting late.

She was the only one left in the library, but that wasn't anything new. Eighth year was a fresh opportunity to stay up later, study harder and get done all the work she needed in her desire to become a healer.

But Hermione often found her mind wandering to forbidden places now that she was back in the castle that was connected to *him* so vividly. She thought about the words she had read in those letters and the smell of the blood that stained them, about the picture of him in the Prophet that still flashed behind her eyes everytime she closed them. She hated it but it also intrigued her, because why *her*? Where had his obsession come from? There were so many questions about him that plagued her.

Idiot, don't you know that curiosity killed the cat?

The past year had had her on edge, she knew logically that he wasn't at Hogwarts, but she still felt his presence anyway. Like right now, she swore she could feel the familiar burn of his eyes on her skin and silently berated herself for letting him drive her to a place of paranoia.

Hermione decided to stop being so edgy and gathered her bag, tucking her wand into the band of her skirt as she left the library in search of the warm and inviting Gryffindor Common Room, her bed and a mug of tea.

The journey back was filled with echoes of footsteps trailing her, but every time she turned and saw nothing, she realised it was only her creepy imagination. Just *phantoms*.

As she stepped through the portrait she was hit with a wall of nostalgia. The heat from a fire, the comforting scent of parchment and burning wood. *Home*. Harry was slumped in a scarlet armchair, hair messy and glasses askew.

"Hey," he mumbled, opening one sleepy eye. "Where have you been?"

"Really, Harry?" she deadpanned, raising a questioning eyebrow. "If you knew me at all, you'd know exactly where I've been."

"Ah right, silly me. Of course you've been in the library for the past *five hours*," he exclaimed, looking down at his wrist watch. "You missed dinner."

"It's fine, I wasn't hungry anyway. I need to stay on top of my studies."

She brushed past him and headed for the stairs.

"You still need to function like a normal human though, and humans need food!" He called out, kicking his feet up on the coffee table and closing his eyes again.

"Goodnight Harry," she called back, ignoring his huff as she climbed the steps to her dormitory.

Since eighth year wasn't the most popular year due to the lingering stench of dark magic that didn't seem to want to leave and the visible stain of tears that still soaked the courtyard after Dumbledore's death, returning students each got their own rooms, which Hermione was grateful for.

Hers was comfortable with a large four poster bed dressed in gold and maroon silk with matching curtains and a nightstand. A small sofa sat next to a wide stone fireplace with a bookshelf and a full length mirror in the corner. There was a private bathroom to the right and a dresser and wardrobe to complete the furniture.

Hermione was more than happy with the space and more than happy to block out the bleak feeling of the castle in exchange for her studies.

She took her time getting ready for bed, mug in hand and sat on her plushy sofa, intending to do some light reading before going to sleep, as she always did. But something lodged in her throat when she dipped her hand into her bag, intent on pulling out her favourite book and pulled out a scrap of cold parchment instead.

The scent of mint and something masculine clung to its edges and her fingers trembled as she held it between them.

Hermione unfolded the paper with bated breath, her eyes rounding as she came face to face with the same neat scrawl that had been scorched into her memory for the past year. She was all at once slammed with too many spiralling thoughts, and her overwhelmed pulse thundered in her ears so loudly that she never heard the smash of porcelain as her mug shattered against the floorboards, or felt the burn of hot tea as it splashed at her feet, too trapped in internal panic for her body to process anything else.

How the fuck did he get this into my bag? She asked herself.

Until the obvious answer dawned on her with startling clarity.

He's here. He's out of Azkaban.

Draco *fucking* Malfoy.

You can't escape me now, even if you begged the devil himself. - D.M

Chapter 2: Cherry Bad Boy

Chapter Summary

To be watched by the devil is to be kissed by death.

Chapter Notes

Art by Erandi, the inspiration for my delicious Draco! ❤️

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

Mind Games by Sickick

Concrete Jungle by Bad Omens

ALL I WANTED WAS U by Ex Habit, Omidó

HUSH by Ari Abdul

You Belong To Me by Ari Abdul

Shameless by Camilla Cabello

This Is Only The Beginning by Steelfeather

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=YQtnSRjQDavRwBvZDUvLQ&pi=UzzN9W0QTkasM>



HERMIONE

Thursday, September 4th 1998

Hermione got very little sleep that night.

She had the irrational fear that somehow Malfoy would find a way into her bedroom and steal her in the night.

His words from previous letters—

Obsessed

Own

Take

Possess

MINE.

—flashed through her head, making her squirm in her bed just as he intended.

But that last note written in his hand chilled her to the bone more than any other, because now he had the power to do exactly as he said he would in all those letters. She had no idea how he was allowed back at Hogwarts, but with Snape being Headmaster and Malfoy's godfather, it wasn't hard to put the pieces together and now he was free—she officially had nowhere to hide. Hermione didn't know how to feel about anything that was happening. She was confused about what this would mean for her now and nervous about what trouble he would cause her.

At first his letters were polite, thanking her for appearing at his trial and "*gracing him with her seductive eyes*" as he had written. But Harry was quick to see the mark of Azkaban stamped onto the envelope and immediately shut it down, reminding her of his murder as if the brutality of it wasn't already burned into her retinas.

"*Don't be the stupid mouse running straight into the hungry jaws of the viper,*" he had told her.

But the longer she ignored him, the more the letters arrived and the darker they got, until she received one almost everyday for a year. Hermione did nothing about it because she knew that she couldn't, not unless she wanted to make matters worse. The Ministry was heavily influenced by the Malfoy bank, that was clear to see.

Lucius Malfoy had everyone under his thumb.

Hermione tried to shove the unbidden thoughts of Malfoy into the back of her mind as she dressed for the day, eager to get back into her classes. She wore a black pleated skirt that was probably asking for trouble, a white shirt accessorised with a gold and maroon tie, slate grey socks pulled to her thighs, her Gryffindor robe and shiny kitten heels. Her hair fell down her back in bouncy brunette waves and her vinewood wand was tucked safely into the elastic of her skirt, finishing off the ensemble with a light sweep of blush and cherry lip gloss.

As she headed down the steps to the Common Room, her heels clicking underfoot, she was greeted by Ron, sitting lazily on the overstuffed sofa. He was reading a quidditch magazine, his tie already missing and the first two buttons of his shirt undone, his hair a disheveled mop of ginger.

"Hey, Mione," he cooed, looking her up and down. "You look great."

He continued to gawk, magazine forgotten and if Hermione still had it in her to blush, she would have done so, but the time for childish things such as embarrassment were gone.

"Thanks Ron," she scoffed. "Are you coming down for breakfast?"

"Nah, I'm not feeling too good. Think I'll just stay here til class starts," he mumbled, his muted blue eyes following her towards the exit.

"Okay, well I hope you feel better soon," she said, eyeing him with suspicion.

If Ron was turning down food, then something definitely had to be wrong.

Hermione pushed through the fat lady's portrait into the chilly corridor. The scent of fresh rain hung in the air, but the castle still held the repugnant smell of dark magic left behind by the Death Eaters, too. It was everywhere, clinging onto every block of limestone it could find. Her heels echoed against the floor as she walked, a sense of anticipation and nerves rattling through her, buzzing in her rib cage.

Anticipation of seeing *him* for the first time since he had made his infatuation known. She had no idea what to expect, but she knew it would be nothing good.

She made her way into The Great Hall and noticed with sadness how empty it was now that more than half the students refused to return. She had Malfoy to blame for that now too, if the wide berth everyone was giving him was of any indication as she briefly caught his large silhouette from the corner of her eye. Finding a head of messy black hair amongst a small crowd, Hermione walked over to the Gryffindor table and was met with a few familiar faces on the way; Luna Lovegood, Cho Chang, Anthony Goldstein. But there weren't as many as she would've liked.

Neville Longbottom, Dean Thomas, Lavender Brown and Parvati Patil were seated around Harry when she finally reached them and looking out over the hall, Hermione couldn't help but notice that there were way more Slytherins than any other house. Because of *course* dark magic naturally ran through their veins, probably more than blood did at this point.

The crowd that made up Gryffindor, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw were a sorry sight in comparison.

Hogwarts felt different. Seventh year hadn't been much better since most were pulled out by their parents after the events of the Astronomy Tower. But their eighth and final year at Hogwarts was offered up as a choice and the students that did return now had to deal with the empty spaces left behind by absent friends.

As she walked, her heels made a crisp sound which brought with it eyes and looks of awe. Hermione knew she'd bloomed in the last year or so and male attention wasn't something she lacked. One set of eyes in particular seared across her flesh and as much as it sickened her to admit, the burn felt good. She could feel the jealousy rolling off of him in waves as she held the eyes of practically every male in the room.

Why does this feel good? What is wrong with me?

She sat and fussed over her tea that was made with two sugars, a splash of milk and a drop of honey, feeling a strange tug. The pull of icy eyes burning into her, threatening to rip the skin from her bones if she didn't acknowledge him. A strong compulsion to meet his attention half way. Hermione was reluctant and stubborn, but her curiosity eventually won out and she braved looking up. But what she saw wasn't something she expected and her breath caught in her throat.

The infamous Draco Malfoy sat at the Slytherin table with Theodore Nott, Blaise Zabini, Marcus Flint, Gregory Goyle, Vincent Crabbe, Pansy Parkinson, Astoria Greengrass, Daphne Greengrass, Tracey Davis and a few others Hermione didn't know by name.

Malfoy was so much broader than she remembered. He was wide with lean muscle, a crisp white shirt pulled taut across his large biceps and his sleeves rolled to his elbows, proudly displaying the dark mark on his left forearm. He clearly hadn't bothered with his tie and the top three buttons of his shirt were undone, revealing a slither of what looked like a chiseled chest underneath. A silver chain sat proudly around his neck and he wore two small hoops in his ear. But the most striking thing of all was the fleshy white scar that ran across his eyelid and through his eyebrow.

A few strands of white blonde hair hung messily over his forehead, frosty grey eyes the same shade as storm clouds over a raging sea as they fixated on her. But they didn't look still, they looked like they were churning and the longer the eye contact was held between them the more his pupils began to bloom until eventually his eyes were pools of black obsidian. *Lust.*

His jaw line was sharp, angled like a weapon and he had the most perfect full lips, light pink and pouty. Malfoy stared straight back at her unabashedly and winked. Hermione grit her teeth as her stomach did an involuntary somersault.

He held such a large presence that it felt like all the oxygen had been sucked from the room. Dominance and danger radiated from him in thick waves and it was evident in the way students stayed as far away from him as they could get. With his scar, stark white hair and large stature, he indeed looked the part of the intimidating criminal. But not *all* wanted to stay away from him, and the more Hermione looked the more she noticed girls pushing out their breasts and fluttering their lashes in his direction, hoping to catch his eye.

It was clear that men feared him and women wanted him. Everyone loved a notorious bad boy and the smell of danger had girls flocking to his feet.

Malfoy sat with his elbows on the table, one hand resting on his chin as the other spun his hawthorn wand between lethal fingers, rings on nearly every digit, glinting in the morning light streaming in through the arched windows. The Great Hall held the weight of nervous eyes. Foreboding settling over everything. Malfoy had so much confidence and arrogance that it was tangible in the air around him, carried by his fresh scent, a mint so perfect that it made her salivate.

She could see the shadow of a tattoo on the side of his neck, jet black against his pale skin just above his collar, and Hermione knew exactly what it meant. His mouth lifted into a devastating smirk at the sight of her examining him and his tongue darted out to swipe across his plump bottom lip. She followed it with her eyes, almost mesmerised by the softness until the sound of Theo giggling beside him broke her out of the trance.

Hermione blinked—coming back to herself, sneered and returned her attention to her table. She could feel her cheeks flushing with heat at the realisation that she had given him exactly what he wanted and his deep satisfied chuckle confirmed that he knew it too.

Bastard.

She was determined to ignore him.

“So, the murders back then?” Harry spat as he nodded his head towards Malfoy across the room, eyes dark with loathing.

“Of course he's back,” she snapped. “Not for studies, just to piss everyone off I presume.”

Harry scoffed. She wanted to leave, the heat of Malfoy's eyes all over her was making her sweat and so when Harry asked her if she was ready to go she couldn't jump up from her seat fast enough.

"Bit eager aren't you?" Harry laughed as he watched her nearly trip in her heels with the sudden movement.

"Just excited to get back into class is all."

Harry smirked at her again as they walked towards the exit, her tea abandoned. Stormy eyes followed her the whole way, she could feel them in her core, as if they had the ability to see into her being. It made her palms burn. She knew then that she had largely underestimated just how much Malfoy being back here would affect her.

Fuck.

Potions. Of fucking course.

His favourite subject.

She only knew because he had his head in a cauldron for most of fifth year before everything went to shit, before he became a killer and his eye contact with her became something darker.

He had always watched her, like an Ornithologist might study a pretty bird. She noticed it but she never paid it any attention. He never approached her or said anything, always just lurked in the shadows and stared. Once he grew up enough to stop with the childish insults that is, which seemed to happen ironically after he got that well deserved punch to the face.

Such a good memory. She smirked to herself.

He was unsurprisingly watching her now, sitting at the table opposite her with his Slytherin friends. Astoria and Pansy were in this class too and it was obvious how ripe with jealousy the two girls were over his attention being on someone other than them, hissing at her like Malfoy was a treasure they were trying to protect.

She rolled her eyes at the absurdity.

Professor Slughorn was back at his usual post as Potions Professor and it was clear that he was in no mood to deal with house rivalries.

"You will all pair up with someone from the opposite house and work together to create the *Draught of Living Death*," he ordered in his usual drawl. "Now."

He didn't have any patience either it seemed and students scattered. Hermione looked longingly over at Harry who gave her a small shrug. She huffed and searched around, immediately locking eyes with Luna from Ravenclaw.

As the students bustled about the classroom to find partners of their own Hermione made a move for Luna, only to be intercepted by Theo who reached her first and then blocked by some rather shiny dragonskin shoes. His wide shoulders hid her from the rest of the room as he stood tall in front of her. A cocktail of scents hit her all at once. *Mint, leather, woody and rich, mixed with something sweet.* It made her head dizzy as she looked up.. straight into Draco Malfoy's intense eyes.

"*Granger*," he greeted, his voice a deep velvety rumble, the ghost of a wolfish smirk still teasing the edge of his sinful lips as he circled her like prey.

His heated eyes carved a molten path across every inch of her body, undressing her with his leering gaze.

"*Malfoy*," she sneered, trying to mask the way his voice sent a chill down her spine. "Why the hell are you circling me? Were you a fucking vulture in a past life?" she asked, folding her arms over her chest.

His smooth laugh echoed around the room as he came to stop inches in front of her. "I just wanted to take a good look at you sweetheart, it's been a while," he winked.

Hermione rolled her eyes and tried to side step him but he moved with her, blocking her exit. "Bit rude aren't you Granger? I'm just saying hello." He leant a hand on the table beside them, further boxing her in.

"Hello," she snapped and tried to step away.

The heat from a large hand gripped her arm and Hermione flinched, her eyes fixed on a spot on the wall to the side of her, if only to slow her breathing.

“Where are you going?” he asked but it didn't sound like much of a question.

And when Hermione didn't reply he whispered—“I want *you* to be my partner,” as he guided her chin back to him with his other hand, his touch scorching her.

“Why?” She countered, forced to look back into the alluring depths of his eyes.

“Because Granger, you're the best and a Malfoy *always* gets the best.”

He removed his finger from her chin and lifted them to her mouth. Hermione froze. He swiped his thumb slowly across her bottom lip, gathering her gloss and slipped it between his own lips, all while holding her prisoner with his cold gaze.

“*Cherry*,” he purred, smirking as every hair on Hermione's body stood on end.

She could see Harry in the background trying to make his way to her. “Hermione just pair up with me!” he called, trying his best to push through the Slytherins that had made a wall around them.

“Rules are rules Potter,” Malfoy spat. “Pair up with someone from a different house, and if my memory serves me correctly, I'm *pretty* sure you're both in Gryffindor.” His tone dripped with sarcasm as he cocked his head in Harry's direction.

“Since when have you ever followed the rules you fucking murderer—“

“*Harry!*” Slughorn hissed.

Gasps echoed off the stone walls.

Malfoy smirked and chuckled, the sound of it vibrating through her body where his hand still rested on her arm. “I do when it serves in my best interest.”

He turned to face her once more. His eyes sparkling with a challenge.

“But—“

“Just leave it Harry,” Hermione mumbled, scowling at Malfoy's triumphant face.

She didn't have time to stand there all day arguing over potion partners.

Her heart thumped in her chest as she looked around and realised that everyone had been watching their interaction. The classroom had gone deathly quiet. Harry had reluctantly been paired with a miserable looking Astoria, Luna with Theo, Blaise with Neville and Ron wasn't around so it looked like Malfoy was her only option anyway.

Great.

Harry raised a concerned brow and Hermione swallowed the lump in her throat in response.

“*Fine!*” she hissed with as vicious of a sneer as she could muster.

She shook off his hand from her arm and stormed over to the table with him grinning at her heels. Once seated, she crossed her arms like a petulant child.

Why does he always have to get his own way? She thought as he sat next to her so fucking smug that it made her blood boil. She side eyed him and noticed him winking across the table at Theo, as if the pair of them had *planned* it.

“Now, as instructed you are to create the potion to perfection to be judged at the end of the class. As my two best students have decided to pair together, it doesn't leave any of you with much of a chance for success. *Shame*. Now chop, chop,” Slughorn chirped.

What the fuck is happening.

Malfoy turned to her with a smirk on his face, his silver eyes full of mischief. “You get the Valerian Root and I'll grab the Infusion of Wormwood, yeah Granger?” He winked, standing from his stool.

“They're in the same fucking store cupboard Malfoy, why can't you grab both?”

She practically growled at him in frustration.

“Because *Granger*, we’re working together and that means that I’m not doing all the work on my own.” His lips twisted up at the edges into a condescending smile.

Fuck I hate him.

As they both gathered the rest of the ingredients and put their hands to work around the cauldron, Hermione couldn’t help but breathe in his scent anytime he got close to her. It was almost her body’s natural reaction to want to savour the heat that radiated from him, he was like a damn furnace. Malfoy noticed and kept chuckling to himself which only fanned the flames of her irritation.

“Will you stop doing that!”

“Doing what?” He smirked.

“That fucking laugh, it’s annoying,” she snapped, pointing a cherry red fingernail in his direction.

Malfoy stepped closer and tried to bite the end of her finger, causing her to gasp and jolt back, earning herself another infuriatingly deep chuckle from him.

“You really shouldn’t tempt me like that,” he warned, turning back to the cauldron.

“With a finger? It’s hardly a tempting body part is it?”

He looked over his shoulder at her with a raised brow. “I think you’d find my fingers *very* tempting if you knew what they could do.”

Hermione wanted to smack him, he was so insufferable and when he was in this annoyingly flirtatious mood she almost forgot that he was a murderer.

Almost.

She scrunched her nose at him in disgust and sat down at her stool, done with the whole class. Malfoy finished up the last of the potion and sat down beside her and she felt rather than saw the searing heat of his palm slide across her bare thigh under the table, a thumb tenderly stroking her. Her entire body tensed and goosebumps flared on her skin. She couldn’t explain what she felt in that moment—the need to rip his hand off of her was strong but that stupid risk taking part of her brain wondered what would happen if she left it there.

The letters she had received from him were terrifying to say the least and she had no idea he could ever feel that way about her, but as much as she would deny it, something stirred low in her belly now that he was physically there in front of her. It was sickening. He surrounded her with his domineering presence and it was so magnetic that it was hard not to get sucked into his orbit. The pull she felt towards him was strong and *wrong*.

Malfoy had always been attractive, but now with his added muscle and his steel-built six foot four stature, it was very hard to ignore him, even when he wasn’t right next to her with a heavy hand on her body. But she wasn’t about to let him know that, so she moved to smack him away but his eyes stopped her dead in her tracks.

The sharp silver beneath his lashes sliced through her in warning and Hermione sucked in a breath. “Don’t” he hissed and she swore she saw curls of black smoke leave his body as he said it.

“If I want to put my hands on you, I *will* put my hands on you, baby.”

His whisper was harsh and taunting. His hand tightened on her thigh, daring her to defy him and his nails bit into her already flushed skin. *A possessive grip.*

Hermione’s patience had run thin and she needed to get away from him, *now*.

“Who the ***fuck*** do you think you are?” She shrieked as she stepped down from her stool, his hand falling away from her thigh with gravity, leaving little crescent dents in her flesh, evidence of their forced proximity.

She was too quick in her need to flee for him to snatch her back and if looks could kill, they would both be bleeding out with the daggers that they threw at each other. She would surely drown in the storm that raged in his eyes and he would burn to a crisp in the flames that roared in hers.

Harry stood to follow after her but she held up a hand to stop him.

“I’m sorry professor,” Hermione breathed as she breezed past him, her bag slung over her shoulder and out the door, leaving a confused Slughorn and a trail of vanilla in her wake.

DRACO

Draco watched her leave, that sweet addictive scent of hers leaving its mark in every corner of the damn cave-like room. His fists were clenched tight, trying hard to keep his magic in check with the memory of her soft skin still buzzing on his fingertips.

Fucking Granger, she's driving me mad. Absolute cock tease.

Slughorn raised a grey brow in question and all Draco could do was shrug, he didn't know why she had to be so fucking uptight, all he wanted to do was touch her. He wanted to taste and fuck her, own and possess her too but he would circle back to that. The cherry gloss she wore that was still sticky on his thumb was the closest thing he'd gotten to tasting her and it made him as hard as a fucking rock. His cock had yet to go down and he readjusted himself without caring about being discreet, the size of him wouldn't allow for that anyway.

Slughorn did his business, testing the potions around the room. Draco stretched out his long legs and crossed his arms over his chest, bored and waiting. He knew very well that none of the other potions would live up to his and Grangers.

And they didn't.

As Slughorn dropped a crisp leaf onto the surface of the clear liquid it smouldered in seconds, crowning their version of the Draught of Living Death the winner.

How predictable.

"It's so perfect, I daresay one drop would kill us all," Slughorn praised.

A snort echoed across the classroom.

"Bloody show off," Nott mumbled as Zabini rolled his eyes.

They both knew that potions was where he thrived.

The lesson came to an end and all eyes in the room were occupied elsewhere, giving Draco the perfect opportunity to grab a pipette and splash half a drop of his potion into a vial. He sealed it with a cork and slipped it into the pocket of his slacks.

Silver smoke billowed from between his lips as Draco leaned back in his leather armchair, staring up at the moving reflection of the black lake on the vaulted ceiling in the Slytherin Common Room, mesmerised by its motion.

A cigarette was held between his long ringed fingers and a crystal glass of whisky rested against his thigh, just how he liked it. The only thing that was missing was Granger and her perfect ass sat in his lap, where she belonged.

But that would have to wait just a little longer.

"Alright there, big boy?" Asked the silky voice of Theodore Nott, smirking at him from the opposite sofa. "Enjoy your inevitable win today?" He winked.

Draco hummed as he pressed the glass to his lips, the smoothness of the whisky sliding down his throat with ease. Zabini sat in a matching chair at the end of the room, his own hands busy with whisky and cigarettes. This was their favourite time of the day, to just sit, smoke and drink. Unwind.

That was until the loud screeching voice of Pansy Parkinson met their ears, making them all cringe.

"*Draco!*" She squealed as she marched into the room, her shiny black bob swinging around her neck.

"What?" He mumbled, taking another deep drag of nicotine into his lungs.

"What the fuck was that with Granger?"

Nott chuckled into his own glass as he watched from his seat. They were all very familiar with Pansy Parkinson and her jealousy. Zabini rolled his eyes so hard that Draco was surprised they didn't get stuck that way.

"What was what, Pansy?" Draco asked in a bored tone, he had heard this all before.

“Oh don’t play dumb with me,” she spat, taking a seat in front of him on the coffee table, forcing herself into his personal space as fucking usual.

“You’ve drooled over Miss Perfect for years and *now* you decide to make a move?!”

Draco huffed out a breath, the last of the cigarette smoke leaving his nostrils.

This really is getting fucking old.

“So what? What I do is no concern of yours.”

The Common Room was thick with smoke as he stubbed the butt of his cigarette out into a crystal ash tray next to Pansy’s thigh. She crossed a long leg over the other and raised a perfectly plucked brow.

“Ok, fine. Keep your fucking secrets,” she whined.

“Stop pouting Pansy, it’s not a good look,” Zabini snapped as he took a sip of his drink, already bored of listening to her moaning voice like the rest of them.

“Oh fuck off Blaise, as if you care.”

“I don’t, but you’re bringing down the vibes,” he shrugged.

“What fucking vibes? All you lot ever do in here is drink and smoke,” she shot back, tucking a strand of raven hair behind her ear.

“Don’t forget fuck,” Nott crooned, wagging his brows suggestively.

“Yeah well, that doesn’t happen much anymore.. does it Draco?” Pansy asked bitterly, her eyes returning to his.

Draco smirked as he looked at her. She was so damn easy to piss off.

“Your pussy is good Pans, but it’s not *Granger* good.”

“And how the fuck would you know? You haven’t even fucked her.” Her eyebrows were pulled together in annoyance, her face scrunching up like a bulldog.

“Not yet,” he grinned.

Pansy stomped the heel of her black stiletto into the rug like a child. “Whatever, but don’t you dare come crawling back to me when she doesn’t want you,” she said, as if her words had any meaning.

They all knew that the second Draco’s cock came out Pansy would be all over it like a dog in heat. Begging for it like a hungry little cock slut.

Draco snickered and raised a brow. “You think that’ll stop me?! That only makes me want her more. The more she pushes the harder I will pull, it’s the nature of the forbidden, Pans. If she wants me or not is beside the point, *I want her* and that’s enough,” he confirmed, rolling his tongue over his whisky tainted teeth.

Zabini and Nott exchanged deep smirks and Pansy scowled. They were the only ones who truly knew him. They knew how impulsive and dominating he was. How cruel and aggressive. They knew that once he set his sights on something he wouldn’t stop until he got what he wanted, and a Malfoy *always* gets what they want. No matter the cost. It was their right.

“I will make her realise she’s mine, whether she likes it or not, and when I have her in my hands I will give her the *fuck* of her life. I’ve waited long enough.”

His voice was low and sinful, a dangerous smile on his lips as they pressed to the cold crystal of his glass. His silvery eyes alight with sickening malevolence.

“And this is only the fucking beginning.”

Chapter 3: Spun in Silk

Chapter Summary

And the sweet little angel couldn't keep her eyes off the alluring devil.

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

DROWN by Layto

Beggin for Thread by BANKS

Riptide by Grandson

I Want It All by Omido, Mandrazo, Rick Jansen

PIECES by Elley Duhé

Woo by Mack Lorén

Void by The Neighbourhood

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=YQtnvSRjQDavRwBvZDUvLQ&pi=UzzN9W0QTkasM>



DRACO

Friday, September 5th 1998

He woke in the same way he had for years, in a cold sweat with a raging hard on pulsing between his muscled thighs. His body aching with desire.

Green silk damp with desperation.

It had happened every night since he began to dream of her. Always the same.

Images of her thighs, soft and warm under his palms, the sweet taste of her neck, her silky hair tangled between his long fingers. The wetness of her tongue against his, the heat of her center wrapped around his length. It plagued him in the shadows of night and urged him to find her and devour her whole.

His hips were desperate to push into her hot, beautiful body, slam to the hilt and never leave. And these were the exact kind of mind bending dreams that could send him back to the cold depths of prison.

Draco looked over to the small clock on his nightstand. 3:45am. *Fuck.*

He knew he wouldn't go back to sleep until he gave himself the release he wanted, but it wasn't in the way he craved, the way he *needed*. He needed her mouth to envelop him in its warmth, in her slick center where he would carve his name inside her walls with himself. It gave him fucking shivers to think about.

He wanted it more than anything and that was the dangerous part.

Draco had fucked a lot of witches in his attempt to find satisfaction but frustratingly never got it. Most women weren't agreeable to the roughness, but it was the only way he knew how. He consistently chased the high of a pleasure he knew he would only get from her.

Granger.

But tonight he was forced to settle for his own hand.

Boring.

Muscles flexed and abs tightened as he stroked himself to completion, swiping a thumb over the slick tip of his cock, already weeping with pre cum. Visions of her face, causing a storm inside his head. Threatening to unravel him further.

*I've lost my fucking mind and it's **her** fault.*

The need to be inside her burned through him and had done all this time. He wanted her delicious scent all around him and to mark her with *his* like a fucking dog, warning away all other males, because she was *HIS* property.

He wanted to lick every inch of her skin.

Mark her. Label her. Own her. Claim her.

Malfoy came with her name warm on his tongue, sending thick ribbons of cum across his tight stomach. The orgasms he had with her in mind were always good, but never as fucking euphoric as they would be once he finally had her. This whole waiting and patience thing wasn't working. Not now she was this close, tempting him.

He could smell her everywhere he went and it was a battle he wasn't willing to fight.

It was a taunt he wanted to sink his teeth into.

He only hoped that she was ready for what was to come and if she wasn't..

well that is too fucking bad.

HERMIONE

It was Friday afternoon, classes had finished early for the day and almost everyone was in Hogsmeade, including Harry, Ron and most of the teachers. It wasn't surprising. Not many could stand the oppressive feel of the castle anymore, but it didn't really bother Hermione that much.

Her friends had suggested that she tag along but all she really wanted to do was clear her head from the fog Malfoy had pumped it with. She had never been in such close proximity with him before and it left a lasting impression on both her mind *and* her body.

The castle was quiet, devoid of voices and laughter, it was peaceful, so Hermione decided she would take a much needed soak in the Prefect's bathroom since it didn't get used much anymore.

It was just another forgotten element of Hogwarts.

The large bathroom grew heavy with steam as the many taps filled the tub. The siren in the stained glass window brushed nimble fingers through her long tresses as always, and the familiarity of it comforted her. Hogwarts was the same in its bones, it was the feeling that had changed, and it deeply saddened her and made her want to stay as close to it as she could for fear of losing the only home she had ever known in the Wizarding World.

She stripped out of her school clothes and stepped in, sighing blissfully into the vanilla bubbles she had brought with her from her own bathroom. The Prefects bath had always been her favourite. It was overly spacious and enveloped her small frame completely, pushing any lingering thoughts from her mind as she lost herself to the hot water.

The way she was naked and alone in a huge tub filled with bubbles that popped gently against her skin had always made Hermione feel a certain type of way, and it wasn't long before a hand slipped between her thighs to tease her clit. She had never understood why, but the feel of velvety hot water against her body was like an aphrodisiac, like being spun in silk. Textures had the ability to make her wet and needy.

The prospect of being solo and doing something that would be frowned upon was a guilty pleasure. The idea that there was no one around to interrupt her and she could do whatever she wanted was enough to make her do so, and no one would ever accuse Miss Hermione Granger of being so *promiscuous*. She was well acquainted with her own body and could bring herself to orgasm just fine, but she'd never gone beyond that, not even with Ron when they were together, so the little moments she got to herself were ones she basked in.

Her nipples hardened and her breath came in short pants as she worked herself in soft circles. Hermione was so wrapped up in her own body with the sound of running water in her ears that she never heard the creak of the door as it opened, or the sound of dragonskin shoes as they slapped against the tiles, or clothing being peeled from pale skin and dropping carelessly to the floor in his haste.

It wasn't until a firm hand pressed over her mouth that she finally snapped her eyes open in a flash of panic.

"Shhhhh," Malfoy whispered.

Hermione's body flushed hot with the smooth sound.

"What a delicious little situation to find you in, Granger," he purred, keeping his hand pressed tightly to her lips, every inch of himself flush to her front.

Hermione squirmed to get out of his grasp but it was impossible, and even more so with her skin being wet and slippery. Her hand was crushed to her swollen clit, trapped between them while her other connected with his chest to keep him away. He was hot to the touch but she still felt the shiver the contact gave him.

She tried to speak against his palm but he breathed in her ear and she almost lost her composure and came right then and there. Every sensation heightened in his presence.

What the fuck is wrong with me.

He chuckled deeply, sensing her internal battle. "Wanna swap your hand for mine, Granger?" He taunted slyly, that bloody smirk back on his smug face.

Hermione grazed her teeth against his skin, forcing him to release her and take a step back, giving her for the first time, a proper look at him.

Draco Malfoy was all hard lines and pale skin. His muscles flexing under the weak light of the bathroom. His *Sectumsempra* scars ran in jagged lines across his buff chest like streaks in marble and his inky Azkaban tattoo stood out almost proudly against his complexion.

He is beautiful. Like snow. Deadly. Pretty to look at but will freeze you to death if you're not careful.

His blonde hair was damp with steam and hung messily over his forehead like he had been driving his hands through it all day. His shoulders were broad and his arms roped with thick muscle, his rippling abs leading down to a sharp v with a light dusting of hair trailing down beneath the surface of the water. Hermione realised with a knot in her throat that he was naked too.

After a deep swallow, she came back to her senses and immediately covered her breasts with her hands. Not only had she been looking at him, but he had been staring straight at her hard nipples, and his gaze was purely ravenous.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" She asked, uneasy by the way his face changed from taunting to hungry like the flip of a switch, his pupils bleeding into the grey the more he looked at her.

"Like what?"

"Like you want to eat me."

His face cracked with a dangerous smirk. "Because I *definitely* do."

Hermione inhaled hard, her clit pulsing and a few minutes of tense silence passed between them before he grit out his words so deeply that it sent heat into her lower belly.

"Let me taste you, Granger."

"What?" She hissed, her mouth hanging open in shock at his forwardness even though she really hadn't the need to be shocked at all.

"*Let. Me. Taste. You,*" he repeated, louder this time, taking a step forward with every word.

Hermione panicked and tried to back away but found herself trapped against the side of the bathtub. She attempted to clear her mind, trying to find the best escape route, but before she could he was right in front of her. His large hand came to rest on the side of her face, cold rings pressing into her flushed cheek, his fingertips twisting between her wet curls. His other braced behind her on the lip of the tub, caging her in, he was so close that she could feel the hot dominance radiating from his body.

His eyes pierced through her soul and all of the moisture in her mouth evaporated.

"Let's not pretend you don't want to know what the texture of my tongue feels like against your skin," he breathed.

She pulled her hands away from her breasts and placed them on his chest, catching the quiet moan he made at the touch, Hermione's eyes almost rolled into the back of her head. It was like his proximity brought with it the unrelenting need to submit, whether she wanted to or not. She was frozen in a feeling she couldn't even try to identify and certainly hadn't been ready for.

His strong, masculine scent surrounded her in a delicious embrace and the mint on his breath begged her to dart out her tongue and taste it.

Stop it.

Hermione's words got caught in her throat, her hands tingling where they rested on his skin. When the burn of his tongue licked a broad stroke up the side of her neck, stopping just below her ear, a small whimper escaped and echoed around the room.

"Mmm," Malfoy moaned, his grip on her face tightening. "Make another sound like that Granger and you'll be filled to the brim with me with no place to go."

His husky voice chilled her as he scraped his teeth teasingly against her shoulder, leaving goosebumps in his wake.

He stepped even closer and removed his hand from her face to stoop between them. With the swipe of a fingertip across her sensitive nipple, Hermione flinched, her breath hitching. He pressed himself against her hip, hard, long and punishing. It stretched every nerve in her body taut, and Malfoy didn't miss a trick.

He pulled his head away and ran a lazy thumb across her bottom lip, holding her chin up with his finger. His eyes darted back and forth in a triangle formation, from each of her eyes to her mouth, making her dizzy. He bent forward but stopped himself inches from her lips, his gentle puffs of air fanning across them. Hermione held her breath.

"The next time I'm this close to you.. I won't stop."

He whispered the words slowly against her lips and they tasted like a threat. The ice in his eyes returned and carved a path through the fire in hers, the sting of smoke against her skin a warning.

Hermione finally let out a breath as Malfoy backed away and turned around to gather herself, her naked back to the room as she listened for the splash of water against the tile. She took deep breaths to steady her thrashing heart, her pulse pounding in her ears as she gripped the side of the tub with shaky fingers, needing something solid to ground her.

What the fuck just happened?

The skin he had touched burned with his memory and when her breathing had returned to normal, she took the risk of turning back towards him only to discover that he was already gone.

When Hermione walked into the Common Room later that day she was visibly shaken and Ron and Harry both jumped to their feet.

“Mione, what happened?—“

“Are you alright?—“

They both asked their questions in unison, concerned expressions marking both of their faces.

“I..I’m fine,” she managed to stutter out, her heart was still trying to beat out of her chest.

They both gave her a look that said they knew she was lying.

“Is this about Malfoy?” Harry asked, sitting back down in his armchair.

Ron looked over to him confused. “*Malfoy*? Why would this be about Malfoy?”

Hermione closed her eyes in exasperation, only now remembering that Ron didn’t even know he was out of Azkaban and back at Hogwarts. Everyone else knew, but Ron hadn’t been around and they were only five days into their eighth year. They had arrived on the first of September and graciously given a few days to settle back into castle life before classes began, but Ron had been so distant that it was hardly surprising he was so out of the loop.

“Ron.. erm, I was meant to tell you but I haven’t seen you much lately,” Hermione began, looking at him standing awkwardly in front of her.

“Told me what?” He pressed, screwing up his face as he looked between them both.

“Malfoy’s out of Azkaban,” Harry blurted without even giving her a chance to speak.

She scowled at him out of the corner of her eye. “Yes, *thanks* for that Harry!” she snapped.

He looked at her sheepishly and grimaced. “Ooops.”

“*WHAT?!*” Ron’s eyes were as wide as saucers and his cheeks instantly bloomed red. “He’s out? But how the fuck can he be out after what he did? He’s a fucking murderer!”

“Just calm down for a second Ron, that isn’t even the worst part!”

He clenched and unclenched his freckled fists, giving her such a glare that she almost laughed. “How can it get any worse?!”

She guided him over to the sofa and sat down beside him, adding a sympathetic pat to his knee, her shaking long forgotten.

“Malfoy, he’s..” she stopped to take a steadying breath before continuing. “He’s back at Hogwarts for his eighth year.”

She gave him an awkward smile, preparing herself for the oncoming rage he was sure to burn her with.

“*WHATTTTTT?!?!?*” Ron shrieked, springing up from his seat to pace the length of the Common Room.

Hermione left Harry to deal with Ron's drama. It was no secret that he had a short fuse, his hatred for Malfoy wasn't new news either and his jealousy towards the letters she received from him only added fuel to the fire.

The whole situation was something she didn't want to deal with, which is why she was kind of glad Ron hadn't been around much, although she still didn't know the reason why.

Hermione and Ron had split up in seventh year over Malfoy and his obsessive letters. Naturally he found out and she couldn't stand the constant arguments and judgment that a prisoner in Azkaban and none other than Draco Malfoy—the killer, had a weird obsession with her. She ended the relationship with Ron to save herself the stress.

So now that Malfoy was back and Ron knew about it, it would only be a matter of time before ginger and blonde collided, because in Ron eyes—Malfoy stole his girlfriend.

As Hermione lay in bed that night, she promised herself not to let Malfoy worm his way into her head ever again. Having undivided attention from someone as largely intimidating and intense as Draco Malfoy felt trapping, like no matter where she went or who she tried to hide behind he would always find her and force her back into his orbit.

The way he demanded her attention and she gave it like a fool was frustrating. She *froze* in that bathroom and she had no idea why. It was like she was in a strange trance and she refused let it happen again. She would push him away at every opportunity until eventually he got the hint and left her alone.

Hopefully it would be that simple, but with a man like Malfoy, things rarely ever were.

Chapter 4: The Snake Pit

Chapter Summary

A snake will look you straight in the eye and bite you anyway.

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

Altitude by Montell Fish

Broken Trust by SAY3AM, Staarz

Location Zero by Comb4t

Disease by Lady Gaga

Like A Drug by Jordyne, SWIM

Slow Down by Chase Atlantic

Body Loud by SWIM, Limi

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=YQtnvSRjQDvRwBvZDUvLQ&pi=UzzN9W0QTkasM>



HERMIONE

Monday, September 8th 1998

The weekend passed in a blur with no more interactions with Malfoy, she kept herself holed up in the Gryffindor Tower and away from him.

She was still reeling over what happened in the Prefect's bathroom but she could hardly say that she was surprised, something like that was bound to happen sooner or later knowing what she knew about Malfoy. By the time Monday morning in The Great Hall came, Ron was still foaming at the mouth over the situation. He sat giving Malfoy death stares across the room, in which he received back in full.

"Ron, stop it," Hermione groaned, shoving to his shoulder. "You'll only make it worse."

"*Worse?! That git shouldn't even be here,*" he grumbled.

He hadn't touched his food, still intent on drilling holes into skulls dressed in green.

"Yeah, we know that, but what the hell is staring at him going to achieve? You know he loves the drama and you're giving him exactly what he wants."

And the smirk he shot them only confirmed it.

Malfoy loved the attention. He loved conflict and fights, he thrived in it because he and everyone else knew that no one could best him. He was strong and skilled with wandless magic, something that very few had mastered. It was also told through the grapevine that he was a proficient Legilimens and Occlumens, although Hermione didn't believe that he would need to use the latter, since he seemed naturally devoid of all emotion anyway.

His skills were all thanks to his deranged aunt, Bellatrix Lestrange. The Death Eaters precious leader.

Thank god for Azkaban.

The way Malfoy had filled out in his year in prison gave him a razor sharp edge. No one messed with him and students parted in the corridors for him, like he was the Grim Reaper floating towards them, ready to suck out their soul in the same ways dementors did, but worse.

"A punch in the face is what he needs," Ron bit, still sending dangers across the breakfast table and pulling Hermione from her thoughts.

"Yeah, been there, done that. It didn't change a damn thing, remember?"

It did change some things, just not the things I was expecting, she mused.

She looked over as Harry wandered in and sat next to her. "What's going on?" He asked, clearly sensing the tension.

"Take a wild guess," Ron grumbled, nodding his ginger head towards the Slytherins.

Harry looked over to see them all staring back and grimaced. "What's Monday morning without a little drama, hey?" He joked, trying to lighten the mood.

"I can't sit here anymore, I'm going over there to wipe the smirk off that vile gits face."

Ronald had a death wish.

The whole table shook with the speed Ron leapt to his feet. Hermione was quick on his heels, grabbing him by the arm. She heard Harry sigh heavily, he was used to Ron's outbursts.

"Ron *no*, don't be stupid!" She growled, digging her heels into the stone and trying her hardest to stop his advance.

"I'm not being stupid Mione, someone needs to put him in his place."

She scoffed. "Oh and you're the person to do that? *Really* Ron?! Don't you remember what he did to Dumbledore? You'll get yourself killed!"

"No I fucking won't. I've had enough of this, he hasn't taken his stupid grey eyes off you since you stepped in here!" He shouted, drawing looks from around the room.

"*Oh*, so is this really about him being a murderer or are you still pissed off by the fact that he has this weird interest in me?!"

"**Both!**" He bellowed and Hermione noticed more heads turning in their direction.

"Shut up Ron, you're making a scene."

She was trying her damn hardest to drag him back but Ron's quidditch training and her small frame put her at a disadvantage.

"I. Don't. Fucking. Care," he clipped and at this point, Hermione's nostrils were practically smoking with frustration.

"Stop being a fucking idiot for once in your life!" She screamed and the blood in her ears roared as the Slytherin table erupted into laughter.

Hermione was quick as a viper to whip her head in their direction and give them her best scowl. Their obnoxious laughter died in their throats. Malfoy sat with what looked like a proud and smug smirk on his face as he watched her, a green apple tossed back and forth between his large hands.

"Why the fuck are you defending him? First the letters and now this? You broke up with me because of him!"

Hermione scoffed again as she turned back to face him, throwing her hands in the air at his nerve. "I didn't break up with you because of *him*, I broke up with you because of *you*! Because of how relentless you were. *You* were the one that drove me away Ron, not anyone else!"

She could feel her neck burning red with anger. This was an argument they'd had many times in the past and now it was being had in front of the whole fucking school, with Malfoy's eyes on her just to add fuel to the already raging fire.

"Oh yeah, fucking nice one Mione! Thanks for that! That fucking blonde psycho was sending *MY* girlfriend letters from *PRISON* and *I* was the one that pushed you away?! How else was I supposed to bloody react?!"

He was in her face now and she could see Malfoy stand from the corner of her eye, apple forgotten, his wand crackling in his fist. The air in the room shifted.

Shit.

"Ron, I'm not having this conversation again, and least of all in the middle of fucking breakfast," she said in the calmest tone she could, attempting to wrangle the situation back under control.

She stepped back towards Harry who sat watching, knowing very well that there was no point in getting himself involved. This was old news to him too, but he was always there if things went too far.

Ron grabbed her arm roughly and dragged her back towards him as if she were a mere rag doll that he could throw around. Hermione's natural instinct was to send his face flying left with the crack of her palm. Harry stood from his seat immediately and the room filled with gasps at the loud slap of skin on skin.

"DON'T you *ever* fucking grab me like that again," she seethed.

"Granger."

Malfoy's deep voice called her from across the room.

"Hermione—" Harry started.

But she had fucking had enough of all of them.

Giving Ron one last furious glare as he nursed his red cheek, she ignored everyone else and stormed through The Great Hall, leaving expressions of disbelief behind her. The cool corridor air was a welcome relief against her hot neck and the silence was grounding. But her peace didn't last long, and heavy footsteps sounded from behind her a moment later. She smelt him before she saw him—*Mint and leather*.

"Granger," he called again, putting a gentle hand on her shoulder.

"Don't!" she hissed, shrugging him off.

She continued walking, not stopping as he pursued her. Taking three steps for his one.

Lanky prat.

"Granger, will you just stop for a minute?" he growled.

"WHAT? what do you *want*?!!" She yelled, spinning around to face him, her chest heaving.

This was not how she wanted to start her fucking day.

"Just talk to me," he pleaded, more gently this time as he reached for her hand.

Hermione pulled away from him and watched as his eyes clouded with silver frustration.

“About what? What is there to talk about? I’m fucking tired of this shit. All of it. I’m going back to my dorm,” she declared, her voice heavy with exhaustion.

She turned on her heel, leaving Malfoy standing in the empty corridor and he watched her go.

Hermione was awoken by the sound of someone banging on the portrait door. She rolled over to see the time. 10:30am. Fuck, she had slept for an hour and a half.

She pulled her body to her feet, removing the curls stuck to her sweaty neck and readjusting her twisted skirt. She grabbed her wand from the nightstand, just in case and crept down the staircase, her brows pulled together in confusion.

The Common Room was quiet and the fire had died in the hearth, which meant everyone was in class and no one was there to answer the knock. No one ever knocked at the door. Which meant that whoever it was couldn’t be from Gryffindor.

Taking a deep breath, she pulled open the heavy frame to the handsome, smirking faces of Theo and Blaise.

What is it with these Slytherins and their smirks?

Hermione swiped a hand down her face in exasperation. “What do you want?”

“Ahhh, nice to see you too, Granger,” chuckled Theo, passing her a folded piece of parchment.

She took it and looked at them both skeptically. “Mmhmm, and what’s this?” she asked in a bored tone, brow raised and waiting for an explanation.

“Well, if you open it, you might *actually* find out,” came Blaise’s smooth and mocking voice.

She rolled her eyes and unfolded the parchment, reading the note within.

Slytherin party, Slytherin common room. 10pm. Bring alcohol. Dress sexy. - D.M

“You cannot be fucking serious?” She scoffed, eyeing the Slytherins on her doorstep as she crinkled the note up in her fist. “And on a Monday night? Did you deliberately wait until *after* the weekend to throw a party?”

“On the contrary, Granger. We are *very* serious and the night never matters to us Slytherins, a party happens whenever we say it does,” Theo tilted with a suggestive wag of his brows.

She gave him her deepest eye roll and leant against the doorframe, popping her hip out in a way that said—*I don’t have the energy for this*. “When have I ever attended a Slytherin party?”

“Never, *but* it’s never too late to start!” Theo exclaimed, his body practically vibrating with excitement.

She folded her arms across her chest with defiance, trying to double down on her refusal. “Theo, as much as the inside of the Slytherin Common Room intrigues me, it’s not going to happen.”

“Well that’s a real shame, Granger. Because Draco is very set on you being there and if you’re not, he’ll only come looking for you anyway,” Blaise interjected with a knowing look on his face.

Hermione sighed, *hard*. “And how is he supposed to do that if I’m in here? Slytherins aren’t allowed in without invitation and there’s a fat chance of that happening.”

She flashed him her smuggest smile, like the cat that got the cream.

“Don’t underestimate him, Granger. There isn’t a line he wouldn’t cross, especially when it involves you.”

The way Blaise’s face darkened with something serious sent a cold shiver down her spine.

“So, are you saying that I don’t have a choice?”

They didn’t even think about their answer before they replied at the same time.

“Pretty much.”

Fuck my life.

“Can I atleast think about it?” She asked, scrambling to find some control over the situation.

“You can think about it all day long if you want Granger, but you’re coming,” Theo told her, pointing to the parchment still crushed in her hand. “10pm, don’t be late!”

And with that, the portrait door slammed closed and Hermione was left standing speechless with nothing but the sting of paper in her palm to anchor her to her reality.

This won't end well.

DRACO

Draco sat in his leather armchair in the Slytherin Common Room with a cigarette and a whisky in his hands. Zabini and Nott delivering the news he wanted like loyal servants.

“So?” He asked, raising a dark blonde eyebrow.

“She’s coming!” Nott confirmed, clapping him on the shoulder as he walked past and threw himself onto the sofa opposite.

Draco smirked gleefully into his glass. *This is fucking perfect.*

He took a deep drag of nicotine into his lungs, savouring the burn it left behind. With the anticipation that Granger would enter *the snake pit* tonight, he felt fucking euphoric. Invincible with the buzz of adrenaline at what he was about to do. There was no way she wouldn’t come, not knowing what would happen if she resisted. There was no place she could hide that he couldn’t find her.

“What are you planning?” Zabini asked, dropping ice into a crystal lowball and pouring his own whisky at the bar cart in the corner.

When Draco stayed silent he looked over his shoulder and grinned. “Not ruining the surprise, huh?”

Draco huffed a laughed. “It’s not a surprise for you Zabini, you know me. But it’ll sure as hell be a surprise for her,” he said, licking the alcohol from his lips.

Nott chuckled and rubbed his hands together like a kid waiting for a slice of cake. “Let the party begin.”

All Draco could do was smirk his vicious smirk.

Let it begin indeed.

HERMIONE

Hermione was freaking the fuck out.

She had practically worn holes into the wooden floor of her room with her nervous pacing.

Ron and Harry had come back to the Common Room that evening and she had heard their bedroom doors close. They both knew her very well and knew not to approach her this soon after a fight. She always needed a cool down period, or heads would be ripped clean *off*.

They knew it better than anyone, having provoked her on one too many occasions.

Hermione had skipped every single class that day out of sheer spite to not be anywhere near Ron who she shared most of them with. She hated the thought of missing out on knowledge but couldn’t bear to see his irritating face. So she stayed in her room all day, studying and eating the lunch and dinner that had both appeared on her nightstand, gratefully.

She went back and forth in her mind about what Theo and Blaise had said and what she should do. She knew she shouldn’t go, it wouldn’t be logical. It would cause more problems than it’s worth and to be honest, she wasn’t entirely comfortable with being in the dungeons surrounded by fucking Slytherins. But then if she didn’t go, she would only be chased around the castle by *said* Slytherins anyway. So it was a lose-lose situation.

A catty part of her wanted to go just to throw it in Ron’s face.

Hermione slumped down on her bed and tapped her wand against her thigh in thought.

Fuck it. What's the worst that can happen, right?

She rummaged through her wardrobe trying to find something “sexy” as instructed and came across the black silk dress with spaghetti straps, a square neckline and a slit up one leg that she had worn years ago to a concert with Ginny. The thought of her friend sent a pang to her chest. She missed her. Ginny hadn’t returned to Hogwarts for their last year but Hermione understood.

She huffed and slipped the dress from its hanger, laying it out over the bed. She looked through her jewellery box out of curiosity and came across the perfect necklace and earrings to match her dress, silver and black. So perfect in fact that Hermione realised bitterly that it was too good of an outfit to pass up.

Fine. She'll go.

But only because she loved the dress and wanted an excuse to wear it again and nothing more. And to piss off Ron once he inevitably found out. After some more last minute procrastinating she finally went to her bathroom and turned on the shower, trying desperately to calm her nerves under the warm spray, but it did little good.

Her veins were buzzing with anticipation.

Hermione used extra vanilla shower gel and made sure to leave the conditioner in her curls for ten minutes longer to be self indulgent. When she was done with that, she brushed her teeth and slipped on her dress, opting to wear black lace knickers and no bra. Her dress was far too elegant to cheapen with the sight of her bra straps, or at least that’s what she told herself.

She knew she looked good and took pride in her adult body. She had the right amount of curve while still maintaining a flat and toned stomach, her breasts were a perky handful and her legs were smooth and firm. Hermione’s ass was her favourite feature, peachy and rounded perfectly against the black silk that moulded to it like a second skin. She added her jewellery, charmed her wild curls into waves and slipped her feet into tall stilettos that completed the look.

Taking a shaky breath, she added her favourite cherry gloss, some blush, grabbed her wand and left for the Slytherin Common Room.

Hermione’s heels echoed with each step and the vibration of music thrummed through her the closer she got to the cold depths of the dungeons. Her heart was beating so fast that it was starting to give her a headache.

Get a grip on yourself.

She reached the Slytherin portrait much quicker than she had hoped and the serpent on its face spat and hissed, coiling around itself—ready to strike. But just before it could, it swung open with a creak and Theo’s smiling face appeared instead. He parted his lips in greeting but no sound came out. His jaw dropped and his eyes practically popped out of his head as he slapped a dramatic hand over his heart.

“Close your mouth Theodore, you’re drooling,” Hermione quipped, crossing her arms over her chest.

“*Woweeee*, Granger! Who knew you had all *that* under them school clothes?” He asked, looking her up and down with wagging brows.

She rolled her eyes and shivered. “Are you going to let me in or not? It’s bloody freezing out here.”

“Ohh oh right, yeah of course! Where are my manners.”

He smirked and opened the frame wide, waving a hand for her enter. As she stepped over the threshold, the smell of smoke, cologne and whisky swarmed for dominance over her senses. Hermione looked around the large room that was so hazy she could hardly see from one end of it to the other, and then to the diamond paned window where the famous lake swayed calmly. The light from the moon shone through it, bathing everything it touched in a green glow.

There were black and silver throw pillows scattered across green leather sofas and beautiful glass lamps sitting on marble side tables. An imposing crystal chandelier hung above a large coffee table in the heart of the room, and serpentine portraits dotted the walls with a large painting of Salazar Slytherin hung above the roaring fireplace like a shrine.

Hermione didn’t really know what she expected, maybe for it to be a little more dungeon-like with skeletons strung up on the walls? but the room held a lot more charm than she thought it would. It was quite cosy, *if you liked the colour green*. A glass bar

cart sat proudly in the corner filled with pretty bottles of vodka and whisky and buckets of ice presumably charmed not to melt. It was then that Hermione realised she had completely forgotten to bring her own, oops.

Looks like they have enough alcohol for the whole bloody castle anyway.

As she soaked in her surroundings, she was greeted with the eyes from every returning member of Slytherin house. Hermione was the only non-member there. Marcus Flint sat and openly leered at her from his seat, but she could feel the burn coming from two sets of eyes in particular—Pansy and Astoria who were huddled together on the sofa opposite. She smirked as Theo guided her further into the room with a light hand on her lower back.

“Drink?” He offered, his voice raised over the loud thumping music.

“I completely forgot to bring my own, I’m sorry!” She yelled back, straining her vocal cords to be heard.

He waved her off and dropped two perfect ice cubes into a crystal glass, pouring the last dregs of honey coloured whisky over it to the brim.

“Don’t worry about it doll, it’s on the house,” Theo winked, ushering her over to an armchair.

Hermione took the drink with a thanks and sat, looking around for Malfoy’s blonde head that stuck out like a sore thumb amongst so many brunettes, but he wasn’t anywhere to be found.

That’s strange considering HE was the one who invited me.

“Where is he then?” She shouted up to Theo who had taken perch on the square arm of her chair.

“Can’t wait to see him?” He asked, mischief written all over his smirking face. “He’ll be very smug to know you asked about him. It might even go to his head.”

“Hardly,” she sneered. “It’s just rude for the person who sent the invite not to be here. Don’t you think? It’s a common decency.”

Theo threw his head back in laughter. “Don’t worry that big brain of yours Granger, he had to take a floo call. He’ll be here any moment.”

Hermione sighed and drank her whisky, her head swaying with the first sip.

Fuck this is strong.

She screwed her eyes shut against the burn it left in her throat. Theo noticed and laughed. “You alright there?”

“How do you drink this stuff? It burns,” she coughed.

“That’s the point! The things that are worth it never come easy, you know.”

He winked and she screwed her nose up at him.

“That’s not always true.”

Theo knocked back his whisky, drinking the rest in one mouthful before getting up for a refill. She clocked Blaise across the room with a raven haired girl in his lap, practically eating each other’s faces off in the dark. She cringed to herself with the full-on PDA and took another sip of the acid they call whiskey.

“What the hell are you looking at?” came a shrill voice.

Hermione rolled her eyes, she had wondered how long it would take before Pansy piped up.

“Nothing,” she shrugged, feigning politeness. “I’m just minding my own business, so how about you do the same?”

Pansy snarled and took a sip of her own drink, something pink sloshing around in the glass in her hand. “Who even invited you anyway?” She snapped, standing with a hand at her hip, her long black nails looking more like claws.

How fitting.

Hermione smirked, a habit that she had apparently picked up from these damn Slytherins.

“Wouldn’t you like to know,” she teased, licking the whisky from her bottom lip with a condescending smile.

“Who. The. Fuck. Invited. You?” Pansy spat, stalking towards her.

"I did."

A deep growl sounded from behind Hermione and Pansy's face dropped, his voice silencing the chatter around the room. Hermione knew exactly who it was, she could smell him and had quickly learnt the deep timber of that voice.

Her heart shuddered in her chest as he bent low and pressed a light kiss beneath her ear. "Thanks for coming, love," he whispered.

Hermione's body erupted with chills.

"What the fuck, Draco? Why would you invite her here in our Common Room?! She's a fucking mud—"

"ENOUGH," Pansy," Malfoy barked.

She watched with satisfaction as Pansy's bottom lip wobbled for a second, before it returned to its ugly sneer. The silence that fell over the room was *loud*. Only the thump of music to fill in the gaps of lost chatter.

"You are un-fucking-believable!" Pansy hissed as she stomped her heeled foot on the floor, leaving her drink abandoned on the coffee table.

She stormed off, up the stairs to her room, Astoria scrambling after her like a lost puppy.

Pathetic.

"Sorry about that," Malfoy apologised softly, walking around to the front of the armchair so he could face her. "Pansy has always been a jealous bitch with a poisonous tongue. Don't ever take her words to heart."

He sat on the low coffee table in front of her chair, his hair slicked back with a few strands hanging neatly over his forehead, just across the edge of his scar. He was wearing a fitted black shirt with the top three buttons undone to reveal the chain he always wore. His silver rings and earrings twinkling in the light of the fire. His black slacks were pressed and he wore them with a Prada belt and shiny dragonskin shoes. His inky tattoos on proud display.

Malfoy held a crystal glass in the palm of his hand, and Hermione watched as he brought the whisky to his mouth, studied the pink of his lips as they pressed against the rim, the veins pulsing in the back of his hands, the slow bob of his sharp adam's apple as he swallowed. Everything he did was with naturally smooth finesse, he was mesmerising and it was fucking annoying.

Hermione had to admit to herself that he looked good and refrained from biting her lip at the sight of him in front of her again. Her insides buzzing hot with *something*.

"You never have to worry about me listening to the likes of Parkinson. She's about as intimidating as a hairless cat," she replied.

Malfoy snorted into his glass. His smirk sending a shock wave straight to her clit. Her hand tightened around her own drink with the feeling.

"I don't worry, Granger. You have more fire than she ever could."

His warm hand covered her knee and her palms began to sweat, but she couldn't tell if it was from the whisky, the fire, or from *him*.

"You got the sexy memo I see," he purred, his eyes traveling the length of her body, sweeping her from head to toe languidly while sucking on his bottom lip.

He leered at her with no shame, just unadulterated lust. Hermione's skin prickled with the heated path his gaze took, her cheeks flushing rapidly. She tried hard to swallow it down but he looked at her with such intensity that she felt like she could burst into flames at any second.

"Mind if I join you?" he asked.

Giving him a quizzical look she said—"You are joining me?"

Malfoy snickered and trailed his eyes down, Hermione followed them to her lap. "Do you mean on this chair?"

He smiled triumphantly. "Yes, Granger. That's exactly what I mean."

She looked down again, her stomach knotting with nerves. "There isn't enough room," she lied, trying to fill the space with her thighs the best she could, but all it did was reveal more of her flesh to him through the slit in her dress.

