

262 Days

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262 Days

by [RoseDeVents](#)

Summary

Draco becomes captivated by Hermione.
Hermione becomes Draco's captive.
It takes them 262 days to snap.

Written for HP Call Me Daddy Fest 2022 for the prompt: Inspired by YOU (Netflix series). Angst.
Dark.

Now translated to [Russian](#)

Day 1

Chapter Notes

Special thanks to my alpha/beta [FidgetScribbles](#) for helping me turn something that was passable into something that I could be proud of. This story is not for everyone so please mind the tags!



CAPTIVATED

Day 1

Looking around the courtroom, it's obvious where this is headed, and it's nowhere good. No one is making eye contact with me, a sure sign that they all believe I'm guilty of killing Albus Dumbledore. I know what they're thinking: "*what else is he capable of?*"

It's unlucky my trial is after Father's, because at this point the Wizengamot are getting antsy. They want a scapegoat. Someone to blame. Someone to make an example of. And who better than a Malfoy?

Lucius charmed his way out of that already, even knowing it would increase the blowback on me, his only son. He's now sitting freely with Mother across the courtroom. I've been watching her as the seats fill up, trying to commit every subtle expression on her face to memory. I'll need something to hold on to when the dementors come for me.

There's a clatter at the door, and a murmuring that catches my attention. I turn to look at whoever is making all the racket and drawing all the attention, and it's a girl I barely recognize. Well, she doesn't look like much of a girl – more like a woman.

And then I realize. *It's you.* Hermione bloody Granger.

I don't know how long I stare with my mouth open, but I'm captivated by your every move. You make your way over to my side of the room, and make a show of sitting down with your stack of paperwork. You smooth the wrinkles out of your robes, which are more expensive than I would have thought you could afford. You look like you're here to impress someone.

What are you doing here?

I almost ask the question out loud, but since being under the Dark Lord's thumb I've become pretty good at keeping my thoughts to myself. I can see by the amusement in your eyes that you know my question anyway. You give me a little half smile, and it throws me off kilter. You've always been good at that.

You keep touching your hair, which is styled, and I bet it's because you're not used to it staying in place. I've teased you mercilessly about it for years, but I actually like seeing it wild and free – it suits you. You don't look like *you* with it pulled back so tight.

Somehow that helps it sink in that you've changed, just as I have. You're not the same girl I knew in school. We've been through hell and back since then.

So ... who are you now? Are you someone I want to know?

It takes me longer than it should to realize what Hermione Granger, champion of the downtrodden, is doing at my trial – that in this scenario, I am the downtrodden.

That *you* are here to save *me* .

And you've come prepared.

...

I can't believe I'm walking out of the courtroom a free man. You left quickly and I see you're already pretty far down the hall. It would be impolite to shout after you, but it would also be impolite not to thank you.

I should send you an owl later. Maybe I should do more than that.

I could take you out to dinner? Maybe that would be too weird.

Would I be able to smile properly instead of sneering like I used to? Maybe we could laugh about all that. Maybe we could forget all of our history and just ... *be* .

Maybe we could go somewhere private and get to know each other, for maybe the first time. Maybe you'd let your hair down for me.

Maybe I'd learn more about you, like I did today. How passionate you are, and how you still impress it upon other people. How driven you are, and how you plan to use your perfect N.E.W.T. scores in your career. How you manage to look so radiant in a poorly lit courtroom.

Maybe, after what you did today, Mother and Father won't mind so much that you're a ~~mud~~^{mud} muggleborn. I still can't believe all of the witness statements you gathered on my behalf. I might never get over how hard you fought for me to be free. I want to be worthy of your faith in me. I'm not perfect, but I could be a better man ... for you.

Maybe we could even –

Wait a second.

Who is that you're walking toward?

Oh, of course.

The Weasel.

That impoverished oaf is your boyfriend, isn't he? Funny, I always thought you and Potter were together. Maybe *that's* why I never gave you a second look.

Well, you're certainly in my sights now, Granger. I don't know why I spent so many years despising you. I can see now that you're beautiful, inside and out. And you're clearly destined to do great things.

Of course, you'll need a good wizard beside you – a partner. Someone with connections to grease the right palms. Someone who can keep up with you. Someone who actually passed his N.E.W.T.s. Someone who can afford a suit.

What do you see in that idiot anyway?