Malfoy flashed a playful smirk. "There's plenty of space for me next to you, Granger. I may be a large man but I can fit into gaps that I *really* wanna be in," he confessed slowly, the innuendo thick in his voice.

Hermione's nerves were fried and she was entirely too hot. Her eyes searched the room for Theo but he was clearly occupied elsewhere.

As if he could save me from the big bad wolf anyway. No one could.

It was a reality that she was quickly realising.

The Slytherins watched their interaction closely. The women were jealous of her and the men were jealous of him. It was tangible in the air, charged with male testosterone. Marcus licked his lips as he watched her and Hermione cringed with disgust.

She looked back at Malfoy just as he got up from his seat on the coffee table, towering above her. He slipped down onto the chair before she could protest, splaying his hands around her waist and placing her right into his lap all in one swift motion. Lifting her as if she weighed nothing.

"I thought you said you wanted to sit next to me?" Her tone was laced with annoyance and she tightened the grip on her wand as she squirmed.

"I am next to you."

"No, you're *under* me," she corrected, trying her best not to move and expose her knickers to the room.

His deep laughter vibrated through her spine. "I guess I am, but with far too many barriers between us, Granger."

Hermione tried to move but he held her tightly to his chest with a hand on her stomach.

"Malfoy, don't start or I'll get off," she warned.

He rolled his eyes. "Calm down. I'm not gonna fuck you right here, although you are *very* tempting."

"You're not going to fuck me at all," she retorted incredulously.

"We'll see," he murmured, his breath hot with play against her neck, sending stinging goosebumps along her arms.

The situation was slipping from Hermione's control and she could feel the alcohol in her head. She had drank too much, or perhaps it didn't matter how much you drank of that stuff, it was way too strong for any normal person to handle. Her vision was becoming blurry and Hermione could feel the heat of his arms as they wrapped around her, his chin resting on her shoulder as she balanced on top of his muscular thighs.

"Are you drunk, Granger?"

He asked the question in such a deep, silky tone that it was almost enough to send her to sleep.

She opened and closed her eyes, trying to blink away the fog that grew by the second. "I don't know," she whispered.

She didn't get drunk often because she didn't like the feeling, but she knew this was different. Wrong.

Her body felt too heavy, the weight trying to pull her down through the castle floor. Velvety smoke caressed her body, seducing her under and Malfoy's addictive scent enveloped her. He was everywhere and Hermione battled for breath. His strong arms tightened around her, squeezing like a python trying to crush its prey.

"Granger, are you alright?" A voice asked, but she had no idea which direction it came from or who it belonged to.

Voices echoed from all over but her head felt too heavy to hold up, and eventually Hermione's body tipped forwards as everything went **black**.

Chapter 5: Living Death

Chapter Summary

Let me glimpse inside your velvet bones.
- Edgar Allen Poe

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -
Black out days by Phantogram
Strangelove by Black Math
Nothing's Gonna Hurt You Baby by Cigarettes After Sex
Like A Villain by Bad Omens
Houses by Great Northern
Sick Obsession by Landon Tewers - a MUST listen for the vibes lol

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=YQtnvSRjQDavRwBvZDUvLQ&pi=UzzN9W0QTkasM>

If you're here then you know the score but even still, TW for non-con.



DRACO

Monday, September 8th 1998

He managed to catch Granger's small frame before she smashed her face into the coffee table. Her tainted glass of whisky and wand slipping from her fingers and rolling across the stone.

That worked faster than I expected he mused to himself. Satisfaction coursing through his veins.

He lifted her lifeless body with ease, squeezing the swell of her ass under his palm, so helpless in his arms. He swiped her wand from the floor and slipped it into his pocket, carrying his girl down the hall to his room.

Eyes tracked them as they went but everyone knew that his business was *his* business and if they didn't want a *crucio* or a shattered skull, they would look the other way. *Especially* Flint who had the tendency to watch Granger's every fucking move. He was just lucky his focus was more on getting Granger alone and not on smashing his face to a bloody pulp.

The heavy wooden door to his dorm closed and the lock turned, sealing her away with him. Placing her down onto his silk sheets, Draco stood back and admired her for a second. The feelings that flooded him were instant—how fucking dangerously addictive the feeling was of having her here in front of him, on his bed, in his locked room.

Nothing and no one there to stop him from doing whatever he wanted with the girl of his dreams.

He had never wanted a woman enough to cage her, he never *had* to. They came to him willingly with their tongues wagging and their legs open. But not Granger. While others looked at him with fuck me eyes, she had glared at him with loathing and he had always found it deliciously attractive. Granger was the only woman he had ever come across that didn't make advances or flirt with him, and it was all the challenge he needed to break her. To twist her morals into his own shape, because the vicious mind always wants what it can't have.

But sooner or later he would have her *begging* at his feet.

Draco's body buzzed with excitement. White hot adrenaline bolting through his nerves at the prospect of *finally* getting to touch her in all the ways he so desperately wanted. The way he craved.

His body pulsed.

He took her delicate ankle in his hand and removed her heels, savouring the soft feel of her skin against his own. Her scent filled his room and he hoped it would stay there forever, soak into his sheets and never leave. He knelt on the bed beside her and gathered her silky dress, pushing it up over her hips, her tight stomach, peeling back the fabric to reveal her perfect breasts, round and supple. The sight had his teeth piercing through his knuckles in an attempt to stop himself from ripping her apart too soon.

He dipped his head and enveloped her nipple with his mouth, too eager to wait, loving the way it tightened on his tongue—so sensitive to his touch. He sucked hard, massaging the other in the palm of his hand before letting go with a soft *pop*.

Fuck.

He had seen her tits the day before in the bathroom and he still didn't know *how* he had the strength to walk away in that moment. But knowing what he does now, he would never be able to walk away from her again. He never anticipated she would taste this fucking *sweet*. The teaser he got when he caught her unaware only fuelled his fire, fanning the flames of desire.

His eyes traced the curve of her body, down to the lace knickers she wore. It was almost like she came prepared, or perhaps someone like Granger was just naturally confident in her own body without the prospect of being drugged and tongue fucked by a *snake*.

Draco pressed his lips to the black lace, quivering with anticipation as he dropped kisses across her lingerie. He slipped his thumbs under the elastic and pulled them from her body, discarded and forgotten somewhere on his floor. They were only as pretty as the witch who wore them, and without Granger to keep them warm they were of little interest to him. He wasn't some pathetic horny teenager who kept girls knickers, he wanted the real thing.

He could smell her. *vanilla*. His mouth watered with impatience as the first sight of the forbidden fruit between her legs came into view and he repositioned himself on the bed in front of her, spreading her soft thighs wide.

Draco touched every bit of her skin that he could get his greedy hands on. Her legs, her stomach, counting each rib, every soft rise and fall of her chest. There was something sickeningly satisfying about tainting her body with the same hands that took her beloved Headmaster's life. Something so thrilling about the thought of filling his hands with her flesh and soaking the same fingers with her arousal that had been soaked in old blood not so long ago.

He had fantasized about this body more times than he could count, and still nothing ever compared to the real thing. To the real heat. He bit his lip as he looked down at her, sweet, pink and fucking *glistening*. She was a siren's call and he was the helpless pirate being led to his demise. Hopelessly drowning in her. Like a Magpie to glittering gold, he was drawn to her. Captivating and consuming him with fiery *need*.

Temptation is the devil in disguise, he reminded himself.

Wrapping his arms around her thighs, his large hands slid across her body to cradle both of her breasts, her nipples budding in an instant under his touch. He licked, sucked and bit at the insides of her thighs, addicted to the soft give of her flesh between his teeth. He dotted her with purple bruises and bites that clearly labelled her as *his*.

Selfishly leaving no inch of her skin unmarred by him. He wanted *ALL* of her.

He lapped his poisonous tongue between her flesh, humming at the first taste, his pupils blowing wide with lust. Grangers breathing had picked up speed and the sound only spurred him on, smiling with triumph when a breathy moan escaped through unbidden pants.

She was in a mindlessly deep slumber, but her body was still so responsive, deliciously wet as it pooled in his mouth like sweet nectar. Draco made sure to catch every drop, never letting his gluttonous tongue separate from her tight little pussy.

In his lust-drunk haze, he let his mind wander back to the events that had led him here—A vial that held half a drop of clear liquid transferred from one hand to another. A splash into a nearly empty bottle of whisky that was later poured into her glass. Draco had decided it would be smarter to add it directly to the bottle instead of having Nott drop it into her drink. He didn't want to run the risk of Granger catching on, and *obliviation* wasn't an avenue he was interested in exploring. He hadn't given her a large enough dose to make it dangerous, just enough for it to last longer than a basic sleeping potion. He wanted all the time with her he could get and he made it a point not to tell anyone else about his plans.

Making soft and unsuspecting Theodore Nott the perfect candidate for the job.

Draco purposely but not without great effort kept himself away until it was done in fear that she would close up and refuse a drink around him. He was untrustworthy in her eyes, but she had already made the fatal mistake of dropping her walls, and so getting her to drink the laced whiskey was easier than he thought.

Blinking himself back to the present, Draco pulled his hands away from her tits to spread her apart with his thumbs, swirling the tip of his tongue around her swollen clit, vanilla and salt. *My new favourite flavour*. She was the drug and he was the addict.

He feasted on her pussy like it was his life source, happily engulfing his face in her heat, rolling his possessive tongue over every inch of it. Her involuntary arousal coated his lips and chin, thick like honey and *golden*. He pulled back, just enough to slip his fingers into his mouth, preparing them to slide deep between her walls, right up to his knuckles where he could fill her to capacity. The chill from his rings gave her visible goosebumps and Draco hoped that somewhere in her subconscious, she would remember how much of an effect he had on her.

Granger was so warm, slick and fucking *tight*, like she had never been stretched open before. Her pussy pulled his fingers deeper into its depths and the sensation sent a jolt to his cock, throbbing against his stomach and weeping with pre cum.

He pumped his fingers in a steady rhythm, mesmerised by how her breasts bounced with the movement. His tongue resumed its patterns against her as he watched, wishing she were awake to enjoy his ministrations. But as much as he couldn't wait for the fight she would surely give him conscious, he couldn't deny the pleasure that having her at his mercy brought him. Pouring all of his sick obsession into her body undisturbed. Taking away her choice, like a thief. It gave him immense satisfaction to imagine how pissed off she would be when she realised what he had done without her knowledge and consent.

Wedging a hand under her, he grabbed a handful of her peachy ass, revelling at the feel of her walls as they fluttered around him, her clit pulsing in his mouth. She was close. He worked his fingers harder and rolled his tongue in tighter circles until he felt her spasm, a low whine leaving her throat as her hands fisted the sheets by her sides. He removed his fingers to position his lips at her opening, his eyes rolling back as the intoxicating tang of her release flooded his mouth.

Draco drank her down like she was the only drop of water in a hot desert, licking her clean before he forced himself away, but not without peppering her pussy in wet kisses. He unbuckled his belt as he sat back on his heels, letting his aching cock spring free. Stroking himself in a tight fist, he gazed down at Grangers serene face, at how perfect and angelic she was, skin so unblemished that he craved to ruin it.

Crack it.

Her lips were plump and shiny with that lip gloss she loved to wear, cheeks freshly flushed from her orgasm and long dark lashes that fluttered like she was in a dream. She was so incredibly beautiful that it hurt him to look at her. He wanted so desperately to wreck her. Bury himself into her body and her heart. Live under that bronzed skin.

His wrist moved in a blur as he fucked his hand, staring holes into her face until he spilled out across her pretty nipples. His choked moan echoed as he dropped his head back, letting the last of his orgasm wash over him. His legs shook in his kneeling position, his muscles straining with tension. The need to fuck her was strong—it burned through his veins with urgency but the need for her to know exactly *who* was fucking her was stronger.

Draco's clenched teeth threatened to shatter under the pressure as he lifted his head to look down at his creation painted in white, satisfied shadows dancing around him as he studied her, painted in *him*. *How fucking beautiful*.

He dipped a finger through his cum and rolled it across both of her rosy nipples, smearing himself over her lips and onto her tongue.

He could mark her forever. Smother her in his lechery.

He gathered more to massage into the pink of her pussy, slippery and swollen from him, soaked in his evidence. His heart thundered from the high he had craved for so long, the high he had desperately chased to no avail.

He pushed some stray curls away from her sweaty face and took the moment to lay down beside her and observe, noticing how many tiny freckles dotted the bridge of her nose like stars. No one would ever notice unless they were this close, and Draco swore he would *never* let anyone get this close.

Her plump lips beckoning him, pulling him in with their shine. The heat from his chest covered her as he ran a fingertip along the curve of them, tracing the shape before he crushed her mouth with his own. A firm hand on her cheek, tasting himself on her breath. It was a desperate mess of teeth and tongue, cherry and his own salt on her tastebuds. The kiss was bruising—a punishment for being so stubborn, for resisting him when no one else had.

He kissed and nibbled at her lips, getting lost in her allure, so much so that when the taste of copper burst into his mouth, setting him on fire, he realised a little late that he had bitten her too hard.

He didn't know how to be gentle with her. He didn't deal in gentleness and Granger brought out the worst in him. Everything was heightened in her presence, lust and anger going hand in hand. The mounted frustration of not having her came to a boiling point, bubbling under his hard surface like lava. The taste of her blood was addictive, metallic and rich. He licked it from the small cut he had left on her lip with the flat of his tongue. The slippery red flaring him back to life.

Draco gripped his hard cock once more as he continued his ravage on her stiff lips. He was so completely wrapped up in her that he couldn't resist the feral urge to spit in her mouth, a wet mixture of saliva, blood and cum—more proof of proximity that he could force down her throat and make her swallow. The bed shook with the power behind his pumps and he released her mouth to press his forehead to hers, sending thick lines of cum across her body for a second time. His growl of pleasure hummed against her bee-stung lips. His length twitching with sensitivity.

Sweat collected at his hairline, he was so wired with adrenaline and overcome with lust that he didn't know what to do with himself. He needed to calm down before he did something reckless that he would come to regret later. Needed to put some distance between them before he spiralled further beyond his own control.

Cold water splashed against the tile as he showered. His head was still dizzy with her smell. Her taste. His fingertips still burning with the texture of her soft skin, copper still ripe on his tongue. Draco pressed his forehead to the cold wall, searching for something to ground him, searching for something to pull him back from his animalistic need to fuck her sleeping body into his mattress.

He soaked his jittery body under the cold stream until his wires loosened enough to leave it and wrapped a towel around his waist as he padded over the bedroom floor, water still dripping from his fingers.

He worked around her gently, cleaning the cum and sweat from Granger's skin. Begrudgingly disappearing all visible traces of him. He redressed her like nothing had happened. His perfect little doll. As much as Draco wanted her covered in his seed, a forever reminder and warning to all others that she belonged to him, he had to wait.

But what had happen here was the confirmation that he was impulsive. Tortured by a crushing need that was becoming more dangerous as the days dragged on. He could've seduced her without such extremities, but he wanted her lax and compliant. Soft and moldable. Putty in his hands, before he had to deal with the fire that awaited him.

But he was more than ready to burn, as long as she was ready for frostbite.

He slipped his Calvin Kleins over his hips and crawled into his sheets beside her, tucking her small body into his large one. Draco knew he would have to release her soon. Let her slip through his fingers again. Like water through a sieve.

But for now he would hold her and breathe her in.

Twist spiteful ringed fingers into golden curls and break her delicate skin with his teeth, inflicting himself with more of that cutting ache, just to be close to her.

6am Tuesday, September 9th 1998

She looked so fractured, broken. Covered in pretty marks that bloomed to life in the weak morning light. A simple flick of his wrist ensured that his ownership would stay right where he put it for longer than it would naturally. He knew they would fade over

time, but he was hoping that she'd at least catch a glimpse first so she knew without a doubt who had claimed her.

Draco had savoured the warm feel of her body all night. His hands never disconnecting from her. He touched her *everywhere*, violating her sweet body and continued to devour her pussy into the early hours, forcing her sleeping body to cum on his tongue. He couldn't get enough. Would never get enough.

I don't want to fucking let her go.

She was so small in his arms as he swept her away with nothing but blood on her tongue from his over eager *affections* and a note in her hand.

She was warm. Soft. Her lips, red.

The Common Room was quiet, the smell of alcohol and smoke stinging his nostrils. His fellow Slytherins were sprawled across the floor in every corner and someone was snoring, probably Crabbe. Crystal glasses covered every surface and an empty whisky bottle rolled across the rug as he passed through.

The frosty dungeon air was like knives to his bones, but Granger was a tiny furnace against his chest. The castle was still and no one was awake yet, so Draco slithered through the shadows like a snake, his precious Golden Girl dangling from his jaws. Silver rings biting into her flesh, begging him not to release her.

A drop of blood slipped from the corner of her lips and he could smell it, his hands buzzing with barely held together self-restraint.

He took one last look at Granger's sleeping face as he laid her down on the empty cot in the empty room, leaving her wand on the nightstand with nothing but the echo of his pounding heart in his ears. He pressed a kiss to her lips, lingering for longer than needed, just to steal one last forbidden taste.

He smoothed the curls away from her forehead and clenched his fist in frustration. Bones cracking against the strain.

You will be mine Granger. Just you wait and see.

As Draco swept from the room, the air shifted and the parchment crushed in her palm floated down to the stone.

The note read—*I've been drugged.*

Chapter 6: Lost Time

Chapter Summary

He tore out the lovesick organ in my chest because he deemed it his.

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

The Worst In Me by Bad Omens

Kryptonite by 3 Doors Down

Sirens by Fleurie

Rule The Night by Shaker

Howl by Florence + The Machine

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=YQtnvSRjQDavRwBvZDUvLQ&pi=UzzN9W0QTkasM>

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



HERMIONE

Saturday, September 20th 1998 - 12 Days Later

Hermione's eyes opened as a barrage of uncomfortable sensations sliced through her all at once. There were blades in the back of her throat from how dry it was, forcing her to flinch with every swallow. Her neck was stiff and she felt the ache of bruises she couldn't see, inside and outside of her body.

Her head was a continuous thump and she found herself flooded with confusion. *What the fuck happened?!*

The last thing she remembered was being in Malfoy's lap in the Slytherin Common Room and she silently scolded herself for ever allowing that to happen. Looking around the room, she realised with startling clarity that she was in the Hospital Wing, and her brows furrowed with more confusion.

The table at the end of her cot was covered in an array of pretty flowers. She could vaguely make out Harry and Ron's names on one of the cards, Cormac McLaggen on another, to her surprise. A pretty purple plant sat next to it from Neville and beside her on the nightstand was a single black rose sitting proudly in a crystal vase, the petals shimmering like velvet in the low light. That one was without a card.

Interesting.

Pomfrey's warm eyes met hers across the room, her heels echoing over the stone as she approached.

"Hermione dear, how're you feeling?" she asked gently, placing a warm hand on her forehead.

"Erm, I'm not sure. My head is pounding and I could do with some water," Hermione rasped, massaging light fingers over her throat.

Pomfrey nodded and disappeared only to reappear a second later with a jug of ice water and a cup, placing it beside the cot and handing her a *Pepperup* potion for her head. Hermione accepted them both gratefully and tipped back the potion, relaxing into the mattress as the harsh thumping behind her eyes eased away.

"Do you remember what happened?" Pomfrey pressed, looking anywhere but into Hermione's eyes.

This made her nervous.

"Not really, I was at a party and that's the last thing I remember," she admitted weakly, trying to stretch out the persistent ache in her legs.

Pomfrey offered a sympathetic smile but before she could utter another word the comforting voices of her two best friends met her ears.

"MIONE!" They both shrieked, sounding more like school girls than men.

"Shhhh," Pomfrey hissed and they both grimaced, muttering a quiet *"sorry."*

"How are you feeling?" Harry asked warmly when he reached her, taking a seat on the chair at her bedside while Ron slumped at the end of her cot.

"I think I'm okay, though I still don't know what the hell happened," she grumbled, hating that she understood nothing as she rubbed at her blood shot eyes.

"You were drugged, Mione!" Ron barked, a deep frown marring his face.

Her eyes shot up to his, trying to work out if she had heard him correctly.

"I was *what?!?*" She gasped, her mouth hanging ajar with disbelief.

Harry sighed harshly through his nose, shooting the ginger a pointed look. "Bloody hell, Ron. It wouldn't have hurt to ease her into it."

After a few minutes of tense silence and awkward glances around the room, Harry spoke again.

"You were found here in the Hospital Wing. There was a note on the floor next to you that confirmed you'd been drugged." His voice was soft, his green eyes sheepish as they settled on her, the complete opposite to Ron right now.

Hermione looked back and forth between them, shock and further confusion colouring her features. "By who? And when? I don't understand," she said, shaking her head.

"We don't know Mione, but Slughorn has been working to brew the antidote for days," Ron huffed.

Hermione almost choked. "**DAYS?!?**"

The men glanced at each other and blanched. Harry cleared his throat, gearing himself up for his next words. "You've been in here for twelve days, Hermione," he croaked and the pity in his voice made her sick.

Time. She'd lost almost *two weeks* of time. That's two hundred and eighty eight hours of her life.. gone. Her first three weeks of eighth year had disappeared in a blink.

And as the initial shock of the situation washed over her, anger settled in—thick and burning.

"I missed my own *fucking* birthday! I turned a whole year older and I wasn't even conscious for it," she grit, balling her fists.

"It's okay Hermione, we can still celebr—"

"Oh don't fucking bother!" she snapped, biting down hard on her tongue in an effort to control her temper.

She knew none of this was Harry's fault and he was only trying to help, but she was too frustrated to care. Too pissed off to think straight.

As if only remembering her sore throat Hermione turned her rigid body and poured herself some water while her friends watched on in a heavy silence. The ice was a blissful relief on her dry tongue as she sipped. But Hermione's fury built the longer she sat with her thoughts, and in the blink of an eye the jug she held shattered on the limestone as Hermione threw it in her rage. Ice skittered across the floor and bounced against the metal cots, water splashing at Harry and Ron's feet.

"Hermione calm down, you *need* to relax," Harry cooed, trying his best to subdue her, even though he knew it was futile.

"**CALM DOWN?!!**" She shrieked. "How about I drug you and see how you fucking like it, Harry Potter!" Harry visibly shrunk back in his chair at her outburst and she used it as fuel to continued on. "What the fucking hell was I drugged with?! Can you at least tell me that?"

Both boys looked around the wing as if they'd found something more interesting than the matter at hand to focus on. Winding the already hot coil of fury inside her tighter.

"**Harry?**" Hermione hissed impatiently, waving a hand in front of his face and snapping her fingers to catch his attention.

She *needed* answers.

"*Draught of Living Death*," he practically whispered, closing his eyes in defeat.

Hermione felt all the blood rush to her face as the words left his lips. The sound pounded in her ears, her fingertips prickling with anger.

"You were given a low dosage, but still. It's pretty fucked up!" He added, driving a hand through his hair.

Her eyes narrowed and her face darkened with a deep frown as she thought back to her first potions lesson and the exact one she had been forced to brew with Malfoy. Her brain was still foggy with twelve days of sleep but in that quiet moment of rumination Hermione knew exactly what had happened and who was responsible and she was not at all fucking surprised. Only someone as obsessive and cruel as Malfoy could do such a thing *AND* get away with it.

But she chose to remain quiet for a while, trying to process her emotions before she spoke. Harry and Ron didn't need to know about Malfoy, she would deal with him on her own.

"When can I leave?" Was all she said, her voice flat.

"Pomfrey administered the antidote last night, so you're free to leave whenever, but maybe you should just—" One stern look from Hermione and Harry very quickly shut his mouth, his words dying a quick death on his tongue.

"Could you send the flowers to my room please?" Her eyes bounced between the floral arrangement's. "All but that one," she sneered, pointing towards the lone black rose she didn't trust.

It gave her bad vibes and she had a feeling she knew why.

"Of course," Harry agreed with a small smile.

Ron sat and stewed in his own thoughts as he watched her, concern flickering like candlelight behind his blue eyes.

Hermione threw the heavy sheets back, her legs weak and unsteady under her weight after almost two bloody weeks of no use. She grit her teeth and pulled her curls over one shoulder. All she needed now was some tea, a hot bath and to be left the *fuck* alone.

Hermione couldn't even bear to touch the stack of books left on her nightstand, a birthday gift from her parents that she wasn't even awake to receive. Malfoy had selfishly taken that away from her. Instead she laid her head back on the edge of the tub in her bathroom, submerged in silky bubbles, the scent of vanilla comforting as it wrapped the room in warmth.

But not even a bath it seemed, could cure her of her simmering rage.

Fucking Malfoy! I swear to god, I am going to kill him! Squeeze the life out of him with my bare hands. How fucking dare he.

She tried so hard to remember exactly what had happened that night, retracing her steps over and over, but so much of it was fuzzy and blended together into nothing more than a smear across her memory.

Hermione tried to relax her sore muscles, tried to let the tension drop from her shoulders, but the more she thought about the situation, the more wound up she became, until she was forced from her bath in frustration. She fucking *hated* not knowing what had happened to her and it made her antsy, she couldn't sit still.

She stormed through her bedroom, dripping all over the floor, in the nude and on the hunt for her fluffy robe, wanting something to pull tight around herself, to hold her anger together under threads of warm cotton.

She didn't make it far before she did a double take in front of the mirror and gasped loudly at what she saw. Hermione stared with wide eyes into the reflection before her. At the evidence of old bruises from fingers, love bites and teeth marks that marred the sides of her breasts and stomach, the insides of her thighs much worse.

Her skin was a patchwork of purple and green faded savagery, painted in the shades of Malfoy's deviance. She was covered and they were still tender to the touch which was how she knew the exact spell he had used to slow their heal.

Bastard!

She just *knew* he had done this on purpose. Made it so her bruises would last long enough for her to see them so he could rub it in her face that he had touched her and she had no knowledge of it. He loved having the upper hand. He loved *control*.

Selfish prick!

Hermione was not naive enough to think that he had drugged her for nothing. She knew something more had happened, he had threatened her with such in his letters and had clearly taken it upon himself to do it without her consent. She felt sick to her stomach. Not knowing the *exact* extent of what happened to her own body was violating, especially in the hands of someone like Malfoy. He could have done anything to her, and probably did.

She didn't think she had been raped, but the ghost of his touch still lingered across her body like smoke and Hermione shivered with the feeling. Not being conscious in the time of her pain only prolonged it for when she woke, making her body throb with one big ache.

Thinking back to the party for the hundredth time, she tried desperately to slot the missing pieces together. She hadn't seen Malfoy until later in the night and she only had one drink, a whisky, poured by Theo—

THEO.

That slimy little shit.

He had a drink in her hand before she could even blink, and of course Malfoy would have asked Theo to slip the potion in, since she absolutely did not trust *him*. And now, she couldn't trust either of them.

Hermione found her robe and slipped it on over her trembling shoulders, tying it tight around her body as if that would erase what had happened to it.

She never wanted to be touched again.

DRACO

Twelve days she'd been asleep, and they had been the worst of his fucking life, driving him even madder. Had he thought his plan through better without letting his impatience get in the way, he could've been inside her by now.

Grangers absence was a gaping hole in his chest. He missed her. Doing what he did was risky and knowing how long she was under for, was it worth it? Not one *fucking* bit. Fucking idiots couldn't even brew a *Wiggenweld* potion in a timely manner.

He needed his girl back.

Draco couldn't concentrate on anything. That single taste had led him to twelve days of *torture* and her essence lingered in his mouth for days after, taunting him. Her smell clung to every fibre of his sheets and he was still *burning*, doing everything he could to extinguish that need.

He visited her bedside most nights, leaving her a black rose that he had charmed to never wilt. Just enough of a gesture to let her know that he was there, if she ever figured it out, and knowing Hermione Granger, she most certainly would.

He was counting on it.

He wouldn't deny that he had touched her and kissed her lips many more times since. He had made sure to heal her lips before letting her go the morning after the party, leaving evidence of him in places that only *she* could find. With that in mind he kept his kisses light and not so brutal, just gentle sucks and the odd swipe of his tongue to steal more of her sweet flavour. He couldn't resist her. She called to him in a way no one else had and he would always follow.

In the days that passed, Draco had almost pulled his hair out in frustration, the pressure of his vengeful magic too much as it pulsed thick and black through his veins in her absence. No matter what he did to bring her closer, she was still so distant. Still too far, too out of reach. He had smashed a few holes in the Common Room walls just out of pure familiarity with the rage she seemed to bring out in him. The same rage that had swallowed him whole in Azkaban.

If he wasn't already tainted, he would have blamed her for poisoning him—and she *had*, but not on her own. Venom already coursed through his corrupt being, she just made it *worse*. She enticed his deprivation, pulled his twisted soul out to play and she had no one to blame but *herself*.

He charged the length of the room, smoking his fourth cigarette in a row.

“Mate, can you stop with the pacing? You're making me dizzy,” Nott complained, eyeing him warily from his place on the sofa.

He knew Draco was a ticking time bomb and it was never a question of *if* he was going to explode, but *when*.

“Shut the *fuck* up, Nott.”

It was all he needed to say for the room to fall back into blissful silence. His brain was already churning a million miles an hour, he didn't need to hear Notts voice on top of that. He was trying to come up with a plan to get Granger back in his grasp, but conscious this time. No more potions.

He jittered around, unable to stay *still*. It was like being back in his cell again, walking up and down, length after length for hours, being tortured by his *own* fucking mind.

I want her to want me.

I want her to choke without me, bleed without me. I want her chest to hurt so badly that she claws out her own heart, just so she felt an ounce of the fucking brutality she's causing me.

Another hole was made in the wall, dust and debris raining down onto the rug. The room filled with dark magic, blood dripping from knuckles that were clenched tight and burning.

Always fucking burning.

9pm

The castle was quiet as he wandered around aimlessly. Restlessly. He couldn't stand to be in his dorm. Not while the ghost of her still haunted him there. Something was brewing within him, he could feel it buzzing behind his rib cage like his black heart had grown teeth and was gnawing at his bones.

If he didn't have Granger soon, he didn't know what he would do. But he knew what he was capable of and it was nothing fucking *good*. He was the shadow that lurked in the halls. The sting of acid that dripped from his fingertips.

The fucking Reaper.

He walked the barren castle in circles, waiting until it was late enough that the Hospital Wing would be empty and he could slip in to visit Granger. He didn't care if he was seen, but he wanted her alone and just for him.

The anticipation of their reunion made his muscles twitch, and after more prowling through the corridors like a predator, it was late enough that he headed towards the Infirmary. But what he saw when he got there drained all the blood from his body. Granger was *gone*, nothing but the faint scent of vanilla and a single black rose left behind.

His knuckles fisted so tightly that he heard the split of bone, black smoky tendrils curling around his wrists.

She was like trying to hold water in your hands, slipping through his fingers and gone again, leaving him cold in her absence.

Bitch.

Chapter End Notes

Just to clear up any confusion—I understand the Draught of Living Death is a dangerous potion, Slughorn warned, “one drop would kill us all.” But Draco spiked the almost empty bottle knowing Hermione would only have half a drop diluted with whisky and ice, making it last longer than a basic sleeping potion without doing permanent damage. Draco is proficient in potions and knew the risks, he purposely left her in the Hospital Wing so she could be given the cure but he didn't anticipate that she would sleep for 12 days before an antidote was made. It's not what he wanted but his impulses won out when he had the opportunity and that was the cost.

Chapter 7: Fire and Ice

Chapter Summary

He was ice, cold and tall.
Freezing the ground with every footfall.

She was a blaze,
Trapped and burning,
Fending for the warmth to save her soul.

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -
If I Didn't Know Better by Mack Lorén - my fave!
Who's Afraid Of Little Old Me? by Remember the Monsters
Cruel Intentions by Allegra Jordyn
Own Me by Bülow
Why Do Bad Things Feel Good by Marina Kaye

L I M E R E N C E playlist - https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=5ppIaLNiTEeqv_E2JlBajA&pi=wXR5XENnSriYh

TW - Dub-Con



HERMIONE

Monday, September 22nd 1998

Hermione's first day back started in the Gryffindor Common Room with a mug of tea by the fire, opting to swap breakfast in The Great Hall for some much needed tranquility. She couldn't stand the thought of seeing Malfoy or Theo's faces right now so she told Harry and Ron to go on without her.

Her eyes danced as she watched the embers crackle and pop in the hearth, mind lost deep in thought about everything that had transpired in only three weeks. It was almost October and she had barely lived through September.

If this was how the rest of the year was set to play out for her, then she had no chance of getting any work done. Every time she looked at anything healer related her mind would drift off of his own accord to the fucking *Slytherins*.

She was still so angry and she had no way of releasing all of the tension that had built up inside her body, coiling around her nerves like hot wire. They had well and truly ruined her fucking peace.

Hermione was pulled abruptly from her musings by the sound of someone clearing their throat, the blonde shaggy head of Cormac McLaggen appearing by the portrait hole.

“Oh hey,” she greeted, giving him a weak smile.

“Hey, Granger. I just wanted to say that I heard about what happened and I’m really sorry. That was a pretty shitty thing for someone to do.” His expression was oddly sad.

“Shitty is putting it lightly,” she scoffed. “Thanks for the flowers though, that was nice of you.”

“No problem at all,” he smiled. “You got Charms next?”

“Erm yeah,” she croaked, tucking a rebellious curl behind her ear.

“Me too, do you wanna maybe walk there together?” His voice was full of hope.

She gave him a small smile. “Sure, Cormac.”

Placing her mug on the coffee table, she stood and followed him out into the corridor.

“So how come I haven’t seen you around?” She wondered as they walked.

“To be honest, I wasn’t sure if I wanted to return this year. Hogwarts just doesn’t feel the same, ya know?”

She hummed in response. She understood and he was right, Hogwarts didn’t feel the same as all the years before, but she couldn’t bear the thought of not walking these hallways one last time. They fell into a comfortable silence after that, only the sound of her heels slapping against the stone to fill the quiet.

They reached the classroom just as everyone else clambered in. Ron and Harry were already there, leaving only one unoccupied table. They had no choice but to sit together, *conveniently* right in front of Malfoy and Blaise.

Her heart hammered as she sat, trying hard to avoid his large presence at her back and the feeling of his burning eyes in her hair, presumably trying to drill through to her skull. Hermione turned her head slightly, catching a glimpse of silver flashing in the streams of light that filled the room. His blonde hair was a mess like he had been shoving his hands through it aggressively.

He doesn’t look too happy. She thought. That’s too fucking bad.

Hanging her bag on the back of the chair, she focused her eyes to the front of the room as Professor Flitwick handed out their text books. It was deathly quiet aside from the shuffle of paper, and the feeling of parchment being nudged into her hand startled her. Cormac gave her a wink as he pulled back and Hermione looked at him with suspicion. Taking the note from his hand she unraveled it, her brows furrowing in confusion.

Fancy going on a date at the weekend? You choose, my treat. - Cormac

She frowned as she stared numbly down at the inked scrawl. Cormac was asking her out on a bloody date the day after she returned from being drugged? It wasn’t a damn holiday. She wanted to roll her eyes at his audacity. But instead she turned to him to let him down gently and as she did the parchments in her hands burst into high orange flames. Hermione gasped and threw it across the room, the fire dying as soon as it touched the stone like it hadn’t been blazing just a second before.

All eyes turned to her as the smell of burnt parchment and something acidic filled the air. *What the fuck just happened?*

“Mione, you alright?” Asked Ron, him and Harry looking over at her in concern, she nodded.

Malfoy chuckled to himself from behind her like the cocky bastard he was and blew the tip of his wand, dramatically clearing away the non-existent smoke.

She whipped her head towards him. “Do you think that’s fucking funny?”

"*Hilarious*," he deadpanned, smirking with amusement as his glacial eyes turned on Cormac next, sharp enough to cut through bone. "Get lost you curly headed fuck, she's not interested."

"Malfoy, *who* the fuck do you think you are? That is *not* for you to decide!" Hermione jumped in, hopefully before Cormac could open his mouth, but that was wishful thinking.

He stood from his chair and pointed a shaky finger in Malfoy's direction. Puffing out his chest in a pathetic display of dominance.

"*Here we go*," Blaise muttered from his seat beside Malfoy as he shook his head and slid his chair away from the desk, staying out of the firing line.

"Now everyone, let's all just calm down—"

Flitwicks nasally voice could be heard distantly in the background but it was quickly swallowed by the more rambunctious voices in the room.

"This whole school seems to quiver in their boots over you, but not me. It's her decision Malfoy, not yours. So get lost yourself," Cormac fired back with every bit of false confidence he had.

His wobbly voice betrayed his fear.

Hermione watched Blaise slap a hand to his forehead in exasperation at Cormac's stupidity to challenge him, knowing it would only end one way, and that way would *not* be in Cormac's favour.

Malfoy gave the biggest belly laugh she had ever heard and clapped his hands together mockingly. The sound was so loud that everyone flinched with the slap that echoed.

"Wow, *nice speech dickhead*, you might wanna tell your trembling hands to catch up," he bit, nodding down towards where Cormac's hands balled to quell the shaking. "Now, if you're quite done, go sit somewhere else and stop *fucking* talking."

Cormac looked down at his hands, embarrassed. He shook them out and wiped them on his jumper as if that would make a difference.

Flitwick sighed.

"Malfoy, stop it!" Hermione spat and his eyes slowly slid from where Cormac stood to meet hers, flashing a bright silver like polished knives.

Hermione swallowed.

"Fuck off, you don't own her you fucking murderer," Cormac scoffed bravely, and it was clearly the *very* wrong thing to say because Malfoy's eyes locked with his once more and she watched with bated breath as his pupils pinched into threatening slits of steel.

"Malfoy, stop being a prick," Ron added from where he sat opposite, using any excuse to get involved.

Harry elbowed him hard.

Malfoy ignored it all and slowly stood from his seat, his wand dangling from his fingertips, towering over Cormac menacingly. His lips were tight with anger and black smoke of a malevolent nature curled around him in threat. The shadow of Malfoy's six foot four physique covered Cormac's shorter, smaller stature with ease, the room engulfed by a tense silence.

"Would you like to repeat that second part?" Malfoy asked, his voice deep and icy, filling the air between them with frost.

Cormac stared, confused. "What? You don't own her?" He asked nervously, repeating his earlier words while trying to swallow back his fear.

"*That's the one*," Malfoy confirmed, his voice devoid of all emotion as he pulled back his arm and launched his fist straight into Cormac's face without warning.

The force of it sent him toppling backwards into a table, the two girls sitting there screamed as blood burst from his nose and mouth.

Hermione gasped and stared in shock for a beat before jumping into action. "Oh my god are you okay?" She asked, pulling a tissue from her pocket and attempting to dab the mess from his face.

"I'm fine," he grumbled, straightening himself up and spitting a mouthful of crimson across the stone.

"I'll be fine," he repeated, pushing past her and stumbling from the room with his head down, slamming the door shut behind him without another word.

Every student in the class sat still, expressions of shock on their faces and Hermione stood with her jaw unhinged in disbelief. Malfoy had his arms crossed over his chest, no indication on the surface of his knuckles that he had even used them.

She hadn't even seen Flitwick disappear, but she assumed he'd gone to get another professor with more talent in taming tempers like Malfoy's.

"*Happy now?*" She spat, pulling out her wand from her skirt and vanishing the blood from the floor before anyone slipped in it.

Her lip pulled up over her teeth in a snarl as she threw the bloodied tissue and watched as it bounced off his chest. Harry and Ron both stood from their chairs to intervene, but she shook her head, stalling their movements. *She could handle this herself.*

Malfoy smirked and Hermione narrowed her eyes, furious, shoulder checking him hard on her way out. He followed after her *of course*, because she couldn't seem to go anywhere without him stalking her these days.

Hermione ran through the corridors, determined to be left alone. But he was faster, and before she even heard the thunder of his footsteps behind her, she was lifted from the ground by thick arms and thrown into an empty classroom, followed by the echo of a lock clicking into place.

"What the fuck is wrong with you, *seriously?*" She screamed as he released her.

She tried to step around him to reach the exit but he blocked her every advance.

"*So many* things, Granger. But you're my *biggest* fucking problem," he hissed, crossing his arms and leaning his tall frame against the door.

Trapping her in.

"Me?! How the fuck am *I* the problem? You're the one with the weird obsession. *You* fucking drugged me and left marks all over my body with your *mouth* you creep!"

He smiled with teeth, as wide as a Cheshire Cat.

"Caught on, did you." It wasn't a question, more of a smug statement. "I drugged and bit you, *yes*. But I will never make that same mistake again. I admit I went a little too far with the potion, but I will not apologise for leaving my mark."

Hermione scoffed. "*A little?*! I could have died! What part of that don't you get? I lost nearly two weeks of my life!"

"Yes a *little*," he dismissed. "Don't be so dramatic, Granger. I'm not stupid enough to give you the wrong dosage. I never would have let it kill you. And for the lost time, I apologise. These last few weeks haven't been great for me either."

Hermione threw up her hands in exasperation. "*Oh*, well I'm *so fucking* sorry my drugging caused such an inconvenience to your life," she spat sarcastically.

"That's not what I meant," he replied dryly, raising his brow and casually crossing one ankle over the other.

"Then what exactly *did* you mean?" She stood with her hands on her hips, looking at him expectantly.

"I *mean*, it's been fucking shit not seeing you around the castle."

A humourless laugh slipped out between them. "Well that's too fucking bad, Malfoy. I don't want to be anywhere near you *ever* again. You're mental."

He snorted and smirked as if it was funny. "*Good luck* with that sweetheart, I've not seen you for twelve days and I still gave you the weekend to recover when you finally woke up—*out of the goodness of my heart*. That's thirteen days, and that's all you get."

"Yeah, I can do the maths thanks," she snapped. "How fucking gracious of you to allow me time to recover from *your* attack. Was the black rose you as well?"

She didn't know why she was wasting her breath with the question when she already knew the answer.

Shrugging he said, "maybe."

"A pointless effort since I left it behind in the hospital wing," she taunted, her chin held high with satisfying pettiness.

"Yeah, I fucking noticed," he hissed, his lips pinching together with building frustration.

Hermione looked around the empty room, desperately trying to come up with a solution to yet *another* problem *he* had created.

“What else did you do when you drugged me? I presume it was Theo you roped into this?”

“Yes, it was Theo and I didn’t do anything that you wouldn’t be *begging* me for consciously.”

He wagged his brows, flirting with her like this was a normal fucking conversation to be having. Hermione took a deep breath, scared for the answer to her next question—“Did you rape me?”

Malfoy clenched his jaw, all traces of amusement bleeding from his face as he shook his head slowly. “I won’t lie and say that I didn’t think about it, I *did* but no, I didn’t rape you. I want you conscious and saying *my name* when I fuck you for the first time.”

His expression was blank as if he was completely serious about what he was saying.

“Jesus Christ, you’re unbelievable. You’re sick, *insane*!” She growled, pacing the room and trying to put distance between them.

“So I’ve been told,” he purred.

“You and I are *never ever* having sex Malfoy, get that through your thick skull!”

He chuckled darkly like he knew something she didn’t and replied in a casual tone. “It’ll happen a lot sooner than you think, Granger.”

She sent a flash of fire his way through the amber in her eyes. “You’re fucking delusional, and it would be a *cold day in hell* if you of all people got the opportunity to take my virginity,” she grit out, keeping her resolve strong.

Malfoy’s eyes widened like he was shocked by something she had said for the first time in his life. “*You’re a virgin?*”

His voice was thick with curiosity and disbelief.

And Hermione’s patience had run thin.

Instead of confirming his ask all she could think about was how much she needed to get out of the room. She knew being a virgin in her twenties was unheard of, but she knew her damn worth and wanted to wait for the right one. Ron wasn’t it, and Malfoy sure as *fuck isn’t* either.

“I’ve had enough of this, let me out, I do *not* belong to you!” She scowled deeply and tried to lunge for the door again.

Malfoy straightened to his full intimidating height, his eyes icing over as he drove a rough hand through his hair in frustration. “Why does everyone keep *fucking* saying that?”

“Well maybe you should listen, because it’s the truth!”

Hermione barrelled past him, pulling the door handle with all of her strength. Malfoy hooked his arm around her waist and threw her against the wall, knocking the breath from her lungs. Her head bounced off the surface on the way and caused her temporary dizziness.

“*Fucking try me, Granger.*” His teeth were clenched tight, tense muscles rolling in his jaw.

He slammed his hands to the wall on either side of her head, caging her in with brutal force. The sound of his rings clinking against the stone made her flinch. She pulled her wand from the band of her skirt in retaliation and as quick as lightening Malfoy ripped it from her grip and threw it across the room. She watched with despair as it rolled into a far corner, her stomach clenching with his next string of vicious words.

“Let me make myself *crystal fucking clear*. I will *rip* away everything you know, *all* that you love, until you have *nothing* but *me*.”

The sting of tears began to build in the back of her eyes. She looked away from him, speaking in a trembling voice—“*Why* are you doing this?”

“Because I want you and it’s who I am.”

His explanation was so quick and simple. There was no arguing—he knew exactly who he was and he didn’t care. Never seeing in colour, only cut throat black and white.

Hermione swallowed around the lump in her throat and turned her face back to him with caution. The air between them crackled as flames locked with glacial grey, both clashing for dominance. Fire and ice colliding in one frostbitten moment. Two elements thrown into the ultimate power struggle. She held her breath as she watched those same icy greys flick down towards her lips.

There was a magnetism between them that she refused to admit. It was plain as day that she feared the cold and he craved the burn. Nothing good could ever come from it. Malfoy leant forward and took her bottom lip between his teeth, moaning out a breathy sigh against her, his body taut with desire.

“Let me kiss you baby, *please*.” His whisper was desperate and broken, like all the anger had washed away and only want was left.

She never got the chance to reply before his lips smothered hers in a possessive, claiming kiss, too impatient to wait for her consent. Hermione let a startled whine escape into his mouth and pressed her palms to his chest, but he was too strong, too captivated to let go. He sucked on her tongue and she felt the vibration of his moan in her throat.

Her heart pulsed in her fingertips, fighting against what her body wanted her to do and what her brain warned her against.

Malfoy’s hands latched onto her body roughly as she struggled against him, holding her tight, gripping her shirt between white knuckles to keep her in place. His own tongue slipped between her lips and dominated her mouth. *Mint*. Tasting and taking. He pulled away to take a breath, biting at her bottom lip until copper stained his white teeth. She hissed as hands threaded into her curls, pulling her in tighter like he couldn’t get her close enough. His hard length grinding painfully against her hip.

Hermione twisted her face away and the heat of his forehead pressed to her temple a moment later. Breathing heavy into her ear. She felt a muscled thigh lift between hers, pushing her skirt up.

“*I know you want this*,” he growled, fingers creeping under the fabric in search of lace.

Hermione’s breath hitched when he found it, his touch leaving a trail of fire in its wake.

“*Please* don’t, this *can’t* happen,” she whimpered, looking back into the cold depths of his eyes with pleading.

“It’s *already* happening, you can’t stop it and neither can I,” he stated firmly, crushing any hope that she might escape this.

He pulled her knickers to the side and she inhaled sharply as his chilled fingertips connected with her clit. His touch burned like her skin knew the dangers that lurked beneath.

“You’re *wet* Granger. Let me make you cum.”

Hermione’s body flushed with heat at his words.

She hated his damn mouth and her damn body for betraying her.

Hermione tried to resist him, but it was getting harder and harder the longer his muscled body was pressed against hers, consuming her with a skilled hand between her thighs. Her body trembled as long fingers dripped down to collect her arousal, working the slickness in tight circles across her pulsing clit. If Malfoy didn’t have her pinned to the wall, her knees would have buckled.

Her teeth were clenched tight, determined not to make a sound, but a traitorous moan slipped past them anyway. Malfoy grunted in response and the hand in her hair released to wrap around the column of her throat instead.

“*Cum*,” he demanded. “Soak my fingers and watch as I lick them clean for you, Granger.”

“I... I can’t,” she whimpered, fisting the front of his shirt.

“You can, and you *will* baby.”

The pads of his fingers worked harder to bring her to climax and his intense eye contact remained on her face, watching for every little reaction he could get.

Her legs shook violently with the tingle that ripped through her, moans growing louder as the coil inside her tightened until she had no choice but to cum for him. Malfoy added pressure to her throat, his thumb pressing into her pulse point as he licked a stripe over the corner of her mouth.

“Mm, such a *good girl* for me, Granger.” His hand slipped from her skirt and Hermione watched as he rolled his tongue across his slick fingers, his lids fluttering shut. “Fucking delicious,” he groaned.

His eyes were pools of jet black when he opened them again, licking the wet remains of her from his lips languidly. Hermione tried to slow her breathing, her body still trapped between him and the castle wall, veins buzzing through the last of her orgasm. Malfoy gently pulled her hand from his chest and pressed it lower to his throbbing length, still holding her eyes prisoner.

His hand covered the entirety of her small one as he forced her to squeeze him, the metal from his rings biting into her skin. He wasn’t shy about his loud moans of pleasure as his cock twitched against the heat of her palm, and Hermione gasped at the size

she held in her hand.

“All for *you*,” he whispered as his dark vision churned like the onset of a storm.

Hermione swallowed and removed his hand from her throat, breathing against his lips before she said—“You touch my body like it’s been yours before, as if I never stood a chance.”

The silence was smothering, the anticipation around them building up to his harsh whisper—

“*You don’t.*”

Her eyes filled with salty tears, and it was stunningly obvious to her in that moment that there was no escaping the ruthless depravity of *Draco Malfoy* and the suffocating obsession he harboured for her.

But she would *try*.

Another long beat of silence stretched between them before Hermione plucked up enough courage to launch herself forward with a speed he wasn’t expecting and sent a knee into his crotch. Malfoy’s howl of pain filled the room as he doubled over, his nails clawing at the wall for purchase.

“*You do not own me,*” Hermione spat into his ear through gritted teeth.

She scrambled away from him on shaky legs and retrieved her wand, whispering an *Alohomora* and throwing the wooden door open with such force, it shattered on its hinges. Hermione sprinted as fast as her short legs could carry her, out into the cold hallway.

Her shoes echoed behind her like galloping hooves, adrenalin pushing her forward as soft curls whipped past her cheeks. Her inner thighs were slippery and rubbing together in her haste, Draco’s deranged laughter following her every step.

“*You will never be rid of me, Granger. So keep fucking running, I’ll always find you!*”

Her heart froze at the sound of his voice, but she didn’t stop. His deep growl shook the corridor, bouncing between the stone and slicing through her chest. Black, snake-like curls of smoke nipped at her ankles and her insides burnt hotter the more distance she put between them.

Fuck.

Chapter 8: Blood and Bone

Chapter Summary

There are magnets in my bones for the iron in her blood.

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

Devils Playground by The Rigs

DARKside by Bring Me The Horizon

Bad Decisions by Bad Omens

Blood//Water by Grandson

Sleepwalker-Slowed by Akiaura, LONOWN, STM

Start A War by Klergy, Valerie Broussard

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=UYgvezuhQtuIPhnm326CFg&pi=f42Y3F-HSN2ti>



DRACO

Monday, September 22nd 1998

Stone cracked as Draco's knuckles were split wide open, blood spilling down his pale wrist. He pummelled the limestone until he felt his bones shatter, and only when he was satisfied with his self-destruction did he slide down to the floor in the empty classroom she left him in. Acid thick and fowl in the air. Luckily, he remembered to remove his rings before he started a fight with the castle wall and tucked them safely in his pocket.

His chest was heaving, his hair damp with sweat. He couldn't feel the pain, all he could feel was the sting of magic chilling his veins, ripping through him with vengeance as it searched the room for her trace. He looked down at his mangled hand, ruminating on how stark white his bone looked through the thick rivulets of crimson.

The colour of his blood was far too pretty for someone as vengeful as him.

What a fucking waste.

Draco's mind was a trench of poison, dragging him down into its depths with claws in his flesh. Taunting him—you *almost* had her. For a split second he thought he really had, and the exhilaration of that thought had him comfortable enough to drop his guard. Too caught up in her divinity.

What a stupid fucking mistake.

Her taste was still ripe on his tongue.

And she tastes like every dark thought I've ever had.

His knuckles would be pounding, if only he could feel them. He was still hard though, still pulsing with need in other places. He sucked in air through his teeth in frustration, the vein in his forehead throbbing with the loss of control. Draco was one more near-miss with Granger from losing his sanity altogether. The suffocation of not being able to grasp what he wanted most in the world eating him up from the inside out.

Need, temptation, *addiction*. A dangerous combination. She was a lamb to the slaughter and he was the butcher, as temperamental and unhinged as they came, toeing the line of his humanity with every breath.

His thoughts desperately wandered back into familiar territory, back to another potion that would make her compliant enough for him to devour her whole with his cock this time.

But no.

Because it wasn't *just* her body he wanted. Owning a body was easy, but owning a mind and soul wasn't. Especially one as defiant and fiery as hers, and that was exactly why he had to have it. Granger was forbidden, unattainable for someone like him. She was the golden apple in the orchard that he wanted to crush between his hands just to feel the way her pieces fit against his, like she was made for him to hold.

The fact that she was a *virgin*, only made them more dangerous to each other.

But Draco wanted to own *all* of her, not just pieces. He wanted everything she had to offer, to have and possess her completely, and for everyone else to *stay the fuck away lest their body never be found*.

He wasn't blind to the attention she attracted, and Draco was confident enough to know that none of them could ever match him, not in size, brains and certainly *not* in looks. He was never up against any real competition. But if anyone dared to try, he would welcome it just to enjoy the shatter of bone against his fist.

His hands had taken many self-inflicted beatings over the last year or so. White scars marring almost every curve. It had always been his natural reaction to lash out with fists instead of magic. But that wasn't to say that his magic didn't possess a threatening quality of its own. It was a power he didn't need a wand to wield, and as much as it craved to rip someone apart, he was on probation and couldn't risk being separated from Granger. So he used it to intimidate and threw around his iron fists instead.

He preferred the physical burn of his fist against a nose, the sensation of an eye socket cracking under his fingertips, the crunch of a jaw against his knuckles.

An intoxicating experience.

Draco had the same twisted urges when it came to her. Loved how easy it would be to wrap his fingers around her pale, slender neck like he did today and *never* let go. Fill her throat with the bitter taste of his magical signature and watch as she choked. But unlike others, he wouldn't make it a quick death. *No, she deserved more than that.* He cared enough to make it last. He would keep her in a state between life and death, dangling her precariously over the edge of the veil, smiling down with satisfaction; knowing that *he* was the only one with the power to pull her back.

Squeeze the life from her lungs and watch the fire extinguish..

Because if I can't have her, no one can, and if I can't have love, I want power.

The sweet burn of nicotine filled his lungs as he tipped his head back towards the ceiling and closed his eyes. The smell of smoke was a welcome comfort. The occupants of the Common Room had fallen silent the second he stepped into it, but he barely noticed them. He knew what he must look like, a mess of blonde hair and blood. The scar over his face was tight and itchy, his cigarette trembling slightly as he tried to keep it gripped between the two broken fingers that were still steadily dripping blood onto his shirt.

Draco rolled his eyes as the grating sound of a feminine gasp reached him.

"What the fuck happened?!" Pansy asked in that irritating, shrill voice that set his teeth on edge as she stalked towards him from the girls' dorms.

Draco dropped his head forward in her direction, his eyes cold and distant as he made a show of taking a slow, lazy drag of his cigarette, in no rush to answer her.

"I had a fight with a wall," he breathed.

"Let's me guess." She tapped her long black nails to her pointy chin. "This is Grangers doing?"

"*Ten points to Slytherin.* Wow Pans, you really are fucking *smart*," he bit back, his tone equally as thick with sarcasm.

"What did she do *this* time?" She asked, sitting down on the sofa next to Nott who was engaged in a heated game of wizards chess with Zabini.

Draco blew out a stream of smoke, watching as it curled through the air. "Just leave it."

"Why don't you ever talk to me anymore? Granger doesn't want you Draco, get that through your head," Pansy snapped.

His jaw rolled as his eyes flew back up to her face, flashing red hot. "*Shut the fuck up*," he snarled, like an angry dog showing its teeth.

Now was a really *stupid* time to fuck with him.

Pansy shot up from her seat. "*No*, I won't. You're gonna end up right back in Azkaban if you don't stop with this weird fucking obsession. I've *never* seen you behave like this, and something has to be done before it gets worse."

"Pansy! I said shut the fuck up, you *cunt*," Draco barked, in a voice deep enough to wake the dead.

She flinched, her mouth snapping shut as tears collected in her brown eyes.

"When did you become such an *asshole*?" She whispered after a long moment.

"The day I was fucking born."

Draco's sharp gaze cut into hers, daring her to say another fucking word. Pansy ran from the room, sniffles and the echo of her heels following behind her as Draco resumed his cigarette without a care in the world. Pansy wasn't the important one, as much as she wanted to be.

Fuck her, she doesn't have a clue what she's fucking talking about.

Draco was certain that things would go very badly if everyone didn't keep minding their own fucking business. He was too volatile to deal with it. His fuse was *short* and ready to explode at any given moment.

"That went well," Nott muttered, eyeing him from across the room as if he were a wounded animal about to strike.

And that seemed to be the last straw.

The tension in his body grew, the blood in his veins thrashing to a dangerous tempo. It built—mounted to a dangerous level, his head *burning* with the pressure—heart thundering as more red hot rage spread through his limbs.

His muscles flexed painfully and he squeezed his working fist tight, until finally..

He *snapped*.

Draco moved too quickly for anyone to notice until chess pieces shattered against the stone walls as he flipped the coffee table, his cigarette burning a hole through the rug as it lay abandoned on the floor. Nott gasped and Zabini moved back towards the edge of the room, retreating from the carnage. The sharp tang of magic cut through the air, thick and metallic as it curled around the room in his *rage*. Sofas and tables were upturned like they weighed no more than feathers, lamps were thrown and students scattered, but Draco couldn't see their faces.

His vision was *black*.

A bottle of whisky smashed across the floor, the smell strong and comforting as it hit his senses. He was breathing hard, his broken hand dangling uselessly from his wrist, copper on his tongue from where his clenched teeth had torn through his bottom lip.

When he finally stopped, his fury somewhat pleased with the wreckage, his eyes slowly blinked back into focus. They bounced from face to face, landing on the terrified expressions of his fellow Slytherins and the wounded ones of his two friends. Both shaking their heads in exasperation as the remaining tendrils of Draco's control floated between the walls like a smoky ghost.

"*Jesus Christ*," he heard Goyle mutter under his breath, surveying the damage around them.

The Common Room was suspended in a dead silence as Draco strode over to the only thing he hadn't destroyed, Slytherins quick to dive out of his way. He poured himself a double shot of whisky and knocked it back, holding the burn in his throat for as long as his lungs would allow.

Staring at his broken hand, he studied the pieces of flesh that he had flayed from the bone as he slammed his glass down, making everyone around him flinch. The entire room was on edge, waiting for what would come next.

The sensation of cautious eyes seared into his back before a gentle hand landed on his shoulder.

But was no one taught never to poke an angry bear?

Draco whipped round and slammed Nott into the stone wall, a hand wrapped tightly around the base of his neck. Silvery greys drilled down into azure blue as Nott exhaled hard, his eyes frozen with fear. Draco sighed through his nose, his lip curling with anger, teeth bared as images of *honey brown curls, freckles across a small nose* and *black lace* flooded his vision, consuming his thoughts.

He growled and released Nott roughly, like Granger herself was demanding he let go. Draco stumbled almost drunkenly away from the wall, ignoring the many looks that suggested what he already knew—he was *cracked*.

His gaze locked on an unopened bottle of whiskey on the bottom shelf of the bar and he snatched it, storming through the mess with glass crunching under his shoes. He stepped out into the deserted dungeon and slammed the door behind him, the wood splintering in its frame with the force.

Draco was a blur of smoky shadows as he stalked the corridors with nothing but the slosh of amber liquid against glass to fill the raging din inside his head and the unmistakable *drip* of blood against the castle floor as he walked.

*If she wants a **battle**, I'll give her a fucking **war**.*

Chapter 9: The Reaper

Chapter Summary

The moon is my sun,
The night is my day,
Blood is my life,
And she is my prey.

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -
Seven Devils by Florence + The Machine
Rooster by Alice In Chains
UNDERNEATH by Phix, Ryan Oakes
(Don't Fear) The Reaper by Blue Öyster Cult
Garden by Tommee Profitt, Sam Tinnesz, Maryjo
HUNTER(The Chacophony) by Paris Paloma
Chokehold by Sleep Token

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=aEueipWpTo61YIz8kqvo2w&pi=I-8vKDraRuqTB>



HERMIONE

Monday, September 22nd 1998

Hermione's heart was still thundering by the time she reached the floor of the Gryffindor Tower. She was pacing, her fingers trembling. She eventually plucked up enough courage to turn the corner in the direction of the Common Room when she stopped herself.

Thank god for a free period because she had come to the conclusion that there was no way she could face anyone right now, least of all Ron and Harry *or* Cormac for that matter. She couldn't tell anyone what had happened, because she *let* it happen.