It's baffling to me that the smartest witch from our class is with the dumbest wizard. There's no way Ronald Weasley is your future. I can't imagine you living in a hovel with him and his 10 ginger babies. That would be such a waste!

Yes, I think I'll send you an owl later. Let you know you have options.

Day 1

I wake up with a splitting headache and groan my displeasure, rolling onto my side. I'm not surprised at all to have a hangover on New Year's Day, but I *am* surprised to have blacked out during Blaise Zabini's party. That's the only explanation for why I have no idea how I got here, or where "here" even is.

I know this isn't my bed, because it feels too luxurious. I stick out my arm to poke at Ron but the bed is empty, which is strange. It's not like my ~~boy~~ fiancé to get up early.

Where is he? Where am I?

The room is very dark. Even as my eyes adjust to the light, I can barely see beyond the bed. And though I can't see them, I know by the feel of overwashed, muggle flannel that I'm wearing my favorite pajamas.

I should cast a lumos.

Where's my wand?

"Accio wand!"

Nothing.

"Accio wand!"

Why didn't anything happen?

My head is killing me, but I manage to sit up against the plush headboard and try to get my bearings. I wrack my foggy brain, but I can't remember ringing in the new year. There must be gaps in my memory – *from the alcohol or from a wand?*

The thought is chilling. I'm starting to think I didn't get here on my own.

...

The lights finally go on.

I've mapped out my cage a few times in the dark, but it doesn't sink in until I see the glass walls for myself. There's a man standing in the shadows.

And then I realize. *It's you.* Draco bloody Malfoy.

It's not much of a surprise to see you standing there. After all, you told me about this place. You told me about how hellish the summer before sixth year was for you. Good old Auntie Bellatrix was training you to be a Death Eater, and it was grueling. Whenever you showed weakness, she locked you in a magic-blocking cage in your own manor's dungeons to show you what it would be like to be a filthy muggle. *To be like me.*

I thought of the cage you described once I mapped the room with my hands. I gasp upon seeing you anyway.

“Draco!” I scramble off the bed and up to the glass. “Can you hear me? Where are we? Oh, thank Merlin you found me!”

You just keep standing there, perfectly still. You don’t frantically try to help me out of the cage like you should. Your sad, guilty smile sends a chill down my spine. “Hermione ...” you say.

“No!” I shout. “What ...? No, I ... *Draco*? ... What ...?” I stumble over my words, my brain misfiring. I’m unable to process the fact that someone I call a close friend might be my kidnapper. Even if said friend also used to be my bully. There just *has* to be another explanation.

“I’m sorry,” you say, and the words hit me like a slap in the face. “I wish there was another way.”

“*What?* ” I bang on the glass. “Please let me out of here, Draco!”

“I can’t,” you say, shaking your head sadly. “I’m sorry.”

“What’s going on? Is someone making you do this? *Why ...?*” And then my body betrays me, and I start to sob before I can get out any more questions.

“Shh,” you say, finally stepping closer to the barrier between us. You put your hands up against mine on the glass, and I should pull away but right now I need the comfort. “It’s going to be all right, Hermione. You’re safe here. I’m not going to hurt you.”

I start to panic because I didn’t even think of that. Somehow you saying you won’t hurt me just makes me terrified of what exactly you plan to do with me.

I remember you said the nights that Bellatrix shoved you in this magic-blocking cage were some of the worst of your whole life. *Why would you do this to me?*

“I ... you ... what ... why ...” My words come out with puffs of air.

“May I come in?” you ask.

I can’t even comprehend the question. “What?”

“I think you’re having a panic attack. May I come in there with you?”

I still can’t quite understand. The room doesn’t have a door and I can’t get out, so how could you come in? My question is quickly answered when you apparate next to me. I’m jolted by your hands grabbing my shoulders.

“Just breathe,” you say, as if it’s easy.

I choke on air, trying to push away the hands that have often comforted me. But you’re too strong, and you keep hold.

“Breathe in, breathe out,” you say calmly on repeat.

I start to listen, and follow your instructions. *In. Out. In. Out.*

It feels like it takes forever, but I finally start breathing normally again. And then I'm back to crying, and my breath gets caught in little hiccups.

"Shh. It's going to be all right, Hermione," you repeat.

You guide me back into bed and I don't know why but I let you ease me onto the mattress. I should use my nails to scratch your face. I should push you away. I should fight.