He pinned me to a wall, confessed to the drugging and then gave me an orgasm for Merlin's sake.

Nope, she had to go somewhere else and cool off for a while.

But as she retreated to go back the way she came, she slammed straight into a broad chest, the scent of cedar and smoke immediately filling her nose. Theo looked down at her with an odd expression, his palms held up in a defensive gesture.

"What the fuck do you want?" She snapped, breezing past him.

"Granger, wait. Let me explain, *please*."

He caught up to her in no time.

"What is there to explain, Theo? You helped Malfoy fucking *drug* me! What kind of person does that?!" She tried to speed up her pace but Theo's legs were longer than hers and ate up the floor quickly.

"I didn't know it would put you in a near coma!"

Hermione scoffed. "Clearly you don't pay attention in potions, then."

"No, I don't. Not really. Potions was always Draco's thing."

Hermione halted her steps and looked sideways with an arched brow. "So let me get this straight, you don't pay attention in potions because it's Malfoy's *favourite* subject? What the fuck is that about?"

Theo signed heavily. "When Draco's interest is taken in something, *he's possessive*—"

"*Ha, you don't say*," she cut in sarcastically, rolling her eyes as she crossed her arms.

"—and he doesn't want anyone else to have what he deems as his. So *he's* the potion expert and I'm the lackey," he finished, shrugging his shoulders.

"Theo, that's pretty pathetic," Hermione countered, continuing her march down the hallway.

He raked a hand through his brown curls, anxiety rolling off of him in waves. "I know, but I'm fucking *scared* of him Granger, you don't understand what it's like. He's so complicated."

"I've seen enough to understand that he's got *more* than a few screws loose," she scoffed.

Hermione stopped walking when she was met with nothing but the sound of her own footsteps in answer. She turned over her shoulder see Theo standing in the middle of the corridor, tears shining in his pretty blue eyes, face twisted with torment.

Her heart sank.

"He's *dangerous*, and it's only getting worse. He trashed the Common Room today, broke and mutilated his own hand again. He flipped the coffee table like it was *nothing* and grabbed me by the throat. I'm used to his aggression, but he's never choked me like that before," Theo confessed, his voice small and childlike as his chin quivered in the same way Pansy's had at the party.

It wasn't hard to see that Malfoy was magnetic, and that people either ran from him or flocked to him for approval. But what Hermione couldn't understand was why these people didn't stand up for themselves. They were meant to be his friends, and yet he upset them and they *allowed* it. Letting him behave however he liked. But at the same time, she understood that Malfoy was *wildly* volatile, unstable and unpredictable.

Uncontrollable.

Hermione felt a pang of sympathy as she studied Theo. He was never a bad person, from what she knew of him anyway. He never bore the dark mark of a Death Eater, but he *always* seemed to follow after Malfoy like a lost puppy, doing whatever was asked of him.

It was pretty sad that he allowed his fear to control him so much. She couldn't imagine what that must be like. Didn't want to.

Hermione stalked over slowly, like she was approaching a wounded animal and put a gentle hand on his arm. "I don't know what to say, Theo. He's an absolute *brute*. He clearly doesn't know how to process his own emotions and he *never* will."

He gave her a weak smile in return, one that didn't quite reach his eyes. "For what it's worth, I'm *really* sorry for what I did. I wish I had told him no, but he never asks—he demands, and I'm too afraid to break the cycle."

Hermione nodded, feeling Theo's helplessness burn through the hand she still had on his bicep. "I understand, and I forgive you."

Theo's smile was brighter this time, relief settling into his features as he stepped closer. "Can I give you a hug?" He hesitantly asked.

"Of course," she agreed, meeting him half way and letting him wrap the warmth of his arms around her.

His chest was firm but comfortable as she pressed her cheek against it, his scent comforting as she relaxed into the fibres of his shirt. He rested his chin on the top of her head, burying his nose in her curls. Hermione found that she really enjoyed hugging him.

A loud shatter of glass ripped them apart with a startle moments later, their heads snapping towards the sound. Malfoy stood with his back against the wall across the corridor, one ankle over the other with whisky in a puddle at his feet. One of his hands hung limply at his side, dried blood covering every inch of his pale skin. The eyes he pierced them with was enough to make Theo sink into the ground, but Hermione wasn't as weak.

"*What?*" She spat, looking at him expectantly.

Malfoy snickered and kicked a piece of glass across the floor. "I dunno, you tell me *witch*," he hissed, his voice dripping with malice.

The corridor was suddenly flooded with the thick, cloying smell of burning acid as Malfoy's anger mounted, whispers of black smoke crawling up both sides of the wall.

Theo audibly gulped, standing as still as stone, hanging his head with a surrender that came all too easily.

"There's nothing to tell," she growled back.

Malfoy smirked and pushed off the wall, stumbling a little. Theo took a cautious step back but Hermione stood her ground, crossing her arms over her chest.

He stopped inches in front of her. His sharp gaze penetrating hers. "*So much fire in those seductive eyes*," Malfoy whispered and she could smell the alcohol on his breath.

He took a curl between his thumb and finger, rubbing it back and forth as if to memorise the texture. Hermione swallowed and lifted her chin higher with defiance, she would not back down.

When he got bored with the curl, he flattened his thumb to her bottom lip instead, slipping it across her plump flesh and into her mouth without warning. Hermione pushed at his chest in alarm, but he was as unmovable and solid as a block of ice. She tried to jerk her head away but he secured the back of her neck the best he could with his broken hand, keeping her still. Malfoy forced his thumb to the back of her throat, his eyes spilling over into black for a second—mesmerised by the sound of her choking, the feel of her wet tongue against his skin. Her teeth sank down into his flesh, hard enough to draw blood until finally, released her.

"*Don't touch me!*" she spat, with so much venom she hoped he felt it against his skin as she shoved him away from her.

Malfoy laughed, but there was no warmth in it, only *cold threat* as his eyes returning to their icy wasteland. "Or what? What are you gonna do to stop me, *huh?*" He whispered just as viciously, cocking his head to the side.

A shiver ran down the length of her spine, making her body shudder. Hermione remained stubbornly silent, earning herself another one of his dark smirks.

"What's wrong, Granger? *Cat got your tongue?*" His words were mocking and slightly slurred.

"You're drunk. *Leave me alone*, Malfoy," she demanded, finally taking the initiative to back away from him.

Theo stood rooted to the spot as he watched, more of the helplessness she had felt earlier bleeding through into his anxious gaze.

Malfoy took a step forward for every two she took back. His eyes were *terrifyingly* dark, like all the light had been sucked from the grey and only dark storm clouds remained. He continued to crowd her, backing her up before lifting his undamaged hand and slamming it against her throat, knocking all of the air out of her in one fell swoop. She fell backwards, knocked off balance by his force, but Malfoy caught her, holding her firmly in place.

She squirmed as a wet trail of sinful magic caressed her, wrapping her body in a warped cocoon. *Cruel magic hidden in feather light touches*. His magic seemed to have a mind of its own as it slithered over her skin like it enjoyed her touch. Like an icy snake

trying to find an entry point as it moved across her body in patterns. The sensation was revolting and fucking *wrong*.

Hermione spluttered as he tightened his grip, her hands scrambling to his wrist, scratching and clawing at his skin. His face was devoid of all emotion as he ignored her struggle and pulled her face towards him in one sharp yank, crushing her lips painfully with his. Hermione gasped, giving him the perfect opportunity to force his whisky tainted tongue inside her mouth and the strong taste of it made her want to wretch.

She bit down on it in retaliation and Malfoy hissed, the pain forcing him to release her.

Hermione staggered away once more, hitting the wall behind her with a harsh thump, the sting of copper on her tongue. She lifted shaky fingertips to her neck, feeling for the tender marks he'd left behind.

"You're a fucking *monster*," she breathed, glaring at him with ferocity.

He panted as he looked her dead in the eyes and spat blood onto the floor, ruby teeth shining at her, thick with amusement from the shadows.

"No, baby. I'm the Reaper, and it's time you knew exactly what that meant."

Chapter 10: Smoked Silver

Chapter Summary

What is true in the dark is still true in the light.

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

Taste of the Divine by Shaker, Azee, COBRA

You've Created A Monster by Bohnes

Smoke by BOBI ANDONOV

Last Cigarette by MOTHICA, Au/Ra

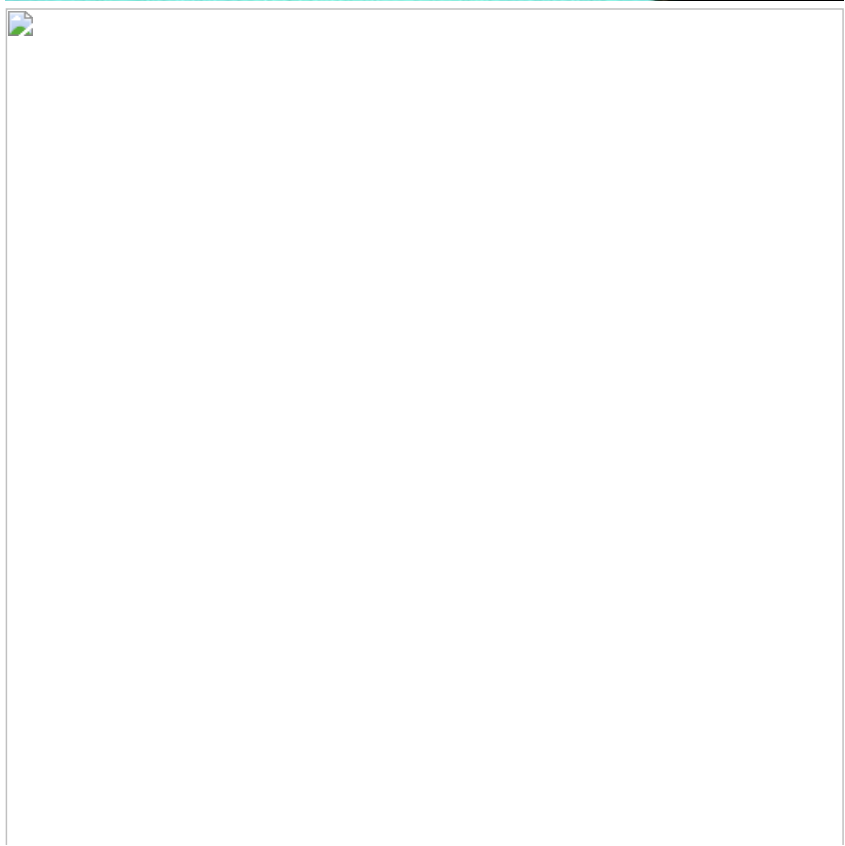
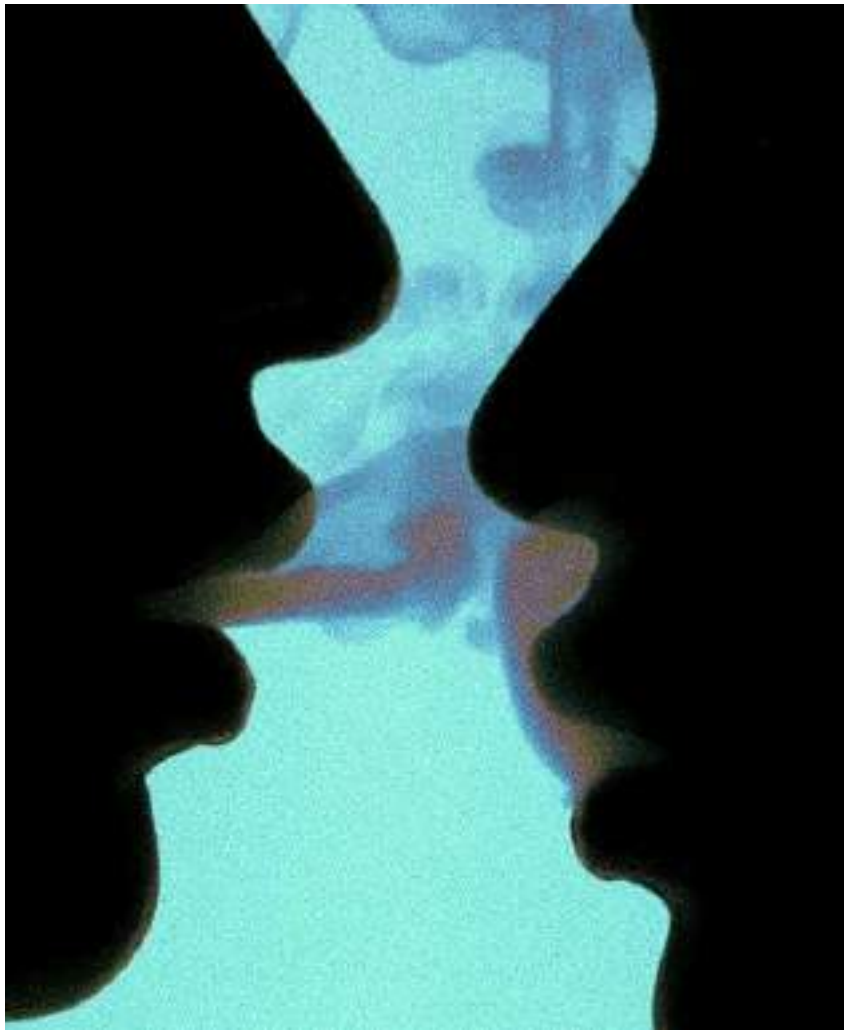
Kill The Sun by Cane Hill

DIE YOUNG by Toby Mai

Feel You Out by Landon Tewers

L I M E R E N C E playlist - https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=8uKRm16YR_uM8WIe4BW_hQ&pi=QWBS8SR7Qea68

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



HERMIONE

Monday, September 22nd 1998

Hermione's blood ran cold with the implication of his words..

"I'm the Reaper."

She was still pressed against the wall, trying to catch her breath as Theo looked between them nervously.

"What do you *want* from me?" she asked bitterly, the broken words spilling from her throat and cutting her tongue with desperation.

She was so sick of the cat and mouse games.

"I want *you*, Granger. All of you, all the time and anywhere I like. I want your mind, body and soul. I want *everything* you have, and I will never settle for anything less." His voice was flat and toneless, as if it were a given.

He made his way towards her again, prowling, and Hermione sucked in a breath when his hand connected gently with her cheek. The ice in his irises melted a little at the contact, the freckle below his eye sitting pretty against his snowy skin. Hermione found it startling how he could switch from anger to an unsettling calm so quickly. It uneased her, how unpredictable he was, *a loose canon*.

She looked down towards his mangled hand if only to change the subject. "You really should go get that fixed."

Malfoy followed the path of her eyes down to it and smirked. "*Give me a real kiss and I will.*"

Hermione felt a thump in her chest, her heart burning with something she was too ashamed to admit. "Don't be ridiculous, Malfoy. I'm not being fucking bribed."

He shrugged. "I guess my hand can stay *fucking* broken then."

"I really don't *fucking* care," she spat, taking a step away from him, his hand falling between them.

"Granger, *please*, just do it or he seriously will never get his hand fixed," came Theo's pleading voice.

Malfoy looked over his shoulder at him, as if only just remembering that he was even there. Hermione's smouldering gaze left the blonde antagonist in front of her to regard Theo with a frown.

"So what?" She asked him. "*Let him* walk around with that thing. It's his own damn fault that he can't keep his explosive temper under control." She nodded her head towards the mess on the end of his wrist. "It's certainly not *my* problem and it isn't *yours* either."

"But it *will* be my problem, it will be *all* of Slytherins problem. *Please*, Granger." His crystal blue eyes flooded with tired pleading, his fear evident in the way they shimmered with turmoil.

Theo was *scared*.

Malfoy turned his head back to her with a smug smile painted wide across his lips, knowing that Theo just aided in his blackmail to get her to kiss him. He raised a dark blonde brow, waiting patiently for her answer, knowing she had no way out—her guilt wouldn't allow it.

A terse silence ripped through the space and Hermione's eyes watered as she took a deep defeated breath, lips trembling with the battle she was losing inside her own head. She would do this for Theo, but she couldn't lie and say that the thought of kissing

Malfoy again didn't excite some *sick* part of her.

Some part that he had ruined for anyone else.

Her body flushed hot with anticipation as she edged forward, the heat of his body drawing her in, beckoning her closer with his scent. Just as Hermione's lips were inches from touching his, it became clear that whatever patience Malfoy had mustered was gone and he gripped the back of her head in a tight hold, crushing her curls between his fingers while devouring her lips in a hungry kiss.

The searing heat of his mouth latched onto her bottom lip, sucking hard but keeping his eager tongue to himself this time with some threadbare restraint that she could feel flexing in his chest as she pressed her palms to it. After a few seconds of being eaten alive, Hermione forced him back with what strength she had, trying to catch some of her stolen breath.

"Okay *enough*," she panted. "I give you an inch and you take a mile. You asked *me* to kiss you, the least you could've done was let me do it without being greedy."

"Sorry, love," Malfoy smirked, licking his lips. "But when it comes to *you* I don't have any logical sense. Your lips taste like my favourite drug."

"Wow, that's fucking cheesy," Hermione mocked, rolling her eyes at his womaniser tendencies.

Malfoy's sudden silence gave her pause, mouth curving up into the ghost of a smile at the thought that maybe her little quip had touched a nerve. But her satisfaction was short lived.

"Don't get my silence twisted, sweetheart," he huffed snidely. "I'm just waiting for the knut to drop. It was so *very easy* to get you to loosen up once I turned the charm on," he winked, his words still slurred from the large quantity of alcohol he had consumed.

Hermione grit her teeth. "You *really* are an arsehole."

"Yeah, I've been told that too, more than once and by many different faces."

"Well, then maybe you should stop?"

"That's like trying to pull blood from stone, Granger," he said, rolling his eyes. "It's *never* going to happen."

She crossed her arms over her chest, irritated. Going back and forth with him would get her nowhere. He had an answer for everything and all it would do was give him more of her time.

The castle was getting colder, chilling her muscles stiff, the howl of the wind whistling through the corridors. Hermione attempted to rub the goosebumps from her skin, a move that did not go by unnoticed.

"If you step into my arms, I can keep you *nice and warm*," Malfoy offered with a wicked grin.

It her state of chill, her teeth now beginning to chatter, Hermione studied him for a moment. His arms *were* rather large and inviting, and she could feel his billowing body heat from where she stood. Her shivering frame was half tempted to give in and curl up between them.

No.

She scoffed instead. "No thanks, I'd rather freeze to death."

"Suit yourself," he laughed, turning towards where Theo stood mute, still watching them.

"Go back to the Common Room, tell Pansy and Astoria to make themselves fucking scarce and light the fire."

Theo seemed to know exactly what Malfoy was implicating, nodded and stalked off without a word, displaying the proof of his servitude.

Hermione rolled her eyes at his receding back.

When they were completely alone, Malfoy extended a hand out in front of her and Hermione arched a questioning brow. "What?"

"I'm going back to the Common Room," was all he said, his expression expectant like she was a fucking mind reader.

"Okay *and*? Do you need me to hold your hand for that? What are you, *five*?"

He snorted at her attitude. "No, Granger. You're coming *with* me."

She tutted at his confidence and took a step back. "I absolutely am not going anywhere with you, and you're fucking crazy for thinking so."

"Being called crazy isn't half the insult you think it is, love. I'm far *worse*."

"I believe it, and after the shit you pulled last time I never want to see the inside of your Common Room again."

Malfoy sighed. "I swear to you it'll never happen again. I can't promise that I will keep my hands *entirely* to myself because let's face it, you are *fucking* irresistible to me. But I *can* promise that no harm will come to you."

Hermione's cheeks flushed involuntarily, swallowing hard at the way he viewed her with *so much* fervour.

"Malfoy, I *don't* fucking believe you. I'm going back to my *own* Common Room," she informed, turning on her heel.

She made it exactly one step before he spoke again and the sound of his voice had become both soothing and jarring to her ears. She stopped in her tracks, her gaze daring to find his once more.

"With Potter and Weasley? Looking like *that*?" He bit his lip and dragged his eyes leisurely across her body from head to toe.

Hermione looked down at herself. "Looking like *what*?" She mumbled, suddenly paranoid.

"All disheveled, like you've been given an orgasm and *thoroughly* snogged."

He flashed her a mean grin with teeth and Hermione ran hot when she looked into the reflection of an arched window and realised that he was right, her hair was a mess, her lips were swollen and her skirt was wrinkled.

"I'll just go somewhere else then, the library."

She was not about to let him trap her again.

"That's fine, as long as you don't mind getting caught with me between the stacks," he purred, leaning a shoulder against the wall beside them and towering over her. "Wherever you go, Granger, I *will* follow."

He flexed his hand and studied his nails as he waited for her to make a decision like he had all the time in the world.

No matter what she chose he would be there like a shadow at her back, and the library would likely be packed with students on free periods. Granted he would probably clear the place out with his dark and brooding presence, but the delusional girls that often watched his every move would be tripping over each other to reach him, and Hermione could think of nothing worse.

"I'll report you to McGonagall, then," she threatened, the flames in her eyes growing bigger, hoping to set fire to him with her glare alone.

"Go ahead, Snape will settle it, he *is* my god father after all," he gloated.

He winked and must have known the exact moment he had her cornered because Hermione scrunched her face up. She blew out a heavy breath and shoved past him, leaving his still outstretched hand empty. Whatever, at least she wouldn't be alone with him.

"*Fucking fine*," she growled. "Hurry up,"

Hermione heard Malfoy's deep, triumphant chuckles the whole way into the dank dungeons, could feel the heat from his hand as it hovered over the small of her back. It wasn't comforting in any sense, it did nothing but make her want to punch him in the face. *Again*.

He ushered her into the Slytherin Common Room, where memories from the party rushed to the forefront of her mind, almost knocking her off balance. Her first instinct, the one she seemed to keep ignoring told her to turn around and leave. But Hermione straightened her shoulders and swallowed it back. She was not scared of him.

Pansy and Astoria were nowhere to be seen just as he had asked, and the stone hearth was alive with vibrant flames of orange and red, the warmth licking against her half frozen body. Whatever destruction Malfoy had caused had been reverted back to its former glory with not one throw pillow out of place.

Theo slouched on the sofa drinking whiskey with Marcus Flint. Blaise was in an armchair with Daphne Greengrass in his lap, the same raven haired girl he was kissing at the party that Hermione couldn't make out in the dark. Malfoy sat in the same chair he had forced her to share with him the night of the party and patted his knee as he did so, a gesture clearly meant for her to do the same again.

"*Absolutely fucking not*," Hermione scoffed. "You got me in here, yes. But you are pushing your bloody luck if you think I'm falling for *that* again."

Daphne giggled as Hermione flipped her curls over her shoulder and sat next to Theo instead. Clearly Malfoy wasn't a fan of her disobedience. He narrowed his eyes and stood.

"Swap seats with me, Nott," he growled.

Theo moved into his vacated armchair without preamble and Malfoy took his place. His purposefully close proximity made her sweat. Marcus sat on the other side of him, watching and sipping from his glass slowly with intrigue as Hermione shuffled, trying to find some small angle to get comfy in.

She looked over as Malfoy pulled out his wand and tensed. She hadn't meant to, but he made her all kinds of jumpy.

"*Calm down*, Granger, I'm only fixing my hand," he laughed.

The crack of his bones resetting themselves echoed around the cavernous room as he muttered a quick *episky* and then a *scourgify* to clear the blood. He flexed his large hand in front of her face and winked.

"*Good as new.*"

Hermione had rolled her eyes so often at that point that they were starting to ache. She tried to shift away from him, to create enough space to breathe evenly. But every time she moved he got closer, acting as if it were a game, until eventually she was trapped between him and the arm of the sofa without even a slither of space between them. Even less than what she started with.

"Can you move over and let me fucking breathe?" She snapped, getting frustrated with the way he glued himself to her.

Clearly this man has no idea about personal space.

"Why the *fuck* would I do that now that I have you in my grasp, Granger?" He asked, flashing her a tooth-rotting, sugar coated smile, oozing with so much arrogance she wanted to throw up.

"I am not *in* your grasp, Malfoy. I'm here only because you backed me into a corner, *not* because I chose it."

"Hmm yes, it would *seem* that way wouldn't it," he purred.

Hermione watched as he plucked four polished silver rings from his pocket and slipped each one onto his newly healed fingers, mesmerised by the way he expertly glided each one along the length of his flesh. She had never been close enough to notice what they were before, but now she could see them clearly. He wore a signet on his thumb, a gleaming skull on his forefinger, an intricate chain link design on his middle finger and a plain band of silver on his ring finger.

How she had never noticed that before was beyond her, and alarm bells started ringing in her head. Hermione raised a suspicious brow. "Are you married?"

The question may have come out sounding a lot more jealous than Hermione had intended, and Malfoy couldn't keep the wild smirk off his face. "No, Granger. I'm not married, *don't worry.*"

She scoffed. "As if I would ever be worried, I was simply asking out of curiosity."

He looked down to the fourth ring on his hand and swiped a thoughtful thumb across it. "It was my fathers's wedding band," he said. "I wear it because it's a connection to my mother, and for no other reason."

His eyes seemed to twist and cloud over at the mention of her, a tight flash of Occlusion if Hermione had to guess.

A few long minutes passed before Malfoy removed himself from her and sauntered over to the bar cart. He turned his head over his shoulder and held up a glass for her to see. "Want one?"

"After last time?!" She grimaced. "You must be mad."

Hermione threw Theo a pointed glance, and the breath of a laugh escaped Blaise's' lips unbidden, his smile dropping with Malfoy's sharp glare. The room fell into another painful silence, and in that silence she could feel the uncomfortable heat of Marcus's eyes on the side of her face, roaming over it greedily.

What is it with these fucking Slytherin men and their intrusive eyes?

She suddenly wondered why no one had spoken to her, but quickly realised that they probably weren't *allowed* to. It was becoming *very* clear that Malfoy dominated everything. He told the Slytherins when to come and go from their own Common Room, and they *listened* to him. Out of fear or loyalty Hermione didn't know, but she could take an educated guess.

She sympathised though, that not *everyone* had the desire to run head first into danger. And *clearly* Malfoy was a danger. She had known about his unethical ways from his letters, but never could she have anticipated just *how* spun in his web everyone was. It

was daunting.

Drink in hand, Malfoy wedged himself even closer against her than he was before. Hermione propped a leg up to try and create some kind of pointless boundary between them, resting her chin on her knee and making sure her skirt covered her. She jumped as he gently brushed a curl away from her neck, displaying the bruises he had left there underneath. He smoothed one over with the pad of his thumb and Hermione shuddered uncontrollably.

"I'm *sorry*, sweetheart," he crooned. "You bring out the worst in me."

Hermione scowled and jerked her head away from his unpredictably hot and cold touch, letting her curls fall through his fingers.

That is no fucking excuse.

He sighed heavily, his warm breath billowing across her cheek as he conjured a pack of cigarettes and a muggle lighter into the palm of his hand. Hermione was not impartial to the bad habit every now and then, and the ashy smell of smoke made her mouth water, drawing her closer to the scent as he sparked a high flame over the end of the cigarette. Malfoy's observant gaze noticed her edging forward, and it was all it took for him to offer her one. But as Hermione reached out to take it, he retracted his hand, offering her the one already lit and still *wet* from his mouth instead.

She hesitated, looking up at him like it was some kind of trick.

"*Oh come on*, you've had my tongue down your throat but you won't share a cigarette with me?" Malfoy asked, a gloating smirk teasing his mouth.

"Your tongue down my throat wasn't by fucking choice," she growled, but she snatched the cigarette from his fingers anyway and took a deep drag.

His snicker dripped with satisfaction. "*That's my girl.*"

Hermione's pulse raced with the use of those words spoken in the gravelly timber of that voice. She tried to mask it with a frown, forcing the smoke through her nose as she silently scolded herself, *again*.

But when Malfoy spread his long legs out in front of him and sat back into the sofa, his black slacks pulling tight across his muscular thighs, she couldn't help her wandering eyes from noticing how his bulge was prominent even when soft—knowing the exact shape and length of him in his prime. Hermione's neck prickled with heat at the unbidden thought, her thighs begging to be pressed together.

She distracted herself the best she could by following the movement of his hands as they lifted back and forth towards his mouth, cigarette and whisky. She studied the corded veins running along the backs of them, watching as they flexed.

Everything he does is appealing, dammit.

She took note of the white scars that were scattered across the surface of both of his knuckles. It wasn't hard to guess where the injuries had come from, most of his letters from prison were still covered in the scarlet evidence of it.

Malfoy took a deep crackling inhale of his cigarette and let it seep from between his lips in streams of silver as he gazed over at her. He was so close that Hermione noticed the subtle change in his eye colour, a slight cerulean blue bleeding through the grey.

"Wanna try something?" he asked, leaning forward.

Hermione evidently took a second too long to reply because before she even had the chance to answer his question, his lips were on hers.

The smoky heat from his cigarette entered her mouth, burning her lungs as she breathed it in. He lingered there for a long moment, his wet tongue slipping across her bottom lip just before he pulled away. He smirked, and Hermione blew their shared smoke into his face.

"I didn't realise you knew how to shotgun, or that you smoked cigarettes," she said, looking at him curiously. "I assumed it would be too muggle for your tastes."

Malfoy barked out a laugh. "That's what happens when you make assumptions, Granger, they're often wrong. I'm not as uneducated on the matter as you might think. I wear muggle clothing from time to time, I muscle train like the muggles, and cigarettes are the best invention *ever*. I don't care for muggles, they're beneath me. But I will make use of their inventions when it suits me."

She sneered at his arrogant, self-serving response, but that argument was one they'd already had and forcing her views wouldn't get her anywhere.

They finished their cigarettes in a weird silence. The air thick with something charged that always seemed to manifest whenever they were around each other. Especially in a space where the build up had no space to stretch.

The Common Room remained empty, all except for the six of them. Hermione found herself wondering where Malfoy had sent the rest of the students. It was madness, but *his* Common Room *his* rules it seemed, and who was around to stop him? Certainly not Snape.

Slytherin Prince indeed.

A warm hand suddenly crept along the sensitive skin of her inner thigh, and Hermione stiffened, every muscle going tight. Malfoy's eager touch was stifling, and Hermione's fingers twitched to bat them away, a hex balancing on the tip of her tongue. But she didn't dare make a move that might end in her being ripped apart in his domain. She fidgeted under his attention, and even though the pressure of his hands was becoming strangely familiar, she still wasn't comfortable with it.

Malfoy was the kind of person she didn't feel safe enough to drop her guard around. Just the heat of his stare on her skin was enough for her whole body to seize up with nerves. He was the epitome of intense and overwhelming.

"*Relax*," he whispered into her ear, stroking her thigh tenderly with the warmth of his knuckles, sending goosebumps down her legs.

The scent of him—leathery and sweet filled her head, making her dizzy. She was flooded with too many sensations all at once and her body couldn't relax. The nervous pit in her stomach twisted and tightened like something bad would happen if she didn't leave, and Hermione had the very distinct fear that Malfoy wouldn't let her.

But she took a deep breath and declared it anyway.

"Erm, I need to go," she said weakly, getting to her feet. "It will be time for dinner soon."

Malfoy grabbed the edge of her skirt, halting her just as she expected he would. "*Not yet.*"

His eyes pierced through her as she looked down at him. They had grown more blue in her company, shining like aquamarine gemstones in the firelight. Hermione sighed and let him pull her back down. She really didn't want to cause another fight, she was fucking exhausted, and so he got his way.

"Can I at least have another cigarette, then?"

Malfoy smirked, victorious. "Sure, sweetheart. Open that *pretty* little mouth for me."

He ran his tongue across his teeth and she did as asked, distracted by the way his mouth curved perfectly around each word he spoke. Malfoy watched her intently as he slipped the cigarette between her lips, the heat from the flame hot against her face as he lit it with a spark. Hermione muttered a *thanks* as she sucked in the nicotine, hoping it would calm her jittery nerves.

"How about you give *me* a shotgun this time?" he asked, looking at her expectantly, his voice a husky silk.

She shook her head. "I don't know about that."

"Come on, Granger, it's only fair. I'm supplying *you* with the cigarettes. The least you could do is humour me."

Hermione grit her teeth. He was good at playing his hand and getting his way. He'd proved as such time and time again. But she'd already done it once, twice wouldn't hurt if it meant he'd let her go.

Twisting in her seat, she put a firm hand on the side of his face for leverage. His skin was smooth under her palm and his eyes tracked her lips fervidly, licking his own as she leant forward to push the smoke from her mouth into his. Before she could pull away or refuse, Malfoy gripped her curls in a greedy fist and stole a kiss, swallowing her gasp.

Hermione ripped herself from his grip and snapped, "will you *stop* doing that?!"

His eyes had transformed again, a lust-drunk black obscuring what had almost been a completely blue pupil.

"Doing what?"

"Taking without asking," she panted.

"It's the only way I know how to live. But you're more than welcome to take back from me. You can have *whichever* parts of me you like, love." He punctuated his meaning by cupped himself and pulling his bottom lip between his teeth.

Hermione's response was a glare and another silent drag before sitting forward, stubbing her cigarette out in the crystal ashtray and standing before Malfoy could stop her.

“I’m leaving now, thanks for the cigarettes.”

“Let me walk you out,” he offered.

“There’s no need, the door is *literally* fifteen feet away. I’m aware I didn’t leave here last time *conscious* but I don’t suppose I’ll get lost,” she clipped, earning a few snorts around the room.

“I fucking like her, she’s *spicy*,” she heard Daphne whisper. Blaise nodded in agreement.

“Alright then, *smart ass*. Hate to see you go, *love* to watch you leave,” Malfoy winked.

Hermione clicked her tongue at his overzealous behaviour and turned on her heel towards the exit. Her feet couldn’t get past the threshold quick enough.

“*Oh*, Granger!” He called out, just as she reached the corridor.

“Yes?” She asked over her shoulder.

His grin was fatal, his eyes holding the promise of both seduction and destruction.

“*I’ll see you tomorrow.*”

And with a graceful flick of his wrist the already splintered portrait door slammed shut in her face.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter really shines a light on my proclivity for large, veiny hands with rings. 🌞

Just a little FYI— Draco’s eye colour changes with his emotions. Grey is his natural colour, blue is happy, icy/dark grey is anger and black is lust!

Chapter 11: Salt, like the Ocean

Chapter Summary

The ocean speaks most honestly to those willing to drown.

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

Wet Dreams by Artemas

See You In My Dreams by Kat Leon, NOCTURN

Ocean Eyes by Billie Eilish

Meddle About by Chase Atlantic

Skin by Rihanna

Do You Really Want To Hurt Me? by Nessa Barrett

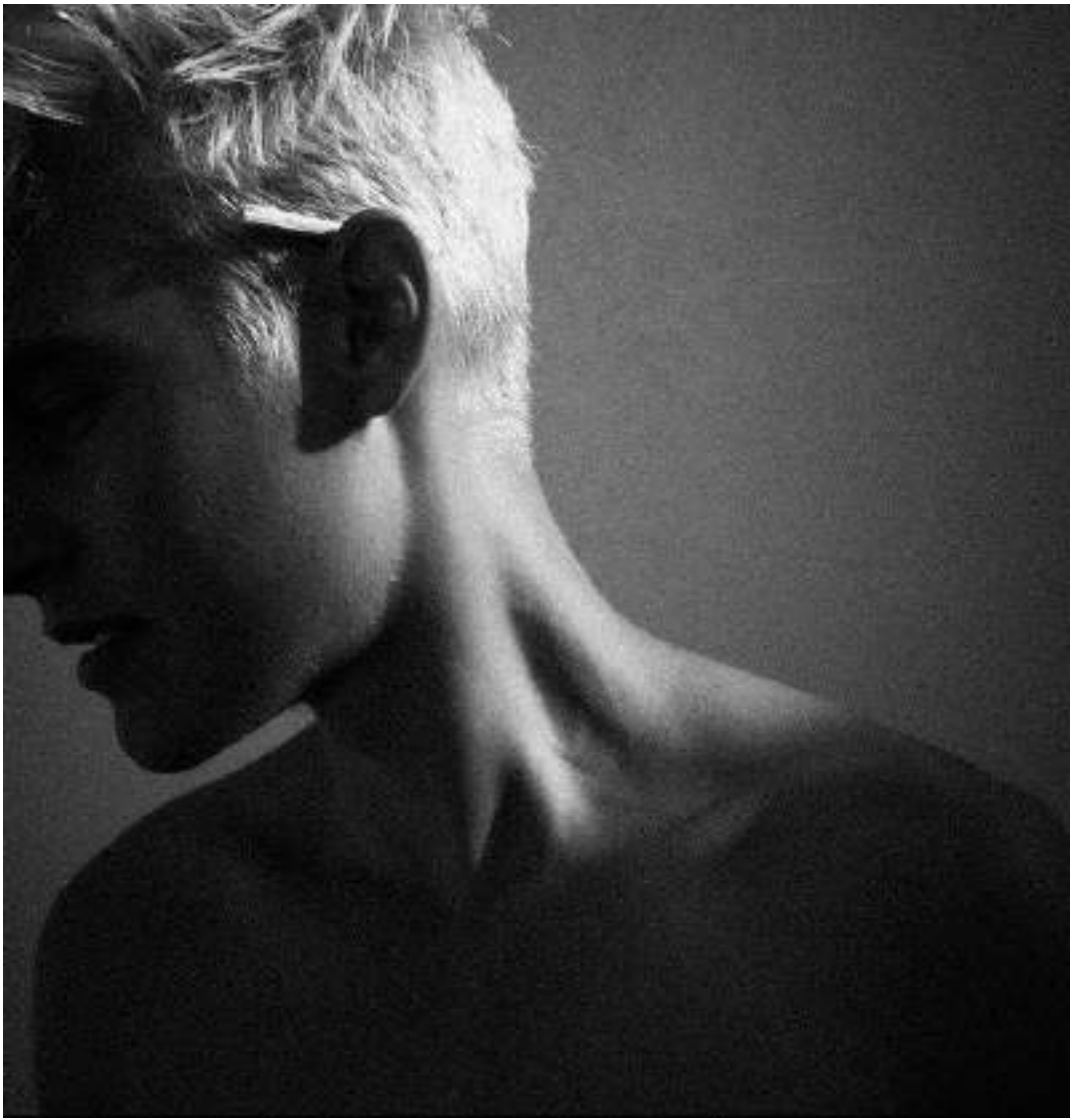
Use Me by PVRIS, 070 Shake

Hypnotic by Zella Day

True Blue by Badkarma

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=BLrk6zelSdqI5VXXVJmKKSQ&pi=1gyCcAzfRjaKd>

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



DRACO

Monday, September 22nd 1998

“*What?*” He growled, looking around the room at the unsure faces of his *friends*.

“Nothing,” Daphne defended, trying to look anywhere else but into his penetrating gaze. “It’s just as feisty as she *is*, she still looked *awfully* uncomfortable.”

Draco huffed out an amused breath. “So? She’ll get over it.”

“She did look good in that sexy little skirt though, didn’t she?” Flint mumbled under his breath, flinching violently when Draco turned towards him, put an arm on the back of the sofa and leaned into his space.

He raised a threatening brow, nostrils flaring as lips curved with a deep humourless smirk.

“Get *fucked* Flint, before I knock those huge teeth out of your face. That one’s *mine*,” Draco growled.

“And what if she doesn’t?” Nott piped up, guiding him back to their conversation.

Draco pulled back from Flint, his jaw rolling as he set his glass down hard on the coffee table and leaned forward with bared teeth. “She *will*.”

“This isn’t going to end well, Draco. I can already see you unraveling. We’re worried about you, mate,” Zabini sighed.

“Well fucking *don’t*. I unravelled a long time ago. I’m just closer to my destination now than I was then,” he snapped, slipping another cigarette between his lips.

“Why can’t you just win her over gently?”

Draco grit his teeth at Nott’s *stupid question*. These people knew him the best, they knew he didn’t do fucking *gentle*. He heaved out a heavy breath, smoke curling around the room as he kicked his feet up onto the coffee table between them.

“Do you know who she fucking *is*? What good would that do me? She’s stubborn as *fuck*. She needs to be *told* what she wants, and I *know* she wants me, I felt the desire in her mind. She’s just in denial.”

“You used *legilimency*?!” Nott gasped.

“Yes.”

“How the fuck did she not sense you?”

“Because as hard as I am in person, I’m *smooth* as fucking silk inside the brain when I need to be,” he said, smiling smugly.

”What Granger *needs* is to be dominated. She’s too self-righteous, and I want to *fuck* every last drop of it out of her. Because while she *is fucking superior* in every way, who better to knock her down a peg or two than her old Slytherin rival?” Draco continued, carelessly flicking ash onto the rug.

Nott shook his head, disagreeing with his methods, *as usual*.

“Hermione Granger of all people doesn’t seem like the kind of woman to not know *exactly* what she wants and if that isn’t you, then you can’t force her, Draco.”

He sucked in air through a cold smile, his throat working a swallow to calm himself. “Why not? My father did it with my mother and—“

“Look how that turned out.”

Draco’s eyes flashed a sharp shade of silver as he whipped his head in Zabini’s direction, making Daphne visibly tense in his lap.

“What the *fuck* did you just say to me?”

Zabini closed his eyes in exasperation, audibly gulping, his facial expression giving away his immediate guilt. “I didn’t mean that, I’m sorry. I just meant that you’re going about it all the wrong way.”

“I don’t *need* advice from any of you *cunts*,” Draco spat harshly. “I will do it *my* way, I don’t give a fuck what you think.”

“*Mate*—“ Nott sighed, but his words got caught in his throat.

Draco launched himself from his chair and threw his glass against the wall. Fiery rage filling his veins. Daphne’s scream rang in his ears as shards of crystal rained down over them all. Blaise cast a *protego* at the last second, and they watched as the fragments bounced over the protective shield like rain drops.

“Granger is *mine*, only fucking mine and I *will* have her by any means necessary. *Got it?* Now shut the fuck up or leave,” Draco barked.

His chest heaved, tight with the effort to pull back the dark ropes of magic that threatened to escape him.

His friend’s faces were pale as they stood and made the correct decision to leave the Common Room. If he were a nicer man he would have understood that they were only trying to help. But he *wasn’t* that person, and he didn’t *need* help. Their concern was nothing but gasoline. Adding fuel to the fire, antagonising his already possessive nature with their need to insert themselves into business that *wasn’t* theirs. It was a threat to get in his way, and that would *never* fucking happen.

Nothing will ever come between Granger and I.

NOTHING.

Draco spent the rest of the evening sipping whisky, smoking and sucking Grangers sweet taste from his teeth. High on the scent of vanilla that still lingered around him. He looked down at his once mangled hand and pulled it into a fist, wondering when the next time would be that he would smash it to pieces, or have Granger's tender flesh between his fingers.

He felt the happiest he had been in years with her sitting by his side, in his Common Room, where she belonged. It was a glimpse into a future he yearned for, and it took every ounce of his restraint not to bury her into the sofa when he had the chance.

She ran through his veins like a virus. Consumed his mind with thoughts of her—*where is she? Who is she with? What is she doing?* Around and around in his head all day, on one long torturous loop. She was all he could see, all he could smell, all he could taste. He could still feel the heat of her body beside him. His skin hopelessly imprinted with hers.

Her. Her. Her.

That feeling was so much worse in prison, knowing that he wasn't free to search for her company whenever he wanted, couldn't indulge in his fix like a drug addict. Now the thrill of having that privilege warmed him, filled his head with all kinds of reckless and deprived thoughts.

Freedom laid claim to a new danger, a new hungry impulse... *temptation.*

12:47am Tuesday, September 23rd 1998

Draco went to bed drunk, tossing and turning between empty sheets that should be warm with her. He had touched himself to the thought of her too many times to count since he had come back to his room. Stroking himself raw with an addiction he couldn't curb.

He wondered if Granger was asleep right now, wondered what she thought about. He wanted to know the exact details that went through her pretty little head when she dreamt at night. And luckily for him, he had the means to find out.

Draco swiped a thumb across his tip and decided to kill a little of his frustration. He closed his eyes and concentrated on stretching out his magic. He was a brutally trained *legilimens*, and it was all too easy to achieve even from a great distance. A tactic he had learned in preparation for a war that never came.

Long, wispy, invisible tendrils twisted and curled through the sleeping castle, creeping along hallways and through doors without wards until he found her, curled up on her side beyond red velvet bed curtains. He caressed her sleeping face with his magic before gently sinking his claws into her brilliant mind.

Her thoughts were still, she wasn't dreaming about anything in particular, which was a fucking disappointment. He was desperately hoping to find thoughts of himself tormenting her like she tormented him, but no matter. He could change that. Her mind was an open door with no walls or defences to keep him out. No locks in place.

Silly girl.

He slipped his fingers inside the folds of her brain, using the tight grip of *legilimency* to keep him anchored and forced in his chosen images. Ones of himself, of her, his tongue on the soft skin between her legs, her fingers gripping his blonde hair. Warm thighs and a hard chest, teeth and lips, demanding hands. Moans of pleasure and bruises.

The electric sensation pulsed through him until the dark weave of magic that had forged a connection between them pulled tight. Draco grit his teeth against the burning pressure. His body stiffened with tension and blood rushed south, making him painfully hard once again.

Clutching himself in a tight fist, he took a deep breath and whispered his parting words to her down the line—

*Dream of me, sweetheart. And **only me.***

HERMIONE

Hermione bolted upright in bed, her heart pounding as the echo of moans bounced around the walls of her room.

What the fuck.

She was panting hard, her curls were damp with sweat and her head felt fuzzy, clouded. She grabbed her wand from the nightstand, cast a *Lumos* and swept the room with anxious eyes, brows creasing with a deep confusion. There was no one there and nothing looked out of place. But she could've sworn she felt something, a ghost of breath in her ear. Maybe she was going mad. Hermione huffed and threw her head back against the pillows, embarrassment washing over her.

She *prayed* to Merlin that no one heard.

Her silk nightdress had somehow tangled itself around her body in sleep and as she pressed her thighs together to loosen the fabric she discovered the moisture between them. Hermione frowned and dipped a finger through it, watching as it glistened in the wand light.

It was then that she remembered what she had dreamt of. Flashes of blonde hair and hands decorated in silver, a tongue between her legs, sharp teeth against her neck.

*A deep **commanding** whisper.*

I'm losing my fucking mind.

Not only had she had forbidden thoughts about Malfoy right *next* to him. But now she was having wet dreams about him too, and an unbidden, aching pulse in her clit roared to life. He would be the smuggest bastard she had ever seen if only he knew. Hermione felt a rush of shame as her core burned with the evidence of an orgasm. She wiped her fingers off on the soiled nightdress and stood from the bed to change into a new one, tying her hair up off her sticky neck.

She tried to fall back into a peaceful sleep to no avail. Images of a certain blonde Slytherin continued to flash behind her eyelids for the rest of the torturous night.

Hermione only managed four more hours of sleep before she woke to the sun streaming in across her face. She frowned and drew the covers up over her head, groaning when the alarm she'd set on her wand buzzed on the nightstand beside her head no less than a minute later. Huffing and puffing, she grumpily dragged her tired body from the bed and got ready for another day.

She had gone back to Gryffindor Tower just as everyone else went to The Great Hall for dinner last night, opting to eat in her room and spend the rest of her night reading instead. A mission to escape her weird reality for a while.

There had been a few knocks on her door over the course of the evening but Hermione had ignored them. And when she opened her bedroom door that morning she discovered her bag resting against it. She had accidentally abandoned it in Charms class the day before in her haste to get away from Malfoy.

Hermione walked with her head held high into the hall for breakfast, the Slytherins eyeing her the entire way. Malfoy's ardent eyes caressed her body as she walked past, a ghosted touch across her skin as if they had a mind of their own.

She sat at the Gryffindor table next to Harry, Ron across from them, shovelling sausages into his mouth, muted blue eyes meeting amber as he looked up.

"Mione, where have you been? We've not seen you since yesterday."

She rubbed absently at the hidden bruises around her throat, the ones she had strategically *disillusioned* from her friends prying eyes. She knew Ron would lose his shit if he saw them. She hated hiding things, especially from the two people she trusted most, but that was the type of person she was becoming these days it seemed.

"Well, I didn't really want to be around anyone after yesterday's *disaster*," she muttered, stabbing at the bacon on her plate.

And it was true, although she had somehow been forced into Malfoy's company again.

"Understandable," Harry said, giving her as much of a sympathetic smile as he knew she could bare. "Things have been rather hectic for you lately."

It was clear that Harry was avoiding saying *his* name, and for that she was grateful.

Ron though, was another matter.

"I've told you before Mione, I have no problem going over to Malfoy right now and telling him to leave you the *hell* alone."

She shot him a sharp look and Ron's big mouth promptly snapped closed.

"I can handle myself thank you, *Ronald*," she clipped, trying to eat her piece of toast and avoiding the grey eyes that were trying to catch hers relentlessly from across the room.

Harry cleared his throat. "I left your bag outside your door by the way."

"Oh, yes. Thank you!" Hermione exclaimed. "I completely forgot to grab it when I stormed out yesterday."

He smiled and drank his tea.

They ate in a silence that was beginning to feel uncomfortable, more uncomfortable than she'd ever felt around her two longest friends. It forced Hermione to finish her breakfast quicker than usual, her neck burning with a strange unease. After she'd managed the swallow the last of her food, she hooked her bag over her shoulder and stood from the bench, intending to slip away from the tense atmosphere without much notice.

A warm hand on her arm stopped her in her tracks. She looked down into Harry's pretty green eyes.

"We haven't seen you much lately, Hermione. We miss you," he admitted sadly, and it sent a guilty pang through her chest.

She tried to give him a genuine smile but it was clear that it wasn't as warm as she would have liked, didn't reach her eyes in the way she'd hoped.

"I know. I'm sorry, Harry. I don't know what to tell you, but I miss you both too," she said genuinely, looking between them.

Ron puffed up his chest and put his fork down. "If this is about Malfoy and he's bullying you or forcing you into something, you know you can always—"

"*For fuck sake, Ron. Drop it already!*" Hermione barked, cutting off whatever speech he was about to spew at her and turning on her heels.

The sound of Harry's muttered "*idiot*" in Ron's direction filled her with a little satisfaction as she left.

She watched McGonagall's loopy scrawl with fascination as it filled up the chalkboard in Transfiguration. She was sat next to Luna who was just as lost in a daydream as she was. Hermione was so fed up with Ron and his constant need to be her knight in shining armour. Just because they were exes didn't give him the right to try and fight all of her battles. That ship had sailed. She could handle herself just fine and always had.

He was half of the reason she hadn't been around much, she couldn't stand the smothering feeling of eyes on her at all times. She was already forced to endure the icy burn of grey ones watching her every move, she didn't need the weight of blue ones too.

The lesson went by quickly and without drama because neither Ron, Malfoy or Cormac attended. Theo and Blaise sat together on a table at the back of the room but didn't say a word to her or her to them. It was nice to be in a class that didn't end in arguments and her storming out for once.

When things became too suffocating, Hermione ran, that was just the way she was. Fight or flight. So to not have to that was a nice reprieve, although she still got little work done. Her mind was somewhere else entirely, destroying all of her quiet moments.

Those images of Malfoy still had their claws in her head and she couldn't shake them no matter how much she tried to distract herself. So she gave up. She focused instead on the curve of his lips, the freckle that sat proudly below his eye that she had only noticed from being so close to him. The way his hair fell effortlessly across his forehead, and *those eyes*. The ones that housed so much frosty volition but had the potential to sparkle the softest blue. The perfectly, imperfect way his white scar ran through his eyebrow like a crack in smooth porcelain. He was *beautiful*.

It was the end of her last class and Hermione walked through the cold and darkened hallways on her way back to the Common Room, still ruminating over the thoughts she couldn't control. The scrape of shoes against stone to her left startled her, and as she

turned to inspect it, a hand shot out of the darkness. Arms wrapped around her, holding her tight against a solid chest. Hermione tried to scream but the sound was muffled by someone's large palm.

"Shhh, Granger. It's just me," came Malfoy's unmistakably velvet voice in her ear.

"Merlin, Malfoy! Are you trying to give me a heart attack?" She snapped, shoving him off.

"Maybe, maybe not," he smirked.

"That's not funny."

Malfoy snorted and grabbed her arm, pulling her in the direction of the dungeons.

"What are you doing?" She hissed, trying to dig her heels into the floor.

Every clipped question went unanswered, he remained tight lipped as he dragged her through the halls. Hermione wanted to scream that she didn't appreciate being manhandled, his strides were much wider than hers and she could hardly keep up, but it would only cause a scene. So she grit her teeth and let him pull her into the Slytherin Common Room and out of sight.

The inside was quiet and empty, not even a fire lit in the hearth. Malfoy closed the door behind them, and Hermione's heart dropped as he cast a *Silencio* and a locking charm.

"Why did you do that?" She asked timidly, unsure of his motives.

"*Because*, Granger," he sighed, turning to face her. "I wanna be alone with you, and as much as I love your fight, I'd appreciate some compliance right now."

He stalked forward, a ravenous, predatory look on his face. Hermione took a few stumbling steps backwards, but she wasn't looking where she was going, and the backs of her legs hit the lip of the armchair, forcing her into it with a yelp. She took two shaky breaths before Malfoy scooped her up like she weighed nothing and placed her in his lap.

"*Relax*, love," he whispered, his hands on her body and breath on her neck instantly seizing her up.

"You *keep* saying that, but it doesn't help at all."

He laughed and the sound vibrated through her back. "I'm not going to hurt you, Granger. I just need a release. Much like the one I gave you last night, it's only fair that you return the favour."

Hermione blinked. "What?"

Malfoy arched an eyebrow and the wheels of uncertainty began to turn in her brain until the answer she was searching for dawned on her—

She had woken up from a deep sleep to the sound of her own moans, damp with sweat and slick between her thighs, the image of blonde hair between her fingers. Images she'd not stopped thinking about all day. Hermione thought she'd gone mad, now she knew it was no coincidence.

"That was *you*!?" She shrieked in disbelief, attempting to turn in his arms so she could look at him. "*You* gave me those weird wet dreams?!"

"Of course it was me, although I would have much preferred that you dreamt of me on your own," he smirked, his hands dancing along her thighs to spread them wide.

He placed each of her ankles over the arms of the chair, giving the empty room a perfect view of her lacy underwear.

"I can't fucking *believe* you!" Hermione snapped. "Well, actually I *can* but still, I've not been able to get those images out of my head!"

She tried to move from the position he had arranged her in, but he only held her tighter. Hermione would've been furious with the way he had let himself into her mind without permission, if her body wasn't so overcome with distractions.

"I'm *very* happy to hear that," he purred and the sound of his soft, deep voice so close to her ear sent a throb into her clit.

His words were a seductive caress as he pulled up her skirt and ground his length against her ass. Hermione briefly wondered why she was letting him, but then the whisper of a moan blew against the side of her face and all thoughts escaped her as she rested her head back against his shoulder. Her heart was racing, and the little voice in her head urged her to *run* but the devil on her shoulder told her to *stay*, and she felt compelled to obey him.

Malfoy's hands splayed wide over each of her thighs to pull her flush to his chest, rutting against her ass to find release. His abdominal muscles flexed against her back and warm fingertips inched towards her center to rub teasing circles over her covered clit.

He pressed his head against the side of her face, cheek to cheek as he panted across her lips. Hermione's eyes clenched tight as she dug her nails into the arms of the chair, her breath coming out in short puffs. Malfoy pulled her soaked knickers to the side, rolling two long fingers across the expanse of her, greedily playing in the silky feel of her arousal. He slipped his other hand inside her shirt, kneading her breast roughly in his palm as he dotted her cheek with hot, desperate kisses.

"You feel so fucking good."

His words were breathless, his timber twisted and tortured. Hermione couldn't speak, she was undeniably turned on and it was starting to annoy her how easily Malfoy could seduce her.

"Let me inside this pussy, Granger," he whispered, his teeth grazing her earlobe. "It would be so easy to slip inside with how wet you are right now."

Hermione's insides fluttered, she could let the words roll from her tongue effortlessly, she could give in, it would be easy. But she had to at least *try* to stay strong, even as her hips moved in time with his.

The word was more whimpered than she hoped for, but she spoke it regardless. "No."

Her thighs began to tremble uncontrollably as she drew closer and closer to that edge, her clit swollen and slick under his fingers. Malfoy grunted with frustration and tightened his grip.

"Cum *with* me then," he demanded, grinding harder so she could feel every hard inch of him pressed against her.

His arm was a steel band across her chest, keeping her bound to him so their bodies could move together in matched bliss. He murmured breathy praises in her ear and Hermione's lower stomach tightened, a burning tingle setting her on fire. Her world turned on its axes, vision blurred as their moans of rapture echoed around the Common Room.

Malfoy growled, touching every part of her he could as they panted through the high of their release together, just as he requested. She turned and buried her flushed face in his neck, breathing in his heady scent and allowing him to pepper her with more kisses. On her cheek, her head, in her hair. The action sent goosebumps crawling down her spine.

Hermione shook as he dipped his fingers deep inside her, groaning at the liquid evidence on his skin.

"I *love* feeling your beautiful body come undone with my touch," he whispered thickly, before lifting his dripping fingers to his mouth and sucking them clean.

She watched him with heavy lids as he released her breast and vanished their mess in one quick flick of his wrist. Hermione was still panting as she pulled her legs from the arms of the chair and corrected her knickers, her muscles aching and quivering. She turned her head over her shoulder to find him already looking at her, his eyes mostly black with a thin ring of blue around the edge.

The intensity of his stare made her nervous, but she held his gaze anyway and watched as it traced over her face, mapping out a flaming path to her mouth. His pink tongue darted out over his bottom lip as if to taste the attention her eyes were offering him.

Hermione didn't know what possessed her to do it, maybe it was the painful look of longing on his face or the desperation in his eyes that made her lean forward and press her lips to his. He made a wounded sound on her tongue and his hands found her curls, immediately sinking into them to hold her tight against him as if he was afraid she would change her mind and pull back. There was a relieved quality to his embrace, like he could take a full breath now that she was finally reciprocating his desires. His tongue explored hers, flicking against the roof of her mouth, tracing each of her teeth. They moaned against each other, and her body finally melted into his as she succumbed to his greedy touch.

The kiss was raw, passionate, somewhere between gentle and rough. He tasted like mint and salt, and it was intoxicating. Hermione felt like she was being pulled further into a trap that she had no hope of ever escaping, but the wet heat of his mouth kept her there. She had been irresistibly drawn to something that would undoubtedly be detrimental to her and to everyone else. Like a moth wandering too close to an open flame, her wings were burning in anguish, except he was ice and she was *freezing*.

Draco was like the ocean on a stormy night. Strong, powerful, forceful, commanding and seductive, pulling her down deeper into the inky blue. He was both terrifying and beautiful. She *feared* him because she was meant to. He stung her eyes and burned her lungs, dragging her under with his debilitating presence. He raged and crashed along shorelines with a crippling anger, a man shaped by people and situations out of his control. His depths were tarnished in darkness, soulless, *cold*. He had smashed into her hard and demolished any chance of rescue.

The ocean was a reflection without a mirror and the cure to everything was salt water *but just because you love the sea, doesn't mean you have to drown in it.*

But what choice did she have when her vision had become distorted and there wasn't an *up* anymore?

She broke their kiss and his eyes transformed again. Just like the open ocean, he wore the waves in them, beating against a backdrop of rain clouds and grains of salt, grey-blue with a black abyss, ever shifting. Hermione recognised it immediately..

He was as *beautiful* as he was *deadly*.

And if she couldn't breathe, she would *drown*.

The air seemed to move between them and suddenly everything felt different, like it had clicked into place with the slight shift of something profound. Malfoy's fingers slipped from her hair as she stood and flattened her skirt, trying to breathe through the overwhelming feeling.

"Got any cigarettes?" She asked, feeling the need to do something with her hands.

He stared up at her for a long moment, searching the frayed edges of her soul, seemingly lost in the same intense recognition as she was, before a broad smirk overtook his handsome features once more.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter marks the end of "stage one." Things really take a turn after this. Strap in. 🍷

Chapter 12: Sugar and Stone

Chapter Summary

On my lips I've kissed the reaper
Is it worth losing my soul, no
We dance inside a burning room
There's no way out, there's no way through
I've reached the end of every road
It's so much stronger than you know

- Forbidden Fruit by Tommee Profitt, Sam Tinnesz, Brooke

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

My Tears Ricochet by Taylor Swift

Family Tree by Ethel Cain

Thunder, Baby by Allegra Jordyn

Breathe by Tommee Profitt, Fleurie

Chained by Machineheart

Forbidden Fruit by Tommee Profitt, Sam Tinnesz, Brooke

Overcome by Skott

Devil Side by Foxes

Angel by NewDad

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=4eEfYqQVQcCWLeI-uTJdXA&pi=kjZyQEWZR6aRW>

TW - This chapter is a heavy one with some non-con at the very end.

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



HERMIONE

Friday, October 3rd 1998

In the twelve days that followed, Hermione spent more time in the Slytherin Common Room and less time in Gryffindor tower. Harry and Ron had become a distant memory. Her studies had been forgotten. She was unintentionally isolating herself more with each day that passed, pulling away from everyone else and drawing closer to Malfoy.