Am I under a spell? I thought you said you couldn't do magic in this room that Bellatrix made?

"Just get some rest, hmm?" you say, covering me with the down comforter. You conjure a handkerchief and wipe at my tears.

I feel immobilized. I'm frozen in place, staring up at you. It could be magic, or it could be fear.

"I'll leave a sandwich and some water. I realize now I should have left a lamp down here for you – I'm sorry. That must have been scary not being able to see."

You conjure a bedside table with a lamp and a glass of water. I'm in shock watching you do wandless magic like it's nothing. You know how hard I've tried to learn. I can't answer; I just watch and wait to see what you'll do next.

"I'll come back tomorrow," you say.

With that, you apparate out of the room you once told me blocks magic. *Maybe it actually blocks wand use?*

I eventually fall asleep with the lamp on.

Days 2-30

CAPTIVATED

Day 4

I think you forgot to return my owl. That's OK, I know you're a busy witch.

Day 10

I wrote your office under a pseudonym and your secretary sent your schedule. You really should have better security, Hermione. I mean, I could be a Death Eater out for revenge or something!

I make an educated guess that you'll stop in Flourish and Blotts after your lunch meeting at The Leaky Cauldron, and my chest puffs out a little when I'm right. I've been staking out the latest Clark Dodgeworth release, because he is one of my favorite authors and I suspect you have good taste.

I'm rewarded when I hear a little, "Oh!"

I finish a sentence I'm scanning before I look up and feign surprise. "*Granger?*"

I could have sworn you were taller, but I guess you just always make yourself appear that way. You keep your back straight, ready and willing to take on wizards twice your size. It's so damn endearing.

"Hello Malfoy. How are you?"

Our eyes meet, and I want to drink you in. *Have your eyes always been that shade of brown?*

"I'm well – *very well* . All thanks to you."

You brush so prettily, it makes my heart skip a beat.

"Oh, erm ... you're welcome?"

"Did you get my owl?"

I don't know if I've made you uncomfortable or you just really want to snap up your copy of "Precarious Potions," but I hate that you're looking away from me. I can hardly see the flecks of gold in those deep pools of molten chocolate.

"Yes, I did."

"I don't know how to thank you properly. I am very much in your debt."

Ah, I see the gold brightens when you're surprised. Do your eyes always sparkle when you're around your treasured books? *Or is that for me?*

“Oh, that’s not necessary,” you say shyly. That adorable blush is back, too.

I decide to be forward. “Can I at least buy you a coffee?”

Your brow furrows. *Am I that obvious?*

“Oh ... um ... I really must get back to work.”

“Sure,” I say hastily, playing up an expression of chagrin and hurt. “I’m sorry I took up your time. I know, after everything, I’m probably the last person you’d want to ...”

“Maybe another time,” you say before grabbing the new Dodgeworth and making a hasty exit.

I should know better, but those words give me hope.

Day 17

Your picture’s in *The Daily Prophet* again. It always is, but this time the photographer caught you unaware.

You’re not forcing a smile in this picture. It’s not like one of those fake poses that add to the illusion that you’re a perfect little trio. No, this one is real.

I can tell that something is displeasing you, and put two and two together that your idiot boyfriend is the cause. The way your eyes narrow as your head turns toward him is so slight, but I can see it.

What has he done now?

Day 19

You should really get some curtains. I mean, I’m all the way across the street but I can see everything inside your flat.

If only I could hear what you and your boyfriend are fighting about ...

Day 23

They say a picture is worth a thousand words, but the one in the paper today is only bringing one to mind: *Fuck!*

You truly look amazing in ball gowns. I don’t think you should wear anything else but silk and tulle. It’s like the Yule Ball back in fourth year all over again. Especially because it only takes seconds for me to get hard once I see you.

I imagine myself at the event with you. *Asking you to dance. Getting you a drink. Taking you down a dark corridor. Pressing you up against the wall. Sinking into your tight, little cunt.*

I don’t think I’ve come so hard since before the Dark Lord gave me his mark.

Day 26

That guy in the electronic shop was really confused by my questions, and I know you'd be upset that I used an Unforgivable on him. It just didn't make sense for me to explain how I needed to see inside of your flat when I could just *Imperius* him and save everyone's time.