The push and pull of Draco Malfoy and the *magnetism* that dragged her into his orbit was too strong for her to fight. The thing that pulled tight between them anytime she created any kind of distance became too painful for her to ignore.

His eyes became a brighter blue the more time she spent in his company, crystalline flecks dancing in the light, twinkling delicately like topaz diamonds under the sun. But conflict followed them like a dark cloud, and Hermione's body would freeze everytime she caught those same eyes flashing with threat. Blue disappearing to accommodate cold slate.

Despite the ache she was beginning to feel, they became truly addicted to each other, and as much as Malfoy tried—Hermione still wouldn't let him inside her. For him to have broken through the barriers placed around her heart was enough. He had already taken so much, she *couldn't* give him her virginity as well.

But he continued to push, he pushed *so* hard that something broke. Snapped in half like a cord under too much strain. Hermione's old wounds had healed, so Malfoy made new ones.

"*Get off me,*" she hissed, pushing her hands against his chest from where he had her pinned beneath his heavy weight on the sofa, his silver chain swaying inches from her face.

It was the evening and Malfoy had cleared everyone out, making them the only two in the Common Room.

"*No,*" he spat back, forcing more of his concrete body down on top of her, crushing her hands between them.

Hermione yelped and pushed as hard as she could until he finally lifted enough for her to slip out from under him, panting as she ran to the other side of the room like that would help her.

"What is *wrong* with you?" She snapped, throwing her hands up in frustration.

Malfoy stood wordlessly and walked towards her with measured steps, pivoting around the sofa to where she stood by the bar cart. The look on his face filled her with fear. The blue diamonds she had seen in his eyes previously splintered and cracked with every inch of distance he cleared between them.

He had the terrifying ability to transition from the Malfoy she had begun to get to know to the one she hardly recognised in one blink. *The one that struck her with terror.* The one that brought the sharp sting of dark magic.

He snatched both of her wrists in an iron grip upon reaching her. His touch was violent, nails digging into her skin from where his fingers were twisted around her hands.

"Let me fucking have you, Granger," he ordered in a dead tone, grip tightening with each word.

"You can have me, you *do* have me. But not that, Malfoy. Not yet, please."

She looked up at him with pleading and his lip curled up over his teeth. "Why the fuck not?"

"*No,*" she cried. "I'm not doing this again!"

Hermione yanked herself free, not expecting him to let go as easy as he did. Relief passed through her for a split second, but she should've known better than to let herself take a full breath when he was like this. Let herself believe for even a single moment that that was the end of it. It was a blur of movement as Malfoy growled, gripped the backs of her thighs and threw her up onto the bar cart.

Pain radiated through her tailbone as the glass surface cracked under her weight. Crystal lowballs and whisky bottles toppled from their shelves and smashed into millions of pieces across the Common Room floor. Malfoy took the opportunity to wedge himself between her thighs and grip her jaw, arching her face up with a bruising force to meet his.

"*Why. The. Fuck. Not,*" he hissed, baring his teeth.

Hermione felt frozen in place, but her body trembled violently as she fought back tears, as she tried to swallow away the ache in her throat. Malfoy splayed his other hand out beside her hip, she could feel the heat of it like a threat.

"Hmm?" He hummed, cocking his head.

Hermione held her breath.

He leant forward with a deliberate slowness, an angry exhale fanning across her face before he pressed a soft kiss to the corner of her quivering lips. She slammed her eyes shut tight, so tight that a headache bloomed to life behind her eyelids.

The gentle touches between the violent ones were always the most painful, and he knew it.

"Tell me, Granger," he whispered, brushing his nose across her cheekbone.

Hermione tried to slow her erratic breathing, watching him through eyes blurry with fear, holding onto the edge of the cart with a white knuckled grip.

"***Tell me!***" Malfoy barked, his nails cutting half moons into her skin as he squeezed her face painfully.

His voice echoed between her ears like the deafening sound of a gunshot, she flinched so hard that the bar jolted, rattling the few glasses that still remained on the shelf.

"Because you've already taken *enough!*"

Hermione blurted it before she could stop herself. Voice feeble, broken. She sounded nothing like herself and it scared her so fiercely that she reached for the comfort of her wand, feeling for the shape of it beyond her waistband.

No sooner than the words left her lips did Malfoy's face darken. The once stifling air in the room dissipated, becoming something cold and bitter, the pulse of tension evident in the way his anger morphed into something sinister.

He clicked his tongue, daring her to challenge him as he spat, "I don't think I've taken enough."

His eyes flashed silver as he let go of her jaw to grab both of her arms in his rough demanding hands. Hermione screamed, panic flooding her veins as she threw out her hand and cracked him across the cheek before he could pull her completely off the cart. She whimpered as her palm burned, throbbing where it connected with his bone. The only indication that he'd even felt her slap was by the way he stilled, but it didn't move him an inch. Malfoy stood tall, unmovable and *solid*, a cold fury settling over his body as he lifted a hand to the reddening welt on his face.

Time crawled in slow motion as Hermione waited with bated breath for him to react, to grab her, yell at her. But what she got was much worse. He *laughed*. A terrifying peel of laughter that hissed through his teeth. The smirk that overtook his features was crafted by pure evil and she had to bite back a gasp just watching it manifest. His muscles hardened, shoulders pulling tight with rage. The light in his eyes died, growing detached and murderous as they pierced her, looking not *at* her but *through* her.

Before Hermione could prepare herself for not just the pain, but the devastation—Malfoy pulled back his arm in a flash of pale skin and struck her with the back of his hand. His rings tore through her lips with brutal ease, sharp knuckles almost knocking her teeth out.

Red hot pain shot through every nerve in her face as she gasped, the blow knocking her sideways onto the floor. The air shot from her lungs as she landed with a choked cry onto her back, Malfoy looming over her. She coughed and spluttered, blood running down the sides of her mouth as she looked up at him through her dizziness. Maybe she was delirious, but Hermione almost cracked a smile at the ironic way he really *did* look like the Grim Reaper, shrouded in black.

She struggled to collect a breath that didn't shudder, winded from the fall, and tracked his silhouette—dark and blurry as he stood above her, ready to suck out what was left of her soul. And when she concentrated hard enough she could tell that his eyes had changed again, she could see the magic lurking there now. Felt it crawling up her spine.

Cold, dark, filthy magic. Defiled.

"*You think I'll be the dark sky so you can be the bright beacon of fucking hope? I'll swallow you whole, love,*" Malfoy seethed in a tone so cutting that she was forced to cower deeper into the stone for a scrap of safety.

He was the knife and he knew just how to twist that dirty blade deeper, bleeding her dry.

Hermione rasped out the only few words she was able to grasp onto in her state. "You're cruel to me because I'm a fucking *fool* for you."

He touched her body with the icy lick of black magic while smiling through sugar-coated teeth. And that was what did it. That was what finally flooded all the fire in her eyes, tears dripping from her cheeks as she turned and spat blood across the cold floor.

Addiction in the cruel shade of crimson.

A deep gash that would never heal ripped itself open inside her chest that day. Her heart split into pieces, leaving a gaping wound in its place. Defeat was ripe in her expression as she lay there and felt her bones rattle with desolation.

Malfoy crouched down beside her, a bruise now forming on his jaw in the round shape of her palm. He was eerily calm as he extended a hand, his expression unreadable. She could see the drying blood caked in the grooves of his rings and her stomach turned, but Hermione reached for him anyway. He lifted her from the ground, his hands secure around her like he hadn't used them to hurt her with moments before. Her chest shook with sobs and misery as she looked into up his cold and indifferent eyes.

A confusing amount of safety and devastation tore through her with the familiar pressure of his hold, his strong arms around her. Arms that should have never caused her pain. Arms that were supposed to protect but instead destroyed. Now they were cradling her, and Hermione was sick with confliction.

It was almost like the person holding her now was someone new, someone there to pick up the pieces, to put back together what the other half of him broke.

Hermione felt like she had lost him in the depths of something unreachable, but she *would* fix him because *she* was the only one who could. Malfoy was the storm and storms were meant to devastate. He hurt her and she held her breath, bearing the hurricane and repeating to herself that it would never happen again.

He carried her into his bathroom, sat her on the edge of his tub and cleaned her wounds with apologies and *sugar coated lies*. He licked her spilled blood from his fingers and touched her with *false softness*, kissing away the salt from her tears. It was a band aide pressed to a *stab wound*, as if that would be enough to stop her from bleeding out. As if that flimsy piece of fabric would be enough to hold her together.

He was the poison and she was being forced to choke on it by her weak and lovesick heart.

Hermione was pulled into green silk as he wrapped his ruinous arms tightly around her like a cage, holding her head lovingly with the same hands that caused so much *destruction*, and yet she struggled to breathe when she couldn't feel their heat. She sank into the isolation, the loneliness of being trapped and manipulated by a man she had begun to feel things for.

He pressed cold kisses to her cuts and her lips burned with his acidic affection. Fresh, dark ichor dribbled from her chin and he caught her finger before she could wipe it away.

"Your blood is *mine*. You bleed for *me*, baby."

He sucked and nibbled at her throbbing lips, lapping away the blood for himself. "Paint me a picture with your bloodied little mouth, love," he whispered into her throat as his corruptive tongue slipped between her lips to taste more of her.

Love. The word felt like nails on a chalkboard to her ears.

Malfoy dragged his heavy fingers through her curls, sinking his nails into her scalp and forcing her tighter against his chest, clinging onto the girl he was breaking.

"You'll *never* leave me."

He murmured it into her hair over and over. It wasn't a question and Hermione didn't treat it like one, she knew better than that.

Her tears soaked his sheets, staining the emerald silk black as his hands wandered and she *let* them, too exhausted to keep fighting a losing battle. Her body was numb and unfeeling, a heavy nothing curling around her like a venomous snake.

Cold scales against her heartstrings.

Every swallow was a reminder of him, the ache of bruises still fresh around her neck, dark and concealed from everyone but *him*.

His *trademark*, her *collar*.

Her clothes were ripped away from her chilled skin and his blonde head dipped down between her thighs. Entitled hands ripped through her shirt, buttons flying across the room like bullets. Soft white strands slipped through her trembling fingers as she pulled them tight, just to hear him *hiss*. He bit down on the tender flesh of her inner thigh in retaliation, Hermione hardly felt it.

"*I don't want this*."

She whispered the broken words out into the void, to no one but herself. Malfoy heard them anyway.

"*Really?* Because your *slick little pussy* is calling you a *dirty little liar*, so too fucking bad."

He whispered her fate back to her and more tears fell as his tongue plunged deeper. The gravity of her situation finally slammed down onto her already fractured chest, pushing her further down into the mattress...

I'm trapped.

Chapter End Notes

Unless you've been in an abusive relationship you could never understand just how QUICKLY things like feelings develop when you're isolated and completely wrapped up in someone as demanding and intense as Draco in this story. Remember what he said— "I will rip away everything you know, all that you love until you have nothing but me."

He has been working quickly to achieve that behind the scenes while making Hermione feel like she's doing it on her own because she has feelings for him. That's what they do, they want the WHOLE of you as fast as they can get it and will do whatever they need to. They wear two faces, one with all the charisma to draw you in and make you fall for them and then the face turns and you're trapped with the person that was hiding beneath the shiny surface. Yes, Draco already did some heinous things before she got closer to him but he did enough afterwards to make her fall for him and unfortunately she now has to deal with his other face too.

I'm sure we've all made mistakes for the eyes of a handsome man.

Chapter 13: The Inked Serpent

Chapter Summary

He hurt me and it felt like true love,
Jim taught me that
Loving him was never enough
With his Ultraviolence

- Ultraviolence by Lana Del Rey

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -
Ultraviolence by Lana Del Rey
How Villians Are Made by Madalen Duke
Fatal Attraction by Reed Wonder, Aurora Olivas
Serpent by Tommee Profitt, Sam Tinnesz, Jung Youth
PLEASE by Omid, Ex Habit

L I M E R E N C E playlist -https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=5o_wcWN_REqKzJtPN4Xh3Q&pi=elmQhbZuQpO6e



HERMIONE

Saturday, October 4th 1998

Her eyes cracked open to the sound of the fire popping in the hearth. There were heavy arms draped over her, a large hand at her ribs. She could feel the rise and fall of Malfoy's chest against her back, his sleepy exhales disturbing her curls as he buried his face into them. Hermione had never spent the night with him before and was relieved that he hadn't completely force himself onto her when he so easily could've done.

His arm tightened around her immediately as she tried to slip out from under him—even in sleep he was on high alert of her leaving, coiling around her like a dragon with its treasure so it wasn't an option. Hermione had no choice but to lay there and listen to him breathe as her body ached with the memory of the night before. Flashes of his hand striking her burned across her vision, and as she ran her tongue along one of the cuts on her bottom lip, her eyes filled with stinging tears.

Something Theo once told her made its way into her thoughts—

"I'm used to his aggression, but he's never choked me like that before."

How true that statement had become, not only for Theo, but for her too. Malfoy had marked her body with many bruises. Marked her with his hands and teeth. But he had never *hit* her before.

Hermione knew the longer she held back from him the worse it would get. The brighter the flames of his insanity would burn. But she refused to give in to him so easily. She knew that once she did, her place beside him would be set in stone whether she liked it or not. Her virginity was the last thing she had left for herself, the one thing left that he hadn't yet taken. She *had* to be tough, even if her strength waned and his hold grew stronger with each passing day.

She wiggled against him, testing his grip, but all it did was entice his body closer, encouraging him to grid against her hip.

"Keep doing that and I'm gonna do something you won't like."

His husky voice growled inches from her ear and Hermione jumped, the sound sending a cold shiver down her spine. Malfoy laughed and pulled her tighter towards him.

"You scared me," she breathed.

"I gathered," was all he said, nuzzling into her cheek.

She was still on edge, still disturbed by the cold look she had seen on his face that had played on an endless loop as she tried to sleep, tears catching in her curls. The conflicting touches were hard for her to swallow. The hit, the soft caress to her injured face in the bathroom, the forced orgasm, the way he had wrapped her up in the warmth of his arms from night until day like she was something precious that he would never *dream* of hurting.

He inhaled the scent of her hair as he ground against her harder, and slid a hand across her skin to cup the tender swell of her breast in his palm. He had kept her naked all night, never letting her leave the bed to put her clothes back on.

"Malfoy, I'm not in the mood for this," she told him, attempting to shuffle away.

But trying to escape him was pointless, and in one swift motion he flipped her onto her back, hovering above her with her wrists pinned above her head.

"But I *am*," he murmured, looking down at her with a feral hunger.

Hermione squirmed. "You're *always* in the mood."

"Correct," he purred with a smirk. "So give me what I want."

"You already know the answer to that demand."

Malfoy pressed his forehead to hers, groaning with displeasure before releasing her with a bruising kiss. He stood from the bed, acting completely casual like he hadn't made her bleed the night before.

Hermione watched the muscles in his back flex as he strolled to the bathroom. She released in that moment that she'd never seen his bare back before. Her eyes widened in pleasant surprise as a giant onyx serpent tattoo, stark and beautiful against his pale skin stared back at her. The snake was coiled, ready to strike and rearing its long and poisonous fangs. Each scale inky and threatening in appearance.

Much like the man who bore it.

Hermione found her ripped shirt on the floor and used her wand to stitch it back together, slipping it over her head as she followed him. Her eyes were immediately drawn back to his tattoo, fascinated by it. Malfoy stood at the sink brushing his teeth and she couldn't help but trace a lazy fingertip along the curve of the serpent as she studied it.

"I never knew you had so many tattoos."

He turned to face her, resting his lower back against the edge of the sink as he pulled a green toothbrush from his mouth.

"I had it done in Azkaban on the first day."

Hermione hummed in thought. "What does it mean?"

He smirked and cocked his head to the side. "It resembles the shedding of my skin, from the young blonde kid you knew with clean hands, to the man marked by murder that you know now."

She swallowed nervously and Malfoy smirked wider at her unease.

“How's your mouth feel?” He mumbled, changing the subject to the only recognition for his actions he was likely to give her.

The reminder made her stomach sink.

Hermione raised her fingers to her face, touching the split skin there. She looked into the bathroom mirror behind him and pulled her bottom lip down, exposing the purple bruise he'd given her on the inside of her mouth. Malfoy had vanished all traces of her slap, but wouldn't let her do the same. Just like the slowly fading bruises around her throat that still remained because he liked the way they looked.

He hummed and brushed his thumb across her cheek as he leant forward. He pressed a minty kiss to her lips as if that would make it better. All it did was cause her more pain.

“I need to heal it today, before anyone sees,” she whispered through the sting.

“Not yet. My mark look pretty on you.”

Hermione knew he had a fucked up way of seeing it, but what Malfoy saw wasn't damage, he saw *ownership* and control. The thought made her sick, but there was no changing him now. He was who he was and to him, that hit might as well have been a kiss.

Surrender to change or suffer in a loop

That phrase was something she was all too aware of, but Malfoy would never change, not for her and not for anyone else. He wasn't born this way, he was *made*, and that's the way of the villain.

DRACO

He watched her with a lust-drunk gaze as water dripped from the rounds of her supple breasts and over the slopes of her perfect body, envious of the way the water clung to her skin as if taunting him.

She arched her back, showing off the freckled curve of her shoulder as she pulled her dripping curls to one side.

She's fucking delicious.

Her split lip was perfect. He hoped it would scar. The marks on her dainty little neck were perfect too, and he wanted the proof of his touch to remain there forever. Malfoy was getting dangerously tempted to carve his name into her flesh to ensure it happened, and nothing tempting was ever good for anyone but him.

Granger had finally cracked under the weight of his obsession, but she was still as stubborn as ever—denying him the last part of her. He had tried, but she put a stop to it every time. He got to touch her, taste her, but never plunge inside her the way he so desperately craved.

He couldn't wrap his head around why she wouldn't fuck him, it was the most frustrating thing he had ever had to deal with. Most witches would sell a *limb* for the chance to be railed by the Malfoy Heir, but *not her*. She was the only woman he wanted, the only woman he had ever chased. The only woman he needed more than fucking *oxygen*.

He could've shagged every witch in the vicinity by now, if only he could stomach the sight of anyone else. No, it *had* to be Granger. He wanted to force the air from her lungs with the deep reach of his cock and make her cum so *hard* she saw stars for weeks. But he also wanted to edge her pleasure, tease her, show her exactly how it felt to be fucking *tortured*.

To have her in front of him, naked and *beautiful*, luring him with the seductive sway of her hips as she washed the shampoo from her curls, was a sweet hell. Granger was the ultimate tease, and he was gonna *ruin* her fucking life if she didn't give him what rightfully belonged to him.

That throbbing tension in the back of Draco's head continued to build, and he knew that if something didn't change he would lose his control once more.

He truly hadn't meant to hit her, but when her hand slammed into his face, catching him off guard—he lost it. That and the constant blue balls sent him crashing. He couldn't deny the pleasure of watching her bleed for him though. It was enough to make him smile as her body wept with pretty colours just for *him*.

Draco stepped into the shower behind her and ran his fingertips along her sides, skating over her ribcage until he reached her breasts. He nudged his throbbing cock against her lower back and turned his face towards her. A cute little breath hitched in her throat as he brushed the tip of his nose along the bruise on her neck.

It seemed that Granger was *determined* to act like he wasn't there as she soaped up her sponge, not giving a scrap of acknowledgement to man at her back. She was *infuriating* and he wanted to eat her, devour her whole and lick his fingers clean of any remains.

She lathered her body in his shower gel and he quickly discovered how fucking arousing it was to have her smell entirely of him. *His girl.*

He clenched his fists against her, an ache growing in his groin. He needed a taste.

A gasp poured from her throat as Draco pushed her flat against the green tile, momentarily distracted by the way her tits bounced as she fell back. She dropped her sponge, eyes wide like a frightened little deer caught in headlights. She opened her mouth to speak but stopped when he raised a finger to her lips, silencing her.

"*Shhh,*" he hushed, dipping his head down to swirl his tongue over one of her rosy nipples, his cock twitching with sound of her breathy sigh. "On your knees."

He whispered the command as he rose and put a hand on the top of her head to guide her down. Granger said nothing as she went willingly, her knees hitting the shower floor. She looked up at him, fiery amber eyes burning hot under dark lashes.

She had the kind of beauty that would start wars.

"Open your mouth for me, baby," he purred, taking his cock in his hand and slapping his aching head across her waiting tongue.

The sound was wet and echoing, Draco smirked.

She gripped him in both hands, and pressed her tongue to his sensitive tip, lapping up the pre cum that had already formed. He dropped his head back with a guttural groan and slammed a hand against the wall, the other fisting her wet curls. He forced his entire length into the back of her throat, and upon hearing her choke, his pupils flooded black with desire. The sound of her struggling to take him was wildly addictive to his ears.

"*Fuck,*" Draco growled, his body burning with the overwhelming feeling of both pleasure and dominance.

He thrust into her tight throat with a rhythm she couldn't keep up with, her hands shaking as she moved them to the backs of his thighs, drool dripping from her chin as he fucked her face.

"I bet your pussy is fucking soaked for me right now," he mocked, and her choked cries only grew louder and more satisfying the rougher he became.

Draco bit his bottom lip, watching himself slide in and out of her plump lips, glistening with his arousal. The high of ownership coursed through him as she gagged on everything he forced down her throat. His abs tightening with insatiable need.

"*Mine. You're mine. Fucking SAY IT.*"

His possessive gaze branded her skin as he pulled back so she could answer him.

"I'm yours," she gasped, tears tracking glossy lines down her face.

The choppy sound of his moans bounced between the walls of the bathroom as he tightened his fists in her hair, pushed himself back between her lips and found a punishing momentum.

Grangers slick tongue traced the stiff veins under his cock, and it was the last thread left to unraveled him. Draco hissed through his teeth, nails grazing her scalp as he came down her throat, his body shuddering with long awaited bliss. He held her there, ensuring she'd take all of him.

"Now swallow."

He smiled as she contracted around him, the sure sign that she'd surrendered. Draco released himself from her mouth slowly, savouring the last of her heat against his shaft. He watched with awe as a milky string of saliva hung between them, connecting the tip of his cock to her bottom lip.

"Mmm, fuck," he breathed, swiping his thumb across her mouth, now stained red from the unhealed cuts.

Her eyes were watery and tracked his every move.

“You’re fucking *beautiful*,” he crooned, licking the taste of her from his finger.

Granger smiled as he pulled her to her feet and leant her against the tile once more. He teased her skin with soft caresses until he reached the wet clit that was already throbbing and needy under his touch. Her legs began to shake as he moved his fingers in tight circles, holding her against the wall with his body, her breasts crushed to his chest as she panted.

Draco kissed her cheek and pressed their foreheads together, looking down at her through strands of drenched hair. “Do you wanna cum?”

All she could manage was a moan, a desperate nod. She was dazed, and he snickered at her vulnerability. She was putty in his hands.

Just as her chest began to heave and her body trembled with an impending orgasm, Draco shoved his fingers deep inside her only to withdraw them a moment later. He licked them clean as she watched.

Granger whimpered, swollen lips parted in disbelief, eyes a glimmer of disappointment as she sagged against the wall. He smirked as his hand slithered around her throat and tightened, pulling her face forward until their lips were inches apart.

“If I don’t get to have all of you, you don’t get to cum.”

Realisation bled into her features, stunned into silence as Draco let go and stepped out of the shower. The last thing he saw was Granger’s silhouette through the steam as he shut the bathroom door behind him.

HERMIONE

He left her there unsatisfied, against the wall with quaking thighs, the ghost of his touch taunting her. The cuts on her lip stung and her throat ached from Malfoy’s ruthless thrusts.

The pounding of water against the shower tile rang in her ears, matching the angry tempo of her heart. Hermione wanted to slap him all over again. Was frustrated enough to risk getting another slap in return.

Her chest heaved as she tried to finish the job that he had cruelly started, but touching herself just wasn’t the same anymore. Nothing felt the same since he barged his way into her life. She hated that she had to rely on him for pleasure now too. Hermione was burning with frustration, teetering on the cusp, but no matter how fast her fingers moved she couldn’t fall. Draco had programmed her body to respond to *his* touch only.

Her clit tingled and pulsed, her insides begging to be *filled*.

No.

She pulled her hand away and slapped the tile behind her. Conflicting emotions pulling her heart in all different directions as the scent of his musky shower gel swarmed her senses. This was exactly what he wanted, her to become desperate enough to give in.

Playing mind tricks for fun.

She could still taste him, salty and bitter on her tongue, a reminder that he sought her out for every release and she gave it. But he was callous enough to punish her when the answer was no. Being spiteful because she wouldn’t give him *everything* he wanted. Malfoy men were very clearly used to getting their own way.

The lengths he would go to force her hand made her nervous. He wasn’t above cruelty and that was what scared her the most. Not just the act itself, but the *heartbreak* that went with it.

Hermione tried to forget about the sharp tingle between her legs, the burn on her lips and the ache in her throat as she picked up her sponge and continued her shower.

If he wants to be spiteful, two can play that game. I’ll happily watch him choke on his own words.

Chapter 14: Femme Fatale

Chapter Summary

Clever as the devil and twice as pretty.

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

Play With Fire by Sam Tinnesz, Yacht Money

DON'T by Ari Abdul

Pretty Poison by Nessa Barrett

Love into a Weapon by Madalen Duke

Devil Is A Woman by Cloudy June

Dangerous Game by Stellar, Camylio

Poison by Stevie Bill

P*RNSTAR by Nessa Barrett

Cravin' by Stileto, Kendyle Paige

Dirty Mind by Boy Epic

Dangerous Woman by Ariana Grande

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=wq8vKGj6TGmegQYB25iI7Q&pi=GUM3RhVmTum2b>



HERMIONE

Saturday, October 4th 1998

Malfoy's bedroom was empty when she left the bathroom, and even after her harsh treatment in the shower he had thoughtfully folded her clothes on the foot of the bed, leaving her with a pair of his boxers in replacement for the underwear he destroyed the night before.

Hermione dressed, dried her hair with her wand and found a rubber band to tie her hair back with, leaving the frizzy curls that had escaped to frame her face. She caught a glimpse of her reflection in the mirror as she slipped on her heels, taking extra note of the purple bruising on her bottom lip. Her stomach curled in on itself at the sight, and she *disillusioned* it quickly.

Hermione entered the Slytherin Common Room to Malfoy sitting in his usual armchair with his usual cigarettes and whisky to keep his hands busy. Theo and Blaise were there too, the only ones not in Hogsmeade like the rest of the students on a weekend.

Malfoy smirked and ran his tongue over his teeth as she walked towards him, her hips swaying gently with each step. He watched her curiously as she slipped the crystal from his grip and made a show of lifting it to her mouth. Taking a generous sip of the amber liquid inside, she licked the burn from her lips with slow intent and set the glass down on the coffee table behind her to straddle him.

He raised a brow and moved his cigarette to the corner of his mouth, smoke billowing up past his hairline. He moved his hands around her, settling over the fabric of her skirt to squeeze her ass. A soft moan echoed between them, and Malfoy's eyes darkened with the sound.

Hermione braced herself on his broad shoulder, the other hand taking the cigarette from his lips to place between hers. The orange glow of ash at the tip reflected the need in his eyes as she watched the black in his pupils bleed over into the grey. She smirked, her own eyes flashing a daring gold as she toyed with death himself.

The taste of smoke settled on her tongue as she took a deep drag and released it, studying the way the silver plume curled over the curves of his handsome face as she did so. Malfoy's hands tightened their grip, his hips moving into a slow grind as he hardened beneath her.

She could taste the manifestation of his *lechery* in the air.

As Hermione leant back to stub out the cigarette in the ashtray, she caught sight of Blaise and Theo in her periphery, watching her from across the room with a mixture of anxiousness and curiosity. Their gaze didn't deter her plan, it only pushed her to keep going. Malfoy's breathing grew heavy as she moved closer, making sure to brush her thinly covered breasts against his chest on her way to tease his bottom lip between her teeth. His deep groan rumbled through her like thunder, their eyes never leaving each others as the grinding increased in pace and intensity.

Hermione knew from the raw expression carving out his face that she couldn't give him a little without the promise of giving him everything. And her thoughts were proven correct when she tried to break away from him. He used his hold to pull her back, crushing his hungry lips against hers in a searing kiss. Hermione wimped at the contact, at the sharp sting the heat of his tongue elicited as it flicked spitefully against the invisible cuts there. Malfoy smirked, knowing *exactly* where to touch, and squeezed her ass in his palms with vengeance as she finally pulled away.

His lips parted with desire, eyes hooded as Hermione moved her hips in rhythm with his, her clit bumping against the zipper of his slacks with each stroke. She moved her mouth along his neck and inhaled the sweet leathery scent of his skin, tracing each number of his Azkaban tattoo with the tip of her tongue. She could taste the sin soaked into the ink. Malfoy's chest heaved, his hips rocking faster as he held her down on top of him until there was no space between them.

"What are you *doing* to me?" He asked, his voice a desperate whine against the shell of her ear.

His restraint was slipping and Hermione relished in satisfaction as she whispered back, "Nothing you wouldn't beg for."

She threw his earlier words back at him and Malfoy snickered darkly in response.

"Mmm, is that right?"

"You know it is," she said confidently, grazing her teeth against his jaw.

The room was silent aside from Malfoy's ragged breaths and the frantic thump of Hermione's heart. He let go of her ass to thread his fingers into her hair, tugging out the rubber band to release her abundance of curls.

He tossed the band somewhere behind him and twisted a brown spiral around his finger. "Always keep your hair down, I like you better this way."

She shivered. "What way?"

"*Wild.*"

He growled the word against her as he attached his lips to her throat and sucked more bruises into her flesh. Using the hand curled into her hair to hold her in place, he nibbled playfully at her skin, no doubt leaving more marks behind. Malfoy was rock hard between her thighs, and Hermione felt the wetness gather beneath her, her clit fluttering like the frantic wings of a butterfly as he rocked against her with the perfect pressure.

The burning coil inside her core pulled *tight*.

She tipped her head back, crying out in bliss as an orgasm more intense than she expected crashed through her. Malfoy held onto her tight, his lust-soaked moan buzzing across her skin. He continued to suck at her neck as he bucked faster. Hermione breathed through the aftershocks, her body twitching with relief.

When she gathered up enough of her strength to sit back, Malfoy looked up at her with a fiery hunger. She took the opportunity to trail a slow hand around the curve of her breast and watched as he fixated on it. She passed her ribs, her stomach, until finally, she slipped it inside the cotton boxers, gathering the wet he had coaxed from her with the tips of her fingers.

“Stick your tongue out,” she demanded.

He raised a brow and she watched as the pink of his tongue sat pretty between his lips, smirking as she teased the heat of her core against his tastebuds. Malfoy whimpered and caught her wrist before she could pull it away, wrapping his tongue around each finger to catch every drop.

Hermione took a breath, the fire in her clit relighting at the sight of him. She was well aware of the chaos she was about to create, but looking into his blackened eyes had the words tumbling out anyway.

“What are you waiting for, Malfoy? *Fuck me.*”

His glistening mouth dropped open and a wounded groan left his throat. “Those are *dangerous* words, Granger. Don’t start a game you can’t finish.”

His jaw was clenched, teeth grinding together. He was on the cusp of his restraint and Hermione *almost* felt sorry for him.

“I’m not,” she said innocently. “I want this.”

She knew she was playing with fire, dangling a live mouse in front of a starving snake, but this was the only way she knew how to gain back some of her control. By flaunting her most *lethal* weapon. The one he would do anything to have.

“What’s *dangerous*,” she taunted. “Is that I live in your veins like pretty poison, and there’s nothing you can do to stop it.”

Hermione had no idea where the sudden confidence had come from, but it rushed through her as he hummed in rough acknowledgment. Malfoy cocked his head to the side as his grinding slowed, eyes moving back and forth between hers as if searching for a lie. She watched the sharp adam’s apple in his throat bob as he swallowed and grappled with his belt buckle, not daring to break his eye contact.

He growled her name in warning but she continued, biting on her bruised bottom lip. The sound of his zipper echoed between them and she pulled his hand from her hair, pushing it firmly against her breast instead. His fingers sank into her immediately, clinging to the body he deemed *his* like a lifeline.

He inhaled sharply as her fingers slipped into his waistband. His cock twitched under her touch, boxers soaked with the evidence of want. The thick tendons in Malfoy’s neck flexed as she wrapped a hand around him and began to stroke. He was smooth and velvety. *Warm.*

His head hit the back of the armchair as he hissed, the heat of blue and brown eyes searing into her from behind as Theo and Blaise sat frozen in place. Hermione knew she was sexy, her grey socks came to the tops of her creamy thighs and her shirt was slightly undone with nothing underneath, her rosy nipples visible through the fabric.

She was made to be a siren, a seductive liar.

Her eyes were burning hot enough to set the castle on fire as his impatience took over. Her hands snapped to his shoulders as he removed them and pulled his weeping cock from his slacks. Malfoy’s demanding touch consumed her as he tried to rip the boxers from her hips before she stopped him. Hermione knew that if she didn’t he would fuck her in the middle of the Common Room, on an armchair, in front of his friends without a shred of dignity or remorse.

“No,” she snapped, heart racing.

His once inky eyes immediately flooded with ice, frosty grey staring back at her through narrowed slits. Her hands trembled as she witnessed it. She knew what it meant. She had seen it many times before.

His thighs tensed and hardened against hers as his dark tone tore through the room. “What do you mean *no*?”

Hermione pulled his hands away from her body, glaring at him with as many flames as she could build. Amber burning through storm clouds. She willed herself to stop shaking as she flashed her middle finger in front of his face.

“*Doesn’t feel good to be teased does it?*”

A tense silence fell between them, even Blaise and Theo seemed to be holding their breaths. A cruel smirk she didn’t realise she was capable of curled at the edges of her lips as she watched Malfoy’s tortured mind turn with the reality of what she had just said.

Hermione felt the cold sting of his stare first, her body pulsing painfully with adrenaline before a violent wall of black smoke slammed her backwards onto the coffee table. She screamed as Malfoy's glass shattered across the stone in tiny shards. Theo and Blaise jumped from their seats and stepped forward.

"*LEAVE HER!*" Malfoy barked as he stormed the length of the Common Room.

Both of his hands carded through his hair and pulled at the roots in visible frustration as clouds of onyx followed his erratic movements. His cock was shoved, hard and throbbing back into his slacks, the bulge hard to miss as he walked back and forth. A reminder of what she'd done.

The Slytherin's halted their movements, expressions fearful.

Hermione's heart pounded in her chest as she pulled her stunned body into a seated position on the low table. She smoothed down her skirt and brushed pieces of hair away from her flushed cheeks. The burning arousal from moments ago suddenly grew cold between her thighs.

"*You're a poisonous bitch,*" Malfoy spat, looking to the ceiling to try and ground himself as he clenched his fists.

Hermione swallowed thickly as she studied him, not sure what he would do next. She sat in agonising anticipation, keeping her eyes alert and trying not to flinch anytime his dark magic wandered too close. Fear licked at her bones, knowing she had pushed him too far this time.

After what felt like a long time, he turned to her and laughed, a terrifying laugh that was both deep and humourless. "We're walking a very fine line between love and hate, sweetheart. The price we pay will always be *pain*."

He hissed the words through gritted teeth, each letter dripping with malice as he took one last venomous look at her. His silver eyes roamed the length of her trembling body with equal measures of disgust and desire before he turned and left the room. The door rattled in its frame from the force of his rage.

The second Malfoy was gone the room cleared from the hostile haze that threatened to drown her, and Hermione could finally breathe. But with breath came tears, and once she started, she couldn't stop. Warm arms wrapped themselves around her gently as she sobbed, hesitant fingers threading through her curls as she was pulled against a chest.

Cedar and smoke surrounded her as Theo's soft and pitying voice filled her ears.

"I'm *so* sorry, Granger."

Her voice was small and shaken as she replied. "What for?"

"For the gilded cage he has *trapped* you in."

It was a stab to the chest. A twist to the heart. Hermione had never thought about it that way before, but it was true. Malfoy *had* caged her. A pretty, shiny golden cage. A prison cell disguised as something that had made her feel good. But a golden cage is still *just* a cage. The exterior was nothing but a false reality.

Hermione clung to Theo as she squeezed her eyes shut, tears stinging her lips as they passed them. A cloud of despair hung over her, thick and black and all she wanted to do was soak in Theo's warmth. His sunny rays.

Blaise came to sit beside them and placed a hand on her knee, a gesture of comfort. She pulled back from Theo to look at him, and his deep brown eyes sank into hers, searching them for something she couldn't work out. Hermione took a deep breath, she figured now was a good time to show them the full extent of the mess she'd gotten herself tangled up in.

Taking her wand out from her skirt, she flicked away the disguise to reveal Malfoy's abuse. She winced as Blaise gasped and raised his fingers tentatively to smooth over the cuts on her bottom lip. The ones she still hadn't been allowed to heal. He traced over the green fading bruises and purple love-bites across her throat next and shook his head, a sad expression darkening his kind face.

"This will only get worse, Granger. You do know that, right?"

The drying tears pulled tight on her cheeks as she smiled ruefully.

"I do. But what other choice do I have, Blaise... he will *never* let me go."

Chapter 15: The Ouroboros

Chapter Summary

How do we get around ourselves when we are always in the way? I wonder how badly the serpent wants the loop to end, to consume himself until the flesh is gone.

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

Bottom of a Bottle by Smile Empty Soul

Budapest by Aaryan Shah

Arcade by Duncan Laurence

Everything I Wanted by Billie Eilish

Feel Like Shit by Tate McRae

Sunny Side Down by Sad Heroes

Man Or A Monster by Sam Tinnesz, Zayde Wølf

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=RKeFfQacQqmvVPbAHWPULw&pi=ixbLZOi6Q2qoW>



DRACO

Saturday, October 25th 1998

Malfoy Manor, Wiltshire

Draco walked through the halls of his dark family home as his mind caved in on itself. No sounds to welcome him, just a cold dead silence.

He entered his mother's bedroom for the first time since coming back. Her scent still clung to every brick, pillow and floorboard, as if the Manor itself was unwilling to let go of her, even in death.

This was where Narcissa had taken her own life, and the heavy, oppressive feeling it harboured made his skin crawl. Everything was just as she had left it, the sheets still pulled back and the imprint of her corpse still moulded into her mattress like she had never left. Lucius couldn't bear to vanish her last moments alive.

It was fucking *sinister* in Draco's opinion, looking at it disgusted him.

He sneered as he walked over to her dressing table, to where he knew she kept it, in a wooden jewellery box lined with green velvet. His mother's wedding ring was a simple silver band with a white-gold teardrop diamond nestled in the center. Draco took the moment to study it, remembering seeing it on her slender finger when he was a child and how he loved to watch the sunlight refract off the diamond and cast little rainbows everywhere she went. He almost smiled at the thought.

He scowled instead, a shiver running through him as if delicate fingers had danced down the length of his spine. He snapped the jewellery box shut and pocketed the ring, leaving the memory of his dead mother behind him.

Draco's life had been a fuck-up from the very beginning. The potent scent of Bella's magic still crawled along every inch of marble, the smell not so different from his own. It mixed with the residual stench of suicide that refused to leave. He wanted to smash his head into every hard surface he could find just to make it all fucking *stop*.

Draco's mind was a constant torrent of *Granger* no matter what he tried to do to distract himself. His magic pulsed for her, craved her as much as he did. Long, wanting tendrils stretched up and searched every corner of every room for her, becoming volatile and restless when all they could find was dirty cracks filled with more *dread*.

The ghost of her hands on his body still haunted him, and the twisted pain in his heart grew razor sharp, burning hotter with every passing day. Draco's knuckles had been broken and healed time and time again, the Manor filling him with not one ounce of reprieve. If anything, it made his brooding worse.

His bed was too *cold* and his hands were too *empty*, his head was too *dark*.

He walked and walked, around and around, aimlessly wandering and hoping to find a solution in the miles he went, but he never did. His body was tight with tension, wound and coiled like a spring bent to its limit. Nothing he did helped. He had cleared out the cellar of whisky, not leaving a single drop in the many bottles he had drowned himself in. Cigarette after cigarette, and still *nothing* took the edge off.

She was the *only* antidote to his addiction, the only cure, she was the only medicine to take away the insatiable desires that had driven him madder than he had ever been. He dreamt of her each time he closed his eyes, her taunting face in his memory sending him into violent fits of rage.

Draco pulled at his hair just to feel *something* and abused his bottom lip between his teeth as he thought about the last time he saw her. She'd thrown his need back at him like a brick to the face. Tease him with it.

The bones in his hand popped as he fisted it, rings cutting into his palm. His other clutched at the new bottle of whisky he'd found at the back of a cupboard, sloshing against the glass as he walked. If he kept drinking maybe his heart wouldn't fucking throb as much as it did, or maybe he would drink until he felt nothing at all, a numb empty shell stalking the deserted halls like a ghost. The memories of her, although dangerous for his liver were the only things keeping his mind alive.

Granger.

He found himself outside in his mother's rose garden, on the bench engraved with her name.

He was so drunk that he could barely see. Everything blurred at the edges into one patchwork of colour. The last of the evening sun was far too bright to look at as his eyes burned with frustration, his veins stinging with the icy magic he had been trying hard to keep at bay.

Draco could've been outside for minutes or hours, he couldn't tell the difference. The days had all bled together into one. He blinked several times, his attention pulled across the garden to watch a man with long blonde hair, the same shade as his own coming towards him. A silky voice cut through the haze.

"Are you going to drink all day? You've been drunk for the last few weeks."

Draco squinted in his direction, lifting the nearly empty bottle to his lips in answer. He swallowed his mouthful as his father stood stoically in front of him, relishing in the burn as it scorched his throat.

Lucius looked old, he never looked the same after losing Narcissa. They had *both* died with her that day. Gone, in the form of little blue pills she'd selfishly picked up from Knockturn Alley, knowing what the consequences of her actions would be.

Knowing exactly who she'd be leaving behind in the wreckage.

His mother's ghost was everywhere, memories of her could be found in every corner of the fucking house and he knew his father blamed him for her death, how could he not. She took her own life because she couldn't deal with the choices her son had made. Couldn't cope with her grief. So she slipped it over Draco's shoulders like a thick cloak instead, weighing him down with a guilt he hadn't allowed himself feel.

"I will drink until I *drown*," he sneered, his voice flat and devoid of emotion as he gazed out across the red, white and pink flowered garden he had spent his childhood in.

His father raised a sharp brow. "Don't be ridiculous, Draco. You need to return to school. This is not what the bargain was for."

Draco made sure to drink the last of his whisky, scoffing loudly before vaulting the empty bottle across the stone pathway. Crystallised pieces of glass scattered amongst the roses and twinkled orange with the dying sunset.

"*Don't* tell me what to do, I'm not *her*. I won't bow down to your every fucking *demand*," he growled.

Lucius flinched, his eyes widening at the mention of his wife. He stood frozen at Draco's outburst—it didn't even look like he was breathing. It was the *exact* reaction Draco had hoped for. He was trapped in his ache, so he would make sure that he inflicted the same onto others in the form of words, a fist or dark magic, it didn't matter. All pain looked the same.

And fear had a habit of making him feel *warm*, which was far more than he felt otherwise.

A few minutes of icy tension stretched between them before Lucius turned on his heel and headed back through the iron gate to the Manor, not another word uttered.

Draco stayed on his mother's bench until it got dark with his head tipped back, watching the sky change colour through the smoke of his cigarette from the warm orange of evening to the cold black of night.

HERMIONE

Hogwarts, Scotland

Hermione had not seen Malfoy for three weeks. The weight of his absence sat in her heart like a bolder and threatened to pull her down into the earth. She could still smell him on the sheets in his room, could still feel the pressure of his lips against hers.

Because when everything is bad, only the good comes back to haunt you.

She sat in Malfoy's armchair in the Slytherin Common Room, a place that had become a home to her, smoking cigarettes with Theo and Blaise. They all became very comfortable with each other in the weeks that followed Malfoy's disappearance. Everyone visibly relaxed and seemed to breathe easier without him around.

Pansy and Astoria accepted her being in their territory for the most part, still sneering at her from time to time to keep up appearances but mostly kept their vicious tongues to themselves. Even *their* animosity had lessened without the overwhelming presence of their *Slytherin Prince*. It was further proof of just *how* much influence and authority Malfoy held over the people he was suppose to call friends.

Daphne would often be with Blaise but they never really spoke, only polite hello's. The Slytherins were far less chatty than the Gryffindors, which Hermione didn't mind at all. The members of Slytherin house never questioned why she was always there—in the rival Common Room, and Hermione never offer an explanation. Most could probably guess anyway.

As nice as it was for her body to finally heal and be free from Malfoy's marks, the absence of them made her feel naked, like he was slipping away with every faded bruise. Hermione longed to be wrapped up in his arms again, she longed for his gentle side, the side she recognised, the side she had fallen in *love* with.

She had so much uninterrupted time to think in the those three weeks that her brain finally connected everything her heart had been trying to say—

You're in pain because you love him.

Stupid or not, just like the moon, half of her heart would *always* belong to the dark. How it happened Hermione wasn't sure, she had no idea how her heart had found the space amongst the hurt to feel *love* for him. Most would call her naive, but it wasn't for anyone else to understand, the heart wanted what it wanted, especially if the organ was as lovesick as hers.

It was twisted and fucked up, Hermione *knew* that, but her feelings weren't something she was able to control. She couldn't help who she fell for. It was something she reminded herself of everyday, tried to validate. She knew she likely saw their relationship

through rose coloured glasses, and couldn't bear the thought of anything else when her heart was missing him.

Hermione slept in his bed every night, shivering in the empty silk, trying to hold onto a body that wasn't there and cried so many tears that she dried herself out. The nightmares she had of his murderous eyes were cut too deeply into her brain for her to ever get a peaceful night's sleep. She'd been hoping he might feel spiteful enough to send her images in her dreams again, anything would be better than the things her mind wouldn't stop replaying, but he never did. It was just another reminder of the absence of him that currently burnt a hole through her stomach. A reminder that she was being punished for holding back from him.

Hermione didn't think that Malfoy had ever dealt with rejection before. It was hardwired into him to refuse it, because who would ever dare to say *no* to him? Rejection was an insult, it was something that he deemed punishable. Something that wasn't acceptable. He felt entitled to her, he wanted her, and therefore he would have any parts of her he liked. She was expected to stay obedient because that's what he wanted. Malfoy's rage wasn't quiet, it was *loud* and there was no chance of taming it, it would lie in wait until she did the next thing that he didn't approve of.

Harry and Ron had tried several times to visit the Slytherin Common Room, but were turned away when Hermione expressed that she didn't want to see anyone. She couldn't face them. She went to classes like a zombie, numb and lifeless, only breathing because it was her body's basic instinct. She caught the attention of many curious eyes, but always disappeared before anyone could corral her.

Hermione at times was miserable *with* Malfoy and miserable *without* him. This kind of love was a losing game that would continue in a vicious cycle. Like an Ouroboros eats its own tail, with no beginning and no end in sight.

She was losing weight. Blaise and Theo did everything they could to brighten her dark mood and make her eat, but all she wanted to do was curl up in the familiar scent of Malfoy's sheets and singe her lungs on cigarettes. And that was all she did, for three long weeks.

Hermione caught Theo watching her anxiously from across the room, as he so often did these days. "What?" She asked with a raised brow.

Shrugging, he said, "I'm just worried about you."

She took a deep breath, they had already had this conversation. "I'll be fine, Theo. I promise," she lied.

Theo gave her a look that said he had heard it all before and didn't believe her. He was right not to, but what else could she tell him? His constant supervision was frustrating, but she couldn't deny how much she appreciated her new Slytherin friends, especially Theo. They knew to some extent how she was feeling, they could share in her concern for their friend. It was comforting, made her feel less alone. It pained her to admit, but that was something she would never get from Harry and *especially* not from Ron.

Theo and Blaise grieved Malfoy's actions just as much as she did.

They'd witnessed his toxic behaviour for far longer than she had, worried about him but too scared to confront him. They had confided in her and explained that this was the worst they had ever seen Malfoy behave. Hermione knew she was the reason. But she never asked for this mess, he had dragged her into it unwillingly, forced her to feel things she never thought she could.

"You say that, but we've watched you become a shell of yourself, Granger. Where's that fire gone?" Blaise teased, raising a cigarette to his lips.

Hermione smirked as she watched the smoke curl around his fingers. "It'll be back, don't worry."

She meant it. It didn't matter how miserable she was now, she would relight the fire that lay dormant inside her and hold her chin high when he came back.

"Are you really ready to face him?" Theo asked, worry evident in his azure-blue eyes.

She huffed a laugh. "Let's put it this way, if he kills me at least I won't be stuck behind the pretty bars of my cage anymore."

Theo's brows furrowed. "That's not fucking funny."

Hermione snorted and stole his glass of whisky from the table, taking a generous sip. If she didn't laugh, she'd cry again.

"I'm sure it'll be fine. It's been weeks, he would have calmed down by now."

"If that's *truly* what you believe, then you don't know him as well as you thought," Blaise interjected, leaving Hermione with a pit in her stomach.

Chapter 16: Cold

Chapter Summary

In your basement, I grow cold
Thinking back to what I was always told
“Don’t talk to strangers or you might fall in love”

- Strangers by Ethel Cain

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -
Fourth of July by Sufjan Stevens
Strangers by Ethel Cain
Love and War by Fleurie
Beautiful Crime by Tamer

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=oB1kAZadQau-7qb0kaCO9Q&pi=gy-KCmQeR6iOo>

TW’s for this chapter are at the end to avoid spoilers. This chapter is the TOUGHEST one yet so buckle up.

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



Monday, October 27th 1998

Malfoy Manor, Wiltshire

The night before Draco planned on going back to Hogwarts, Pansy turned up on his doorstep. Her words of *worry* and *care* grating on his ears like nails on a chalkboard, suffocating him with her insufferable need to be there for him.

He had been a friend to Pansy once and they shared many nights together in her dorm. They had known each other since they were young and Draco was often encouraged by his father to court her, but sleeping with Pansy and drinking with her in the Common Room was as far as his affection towards her went.

Draco didn't want someone like Pansy, someone who stood in their high society circles with their noses in the air and their nails way too fucking long. Pansy was well bred, that was true but Draco didn't give two fucks about pure blood anymore. That ideal was shot down a long time ago, by someone with the most beautiful fucking eyes he had ever seen. He wanted someone with grit, someone who wouldn't sit back and watch as the world passed her by because she knew everything she had ever wanted would be handed to her on a silver platter.

Granger was *everything* he wanted in a woman, she was made for him and she was the only person he remotely cared about. Granger was all he had left and he was fucking determined to keep her no matter what he had to do. Even if his heart told him to worship her while his blackened, self-sabotaging brain begged him to *crush* her into pieces that only he could recognise.

Draco drank himself into a stupor with the tormenting thoughts of his dear dead mother and Granger, who insisted on trying to force barriers between them. She plagued his mind and threatened to send him spiralling.

Pansy had picked up his messy pieces, pulling glass from his palms and *scourgifying* away the blood. There was spilt whisky all over his bedroom floor from his rush to get it down his neck before the next wave of longing crashed into him. He had found a few more bottles in the many stashes of the stuff his father had thought he was clever enough to hide away from him around the Manor, but Draco's insistent need to *keep drinking* sniffed the rest of it out.

"You need help Draco, this isn't healthy," Pansy said, her lips turning downwards as she gave him that *disgusting* look of concern.

Draco tried to argue, but all he could do was give her a dismissive wave, his tongue was too heavy. Pansy's petite fingers worked the buttons of his shirt open, standing between his thighs while he sat on the edge of his bed, trying hard not to tip sideways.

She slipped it from his shoulders gently, as if he would fucking *break*, the well-intentioned movement had him looking up at her with distain. Her black bob sat sharp and proudly above her boney shoulders but Draco was trying to imagine a bush of wild golden curls instead, fiery eyes burning with life instead of the dull, pathetic excuses in front of him.

Draco had no real hate for Pansy, she just *wasn't* Granger and that was all he needed to push her aside. But *not* tonight. Tonight he needed *something* and she had granted him permission to use her however he saw fit by finding him here.

Pansy gasped as Draco tugged her closer, no gentleness behind the touch. "Kiss me."

If he were sober enough he would have noticed the look of uncertainty cross over her face, but she leant forward and pressed her lips to his anyway, too brittle to resist. They were thin, cold and he almost *cringed* against her unfamiliar mouth.

Draco brushed his fingers through her hair, almost expecting the resistance of curls but it was smooth, straight and all *wrong*. His tongue slithered into her mouth seeking something else but it wasn't the same, all he could taste was bitter *Parkinson* jealousy.

It didn't matter though because the whisky numbed his senses enough that he could pretend and right now she was the only heat in his cold world, a crutch while he was trying to stay afloat a sinking ship. Draco pulled her down onto him and turned them both so he was between her legs as she lay flat against his mattress, her eyes filled with the slim hope for *more*.

Pansy could never resist sex anyway, but sex with *him*? She was a fiend for it and would never turn him down no matter how much of a prick he was to her. She had no fucking *self worth* and was always greedy for Malfoy cock. He knew she still wanted him and he had taken advantage of that at every opportunity. She was free game whenever he wanted it and he would take it in his hour of *need*.

But he didn't *want* Pansy, he had no desire or thirst for her. But the woman he craved above all else wasn't there, so he was drawn to the only other living thing in the room, knowing there was a perfectly warm hole waiting for him to dive into, it was the only thing she was good for.

Draco had driven himself mad with lust, he was a man bound by vigorous amounts of sex, he craved it and needed it like the human body needs oxygen and Granger *wasn't* fucking giving it up.

Impatient hands ripped off her Pansy's black camisole and skirt, rough fingers grabbing and tearing, taking. Pansy let him do whatever he wanted, she was just lucky to be in his fucking company. She whimpered as he gripped her hips and tugged her

across the bed towards him, immediately pulling his hand between her legs.

“Make me cum Draco,” she whispered, looking up at him with sultry brown eyes, almost black and way too fucking dark.

Not at all like the ones he was addicted to.

Draco’s jaw rolled and he said nothing in response, sloppily unbuckling his belt and pulling his zipper down, letting his barely hard cock spring free from his slacks. He wasn’t here to give her pleasure, he just needed to *fuck*. A hard rough fuck to take his mind off of everything that ailed him, to relieve the unrelenting pressure that he couldn’t get rid of.

Pansy sat up on her elbows, her lips searching for his. Draco gripped her neck tightly and slammed her back onto the pillow, earning himself a choked gasp from her venomous little throat.

“Stay fucking *still*,” he growled.

He could feel the mounting urge of magic as it scraped against the insides of his veins, whispering in his ear, the burning need to suck the soul from her vile fucking body scorching his nerves.

Pansy did as she was told and Draco pulled a ball of rope from his nightstand, left over from past endeavours and tied her wrists tight to the headboard to stop her hands from wandering across a body that didn’t belong to her.

Pansy’s eyes glassed over with fear at being restrained. She gulped nervously the sound of her distress send sadistic spark to his cock.

Draco took himself in his hand, stroking roughly while looking down at the body that wasn’t curvy or soft, Pansy’s skin was rough and harsh like her. She had no freckles, she was a blank and boring canvas. A cheap substitute for the real thing. She smelt like sickly roses and nothing like the delicious vanilla that haunted his dreams.

He put a hand above her on the headboard and she spread her legs willingly, eagerly as he edged his tip inside her entrance without making sure she was wet first. Pansy whimpered in pain, her eyes screwing shut with the intrusion. She twisted her long black nails around the rope for purchase and tried to close her legs on instinct, but Draco wedged his hips firmly between them before she could.

His heavy eyes stared down at her as he slammed himself to the hilt, giving her no time to adjust to his size, her obnoxious wail echoing through the room. He wrapped his other hand around her throat and tightened, his thumb and index finger squeezing both sides of her windpipe as his thrusts grew harsh and jagged, the bed creaking under their weight.

Pansy’s body shuddered with an orgasm and Draco’s breathing deepened. The blonde hair hanging from his forehead was damp with sweat, his silver chain swinging violently above her face.

“*Dra—*“ she gasped, brokenly.

He ignored her plea, tightening his fingers further. She held the rope around her hands in a white knuckled grip like it would save her, a lifeline that she would never get. His eyes were a dead wasteland of grey as they looked through her, shards of black starting to crack across the surface as his frustration grew.

The only thing on his mind was the perfect shade of golden honey streaking through Granger’s curls as she stepped into the sunlight, the way the amber flames in her eyes danced when she looked at him. Her warm curves, the freckles he counted. Her pouty pink lips and the way she wrapped her tongue around his. Her sweet scent and her delicate voice. The way she was so completely irresistible to him. She was a craving he couldn’t curb, an itch he couldn’t scratch. Always so close but never close *enough*. His thirst had no beginning and no end, it was infinite in its depths and he always wanted *more*.

I’m starving for her.

Draco’s cock pounded in and out with no regard for the person under him, because she wasn’t a person, she was just a fucking *hole* for him to destroy. The dark serpent on his back rippled and curved with his muscles, hissing in sinful delight with his powerful strokes. Pansy writhed and rocked back and forth, spluttering under his weight as her small tits bounced with the force of his thrusts. The creaking got louder and the bed slammed madly against the wall, her face blooming redder and the wood from the headboard splintering under his iron grip.

The muscles in his arms and stomach flexed as he neared the edge, the green veins in his hands pulsing visibly under his skin. Draco pounded and pounded, his hand a steel band around Pansy’s pale throat. A pained groan of pleasure wrapped around the name *Granger* rolled from his tongue, his body stiffened as he found release, hips jerking unevenly.

Flooding her with his sick desire for someone else.

Pansy’s face changed as she heard the name, her eyes growing wide with shock. “*What?!*”

Her voice was a weak croak under the pressure of his grip, her expression one of devastation at being fucked to the thought of someone else. At the reality that she wasn't wanted, only *used* like a whore.

The winey sound of a voice that wasn't the one he wanted brought him back to the present, flipping a violent switch inside his brain. Draco's eyes churned a steel grey as they drilled into her with loathing. His hand left the headboard to join the other around her slender neck and *squeezed*. Vines of black began to creep up her naked body as he tore through her mental walls with vigour. She opened her mouth in a silent scream and blood pooled on her tongue.

The same sentence played over and over in his head as he watched the capillaries in her eyes burst with fascination. The pressure under his skin at boiling point.

You are not Granger. You are not Granger. You are not Granger. You are not Granger. You are not Granger.

The veins in her forehead began to bulge under the strain. Silver rings cutting into skin. Pansy thrashed and bucked wildly under him, her face was all one brutal shade of red, her lips bleeding crimson between the cracks of suffering. Her raven hair sticking to her cheeks with sticky panic.

You are not Granger. You are not Granger. You are not Granger. You are not Granger. You are not Granger.

He spoke the phrase over and over in his head, repeating it like a mantra. His arms shook with the force of his hold as Pansy's mouth hung wide open, saliva and blood coating his hands as her chest quivered with the need to take a breath. Dark smoke twisted around her debilitated body tightly, leaving her skin charred and her mind torn apart by his disgust. His eyes were clouded in black, his veins burning with a fresh fill of poison. Bleeding her dry.

The room caved under the heavy weight of his power, the bitter taste of toxins getting lodged between his clenched teeth with each harsh breath he took that he was stealing from *her*. Draco could smell the tang of copper that began to flow freely from her ears and nose too, soaking the sheets beneath her until she was haloed in a pool of her own dwindling vitality.

You are not Granger. You are not Granger. You are not Granger. You are not Granger. You are not Granger.

Her legs kicked in a desperate attempt to reach him, her arms twisting desperately in the rope above her, her wrists raw and bleeding from the friction, causing *herself* even more damage. Draco grit his teeth hard, pushing all of his malignity down onto her throat until he felt her windpipe crush between his hands.

YOU ARE NOT GRANGER.

Pansy's neck gave way to his strength and the sickening crack of her vertebrae echoed through the room as her eyes flooded with blood, crimson taking over the black. Her lips were mottled in purple and blue when her body finally stilled. Fresh red dripping from her open mouth to mix with the rest.

Her legs fell to the bed, lifeless. Her arms hung, uselessly and her face was stuck in an eternal expression of pain and horror. Her skin marred with the black acidic scorch of his magic. Pansy's bloodied eyes pierced straight through him, wide and open. Vacant and staring at nothing, would never look at anything *ever* again.

Draco's chest was heaving and his biceps were burning with excursion as he uncurled shaky fingers from her neck and pulled back his magic, studying the shades of black and blue already forming in the shape of two large and vicious hands. He pulled out of her, the tip of his cock wet and sensitive as he stood from the bed, his legs threatening to buckle from under him as he soaked in the scene with unfocused eyes.

Pansy's body was twisted with thin arms that were still hanging from the rope above her head, her fingers blue from lack of blood flow and one of her limp legs hung over the side of the bed. Her head was flopped carelessly to the side, her neck bent and broken. The evidence of his depravity glistening on her sallow skin.

Draco raked a hand through his hair, staining it with the blood that still clung to his rings from the cuts they had marked her with. He paced the room, twisting a cork from one too many whiskey bottles and hoping the burn would heal his warped mind as he listened to the ghostly howl of the wind blowing through his open window. The light from the moon cast its white glow across the space, illuminating the dead woman in his bed as if he wasn't already aware of what he had done.

Any normal, sane person would have dropped to their knees with the weight of guilt, but Draco felt *nothing*. He didn't feel a damn fucking thing for the girl he had just murdered. He was *empty*.

He paced the cold halls away from his room, leaving the house and walking through the frozen Manor grounds as he continued to submerge himself in liquor, thinking only of his beautiful Granger and nothing else. He wilted rose petals with his toxic touch and didn't conceal his thinly veiled vengeance as he ripped them from their stems, crushing them between his fingers and picked someone else's dried blood from his hands.

His vision was distorted, blurry with inebriation as he turned into the hedge maze, not knowing why he chose to go there and not caring. He collided with the wet grass and rolled onto his back, cutting through the thick fog that had settled inches from the ground. His bottle was still clutched tight in a white steely grip as his only anchor, the sound of his dark and twisted laughter echoing through the spaces between the empty walkways, disturbing a flock of ominous ravens from a nearby tree and warning any intruder that might exist of his insanity.

The next time Draco touched Pansy's ruby soaked and mutilated corpse, she was stiff and *cold*.

Chapter End Notes

TW's for murder, torture and dub-con.

Chapter 17: Desperation

Chapter Summary

The thicker the desperation, the deeper the sin.

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

Fatal Flaw by Allegra Jordyn

Dream Of Running by Jasmine Jethwa

Can't Catch Me Now by Olivia Rodrigo

Hurts Like Hell by Tommee Profitt

Hemorrhage(in my hands) by Fuel

Scorpio Rising by Paris Jackson

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=jNCjOVjcQNOJ51llwA8ZBg&pi=tLQuZiD9Tc2eh>



DRACO

Tuesday, October 28th 1998

Draco's brain pounded against his skull as he sat at the edge of his bed, twirling his mother's wedding ring around his pinky finger in his pocket.

With Snape being his godfather and things being much more relaxed at Hogwarts due to the nature of their last year, Draco was allowed to leave and miss classes. Not that anyone could have ever fucking stopped him anyway. But Snape knew he was unpredictable, a live wire and felt it safer for everyone that he take some time away after his recent fight with Granger.

He looked around the room at the empty whiskey bottles scattered across the floor, at the shiny pools of dried alcohol dotted along the wood. The black rope that previously held Pansy's wrists was gone from the headboard, his bed stripped bare of any evidence. But nothing could erase the smell of death that hung over him like a weighted blanket, mixing with the rest of the rotting scent that stained his childhood home.

Lucius had found him passed out in a puddle of vomit, surrounded by the messy carnage of his own malevolence. He had disposed of the body with no questions asked, and not for the first time.

Pansy never kept a relationship with her father, Percival Parkinson was a proud man and wouldn't care that his only daughter had suddenly disappeared off the face of the earth. So it worked out in Draco's favour that he wouldn't be sniffing around asking questions—not many people would. Pansy's favoured way of believing she was superior to everyone else made it so that she didn't have many friends, limited only to Astoria.

Draco's dragonskin shoes echoed off the marble as he thundered through the hallways and towards the ancient double doors that lead out onto the gravel driveway. He didn't bother to say anything to his father as he left and didn't look back, taking a detour into the hedge maze if only to reminisce on his mania from the night before. His empty whisky bottle still lay in the grass where he had left it, giving Draco clarity that even when everything had changed, some things still remained the same, as if time didn't exist. And that bottle was a beacon of brutality, making sure he didn't forget that what had happened last night really *did* happen.

The maze was one of those things that never seemed to change, even through the seasons. It stayed green but barren, always filled with dense white fog that hovered around his ankles like a threat to pull him down into the dark earth where he belonged.

Draco turned corner after corner as he walked, brushing his fingers through the leaves and hopelessly searching for something he would never find.. until every hair on his body stood on end, drawing his eyes up to see Narcissa's hollow face through the haze. She stood feet in front of him like he had been silently calling out to her and she had heard his cries.

Draco's intake of breath was sharp, coming to a stop at a crossroad of pathways. He squinted his eyes at the ghostly figure before him, she looked so old, so.. *dead*. Her eyes were sunken into her skull, her blue lips pulled down into an eternal frown. Her hair was thin and dull as it floated around her shoulders like a deathly halo.

She looked *nothing* like his mother, but still his heart thumped wildly to see her because her eyes were still the same. Even through the wreckage she had caused herself, he still recognised the blue twinkle that had comforted him as a child.

Narcissa's expression was one of horrified grief as she studied him. Draco fisted the hedge at his back as she floated closer and spoke the only few words her dead lips would allow.

"What have you done?"

His throat almost closed up with the realisation that his mother would know what further sins he had committed in her absence. But *of course* she would, she haunted that fucking house. Draco was frozen silent and his jaw ticked as they stared at each other, only the squawking crows to fill the endless distance that sat between them like an imperative wall. Her face was lined with years of heartbreak and his dark grey eyes could do nothing but track her as she passed him, fading through the fog into nothing but particles that he could taste on the wind. Leaving him alone, once again.

Draco moved away from where she had disappeared and vomited violently across the manicured lawn, crushing leaves in his fists to stabilise himself. To keep himself from turning upside down into a world he never believed in, until he saw the proof of it right before him—to stop himself from following her into the painful unknown.

The imprint of her face burned across his eyes as he heaved onto the grass below him. His heart splintered with cracks and rot replaced the gaps where flesh used to be. Glueing his fragility back together.

Draco snarled as he looked back to the long pathway his mother had departed down, his stomach rolling with resentment and *emptiness*. He waved a hand across his mouth to freshen himself and stood tall and solid once more, vanishing with an ear-splitting crack as he apparated.

He landed at the apparition point by the forbidden forest much more roughly than usual in his temperamental state and walked through dead autumn leaves with stealth as he weaved through dark trees, edging himself closer to the one person he wanted. A sea of orange and red littered the forest floor, crunching under his shoes with every step he took. The frenzied wind whipped over his face as he headed to the Great Hall for dinner. It was a few days away from Halloween and he could smell it on the breeze. The surface of the Black Lake to his right rippled with the harsh movements of the bluster.

The sky was dark and cloudy, moody, the same tormenting shade of grey as his eyes and he watched as it churned ominously. *There's a storm coming.*

Hogwarts was alive with chatter as he entered, his eyes instantly searching the room for her and when his eyes clashed with hers his body spiked with searing heat as he watched her sitting next to and speaking with fucking *McLaggen*. Potter and Wesley were nowhere in sight. Zabini noticed the change in temperature and jumped from his seat, coming to stand in front of him to block the scene behind him with broad shoulders.

“*Draco mate*—“ Zabini started as Draco shoulder checked him harshly and stormed across the hall towards the Gryffindor table. The whole room watched him with wide eyes as his shoes pounded like thunder against the stone. Granger immediately stood and put a hand out in a placating gesture, he slapped her hand aside and grabbed McLaggen by the back of his shirt, launching him backwards off the bench before he had even realised what was happening.

“What the fu—“

The cunt had been so lost in his girl that he never saw him coming. Big mistake.

“*Malfoy!*” Granger screamed as he lifted a heavy foot, ready to ram it into McLaggen's thick skull. At the sound of her beautiful voice—he halted, his eyes shooting to hers and at seeing the panicked amber flashing there he lowered his foot back to the floor and walked over to her, adrenaline pumping laps around his wired body.

His magic instantly reached for her, pining for her as it wrapped protectively around her with invisible strength.

He put his arm around her shoulders and a hand on her cheek as he pulled her close to him and kissed the top of her head. Touching her again was like taking a hit after withdrawals and she grabbed a handful of his shirt to keep him from going back to finish the job, that was until McLaggen found his balls.

He limped up from the floor, his shirt creased and his dirty blonde hair disheveled. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing you possessive piece of shit?” He spat with false venom.

Draco laughed coldly as he let Granger go and walked towards him like a predator with its eyes on fresh meat. McLaggen scrambled in fear. Granger's small hands landed on his muscled chest as she stepped in front of him.

“Please *don't*,” she begged, a plea in her eyes.

Draco was breathing hard, he ran his tongue over the sharp points of his teeth and pointed a long finger in McLaggen's face, his eyes steel slits of fury, his body simmering black with his rage.

“If I see you near her again I will fucking *end you*. Don't *look* at her, don't even fucking *breathe* in her direction or I'll make it so that you *never fucking breathe again*, got it?” The words were drenched in acid as he spat them in his pale face.

McLaggen tried to swallow down his fear and took a large step backwards, when Draco saw a slight nod of his head in acknowledgment to his threat he grabbed Granger's hand and pulled her from The Great Hall with ease. They held the eyes of the whole room as he blasted back through the double doors like a rocket with a five foot two Granger who tried her best to keep up with his long and angry strides.

He guided her all the way through the castle and into the cold dungeons with a tight grip—not daring to loosen his hold in case she slipped through his fingers. They passed the empty Common Room and he pulled her into his dorm room, locking the door and slamming her against the wood. He took her stunned face between his large hands, not even giving her a second to catch her breath before he devoured her with hungry lips, forcing her mouth to open to the tongue that was eager to taste her.

Granger squirmed out of his grip and his face whipped left as the sting from her slap flushed red across his cheekbone.

“How fucking *dare* you?” She hissed.

She paced, not looking at him as Draco watched her with narrowed eyes. Trying to keep his temper in check with the pressure of his squeezed fists.

"I've not seen you for *three fucking weeks* Malfoy! No note to say where you were going or when you would be back, *nothing*! You could write to me everyday in *prison* but you couldn't leave me a tiny reassurance now?! And then you storm into the hall like you *own* the fucking place, assault Cormac and then you kiss me like nothing happened! Fuck that Malfoy, *I'm not your fucking toy!*" she snapped, sucking in a breath, her chest heaving from the passion of her rant.

She continued to pace around the room as he spoke. "I'm sorry that I left so suddenly but I couldn't stay here, not after the shit *you* pulled. I needed to leave before I lost my control and as for McLaggen, I did not fucking *assault* him. That little cunt needs to learn to stay away from what's mine before he ends up six feet under."

"*Lost your control?* It's already gone Malfoy, *see!* You have lost your damn mind."

He smirked. "You've seen *nothing*."

She shot him a sharp glare as she turned to level with him. "Is that supposed to be a *threat?*" She asked as she came to stand in front of him, having to crane her neck due to his towering height. He kept the smug grin as he matched her stare.

"I'm *so* fucking pissed off with you, I don't even want you in my sight right now. Unlock the fucking door."

"No." His voice was flat and calm and it seemed to only rile her up further. She slammed her little fists into his chest as she growled—"Open the fucking door Malfoy!" Her cheeks flushing an adorable shade of pink.

He held her wrists still in his hands. "No Granger. We're going to fucking talk about this."

She ripped her hands from his grip and threw them up in exasperation. "Talk about *what?* What is there to say? You keep doing the same shit over and over no matter how much we *talk*," she spat.

She's so pissed and all I wanna do is fuck it out of her.

He released a deep breath through his nose. "You have to understand why I left, you *taunted* me with the one thing you know I fucking want and left me high and dry. I'm a hot blooded male, love. I don't really know what you expected to happen."

She huffed out a laugh. "Don't be so pathetic Malfoy, it's *just* sex!"

"If it's *just* sex then why the fuck are you still holding back from me? I've been driving myself *mad* these last three weeks and nothing I do helps. I need *you* Granger!"

"Well *too* fucking bad. You've got me and if I'm not enough without sex then fine, *I'm done*." Her voice was resolute and it rattled something deep inside him. She tried to shove past him, taking out her wand to cast an unlocking charm but he snatched it from her fist and threw it across the room before she could, the sound of it clattering as it skidded somewhere against the floor.

"*What the fuck is wrong with you?*" She screamed as she walked over in the direction it landed in. He was fucking sick of her walking away from him. He caught her around the waist, his chest to her back before she could reach her destination, her legs kicking out as he lifted her from the floor. "Put me down for *fuck sake!*"

"Calm down and I will."

Her body relaxed a little as she stopped struggling and he lowered her, pulling her quickly over to sit down on the edge of his bed, he crouched down in front of her, his warm hands braced on her thighs.

"What do you *want*, Granger?"

"I want to be fucking *seen!*" She bellowed. "I want you to see me as a person and not an object to harbour just because you said so. I want choices, I want freedom. I don't want to be *just* your fucking *possession*."

"You're *never ever* leaving me Granger, get that through your head."

"We can't carry on like this Malfoy, I can't *keep* doing this." Her voice broke as she covered her face with her hands.

"Yes we fucking *can* and we *will* because you are not going anywhere." He pulled her hands away and his eyes were solid silver as he glared at her, his scar tight with frustration. She glared right back with all the fire she could muster, her beautiful ringlets spilling over her shoulders like a golden waterfall. Draco squeezed his eyes shut and hung his head as her scent hit him, his hands returning to her skin and tightening their grip on her thighs. She flinched.

"You can't leave me, I'm no good without you. I will fucking kill *everyone* Granger."

She swallowed, shaking her head. "Don't say things like that."

His icy eyes shot up to meet hers. “*I fucking mean it*, I will lose whatever humanity I have left without you.” The malevolent sheen in his silver eyes should have been all the proof she needed that he fucking meant it.

She stood and he fell to his knees, hands slipping around her body to squeeze her ass as his forehead pressed to her stomach. “Please baby, just—” he took a deep pained breath before whispering—“*love me*.”

He felt the muscles in her abdomen tremble as her red fingernails raked through his blonde with comfort. “I’ve *tried* Malfoy, but all you ever do is hurt me.”

His hands squeezed her harder, his body shuddering with a harsh flood of emotion that he had never felt before.

“*I love you*,” he whispered, holding onto her tighter. “But not in the way you want. The love I feel for you is dark. It pumps through my veins in the shape of your name. It sends me to places that even the *devil* would disapprove of. I want to consume you in all the worst ways. If I could live inside your skin and feel your heart *thrashing* between my fingers, I would. If I could drink your blood just to *savour* the essence of your life on my tongue, I would. You are a part of me Granger, and there is no running away from this. *I won’t let you*.”

A moment of silence passed between them and he felt her hot tears dropping into his hair as she fisted it between her shaky hands. “I love you too Malfoy but you scare me. You blow hot and cold, you’re unpredictable and you’re too overbearing, *you are suffocating me*.”

He understood. He knew how he could be but that was who he was. Stuck in his ways and a prisoner to his own mind. But just because he acknowledged it didn’t mean that it would change.

“It’s the only way I know how to love, baby. The thing about love is, it isn’t always the good kind. It’s not always *sunshine and fucking rainbows*. I can’t give you that. This love hurts and it’s heavy and it will cut you down to the fucking bone. It will hollow out your chest and leave you with nothing. It will turn the best people into *feral dogs* begging for *scraps* and still you will spend the rest of your life looking for it.”

Granger’s body shook with the weight of her tears, he stood and took her into his arms, she fisted the back of his shirt in a shaky grip. He lifted a finger to her chin and nudged it up towards him. Her eyes were red and beautiful, amber shimmering under her tears like gemstones underwater, her cheeks flushed and sticky with her anguish.

He kissed her wet and puffy mouth, giving her bottom lip a gentle suck as he pulled away, the taste of her sorrow and sweet cherry lip gloss left behind on his tongue.

“*You belong to me and I intend to keep you forever*.”

Chapter 18: Insatiable

Chapter Summary

I am nothing in my soul if not obsessive.
- Richard Papen

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -
Fetish by Selena Gomez, Gucci Mane
Eyes Don't Lie by Isabel LaRosa
Ruthless by Allegra Jordyn
Throne by Saint Mesa
Run For The Hills by Tate McRae
Bitter Love by Pia Mia
Something's Gotta Give by Camilla Cabello

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=fTawe7puTl-Fb2sRnkaF-w&pi=i9zFBQY0T5OD9>



HERMIONE

Wednesday, October 29th 1998

Malfoy held her tight to the point of crushing her—even in sleep, clinging to her so she wouldn't disappear. Hermione didn't mind though because she wanted to soak in every drop of his scent now that she had it back again, fresh in the bed and he seemed to very much enjoy the same luxury. They spent the day wrapped in the sheets, catching up on what they had missed in each other's touch. Malfoy was eager and his hands were never off of her, his lips never far from hers. His tongue delved deep between her legs whenever he felt like it. Hermione spent the day with constant moans of bliss on her lips and a trail of Slytherin tongue across her body.

Snape had sent a note that was slipped under the door to let them know that they had missed half a day's worth of classes. Malfoy set it on fire with a quick *incendio*, returning his head back to where it was nestled snugly between her thighs.

Hermione was panting with her head tipped back towards the ceiling as she fisted his soft white blonde between her fingers. "Mmm Malfoy, that's the fourth time today. I need a break, I'm getting too sensitive."

His deep laugh against her skin sent a tingle up her spine. "Sorry love but I've missed you and you are the most delicious thing I've ever had the pleasure to *tongue fuck*."

Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as he stroked at the fire in her clit with the flat of his tongue, she cried out in sharp pleasure, her orgasm washing over her like a fiery wave and Malfoy's tongue dipped into her mouth so they could both share in her flavour. He smirked against her lips as his saliva coated her taste buds. "See? *Delicious*."

"You're a freak," she laughed as he pawed at her body like a man starved, unwrapping her breasts from an old Quidditch jersey she had stolen from his wardrobe—to his immense delight, with his name and the number 07 across the back and taking her pert nipple between his teeth.

"Ah, *gentle*," she hissed.

He looked up at her with black sinful eyes. "Baby, do I *look* like I was made to be gentle?"

She put a hand under his strong jaw, looking at him sternly and assessing his sharp edges. "No, but you could *try* to be."

"I don't think that would ever work, you've created something that not even *you* can control and now I'm *too. fucking. hungry*." He emphasised his meaning with a harsh suck to the swell of her breast, bruising the skin a familiar shade of purple.

"I'm going to be one giant walking bruise if you keep doing that."

He smirked. "Good, then maybe everyone will stay the *fuck* away from you."

She rolled her eyes at his possessive nature and he laughed at it. His tongue swirled over her sore nipple to soothe it, dragging wet lines across her chest. She was sensitive all over. "Oh god," she breathed as he continued to suck and lick every inch of skin he could reach.

"God won't save you from *me*, sweetheart," he said, his deep voice muffled as he buried his face between her breasts.

After a few more hours of the same blissful torture he inflicted upon her body in his insatiable state, he finally released her and let her get dressed. Hermione put her school uniform back on, rolling her grey socks up her legs to the tops of her thighs as Malfoy watched her with dark and wandering eyes from his place on the bed.

"Move in with me."

Hermione's eyes snapped up to his, unsure if she heard him correctly, his question had come so out of the blue. "*What?*" she asked, almost falling over as she tried to slip on her kitten heel.

"Move into my dorm room with me for the rest of the school year," he repeated firmly, his tone leaving no room for argument. "I can't bear to spend another moment away from you Granger."

She stared at him with wide eyes. "Malfoy, I can't do that."

"*Why not?*"

"Because I don't belong to Slytherin."

"No, but you *belong* to me and that's good enough but if you're so worried about it, you could always get a transfer," he shrugged.

She crossed her arms over her chest. "*Absolutely not!*"

He raised a brow. "Why not?"

“Because I’m a Gryffindor,” she said with resolution.

He smirked. “That you are my little lioness but *snakes are better*,” he winked.

“I beg to differ,” she huffed.

He sighed impatiently through his nose, stood from the bed and walked over to her, his hands coming to rest on the tops of her arms. “*Stop* being stubborn Granger, move in with me here or I will move in with you over there.”

Hermione’s eyes lit up with amusement. “*Ha!* As if you would ever want to be around the Gryffindors. They wouldn’t let you in anyway.”

“I don’t but I would *really* love to see them try and stop me, my place is wherever you are and vice versa.”

Hermione uncrossed her arms in frustration. The concrete evidence in his eyes was enough for her to realise that his mind was already set. “You’re not going to drop this are you?”

He crossed his own arms over his broad chest and smiled at her smugly. “Nope.”

She breathed out a long sigh. “*Fine*. But I need to go and grab my things.”

He cocked his head in triumph. “That’s fine, we shall leave now, the sooner you’re in here with me for *good* the better.”

She put her hands up to stop him as he walked towards the door. “*No no no*, Malfoy. You’re not coming with me.”

He looked at her with dead grey eyes, his tone flat. “I *come* or you don’t *go*. We don’t have to leave at all, you can wear a different one of my shirt everyday and I will get the pleasure of ripping them off you at the end of each one. That sounds like a better idea anyway.”

Hermione rolled her eyes so hard that he probably heard them scrape against the inside of her skull and threw him a deep scowl as he leant casually against the door frame. He was so difficult and stubborn but she knew there was absolutely no other way around it so she relented and glared at him with annoyance, shoving past him and heading towards the Gryffindor Tower. He smirked the whole way, grabbing her hand and threading his fingers through hers, she tried to jerk out of his hold but he held on tight, almost cutting off her circulation. When they reached the tower she had told him to wait outside and he complied grumpily, not wanting to be separated from her for one more moment.

Thankfully the tower was empty, it was nearing dinner time and everyone would be heading to The Great Hall. She packed up her room quickly, sad to see her comfy sofa and fireplace go but *knowing* she had her own personal furnace waiting for her outside—the thought left as quick as it came.

She packed up her stuff and left, taking one last look around a Common Room she didn’t think she would be seeing much of anymore. It sent a homesick pang to her heart. Malfoy immediately latched onto her hand again when she re-emerged, as if she would run off if he wasn’t holding her and as they turned a corner towards the dungeons they unfortunately almost collided with Ron.

“*Bloody hell!*” Ron shrieked as he put his hand across his pounding heart and the second his eyes collided with the grey ones beside her, he scowled.

“What are *you* looking at? He spat. Ron knew not to push Malfoy’s buttons but he did so anyway.

Mr “*I have a death wish*.”

“*Bite me*, Weaslebitch,” Malfoy spat back with equal loathing.

“Let’s not start an argument in the middle of the *bloody* corridor,” Hermione snapped and Ron’s eyes drifted down to their joined hands and then her bag, his cheeks flushing blood red as he connected the dots.

“You cannot be fucking *serious!*” Ron screamed. “You’re actually with *him*? Really Hermione! A fucking *murderer*?!”

Malfoy took a step forward and she yanked their joined hands back to stop him, shooting him a sharp glare. “*Don’t*.”

He glared back at her and grit his teeth as he reluctantly and stiffly took a step back. Hermione turned to look at the angry ginger before her.

“Ron, it’s really *none* of your business.”

He scoffed. “None of my business?! *You’re my..*” he cut himself off from whatever he was about to say, his face draining of colour.

“She’s your *what*?” Malfoy growled, his eyes harsh as they cut through him.

“I’m nothing.” Hermione cut in bitterly. “We are *nothing*,” she repeated, feeling the guilt swallow her as she watched the hurt flash across Ron’s face. His silence gutting her further. Her heart clenched at the sight but it was the only way to deescalate the situation. Malfoy was unpredictable and possessive and she didn’t want to be the reason Ron got physically hurt so she had to *emotionally* hurt him instead and she didn’t know which one was worse.

She pulled on their hands and whispered—“*let’s go*.” Malfoy ripped his venomous eyes away and followed, leaving a devastated Ron behind in the shadows.

Hermione’s heart sank like a rock in deep waters with each step she took away from him.

She had unpacked her clothes and extended Malfoy’s wardrobe to fit them all. Her toothbrush, shampoo and vanilla shower gel had found a home in his bathroom along with her hair brush and hair ties. Her books were organised on his bookshelf in the corner.

His room was spacious, far bigger than hers had been in the Gryffindor Tower. He had a large mahogany four poster bed with emerald green curtains tied to each post and matching silk sheets which sat against the wall vertically to the door, a large brick fireplace crackling away to the right and a private bathroom to the left with a shower and a clawfoot bathtub. A mahogany nightstand sat on each side of the bed with a matching dresser and wardrobe. He had a full length silver mirror against a wall and some old Quidditch memorabilia on a shelf, his Firebolt leaning against his bookshelf next to a velvet chaise, *green* of course.

It felt nice, *cosy* and by the look on Malfoy’s face as he watched her make herself at home around his room, he was *very* pleased with himself.

“Come here,” he called as he held out a hand to her. It hit her in that moment exactly what she had signed herself up for—no escape route. Malfoy could be both comforting and her worst nightmare and she had just agreed to sign away her space from him. She looked at his handsome face as he waited for her, his hand still outstretched, she knew it would ruin her but she stepped forward anyway because her heart was just as self sabotaging as his was. She walked over to where he sat on the edge of the bed and he pulled her between his open thighs. His plump lips lifting up into a smile as he put a hand around the back of her neck, his cold rings biting into skin.

“I love you,” he whispered as he pulled her face closer to his and took her lips in a passionate kiss. His grip on her neck tightened as he got lost in it, moaning against her tongue. He released her and dropped his forehead against hers, watching her closely as he said—“*Say it back*.”

“I love you too.” He grabbed her hips to position her into a straddle over his lap. His hands got lost in her curls as his lips made a hot path down to the hollow of her throat and onto her clavicle, swiping his hungry tongue across it. Hermione sighed contently against him, her hands gripping his shoulders as her head tipped backwards to allow him more access to her neck.

“*Fuck*,” he hissed as she absently rolled her hips over the hard length underneath her and lifted her head to look at him. His eyes bled from a grey choppy ocean into a deep black with a ring of crystal blue around the edges and her face lit up in awe as she experienced it. His scar reflected a silvery white in the flames of the fire beside them and she rubbed her thumb gently over the smooth line of it, Malfoy hummed at the touch, closing his eyes and leaning further into her.

“I never asked you how you got this.”

He scoffed. “It was a *parting* gift from Bella, for getting caught. She wasn’t at all happy to be sent back to that shithole, as you can imagine.”

Hermione moved forward and pressed a gentle kiss to the tiny valley it had made through his brow. “Karma has a funny way of swinging back around, doesn’t it?” She whispered.

He pinched her playfully and smirked. “*Karma or not*, I like it.”

She rolled her eyes. “Of course you do.”

His hands slipped from her hair to curl around her body, pressing her tightly against his chest as his chin met the top of her head. They held each other in silence for a while until his words filled her ears—

“I want *more*.” His voice was quiet but filled with deep desperation.

Hermione frowned against his warmth, confused about his meaning. He said nothing more as she thought about it, until she realised he meant her. He wanted more of *her*.

“*Marry me, Granger.*”

His voice was strained and his words got lost in her curls. She knew he wouldn’t repeat himself again like he had earlier that day when he asked her to move in with him and her heart sank at the reality of it.

She had moved in with him because he had asked and would have kicked up a fuss if she had declined and she couldn’t deny that some small part of her also wanted to be closer to him after their time apart but now he was asking for *marriage*? He was greedy and hungry for more of her than she could give him. He took her heart, her space, her dorm room, isolated her from her friends and now he wanted to take away her last name too. She thought back to what he had told her a few weeks ago—

“*I will rip away everything you know, all that you love until you have no shelter but **me**.*”

And he had done exactly as he had threatened, partly because she was the stupid fool who *let* him, who made it *easy* for him because denying him became too difficult, too scary. The only thing left for him to take from her was her virginity which he had made clear that he craved above all else.

As much as she wanted to marry the version of him she knew, she was *terrified* of the man behind the mask. But the more she thought about it the more she realised that Malfoy and the *reaper* were one and the same. They would never leave each other. His devilled hands were always too *hungry* for violence and his reaper ways were always too *thirsty* for darkness.

But Hermione knew it wasn’t really a question, it was a command and she felt his arms tighten at her silence, a *warning*. A few moments passed as she gathered herself enough to give him a response that didn’t shake in her chest.

”Isn’t marriage abit soon?”

He pulled back and took her face between his hands, kissing the tip of her nose.

”Not soon enough, everyone’s paths are different love and mine just happened to lead me to you.”

Hermione squeezed her eyes shut at his words, both sweet and daunting. Her body flushed with a nervous heat as he stared into her soul, trying to find his desired answer in its reflection. The word he longed to hear was a burning lump in her throat and this was just *another* thing she couldn’t deny him.

“*Yes.*”

Chapter 19: White Gold

Chapter Summary

I saw you, Spring Goddess, restless in your loneliness, pulling at crimson flowers to watch them die, wondering if immortality was worth anything if you were powerless to have any control over your fate or your destiny. Come now, tell the truth. I saw you rattle at the invisible chains of smother, of boredom, of too much comfort.

- Nikita Gill

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

Follow You by Bring Me The Horizon

Last Love by Allegra Jordyn

When The Party's Over by Billie Eilish

Wicked Game by Ursine Vulpine, Annaca

With The Devil I'm Going Down by Steelfeather

Go Away by Tate McRae

Loml by Taylor Swift

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=-WTAUo-KTqGjaMonzoVUow&pi=Qj4UXJ98QZORn>

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



HERMIONE

Thursday, October 30th 1998

The castle was freezing and Hermione shivered violently as she got out of bed and slipped into the bathroom for a hot shower. Draco was still asleep and none the wiser, it seemed locking her down with a marriage proposal had relaxed him somewhat and the chains he had strategically placed around her ankles had slackened but *not* enough for him not to immediately get up and find her again.

She stood under the hot spray as the room filled with steam, wrapping her in its own cocoon. She breathed out a blissful sigh as it warmed her bones, running her fingers through her ringlets to massage the shampoo into her scalp. She turned to splash water over her face and clenched her eyes shut in a flinch when she felt strong arms wrap themselves around her and a hard chest at her back, pulling her in tight like a snake securing its next meal.

Long ringed fingers threaded together over her stomach, his chin resting on her shoulder and his hoarse sleepy voice in her ears. "Good morning, *wife*."

Hermione's heart pounded at the sentiment. "Slow down Malfoy, we're not married yet. I don't even have a ring."

His deep hum of acknowledgment filled her with warm static. "That will be remedied *very* soon, don't you worry."

Hermione swallowed hard, her eyes drilling holes into the green tile, knowing very well that she would be as solid and stuck as the stone before her in her situation once he got his ring on her finger. She was filled with a mixture of emotions, equal measures of happiness and fear. Dread and excitement. *Bitter sweet trepidation.*

In her silence his hand had wandered lower and slipped over her clit, forcing her to suck in a sharp breath. “*Mmm*, always so sensitive, baby. Does my girl wanna cum?” His voice was a seductive whisper, luring her into the realms of pleasure.

Hermione's voice was lost in her throat so she nodded her reply against him instead. His lips travelled the length of her flushed cheek to press a tender kiss as he chuckled playfully. “Use your words, love.”

“Yes,” she whimpered.

She felt the burn of his smirk against her skin as his fingers picked up their speed and Hermione's breathing became a heavy pant.

“Say that you'll marry me.”

“I already said yes.” Her voice was uneven and shaky with the sharp build of her impending orgasm and the overwhelming magnitude of his presence filling the shower and the air around them with the thick press of his dominance. The slick feel of his rigid abs rippling against her back as he worked her into a frenzy with his talented hands. He was all around her as usual, filling her head with his dizzying scent and crippling her body with his devouring touch.

“I want to hear you say the full sentence before I let you cum.”

What he really meant to say was—*I want to force you into a spoken agreement in the form of pleasure that I will hold back from you if you don't cooperate.* A punishment.

Hermione knew him well enough by now to recognise the sighs of what he was doing but she complied anyway because she never had another choice. Choices were a thing of the past.

“Yes, I will marry you, Malfoy.” She tried hard to keep her voice steady but it trembled despite her effort and that moment had cemented everything. If there were ever any cracks in his plans for her, they had been filled in with those confirming words.

His lips curved upwards from a smirk into his smuggest smile, dripping with victory as he turned her around to face him and continued to rub circles into her clit as he consumed her with his lips and tongue. Hermione shuddered as her clit pulsed with the release of her inner coil, sobbing out her bliss into the warm softness of his mouth.

The rest of the day went by fairly smoothly, her last class was Potions which of course was the perfect situation for Malfoy since he jumped at any chance to be closer to her and stole her for his partner for a second time. He was in an annoyingly good mood since the girl he had been obsessing over for more than a year had agreed to chain herself to him indefinitely.

Hermione felt the eyes of Harry at her back but tried her best to keep her eyes on her task, Ron wouldn't even look in her vicinity. They worked separately around their cauldron and Malfoy's hands strayed much more than they had weeks ago in their first class together. She kept shrugging him off but he was as persistent as ever, holding her thigh under the table and taking every opportunity to squeeze her ass as she walked by. He thought he was hilarious as she glared at him with irritation.

“Playing hard to get, *are you Granger?*”

He was *so* damn handsome that Hermione felt the sudden need to pull him over to her by the front of his shirt and snog him but she also had the burning urge to punch that smirk from his beautiful lips.

“Stop it.”

“Stop what?” He asked, feigning innocence like he could ever do such a thing.

“You know exactly what you're doing, Malfoy. Please don't start yet another fight.”

He rolled his eyes and tucked a wild curl behind her ear. “I just wanna touch *my wife*.”

“I'm not your wife,” she shot back, a little too abruptly. When his eyes sharpened in warning Hermione quickly stumbled to change her reply.

“Yet.”

He smirked deeply at her panic. “Say please and I’ll think about it.”

“Please,” she begged.

“Good girl,” he whispered and those words said in the deep baritone of his voice sent a flutter down to her clit, she squeezed her thighs tight together to quell the sensation. Hermione was constantly plagued with conflicting emotions when it came to him. The way he could bring her to her knees with one word spoken in a certain way was both infuriating and alarming. He sent her a wink and let her go as she went to war with herself. She smiled back in relief that he had actually listened to what she had asked of him for once as he turned back to their potion.

Hermione looked around the room at the eerie sensation of eyes on her to realise they were being watched. Astoria glared at her while Daphne looked awkward. Harry shook his head in disapproval and Ron’s knuckles were white with strain against the work bench. Luna and Neville watched on, not hiding their godsmacked expressions. Theo and Blaise paid their interaction no attention because to them this was nothing and Marcus Flint leered at her from his table with his beady little eyes as usual.

No one had really seen them interact without hostility and arguments so the gentleness of Malfoy’s touch and the ease of her smile was sure to cause some confusion. She brushed it off as she grabbed the jar of lacewing flies, returning back to the matter at hand and trying hard not to look over to her old friends across the room.

It was dinner time in the Great Hall and Hermione was pulled towards the Slytherin table by an eager Malfoy. The Gryffindor table was nearly empty, clearly Harry and Ron had opted to have dinner in the tower which saddened her but she understood that they felt awkward in this new situation, she did too.

The table was filled with loud Slytherins. She sandwiched between Malfoy and Blaise with Daphne on the other side of him and Theo sat opposite her with Astoria, his nose deep in the Daily Prophet.

“Why do you read that thing Theo? You know she’s full of shit don’t you?” Hermione asked as she sipped her pumpkin juice and quirked an eyebrow at him.

Malfoy, Blaise and Daphne snorted in unison, Astoria scowled her ugly scowl as usual and Theo shot her a frown across the table.

“*What do you mean?* This is the best newspaper out there!” He exclaimed, holding it up and shaking it out in front of her face.

Hermione rolled her eyes and Blaise nudged her gently with his elbow. “He has a big fat *crush* on Rita Skita,” he whispered in clarification.

“Eww Theo! Rita Skita, *really?*” she shrieked, scrunching her nose up in revulsion.

Theo dropped his head back in laughter. “What? She’s hot,” he shrugged.

“She’s a *bitch*.”

“She’s not *that* bad.”

“*She’s vile!*” She hissed and slammed her goblet down to emphasise her point.

Theo shrugged again and carried on looking through his newspaper. Hermione picked at her bread roll, Blaise ate his soup and Malfoy swigged whisky from a silver flask as he watched the interaction with amused eyes. He had been drinking a lot more since he came back to Hogwarts, it was a rare occurrence to catch him without a flask in his hand and it concerned her but she wouldn’t bring it up now and cause an argument when the atmosphere was so pleasant.

“Have you seen Pansy?” Hermione heard Astoria whisper to Daphne.

“She’s probably just off playing with another poor and unsuspecting man,” Daphne replied but Astoria didn’t seem convinced.

Hermione didn’t care enough about Pansy to think about her but now that it was mentioned she hadn’t seen her in the Common Room or in their classes for a few days. She took another sip of her juice and her thoughts were quickly distracted as parchment airplanes landed in front of all six of them and around the rest of the room. The sound of paper being unfolded filled the hall as each student opened their letter. It read—

Halloween Disco, Friday October 31st at 8pm in The Great Hall. -Headmaster Severus Snape

Yips of excitement and chatter filled the ancient room and everyone's eyes lit up with the prospect of a party. Halloween was always a fun time of the year and the only joyous occasion there was left in this castle to experience.

"Snape really has a way with words doesn't he," Theo mumbled sarcastically as he read it.

"This is definitely McGonagall's doing," Malfoy said as he crushed his parchment in a fist and threw it at Theo who blinked animatedly as it bounced off his forehead.

"Do you think there will be cake?" Crabbe mumbled through a mouthful of bread, spitting crumbs across the table and making everyone cringe in disgust.

"*Well That's my fucking appetite gone,*" Blaise complained flatly, throwing down his spoon and glaring at him down the bench.

"Close your fucking mouth you *pig*," Malfoy hissed.

"It'll be fun!" Hermione said, ignoring them as she read over the note again, feeling Malfoy's warm hand slide across her thigh under the table as he leant forward.

"Oh *yeah?*" he whispered in her ear. "And what about it will be so *fun?*"

"We get to dress up and dance, *duh.*"

"And what will you be dressing up as?" He asked curiously, eyeing her up and down.

"I have some old black cat ears from a few Halloween's ago that I could use, a black skirt and some heels. *Perfect!*"

He smirked. "Planning on going topless then?"

She rolled her eyes. "Well obviously not Malfoy, I just haven't decided what I'll wear on my top half yet."

He smiled and kissed her cheek, pulling out from her space and going back to his liquid dinner.

"But black cats aren't scary?" Theo questioned with a look of confusion.

Blaise laughed and put a hand on the newspaper in front of Theo to catch his attention. "Mate, the concept of Halloween isn't to be scary anymore, it's all about being sexy."

"But it is acceptable to be sexy *and* scary." Daphne cut in, throwing Blaise a promiscuous wink.

Theo nodded absently, shoving Blaise's hand away and getting distracted by the moving picture of Rita Skita on the page in front of him.

Hermione sat on the sofa in the Slytherin Common Room with her head against Malfoy's chest as he smoked a cigarette above her, the sound of his steady heartbeat lulling her to sleep. He held his cigarette out in front of her lips, she took it, inhaling a deep drag and enjoying the burn it left in her lungs. Before she could release it Malfoy grabbed her face and covered his lips with hers, stealing his offer back from her along with a kiss. He laughed as he pulled away and blew it out across her face. Hermione's stomach twisted into knots when his expression suddenly changed into one of seriousness after a rare playful moment.

She frowned, batting her eyelashes at the oncoming smoke. "What's wrong?"

He lifted his hand to weave his fingers through her hair. "I have something to give you."

He stood and held his hand out to her expectantly, she stubbed out the cigarette and let him pull her into their room, shutting the door and sitting her on the edge of the bed. Her heart pounded as she waited to see what he was doing. She felt nervous whenever she wasn't sure of his next move and when he revealed a sparkling diamond ring from his nightstand Hermione's heart dropped into the floor below.

He crouched down before her and held it in the palm of his hand. "This was my mother's and now it's yours."

Hermione stared down at it in shock, she knew he would want to get a ring on her as fast as he could but she didn't realise it would be this soon. She tried to swallow past the tightness in her throat.

“It’s beautiful.”

“*You* are beautiful. A beautiful ring for a beautiful girl.”

Hermione smiled as she looked at him. His eyes were a mixture of grey and blue, roiling and seemingly battling for dominance, not knowing which emotion to expose to her. He held her hand gently in his and she felt the cold bite of the silver as it passed over her knuckle, fitting snugly on her ring finger.

She instantly felt the permanency of the situation settle into her bones as she looked at the glistening tear drop diamond, very reminiscent of the ones filling her waterline. A single tear rolled down her cheek and Malfoy wiped it away with the pad of his thumb, pulling her chin up to look at him. Her bottom lip quivered as he leant forward and pressed a gentle kiss to it.

She took a deep breath and smiled at him the best she could when he moved back to study her reaction, “Thank you,” she whispered.

“Anything for you, sweetheart. We will be married at midnight.”

The blood drained from her face and her wide eyes shot to his as she took in the words he had just said.

Tonight?!

She tried not to stumble over her next words. “Don’t you want to enjoy being engaged first? We can’t even have a proper wedding here.”

His hand tightened around hers. “I don’t want to wait, I’m marrying you *today*. We will have a proper wedding when we leave here.”

His tone left no room for her to argue. Hermione nodded as she looked back down at the prison sentence on her finger, feeling it squeeze tighter and tighter the longer she wore it.

“Snape will be here at half eleven tonight.”

11:50pm

Hermione heard Snape and Malfoy talking in hushed voices in the Common Room.

Her heart was pounding in her ears as she pulled on a simple baby pink dress, white lace stockings that matched her white lingerie and white stilettos. Malfoy had picked them out himself. Her hair was charmed in thick waves that she had pulled over one shoulder. Her hands were shaking as she applied her cherry lip gloss.

She looked at her reflection, into the amber flames of her eyes and tried with all her might to promise herself that she would *not* let him extinguish that light. That she would not lose herself completely. It was hard to do when he was *everywhere* and so completely suffocating. But Hermione had to try. She could not allow him to bend and mould her into his own perfect shape.

Their bedroom door was thrown open, letting her know that it was *time*.

The Common Room was transformed, it was filled with hundreds of flaming white candles, illuminating the room in a soft orange glow. The cold pale light of the full moon beyond the black lake cut through the water like a spotlight, giving the center of the room an eerie feel amongst the warmth. It was a perfect representation of them—cold and warmth existing in the same space, fitting around each other despite the odds.

The coffee table in the center of the room had been removed and so that was where they stood hand in hand, facing each other. The weird balance of light reflected through the crystal droplets in the chandelier above them, casting tiny bitter rainbows across the stone at their feet.

Malfoy was formidable, wearing pressed slacks and a black shirt, standing tall and intimidating in all back with his shiny silver jewellery in place, his hair glowing pure white under the influence of the moon. His delicious leathery scent that was undeniably *him*, clouded her judgement as it surrounded her, intensified by the heat of the room.

Hermione’s hands trembled and Malfoy tightened his grip to keep them steady. Theo and Blaise stood off to the side watching and Snape stepped forward.

“With this incantation your souls will be bound for life. Your magic will be tied and you will be linked together in this life and the next as husband and wife,” Snape told them in his flat tone. His face was long and emotionless as he looked between them.

Hermione tried to slow her rampant breathing but it was coming out of her unrestrained in shallow pants that she couldn't hide and Malfoy's lip twitched with the threat of a patronising smirk. As the spell was performed there were no vows of *love* and *affection*, the mesmerising shade of blue in Malfoy's eyes said everything as they held her ambers in a possessive embrace, anchoring her to this moment. He was *happy*.

As Snape uttered the words, shimmering ropes of gold left the tip of his wand to slither and entwine around their joined hands, pulling taut against their skin. She felt the warm tingle of her magic and the sharp coldness of his as they twisted and merged together, crossing paths from one body to the other.

The silver band on his ring finger—the one he had told her was his fathers flashed red hot as the white gold diamond on her finger did the same, making her hiss but his face remained stoic as if he didn't feel the burn at all. The ring tightened and hugged her finger like it had always belonged there, like it was *inevitable*. Like it would never allow her to be separated from it and Hermione felt her face frowning in confusion as the strange sensation passed through her like the brush of hot oil against her skin, something twisting deeply inside her.

Malfoy watched her closely as her world shrank until he was the only thing she could see. She watched as the golden ropes broke apart into threads that melted into their skin and fizzled out into nothing, she knew then that the spell was complete and her fate had been set.

Hermione felt the letters of her last name diminish, bending and melding into something new, something inescapable. She felt the flush in her veins, the heavy wave of a different life. They were connected together for the rest of their days and beyond and her life would never be her own again.

Malfoy stepped closer and lifted her chin, stealing a greedy kiss and grabbing a handful of her curls as he whispered against her trembling flesh—“Your lips taste like *poison*.”

Snape gave Malfoy a curt nod and left the room without a word. A hot tear slipped from the corner of her eye and Malfoy caught it with the wet tip of his tongue. The veil had been lifted and here he stood in all of his cruel glory.

“You are finally *all mine*.”

The loud pop of a cork made her jump as Malfoy opened champagne, pouring glasses and offering them around the room to the two Slytherins that remained. A crystal flute was pressed into her hand and Hermione drank, the bitter bubbles filling her mouth and popping against her tongue.

Icy champagne, the taste of her *forever*.

Theo and Blaise congratulated them but Hermione could hardly hear it. Her ears were filled with static as she went through the motions, numb. The flute slipped from her fingers as Malfoy lifted her weightless body from the floor bridal style and carried her to their room. The flames from the candles were blurry as she looked at them through her tears. A group of orange smudges with watery edges, sitting happily in their world of existence as she was ripped from her own.

And just like Persephone, she was pulled from a life of light and flowers and condemned to the underworld, where nothing but darkness and death resides within the cruel hands of Hades.

He laid her down on the bed and took her heels between his hands, slipping them from her aching feet, her curls lay spread around her head on the silk pillow beneath her. The dress he had picked out for her was slipped from her body with ease by eager fingers, his hands worshipping the white lace she was wrapped in as they ghosted across every inch of her skin, sending shivers down every nerve.

His hot and hooded eyes wandered over her from head to toe as his teeth pierced the skin of his bottom lip and Hermione watched, fixated at the way it snapped back into place when he slowly released it.

“I'm your husband now, baby. I want your virginity, I want *all* of you,” he whispered as his thumbs slipped under the band of her knickers.

Her hands found his wrists quickly. “Please Malfoy *don't*, not yet.”

Bright blue began to bleed into sharp grey. “*Please*,” she repeated, her eyes pleading, begging.

His fingers left the elastic as he sat back on his heels, frustrated. “I will give you *one* more day *Hermione*, that's it. I won't wait to have you any longer than that.”

The sound of her first name rolling so sweetly from his tongue immediately sent shivers deep into her bones and she wanted to ask him to say it again. The way his lips had shaped the letters was beautiful, even in their bittersweet moment.

He pulled off his slacks and boxers and straddled her chest, his heavy, hard cock pressing firmly against her bottom lip and Hermione couldn't resist swiping the tip of it with her tongue as she took his girth into her hands. Malfoy let out a choked moan as he watched her, his arms slamming into the headboard.

"What did you do to the rings?"

His smirk was wide and his eyes sparkled with dark spite. "It's just my own little spell baby, you will *feel* exactly what it does when our marriage is solidified further."

Hermione felt her body burn hot with the fear of what that meant. "You're going to ruin me aren't you?" She asked against his skin.

"Yes." His eyes drilled into her from above, intense and zeroed in on her only. "Does that *scare* you?"

Hermione swallowed hard and her voice trembled as she spoke. "Yes."

"Good," he whispered as he brought a hand back down to stroke a thumb across the diamond prison wrapped around his length.

"It should."

As Malfoy slid the rest of his cock deep into her mouth and forced himself to the back of her throat, Hermione knew without a shadow of a doubt that she had not married a man..

She was married to the devil.



Chapter End Notes

Hermione's engagement ring, incase anyone was curious! Thank you for the suggestion @rmt135 ;)

Chapter 20: Something Wicked This Way Comes

Chapter Summary

By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes.
-William Shakespeare

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -
Nothing Else Matters by Metallica
Something Wicked This Way Comes by James Warburton, Diana Haunts
Heads Will Roll by Yeah Yeah Yeahs
Love Drug by Lady Gaga
Bathroom by Montell Fish
Bloody Mary by Lady Gaga
Disturbia by Rihanna
Shadow Of A Man by Lady Gaga
Thriller by Michael Jackson
Abracadabra by Lady Gaga
Taste by Ari Abdul
Me & Who? By Mack Lorén

I wanted to create a fun atmosphere for this party and Lady Gaga did it for me ;)

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=zEUAC1cRSHGsXCbUg8Of-Q&pi=3Tr2-J6sTB6hk>



HERMIONE

Friday, October 31st 1998

Classes were cut short to allow time for everyone to get ready for the Halloween Disco. Malfoy was out in the Common Room with Blaise, Theo and the rest of the Slytherins getting wasted. She could smell the cigarette smoke from under the spray in the shower. She washed her hair and shaved her legs, indulging herself in the steamy oasis.

She had locked the bedroom door, afraid that Malfoy would ambush her in the shower as was his usual motive. She knew he could unlock it with a simple charm but she was hoping he wouldn't and he didn't, too busy with his whisky.

Her outfit was laid out on the bed waiting for her, a black mesh crop top with a matching black lace bralette and knickers to go under a short black pleated skirt and fishnet tights topped off with thigh high heeled boots and her cat ear headband. She felt good about her choice and knew that it would drive Malfoy absolutely mad which she couldn't wait to see if she was being honest with herself. Getting him all hot and bothered was a fun but *dangerous* game.

Hermione took another look at her ring and watched the way it glistened in the flickering light of the fire. It was beautiful and this was her first day as Mrs Malfoy. The thought made her stomach flip. Now that the weight of the ring had settled, she felt slightly more positive about the situation, oddly.

It was 6pm and the sky had been thick with black clouds hanging heavily above the black lake all day, a perfectly ominous setting for Halloween. The Great Hall had been set up for a Halloween feast earlier on and the whole school had taken advantage of it for dinner. Everyone was in a good mood, excited for the festivities and the morale was high for the first time this year.

Hermione pulled up her tights and stepped into her boots, making sure her hair was perfectly curled and her lips were freshly glossed. She added mascara and a dusting of blush. She pulled out her vanilla perfume, a match to her shower gel that she only used on special occasions and spritzed some generously across her neck and in her hair, tucking her wand into her skirt to finish off the look. Hermione took a good look at herself in the mirror and was happy with what she saw reflected back at her.

Her legs were smooth under her fishnets, her skirt accentuated her curvy hips, her bralette made her breasts look amazing and her crop top sat perfectly just above her navel, showing off a slither of her toned stomach. Her hair was wild and curly, just how Malfoy liked it.

She opened the heavy wooden door and stepped out into the warm Common Room. The fireplace was roaring with high flames and the strong scent of whisky and smoke made her eyes water. Malfoy noticed her first of course, his eyes were always naturally drawn to her whenever she entered a room.

He sat tall and proud in his armchair in a sharp black suit and shined shoes, his handsome face decorated in black and white, a beautiful painted skull. His blonde hair had been slicked black and a single strand had escaped, hanging perfectly over his piercing eyes which looked an even sharper shade of silver through the paint.

He looked *menacing*.

His eyes connected with hers and his jaw dropped. After a few minutes of silent appreciation, his knuckles met his teeth as he bit down on them, projecting his desire for her in her outfit.

Theo, Crabbe, Goyle and Marcus turned their heads in her direction from where they sat on the sofa next to Astoria and Tracey Davis. Theo choked on his whisky at the sight of her, Malfoy shot him a sharp look and Theo shrank back in his seat quickly, the rest of the Slytherins hilariously trying desperately to drag their eyes away in fear that Malfoy would catch them ogling her.

Blaise was trying very hard to not let his eyes wander with Daphne in his lap and Hermione smirked. She crossed her arms and leant her body against the door frame as she looked at them all, waiting for someone to say something. She knew she looked good, she felt good and it was fun to flaunt it. If Malfoy wasn't such a possessive asshole she would have been tempted to tease him a little just to rattle his jealousy.

Astoria glared at her with silent envy and Daphne gave her a small smile. "You look amazing Granger."

"Thank you, Daphne. So do you!"

Tracey looked at her in awe. They were all dressed as slutty school girls.. *go figure*. All three of their eyes dropped down to the twinkling rock on her finger and Hermione felt a surge of satisfaction as she looked down at it and wiggled her fingers in acknowledgment.

Malfoy stood and swaggered over to her in a few large strides. He placed a hand on the doorframe above her head and buried his nose into her neck, his other hand landing firmly on her hip and pulling her towards him sharply. His body language said it all—*Mine*.

"You look and smell fucking delicious."

His words were raspy and his eyes were starting to bleed a deep shade of black the longer he stared at her. He looked her up and down, soaking in the shape of her breasts in her bralette and groaned, licking his lips provocatively. Hermione felt her insides tingle with his eager attentions.

"Thank you."

“So delicious in fact, I think we should skip out on the festivities and stay here,” he purred as his heated eyes continued to rove over the length of her body, drinking in every curve. His tongue absentmindedly dragged slowly across his bottom teeth as he got lost in his fixation, he looked hungry enough to *eat* her.

She smirked and straightened herself, pushing past him and leaving him in his trance against the doorframe. “And waste this outfit? *No way!*” She exclaimed as she took a seat on his armchair, knowing exactly what his next move would be.

Malfoy smirked across the room at her and arched a brow. “Whisky?”

“Please.”

Since the boys drank so much of it and she occasionally stole sips from their glasses she had gotten used to the taste and didn’t mind the burn anymore. She watched him walk over to the bar cart with a vast amount of cocky confidence and looking back at her every step of the way in case she somehow disappeared into thin air, keeping an eye on the other males in the room at the same time. She could feel his need for control in the way his eyes moved over them all, making sure no one lingered too long on his property. His *wife*.

She took a moment to appreciate the wide expanse of his back in his pristine black suit, the way it was cut perfectly to his shape and the way his hair was so white and beautiful in its slicked back style. His large veiny hands worked quickly to pour her a drink as the sound of his rings clinked against the glass.

Ice and whisky filled the crystal, he handed it to her and lifted her into his arms, sitting her on his lap, as usual—marking his territory. Hermione moved so her back was against the armrest with her legs over his thighs so she didn’t flash her underwear in her short skirt.

Malfoy’s warm hand settled around her waist, pulling her closer, his other one offered her a cigarette that she accepted. He was tipsy and his eyes were heavy and hooded, they never left her. They watched each other as they kept their hands busy with smoke and whiskey and it was like they were the only two in the room. It was like his body could relax when he was touching hers and it was both endearing and suffocating at the same time.

His eyes flickered down briefly to the ring on her finger and his smirk was wicked. Smug. Like he had won the best prize of all and it was *his* to flaunt around to the other tongue wagging males in the castle. Gloating at the fact that she chose *him* but was it ever really a choice? Hermione couldn’t say that it was all just *his* influence though, Malfoy was an enigma she wanted to solve, as was her nature.

Theo cleared his throat. “So, erm.. is everyone looking forward to tonight?” His voice was nervous and awkward and Hermione felt bad for wanting to laugh at his unease.

She broke eye contact with Malfoy to look over at Theo. “Very much so. Halloween is my favourite holiday and it will be nice to go to a party in the castle without being drugged for once,” she said firmly as she threw a pointed glance back at the skull with a smug face and then back at the boys across the room.

“Will there be cake though, do you reckon?” Crabbe asked as he eyed the room, looking for someone to share in his enthusiasm.

“Will you *shut the fuck up* about food, tell your oversized gut to have a day off,” Malfoy snapped.

Theo snorted loudly and it was then that she realised he was appropriately dressed as a zombie, ripped shirt and black slacks, blood and gore covering every inch of him. Blaise was a little more sexy in a red silk shirt and pressed slacks, he had charmed his eyes a red colour and added a dribble of fake blood at the edge of his mouth, a very realistic vampire.

“You two look very dashing,” she observed as she winked at them both and the hand around her waist tightened instantly. *Jealousy*.

“I look dashing, Theo looks dead,” Blaise joked, making Daphne giggle.

“That’s the whole point of Halloween bro!” Theo shot back, throwing his hands up in exasperation.

Blaise rolled his eyes in reply.

Crabbe and Goyle were wearing their usual attire, baggy stained slacks and untucked shirts putting in no effort whatsoever, they were only going for the sweets. Marcus Flint was dressed head to toe in Slytherin green Quidditch gear, not exactly Halloween attire but it was better than nothing, she supposed.

He noticed her studying him and smirked at her from behind his glass, Malfoy caught on as soon as his eyes locked with hers, like he felt it through her skin.

“Flint, keep your *fucking* eyes to yourself before I rip them from your skull and make you *eat* them,” he barked.

“Jesus Malfoy,” Hermione breathed, irked by his promises of violence.

Flint said nothing and quickly switched his leering attention elsewhere onto the other unfortunate girls in the room. Hermione smoked the rest of her cigarette and passed it to Malfoy to dispose of in the ashtray. She took a sip of whisky as she traced a lazy hand along the line of his sharp jaw, down to the base of his throat where she could feel his pulse fluttering wildly under her fingertips. He physically shivered, his eyes tracing the curves of her face as he leant forward for a kiss, his lips brushed across hers gently and she could taste him as she flattened her hand to his chest in a gesture to stop him from going any further. Time stood still as they breathed their need into each others mouths, the taste of his lust sitting heavily on her tongue.

“Don’t ruin my make-up before the night has even begun.”

He huffed out a cocky breath. “I’ll be ruining much more than just your make-up by the end of the night baby, *trust me*.”

She rolled her eyes at him and he flicked one of her cat ears and winked.

“*Meow*.”

She snorted and went back to the glass in her hand. She spent the next hour in the same fashion, smoking, drinking and being eye fucked by her husband.

Malfoy had a firm grip on her hand as the group of them walked through the castle. There was a storm brewing outside and the wind sounded like ghostly cries as it whistled through the castle. Fat drops of rain whipped harshly against the window panes. Four sets of heels echoed around them as they walked and she squeezed Malfoy’s hand tighter at the eerie feeling, he smirked because of course he would. He could smell fear like a shark could smell blood from three hundred metres away.

The inside of The Great Hall was flooded with the sweet tooth rotting scents of candied apples and popcorn. It was cast in a dark purple and green light and pumpkins hung from the ceiling, each one with a different creepy carving on its face. There was a layer of fog that hung a few inches from the ground, so thick that she couldn’t see her own heeled feet.

Acromantulas scaled the walls and the two long tables on either side of the room held food and drinks of every variety. There were bowls filled with toffees and sweets, liquorice wands, cauldron cakes and chocolate frogs. Treacle tart, Pumpkin pie and apple strudels. A bowl of fruit punch sat on the other table in a large crystal bowl, ice and strawberries floating around on the surface. Butterbeers and pumpkin juice in pretty bottles dotted neatly around it.

Hermione looked around in awe as she took it all in. She knew this was absolutely not Snape's doing and it was indeed all McGonagall's idea who she could see mingling with other students and a few professors, no Snape in sight. The stage was set at the front of the hall where Dean was DJing, playing an assortment of muggle music that Hermione appreciated. The room was already boiling from the heat of all the bodies that filled the space.

Hermione spotted Harry and Ron across the room standing with a few of the Gryffindors. The former two hadn’t dressed up of course, she knew they wouldn’t but Luna looked amazing in her siren costume with an awkward looking Neville next to her dressed as a giant Mandrake.

Hermione turned to Malfoy and had to shout into his ear to be heard over the music. “I’m going over to speak to Harry.”

She was about to pull away but Malfoy kept his death grip on her hand and yanked her back into his chest, pressing a wet kiss to her lips and taking her bottom lip between his teeth.

“Come *straight* back.”

She looked at him stunned for a second over the unexpected public kiss and then rolled her eyes as she snatched her hand back out of his. Hermione walked over to the small group and Harry gave her a bright smile as she approached.

“Nice costume,” he mumbled and then narrowed his eyes on her. “Although you do have some black smudges around your mouth, is that supposed to be there?” He questioned as he pointed to it.

Shit. “Erm no, it’s not,” Hermione said quickly as she grabbed a napkin from the table and wiped her lips clean.

Damn you Malfoy.

Ron stood next to Harry as still as stone. “Hi, Ron,” she said gently, trying to keep things civil between them even though she knew she had really hurt him.

“Hi,” he replied bluntly.

Luna stepped forward and touched her fingers to the cat ears on Hermione's head. “These are lovely.”

Hermione smiled. “Thanks Luna, I love your dress.”

“Thank you, I made it myself.”

“Wow, that’s amazing,” she said in astonishment and Luna smiled wide at the compliment.

“It’s nice to see you, Neville.”

He scratched the back of his neck awkwardly, he didn’t really look like he wanted to be there, more like Luna had dragged him along and forced him into that hideous costume.

“Yeah you too, Hermione.”

It was very clear that none of them knew how to speak to her now that she had basically betrayed them by living with the Slytherins. It was silent for a few minutes before Hermione built up enough courage to pull a reluctant Ron aside.

“Look Ron, I’m really sorry about the other day I’ve just had so much going on and I—“

“Yeah, you’re not the only one,” he snapped.