Putting up the cameras and mike-o-phones was harder than taking down the Weasel's wards. I'm glad I'll be able to look after you with this security system, because your boyfriend certainly can't.

I think you would be proud to know I'm learning how to do muggle things.

I only do it for you.

Day 30

The other day I heard you talking to a friend about starting a family. For some reason, I can't seem to get the thought out of my head. I can just picture your belly all round and full. And all the things we would do to make it that way.

You, crying out in ecstasy.

You, dripping with my cum.

You, growing our child.

You, walking down Diagon Alley with a bump.

You, showing the whole world that you're mine.

Fuck, Hermione. I never knew I could be so turned on by that.

CAPTIVE

Day 4

Every day is the same routine.

You bring me breakfast, and tell me you love me.

You bring me dinner, and tell me you love me.

You suggest I read what I've discovered are books stolen from my flat.

Never once do you answer my question: *why am I here?*

Day 10

“Good morning,” you say with annoying politeness.

I glare back at you. But just like always, it has no effect.

You sigh. “I know I don’t really deserve pleasantries from you anymore, but I wish you would talk to me again.”

The silent treatment is my new tactic. The hunger strike didn’t work, neither did yelling at you.

“I guess it’s time I told you why you’re here?”

You say it so casually, as if I haven’t been demanding every bloody day that you give me a reason for why you’re holding me captive. With the indication you’re finally going to tell me, I’m overcome by fear and a sense of foreboding – though I try not to show it. I know there isn’t an answer that will make this any better, but my curiosity gets the best of me.

“Why am I here?” I ask, voice croaking from not speaking for two full days.

“You’re here ...” you say painfully slowly, “... so you can get away from the Weasel.”

A surprised cackle falls out of my mouth, and you look at me with confusion.

“You’re serious?” I balk at you. “*Why* exactly?”

I study your face for a minute, thinking of all the many reasons besides the most obvious one. But sometimes the most obvious answer is the right one, and your expression gives you away: you don’t just love me, you’re *in love* with me.

“Oh, bloody hell! I can’t believe this ... Ron warned me about this, you know! He said it so many times and here I was – an idiot – reassuring him that you and I were just *friends* .”

I’ve always gotten along with guys better than girls. I didn’t expect to become *actual* friends with my childhood bully, but after a few random run-ins I couldn’t deny that we got on.

Deep down, I knew how it looked spending time one-on-one with an attractive, wealthy bachelor – who also happened to be my entire friend group’s arch-nemesis. It was a guilty pleasure to secretly spend time with the supposedly “new and improved” Draco Malfoy, and I never stopped to think about why.

Now, all I have is time to think. Over the past 10 days, I’ve thought a lot about our little adventures around London. Maybe they weren’t so innocent, but I was only guilty of flirting – at the most.

I remind myself that I’m the *victim* here. It’s not my fault you’ve gone insane! I refuse to take any blame for getting put in a cage.

You scoff. “We are *not* just friends.”

“Yes, we are!” I stand my ground. “I’ve never given you *any* indication that isn’t the case. If I have, I am truly sorry. Ron and I are going to be married; it’s inevitable. And I actually had this crazy idea that you might be part of my bridal party ...”

You scoff again. “You’re *not* getting married.”

I point out the obvious. “Not if you keep me in a cage!”

“The only reason he proposed was because you caught him cheating! He’s been telling Harry behind your back that he’s not ready. He hasn’t even saved up a galleon!”

“And how would you know?” I demand.

“I’ve checked up on it. Because believe me, Hermione, if I thought you’d be happy with him and he’d take care of you – I would let him. You have no idea what I would do to make sure you’re happy!”

You say it with such intensity that I believe that *you* believe it. But that doesn’t change the circumstances. That doesn’t change the fact you’re a *total fucking psycho*.

I splay my hands wide. “Oh I have some idea of the lengths you go to for people you’re ... what ... *in love with*? For your information, you shouldn’t have to kidnap a person you want to date. That’s not love!”

That lights a fire in you that I haven’t seen since I woke up in this hell hole. Your nostrils flare, your hands become fists, your eyes grow darker. I see a flash of the “old” Malfoy. The one who served Lord Voldemort.

“Yes it is!” you shout.

I startle, and you calm yourself immediately. Your voice drops to a normal tone, but your passion still bubbles under the surface.