Hermione frowned in confusion. “What’s going on?”

He took a deep breath and Hermione could see the tears shining under the lights in his blue eyes. “My mum is dying, Mione.”

Hermione’s stomach dropped as she watched a tear fall down his freckled face. “*What?*”

“She’s not well, she’s been at St. Mungo’s for months and no one can figure it out. The Medi Witches don’t know what they’re bloody doing and everything is a mess.”

Hermione lifted a hand to her mouth in shock as she analyzed his sorrowful face. “I’m *so* sorry Ron, I didn’t know, if you would have just told me I—“

“You *what* Mione? Don’t pretend like anything would have been different, you’ve got your own life now. I didn’t tell anyone but Harry, that’s why I’ve not been around much lately and that’s why Ginny isn’t here either.”

“Oh I thought Ginny didn’t want to be here because of the death eaters.”

He shook his head. “Nah, we’ve just been going back and forth to the hospital so often that it’s been hard to be around so she decided to stay back and look after mum. Fred and George are useless in these kinds of situations, they don’t know what to do and dad’s an absolute wreck.”

Hermione felt disgusting guilty as she stepped forward and took him into a hug, his hesitant arms finally slid around her after a few seconds and hugged her back. She squeezed him and she could feel the heat of fuming eyes drilling into her back from across the room but in this sensitive moment she didn’t care. She knew he would have been watching her every move. A little tug on her chains to remind her that he was there as if she could ever forget. She could smell the now familiar burn of his fumes as his magic tugged at hers to return to him, her ring pulsing red hot against her finger.

As she pulled back she looked into Ron’s red rimmed eyes with sincerity. “If there’s anything you need *please*, let me know.”

He gave her a small placating smile. “Better head back.” He nodded his head towards Harry who stood looking between them curiously.

She nodded. “Yeah, of course.”

She watched as Ron walked away before heading back to her insistent Slytherin husband. It was surprising that no one had noticed the huge diamond on her finger but it was quite dark in here and Hermione was grateful that she could save that conversation for *another* day.

Poor Ron, she felt awful for him but she knew there wasn’t much she could do. Their friendship wasn’t the same as it once was, she grew away from them and closer to Malfoy instead and by extension, the Slytherins. What they once shared was actively crumbling into neglected dust.

“What the fuck was that about?” Malfoy hissed as she reached him. The pressure in her chest released the closer she got.

“Nothing, Ron was upset so I gave him a hug. It’s really not a big deal,” she said dismissively, shrugging her shoulders.

He grunted his displeasure and pulled her closer, staking his claim. His face got lost in her neck again, sucking in the scent of his favourite sweet vanilla.

“Damn Granger you *really* do smell good enough to eat and as soon as we get out of here that’s exactly what I intend to do and *more*.”

She laughed at his brashness as he raised his head, taking stock of the room and upon noticing the roaming eyes he stood possessively in front of her, his wide shoulders blocking her body from view. She had caught the attention of many of the men around the room and it was *very* clear how much Malfoy despised it. His eyes were like sharpened knives, waiting to slice through anyone who dared to get too close.

Astoria abruptly stomped over to them with her arms crossed. “Where the *fuck* is Pansy? She never would have missed a party!”

Malfoy sneered as he spat his words at her coldly. “How the fuck should I know? I’m not her fucking keeper. I don’t know and I don’t care. *Go away*.”

She slammed her heel into the floor in frustration and Daphne yanked her away, giving them a silent apology with her eyes. Theo and Blaise stood against a wall talking with a few other Slytherins and drinking from silver flasks, none the wiser. Hermione could see Crabbe who was knee deep in the cake he so *desperately* rambled on about.

Hermione pulled on Malfoy’s unmovable arm, begging him to dance, he gave her some comical looks before he finally gave in when she fluttered her lashes and pouted her glossy bottom lip at him.

She pulled him into the middle of the dance floor and his hands instantly glued themselves to her hips as she moved to the music. The floor was packed with dancing bodies and Hermione got lost in the joy of it all. The music was loud and the fog was thick, the sweet nostalgic smell in the air making her feel happy. Faint claps of thunder and the hammering of rain could be heard over the music and the arched windows beamed with bolts of lightning every now and then as the storm got stronger. It really added to the atmosphere, as if the sky itself was preparing for something.

She slipped nimble fingers into Malfoy’s pocket to where she knew he had a flask of whisky and took a generous sip as his lusty eyes followed her every movement meticulously.

She rolled and ground her body against him and his hands moved from her hips to cup her ass through her skirt, squeezing hard as he mirrored the fluidity of her body.

“You’re hard,” she told him, pressing the words slowly into his ear.

He smirked. “Well whose fault is that?”

“I think it might be mine,” she laughed as she slipped the flask back where she had found it and draped her arms around his neck for leverage as she brought his paint smudged mouth down to meet hers in a passionate kiss, not caring about who was watching them. Her insides were warm and fuzzy and she was enjoying the feeling. He tasted like mint, whisky and face paint and in that heightened moment he could have tasted like arsenic and she would have still sucked the desire from his lips.

Malfoy’s hot tongue slipped into her mouth as he slammed her body closer to his and rolled his hard length against her stomach. He held her tight as they continued to snog and sway to the music, in their own world and completely lost in the irresistible pull of each other.

He bit her bottom lip gently as they both pulled back for air and it was then that Malfoy noticed just *how* many eyes she had attracted. His hands squeezed her cheeks to the point of pain and Hermione winced. That terrifying acid that signified danger was beginning to vaporise around him.

“*Easy*,” she soothed as she watched his eyes change into the solid dark grey she was afraid of.

“Everyone in this room is eye fucking you,” he seethed through clenched teeth.

“*So?* let them look, they all know I’m here with you,” she said as she tried to pull his face back to hers.

He was set on staring everyone down despite her effort to reassure him and Hermione was getting annoyed. She huffed and dropped her hands from his neck, making a beeline over to the table where she spotted sugar quills, her favourite.

He stalked behind her, throwing daggers at every man in the room. “What is wrong with you now? Why can’t you just let other people do what they wanna do? At least they’re not touching me,” she growled as she turned to face him, unwrapping the sweet.

“Yeah and you better hope they never do or this school will be a fucking grave yard,” he warned.

She rolled her eyes as she slipped the sweet between her lips, staining her tongue a sugary blue. The muscles in Malfoy's jaw ticked as he watched her. She purposely licked the length of it with the flat of her tongue, seductively sliding it against her bottom lip just to get a rise out of him and it was *working*.

"Stop fucking doing that," he snapped but his body betrayed him when he couldn't pull his eyes away from her.

"Doing *what*?" she asked innocently, smirking as she pushed the entire lolly slowly into her mouth while holding his fixated eye contact. He watched her for a few more seconds before blinking a few times, coming back to himself. He ripped it from between her lips and threw it far across the room, his chest heaving with his slipping control.

"Stop playing fucking games with me Granger. *You won't win.*"

Hermione's body burned with rage as she frowned at him. He could not have a simple night of fun without ruining it with his jealousy. She turned her head away from him to look around the hall, spotting Cormac watching her from across the dance floor, she smirked to herself. She would probably regret it tomorrow but in this moment she really didn't give a fuck.

She wiped her sticky lip with her thumb as she cocked a sharp brow back at Malfoy, her eyes alight with spiteful mischief. She said nothing as she turned and began to strut towards danger.

She took two steps before a wall of hard muscle appeared in front of her. "Where the fuck are you going?" he hissed as a white flash of lightning lit up his handsome, pissed off face. His strong jaw was tight and sharp, his eyes were threatening as they marred her skin with his anger.

She looked back at him with dark disdain. "Somewhere you're *not*."

"Is that what you think?" He growled.

"That's what I know!" She spat.

"I don't think so, *Princess*. You're coming with me."

And with that he threw her petite frame roughly over his broad shoulder and slapped her ass hard as he carried her kicking and screaming from The Great Hall.

Chapter 21: Divine Violence

Chapter Summary

Tell them you weren't hungry, tell them you followed the pomegranate seeds because they taste like blood, like love.
-Pauline Albanese

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -
Can't Help Falling In Love DARK by Tommee Profitt, Brooke
Me and the Devil by Soap&Skin
Red Sex(Re-Strung) by Vessel, Rakhi Singh
Love Is Violence by Aaryan Shah
How Could You by Jessie Murph
Spiracle by Flower Face <—
Porcelain by Faouzia <—

If you only ever listen to two of my song recs PLEASE let it be the two I've pointed out, they are literally the Limerence theme songs. 💔

L I M E R E N C E playlist - https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=FXEq57sdRd6Un_lM9hx3gw&pi=t-BjQCMQSD-KX

Wow, this chapter 😞 I can't stress how traumatic this is, I will leave the TWs at the end to avoid spoilers. I am proud of this one but also nervous lol, it was a hard one to write and I hope I did it justice.

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



HERMIONE

Friday, October 31st 1998

“What the fuck is wrong with you?!” Hermione shrieked as Malfoy released her from his shoulder and locked their bedroom door behind them, slipping off his shoes.

“Do you want a fucking list?” He shouted back.

“Why do you have to be such a prick? I was having a good time!”

“*Yeah?* Well too fucking bad, you should’ve known what it does to me when you challenge me.”

“Everything I fucking do challenges you Malfoy! You let your jealousy get the better of you every single time.”

“That’s who I am, Granger. I’m possessive, I’m fucking jealous and I won’t apologise for being territorial over my fucking *wife*,” he hissed.

“You were territorial before I was your wife!”

“You were still mine no matter what.” He pulled his suit jacket off and threw it onto the chaise, keeping his eyes on her. She shot him a sharp glare and paced the room as he stood protectively in front of the door, having no intentions of letting her leave.

“The angrier you get the harder my cock gets and you will fucking take it *tonight*, sweetheart.”

His voice was a low vicious growl as he unbuttoned his shirt and slipped it from his shoulders, leaving nothing but his silver chain and a bare chest chiseled from the coldest of stone. His razor edges were just daring you to come closer and prick your fingers on their beauty.

Hermione looked at him with disgust. “If you think you’re having anything from me after your behaviour tonight then you’re *very* fucking mistaken.”

He cocked his head slowly to the side, studying her closely and Hermione wanted to shrink back with discomfort at the calculating expression he wore. She watched the threat that bounced around in the grey slate of his eyes and it *terrified* her.

“Who’s gonna stop me?” he whispered softly.

What uneased Hermione the most was the way his voice and expression didn’t match. His demeanour was one of nightmares while speaking in the soft melodic tones of an angel, looking at her with brutal monstrosity as silk dripped from his lips with practiced ease. Hermione’s pulse raced as the palms of her hands began to sweat. This side of him was the one she feared most. The cold, nefarious, cynical side of him that chilled her to the bone. The side that had killed Dumbledore and had worsened in Azkaban. The side that hungered for blood and destruction like a hound.

She swallowed hard, her legs wobbling as she made a weak dash for the door but Malfoy had tackled her to the floor before she could reach it. The back of her head hit the wood as he pulled a switchblade from the pocket of his slacks and the devastating sound of ripped cotton filled her ears. Her skin prickled with exposure as he tore away her clothing like something possessed. Her boots were pulled off and tossed across the room, her tights split between his hungry fingers.

“*Get off me!*” She screamed as she tried to push him away, slapping at any part of him she could reach. Malfoy wordlessly silenced the room and she felt any small chance of help fade away into nothing but the sounds of his harsh breathing above her.

Hermione grit her teeth as he cut the underwear away from her body and spread her unwilling thighs wide open with rough hands. In the seconds he took to leer at her naked center she had managed to rip the knife from his fingers, catching him unaware and plunged it into the cage surrounding her, the first thing she could reach, his bicep. It cut through his muscle like butter and he hissed in pain as the wound gushed with thick rivulets of crimson, subjecting herself to his nasty slits of malevolence as they pinned her to the floor in his rage.

“Was that supposed to *hurt* me, baby?” He mocked as he flexed his muscles to purposely force more ichor from the gash. Hermione’s shaky hands dropped the knife and he gladly scooped it up.

“*Incarcerous.*”

Thick porous ropes twisted around her wrists, pulling tight and securing her in place to the floor with an added sticking charm. She felt the burn of a blade as it sliced through the thin flesh covering the left side of her ribs. A pained scream was ripped from the depths of her throat and her jaw popped with the strength of it, her teeth on the cusp of cracking as she bit down on nothing, kicking her legs out in powerless agony.

The letters *D L M* were carved into her skin to forever mark her like a brand on cattle. She felt the hot trickle of blood as it departed from her body like it no longer wanted any part in her fucked up life. Salted misery slipped from her eyes and onto the floor beneath her, soaking into the wood cutting into her back.

“In case you were wondering on my choice of placement, I marked the cage of your lungs to remind you that every breath you fucking take is *mine*,” he spat. She felt the hot slick of him as he glided painfully across the freshly butchered letters he had cut into her, gathering her blood on his tongue and burning her with the heat of his mouth.

“*I fucking hate you,*” she managed to hiss through the thickness of her pain.

“Good. Hate me, love me. It doesn’t matter. But you *will* fuck me. Your little pussy *will* take me and I will *fuck* all of my frustrations out on you like fucking therapy. I will mark my fucking *territory*.”

He threw the knife to the other side of the room, it clattered as it hit the floor, rolling around in a toxic puddle of their mixed blood. A mudblood and a pureblood sullyng each other, *destroying* each other. His spiteful hands went from cutting through her flesh to caressing her with suffocating and intrusive fingers that claimed every inch of her. He was everywhere, she could him on her insides, crawling under her skin.

He was like Jekyll and Hyde. Draco Malfoy and the reaper. A devil. A vicious serpent. All the worst, most diabolical things rolled up into one beautiful man with eyes that brought her to her knees every time. He was a shattering dichotomy. Repulsively animalistic. Everything he represented was on the darker, more sinister side of human nature. He posed a threat to everyone around him and most of all her. He was the biggest source of fear and anxiety.

Her legs were spread as far as they could go, held by another torturous sticking charm that fixed the bottoms of her feet to the floor. The second he had her in place he was quick to dip his face between them, not wasting any time. She tried to pull her knees shut but he wedged himself forcefully between them, his wet tongue slithering over her clit greedily. He didn’t let up until she had no choice but to cum into his mouth, her thighs shaking in both unwanted gratification and anger. Her hands clenched tightly together in the ropes as she cried out in forced pleasure.

His lust and ownership of her was truly petrifying and she knew this day had been building up for a long time but her brain still couldn’t connect the dots to what was happening even though she knew this was who he was and she had given into that. He could be gentle and loving but that was *nothing* but a stale sugary coating. Hermione’s heart broke at the reality that she would never truly get the version of him she was fooled into falling in love with. He was nothing but a pretty *trap*.

His fingers bit into her and left bruises with every inch he touched, her thighs dented with teeth marks as he scarred her with bites of entitlement.

Hermione tried to twist and turn in her binds. “Get the fuck away from me, Malfoy.” Her voice was small and hollow with the conflicting feelings of pain and pleasure. It was hard for her to breathe through the wound he had created that split wider with every rise of her chest.

He grabbed a handful of her curls, forcing her back to arch from the wood. His teeth were bared as he hissed at her. “Not a chance, I want your perfect fucking *virgin* pussy.”

“No!” She screamed as she tried to scramble.

No.

No.

Hermione’s tears fell faster at the cold look she could see through the black and white painted skull that was meant to represent something fun and now would haunt her forever. Any trace of the Malfoy she knew was gone and all that was left was a brutal sadist. Her stomach and breasts were slick with sweat and the blood she had sapped from his body with the switchblade. It was hot and suffocating as it covered her skin in a thick sticky blanket.

“Please Malfoy, *stop this*, if you have any feelings for me at all you will stop!” she sobbed, saying anything in her desperation as she thrashed, looking at him with hurt and pleading in her watery eyes, hoping it would spark some small part of his humanity. *It didn’t*. Her fingers were numb from the lack of circulation after being tied above her head.

“*Feelings?* What I feel for you is stronger than that, I love you. *Beg* all you want, Hermione. I enjoy it but it won’t change a fucking thing. No one can hear you.”

Love.

His hand pinned down onto her hip bone, she heard the loud and daunting flick of metal and then a zipper. He pushed his slacks down to his knees and edged closer to her entrance, the heat of his skin burning hers. She tried to squirm away but she was pinned and he smirked maliciously down at her because he *knew*. This was what he had wanted all along and he finally had her on a silver platter, defenceless and ready for the taking.

“Please, *please don’t!*” she begged as she continued her pointless struggle. Fear eating away at every nerve as the inevitable got closer.

She felt him slap the sticky, swollen head of his cock to her sensitive clit, making her flinch. It was a patronizing move, letting her know without words that he could take his time and make this last as long as he desired because she had no place to go, everything he did was premeditated and with reason. He watched her closely, his eyes flicking across her face, looking very much like the predator he was as he sheathed himself inside her with so much force, so much *hungry desperation* that she felt her

insides catch on fire, her walls being stretched and forced wide open to fit him and mould to his shape. The only shape her walls *had* ever and *would* ever hold.

He sucked in a sharp inhale as he bottomed out and she wailed in more pain as she felt the thin skin of her virginity split and the smug euphoric look on his face told her that he did too, smiling as he collected his reward and the last piece of her that she had left to give. He ignored the physical and mental anguish that was written all over her face as she twisted and turned in discomfort beneath him. Choking under the weight of his heavy chains and on the blood gathering in the back her throat from her torn vocal cords.

It felt like he was ripping her in half and her tortured cries landed on deaf ears, floating up to the ceiling to be heard by no one. The heavy weight of his body was crushing agony, he had her pinned under him and his eyes bloomed into terrifying voids of black, maddened by his lust. His thirst for her was palpable in the room, she could taste it in the dwindling oxygen around them. Her engagement ring danced with the flames from the fireplace in its trapped position above her and it was a sickening contradiction that something could sparkle so pretty in a moment tarnished with ruin.

From a birds eye view this could be a normal romantic scene, a couple lying together, licked by the warm glow of firelight but the harsh reality was something different entirely. She was being brutally raped on the floorboards in front of the fire.. *by her husband.*

Her eyes were pooled with tears as she watched him above her, his face a blurry smudge of black and white. She watched his muscles flex as he moved, his broad shoulders were a suffocating wall in front of her, his large and terrifying physique completely surrounding her small one, she knew she never had a chance for escape, he was *almighty*. He stared at her intently as her eyes tried to grip onto anything around her, meeting the cavernous rock above, begging it to absorb her, take her to another place, begging this to be nothing but a *cruel dream*.

“Look to the sky all you want baby but don’t you *dare* pray to any god in the hopes that he might help you. No one can.”

A choked moan forced its way past her lips as her sore body shook with a helplessness that sank bone-deep, his harsh words dragging her further under. Her back arched higher and she bit through her tongue when he began to move vigorously, the sound of his deep groans filling the soundless room. Malfoy was large and thick and her body was shuddering with the struggle to take him, her insides flaring hot with the friction.

“Shhh, you can take it,” his husky voice whispered, too deep in his own bliss to even realise how much her body was *screaming*. The room around her felt like it was caving in, dark and distorted through her glassy eyes.

Her muscles were tight and stiff as his intrusion inside her body dragged back and forth between her walls mercilessly. Her legs were aching and her body was completely immobile with shock. He held her breasts in his hands as he slammed into her with so much brute strength that she lost her breath, stealing more from her as her eyes clenched shut in utter disbelief that this was happening. The jerking movements he forced her body to make was a painful reminder of the bloodied name etched into her skin forever.

“Malfoy, slow down *please*,” she begged. She didn’t want those words to sound like acceptance but pleading with him to stop was like talking to a brick wall and it felt like her throat was laced with razor blades.

She watched the smirked that cracked across his face at the sound of her breathless voice, weak from the unrelenting force of him. She felt unwanted wetness pool between her thighs as he fucked her and she wanted nothing more than to scream and lash out at her betraying body for giving him a single notion that she might be enjoying this hell.

“Am I too *deep* baby? Does it *hurt*? Mmm you are so deliciously fucking tight,” he taunted, the taste of rot filling her mouth as his spiteful magic wedged itself between her teeth, soaking its corruption into the pink of her gums.

“*I don’t want it like this!*” She cried.

His voice dropped into a deep rasp. “You’re a fucking *liar* baby. I can feel your greedy little pussy squeezing me. I think the golden girl has a proclivity for being fucked *hard*.”

Hermione looked up at him with all the hatred she could, her lip curling up in resentment. Her body rocked harshly against the wooden floor as he pounded in and out of her impatiently, consuming all he could get. Sharp squeaks and short puffs of air left her lips as she tried desperately to breathe through his rough thrusts, he drilled into her cervix for good measure, making her wince with affliction. His length filled the entirety of her until there was no more space. Her curls were damp with sweat as they tangled around her, enduring the storm with her.

His heavy pants blew across her lips, the smell of whisky was strong on his breath as he kept his snide eyes on her face. He fisted both hands into her hair and pulled her head back to lick a broad stroke up the flesh of her throat, his tongue lashing harshly against old and new wounds. Hermione shivered with equal measures of revulsion and familiarity as she felt the warm suction of his lips on her neck.

"Your taste is my fucking ecstasy," he groaned.

He pulled back and held her hip in a vice grip as he watched himself slide in and out, a long string of his saliva landing heavily on her clit. Hermione rolled her lips together against the sharp tingle as his thumb rubbed over it in a tight slippery circle.

"Cum on my cock," he whispered.

"No, I *won't*," she spat.

"Yes, you fucking *will*."

His thumb moved rapidly against her as he leant forward and devoured her nipples, forcing her to cry out with more sensations that she didn't fucking want. Hermione tried her hardest just to spite him but she couldn't help the weight of her orgasm as it slammed into her, shaking her body with a strong climax. Malfoy's laughter hummed against her skin with dark delight, sending a shot of electricity up her spine. He was torturing her for his own pleasure and *loving* it.

"How does it feel to be fucked by the *big bad death eater*? You're so *full of me* that I bet you can taste it," he mocked.

"*You're a cunt!*" She spat, with as much venom as she could. He rocked her hard across the face with the back of his hand and Hermione cackled in her hysteria, spitting his annihilation back at him, pretty shades of red splattering across his pallor.

He smirked at her matched boldness and left it there, his abusive hand pressing heavily over her bladder to increase the tightness as he continued to pump in and out at a brutal speed. After a while he slid the whole way out of her battered body and watched the scarlet evidence of her lost virginity as it dripped from the tip of his cock. He groaned with cocky satisfaction as he dipped his finger into it and smeared it across his vicious tongue, winking when he caught her watching him.

"Innocence is *sweet*," he whispered.

He covered her body with his again, slamming himself back inside, Hermione opened her mouth to scream in searing discomfort but he silenced her with his tongue between her lips, spitting his copper infused saliva down her throat and forcing her to swallow it as his thrusts deepened, Hermione tried not to gag at what the foul blood she could taste signified. Her stomach rolled with the knowledge that Malfoy had spat her virginity back at her, *literally*.

She was gasping through more blood while trying to brace her body against his relentless movements, her back scraping against the floor with each hard blow. Hermione strained her weak muscles, trying to move away but she was stuck and filled with pained frustration. She was trying hard to stay conscious through the suffering, her pale sweaty face contorted with pain.

His hands held the sides of her face as he drilled into her flames with his ice, forcing her to look at him. Her skin was burning and she wanted nothing more than to dive into his icy ocean.

"Say my name."

"*No*," she breathed.

He slammed into her with a particularly painful thrust as punishment and gritted through his teeth—"Say. My. *Fucking*. Name. I wanna hear you scream it as I fuck you."

His hand wrapped around her throat and Hermione knew she had to say it if she didn't want to be torn apart further but it seemed like once it was out of her mouth, it truly was another point of no return. The name was on the tip of her tongue waiting to slip past her tight lips, she struggled against his hand and her own stubborn will not to give him another damn thing. He squeezed harder at her silence until a forced "*Draco*" passed between her blue lips.

His deep satisfied moan filled her ears. "*Again*," he demanded. "I only want to hear that name come from your mouth from now on." He sped up, brutally jerking his hips into her, forcing her to do exactly as he wanted.

"*Draco!*" she shrieked, her chest heaving in time with her pounding heart.

"I'm trying really fucking *hard* not to cum right now." His jaw was tightly wound and she watched as the vein in his forehead pulsed with the effort.

His thrusts grew choppy and uneven as he released her aching throat, his stomach muscles rippling against her. Hermione turned her head to the side and looked at her wand through watery eyes and longed to feel the safe grip of it between her fingers. It had rolled under the bed in his haste to tear off her clothes along with her cat ears that seemed so childish now in comparison to what was happening a few feet away from them.

She was never perfect at wandless magic, not like Draco was but in her desperation she closed her eyes and tried with all her might to concentrate, putting her pain and grief stricken feelings to the side. She felt the heavy weight of her breasts bouncing

with his sharp movements and a hot tongue as it swept across her nipple, tight with their drying blood. Ravenous hands grabbed at her body as he continued to push into her like he never wanted it to end. Clinging to every inch of her.

“Eugh, *fuck Hermione*,” his breathy voice moaned as he grew closer to his own release.

Please work. Please work. Please work.

She pleaded with herself over and over until the image of her ropes snapping and the sticking charm evaporating under her hands filled her head and she felt her wrists slip free. Relief flooded her but Draco felt the jolt of it and lifted his head just as she smashed her fist into his face. It caught him off guard and broke his balance, knocking him sideways. The pain of his cock being ripped from her tender insides made her wince more than her throbbing knuckles that felt like they had just been shattered against a block of concrete.

She had broken her hand against his bones.

She tried to sit up but her weak and quivering muscles made it difficult and her feet were still stuck. It was useless anyway, Draco recovered quickly and resumed his position over her, holding her escaped wrists in harsh hands and making her yelp as he smiled down at her with bloody teeth and a face speckled in the drying red she had spat at him earlier. He looked fucking deranged and not too far off his famously criminal Daily Prophet mug shot.

His wet length rested heavily against her stomach as he held her there in a crushing grip. “So *feisty* baby,” he whispered, spitting blood over the floorboards beside her head.

“Get the fuck *off* me!” She screamed as she tried once again to twist out of his grip but her body was too tired and he was too strong.

“Never, love. You’re mine and if I can’t bend you I will fucking *break* you.”

“I’d rather fucking die.” She tried to be strong but her burning tears betrayed her.

Draco’s white canines flashed as he smiled and leered down at her. “If you wanna die it will be by *my* hand. I would happily slit your throat just for the pleasure of knowing that it was *me* who ended you. No one else gets that fucking privilege, not even *you*. No one else gets to have you, not in life *or* death. Did you think I would make it easy for you? Did you think that death would save you from me? You will always be tied to *me* sweetheart, whether you *live or fucking die*.”

Hermione’s voice shook as she seethed at him with vengeance—“Do it then.”

He smirked and she tensed as the harsh brush of his magic grazed across her naked body. “Be *careful* love, the devil has a pretty face and he’s the one you never see coming.”

“Oh I see him,” she shot back. “The devil isn’t a red man with horns like they tell in the stories. He’s beautiful but he’s a *fucking* liar and this is *hell* on earth.”

“If you think this is bad, let me tell you a little secret.”

He leant in close and she felt the hot burn of his breath against her neck as he slipped his poisoned words into her ear. “I killed Pansy because she wasn’t *you*.”

Hermione’s breath hitched as she froze, her eyes widening with horror, sharp prickles of panic shot through her veins into her fingertips. Her heart was hammering against her rib cage so violently that it hurt. Draco’s smile was stained red, evil as he looked down at her with dark and hungry eyes that had no business in this conversation.

“The truth hurts, baby.”

“Draco fucking *stop it*—“

His smile grew at the sound of his name. “I looked into her *vile* black eyes and I strangled the life from her lungs.”

Hermione shook her head. “Stop—“

“I felt her fragile little neck *snap* under my hands and *I. Dont. Fucking. Regret it.*” His voice was cold and held no human emotion.

“*I said stop it!*” she screamed, turning her face away from him as if that would block out the sound of his malicious voice.

His teeth were bared as he continued to hiss against her face. “She was *nothing* but a quick fuck to satisfy a tiny part of me until I could have *YOU*.”

Hermione tried to pull away, thrashing around in his arms.

“But she didn’t feel like you, smell like you or fucking *TASTE* like you. She was **NOTHING** compared to you.”

A strangled whimper left her lips as her body shook violently, her eyes losing their focus.

“*Go to hell!*”

His laugh was deep and deadly, dripping with twisted amusement.

“Where do you think I came from? If I must go back then I’m dragging you through the flames with me sweetheart, *you go where I fucking go.*”

He released a wrist and plunged his fingers into the wound on his bicep and then into the bleeding letters at her ribs, smearing their combined metallic across her trembling lips.

“This is what the forces of temptation tastes like Hermione, our blood and everyone else’s is the cost of giving into it and I hope it fucking *burns.*”

Violence.

The debilitating weight of his body finally left hers and her feet were released as her heavy legs slid flat to the floor, lifeless. The room shook with the sound of him leaving it. Her body was drenched in the cold remains of his carnal desire, the bitter taste of metal on her tongue and lingering in her throat.

Her rope burns stung and her mangled fingers were throbbing. Her heart was cracking and her bones were a deep splintering ache. Her core was burning and pulsing with the reminder of her rape. She was the product of a mess that he had created with his hands in his violent display of *love*. Broken and battered with defeat, beaten and moulded by hateful hands, pulled apart at the seams with cruel eager fingers and left open to bleed in punishment for making him wait so long, for her disobedience, because his ego stretched out across every inch of his sick mind.

His words twisted around in her head and she struggled to keep her eyes alert. The ceiling above her warped and blurred like she was underwater. She could feel herself fading, the edges of her vision bleeding into black as her red rimmed eyes rolled back, it was only then that she could hear the faint rumbles of angry thunder as it echoed through the dungeons.

The sky crying out in the aftermath of her torture.

She thought about her mum in that moment, her beautiful mum that she had not spoken to in weeks, she longed for her comfort, for her guidance and she felt the piercing pain of yet another laceration burn itself across her weak heart. The weight of her grief sank heavily on top of her, crushing her overpowered body further into rock bottom, Hermione wished she could melt into the floor and disappear. Her fingertips were cut and weeping from trying desperately to hold her broken pieces together.

The pieces that he had smashed apart with a cold, unfeeling iron fist.

She wheezed for breath, she could still feel the cold ghost of his ruinous hands constricting around her neck, lulling her into the darkness.

“*I don’t recognise you,*” her voice whispered weakly, to no one but herself as her heavy amber eyes slid shut.

Love is violence.

Chapter End Notes

TWs - Rape, sexual Violence and Mutilation.

Chapter 22: Match Made in Hell

Chapter Summary

My soul bleeds.. and the blood steadily, silently, disturbingly slowly, swallows me whole.
-Fyodor Dostoevsky

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -
Heavy In Your Arms by Florence + The Machine
Madness by Tribal Blood
Wasted Love by MGK, Madison Love
Tragedy by Being As An Ocean
I Wish by Sam Short
No Time To Die by Billie Eilish
Like That by Bea Miller
Save Yourself by My Darkest Days
Maybe by Flower Face
Love Me Wrong by Isak Danielson

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=ErreWqNMQ4qO9y81yZDN9w&pi=WDqwVDZdTJezu>

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



HERMIONE

Friday, October 31st 1998 - 11:39pm

Hermione had laid there on that cold wood for what felt like days until Draco came back. She vaguely remembered being lifted like a rag doll from the floor, as if she weighed nothing and carried into a warm bathroom.

The soft lick of steam felt good against her skin, caressing her brutalised body. The sound of running water flooded her ears and Hermione could feel the pressure settling between her lashes, her eyes heavy with the pull of her faint. Large arms cocooned her as she was dipped into warm soapy water and secured between muscles thighs with the familiar density of a solid chest at her back.

She felt the dull sting of pain shoot between her legs and across her ribs with the watery contact. Her limp and broken hand at her side. She couldn't feel the burn from the bite marks and bruises anymore, that was a pain she was already accustomed to. She was a vanquished body being held in a bathtub by her tormented lover, his hands still soaked with the evidence of his transgressions as he touched her with the deceitful hands of a healer.

The smell of leather, whisky and vanilla filled her nose as she was pulled back against the warmth of his skin. She didn't have it in her to pull away from him, the damage was already done and she was too weak and drowsy. His hands were gentle as they lathered her body with a soft sponge, goosebumps prickling along the length of her arms as light fingers brushed through her tangled curls, separating them. The bubbles were stained red around them and Hermione was too sleepy to care. She was in and out of consciousness as he continued to caress and clean her body. His fingers smoothing away the destruction he had caused.

She felt his lips against her neck and a whispered "*I love you*" filled her ears before the edges of her vision blackened once more.

Saturday, November 1st 1998

Hermione's puffy eyes cracked open, her vision was clouded in heavy sleep as she blinked. She watched as orange shadows danced across the ceiling above her, casting ominous swirly patterns that made her dizzy. She was completely numb from head to toe, her sluggish brain not connecting to her reality until her stomach rolled with sickness and she shot up to heave over the edge of the bed.

Old blood splattered against the floor as she writhed, her stomach muscles clenching painfully tight. She coughed and spluttered, pulling sodden curls away from her face. She hissed at the burn that zapped through her core with the movement and the grinding ache she felt in her muscles. The carvings over her ribs were stiff and twinged painfully with the stretch of skin. Her head swayed heavily with exhaustion and the lingering thump of a headache knocked at her skull.

She was in bed alone, wrapped up in a silky package that held the scent of Draco in every fiber. She pulled her broken body back with effort and tried to swallow around the acid in her throat. Looking over to the nightstand she spotted a Pepperup potion, a pot of healing salve and two empty bottles, one labelled *Essence Of Dittany* and the other a Blood Replenishing potion.

She gathered her breath before untangling herself and lifting the shirt she was wearing, one of Draco's. The letters on her ribs were healed but the scars still remained. She smoothed a thumb over them and felt the raised pink tissue in the shape of his name. Her bruises, bite marks and rope burns were gone, her broken fingers and vocal cords healed but he had purposely left her with the ache of him so she wouldn't forget who owned her. She grabbed the pepperup with eager hands, popped the cork and tipped it back, the spicy taste warming her still tender throat. She closed her eyes in relief as the pressure in her head dissipated.

She took the opportunity to look around the room that she had spent her hellish night in, a room that once held comfort, ruined. Her bloodshot eyes caught on the space on the floor where she was mutilated and raped by the man she loved.

Hot tears stung her eyes as a flood of devastating memories found her now that her head had been cleared from the fog—

His demanding hands pulling at her flesh, ripping, taking. The burn of him as he tore through her virginity, his cold smirk. The blood, the sweat, the fear. His deep and haunting voice as he taunted her with pain and pleasure. The things he said.

Tears dripped freely onto her bare thighs as she got lost in her thoughts. Her body and hair were clean from blood like it had never happened and only the ache and the scar remained as proof but her mind was besmirched, never to be clean again, her eyes still burned with the shape of him on top of her. She could still *feel* him inside her as she moved, could still smell him all over her skin like the scent had soaked *inside* her body. He was in the room with her even when he wasn't. He had wormed his way in so deeply that she would never get a peaceful moment again.

The things he had confessed coldly about Pansy were still fresh and the thought terrified her, pulling her stomach taugth with more sickness. Hermione and Pansy had never been friends but the hand she was dealt wasn't something she deserved. Draco was dangerous, that much was crystal clear and Hermione had regretfully fallen even *deeper* into his web.

The first emotion Hermione felt was burning anger, anger at herself for allowing his behaviour, anger at herself for not walking away sooner, but maybe this was just a one off and he would never do it again? Maybe she would regret her choice to walk away if this was just a rough patch?

But he had taken her heart into his harmful hands and crushed it bloodless, smashed it to dust against her rib cage and even still, it ached for him. She gave her heart to the cruel and now it would never beat the same again. The second emotion was the mental pain she could feel tearing at her soul. Last night was a testament to prove how far Draco was willing to go, forcing her to acknowledge the nature of the man she had married, the person who had slipped a ring onto her finger before he blew her world apart. She wished things were different, she wished that *he* were different but how could she have Draco without all the other parts that made him who he was? Wishes were childish, they lead to nothing but more *disappointment*.

She looked down at the beautiful teardrop diamond on her finger and shook her head, more tears falling as she watched it refract rainbows across the comforter from the light of the fire. He had gifted her something so stunning and sentimental and then devoured her spirit viciously while it sparkled in her despair.

It was as if he had purposely waited to secure the chain before his synthetic smile dropped and her heart was ripped from her chest by his hands. The third emotion was confusion, she found herself in a sabotaging loop of self doubt, wondering if maybe this was her fault.. maybe if she had given into him sooner he wouldn't have been so brutal for their first time, she had pushed him too far and that was the result. She loved Draco but she didn't want to deal with the pain and the all-consuming carnal desire he possessed when his eyes filled with those evil storm clouds.

She feared him but she wanted so *deeply* to be loved by him, to be loved in the way you are supposed to love. Not this deep, dark, toxic version. Not this obsession and *need* to completely ravage and suffocate. His version of *love* was something she could never keep up with. But no matter what happened, she knew she couldn't leave even if she tried, she knew he would follow her to the ends of the earth and stop at nothing. It would be a whole lot worse and that was something she was too scared to want to experience. His claws were firmly in place like a beast with a fresh kill and there was no chance he would ever let go, his claim was firmly staked.

But didn't bodies crave damnation? Isn't that why she was still there even though she could try to fight him harder? She wanted to let loose the laugh her body kept threatening at the prospect that maybe she *liked* the addiction they both shared. Her fourth emotion was justification, what Draco had done to her was otherworldly, inhumane yes but Hermione still couldn't leave, maybe she was just as mentally sick as he was or maybe she knew resisting him was pointless so why would she bother? Maybe this was her fucked up punishment for whatever bad thing she had done in her life. Maybe she wanted to stay just for the sweet glimpses of light between the dark, because without the bad there could never be good. Maybe she was the masochist to his sadist, *maybe they were a match made in hell*. Draco was every red flag you could imagine and red had always been her favoured colour.

She would learn to carry the weight of her pain without letting it define her. She would not shrivel up under those covers and melt into the mattress, she would replace her split skin with as much armour as she could build. She was not going to let this beat her down. She had made excuses for him and talked herself high up into the clouds, telling herself that it's fine, she survived, it wasn't that bad. It could have been worse.

Hermione stood on shaky legs, pulling Draco's t-shirt from her body and swapping it with something fresh and *hers*. She needed to get out of this room and into air that wasn't thick with the smell of her struggle.

She cleared her mess from the floor, her fingers wrapping protectively around her wand as she padded quietly across the room, her mangled insides weighing her down as she cautiously opened the door. Draco was asleep on the Common Room sofa. He was shirtless and wearing the same black slacks from the disco, his face paint gone. His large frame was sleeping peacefully on the too small sofa as if he hadn't ripped her apart hours before. His dragonskin shoes sat beside him on the floor along with two empty whisky bottles.

She nervously walked over and sat in the armchair facing him, wincing slightly with discomfort. The room was empty and quiet, except for the gentle crackle of logs still burning in the hearth. She spotted his cigarettes and lighter on the coffee table next to his wand and snatched them up, her fingers shaking as she worked to flick the spark on the lighter. Draco's pale eyes cracked open and landed on her as she took a deep drag, she could feel his stare on the side of her face as she blew silver smoke across the room, watching as it got caught in the early beams of light streaming in through the watery windows.

He sat up, raking a hand through his blonde hair as he cocked his head and looked at her with eyes full of an emotion she couldn't decipher.

"What are you doing out here?" He asked, his voice soft and raspy from sleep.

She held her cigarette up in front of him. "I'm smoking, what does it look like?"

He raised a brow and gave her a lazy smirk. "I didn't think you would be out of bed yet."

"It'll take more than your *cock* and a little blade to bring me down," she scoffed, with much more confidence than she felt, downplaying her rape and trying to replace it with strength so he couldn't use her pain against her.

His smirk widened and his eyes sparkled with delight. "Well in that case, I think it's time for round *two*."

Challenging him was always the wrong thing to do, he would take the words for what they were and run with them. He stood to his full towering height and she tensed, visibly jolting in her seat, ash floating to the floor with the movement.

"That's what I thought," he mocked.

Hermione glared at him and continued to smoke in silence. His smug chuckle grated on her ears as he sat back down and watched her. She studied his hands as he threaded them together, thinking about how much pain and death they had caused and wondering how much blood he had washed off the same rings that had caressed her body. She shivered at the thought.

"Where is everyone?" She asked, if only to fill the tense silence.

"I told them all to stay the fuck away for the night."

"Why?"

He knitted his dark blonde eyebrows together. "I think you know *why*."

She swallowed as her mind tried to take her back to a path she didn't want to go down, she pushed it away and stubbed out her cigarette. He remained silent, stoically watching her with so much intensity that it made her skin crawl. Her nerves got the better of her and she decided to neglect her plan for fresher air and go back to the bedroom, gritting her teeth when she heard his heavy footsteps behind her seconds later.

She sat on the bed as the door closed and watched as he stripped out of his clothing right in front of her. It felt strange to see his body in such a natural way, knowing that it had crushed her to the floorboards and become her cage as he stole from her in the most brutal way. His body was a solid mass of pale muscle. The only imperfections were his *sectumsempra* scars. He was visibly perfect, *it's just a shame his brain couldn't catch up*.

He smirked when he caught her eyeing him and Hermione quickly turned away, her cheeks flushing pink.

"You don't need to be shy love, you'll be seeing *plenty* more of this," he chuckled, throwing her a cocky wink like everything was fucking normal. He turned and walked to the shower giving her a view of his wide tattooed back and perfect ass. Hermione watched, mesmerised and then caught herself, spearing him with a scowl he couldn't see. She was both severely disgusted and wildly attracted to him.

He absolutely does not deserve my worship, as pretty as he is.

She heard the rush of water and felt the heat of the steam as it entered the room. He brushed his teeth nude and wet, trailing water across the floor and only wrapping a towel low on his narrow hips when he walked back towards her. His chest looked like it was dripping in diamonds as it glistened with wet droplets. Hermione was still sitting in the middle of the bed when he reached her, grabbing her ankle and tugging her to the edge, she gasped as his lips met hers in a tender kiss, flinching violently when his hands came up to hold her face.

"Shh, it's *okay* baby," he whispered against her lips, she could taste the mint, a flavour that was so predominantly him.

He cast a wandless drying charm and dropped his towel to the wood as he climbed into the bed, pulling her in with him. She stiffened with resistance but he gently insisted and she gave into him as always. He slowly began unbuttoning her sleep shirt and she put a hand on his wrist, her eyes pleading.

"I promise I won't do anything you don't want me to. I just wanna touch you. Can I touch you?" He asked sincerely, his voice was so quiet and his eyes were so soft, a complete transformation to the man he was last night.

Hermione swallowed thickly, knowing she should shove him away and never let him touch her again but she was completely powerless against him, so she nodded. Her shirt slipped from her body and her nipples pebbled in the exposure. He laid her back and pulled her onto her side, she felt him press his naked chest against her breasts as he wrapped his arms around her and rested his chin on top of her curls.

"I just want to be close to you," he reassured.

She reluctantly edged her head into the curve of his neck and his fresh scent was so familiar that she clenched her eyes shut with heartache. Her body was battling between being relaxed and being rigid with anxiety.

"*Relax* Hermione," he whispered, as if reading her inner thoughts and her name said so sweetly on his forked tongue made her want to listen to him. He held her tighter and it was like he was a different person, a person she could feel safe with. The guilt of sinking so quickly back into him after trying to solidify her heart ate away at her, she didn't want his few and far between soft moments to overshadow his brutal ones but in these small pockets of time, they *did*. She didn't want to fall back into his arms, giving him the permission to hurt her again. Her brain *knew* but her heart wouldn't cooperate. He didn't deserve her but still, she allowed him to hold her like he did.

Her heart was so confused.

She eventually let go, loosening her shoulders in acceptance. She knew this side of him, this was the side she fell in love with and she wanted so badly to hold onto him with all her strength and keep this version rooted to the earth but she knew the dark side of his coin was always there in the shadows. *Lurking. Pacing.*

Waiting to catch the next taste of her fear.

Chapter End Notes

Hermione's feelings aren't supposed to make sense, she's confused and rightly very all over the place. She's trying to convince herself that it's fine while knowing that it's not. She's also trying to fight against his pull but as you can see, unfortunately our girl still melts for him when he softens, even after his brutality.

Chapter 23: Vanilla Sex

Chapter Summary

But to fall in love does not mean to love. One can still fall in love and still hate.
-Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -
The Fear Of Letting Go by Ruelle
Loving You (Is A Dangerous Game) by Cloudy June
Hurricane by Tommee Profitt, Fleurie
Beauty In You by Psylosia
Watch by Billie Eilish
KEEP YOUR EYES ON ME BOY by Nessa Barrett
Hurt Myself The Hardest by Allegra Jordyn
Destroy Myself For You by Isabel LaRosa

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=FR2pN52eQJWtmeCYmPKOg&pi=gmfK-ifCQM29I>

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



HERMIONE

Saturday, November 1st 1998

Warm kisses peppered her neck and cheek as Draco laid her flat against a silky pillow and looked down at her.

“You are so fucking beautiful.”

She felt her cheeks heat at his words and his close proximity. So gentle in comparison to the other side of him and when he allowed himself to be like this she didn't know how to identify them as the same person even though she knew that they were. His fingers slipped into the band of her pyjamas bottoms and her whole body froze.

"*It's okay,*" he reassured. "I just want to remove them so I can try to relax you with a massage, your muscles must be sore. Can I take them off?" he asked and his voice was so unlike the one that spat at her before that it hurt to listen to and his need for permission in the aftermath of something so non consensual was making her head spin. She didn't understand him.

Hermione nodded her head slowly and the last of her clothing disappeared. His hands slipped across her body eagerly like he had gone too long without the sensation of her skin against his fingertips. Always hungry for more. Never satisfied.

He sat up and pulled a small bottle of body oil and one of her hair ties from his nightstand, bundling her curls into his hands and knotting it on top of her head. The cold slick of the oil made her shiver as it dripped between her breasts. He dipped his head and she felt the hot wet of his tongue trace along the lines of his scarred name, she swallowed hard at the feeling, a light touch against something so barbaric. His hands spread the oil across her breasts, stomach and down to her pubic bone. Slippery and gentle as he rubbed small circles into her skin. Without his hands leaving her body he changed positions.

"Open your legs for me," he urged gently.

Hermione looked at him with a fearful expression and watched as his eyes pulled inwards, melting into soft shades of blue and glazed with pity.

"I just want to sit between them so it's easier for me to reach you."

Hermione was apprehensive to put herself back into a vulnerable position when she knew that he had the potential to switch at any point but it was either this or another fight so she gave a slight nod of her head anyway. He knelt between her open thighs and his hands continued their path across her ribs, nearly covering the entirety of them with his expanse.

His movements were warm and soothing as his fingers worked to caress and smooth over every aching dip and curve. He was still naked too and she watched as his shoulder muscles pulled and rolled with every movement he made, his abs standing tight and prominent against his stomach. His silver chain swung slightly as he leant forward.

He cupped and squeezed the slippery swells of her breasts tenderly in both hands, massaging them as her nipples hardened and pressed against his palms sending crawling shivers down to her toes.

"*I'm sorry I hurt you,*" he whispered, in a voice so small it sounded like it came from someone else's mouth. Hermione was shocked that he had even said it, she didn't expect an apology with how entitled to her body he believed he was.

"I won't say that it's okay Draco, because it's *not*."

"I know and I understand, you just drive me so crazy, I can't seem to control myself around you."

"That's not an excuse though, I shouldn't have to go through that just because you can't *control* yourself."

"It's because I love you so much, Hermione. Forgive me, *please,*" he begged, the words tumbling from his lips slowly and seductively as he moved down and brushed his lips against hers, his hands still slick with oil as they rubbed firmly into the tight muscles in her thighs.

His words, his gentle eyes, his soothing touch pulled her right back to where he wanted her. His hands were like feathers compared to the unfeeling stone he touched her with previously and Hermione wanted it to be real so *badly* that she allowed him to touch her so she could close her eyes and pretend that it was. Brainwashed by him and by herself. She was slipping back under the same spell he had caught her with in the first place and Hermione could do nothing to stop it. He knew just what to say and do to twist her morals and bend her will until she broke. His angelic, handsome face and the tenderness he could veil her with was like icy water against a searing burn.

He was her world. He was all that she felt she had and vice versa, that was how he had made it. He had isolated her into something so small that this side of him was the only comfort she received, the only small breath she got in a raging ocean. She couldn't let that go no matter how much it killed her inside because without him, she had no one.

I know I'm walking towards something I should be running away from but how do I change direction when I'm terrified of being alone?

She thought back to something Theo had once told her—

"I wish I'd told him no, but he never asks, he always tells me and I'm too afraid to break the cycle."

Hermione could never have known back then just how painfully true those words would become for her. Loving a man like Draco Malfoy was a death sentence. It meant loving all of him, every sharp edge and dark shadow and her heart knew that with each season, with each cold night that shifted into the harsh light of day, she would love him for everything he is and everything he is to become, whether she wanted to or not.

His hands crawled their way up her thighs to her center and he looked right at her, his eyes piercing hers with silent words as his fingers glided across her lower lips, spreading them apart with his thumbs and pressing a light kiss to the hood of her clit. His face was a picture of the perfect gentleman but the underlying warning of "*don't stop me*" was evident in the depths of his eyes, hidden in the soft topaz. A facade. A threat disguised as a choice, fooling her with the sweet sting of intimacy as his frigid magic slithered over her, seducing her into submission. The pointed tip of his needy tongue swirled against her gently, her hands threading through his hair to stop his movements but he was quick to move them away.

"Let me make you feel good."

The slight threat he so *easily* possessed was enough for her to give in, letting his hands hook around her thighs to resume his ministrations. His silken tongue lapped at her and her hips began to roll into his face of their own accord, seeking more. She felt the upturn of his mouth as he smiled against her skin, cruelly amused about getting his own way once again.

"Look at me when you cum."

She dropped her face to the beautiful sight of him between her legs, his tattooed, muscled back flexing as he worked her to orgasm made her pulse race with desire. His eyes were glowing hot as he watched her watching him, his soft tongue driving her wild as it lashed against her like wet velvet, tasting every inch of her.

"You taste like candied *sin*," he whispered and she felt every letter as it left his mouth and brushed against her sensitive core. Her hands weaved back through his hair, clutching it for purchase, her legs shaking as he slid against her faster. It didn't take long for her release to flow through her and out onto his waiting tongue. He crawled his way up her body and his wet lips connected with hers, coated with her taste, salt and vanilla.

"Can you taste yourself?" He asked and she flicked her tongue out over his slick bottom lip in response.

Draco smirked and rolled off her, pulling her close and turning her to press his warm chest against her back. She was still slick with oil that had soaked into the sheets around them but neither of them seemed to care as his arm slipped under her ribs to hold her breast, the other cupping her ass.

He held her for a while until his deep voice rumbled into her ear. "Can we try again? I *promise* to be gentle."

Hermione's heart dropped at the hard length of him she could feel rolling softly against her, pressing into her. He always tended to put her on the spot and backed her into a corner and she never knew what the right answer was.

"I'm too sore, Draco."

His arms tightened as he kissed her cheek.

"I will be so gentle baby, please. I want to make love to you this time." His words were sprinkled with sugar and sweet enough to lure her in.

"If you ask me to stop, I will," he added.

Liar.

What could she do? He had her pinned against him, another way to manipulate her mind by disguising entrapment with an embrace. Hermione sucked in a deep shuddering breath.

"Okay."

She wasn't naive enough to believe that he would stop, not now he'd had her once. Hermione was likely to never get a day without sex ever again, his diabolical thirst was unquenchable. She tried to prepare herself as best she could for the large intrusion she knew was coming but Draco could very clearly feel every hard ridge of her muscles as they tensed.

"If you don't relax it will only hurt more."

He glued himself to her back with not an inch of space between them, Hermione tried to calm her breathing as the wide tip of him breached her from their side by side position. He lifted her leg for easier access and Hermione grit her teeth through the burn as he slowly pushed himself in. He slipped in with ease, wet from her orgasm and the leftover oil but she still hissed at the stretch and he hissed at the tightness. Her lungs tightened when he seated himself fully inside, her eyes screwing shut with the lack of oxygen. She held onto the arm that was wrapped around her, her nails digging into his skin.

“Breathe, baby.”

His hand increased its pressure around her breast, giving her a few gracious seconds to adjust to him before he rolled his hips and Hermione's teeth pierced her lip as the deep slip and slide of his shallow thrusts carved out her inner walls. He squeezed her thigh and his cheek rested against hers as he stroked a thumb across her nipple and pulled her even tighter against him, always needing to be closer.

Tears gathered at the edge of her eyes, stuck in another moment glossed over with sugar, giving her something soft when really this was all about *him*. His control and his *needs*. Hermione hated him almost as much as she loved him. Healing her sweetly from his torture and breaking her gently all over again and *still* her fragile heart pounded for him through the ruin, she was hungry for blood, hungry for *love*.

The lines between love and obsession were too deeply blurred for either of them to tell the difference anymore, it was a toxic cycle that would continue its sick rotation, because devoted eyes were willfully blind.

“Go slow,” she whispered breathlessly.

She felt him roll deeper and a whimper that was somewhere between pain and pleasure crawled up her throat. Draco groaned in response and dotted her neck and cheek in hungry wet kisses.

“Fuck, you feel good. You're gonna make me cum so quick.”

Hermione's moans and hisses grew louder as she grew wetter. Her insides were still raw and burning but Draco's movements were gentle as he rocked against her insides. His hand left her thigh to press firmly against her lips, using it as leverage so his unyielding arms could squeeze her body harder.

“*Shhh* baby, the boys could be back by now and I don't want them listening to your sexy little moans, those are mine. Cum for me quietly.”

He could have wordlessly silenced the room but Hermione knew the act of taking away her voice with his hands was a power play he wouldn't deny himself.

She felt the slight scrape of his teeth against her shoulder as he whispered more silky words into her ear. “Who owns this sweet little pussy, sweetheart?.”

Hermione wanted to roll her eyes. *Possessive asshole*. It was a rhetorical question and he knew it.

“I know you want me as much as I want you Hermione, I'm *inside* you, I *taste* like you and that is a truth you will never escape.”

His words got lost in the room as his hips pressed faster, forcing her breath out in sharp pants against his hand, her teeth sinking into his skin. The sound of her second orgasm was muffled by his palm as he kissed her hair. Sweet sensations of pleasure cut through the pain just enough for her to climax but it still hurt more than it felt good and Hermione was dizzy with it.

His body turned to stone around her, his hard muscles flexing as his guttural moans of bliss filled her ears. He crushed her breast painfully in his hand as his thrusts grew slightly rougher towards the end and Hermione winced as he came inside her, flooding her with his milky release, her inner walls fluttered around him. She could feel his heart thundering against her back, his hand slipping out from between her teeth as he held her tight and buried his head into her neck, catching his breath while breathing her in.

“The smell of you, that vanilla drives me fucking crazy, are you on anything?”

“The potion,” she whispered.

He pulled himself out of her gently but the drag of him was still painful and she clutched the a pillow for support. She could feel the unmistakable heat of him as it coated her inner thighs, he dropped back down to the end of the bed and spread her legs again. Hermione looked at him confused but knew instantly what he was doing when he gathered the cum that had escaped with the tips of his fingers and slipped it back inside her, watching his work with satisfaction.

“I will keep this pussy filled with me for as long as possible,” he declared, his voice a breathy purr, his eyes wet with lust.

He repositioned himself beside her and turned her body to face him, threading his fingers through her curls as he cupped the back of her neck and put his slick fingers to her lips, Hermione wrapped her tongue around them without prompt and he groaned his approval, kissing her forehead with delight.

Hermione's body began to quiver with the weight of her anguish.

“What's wrong?”

She swallowed as salt stung her hot cheeks. "It kills me that I can't have this version of you all the time."

She closed her eyes so she couldn't see his expression but she felt the indifference in his voice.

"I wish I could give you that, but I can't."

She cried harder as he held her, his hands keeping her close, never allowing her an escape route.

"Why?" Her voice wobbled with the emotion that was stuck in her throat.

"Why what?"

"Why did you kill Pansy?"

She felt his heavy sigh against her face as he pressed his forehead to hers. "I'm not a good man Hermione and nothing will change that, not even you. She was in the way and I dealt with it."

"You can't just go around killing every person that gets in your way, Draco. That's sick," she sniffled as her voice cracked.

"I don't pretend to be sane."

"Do you realise that doing what you did with Pansy also means that you cheated on me?"

Draco frowned at her. "This was before we got married, baby. I didn't want her, that's the point."

Her bottom lip shook with her next words. "When did it happen?"

He didn't even stutter as he answered her questions honestly. "When I went back home for three weeks."

Hermione felt sick but she opened her eyes to look at him, wet hope shimmering in the rims. "We could get you help? This isn't normal behaviour."

Draco laughed as he looked back at her, the blue slowly fading into a stoney grey. "Don't insult me by assuming I *want* help. I am not one of your little Gryffindor charity cases. I don't want to be redeemed, love. It's not who I am."

Hermione felt her heart breaking as she lay boneless in his arms. "Draco, you *raped* me. You do realise that right?"

He dragged rough fingers through his hair. "I was simply taking what I wanted from the woman who married me, *my wife*," he said, spelling it out to her like it was that simple.

"It was non consensual which makes it rape whether I'm your wife or not."

He shrugged his shoulders and it crushed her that he didn't care, after all that he had put her through his answer was a weak shrug of his shoulders. It cut her to the bone. But she didn't want their moment to switch into dangerous territory so she changed the topic.

"Why did you have a blade on you last night?" It was something she had been wondering because he seemed to have pulled it from nowhere right when he needed it.

He sniggered. "Incase I had to use it on a poor unsuspecting male whose hands wandered too close to my fucking honey pot," he smirked, catching her lips in a quick kiss.

"You healed it but you left the scar." Her tone was questioning as she pulled back from his lips.

"Yes baby, it's a cursed blade. It was designed to cut and scar. That was my intention."

Her brows knitted tightly together. "But why?"

"So my proof of ownership will *always* be on your skin. Plain and simple."

"Draco, do you know how fucked up that is?"

He smirked. "I have never claimed to be in my right mind, love."

"But why me? When you could have *anyone*?"

"Because I want *you*, I crave *you*, I fucking hunger for *you*. I know that it can't be considered normal but it is what it is. I wanted you and I got you because a Malfoy always gets what they want."

His dangerous way of thinking was so nonchalant, it was scary. He truly wasn't right in the head. His brain was warped and Hermione knew she would have to deal with his cemented ways for the rest of her life. He was a spoiled brat yes, but what was worse.. *he was a spoiled man.*

"There isn't a single line I wouldn't cross for you and there wasn't a single line I didn't cross to obtain you. You were made to be *mine* and that is all you will ever be."

Chapter End Notes

Things will move along from this point in the next chapter!

Chapter 24: Black Phantom

Chapter Summary

Perhaps it isn't love when I say you are what I love the most—you are the knife I turn inside myself, that is love.
-Franz Kafka

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

Losing Myself by Mia Baron

Skin of a Fool by MIIA, vaarin

Into the Dark by Lynn

Oh Lord by In This Moment

Blue Blood by LAUREL

L I M E R E N C E playlist - https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=ePCPFS_dQd248RIL3hCqhQ&pi=RWcqHgukTP2PW



HERMIONE

Sunday, March 29th 1999

Things had been rocky.

In the five months that passed since Hermione's rape, Draco had never done it again. But that's not to say that he didn't have sex with her at any and every opportunity, she was just more compliant now.

Their relationship was always up and down, he was still drinking excessively which was the root cause of many arguments and his magic lashed out heavily. When he was drunk, he was rough and the sex was always painful. The next morning would be full of sugarcane kisses and sweet apologies until he would forget and she would be left a mess in his hands one more.

And the vicious cycle would continue *over and over*.

She spent the Christmas holidays at the castle with Draco. Ron had offered her a room at the Burrow but Hermione declined, much to his annoyance. She never told Draco about Ron's kind offer for fear that he would go on a wizard-hunt. She had fallen out with her parents due to lack of communication and visits, another one of Draco's doings, so she didn't feel comfortable going there either. Draco tried to persuade her to join him at the Manor but she *especially* didn't want to go there, the place creeped her out and she couldn't imagine Lucius Malfoy would hang a wreath let alone put up a Christmas tree. So Draco stayed behind with her. It was a quiet and bleak Christmas to say the least, not many students stayed because why would they?

Draco had showered her with first edition books, jewels and silky lingerie in every colour, but those were more a gift for himself than for her. She got him nothing because he insisted that having her was all he wanted and what did you buy a man that already had *everything*?

She felt sad and Draco had made it his mission to fuck all the sadness out of her.

They spent time in the Hogwarts library and took walks through the grounds to fill the empty spaces in between, trudging through the thick snow with a brooding Draco behind her. He didn't like the cold which was *ironic* for someone so frosty. But she would have gone mad if she spent more time than necessary in their dorm room. All the Slytherins had gone home to their families so the Common Room became a playground for Draco to drink, smoke and fuck her in. He seemed to enjoy himself immensely.