“I would do *anything* for you, Hermione. How many people in your life would say that – truly meaning *anything* ? It didn’t start out that way, of course. I just wanted to thank you. I just wanted to make sure you were happy. But then ... what I saw of your life ... it made me sick!”

My mouth gapes, even as I am thoroughly confused and a little insulted by what you might mean.

“Your friends didn’t value you,” you explain. “Your parents wouldn’t speak to you. Your co-workers didn’t give a shite about the things you were fighting for. And on top of all that, your boyfriend treated you like a slave.”

“What?” I protest. “No, that’s ... that’s not true.”

“I couldn’t let that go.” Your face softens. “Not after you saved my life in that courtroom. I had to figure out a way to make your life better.”

“And so you did ... what? Inserted yourself into it?”

“Tell me that I didn’t help.”

Every part of me clenches. This is too much. Suddenly the idea I “ran into you” at muggle art galleries and coffee shops seems very naïve.

“Tell me that you have anyone else in your life who you can freely talk to about something as simple as your favorite book or as complicated as your next piece of legislation.” You go on, but I want you to stop. “Tell me there’s another person who listens to you, who doesn’t interrupt you to tell you about a sport that you hate, who doesn’t make you dumb yourself down for them.”

“I ...” I’m still reeling from the news our entire friendship is a lie.

“*I became that person for you, and it just became ... so obvious.*” Your look at me so adoringly that I’m simultaneously flattered and disgusted. “We fit together so well. And we make each other better, don’t we? We could be partners, in all ways. If you’d just –”

“– break up with Ron?” I finally come to my senses and interrupt you with narrowed eyes. “Even without Ron, that wouldn’t mean I’d turn to you. And I don’t see how you could possibly believe after *kidnapping me* that you and I could ever have a chance.”

“I tried everything else,” you say with a sad smile. “You’ve been unreasonable.”

“What is *that* supposed to mean?!”

“I’d do anything for you, and this was the only way.”

“*Kidnapping me?! How is that supposed to break up me and Ron? We’ve been in love since we were kids. We fought a war together. There’s nothing you could do or say that would make me leave him!*”

“I know,” you say fondly. “That’s one thing I underestimated about you – your loyalty.”

“So ... you’ll let me go?”

“I will.”

The way you say it and the way you keep standing still indicate to me that you don’t mean right now. There’s a catch. “If?”

“If ... you let me make love to you.”

I burst into laughter, but that doesn’t wipe the earnest look off of your stupid face. I drag it out cruelly. I want you to feel as humiliated as I do after being locked in a cage for more than a week. But you don’t even look chagrined.

“What do you think is going to happen then, hmm?” I finally ask. “That if I spend one night with you, I’ll forget all about Ron? Do you think your dick is bigger than his or something?”

“Well ... my dick *is* bigger.”

Why am I not surprised this is boiling down to a pissing contest?

“I underestimated your loyalty,” you explain, “and I also underestimated the Weasel’s possessiveness.”

“*His* possessiveness?” I counter. “He’s never locked me up in his basement ...”

“He cheated on you, but you took him back. You think he’d do the same? You think he’d just forget you shagged someone else? I’m willing to bet my life that he wouldn’t touch you – ever again.”

I draw on all of my disgust for one withering look. “So why not just fuck me and send me back? Why would you keep me down here for 10 days before telling me that all you want is to get your dick wet? You took my wand, you’ve made me defenseless ...”

“I’m not going to *rape* you, Hermione,” you say, horrified.

As if you’re above that. As if you haven’t put me in a cage.

You hold your hands up to the glass. “I would never, *ever* hurt you. I may have kept you in one place, but I’ve fed you and given you comforts. I was hoping you’d be ready to hear my proposal _”

“– you’d never *hurt* me?” I interrupt. “I think we might have wildly different definitions of the word! So what’s your plan here exactly? Force me to shag you or keep me locked up here forever? You think that won’t hurt me?”

“Hermione, I won’t force you to do anything.”

“You want me *willing*?”

You nod ever so softly.

“Don’t hold your breath, Malfoy.”

“We’ll see.”

Day 17

“*You’re always nagging me!*” Ron shouts. “*Why do you have to be such a stuck-up bitch all the time?*”

You’ve brought me surveillance footage from inside my flat and that’s supposed to ... what? I already know you’re fucked in the head.

Still, it’s hard to watch a string of Ron’s worst moments. The footage goes back months, and I want to ask questions but I don’t want to give you the satisfaction. I turn my back to you.

So of course you up the ante. You play the video from *that* night.

“*Oh Roooooon!*” a woman cries. “*That feels soooooo good!*”

“Turn it off,” I whisper, my eyes already swimming with tears. “Please.”

The video stops, and you drag out the silence.

“Why would you show me that?” I finally ask when I can’t take it any longer. I turn to look at you, and you don’t show an ounce of remorse.

“I want you to know, you don’t have to settle,” you say. “Being in here, I would think you’re starting to romanticize what you have with him. It’s a fairy tale, Hermione. You know that, deep down. He’s not good enough for you. I’ve been waiting and yes, watching – hoping you’d figure it out on your own.”

“And a man who would kidnap me for the purposes of shagging me *is* good enough for me? You’re insane!”

“If you were mine, Hermione, I would *never* speak to you the way he does.”

I’m again caught off guard by your intensity, but I just shake my head. Sure, maybe you’re not going to ‘speak to me that way’ – but look at what else you’ve done. *How does that make you a better man than Ron?*

I scowl at you. “There are a lot of things you’ve done lately that I didn’t imagine you could be capable of.”

Day 19

The next video you show me is actually worse.

“You know, weirdly, I don’t even miss her,” Ron says.

It’s such a relief to see that Ron is OK that I don’t even listen to his words. The shaky, handheld camera pans out and my heart leaps when I see Harry and Ginny sitting across the table from Ron at a pub.

“I’m serious,” Ron insists. “I finally get to do what I want to do.”

“Aren’t you worried about her?” Harry asks hesitantly.

That’s when my ears catch up with my eyes, because I know they’re talking about me. Harry and Ginny look concerned, but Ron looks ... haughty. He even scoffs.

“She’s not my problem anymore. And anyway, she can take care of herself.”

“What did you tell them?” I demand with a mixture of anger and despair. I jump off the bed and push up against the glass between us.

You lean back, as if you’re somehow surprised at the way I’m reacting. “Nothing much,” you say cryptically. “I left Ron a note saying you were leaving him and going to Australia to mend things with your parents.”

“What?” My eyes fill with tears. *“What exactly did it say?”*

You just shrug. “That’s it really. I kept it short.”

Before I can say anything else, you press play on the video again and I watch desperately for more. I can tell that despite Ron's exterior, he's hurt. I know he wouldn't give up on me so easily. But when the video changes to the fish-eye camera inside our flat and I see Ron packing up our belongings, a pit of doubt settles in my stomach.

"Is that all of it, dear?" my future mother-in-law asks him.

"Yeah," Ron sighs. "That's it."

"I'll take these through the Floo to The Burrow then," Molly says with a warm smile, guiding a few boxes toward the fireplace.

"I'll just take care of the rubbish," Ron says.

The video shifts again to the alley behind our flat.

With the flick of a wand, Ron throws all of my possessions into the dumpster. "Good riddance," he mumbles under his breath. Then he apparates away.

Though I try to stay rational, it feels as if someone's cut my heart out.

"Don't worry," you say when the video ends. "I got everything for you. It's all upstairs, in your room."

"My room?"

"For when you're ready to move upstairs."

"You mean when I let you rape me?" The horror and hopelessness of my situation is hitting me all over again.

You shake your head as if you're disappointed in me. "I would never rape you. I'll wait for you to be ready, Hermione. As long as it takes."

I spend the rest of the day sobbing into a pillow.

Day 23

"LET ME OUT OF HERE!"

I shout until my voice is hoarse. When you bring my dinner, you also bring a cuppa just the way I like it to soothe my throat.

"You know what you need to do to leave, Hermione."

"Fuck off, Malfoy."

Day 26

I start to wonder ...

Would it be so bad to just do it? To fuck you?

It's not like I never thought about it ... but it was never like this.

How could I have been so wrong about you?

Day 30

It's been 30 days. No one is looking for me.

The thought sinks in almost as soon as I wake up and haunts me for the rest of the day. I don't eat and I don't read. I sit in bed and stare out the glass, lost in thought.

Getting to know you better over the past several months, I know you don't let anything or anyone stop you from going after what you want. I used to find that endearing. It's too bad what you want is *me*. I can see your resolve every day. You're unlikely to have a change of heart and let me go.