"Wipe that grim look off your face and come ride me, baby." He would slur as he sipped on his third bottle of whisky of the day and pulled out his throbbing cock. He was insatiable for both sex and alcohol and her life was a toxic mix of the two until students returned from the holidays. The return of the Slytherins gave Hermione a much needed reprieve. Since she was all Draco had in the empty castle he took every single emotion he felt out on her—Lust, anger, frustration, suffocating *need*.

So it was nice to have some familiar faces around them again to occupy him for a while, giving Hermione a break to visit the Gryffindor tower which Draco wasn't too pleased about but with the persuasion of Italian cigarettes from Blaise she was able to sneak away. Hermione might as well have had bars on their bedroom doorway, that was how tight Draco's reins had become. His hold on her was debilitating.

Hermione had met up with Harry and Ron and things had not ended well. They were both furious at the sight of her losing herself, at the cold ice wall of isolation that surrounded her in the shape of a big volatile Slytherin and the fact that she had agreed to marry him. Ron was beside himself.

Her friendships with them and everyone else had blurred into non-existence. She knew Draco selfishly wanted her all to himself and he had succeeded in distancing her from everything and everyone she cared about. Her studies were gone, she watched her chance at being a healer swirl down the drain. Ron and Harry had begged her to leave him but they didn't understand what it was like. Anyone in a toxic and abusive relationship can only imagine until they're actually *in* one, leaving wasn't as simple as black and white. She refused and they argued until Hermione eventually stormed off, she had not spoken to either of them since and Draco smiled wickedly in the ruin of her broken friendships.

That was the last time she went to Gryffindor tower.

"They don't know what it's like to be people like me and you, sweetheart," Draco had soothed. "We *need* each other, I'm nothing without you and you're nothing without me."

Patronising.

Hermione smiled her best fake smile as he dipped his tongue down her throat and grabbed a handful of her ass. Never dwelling on her feelings for longer than necessary before he was onto the next thing.

She had lost everyone and Draco was all that was left.

The smell of pollen was thick and sweet in the crispy air, daffodils beginning to sprout. The grounds of Hogwarts awoke from its wintry slumber as the ice melted from the black lake and the lively colour of the grass came back to life. Such a pretty view for such a tortured soul.

Her day had started the same as many before it, with Draco pounding in and out of her sore body before her eyes were even open. Like a starving incubus. The frustrating sound of him panting above her was the first thing she heard as her knees were pushed to her chest and her body rocked roughly against the mattress.

He had informed her later on in the afternoon that since they were married she was now *Lady of the Manor*. The thought made her stomach roil with sickness. She had heard many rumours about Malfoy Manor and none of them were good. He told her that as soon as they graduated from Hogwarts they would be moving in as Lord and Lady. Hermione refused and that was how the twisted hands of fate collided once again, because no argument was ever *just* an argument.. it was always a war that she would never win.

“What the fuck do you mean Hermione?! Of course you’re moving in with me, *we’re fucking married!*” He bellowed, seething.

“We can live somewhere else, I’m not moving into that creepy fucking mansion.”

“Don’t make me fucking drag you there, you know I will,” he retorted.

“You do that and I will fucking hate you forever and you will *never* touch me again.”

His pupils pulled inwards, only leaving thin slits of granite as he stepped closer to her, slow and predatory, his deep voice buzzing through her ears. “Hate me all you want, love. But you’ll never keep me away from you.”

Her frustration was mounting to new levels.

“*Why can’t you just leave me alone and let me be happy?!*” Her voice cracked slightly as she tried to push all of her irritation into the scream she aimed at him, cringing slightly as her distress bounced around the walls of their dorm room.

“Because I would rather you be with me and miserable than with some other fucker and happy. *Is that what you wanted to hear?*” He asked dryly.

“You’re the most selfish person I’ve ever met!” She snarled.

“I never claimed to be anything else.”

“You’re fucking unbelievable.”

Hermione stormed past him into the Common Room where Blaise and Theo were mingling with Daphne, Astoria, Millicent and Marcus. She got as far as the threshold to the portrait before Draco’s strong arm slithered around her like a snake and tugged her sharply back inside, slamming the frame closed and shoving her hard against it.

“Where the fuck do you think you’re going?” He snarled in her face.

“Away from you! I can’t fucking take this anymore Draco. You’re suffocating me! I’m leaving, *we’re done*,” she cried.

She knew the words coming out of her mouth would never be true, she could feel the lie burning across her tongue but she still had to try.

He slammed a large hand onto the canvas, next to her face, making her jump violently. The Common Room fell into absolute silence, raw edged tension, thick enough to cut through with a knife.

“We’re only done when I say we’re *done*.”

He caught her bottom lip between his teeth abruptly and she slammed her knee into his groin, yelping in pain when the sharp points of his teeth pierced her flesh. He hunched over and she was quick to slide past him over to the sofas where Theo and Blaise were sitting. They were a visible comfort that Draco had moulded with fear to be so far out of her reach. Their eyes followed her, filled with sympathy and alarm as she ran around the back of the sofa. Draco stood tall, wrath plain as day in the harsh lines of his marble face, tightening his scar that grew even more threatening to the eye with his fury. He chased her around the Common Room until Theo finally stood up and shocked them all.

“***Enough!***”

Draco stopped dead in his tracks and cocked his head slightly to give him a look that could cut through glass. The room trembled with the force of his anger as it twisted around him in waves of sickening black. Everyone’s bodies physically jolted away from it.

“Who the fuck asked you?!” He gritted out and Hermione’s heart galloped.

“No one, but this has gone on for far too long don’t you think?” Theo asked in a confident voice that tried hard not to waver.

Draco huffed out an overly cocky laugh. “No I *don't*, actually. She’s *my* fucking wife. I will decide how long this goes on for,” he snapped, taking a deliberate slow step forward as Theo took a sensible step back.

“Look at her Draco,” he urged as he nodded his head in the direction of Hermione who was shaking against the wall. “She’s fucking *terrified* of you.”

Draco turned his head and his hot and hateful eyes landed on her, scolding her skin from the bone with his glare. “This is what happens when she doesn’t *listen* to me.”

“*Listen to you?! You’re trying to force me to live in your fucking haunted Manor.*”

He smirked and put his fingers out in front of him, wiggling them and mocking her. “*Oooo*, the mighty Hermione Granger, scared of a few ghosts. How pathetic.”

Hermione wanted to knee him in the dick again, *harder* this time.

“Look, the point is, she’s scared of you and I think it’s best if you just leave her alone for a bit. She can spend some time in my room and I’ll sleep on the sofa,” Theo kindly offered.

Bless his sweet little heart.

“Not a chance in fucking hell.”

“Draco, come on mate,” Blaise sighed from his place on the sofa.

Draco pointed a spiteful finger in his direction. “Don’t *you* fucking start. You’re supposed to be *my* friends, on *my* side.”

“No one’s taking sides, but this is getting bad.”

“*Bad?* This is fucking child’s play Zabini. You don’t know bad.”

The room was washed in the harsh acid of his violent disposition and Hermione could feel the hot sting of tears as they streamed down her face and dripped from her chin. He heard her snifle, the sound catching his attention.

“Stop with your fucking crocodile tears, Hermione.”

She wiped a tear away angrily with the back of her hand as she scowled at him, time stretching thin between them as they stared back at each other with similar emotions. He stood rigid and his stance was one she could recognise anywhere, wearing a shirt half unbuttoned and slacks, looking razor sharp cloaked in all black.

“Come here,” he grit as he pointed to the floor in front of him like she was a naughty child, indicating where she should stand.

“*Fuck. You,*” she spat in reply.

She watched every tendon in Draco’s jaw pull tight as he flew at her across the Common Room before a firm hand slammed against his chest, stopping his pursuit.

“Get the fuck off me Zabini,” Draco barked, slapping his hand away.

“Stop with this bullshit!”

“*No.*”

“You’ve lost your head.”

“Get *off* me.”

Blaise stood with a stoic expression, his hand still flat to Draco’s chest but the flicker in his eyes betrayed his fear as ghostly black fingers crept across the floor.

“I’ll give you one more chance to step back before I really *do* lose my fucking head,” Draco warned icily, standing in the haze of his smokey threat.

Blaise stayed where he was and so Draco gave him no more warnings before he smashed his iron fist into his face and Hermione heard the bones in his nose shatter as it connected, along with the loud gasps of Astoria, Millicent and Daphne who had been watching them go back and forth through fearful eyes, Marcus watched on with indifference like he had seen this all before. Blaise grunted loudly as he hit the floor.

“*Draco!*” Hermione screamed, lifting a foot to step forward but came to a hard halt when he looked at her, his stoney eyes like a whip against her skin. He crooked a vicious finger towards her, bearing his teeth.

“*This* is what fucking happens, now *come here!*”

Hermione looked cautiously around the room, Daphne was crouched down beside Blaise holding a handkerchief to his bloody nose, Theo stood in front of him shaking his head, his face ripe with disbelief, Astoria and Millicent were still on the sofa looking like they were on the verge of throwing up at the sight of a little blood. Draco stood in the center of the wreckage of his own making like it was a throne, his chest heaving rapidly as he continued looking at her expectantly.

“What a mess,” Marcus muttered as he nervously edged along the border of the room to get himself a drink.

“*Get fucked,*” Draco hissed, keeping his eyes locked on hers.

Hermione almost choked as she tried to swallow down her fear and stumbled over to him on shaky legs. He immediately pulled her into his arms and lifted the backs of her thighs, her legs wrapping around his hips on instinct. He carried her over to the armchair and sat down, holding onto her for dear life. She was a bundle of nerves, watching him closely through watery eyes as he lit a cigarette with one hand and rubbed soft circles into her lower back with the other. Back to being gentle, from night to day. He offered her a puff and she shook her head in decline.

He inhaled and blew smoke across the room in silence with Hermione frozen in his lap, her lungs aching from holding her breath. His next move was never obvious. The Slytherins moved around behind her, Blaise was pulled up from the floor and Draco didn’t even spare his friend a glance as he focused his intense attention on her only.

“Leave.”

His voice was even and deep and everyone was quick to listen to it. Theo threw her a worried look from the doorway and she gave him a sad smile with a subtle nod in return—*go*.

The room was quiet once more, so quiet that her ears were ringing in the empty space, its only occupants were two black and broken souls. One fractured moon and one splintered sun, orbiting around each other much too closely, drawn by a magnetic force much too strong.

“You truly are a *soul sucking reaper,*” she whispered.

“I warned you, sweetheart,” he said softly.

“You’ve taken everything. You’ve sucked out any joy and happiness I had and I can never get away from you. How can you live with yourself?”

“To live means to be *fully alive*, Hermione. I’m nothing but a black phantom floating through these halls in search of you, always.”

Chapter 25: Rot

Chapter Summary

Everything I touch turns to dust in my hands.

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

Half God Half Devil by In This Moment

The Otherside by Red Sun Rising

ROT by WesGhost, Jutes

THE DEATH OF PEACE OF MIND by Bad Omens

Hurt by Nine Inch Nails

Skins by The Haunting

Deep End by Crossfade

Family Line by Conan Gray

Remember Everything by Five Finger Death Punch

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=sIrRGyBsQ8GIURDf5zK20Q&pi=T6bSbBvFRzi3u>



DRACO

He was fucking twisted. Demented. Deranged. Damaged. His insides were charred and there was no cleansing him, not even with the bolstering of iron flames. He was coiled tightly into a ball of poisoned thorns that no one dared to touch. He was born from sin and it was hardly surprising when he was his mother's son and his father's legacy, a murderous death eater. With the family that he was raised into, it was inevitable that it would only ever end like this.

He recognised that he was fucked, recognised that he was unredeemable and unsalvagable. Left for the crows to pick at as his remains soaked midnight black into the unwilling earth. Not even the dirt below wanted to accept someone as monstrous as him into its depths, didn't want to risk decaying the roses that still bloomed across the cursed grounds in his mother's memory.

He had been pulled further down into the deep chill of the abyss, could feel the hot lick of hell at his ankles but his demons were more afraid of *him* than he was of them.

His rage had grown roots and given him lessons on death, on murder that became a skill that he never knew how to give up. Something that was too engrained into him to ever stop. The only thing that Bella and his father ever *praised* him for. He was only awarded for the bad so how could anyone ever expect him to be anything else?

Corrupted by bad parenting and a mother that was too afraid to speak.

Nothing felt real in this place, his shadow couldn't connect reality to the lethal thoughts that plagued him. But how could he ever be lost if no one was *looking*?

His world was one abysmal cloud of black and white and Hermione was the only thing in his life that bled any colour. She was a sedative *and* a toxin. She was like drinking Belladonna from a golden cup. But he never would have learnt this particular lesson because he had always had a dangerous hunger for the forbidden, for things that should have never been, for things he had no business touching with his dirty hands, things that were never meant for someone like him. But that was exactly why he had to have them, to break out of societies mould. To go against what was morally right and take his own path like every other ruinous Malfoy before him.

Keeping the *damned* generational cycle going.

Being inside Hermione was like being kissed by the sun, injecting his veins with pure dopamine. And it was still *never* enough. He wanted *more*. He wanted to eat her alive and set his insides on fire with her taste and instead she had set his bones alight with the bitter taste of her resentment. Lacing him intentionally with the venom she slowly built to survive on.

She was a pretty unsuspecting bottle of Deadly Nightshade, beautiful, alluring, captivating but still fucking *deadly*, forcing him to see things that weren't there and choking him with the dense darkness at the end of the tunnel. He *felt* her love, thrashing around in the fractured organ they called a *heart*. He knew that she loved him but it was never enough to satisfy the infectious feeling in his veins. He was too gluttonous. His way of being was too well established for change.

He desired her *violently*. It was more desire than he had ever felt in his life. He had desired many things—a Nimbus 2000 as a child, the sweets his mother would send him at Christmas, the love his father never offered. But this desire was different, it was devouring, violent—eating away at his skin like a persistent parasite.

He wanted to shatter her with his voracious touch, just so *his* hands could be the ones to piece her fragile flesh back together, flooding the gaps with the sick drip of his *love* so no other could ever bleed through the cracks. Forever ruining her for a different life. How ironic it was that he treated her the worst of all because she was the one that loved him most. She was the one that gave him something he had never had but always yearned for and yet he didn't know what to do with it. He didn't know how to receive and reciprocate it gently.

I am the beast she never realised she was fuelling.

He was messed up in Azkaban but it was *her* that tortured him most of all. She was all he could think of then and even more so now. She had hollowed out what was left of his soul, wrapped the black rot of his insides around herself and called it a *home*.

The sickly sweet and metallic taste of blood was so familiar to him now that he wasn't sure who it belonged to anymore. It all tasted the same until the tang of copper had been overcome with the bitter grit of ash that had settled thickly between his teeth.

He didn't know where to touch Hermione anymore, no plane on her body was ever wide enough to satisfy him. He was the addict going through constant withdrawals even as the fresh salt from the hit drenched his tongue. He never learnt how to accept that what he had was *enough* when he was a witness to his own family being torn apart by the cruel fingers of greed. Conditioned only to want more for himself, to *take and take* until there was nothing left to have. Scraping away the marrow until only the empty carcass remained.

*I wanted to be good once. When I was a tiny child trying to learn what being good meant. When mother looked at me like I would become something **more**.*

But I watched and I absorbed and I grew into a man that mother ended her life for and a man that Hermione never deserved. She grew forwards while I grew backwards, finding her only through my relentless letters until the magnetic threads of magic that wouldn't stop twisting inside me pulled her closer, always reaching for her.

I'm not good.

I have never been. Could never hope to be.

I'm a body of confliction, feeling the sting from both fire and ice at the same time. I only ever existed for her.

Burnt but not destroyed.

Not yet a corpse but still, I rot.

And she would watch his body decompose at her feet with a beautiful smile staining her lips.

But if I can't have her, no one can.

She was chosen by me and by me is where she will remain until I take her hand, bejewelled in dark magic, gilded in deceitful gold and pull her through the veil with me.

*Not even death would separate us, that isn't a threat.. **it's a promise.***

Was it possible to be both man and monster? Draco didn't think so.

If you spoke of love, he would tell you about wreckage. To him, that's what love was. It ended in nothing but demolition. He had seen it with his own grey eyes, the ones that were so painfully similar to his father's that he hoped the birds would pluck them out first.

No wonder he could never sleep. He was trapped in his own mind. A slave to cells, a slave to the wrong lessons taught that had no end. His tarnished soul bleeding him dry slowly while he smiled through bloodied teeth, cinders and ash burning the skin from his throat, scorching him with their secrets and lies. Some people were just born to be tragic. Or was it all just the delusions of a disordered mind?

He was angry all the time. He sabotaged everything but his anger was *never* wrong. It controlled him because those who angered him were never undeserving of what he gave them, his father taught him that with the taste of blood from a broken nose here and a cracked rib there, as he watched his mother cower across the room in a red pool of her own wounds.

But I would always survive, even while I rot. Even if I had to dig my way out with my teeth. I would always lurk in the dark corners that no one wanted to look into. Let them hate me as long as they fear me.

Self preservation was the Malfoy motto and temptation was a slippery slope to death, but he would live since he must die.

He was never insane. Until his heart was *touched* in all the right ways.

I am hostile. I am hatred. I am all consuming, suffocating. I am burning in frost. I am a violent tongue. I am destructive.

*I reap what I sow and if I cannot bend the will of **Heaven**, I shall move the flames of **Hell**.*

Chapter 26: Ball and Chain

Chapter Summary

Love is chains of unbreakable steel, love is iron weights, heavier than the world. Love can crush just as surely as it can lift up.

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

Scream My Name by Thomas LaRosa

Cities by Two Feet, Toby Mai

Hostage by Billie Eilish

You Know Me Too Well by Nothing But Thieves

BODY AND MIND by Liza

Stupid by Tate McRae

Stockholm Syndrome-Midnight Version by ARCANA

L I M E R E N C E playlist - https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=buxiKm3GSSGEVfHUhkYeLg&pi=fdvRjPCwT_yrh



HERMIONE

Friday, May 8th 1999

“Eughhhhh,” she cried out as Draco pounded into her from below. He had both his hands fisted tight in her long caramel curls for leverage as he thrust into her so deeply that her eyes rolled back into her head of their own volition.

It was late in the evening after a tiring day of classes. Hermione wanted nothing more than to go to bed but Draco wanted her and so here she was, straddling him on the green chaise in their dorm room, the fire hot against their naked bodies. She wanted to ride him with a gentle rhythm but he was drunk and much too impatient. Her breasts bounced roughly and she couldn't catch her breath. Sweat dripped from the tips of his blonde hair as he looked at her with so much violence that she had to try hard to keep her face straight.

His eyes were a stormy ocean of greys and blues under dark blonde lashes, his lips so pretty and pink in the lighting. He had the most perfect straight nose, the freckle below his eye a flawless addition to his beauty. His sharp scar giving him the same edge of danger that he harboured inside. His aristocratic features were always sharp against his alabaster skin while maintaining an elegance only born from being a pureblood, but there was no mistaking that Draco was all man. His masculinity was *thick*.

He had the face of an angel but his beautiful eyes held a dark depth that said otherwise.

His hard chiseled jaw flexed as he struggled to maintain his control. He forced her head back with his grip on her hair and sank his teeth into the curve of her neck. The feeling was so familiar now that it didn't take long for her to reach her peak once his thumb pressed down onto the sensitive flesh of her clit.

"Good girl," he breathed as she shuddered with pleasure.

She had somewhat gotten used to these rough sessions. He was only gentle on the days after he had pushed her too far. Which was often.

He had begun obsessing over the thought of anal sex lately and although she insisted that he wasn't allowed anywhere near that part of her she knew it was only a matter of time before he got what he wanted, as he always did. When Draco mentioned a new interest it was automatically set in stone and there was no getting out of it. The way in which he forcefully pushed any one of his desires to manifest was stifling.

And anal was the next thing to move onto in his unrelenting need for *more*.

He fucked her through her orgasm as his thumb absently smoothed over the scars on her ribs. He touched it constantly as if he needed to remind himself that it was still there. Hermione *knew* it was there, could feel the weight of it against her skin like a ball and chain. Tethering her body to his name. She felt it every time she moved, like fingers clutching onto her rib bones, *his* fingers.

"*Fuck* baby, cum for me again," he groaned, his thrusts growing brutal as Hermione struggled to keep up. All of her air had been forced out with his hard movements. He wrapped his hand around her throat and swiped his tongue across her bottom lip, the familiar taste of fresh mint soaking into her mouth.

"*Cum*," he demanded in her ear.

"I-I can't," she stuttered out, not even able to talk without her voice shaking from how much she bounced around on his lap.

"You can and I wanna hear you scream my name when you do it."

Hermione was already filled with him and her clit was starting to burn from being so overstimulated. He was relentless in his need to roughly slam all of himself into her, the loud slaps of skin on skin echoing around the room. The hand at her throat tightened and the heat of it made the bite mark he'd left there sting.

"Cum for me, Hermione," he growled once more.

It ripped through her like a fiery wave as if her body was now hard wired to obey any of his commands. "Ohh fuck, *Draco!*" She moaned and his face split into a wide smirk as he wrapped his arms around her back with the strength of a steel band and gave her a few more deep pumps before he was moaning her name in the throes of his own release.

"*Fuck*," he choked out, his cock twitching inside her. His slick chest was heaving against her breasts and he brushed his thumb lightly across her bottom lip while looking back and forth between her eyes intensely.

"I fucking love you." It twisted her stomach painfully to hear those words said so passionately, so possessively.

"I love you too," she replied as she threaded her fingers through his damp hair. He pulled her closer to press his hot lips against hers, making sure to slip his tongue inside for a taste.

"I could fuck you all day, *everyday*."

"I quite believe it but I don't think my body could handle that, three times a day is enough."

He smirked and kissed her again, sucking on her bottom lip for more as she pulled away.

“It’s not *nearly* enough but next time we fuck, I’m taking your tight little ass,” he said, pulling out of her and making them both wince. His cum ran hot down her legs, he caught a drop with his finger and slipped it between her lips, humming with satisfaction when her tongue curled around it.

“No Draco, I’m not comfortable with that.”

He lifted her into his solid arms and deposited her on the bed. Nude and slick.

“You *will* be though sweetheart, I’ll make sure to make you feel good beforehand.”

She didn’t get the chance to defend her corner any further before he walked off in the direction of the bathroom. Sweaty and satisfied.

Saturday, May 9th 1999

Hermione woke the next morning aching all over as was the usual now with the amount of attention Draco obsessively showered her body with everyday. He was asleep next to her lying flat on his stomach with his arms under his pillow. The deep lines of his frown were smoothed out and he looked so *peaceful* in sleep. So young and innocent, but the truth was a *very* different sad story.

Hermione tended to get a little more time to herself on the mornings he had drank heavily the night before so she used it to her advantage and took a shower alone for once. She rarely got privacy anymore, every shower she took was ambushed by a blonde Slytherin and he followed her everywhere she went like a shadow.

She felt the burn of the bite on her neck as the hot water splashed against it, forcing her to remember that it was there. She ran her fingers across it and could feel every indentation of his teeth, marking her as his. She was used to his behaviour by now. He was brutal and rough and loved to mark up her body in all different types of ways. Bites, bruises, hickeys, cuts. It didn’t matter to him how the mark came to be, as long as it came from *him*.

He was the most obsessive, territorial, possessive and jealous man she had ever met. He was relentless. It must get tiring to be so tightly wound all the time but Hermione guessed it was something he acquired and became accustomed to in his time in prison. He was the love of her life but he was also her nightmare and equally her jailor. No one would ever understand the tortured clash of emotions she felt everyday towards her husband, towards something as natural as marriage that should be without the hefty chains of obligations and the loss of dreams for any kind of control in her own life.

She looked at him and she loved him down to his bones. The way he could be so gentle was her ideal man and her heart longed for him always. It was a strange concept to grieve a person that you’re with all day everyday, not knowing how long you would get that side of them for. But Hermione did. She grieved the side of Draco she wished she could keep and her heart ached more and more everyday with the knowledge that she couldn’t.

Everything that had transpired between them had happened so quickly that if you blinked you would miss it but that’s how she supposed it went in relationships such as these.

He wanted to own her and isolate her as quickly as possible, manipulating her into believing the situation was normal and that it’s something *she* wanted. Draco was a very powerful and manipulative man and could control the narrative to his advantage with ease. She was ripped away from anyone that could drive a wedge between them and cause problems for Draco. It was all about control and Hermione was never blind to the nature of her relationship and now marriage to him. She did fall for the wolf in sheep’s clothing after all and now it was too late.

Not only did he insert himself into every aspect of her life but he had made it his mission to create a world in which he was the only one she could turn to, he had captured her and married her quickly and she had been seduced into making a deal with the devil. He was adept in the art of seduction and persuasion and he did it perfectly whenever it was called for. He used guilt and fear as a weapon. He knew just what to say to get under her skin and gaslight her.

Draco knew he was a handsome and well endowed man who was not short for attention, he used it in his favour and stupidly, Hermione could never resist him even in her anger. He was magnetic. His confidence sucked her in. His dirty smirk was irresistible.

But the devil was always a gentleman..

Until he wasn’t.

He was everything she wanted on the outside. She had fallen in love with his beauty. But beauty wasn't everything and his angelic features would soon transform in his rage into something dark and spiteful. Toxic. He had sexually traumatised her and hit her and scared her but he had also kissed her with the heat of a thousand suns and touched her with worshipping hands and when he looked at her with those soft blue eyes that melted only for her, she felt the rest float away like ash in the wind.

The bad things became less bad in the warmth of the good and when things were truly good Hermione often found herself wondering if the bad was really *all* that bad and asked herself if maybe she had exaggerated it all in her head, *because is it really hell if I like the way it burns?* These were all the twisted ways in which he had corrupted her, mind, body and soul.

What a massive responsibility it is to bear the weight of the villain and the black fingerprints he has branded on my soul.

Things had been somewhat better since the incident between him, Theo and Blaise in the Common Room. Hermione had persuaded Draco to reconcile and apologise with bribes of sexual favours and he had listened *of course* because he was a fiend for anything that brought him pleasure and her body brought him a lot of it, willing or otherwise.

A few of the Slytherins including Theo and Blaise had asked around curiously about Pansy and Draco always gave them the same icy answer—*"I don't know and I don't fucking care."* His sharp tone was always enough for the person asking to drop the question immediately but Hermione felt sick everytime she heard the name and the way he so carelessly shrugged off the answer she knew would never be brought to light. He had told her many times of his nature to dismiss anyone that wasn't himself or her. That was all that mattered to him.

She had wanted to ask him more about it but never dared to in fear that he would lash out and she would have to bear the brunt of his anger, because for some sick and twisted reason it was natural to hurt those closest to you and even Hermione could attest to that. She had not spoken to her friends in months and the solid friendship they once shared was now severely damaged—to Draco's *great* pleasure.

She was more isolated than ever. The only constant in her life was Draco. She saw Theo and Blaise often enough, Astoria still ignored her but she'd had a few polite conversations with her sister Daphne. They never lasted very long though because Draco was always eager to drag her away into their cave so he could have her all to himself. She felt lonely a lot and had tried to express her feelings but was immediately shut down when it caused an argument in which he claimed she was being selfish because he had given her everything, so Hermione never spoke of it again.

He was good at making her feel guilty and that guilt was always enough for her to shove the emotions back down. Swallow them and bask in her self pity in silence where Draco couldn't hear it. Her head was a mess and she had no one to sort through it with. Draco only ever wanted to know about the feeling she had in regards to *himself*.

It was a sunny spring day and the Black Lake rippled with pretty colours of cyan blue and mossy greens. She could see Merpeople and Grindylows enjoying the rays of sun that streaked through the waters surface. GillyWeed getting caught in the ripples. It was mesmerising to watch something so beautiful from the safety of a dry window. The shimmery reflection of the sun through the water covered the dark cavernous ceiling of the Common Room, giving the space a glittery blue glow.

Warm arms slipped around her waist from behind as she got lost in the beauty of the famous lake. She didn't have to turn around to know who it was, the pressure of his hold told her everything she needed to know.

"Pretty isn't it?"

He hummed. "If you fancy being ripped apart by Grindylows then sure."

Hermione rolled her eyes and Draco smothered her neck in wet kisses.

"Not in here," she hissed, knowing where this would lead to if she didn't stop him now. But trying to stop him from doing something he wanted to do was easier said than done. He was as stubborn and strong as an ox.

"Come back to bed," he whispered between kisses.

His hands had begun to wander, slowly down her stomach to the hem of the dress she was wearing. She grabbed his hand to stop his eager pursuit.

"We need to do something more than stay in that bedroom and have sex all day."

"Says fucking *who*?"

"Says *me* Draco, I need some air."

She felt his jaw flex beside her cheek but he gratefully released her. Hermione was wearing a tight fitted denim dress that enhanced the natural curves of her hips and waist with a sheer long sleeved black top underneath, black stockings and her

favourite stilettos. Her hair was half up half down, secured at the back with a black silk ribbon. Her nails were freshly painted the cherry red colour she loved and her lips were plump with gloss.

She was wearing some diamond studs in her ears that Draco had gifted her for Christmas, finishing off the look with her staple vanilla perfume, she had extra time before Draco found her this morning so she made sure to use it wisely. She had disillusioned the bite mark on her neck knowing that Draco wouldn't want it to be healed and would take the charm off the second they were alone so he could witness his claim.

She could feel the heat of him at her back as she looked down and watched her ring reflect pretty colours in the light of the window.

"So what *do* you wanna do today?" He asked, in a tone that suggested he was half annoyed, half curious.

Hermione turned to face him. He was devastatingly handsome in all black and smelling fresh from the shower, his familiar sweet leathery scent surrounding him. His top three buttons were undone as always, showcasing his chain and his Azkaban tattoo, sleeves rolled to his elbows and the silver rings that he never kept off were in place on his long fingers, his silver earrings and Cuban bracelet glinting softly in the watery light.

His hair was cropped short around the sides and back—fresh from a recent hair cut, the top was left longer and raked back by his fingers, pieces of his fringe falling in a perfected mess over his forehead. He darted his pink tongue out over his plump bottom lip and Hermione squeezed her thighs together at the sight. He really was *painfully* stunning.

His eyes were glistening with heat as he looked her up and down, trailing over her body and drinking in her outfit. They were a beautiful mixture of topaz and silver, so bright they hurt to look at. His hands shot out to pull her tight against him, tasting the gloss on her lips as his hands found their usual spot on her behind.

"*Cherry*," he purred, so very reminiscent of their first potions lesson which seemed like years ago and only yesterday at the same time. So much had happened, so much had *changed*.

"You look insanely sexy with your little bow." His smirk was devilish as he brushed his fingertips against it.

She smiled and wrapped her arms around his neck, absently playing with the short hairs at his nape as she looked up at him. "I want to go to Diagon Alley, maybe get some lunch at The Leaky Cauldron? Go to Flourish & Blotts?"

"Why the *fuck* do you wanna go to The Leaky? It's a dump."

"It's cosy and you haven't taken your wife on a date yet," she chastised, trying to seduce him into the idea with a flutter of her long eyelashes.

"Were the walks around in the bloody snow not enough for you?"

Hermione huffed in indignation. "Absolutely not, you were grumpy the whole time."

He arched his brow at her. "Yes because it was fucking cold and wet and I prefer the *warm* and wet," he mumbled with a wink.

"For fuck sake," she snapped playfully, pulling on his hair.

"The snow is *not* my idea of fun."

"Okay, so what *is* your idea of fun then?"

His hands squeezed her ass harder as he leant forward, nuzzling his face against hers and whispered into her ear. "Me and you in our bed and my cock between these perfect cheeks." He crushed the flesh in his hands even tighter to further drive home his point.

She frowned, following it up with a sneer. "Not happening, Draco," she replied flatly.

"It *will*," he said with finality.

Her stomach swooped nervously but she ignored him, changing the subject quickly. "Why don't we ask Daphne and Blaise if they want to tag along? It can be a double date?"

Draco groaned in annoyance, pressing his forehead against hers. "Can't I just continue to have you all to myself?"

"No. You have me alone all the time. I'm sure you can spare one afternoon?"

"What do I get out of it?"

“Fresh air and a nice time out of this bloody castle with your friends. You can do whatever you like to me when we get back.”

His eyes twinkled with dark excitement. “*Whatever* I like?”

“*Within reason*, yes,” she rephrased sternly.

Draco smiled his deadly smile and agreed.

Chapter 27: Bittersweet Sunlight

Chapter Summary

I came crawlin' in on all fours
Knockin' at your door
Knockin' at your door
I don't wanna bleed anymore
I just wanted love
But you wanted gore
You're my matador

- Matador by Luvcat

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

White Mustang by Lana Del Rey

Summertime Sadness by Lana Del Rey

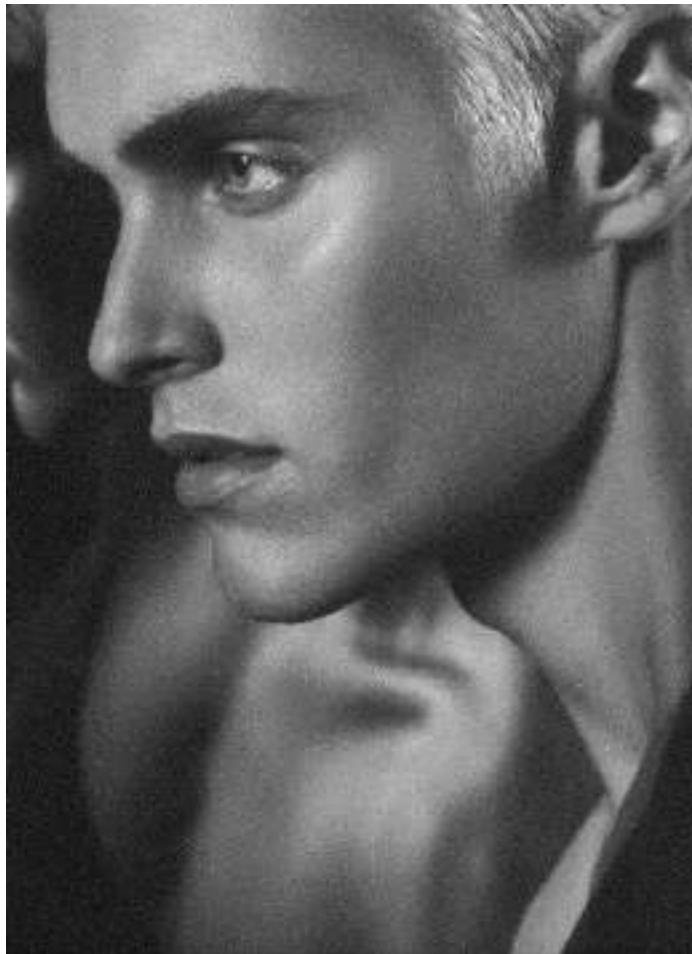
Matador by Luvcat

Love Lies by Jessie Murph

Chaotic by Tate McRae

Doin' Time by Lana Del Rey

L I M E R E N C E playlist - https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=9rZ7V5JqQ_OeeAZg6u3I-A&pi=HGDqJ8COTu6K9



HERMIONE

Saturday, May 9th 1999

Diagon Alley, London

The Alley was warm and bright with bustling students. Owls and bats hanging in cages in shop windows as if nothing had changed. The sweet smell of ice cream from Florean Fortescue's blowing down the lane as they walked towards Flourish & Blotts, Hermione's favourite place.

Draco had a tight grip on her hand, their fingers threaded snugly together and nothing about the way he held her was subtle, it was firm and territorial, it sent a message. He walked tall and confident with a swagger that only he could possess as they descended the street, his blonde hair a bright beacon as it reflected off the sun.

He looked each person directly in their eyes as they passed, daring someone to mutter something so he had an excuse to act out in all the ways they feared, too hostile to handle a simple walk. Hermione watched with a mix of discomfort and curiosity as witches and wizards shied away from him, throwing her sympathetic looks and giving him a wide berth, too afraid to step too close to the beautiful man with a cruel reputation. Their faces ones of pale horror.

Draco Malfoy was no secret, he was renowned for his crimes and everyone knew he was responsible for Dumbledore's death, the whole school had watched with baited breath as the Headmaster's mutilated body fell and slammed into the cobblestone below, lifeless as the loud splash from the courtyard fountain cut through their screams. The haunting look in Draco's eyes was something that she had thought about for weeks after she saw it plastered onto the front of every Daily Prophet. The shades of inescapable truth that had stared back at her in black and white.

It was a disturbing memory that Hermione wished she could forget. She didn't know how or when she had managed to move past the brutality of what Draco had done and *who* he had done it to, but everything regarding him felt like one big blur. Like he had polished the part of her brain that once despised him, removing the hateful stains, her logical sense and replacing it with something worse.

Daphne and Blaise were in step behind them, holding hands and looking as in love as ever. Blaise wore a dark green shirt and black slacks, a small black hoop in his left ear. Daphne's long raven hair whipped around her face in the breeze as she walked. She was wearing a yellow tea dress dotted with tiny white flowers and matching white heels. She looked elegant and graceful as she smiled up at Blaise adoringly.

The sun was warm against her skin and Hermione was suddenly filled with the nostalgic feelings of walking through Diagon alley as a first year and being amazed by the new and magical world she had just found out she was a part of. The bittersweet sting of memories settled within her—strolling across this exact cobblestone hand in hand with Harry and Ron, in the heat of summer or the chill of winter, no matter the season they were always together. The realisation that she would never get to live with those same feelings again was something she struggled with herself to accept. It was a simple pleasure that was so far out of her reach now, an ache that chipped away at the last of her heart. She was walking across the same ground years later, only in a much different situation with a very different person.

As they stepped into the old bookshop that Hermione had loved since she was a child she was flooded with the familiar scents of comfort—the smell of old parchment and ink. Whenever Hermione felt down, she would turn to books to lift her spirits and they *always* did. They took her to another realm where she could forget about her troubles for a while. It was medicine for her soul. She fell in love with words and what they could spell out. What they could teach and what you could learn, how they could make you feel and see things in a different light, different perspectives. It was a little window into someone else's soul, experienced through the eyes of another. A book was like an old reliable friend with ribs made from leather and pages of heart.

Weaving through the tall and stacked rows of bookshelves was like coming home, it was somewhere that she could breathe easy. It was a joy she would never grow tired of. When she was amongst literature she transformed and it was evident to anyone around her. She *glowed*.

Draco let go of her hand as he spotted his own interests amongst the shelves and together they browsed in a peaceful silence. Blaise and Daphne had wandered off to the small sitting area across the shop. Books weren't really their thing and they were too lost in each other to care.

Their relationship was healthy, *pure* and Hermione was so happy for them.

She was flicking through a copy of *Pride and Prejudice* when she felt his presence at her back, slipping the book gently from her fingertips. Draco held such a large presence that everyone in the vicinity *felt* him before they saw him, the air would shift and the force of it would burn holes through lungs, rendering you breathless and choking you with his virility.

Hermione grit her teeth in annoyance. She was happy in her own little world—reading through one of her favourite books but when Draco wanted her attention she *must* give it to him without question.

He had not *one* ounce of patience.

Luckily he knew the importance of an unblemished book and pushed it back into its slot carefully. He held her breasts in his greedy hands, palming them through the denim of her dress, his lips leaving a wet trail of heat along the sensitive bend of her neck.

Hermione tried to squirm out of his touch. "Draco, not here for gods sake," she whispered harshly.

He whipped her body around quickly and crushed her between himself and the shelves. She gasped into his mouth as his demanding tongue delved between her startled lips. His hands carded through her curls and he tightened his grip, taking her bottom lip between his insatiable teeth. The way Draco kissed her was always desperate, like he couldn't bear to be away from her lips, her taste, it was never gentle and never innocent, always frenzied and on the very cusp of lost control. Hermione pressed her hands against his biceps to stop him but it was no use, he was immovable like a cold block of cement and she was weak in his arms.

He moaned into her mouth as he pressed the thick length of himself against her hip and Hermione gasped for air when his lips finally disconnected from hers, red and swollen from his over eager attentions. He kissed his way down past her chin, down to the hollow of her throat and along her collarbone. Biting with insistent pressure and licking away the sting across her pulse points in dizzying repetition, teasing her skin with the tip of his tongue and sending cold shivers down the curve of her spine. Hermione tipped her head back, exposing more of her flesh to him like it was second nature and arching her back against the shelves, allowing him to continue his slow and intentional movements.

Her lower stomach twisted and began to build with heat with the brush of his featherlight fingertips against her hard nipples, sending sharp tingles down below. Hermione whimpered, pressing her thighs firmly together, her hips jumping in search of

friction and Draco's dark chuckle shot through her, pulling her back to the present and back to the public bookshop they were standing in.

"*Draco, I said not here!*" She snapped, pushing him away harder this time and wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. Choking down the uncomfortable sensations of damp knickers and a throbbing clit.

He smirked deeply, *knowingly* and pulled out the same copy of *Pride and Prejudice* she had been reading before he rudely interrupted her and walked off with it to the front counter without a word. She watched his confident gait, burning a hole through his back with her scowl as he walked away. He seriously thought that he was so entitled that he could have her whenever and wherever he felt the need without her having a say but Hermione still desperately tried to stop his advances in public places. He might not have cared about voyeurs but *she* did.

Draco had expressed the desire to fuck her in the Hogwarts library on more than one occasion but Hermione would never allow him the chance. Whenever they were in the library together she would try and escape his proximity in the vast and winding paths between the shelves. He would always find her but she would stand her ground the best she could and he had listened for once. He knew books was where she drew the line, possibly the only line that she was *allowed*. But that still didn't stop him from pushing her boundaries any chance he got. Like it was a game. A *challenge*.

He was hopelessly reckless and couldn't see past anything but her, *especially* when desire struck him. His sight zeroed in on her and her only. She was the only object of his suffocating *affection*.

How dangerous it was for someone to decide that you were theirs with no regard for consent or feelings. Just snatching you up like a prized pony and creating tethers you never asked for, attaching links you never wanted but now have been conditioned to rely on.

He purchased the book for her and carried the bag, *such a gentleman* Hermione thought sarcastically. He put his thumb and pointer finger between his lips, a sharp whistle gaining Blaise and Daphne's attention. They had practically been eating each other's faces off in the corner of the quiet bookstore and Hermione shook her head in disapproval, earning herself yet another smirk and a whispered "*prude*" from Draco.

He took her small hand in his large one and tugged her into the sunlit alley in the direction of The Leaky Cauldron.

The shabby pub was busy but held a pleasant atmosphere. Plenty of students and teachers filling the booths, laughter and the sugary smell of butterbeer rich and sticky in the air, shopping bags and smiling faces filling every corner. The flames were burning low in the fireplace even though the sun streaming in through the glossy windows kept the place warm enough on its own but Hermione didn't mind it, it was cosy.

Draco had found them a table at the back, a relatively large distance away from the main crowd.

He hated people. *Shock*.

He sandwiched her in between himself and a wall, always making sure that she had no escape route. The only way out was through him. Even out for a pleasant afternoon he was still stuck in his ways, letting her know without words that a day out didn't mean that she could go off wandering on her own. If she had to use the restroom he would probably wait outside the door for her like a guard.

"I'll go order the drinks then, what's everyone having?" Blaise inquired with a bright smile.

"I'll have a chocolate liqueur," Daphne replied, smiling back.

"Firewhisky for me, *obviously*."

Blaise looked over to her next, a dark brow raised in question. "Hermione?"

She looked to Draco as he gave her a syrupy smile. "Have whatever you want, love. It's on me."

"I'll have a gin and soda with lime then please."

"Put it on my tab, Zabini," Draco ordered.

Blaise gave him a two finger salute. "Will do, boss."

Draco smirked.

With their drinks of choice in front of them the afternoon went by quickly, filled with Draco's wandering hands under the table and conversations about their plans for after graduation. Hermione said nothing and sipped her drink through it all, opting to get tipsy instead of talking about the day that she would be forced to the Manor of nightmares. She knew Draco would never let that go. He couldn't leave her alone for five minutes so how would he ever let her live separately from him? It would never happen and even though they had not spoken about it again since that day in March she knew Draco had not forgotten. His plans for her as his wife were very much set in stone whether she liked it or not.

Blaise went to the bar again to order their meals shortly after and it was dusk by the time they reached the castle. Even in the moody light of the evening, Hogwarts really was beautiful when you had the time and headspace to appreciate it.

Hermione took a few minutes to admire the vast amount of bright stars that twinkled like white diamonds across the blue backdrop, jealous of the freedom they didn't even realise they had, with the space to drift wherever they pleased, held back by nothing but daylight. Her sorrowful ambers searched the sky instinctively, looking for Draco's constellation amongst the clusters, because everything she did always brought her back to him, somehow. Hermione wondered how someone so *cold* could be named after something with so much *fire* in its belly.

It was quiet and most students were back in their respective Common Rooms, only a few milling around in the library by candle light since the castle was mostly dark. They went back to their own quarters through the cold and damp dungeons, grateful to find it warm inside, thick with the nostalgic smell of burning logs.

"Where have you lot been?" Theo asked curiously, frowning up at them from his place on the sofa.

"*Out*," was Draco's vague reply.

"We went to Diagon Alley for lunch," Hermione supplied since clearly Draco wasn't going to.

He went straight over to the bar cart and poured himself a large whiskey, throwing it back and pouring himself another swiftly after, the honey coloured liquid escaping the corners of his mouth and running down the column of his throat in his haste. She had lost count of how many shots of the stuff he'd had that day. He drank it like it was water.

He finally sat down and lit himself a cigarette, holding one out to Hermione in offering.

"Where was my invite?" Theo whined.

"Must have gotten lost in the post," Draco shot back dryly, giving him a flat and sarcastic smile.

Hermione rolled her eyes, fed up with his constant standoffish and blunt demeanour. Daphne and Blaise had taken themselves straight off to his room for a night to themselves and Hermione snatched up the cigarette, sitting down next to Theo, needing some space away from the brooding blonde opposite them.

"I was going to invite you but I didn't think you would want to be a fifth wheel."

"I wouldn't have minded being the sixth or seventh wheel Hermione, it just would have been nice to get out of this bloody castle," he said with a shrug, lighting his own smoke.

Hermione gave him a sad smile, her stomach turning with genuine guilt. "I'm sorry Theo, next time I *promise* to invite you!"

His bright and cheeky smile returned.

The three of them smoked their cigarettes in silence, watching the gentle sway of the water outside the window, soothing Hermione into a sleepy daze. She was tipsy and tired, a mixture that wasn't good for trying to keep your eyes open.

She distantly felt strong arms scoop her up from the warmth of the leather sofa and lay her gently onto a soft bed, wrapping her in silk, his breathy slurred whisper against her ear as she slipped deeper into sleep.

"My wife is a sleeping fucking beauty with a cunt made from *gold*."

Chapter 28: Lecherous

Chapter Summary

To be a woman is to be a pomegranate,
Split flesh and stolen from hands digging through soft pith, frantically scraped out. Sweet ruby jewels, decrowned and cracked by greedy fingers.
Stain the thief with sour blood.
-A.Marie

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -
Tag You're It by Melanie Martinez
I Fell In Love With The Devil by Avril Lavigne
Power by Isak Danielson
Narcissist by Lauren Spencer Smith
Punish by Ethel Cain
Knuckle Velvet by Ethel Cain, YAH WAV
You Forced Me To by Lizzy McAlpine

L I M E R E N C E playlist - https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=sh23dSkQT2aOiKid6_UW-Q&pi=LVAgW_02QPOf0

TWs for this chapter are at the end.

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



HERMIONE

Sunday, May 10th 1999

Hermione cracked her eyes open to the beautiful sight of Draco laying on his side, fist propping up his head as he watched her through his disheveled blonde fringe. His fingertips absently tracing over the bite on her neck that he had at some point uncovered for his own amusement.

“Morning, baby,” he whispered, his voice as soft as silk. “How’re you feeling?”

Hermione put a palm to her throbbing head.

“Like death,” she mumbled, screwing her face up in discomfort.

Draco snorted, pulling out a bottle of pepperup from his nightstand and handing it to her, letting his fingertips linger as he did so. She drank it quickly, eager to take away the ache.

Instant relief.

She passed him the empty bottle and had plans to lay her achy head back down but not before Draco captured her lips with his. She pushed against his warm chest to back him up.

“Draco”—*kiss*—“can I at least”—*kiss*—“brush my teeth first,” she gasped. “I can still taste the gin from last night,” she complained, grimacing.

He pulled back and smiled at her playfully. “I suppose I can allow you.”

She shoved him harder and rolled her eyes. “How very *gracious* of you,” she replied sarcastically as she stood on wobbly legs, slipping on one of Draco’s delicious smelling shirts and making her way over to the bathroom, slightly dizzy and hungover. She had just managed to spit out the last of her toothpaste before Draco was there, ripping the shirt from her body and bending her over the sink to slip himself inside her warmth.

“*Fuckkkkk*,” he moaned, holding her hips in a vice grip and slamming himself eagerly into her from behind. It happened so quickly that Hermione could barely keep up. It was so much deeper from this angle and her eyes rolled back into her skull, toes curling with intense pleasure. He forced her head backwards against his chest with her curls wrapped around his fist and licked a broad stroke up the side of her neck and across his mark, cupping her bouncing breast in his hand and squeezing.

No matter how many times they did this it was never enough for him. He always wanted more and more. Wringing her dry. It didn’t take long before he bellowed a moan with his release and she was left throbbing and breathless against the porcelain.

“Sorry baby, I just needed a quick one first,” he admitted, panting and twitching inside her still, he turned his head to kiss the corner of her mouth with a tenderness that was foreign coming from him.

He slipped himself out of her gently and pulled her back towards the bed. “But now it’s your turn,” he purred with a sinister smirk.

It made Hermione’s stomach jump with nerves.

“Lay down on your back and spread your legs wide for me.”

She looked at him sceptically but did as he asked anyway. He stood at the foot of the bed as she exposed herself to him, sucking on his bottom lip as he studied her with a lecherous gaze, filled with so much heat that she could feel it where she lay, the deep linger of his eyes on her body was like a physical touch.

“Look at that pretty pussy, *my* pretty pussy,” he whispered, his voice dripping with starvation, sending sparks of electricity all over her. The intense lust that she could see shining in his rims was a sight she would never get used to but one that she couldn’t say she didn’t enjoy, however intimidating it was.

He crawled up the bed predatorily towards her in his gloriously naked state and pulled her hips towards his mouth, his tongue flattening against her clit. She was slick from their encounter in the bathroom and the taste only fuelled his possession. She hissed and arched her back, grabbing a handful of his hair and rolling her body into him for more. She felt his dirty smirk against her skin as he pushed his pointer and middle fingers deep inside her, drawing out more wetness. She could feel every ridge and curve of his rings, frigid metal between her convulsing walls.

He pumped in a lazy rhythm, his tongue swirling against her in soft wet strokes, pulling breathy moans from her throat. With the combination of his lethal tongue and the sweep of his long fingers, Hermione came *hard*. Her hands tightened in his hair as she threw her head back in bliss. Draco hummed his approval as he sucked the honey of her center from his fingers.

“Give me another one.”

His voice was a velvety command, looking up at her with darkened eyes from between her legs like a demon. Hermione, panting and already spent shook her head, knowing that she was too sensitive to try again just yet.

“Come on baby, you can give me one more, I know you can.”

His fingers slipped back inside, pumping with vigor, his tongue resuming its lazy circles. Hermione's legs were shaking violently by the time she came again and he wouldn't stop until she gave him a third, pinning her down to the mattress with a heavy hand across her abdomen. She tried to pull him away from her with the grip in his hair but he wouldn't let up, rubbing his wet bottom lip against her tauntingly, making her squirm and smirking like it was funny to watch her struggle.

"I'm too sensitive, Draco," she berated as he did the opposite and sucked her overwhelmed clit into his mouth, making it tingle sharply with the deep vibration of his moans as he ate her like a man starved, a man who didn't know the timing of his next meal. She twisted and turned and tried to clamp her legs shut around his head but his wide shoulders kept them open.

"Don't make me tie you to this bed, Hermione," he warned, blowing cool air against her skin.

His fingers were rough as they slid in and out of her and no matter how much she tried, her body would not be still. She heard a whispered "*incarcerous*" and her hands were bound above her to the headboard in quick succession. She gasped and whined, her clit burning with too much touch, clenching her eyes shut at the overwhelming feeling.

"Open your eyes and look at me, princess."

His hand slid upwards across her stomach, rolling her nipple between his fingers and making her cum for what she hoped would be the last time with a choked cry as amber met slate, her body shuddering with painful spasms. His fingers were replaced by his tongue, drinking every drop of the pleasure he had coaxed out of her until she was dry.

"Mm you make me fucking crazy, your pussy is *liquid gold* and all fucking *mine*," he growled, sounding unhinged as he reappeared from between her thighs and sat back on his heels.

His lips and chin were glistening, his chest chiseled and his cock standing thick and proud once again. Hermione was out of breath and sleepy after so much stimulation but Draco *wasn't* done.

"Yesterday, you said I could do *anything* I wanted to you."

She lifted her head and looked at him with parted lips, her face flushing with anxiety and before she had a chance to defend her statement he grabbed her hips and flipped her onto her stomach, her arms crossing over themselves in their binds. He slapped both of her ass cheeks hard and she hissed with the sting, the heat of his hand prints flaring rose red across her skin.

"*I'm cashing it in*," he purred.

She felt him spread her cheeks wide and spit onto her asshole. Hermione instantly tensed and tried to buck out of his hold.

"Draco, no!" She expressed firmly. "I have *never* agreed to that."

"*Shh* Hermione. It'll feel good I promise."

"Draco, I said no so please don't," she rushed to reply, hoping her voice sounded serious enough that he might listen.

He covered her back with his chest, caging her in with his arms on either side of her head and rolling his hard length against her ass as he spoke guilt trip laced words into her ear.

"Shh baby. It'll be fine. You want to make me happy don't you?"

Hermione swallowed hard, he always knew how to twist things.

"You know I do but this is still a *no*."

His hands touched her everywhere, smoothing up her restrained arms, the sides of her breasts, her shoulder blades and back until he reached his hard cock, muttering what sounded like a lubrication charm and slowly edging his tip inside her tight hole. Hermione yelped out in pain, her hands trying to claw at the rope for something to ground her as the cold wet relief from the lube was overshadowed by the burn of his skin.

"*Draco stop, please!*" She cried, desperate for him to listen to her for once, to take the distress in her voice for what it was and think about her feelings instead of his own.

"It'll feel good trust me, just let me get inside. I'll make you cum again."

"No, I don't want to—" Her sentence was abruptly cut off by the harsh fill of his fingers in her throat, gagging her as he forcefully slammed himself to the hilt, ignoring her pleas all together. Hermione bit down on him as all the air left her lungs, wailing in broken agony.

The burning stretch of him in somewhere he shouldn't be was the worst thing she had ever felt and she could feel her body clenching and trying to reject it. She wanted him to respect her choices and not rip them away from her in the form of something

painful that should be done with love and mutual consent instead of greed and entitlement. But the spoiled prince couldn't bear to be told no and so "no" became a word that meant absolutely nothing to him. Had no significance and always fell on deaf ears but Hermione's natural instinct was to use her words anyway, even while knowing miserably that they would have no affect.

"Jesus fucking Christ, you're tight," he moaned.

He kissed the side of her face with patronising power as he thrust in and out of her with not a single care in the world for her pain or boundaries. She mewled, hot tears escaping the corners of her eyes as his fingers were shoved deeper to the back of her throat, spreading wide across her tongue and keeping her immobilised. Oh how utterly suffocating and devastating it was for her body to be *screaming* beneath the surface, her voice silenced and her body stilled by his flesh, made to disarm and dominate.

She could taste metal as she bit into his skin harder with no reaction from him except unrighteous pleasure. His other hand holding a tight grip on her jaw for leverage as he flattened her body to the mattress with his, causing the bed to rock roughly against the wall from the force of his thrusts. The brutal slap of their skin filling her ears.

"I underestimated how good your tight little ass would feel sweetheart, *fuck*," he grunted, sucking purple pools of blood to the surface of her neck. "I want you bound, exposed and at my mercy fucking always, *Hermione*," he spat out, his crushing jerks burning away at her insides. "I'll never let you forget who you belong to. I'll continue to make you mine with every *scream* of pain and pleasure for the rest of your life."

Hermione in that moment lived with so much anguish that she couldn't breathe or take in his words, the weight of his body compressing hers as he fucked her ruthlessly into the mattress, rendering her mute with too many cruel sensations. He held her down firmly by the back of her neck as he pounded into her with all of his strength, her ass cheeks bouncing against his pelvis with the movements, creating louder crude sounds of connecting flesh. The feel of his solid length ripping through her was unbearable, like a searing hot knife slicing up her insides. Stretching and *tearing*.

Only weak squeaks of torture escaped through the fingers still in her throat. Draco's moans of euphoria were deafening against her flushed cheek and Hermione found a spot on the wall to concentrate on as she let him have his way. A lifeless fuck doll for his pleasure. Fresh and old tears soaked the silk beneath her as her head lay sideways against the pillow, staring but not seeing.

"This hurts," she tried to say, barely breathing from the way her insides twisted and pulled with every drag. Her teeth aching from the pressure of biting them together against him in an act of defiance not to make too many sounds that could be perceived as anything other than pain.

"Shh.. just a little more my little *whore*," he taunted coldly but it did nothing to cool Hermione's simmering rage.

Draco was a man hardwired and driven by sex. He obsessed over it, it was just another area of their relationship that he could take complete control and dominance in. Her body was his playground for whenever he wanted it and he decided what he did with it, consent or not. He would become animalistic in nature, heated with the male testosterone that coursed wildly throughout every one of his tyrannical veins.

He was scary, rough and Hermione never had a drop of power to stop it, he was a million times physically stronger than her and nothing she said held any power either. Her holes were his to abuse and nothing could stop him from getting what he wanted so she just had to grit her teeth and bear him plunging into her body unbidden. Ripping her skin in his haste for orgasm.

Hermione couldn't believe it was happening again. She didn't understand *why*. She guessed this was just one of his many ways of controlling her. She had said no to something he wanted so he took it anyway, just to spite her and she was sadly coming to realise that this would always happen.

Sex. Power. Control.

It was abundantly clear that Draco didn't feel the satisfaction of consent like the average person. It brought him joy to overpower her because he knew he *could*. He could ruin her with rough sex and it was addicting for him. *Seduce and destroy*. He loved to see what he could reduce her to with his brute strength and force, like it was a game to get her to bend even further each time they played.

A pretty face with a dark soul and an unquenchable bloodlust. Lethal. Power hungry.

He was a cruel sadist. A torturer, a murderer and he always would be, no matter how much light she tried to force into him in the shape of love. His hands were calloused, stained with blood and scarred with murder, tainted with violence and still, she had trusted them.

What a fool.

He was prideful with self importance and arrogance, greedy with desire for something to possess, full of immoral lust for sexual pleasure, filled with jealousy, a demanding glutton, a man bursting at the seams with wrath and revenge, lazy and apathetic.

Draco was every single one of the *deadly sins*.

He was the reaper that sucked the light from her body with his poisoned lips. He was the devil that broke her apart with his savage hands. He was the serpent beneath his skin that slithered through the shadows, fangs sharp and always hungry.

She was his concrete angel, being cracked apart with every touch and they both knew this would only end in blood and *still*, she would meet him in the graveyard anyway.

As his pleasure heightened so did his brutal motion, he removed his slick fingers from her mouth and she gasped for air as he slipped them under her, using her saliva and the blood from the wounds she bit into his fingers as lube to rub over her tortured clit. Hermione jerked, the sensations all wrong and way too much.

“Draco please stop,” she begged again, her voice shallow and uneven. He was panting and grunting over her and Hermione’s teeth were grinding, her arms aching in their twisted prison. Sweat sticking their bodies together like magnets.

“No fucking way,” he growled. “My dick is buried so deep it’ll never come out. I desire you so much it’s sick. I hate you for it and I’ll continue to fuck you as hard as I hate you. Let me eat your heart out, baby.”

Hermione’s eyes slammed shut with defeat and heartbreak. He began biting her wherever he could reach, pulling her hair and angling her head to the side so he could devour her mouth with selfish love all while ruining her body once again. She squirmed and bucked, her legs too weighed down by him to kick. She was trapped. His body was like a bolder in the sun, hot and heavy as it buried her alive.

“I’m not stopping until you cum again, so take my cock and *shut up*,” he snapped, breathless.

Hermione began to scream from the sting that only got worse and Draco’s hand switched from the back of her neck to her mouth, covering it with his palm while his fingers continued their swirling over her clit in a torturous pattern. She felt the soft brush of his nose against the curve of her neck and Hermione was forced to cry out again, sharp and insufferable, not at all how an orgasm is supposed to feel.