The videos told me what I need to know about a potential rescue. However, I doubt you revealed all of it. I can't imagine Harry just letting it go that I took off to Australia without a word. Ron was clearly hurting and letting his anger fuel him. It's possible he will come to his senses and realize I wouldn't have left him like that. But I can't wait forever.

It's been 30 long, lonely days. I miss Ron. I miss my work – even my apathetic co-workers. I miss fresh air and sunlight. I miss the stone I always seem to trip over when walking into the Ministry. I miss the stress of balancing my home and work lives. I miss everything that's not in my cage. I miss seeing anyone who isn't you.

I want to go home.

I try considering things as if I were an outside observer. The fact is, the quickest way for me to get out of here is to give you what you want. If only what you want was something I could actually give: true consent.

No kidnapped woman would willingly fuck her captor. Maybe if I developed Stockholm syndrome, but I have a hard time finding any sympathy for you. So you can't get what you want – not really. You can't force me to want you.

Just like you can't force me to love you.

Sex would be a means to an end for me. Maybe I could think of myself as just a body, a vessel. It wouldn't actually have to mean anything to me. All you said was you wanted me to allow you to shag me. And then you said you would let me go, didn't you?

There's got to be some way to ensure that you'll follow through. I'll need a guarantee. I can't just take your word for it – not anymore.

Day 31

CAPTIVATED

Day 31

The mike-o-phones are a blessing and a curse. I know so much more now.

I know what you dream about. I know how you like to keep your home. I know the ins and outs of your work. I know what you sound like when you come – more importantly, how you sound when you don't.

I know for a *fact* now that the Weasel can't satisfy you. Not intellectually. Not emotionally. Not even sexually.

So explain to me ...

Why are you talking about marrying him?

Why would you financially tie yourself to someone from the poorest of the pureblood families?

Why would you shackle yourself to someone who only brings you down?

Why would you bond yourself to someone who doesn't understand you?

And why, Hermione ... tell me why you would even *think* about having children with him?

I don't know which part hurts the most.

CAPTIVE

Day 31

"May I make love to you today, Hermione?"

I take a deep breath and steel myself, hoping I won't regret my answer. "Yes." In my head I shout it, but it comes out of my mouth as a whisper.

Your eyes widen, and your whole face comes to life in a beaming smile. It immediately makes me want to take back my consent.

"Really?" you breathe out in disbelief.

I feel sick.

"I have terms."

You laugh. "Of course you do. Tell me."

“You said you’d let me go if I came to you willingly. I need a guarantee of that.”

“OK ...?”

“If you make a blood pact that you’ll let me go ... I’ll let you fuck me.”

I see you cringe at the word “fuck”, the same way I cringe every time you say you want to “make love” to me.

“I’ve already said I wouldn’t hurt you, Hermione,” you counter.

“A blood pact isn’t only used for duels.”

It’s not commonly known that a blood pact can be used for just about anything. It’s a way to magically bind any agreement, but the blood aspect turns most people off. I thought it would be fitting with our history – that it would come down to blood. An Unbreakable Vow would have been better, of course, but we’d need a third person to bind it and I didn’t think you’d go for that.

It’s awkwardly silent for at least two minutes while you mull it over.

“If I agree, I’ll need something in return,” you finally say.

“You’d already be getting to fuck me ...” I say matter-of-factly, as if I can negotiate with you properly from inside your cage.

You ignore my crude comment. “You’ve claimed many times that if I let you go, you won’t tell anyone that I kept you here. Well, I want you to make your own vow under the blood pact – that you’ll keep it a secret.”

I balk, and not only at the way you phrase my imprisonment. “You can’t be serious.”

“I’ll vow to let you go, if you vow never to tell anyone.”

“No deal,” I scoff. “I have to be able to tell Ron.”

I know how stubborn my fiance can be. I’ll need to provide a good reason for walking out on him the way he did when we were hunting horcruxes.

“Why?”

“Because I won’t let him think I abandoned him.”

I can see your wheels turning before you answer. “Fine. You may tell Ron ... *but* ... only if he still wants you next New Year’s Eve.”

“Deal,” I say quickly, before I think it through too much.

You apparate into the room and stick out your hand. “Deal.”

I stare at it. This will be the first time I’ve touched someone in a month. Reluctantly, I reach out. Your pale skin against mine reminds me you haven’t let me see the sun in 31 days.