“*Fuck yessss*,” he groaned, a deep rumble full of pleasure, the tight clenching of her inner muscles finally giving her some relief as Draco’s erratic thrusts ceased and he flooded her with his warm release, his own cock twitching with sensitivity. He removed his hand from her lips and sank his teeth into her earlobe as he caught his breath, Hermione’s cheeks stained with dejection.

“Draco, get the fuck *off* of me,” she gritted out, her voice strained and weak from being weight down, her body a mess *again*. Her legs quivered uncontrollably.

He breathed out a cocky laugh and licked the side of her face tauntingly. “*Never* fucking deny me,” he spat.

His weight shifted and he finally pulled himself out of her body. He released her burning hands from the ropes and she immediately fled to the bathroom, grabbing her wand and locking herself inside with as many wards as she knew. At long last she inhaled the much needed air she was deprived of into her aching lungs and slid down the wood until she reached the floor. Thick drops of ichor bleeding into the tile at her feet.

Her insides mangled. Burning. Searing. Twinging.

She eventually felt Draco on the other side, heard his knuckles scrape against the door as he slammed his fist into it, making her flinch violently.

“*Unlove me Hermione. I fucking dare you.*”

Chapter End Notes

TWs - Rape, Sexual Violence

Chapter 29: Choke

Chapter Summary

He was a dangerous sin, wrapped in angelic eyes; it made her heart pound with distrust and her mind cloud with bewilderment.

-A.L Nash

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

Savage by Bahari

MINE by Allegra Jordyn

A Pill To Crush by Evalyn

Make Me Feel by Elvis Drew

MATCH MADE IN HELL by Dutch Melrose, Benny Mayne

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=AawyPF50TFCzlL6JbXqqNA&pi=uwL9WMHNQD69L>



DRACO

Friday, June 5th 1999

Lucius stood tall and proud, as regal and frosty as ever against the backdrop of the bricked fireplace in the Slytherin Common room. His hair was long and white, draped over expensive black robes with green velvet interior, his serpentine walking stick clutched between his gloved hands as he held it in front of him. Wrinkles marred the corners of his mercury eyes and his face was fixed in a stoic expression, looking bored as fucking usual. His lips curled up in a permanent sneer.

“*Father*,” Draco greeted coldly.

“*Draco*,” he replied in the same icy tone as his son.

“Happy Birthday,” he added, picking at an invisible piece of lint on his sleeve and trying to avoid his eyes.

“Thanks.”

Draco was sitting in the armchair opposite, a whisky in one hand and a cigarette in the other. He wore a crisp white shirt, a black waistcoat and pressed black slacks, his shoes shined to perfection. It was after dinner and his father had decided it was *appropriate* to visit him for his birthday. Draco didn’t expect to hear from him let alone watch him step through the floo for an uninvited visit.

“Is the Manor ready?” Draco asked, sipping his whisky from a crystal cut glass. Lucius waved some cigarette smoke away with a rigid hand as it floated towards him.

“Yes, everything is in order,” he said formally, stiff with the stick that was permanently shoved up his ass.

“Good. We will be arriving in three weeks.”

Lucius lifted his nose high in the air. “Does she know?”

Draco narrowed his eyes, taking a deep drag of his cigarette and blowing the smoke out through his clenched teeth as he hissed. “She does.”

“*And?* Is she happy about it?” he asked, curiosity clouding his tone.

Draco smirked. “Nope.”

A few minutes of silence passed between them, the room filling with the icy edge of resentment that always befell them before he spoke again.

“But she is my *wife* and the new Lady of the Manor so she will learn to live with it just as mother did.”

Draco dragged his eyes across him harshly as he spoke the words and Lucius swallowed hard at the mention of it but he knew to keep his lips in check. He nodded curtly and pulled a vintage bottle of whisky from his robes, a bottle from his own personal collection and set it gently on the coffee table in front of them.

Draco gave him a sharp nod in thanks and the green glow from the floo flashed across the space a few seconds later as his father left the way he came without another word. Draco swiped the whisky from the table and cracked it open, tasting the ripe age on his tongue. Half of the bottle was gone by the time he went back to his room in search of his fuckable wife.

He could hear the shower running as he entered and a devilish smirk split across his face. Her delicious vanilla filling the room, sending his testosterone into overdrive.

His mouth salivated as he unbuckled his belt and pulled out his throbbing cock, sitting on the green chaise and waiting for his beautiful girl to wrap her plump lips around him. He stroked himself as he waited for her, joyfully imagining all the different ways to make her choke. The water shut off a moment later and she appeared in a white towel, her curls dripping water down her back. She stopped dead in her tracks when she noticed him, crooking his finger towards her. *Come here*.

She did as she was told and came to stand between his thighs, his hands instantly pulling the fabric away from her slick body. It dropped to the floor in a heap and he was quick to take her bare hips into his hands as he peppered her stomach and the handmade scar across her ribs with wet desperate kisses, dropping lower until he reached his favourite destination. She was warm and wet from the shower and his tongue slipped across her cunt with ease. She breathed out a sweet little sigh as her hands clutched at his hair, threading through it with delicate fingers.

He gave her skin a few soft sucks, kissing her clit with teasing lips before pulling her down onto her knees naked in front of him. She looked up, confusion colouring her expression as he squeeze both of her beautiful breasts in his hands, feeling the weight of them in his palms and brushing the pads of his thumbs over her rosy nipples. His cock standing to attention through his open slacks.

“Remember that I said I didn’t want a birthday gift?” he asked gently, lifting a hand and stroking the tiny freckles across her nose with a light finger.

“Yes?” she asked in anticipation.

“I want you to choke on my cock, baby. That’s the only gift I want.”

He grabbed the back of her neck to pull her forward and tapped his weeping tip across her pouty bottom lip. “*Open.*”

Hermione’s mouth opened obediently and Draco wasted no time in dragging himself over her wet silky tongue, fisting her dripping curls in both of his hands as he eagerly forced her head down until he felt the tightness he craved. The wet heat he yearned for. She choked, her hands clawing at his thighs for air as he held her still for a second, letting his eyes roll into the back of his head at the fluttering sensation of her struggle. She gasped and spluttered as he pulled her back, giving her a second to catch her breath.

“Be *gentle*, Draco,” she breathed out.

“I don’t know the meaning of the word, sweetheart.”

He stood, towering over her for better control and urged her back to him, using her head to slide himself in and out, fucking her throat with a deep rhythm. Hermione’s eyes watered and wet suctioned chokes filled the room, the sound was like fucking music to Draco’s ears.

“*Fuck yes*, Hermione. Just like that baby,” he moaned, his mouth dropping open in rapture. His breathing grew heavy as he picked up speed, her hands pushing against his hips when he hit a little too deep. Every muscle in his body rolled and spasmed at the tight wetness of her throat, making silver stars dance across his vision.

He pulled back and watched the strings of saliva that connected them together in fascination, her chin and chest slick with the mixture of him and her. He slapped his wet sticky head across her cheek, the sound lewd and fucking delicious. She gasped as he forced himself back in, keeping her mouth open wide as he gave her face a few quick thrusts, making her gag and heave as he hit the back of her throat in quick succession.

“*Fuckkkkk*, you take this dick so good.” He groaned the compliment, his voice lusty and breathless.

He slipped his throbbing cock from her mouth and bent low to grab her jaw, squishing her swollen and glistening lips together and licking across them with the flat of his tongue, catching their combined taste.

“Fucking *mine*,” he snapped before he straightened and shoved his cock back into her warmth once more.

His pants and moans got louder as he neared his orgasm, fucking her face roughly and making sweet tears drip from her beautiful firey eyes, watching her perfect wet lips take every inch of him. The sight was so fucking sexy that it send him flying over the edge, he pulled himself from her throat quickly and pumped thick ribbons of cum over her angelic face, holding her in place with a fist in her hair. Her eyes clenched shut as it hit her eyelashes and dripped down over the curve of her lips. Thick glistening lines of ownership soaking her skin.

Her cheeks were flushed an adorable pink as her tongue flicked out to catch a drop of him, making his body hum with desire at the sight of her. In that moment Draco wanted nothing more than to go again so he could fuck the breath from her lungs. Even after she satisfied him she still had the ability to make him want her again seconds after. He was constantly starved and no matter how many pieces of herself she gave, he always wanted more.

Craved it like blood. Needed it like water.

He could eat her from the inside out and still be hungry. *Ravenous*. She was the addiction he could never get enough of.

He helped her to stand, tucking himself back inside his slacks and clearing his mess from her face with a flick of his wrist, sad to see it go. His hands held her cheeks as he kissed her salty lips gently.

“Thank you, baby.”

He wouldn’t usually thank her for a sexual favour but he felt the need after she took him so well. Fuck, she was stunning with that look of shock on her face. He didn’t thank her often and it showed.

“What’s got you in such a good mood?” she asked playfully.

He smirked at her. “Your perfect lips and tight throat. Some vintage whisky from my father might’ve helped too.”

He wasn’t a fan of his birthday and Hermione knew it.

“How was the visit?” she asked, some sarcasm lurking behind her tone.

He snorted. “Awkward as fuck, the man visits me and has no idea how to talk to me.”

Hermione lifted a cute little brow as she looked him over. “I can’t say that I blame him when you’re hardly the easiest person to converse with.”

He pulled her back over to him, still deliciously nude. “You talk to me just fine.”

“What other choice do I have?” She asked and he looked back at her knowingly, landing a greedy kiss on her neck.

Hermione smiled and kissed his cheek, his hands slipping from her skin as she walked over towards the wardrobe. The sound of moving hangers filling the silence until she spoke. “Let’s go out tonight, to the Three Broomsticks for some drinks. I know you don’t like your birthday but I think we should celebrate anyway.”

He stood, his stance wide as he put his hands into the pockets of his slacks. He had noticed a change in her lately, wanting to go out more and be around more people and he didn’t fucking like it. She didn’t need to be around anyone else. He was the *only* person she needed.

“Why?” he asked her coldly.

“Because *Draco*, it’ll be fun. We can invite Daphne and Blaise and Theo this time. We could ask Astoria too if you wanted but I’m not sure she would want to come.”

“I don’t give a fuck about what Astoria wants,” he snapped.

She continued to flick through outfit options as they spoke.

“Okay, just us five then,” she replied with a shrug.

He ran a hand through his blonde hair as he thought it over. Getting sloshed in a pub on the evening of his birthday after one of the best blowjobs he’d ever had didn’t sound like the *worst* idea.

“*Fine* but on one condition,” he said firmly as he eyed her peachy naked ass from behind, loving the way her back curved and sloped up into a slim waist. The backs of her thighs smooth, creamy and just begging to be bitten.

She found a black dress and turned around with it slowly, her face nervous and waiting for him to elaborate. He crossed his arms as he continued to look her naked body up and down, leaving a trail of heat across her skin as he watched her slide some red lacy knickers past her slender legs. Licking his lips as if she were a juicy slab of steak.

“Ride my dick later.” He posed it as a statement because he *wasn’t* asking.

Hermione looked relieved, clearly she had been expecting him to say something much worse and he couldn’t blame her. He was reckless and unpredictable at best and he didn’t really give a fuck if she said no, he would still have her perfect pussy bouncing over him tonight no matter what it took.

“Of course,” she agreed with a light smile.

Draco smirked deeply as he stepped over to her and pulled her curls over her shoulder to zip the back of her dress. He took the opportunity to squeeze the pretty ass he had been admiring between his hands. Not only did she always look like a five course meal, she always felt fucking *incredible*. Soft and tender, easy to rip apart. Easy to welt and bruise. Easy to break between his teeth.

Her dress sat above her knees with thin straps and a low cleavage, a silver chain belt around her middle. She looked far too sexy to be going around looking like that but Draco would make it his mission to remind her who owned her all night. She used magic to dry and tame her curls, using that gloss on her lips that he loved and adding it to her bag along with her wand before slipping her feet into some heels.

“I guess I’ll go speak to the boys then,” she said and Draco hated the way that sentence sounded coming from her mouth but let her go anyway. He watched her as she walked out the door, swaying her hips gently in that tight dress. His knuckles met his teeth with desire, biting down hard in an effort not to drag her back to the bedroom and fuck her brilliant brains out.

He took a minute to compose himself, un-creasing his wrinkled pants and straightening his waist coat, brushing his hair back with his fingers, making sure his cigarettes were in his pocket and trying to distract himself before leaving to catch Hermione in the Common Room. She had been gone for long enough.

“*There’s the birthday boy!*” Nott bellowed as he stood with Hermione near the bar cart, drinks in both their hands. Zabini and Daphne stepped out of their room a second later, both looking ready to leave. Crabbe and Goyle sat, looking glum that they weren’t invited.

Zabini was wearing a black shirt with white slacks, Daphne matching him in a white and black dress. Draco rolled his eyes at the cringey premeditated matching outfits. Nott wore a green jumper and grey slacks, his hair curly and his eyes bright with mischief.

“Don’t call me that you fucking muppet,” Draco shot in a flat tone.

Hermione tutted him and he swivelled his head towards her at the sound. “Did you just fucking *tut* me?” he asked playfully.

She rolled her lips into her mouth and nodded. “*Yep.*”

Draco narrowed his eyes as he stalked closer to her, slamming her beautiful body against his roughly and enjoying the gasp she made into his mouth as he kissed her breathless, his tongue exploring hers. He could taste himself on the tip of it.

“*Get a room,*” Nott whispered in jest, forcing Draco to disconnect from Hermione’s lips to shoot him a look.

“We have one and you’re fucking standing in it.”

Hermione rolled her eyes and pushed him back with a hand on his chest. “This *isn’t* our room Draco.”

“Well it might as well be, i’ve fucked you on every piece of furniture in here.”

Nott made a point of jolting away from the bar cart in disgust, making Hermione laugh.

Draco sighed heavily. “Let’s go then, while I’m still *young,*” he droned, impatient and in dire need of a drink already.

Chapter 30: Shatter Me

Chapter Summary

I desire all things that will destroy me in the end.

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

Power & Control by MARINA

Dark Times by The Weeknd, Ed Sheeran

Dangerous by Sleep Token

Bad Moon by Hollywood Undead

Devil Saint by Luma, Yuppycult

Monster by Layto

L I M E R E N C E playlist - https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=DGtqVQXeSpSKS_PrtESlhg&pi=0efPgpF3QoiE1



HERMIONE

Friday, June 5th 1999

The Three Broomsticks, Hogsmeade, Scotland

The air was balmy but pleasant against her skin as they walked through the quaint Village of Hogsmeade. The pretty smell of fresh flowers and mead heavy in the evening air. Hermione enjoyed being out of the castle a lot, it was things like this that she missed doing and never go to experience much of anymore since she married a brooding antisocial arsehole. But being beyond the castle walls still didn't mean *freedom*.

The sky was dappled in warm colours of orange and pink from the dying sunset, casting a beautiful backdrop against the Village and the ominous Shrieking Shack in the distance. Draco's hand was hot in hers as they walked, his thumb obsessively smoothing over her wedding ring.

The Three Broomsticks was busy and loud with chatter as they entered, everyone enjoying the start of their weekend. They found a table in the corner and Hermione was wedged against a wall again with Draco's large body crowding her in. A feeling that wasn't unknown but never comfortable either.

"I'll have a whisky please mate," Theo called over to Blaise before they had even sat down.

Blaise laughed and shook his head at Theo's eagerness. "*Ladies first* you tosser! Hermione, Daph? What do you guys want?"

"My bad," Theo whispered, a cheeky grin teasing the edge of his lips.

"I'll have a glass of wine please, since we're celebrating," Hermione announced, looking over at Draco as he winked at her.

"I'll have the same please, doll," Daphne giggled, smiling up at Blaise with glassy eyes. She was already a few drinks deep from the bar cart back at Hogwarts.

"I'm not even gonna bother asking you *Mr alcoholic*, whisky has pretty much replaced all the blood in your veins at this point," Blaise joked dryly with a wave of his hand in Draco's direction, not giving him a chance to bite back before he took off towards the bar.

Hermione snorted louder than she meant to, catching Draco's attention. "What's so funny?" He questioned, grabbing her thigh under the table and squeezing it playfully.

"Well, *he's not wrong*."

Draco rolled his eyes. "What is this? A fucking intervention? An AA meeting?"

"And what if it was?" Hermione challenged.

Draco cocked a dark blonde eyebrow. "What a *waste* that would be."

Blaise arrived back at the table with their tray of drinks just as a new group of men walked into the building, pulling at Hermione's attention. They all seemed to be young and fit, rowdy and looking for a good time. Hermione caught the eye of one of them, he was handsome with dark hair and green eyes, he smiled at her with perfect white teeth and she quickly ripped her eyes away before Draco could notice the chaste exchange.

They drank whisky, cocktails and wine in quick succession as the pretty cotton candy clouds were swallowed by the blue depths of nightfall, the music growing louder with the darkness. Couples began to dance, stumbling around, the happy chatter flowing merrily. Draco was on his seventh whisky and that wasn't counting what he had already drained in the Common Room.

He was getting sloppy, whisky dripping from his chin in sticky lines in his haste to throw it back. His hand still clenching onto her beneath the table.

"I just need to use the bathroom," Hermione whispered in his ear as she stood, taking her bag with her. Draco's hand tightened instantly.

"I'll come with you," he slurred, his eyes hazy and unfocused as he looked over at her.

"I don't need a babysitter, Draco. I'll be right back," she snapped, pulling his hand away from her body and walking away before he could stop her.

The bathroom was gratefully empty and the thump from the loud music had her ears buzzing uncomfortably. Hermione just needed a second to herself. She felt suffocated being stuck between Draco's scorching-drunk body and the wall with no room to even take a deep breath.

She splashed some cool water on the back of her neck and reapplied her gloss before stepping back out and coming face to face with the same green eyed man from before, waiting against the wall opposite the restroom door. She gave him a polite smile and tried to slip past him casually but his soft hand had found its way around her wrist before she could.

"Wait," he called when she tried to keep walking. Nerves heating up her veins in spicy waves.

She relented curiously against her better judgment and turned to face him, her breath getting caught in her throat. They were out of view here but Hermione knew Draco wouldn't wait long before coming to find her and this was too risky.

"Yes?"

"What's your name?" He asked, his voice was deep and warm, the question rolling from his tongue softly.

Hermione swallowed hard, taking a few tense moments to answer while she looked down to the hand still clasped around her wrist as if it were burning her. He followed her eye-line and removed it.

"My name is Hermione," she replied weakly, trying to smile around the sharp edge of anticipation that had filled her body. She rubbed her fingers across the wrist he had held on the off chance that Draco could sense another man's touch.

"I'm Kade, it's really nice to meet you, *Hermione*." Her name slipped past his lips effortlessly, like it belonged there.

"It's nice to meet you too, Kade," she replied tightly, tucking a frizzy curl behind her ear if only to find something to do with her hands.

She didn't want to be rude to him but she was extremely uncomfortable with the situation, she was *terrified* that Draco would catch her and what that might mean for her and *especially* for the man standing in front of her, undressing her with his eyes in the shadowy hallway.

"You're beautiful."

Her cheeks flushed crimson with his compliment. She could feel his pretty olive green eyes staring at her, could feel the path of heat they took across her face and body, his attention making her palms slick with sweat until she was forced to rub them on her thighs.

"Thank you."

He observed her curiously, she knew she was being standoffish and she knew he could sense it. She shouldn't be made to feel so completely terrified by another man finding her attractive but that was just the world in which she lived in now. She quite *literally* had Draco's name carved into her body so that anyone who found her knew immediately who to return her to like she was an item of lost clothing.

"I really need to get back to my table," she implored, her heart pounding as she crept towards the end of the corridor separating the bathrooms from the main pub and separating herself from her husband.

"Yeah, of course," he said softly, scratching the back of his neck and looking like he was trying to find something else to say to keep her there for a few more minutes. "I'll see you around then, Hermione," he called, just before she was out of sight.

Hermione gave him a coy smile as she slipped around the corner and back into the range of Draco's piercing eyes. They found her the second she stepped back into view, slicing through the armour she had tried to build in her gut.

"Why did you take so long?" he asked as he put his arm on the back of her chair, leaning forward into her space, his tone accusatory.

"I was just fixing my lip gloss," she half lied, scrambling internally to make herself sound believable.

In his clouded drunken state her answer seemed to please him and he quickly moved his attention back to the drink in front of him, keeping his hand where it rest on her chair, fixed tightly against it as if he was letting her know that she had reached her daily quota for leaving his sight. She felt the threat behind it, his vile temper soaking into the wood he clenched with white knuckles.

Hermione's anxiety shot up even further when she spotted Kade out of the corner of her eye, she tried to sip innocently on her drink as she begged him in her head not to look over but he unfortunately *did*. And he *kept* looking over, going to great lengths to

catch her eyes. The cosy feeling the building once held shifted as Draco's drunken gaze caught onto him, his head slowly turning back and forth between them, his shoulder muscles tensing tightly against hers.

"What the fuck is that about?" Draco growled, his silver eyes threatening and knife-like.

"I have no idea," Hermione replied in a voice that tried so hard not to wobble.

"Then why the fuck is he staring at you?"

"Maybe he's staring at *you*?" she snapped back.

Draco huffed a cocky breath and leant his weight into her further, taking her lobe between his teeth in a sharp pinch before his angry voice filled her ear. "You better fucking hope he's looking at me and not *you*."

Hermione's lungs were on the cusp of popping from the effort of holding her breath. She had to put her wine glass down, lest he see it shake between her trembling fingers. She was so familiar with his anger, his violent-drunk behaviour that she was forced to walk on eggshells in any public place they went together. Any little thing could set him off. Her stomach twisted into knots, turning over with sickness, the once expensive wine she was enjoying turning to ash in her mouth.

"You alright Hermione?" Theo asked as he studied her nervous body language from where he sat across the table, Blaise and Daphne next to him.

She gave him her best fake smile. "I'm fine Theo, thank you though!"

He smiled back, unease flashing over his face as he sipped his whisky. Daphne had also noticed the strange tension that was steadily growing around them and decided to do something to distract her. Blaise sat back with his arms folded, watching the inevitable unfold.

"Hermione, shall we dance?"

A cold breathy chuckle left Draco's throat as he cocked his head at her and Hermione tensed, looking straight back at him as she tried to make a decision that wouldn't piss him off further, something that seemed *impossible*. His brow was raised expectantly as he waited for her to reply, his mouth set in a nasty sneer. She knew it wasn't the best idea with Kade mere feet away from her but she couldn't stand to sit around this small table for a second longer and be cornered.

"Sure," she finally replied, standing from her seat and trying to slip past a steaming Draco, but not without feeling his harsh controlling grip around her arm. She grit her teeth and kept her eyes straight ahead.

"Stay where I can fucking see you."

"Yes, *dad*," she hissed, tugging her arm back roughly out of his hold.

He released her reluctantly and smirked into his whisky glass as she walked towards the dance floor with Daphne. It was full of couples and friends enjoying the freedom of music and dance and Hermione felt happy amongst their contagious energy. It felt lighter away from Draco's hostile energy.

As she and Daphne got lost in the heated rhythm she felt two sets of flaming hot eyes skimming across the planes of her body. A silver pair and an olive pair. Her insides were tingling and her cheeks were flushed from the wine, the anxiety she held at the table had loosened on the dance floor and made way for the alcohol she hadn't felt until she moved.

She rolled and swayed her hips as the room blurred around her, throwing her damp curls over her shoulder and smoothing her hands over her curves. The tension was thick in the air between the two men who didn't even realise they were in silent competition with each other from opposite sides of the room. It was kind of exhilarating and terrifying at the same time and Hermione was dancing on the edge of a blade. On *very* thin ice.

She could have very easily weaponized her body into something drooling men would drop at her feet for. But Draco wouldn't. He owned *her* and not the other way around. *Kade* on the other hand was looking at her like he would kiss her soles and beg her to ride his face. She felt the flush on her cheeks creep down her neck, she was sweltering.

Daphne grabbed her hand and spun her in a circle a little too quickly, causing her to lose balance in her heels, she would have fallen flat on her face had she not been caught in a pair of strong arms that did *not* belong to Draco. She looked up into the sparkling eyes of Kade just as Draco's whisky glass shattered in his hand with the force of his grip. Opaque spikes of black shot like rockets across the room, twisting around chair legs and throwing them aside to create a clear path.

They both looked over as Draco stormed through the small pub, charging at Kade like an angry bull.

“*Draco!*” Hermione shrieked, pulling herself from Kade’s arms and trying desperately to stop his pursuit but it was already too late. Kade flew backwards onto a table top from the blow of Draco’s fist, the couple sitting there screaming as glasses smashed and innocent blood was spilt.

Blaise and Theo were up and out of their seats, pulling a psychotic Draco back by his arms as black rage seeped from him and curled around everything in sight, corrupting everything it touched. Patrons gasped and moved out of his radius, their scared faces replacing the joyous atmosphere from moments before.

“*You fucking cunt!*” Draco was shouting, the sharp timbre of his voice slicing through the room. “Keep your *filthy* fucking hands to yourself Thatcher before you lose them!”

“*Fuck sake* Malfoy, don’t tell me *you* managed to bag Gryffindors princess?” Kade spat back through mouthfuls of blood, Hermione’s jaw dropped in utter shock.

What the fuck.

“***Fuck you!***” Draco roared as Blaise and Theo used all of their combined strength to wrangle him outside into the calm navy blue night.

DRACO

His vision was bleeding in black. His rage was so potent that he could taste it around him in the dark wisps of smoke, could feel it in the crushing agony of his own magic craving a death.

“*Get the fuck off,*” he growled, shrugging Nott and Zabini away. They watched him pace and vibrate with fury, standing clear of the sharp tendrils following closely behind him.

“I’m gonna go check on Hermione,” Nott hissed after a few minutes of silence, giving him a weak glare as he walked back inside.

“*Yeah, you fucking do that and keep him away from her!*” he spat after him, clenching and unclenching his blood splattered fist.

Zabini stood and watched him, shaking his head like a disappointed father.

“*What?!*” Draco snapped as he faced him.

“Why the fuck do you always do this Draco?”

“Do what?”

“Get angry and cause fights, upset Hermione. The list is endless mate.”

He scoffed a bitter laugh. “*Upset her?* She fucking flaunts herself in front of any man she comes across,” he snarled, kicking a rock across the path and lighting a much needed cigarette. “It’s my own damn fault for being fucking obsessed with someone like her in the first place.”

“I don’t know what you saw but that’s not at all what happened. She tripped mate and if that bloke weren’t there to catch her she would’ve landed face first.”

Draco was quiet while he smoked. His knuckles trembling with the need to smash into something more, preferably Thatcher’s face again to finish the job.

“She drives me fucking *mad* Zabini,” Draco grit in a strained voice, smoke billowing through his lips as a heavy breath escaped them. He wandered around in front of the old pub aimlessly, restlessly, wound too painfully tight to stay still.

“Every second I exist, every corrupt fucking breath I take is because I love her. Because I want her and I *need* her. She drives me insane and I can’t fucking mentally or physically handle seeing another man with his rancid eyes or hands all over what’s *mine*. I don’t give a fuck if it’s harmless or not, if he was only stopping her from falling or not. I know what men want and she’s like a drop of delicious blood in shark infested waters, everyone fucking *wants* her. If a man leers at what’s mine and *touches* her in *any* way, they are a fucking threat and I don’t take kindly to *threats*,” he hissed, his jaw rolling with frustration.

Zabini sighed loudly as he leant against the wall, smoking his own cigarette.

“She’s not going anywhere man, she married *you*. You need to let the jealousy go. It’ll only cause more damage.”

“I fucking can’t!” he barked, the tortured sound echoing between the buildings and startling a flock of birds from a nearby tree.

“Do you know that guy?” Zabini asked curiously, nodding his head towards the entrance.

“Kade Thatcher, an old quidditch rival from Durmstrang and a fucking *cunt*.”

Zabini nodded his head slowly in understanding, but stayed silent. Draco threw his smoked cigarette down a drain, immediately sparking up another one.

He paced back and forth across the worn cobblestones, trying to reel in his anger before going back to her.

But he would never be calm *enough*.

Chapter 31: Salted Wounds

Chapter Summary

Hell is empty, all the devils are here.
-William Shakespeare

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -
Love The Way You Hate Me by Like A Storm
Nothing Else Matters by Jessie Murph
Take What You Want by Post Malone, Ozzy Osbourne, Travis Scott
Hiding by Limi
Blood On Your Hands by Veda, Adam Arcadia
Lovely by Billie Eilish, Khalid
The Cut That Always Bleeds by Conan Gray

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=fe5gQIONSoGzy0tuX0R1OA&>

TW's at the end.

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



HERMIONE

Friday, June 5th 1999

“Are you alright?” she asked as Kade sat up on the table, his teeth caked in blood. He spat red across the scuffed wooden floor and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, smearing it across his skin.

“I’m fine, it wouldn’t be the first time I’ve taken a punch to the face from him and it probably won’t be the *last*,” he sneered.

“How do you know each other? And how the fuck do you know *me*?” she asked angrily, folding her arms over her chest.

Kade raised a dark eyebrow, panting in pain against the edge of the table. “You caught that huh?” he asked sheepishly.

She popped out a hip, tapping her heel against the floor and giving him a look reminiscent of the one she so often used on Harry and Ron, engrained into her skin with muscle memory. He chuckled at her authoritative demeanour.

“I played quidditch with Malfoy a few times, we never got on, *clearly*. I recognised you but couldn’t be sure until you told me your name.”

Hermione’s eyes narrowed. “You’re not from here are you?”

“I’m from London actually but I transferred to Durmstrang.”

“So if you’re from Durmstrang how did you come to know who I was?”

He choked on a laugh, blood escaping the edge of his lips. “You’re kidding right?! Everyone knows who you are, *Hermione Granger*. You’re famous and *especially* popular with one Viktor Krum who still hasn’t stopped talking about you even to this day,” he revealed, a deep smirk peaking behind his playful tone.

“*Really?*” Hermione asked in disbelief, trying not to smile too much at the prospect that she had that much of an effect on him.

“Really!” He laughed.

They fell into an awkward sort of silence as she continued to look at him, looking for any trace of a lie on his face. He raked a bloodied hand through his black hair, breathing heavily as he changed the subject.

“*What the hell are you doing with someone like him?*”

He asked the question in a smooth voice, there was no malice behind it and yet she still felt the twisted punch as it landed in her gut. He nod towards the location of Draco beyond the pub door and Hermione’s smile dropped with the black cloud that had manifested back into the room. She raised her arms around herself to brush away the chill she now felt at the mention of her husband and took a step back.

“It’s *none* of your business.”

“No it’s not, but I know he’s not right for you. He’s a complete and utter tosser, a snake through and through.. but *you*, you’ve always been *golden*.”

Hermione’s heart jumped, thudding with the sincerity in his voice. “You don’t know anything,” she spat, getting further away.

He took a step towards her but stopped when she took more steps back. He let a long suffering sigh slip from his lips. “*Look*, I won’t pretend to know you but I know what I’ve seen of *him* and he’s not a good guy, Hermione.”

She opened her mouth to reply just as Theo reappeared and threw his arms around her, pulling her head against his familiar chest. She reciprocated his hug immediately and fell into him, Theo always felt so safe.

“Are you ok?” he asked gently and Hermione nodded against him, relief flooding her with his comforting smell.

“Mate, you better get out of here before he comes back,” Theo warned, letting his eyes leave her to look towards Kade.

“I’m not leaving—“

“*Please*,” Hermione begged, cutting him off. She lifted her head to look at him, her eyes sparkling with plea. “You being here will only make things worse for *me*.”

Kade quietly studied her with a sympathetic gaze and Hermione flinched when he reached for her, the backs of his fingers brushing softly, almost *tenderly* across her cheekbone. His hand was cold and Hermione shuddered, Theo rubbed circles into her lower back for comfort, feeling her unease in the tightness of her body. She knew it was an irrational fear but she was terrified that Draco would be able to sense someone else’s touch on her skin.

“He has *no idea* just how lucky he is,” Kade whispered, giving her a sad smile and staring deeply through the flames in her tired eyes, pushing all of his yearning into the amber.

Hermione felt something that she couldn’t identify as she watched him walk away, leaving through the back and avoiding Draco who she could see still pacing back and forth in front of the pub like a wild animal. The difference between the two of them was black and white and for a few forbidden seconds Hermione found herself craving Kade’s gentle touch, wishing he would turn back and put himself at risk for her. Her world had been so consumed by the hot and cold of Draco’s touch that any gentle caress

was like stepping into a hot bath after being frozen for an eternity, grasping naturally onto any warmth it could find. Her body *longed* for it, trying desperately to twist it from hearts that didn't belong to her. She was a woman *starved* for romantic kindness.

A rock wedged itself in the back of her throat as she watched his figure grow smaller the further away he got through the window in the back door. Her heart ached with a strange grief for a man she didn't know and had only just met. Grief for a single touch that she could still feel tingling on her skin.

Chatter started to pick up again around them as everyone calmed down and carried on with their evening. Hermione trembled as she cried in Theo's arms, he held her quietly, knowing exactly what she needed in that fragile moment. The soft breeze outside ruffled her curls as the pub door swung open minutes later, she felt him before she saw him *as she always did* and was pulled out of Theo's arms and into a larger pair, into a harder chest with the scent of leather and smoke to fill her nose as she laid her pounding head against him.

She felt his lips in her hair and her heart threatened to tear itself apart, grow teeth and devour itself with the constant ache.

"*I love you,*" he whispered and Hermione's tears felt like acid as they rolled down her cheeks, soaking into his shirt.

If only they could burn him like they burn me.

Hermione was exhausted from the adrenaline and the many tears she had cried as Draco carried her through the drafty old castle. He cradled her head against his chest, his other hand gripping her ass harshly, his rings biting into her as he kept her dress from riding up her thighs. Her legs were wrapped tightly around his hips and her curls hung limply from between his fingers as he fisted them.

She was weightless in his hold.

Hermione was stripped naked before she even realised and laid out onto a bed of cold silk. Her eyes were heavy with wine, heartbreak and the extreme burning need to close them and go to sleep.

"I hope you haven't forgotten my little *condition*, baby," he whispered into her skin, dotting the sweet allusion of love across her neck with his lips, his body hot and heavy against hers.

Hermione clenched her teeth tight, how *silly* of her to think that he would leave her alone and let her sleep after the shit show of a night they just had. Hermione knew that when Draco was drunk he was rough but when Draco was drunk *and* angry, he was *deadly*, it was an explosive combination that couldn't be controlled by anyone and she couldn't deny that she was nervous about how the night would end *this* time.

"No."

She breathed the word out daringly as she turned onto her side and gave him nothing more than her back, clutching the sheets beneath her tightly for support. He grabbed her hip harshly and pulled her flat, looming over her.

"*No?* what the fuck does that mean?" he asked, smiling down at her with taunting teeth, cocking his head to the side arrogantly. He ran his fingers along her jaw, making her shiver violently. Draco's laugh was cruel.

"Scared I'll rape you again *wife?*"

Hermione's mouth dropped open in crushing disbelief, his voice was viciously cold and spiteful and Hermione's eyes flooded with salty hurt. She shouldn't have been surprised that he could be so mean but that one *stung*. His venomous tongue rubbing salt into wounds that would always bleed, his words sharp and harsh, searing through her easily like bullets in his favourite target.

"*Tell me you love me,*" he cooed, kissing the valley between her breasts. Hermione's breath hitched as his eyes clashed with hers, she watched as he took her skin between his teeth and slowly bit down, changing the pressure just to hear her hiss. The shiny blades buried in his eyes were razor sharp, taking things too far as he enjoyed doing because in Draco's head the line didn't exist. Boundaries could be moved, expanded to fit his needs. They were just there for his amusement, a thick line drawn in the sand that he had easily eradicated with the title of *husband*.

"That terror in your eyes," he purred softly, pulling her from her thoughts and continuing his path of burning kisses and bites across her flesh. "*That* is what gets me high."

Hermione swallowed thickly around the tears that were burning at the back of her throat.

“You’re *sick* and you’re *heartless*,” she accused, her voice shaky and weak as she lay stiffly underneath him, feeling nothing but a wall of detached ice above her.

He kissed further down, across her ribs—giving her scar extra attention. His actions were laced with a dangerous tenderness but his words were stabbing. *A contradiction*.

“I may be heartless, but you’re naive and you look fucking *gorgeous* in your misery.”

She felt the cold sting of his smirk against her, violence coating his perfect teeth with every word.

Hermione clenched her jaw and spat her own spiteful words back at him. “I may be naive Draco, but what doesn’t kill *me* might just kill *you*. So do whatever you want—*use me, fuck me, love me or don’t*. I thought I wanted love *until you* showed me what it was. Now I just don’t care anymore.”

The flames in her eyes were rekindling with red hot cinders, fuelled by the hatred her heart felt for him in that moment, the weight of it threatening to burn a hole through his smug face as he studied her, tracing a teasing finger along the seam of her lips.

“*Yes you do*. You can fool everyone else with your lies Hermione, but you could never fool me. *You love it*, you cry your little crocodile tears and then you end up straight back on my cock *where you belong*.” His voice was smooth, calm, deep but soft like he was whispering crooked lullabies to a small child.

Hermione raised a hand with every intention of wiping the smirk from his lips but he caught her wrist quickly.

“*Ah-ah*,” he mocked, knowing how much the interception of the slap would frustrate her.

Hermione sneered at him, baring her teeth with the stubborn desire not to let him defeat her again.

“You’re fucking *evil*.”

His cruel laugh cut against her ears, as bitter as nightshade.

“No baby, there is no good and evil. There is only *power*.”

Hermione’s body was empty from everything except him as he drilled all of his savagery into her that night. She was forced on top of him just as he wanted and he reaped great pleasure from fucking every emotion she had left out of her body. She bounced around zombie-like, too tired to put up a fight and too accustomed to losing.

His wet tongue swept across her numb nipples, sucking them into the heat of mouth as they jostled against his face, taking them between his teeth and experimenting with how hard he could bite down before she cried out, continuously pushing her to the edge of pain. His hands held tight to her cold skin, driving in and out of her body whilst peppering wet and antagonising kisses over her stiff and unfeeling lips, down to her neck, sucking sharp hiccups into her skin.

His moans were loud and obnoxiously mocking, smiling with the gratification of getting his own way. His fingers left bruises across her hip bones from slamming her down on top of him over and over again, making her gasp with the harsh impalement, the only sound she allowed him. He smirked deeply at the temptation of a challenge.

He made it his mission to fuck her as hard as he possibly could until she made the sounds he wanted and Hermione could only take so much before a tortured orgasm rocked through her and a forced moan was ripped from her throat finally.

“*My good fucking girl*,” he panted, holding her in his arms to the point of crushing her lungs as he wrapped himself around her tightly. His nose brushed along the curve of her neck, sending shivers across her scalp, his nails were pressing into the tender flesh of her ass, pulling her cheeks wide apart and holding onto her skin with a firm grip for leverage to slam into her harder. Grasping her with a pressure that would indicate he was afraid she might float away like smoke between his fingertips.

Every touch was laced with *violence*. Every kiss was a *war*. The heart was a *monster*, it could hardly be called human when the body had curated ribs to cage it.

Hermione screwed her eyes shut in blinding pain, his hard and fast rhythm rearranging her insides with unsolicited punishment. He bit down on the hard bone of her shoulder until his whole body trembled with the warm possessive flood of his sickening release, coating her tender walls with his compulsion. His moan was breathy and choked, hissing through clenched teeth as every one of his muscles solidified with his pleasure.

She was clutched boneless in his arms as he panted against her face, the smell of so much whisky on his breath making her eyes sting. He pressed a soft kiss against the apple of her cheek and the gentle nature of it only sparked more fury.

How could he kiss me with so much tenderness after something so cold and brutal?

She was dying to breathe and all he did was *drown* her. In his cruel version of *love*. In his immoral *sexual desires*. In his *power*. and his *control*. He ignored her pleas for help every time because his *needs* would always outweigh hers.

He pulled her down with him, keeping himself inside her while holding her against his chest. Her eyes burned with fractured tears but she had no more left to cry so she lay still and listened to the sound of his heart as it pumped calmly in his chest while hers cracked and split, weeping for a man that would never change.

“How I have *suffered* for loving you.”

She brokenly whispered the words into the void as she closed her eyes.

Chapter End Notes

TW's - Non-Con

Chapter 32: Concrete Angels

Chapter Summary

Desire becomes surrender and surrender becomes power.

- The Joker

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

I Know The End by Phoebe Bridgers

In The Dark by Solence

Cradles by Sub Urban

Take Me Back To Eden by Sleep Token

Don't Say A Word by Ellie Goulding

Grave by Tate McRae

Deep End by Birdy

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=2s-2waUKSZqG7NQ8kD2JMQ&pi=Y4SgulNORNyOP>



HERMIONE

Friday, June 26th 1999 - Hogwarts Graduation

It was the last day of school.

The last day Hermione would ever walk through these corridors. The last time she would ever get to experience the joyous feelings of being in The Great Hall.

She looked around the dorm room she had shared with Draco, at how soaked in trauma it was. Studied the stone that was activity crawling with the sounds of her pain, buried beneath the rocky surface. How those sounds would haunt the students who were unfortunate enough to be assigned this room in the future. She looked to the spot on the floor where he had his way with her the first time. Some of their combined blood still stained the old wood, tortured memories left behind to rot for years to come.

The four poster bed, fitted with silk sheets that were still drenched in them, their scent and her anguish, her bitter resentment and his fury. It was a place that he had rendered her helpless so many times, tied to the bed frame. Sometimes sex happened gently and with the blind touch of natural love, more pleasure and less pain. But more often than not it was done with so much diabolical lust, with so much weight and suffocation behind his demanding hands that she was always left broken, shedding tears *and* blood, dappled in purple and blue.

She begrudgingly thought back to the night he sodomized her. That particular time was worse than any of the others, it hurt her the most physically. There was a whole recollection of sexual encounters performed around that room in both wanted lust and taken entitlement.

Hermione packed the last of her things as she said goodbye to the room that she was practically forced into, she had at the time felt cosy and safe in it, until she didn't. Until he made it a place she didn't want to be, dreaded to sleep in. It started as a sanctuary and became nothing more than a prison. His *playground*. Somewhere she couldn't immediately escape in their close proximity. He could lock the door and do whatever he wanted to her and he did. *Often*.

Hermione realised in that moment that she was going from a single room to an entire Manor of space for him to torture her in. The thought almost made her knees buckle with blinding panic.

She levitated her trunk behind her as she entered the Common Room. The rest of the Slytherins had already packed and left for the graduation feast, leaving the place empty with a deafening oppressive silence. Draco had hesitantly left with Theo and Blaise after Hermione expressed that she wanted some time to herself before she was destined to get none ever again. He had smirked knowingly and kissed her forehead, because he knew what she had said was true. She would enter his domain and be shackled to him for the rest of her life.

The room was so thick with quiet that her ears began to buzz. The fireplace was cold and empty, the wood remaining there—black and charred. The bar cart sat lonely with empty bottles of Ogden's littering the surface, empty glasses and a bucket devoid of ice. The boys had drunk it dry, not wanting to leave their precious whisky behind to go to waste for people who didn't appreciate it.

The Black Lake was calm and still behind the arched window, the complete opposite to how Hermione felt inside as her heart thrashed beneath its cage. Her palms were sweaty with the anticipation for what the rest of her days would look like from now on. It certainly wasn't anything she had planned, but Draco wanted it and so he got it.

He got the girl.

The room still held the smell of smoke as she walked through, it was freezing without the golden glow of the hearth, the weight of the lake pressing its watery chill in through the glass. There were so many memories here too, both good and bad in nature but this room reminded her of Theo and Blaise, two people she didn't know how she would have survived this year without and for that reason alone she would smile.

But the bad memories would always unfortunately taint the good—silver rings cutting into her lips as he struck her with the back of his cold hand. His mercury eyes, sharp as they sliced through her with their cruelty.

The sweet stale taste of "*I'm sorry*."

The weeks of being the only two in the room over Christmas with no one but Draco for comfort. All the whiskey he drank and all the new wounds he created, only to heal them back together temporarily with sticky sugar until the time came for him to spit his salt back into them once more, never allowing the opportunity for true recovery. The side of him that she had fallen in love with appeared less and less—he didn't need to put on a show anymore. He already had her, had reeled her in, chained her to him in more ways than one and could be himself without the fear of her leaving. Not that he had hidden his true nature from her for very long anyway.

She could *never* leave. Her heavy chains wouldn't allow her, they would follow her around forever like stones tied around broken ankles, dragging her further down into the darkness.

The chatter from the hall grew louder the further she walked towards it, through the echoing corridors that never felt warm anymore, brushing her fingertips across the walls as she went, committing the texture of the limestone to memory as if she could ever forget her stone home. A few tears slipped from her eyes at the prospect of never being inside Hogwarts again. She had spent seven years in the comfort of her favourite castle, the eighth year being not so comforting and more bittersweet instead.

But nevertheless, Hogwarts would always be *home*.

She released her luggage outside The Great Hall next to everyone else's and made her way inside, feeling the weight of Draco's eyes the second she had stepped foot over the threshold. It was like he always knew where she was and he always found her before anyone else. He immediately stood from the bench and made his way over to her. He was wearing a black shirt, waistcoat, black slacks, leather gloves and shiny dragonskin shoes, his silver jewellery standing stark against his intimidating all black attire.

It made him look even taller and more menacing—if possible. He moved like water, grace and confidence soaked into every long stride, he walked like he owned the room and he basically *did*.

He wrapped his arm around her shoulder, his delicious scent hitting her as he pulled her face close to his to whisper in her ear.

“I can’t wait to get you *alone*.”

Hermione’s stomach clenched with his words. He was in a good mood with the knowledge that he would be taking her even further away from her life and chaining her more securely into his, so his words could have meant anything and Hermione could do nothing but find out.

He kissed her cheek and guided her towards the Slytherin table. She saw Harry, Ron and a few of the other Gryffinors watching them from the corner of her eye. The room was filled with the saccharine music of laughter, the whole school in high spirits. The tables were lined with a rich feast of chicken and roast potatoes, steamed vegetables and sweet smelling desserts. All happily normal things for a celebration that Hermione couldn’t bring herself to find joy in.

Headmaster Snape and Professor McGonagall were sitting at the head table joined by Professor Flitwick, Professor Slughorn, Madame Pomfrey, Professor Sprout and Professor Trelawny. The only teachers that wished to come back this year. The eighth year students had halved and so had the teachers. Too many were uninterested in returning to the dark shadow that had befallen Hogwarts since Dumbledore’s death. Hermione couldn’t blame them, she just hoped that in time the ancient school would return to its former glory. It deserved more than to be remembered in the history books as a lost cause.

But in Hermione’s opinion not even the death eaters scared her as much as Draco did.

She sat in between Draco and Theo with Blaise, Daphne and Astoria opposite. The rest of the Slytherins sat further down, engrossed in their own conversations of freedom after leaving school, a conversation Hermione couldn’t stomach listening to. Draco held her thigh under the table as he pulled out a flask of strong smelling whiskey and poured it into a silver goblet. Hermione sipped her pumpkin juice in silence as everyone around her ate.

She was too nervous to sit still enough to eat so she looked around the hall instead, catching the green eyes belonging to Harry who gave her a small smile from across the room. Things between them had been awkward, she hadn’t spoken to him or Ron in what felt like forever. It was always too difficult with Draco hanging around her and since Snape was Headmaster and was predictably in favour of his godson, nothing was ever done, even when they had supposedly gone to McGonagall to seek advice and help on the situation.

Hermione’s heart did somersaults as she sat and listened to the scrape of cutlery against porcelain. After a few more tense minutes of cloudy thoughts the sound of a spoon against crystal sounded, pulling the attention of the students towards a benignantly smiling McGonagall as she stood to make a departing speech.

“I would just like to say a thank you to each and every one of you for returning to fill these halls once again with the sound of laughter. I know this year has been difficult for most but I am glad it turned out to be a good one in the end. *Congratulations on your graduation.*”

She smiled brightly at the many faces that filled the space and sat, looking expectantly over to a blank faced Snape beside her. He stood stiffly, clasping his pale hands in front of him.

“I couldn’t have said it better myself,” he droned flatly, his face gaunt and indifferent, looking like he would much rather be anywhere else.

Hermione’s startled breath caught in her throat when she felt Draco’s large hand crawl up her inner thigh under her skirt, she tightened her grip around the goblet in her hand, the other clutching the edge of the wooden bench.

“I hope you all enjoy your freedom and safe travels,” Snape finished, straight to the point and a man of very little words.

The professors all smiled and clinked their glasses together in a cheers, claps could be heard echoing around the room as Snape returned to his seat. Draco’s warm fingertips brushed across the silk of her knickers, making Hermione physically jolt, almost knocking over her goblet.

“You alright?” Theo asked, looking at her curiously with a frown. Hermione’s hand wrapped around the width of Draco’s wrist as she grit out the words “*I’m fine*” through her teeth. Theo didn’t look like he believed her but he nodded and carried on eating his meal anyway.

“*Stop it,*” she hissed for only Draco to hear, he chuckled deeply as he retreated from her skirt, a wide smirk splashed across his face. “I have a few errands to run before you arrive,” he whispered, kissing the curve of her neck.

“Enjoy the rest of your freedom baby, and I’ll see you at *home*.” His voice was a soft whisper but Hermione could hear the underlying threat.

She swallowed hard and smiled. "Yes, you will."

He grabbed her jaw and pressed his needy lips against hers, dipping his tongue in for a taste, his other hand getting caught in her mane of wild curls. He couldn't just give her a simple kiss, it was infused with possession, a territorial move, letting anyone who happened to be watching them know that she belonged to him. He sucked on her bottom lip indulgently as he pulled away, stood and left the hall with a two finger salute towards Theo and Blaise who both returned the gesture.

Watching him walk through the doors was like coming up for air after almost drowning. The oxygen returned to the room and Hermione's eyes filled with tears, she blinked them away quickly before anyone noticed.

She smiled at Blaise when she caught him looking at her. "You look pale, Hermione," he acknowledged, narrowing his eyes in sympathy.

"Wouldn't you be if you were about to leave your life and move into the manor of nightmares?"

He huffed out a knowing breath. "Me and Theo will visit, you know, you won't be alone."

She smiled sadly. "You and Theo won't be around enough to allow that Blaise. I'll always be alone from everyone but him and I'll never be free."

Theo put his arm around her shoulder and squeezed her against him, kissing her forehead.

"We will try our best for you," he whispered and her heart squeezed painfully tight at the sentiment.

Hermione had grown close to Theo and Blaise in the same way she had with Harry and Ron, just under very different circumstances. They had all bonded under the mutual strain of loving someone like Draco, being there for each other through the trauma. They had tried to help her on so many different occasions and always ended up getting themselves hurt if they pushed Draco too far. So Hermione put a stop to them getting involved. But they were *always* there if she needed them.

"I'm gonna go over and say goodbye to the Gryffindors while I can," she declared, turning and giving Theo one last hug.

"Thank you, for everything," she whispered into his curly brown hair.

"No need to thank me Hermione, I'll always be here okay? That's what friends are for, you're one of us now."

Her smile was watery as she nodded, he let go of her so she could make her way over to Blaise next, wrapping her arms around him too. He squeezed her tight in return and Hermione felt so much love for the two men she was proud to call her friends.

"We've got you," he promised and her eyes slammed shut with the sting of more tears. It was a little bit of safety in her scary world, the medicine her soul needed and *craved*.

"I love you guys," she sniffed as she looked between her two lovable Slytherins.

"Love you."

"We love you too, Hermione."

She smiled at them all, patting Daphne on the shoulder and getting a kind smile from her in return.

Hermione felt the heavy weight in her stomach as she reluctantly pulled herself away from the people she had grown so attached to in the last year. She knew it wouldn't be the last she saw of them but she didn't know when the next time would be and that was enough to make her want to burst into a sob. Theo's sad little smile broke her heart as she looked back over her shoulder at him one last time, feeling her legs stall with the want to stay with him for a few precious minutes more.

She took a deep breath and tried to blink the heartache from her eyes as she turned and approached her old friends, the Gryffindors.

"Hey," she breathed as she stood and smiled at them awkwardly, not knowing what else to say.

"Hey," Harry mimicked, patting the wood between himself and Ron. She nervously walked over and sat between them, feeling their comforting heat sandwich her in. Nothing was said and the dam finally broke the second both of her best friends put their arms around her and squeezed, pouring all of their love into her and letting her know that they still cared.

All the love Hermione had received in the hall that day was enough to fill up her cup for a while. She felt so happy to be around genuine love that it saddened her to think that Draco could never experience the same giving feeling.

Ron pulled back and wiped a tear from her cheek, Harry wiped away a tear from his own.

"I'm sorry," she choked as she looked back and forth between them guiltily. The weight of the world sat on her shoulders, bending and beating down her spine with each painful second.

"It's alright Mione. I won't pretend to understand but I do forgive you," Ron said sincerely, his soft blue eyes full of familiarity.

"Thank you."

She sighed in relief that she hadn't completely lost them and squeezed his hand tight.

"Ron's right Hermione, it's hard for us to get our head around you and Malfoy but you're our best friend and you *always* will be," Harry said firmly, leaving no room for doubt in the warm sparkle of his eyes.

She took his hand in hers too, holding it and hoping that the pressure would show him just how much she loved him. The three of them clung to each other like it was the last time they would ever be together.

Hermione's heart twisted with grief because she knew that it very well could be.

DRACO

Malfoy Manor, Wiltshire

Hermione's luggage was heavy in his hand, the sound of half a library rattling around inside it.

Does she know that the Manor boasts one of the largest libraries she's ever seen?

He smiled to himself as he swaggered up the driveway. The prospect of getting her properly alone with him in *their* Manor was enough to set his heart on fire with anticipation. His veins were buzzing with the selfish excitement of finally getting her completely to himself with nowhere for her to run and no one for her to run *to*. The Manor answered to his magic, as did the gold that he had tethered to her finger. She would never be able to leave, the wards would hold her safely inside its walls.

He sucked in air through his teeth when he came face to face with a miserable looking Lucius standing under the porch with his trunk at his feet. He was going to live in one of their many properties across France, giving the newly married couple their much needed privacy and so Draco could take his rightful place as Lord of the Manor. It wasn't the traditional way of doing things but Draco didn't care about tradition, there was enough of that amongst the Malfoy's already.

"Do you love her to death?" Lucius asked softly, regarding his son with critical eyes.

"Like you *loved* mother, you mean?" Draco smirked at the drawn in expression he pulled from him with those words and raised a brow. "Speak of her over my grave and watch how she brings me back to life."

Lucius gave him a curt nod and cocked his head to the side, looking across the expansive Manor grounds, towards the Malfoy graveyard where his mother was buried, grief dark and heavy in his eyes. It was clear that he didn't want to leave his wife's ghost behind.

He was silent, lost in his thoughts for a long moment before he spoke again in a quiet and careful tone. "And you are so sure she'll come?"

Draco's eyes shot right through his father's, dissecting apart his old irises as he dragged his tongue across his bottom teeth in aggravation.

"She is my fate, she has resigned me to it, *damned me to it* and if she won't willingly follow me into the dark then I will drag her there kicking and screaming myself. It's not like I haven't done it before."

His voice was a deep snarl, full of contempt as he looked at the shadow of a man before him with disdain. Lucius swallowed thickly as Draco knocked into him harshly on his way past.

"Safe travels, *Father*," Draco called coldly over his shoulder, not sparing the older man a second look.

HERMIONE

Her heart thundered in her ears as gravel crunched under her heels, the chunky stones trying to pull her through the ground the more she walked across them.

The tall iron gates with a giant ornate *MM* branded into the center creaked loudly as she entered them, trembling with the unmistakable icy waves of protective enchantments and isolating wards as they swallowed her. A sharp shiver ran down the length of her spine as her foot passed the gate, touching ground into her new forever home.

The concrete angels stationed on each side of the iron followed her movements with their weeping eyes, looking sympathetically to the dark world she was about to enter into, watching her step into the rest of her life with cold stone faces.

She slowed her walk up when she noticed the older version of Draco, standing tall and waiting regally in the driveway. *Lucius*.

His silver eyes analysed her as she stood, attempting to flatten her school skirt to her thighs when it flapped around in the rough winds of an oncoming storm. The smell of fresh rain hung heavily in the ominous air that surrounded the Manor and she tried to swallow around the ache of suspense in her throat to no avail.

“He waits for you,” Lucius mumbled stiffly, his expression emotionless, devoid of any warmth or humanity.

“I’m scared of him,” she admitted weakly.

He lifted a blonde knowing brow and the gesture told her everything. “That may be, but like it or not you love him and worst of all, *he loves you*.”

His daunting words brushed across her skin in the breeze, sending ice into her veins, her curls stringing her cheeks as they whipped around her face.

“Yes, but if you think I’ll let him live a peaceful life after he destroyed mine, you’ll be very disappointed. *No fucking way*.”

Her face was serious and absolute, straining with the effort not to betray her wavering confidence. Lucius smirked and Hermione realised exactly where Draco’s vicious expression had come from. His chuckle of amusement pierced through her like a thousand tiny needles, Draco got that from him too.

“And that fire is the exact reason you are trapped inside his web in the first place. It is even more of an incentive for him to keep you here.”

“I won’t stay forever,” she snapped as the weight of her wedding ring pulled her eyes down towards it, its shiny faces blinking at her in the moody light, its beautiful tear like shape a mirror image of her despair.

“Don’t give yourself false hope, my dear. *Pain is the price we must all pay for love*.”

Hermione’s reply got lost in her crumbling facade as he stepped away without another word. She watched his long silver tresses blow around his hunched shoulders as he walked against the wind and past the gates, disappearing into freedom behind a veil of black smoke.

Leaving her *alone*.

Hermione unwillingly took slow steps towards the imposing structure of the old Manor. It stood tall and harrowing, dark and haunting against a backdrop of black thunderclouds. Just like the night of the Halloween party—the sky had come to cry for her.

The scent of foreboding was thick as it drifted towards her through the grey stone that made up the building. Its shadows licking at her feet, enticing her to come closer into its cold depths.

Every single window was empty of light, only suffocating darkness lurked behind them, like it hadn’t seen life or happiness in its walls for many years. The large green hedges on either side of the long driveway felt like they were crushing in on her, forcing her to stop dragging her feet and walk quicker towards her purgatory.

She heard Harry’s voice in her head the shorter the distance became between herself and *him*.

“*Don’t be the stupid mouse running straight into the hungry jaws of the viper*.”

It’s a little too late for that.

The double doors were broad and heavy as they swung open for her immediately upon her proximity, ready to swallow her whole into an inky black doorway to hell, as dark as the mouth of an empty cave. Her heels clopped against the barren marble as she anxiously stepped through into the uninviting space, shrieking as the doors slammed shut behind her.

The heavy clang of metal shook the Manor as chains wound themselves securely around the handles followed by the loud click of a padlock sliding into place, sealing her in and sealing her *fate*. Hermione didn’t know if it was to keep something *out* or something *in*. A hot tear rolled down her face as she stared numbly at the black iron snakes that curled around the handles of her confinement, bound by shackles just like her. Their serpentine faces taunting her with the absence of freedom.

She felt his presence before she saw him, *as she always did*.

The sweet scent of leather filling the space as the deep velvet voice that would haunt her forever echoed through the entry way and straight into her bones.

“Welcome home, Mrs Malfoy.”

END OF PART ONE.

Chapter 33: Twisted Desires

Chapter Summary

The desire to possess is the beginning of the end.

Chapter Notes

Songs that helped to inspire the chapter -

Little Dark Age by MGMT

Renegade by Aaryan Shah

Teardrops by Bring Me The Horizon

The Apparition by Sleep Token

L I M E R E N C E playlist - <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/792hFyLjYWQnzK6if0Z6Aq?si=zFyfRvuJS0KK15cce2TGqg&pi=oiOHZKdHSqm21>

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



Granger,

If you hoped your little stunt at the trial would have the desired effect, I can assure you that it fucking didn't. I am twisted up in my desire to want you angry.

Angry and MINE.

I'm going fucking insane in here knowing that you get great satisfaction from ignoring me. It would do wonders for my fucked up knuckles to hold the same parchment in my hands that you had, if you ever decided to grace me with a FUCKING reply.

I've broken bones and bled for you. You've taken over my fucking life, Granger! My thoughts are consumed by YOU and I will fucking OWN you like you own me, even if I have to fight you tooth and nail to get there.

You swim through my blood and I can't wait to fucking drown you in it.

- D.M.

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I've broken bones and bled for you. You've taken over my fucking life Granger! My thoughts are consumed by YOU and I will fucking OWN you like you own me, even if I have to fight you tooth and nail to get there.

You burn through my blood and I can't wait to fucking drown you in it.

-DM

Chapter End Notes

It only felt right to end this the same way it began.. with one of Draco's many obsessive, blood soaked letters to Hermione during his year in prison.

I can't believe we're here, Limerence is complete!

Thank you to each and every one of you for following along, your comments/kudos mean the absolute world to me. ❤️

I hope to see you all on the other side for part two in the DEADLY SINS series. Draco will be bigger and badder than ever. I hope you're ready 🍷

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