You conjure a small knife and cut your palm. I go to take the knife from you but you tut.

“Very clever, but I’ll do it for you.”

I didn’t even think about grabbing the knife and stabbing you through the heart, but I do now. A kind of rage is bubbling through me with you in such close proximity. I don’t know how I could possibly get myself in the headspace to fuck you. I want to slap you, push you, claw at you. Instead I leave my palm spread out and let you cut me. I clench my teeth to keep myself from ruining my one chance to get out of here.

The knife disappears. You hold out your palm, mirroring me.

Repeat after me: ‘I, Hermione Jean Granger ...’”

“I, Hermione Jean Granger ...”

“... do so vow ...”

“... do so vow ...”

“... to keep the events of my time with Draco Lucius Malfoy a secret ...”

“... to keep the events of my time with Draco Lucius Malfoy a secret ...”

“... until next New Year’s Eve ...”

“... until next New Year’s Eve ...”

I don’t like the idea of keeping my kidnapping a secret for almost an entire year, but I quickly come to terms with it and let it go. The goal of today is to just get out; I’ll deal with the rest later.

“... at which time, I may only tell one person – Ronald Bilius Weasley –”

“... at which time, I may only tell one person – Ronald Bilius Weasley –”

“... and only if he is still in love with me.”

“... and only if he is still in love with me.”

While I repeat your words like a robot, I can feel the pull of your magic around me, and it’s intoxicating. Having been blocked from using magic for a whole month has left me with a noticeable chasm inside. I wish it were my magic filling me, but I take the high as it comes.

“And I, Draco Lucius Malfoy, do so vow to allow Hermione Jean Granger to freely leave my home ...”

I don’t pay much attention to what you say because before you start speaking, you reach out and clasp our bloody palms together. I can feel your magic pulsing through my veins like a drug, igniting my nerves. I almost moan from the pleasure of it.

“... once my purpose for keeping her has been achieved.”

You let go of my hand, and it’s such a loss when your magic dissipates. Our blood lingers in the air, swirling together. A magical vial appears around the blood, signifying that the pact has been sealed.

You smile, grab my arm and apparate me out of my cage for the first time.

...

I feel nauseated from the sudden apparition. It gets worse when I see that you brought us to a bedroom. I quickly sit down on the bed and clutch my stomach. If I vomit, I'll make sure to direct it at your expensive shoes.

"Are you all right?" you ask, stepping into range.

I look up at you, again within scratching distance, and try not to let my disgust show. "I'll be fine, I just need a moment."

You nod, and wave your hand over the room. A couple of things happen.

First, I can feel the magic of a ward surge around us. I can bet it would be impossible for me to open the door or the window in the corner. I doubt I could even open the closed curtains. Next, you dim the lighting to a few strategically placed candles in the room, instantly making the setting seem intimate.

I sigh, knowing what I signed up for. Of course you would want to make it feel as if we're having a romantic night. That this is somehow *normal*.

I steel myself not to recoil or protest – you've been clear you want me willing. I won't give you a reason not to hold up your end of the bargain. The blood pact should bind us to our word, but I don't trust your word anymore.

"May I sit?" you ask, pointing to the spot beside me.

"Yes," I say reluctantly. It's another level of cruelty that you keep asking me to consent when I don't have another choice.

The bed dips. My stomach is feeling better from the apparition, but not any better for what we are about to do.

"Can we just get it over with?" I whisper.

You reach out and I try not to lean away. It takes everything in me to sit still as you brush my hair off my face. Your fingertips trace the edge of my jaw, and I shiver from being touched again. Though it's unwanted, I've become starved for it.

"I'm sorry, Hermione, but I have to insist on taking my time with you," you finally answer.

My eyes dart up to yours. The molten intensity of your gaze causes me to instantly look away. I can feel a blush rising up my neck. Suddenly, the room feels very warm.

"Do you understand why?" you ask softly. "I've wanted this for so long ..."

“Fine,” I breathe out, cutting you off before you say you love me again. “Just so we’re clear, what level of participation are you expecting from me?”

“Pardon?”

I decide to be blunt. “You said you wanted to make love to me, but you never said I would have to reciprocate. What is it that you expect? I want to make sure I don’t leave a loophole for you.”

You have a guilty smile on your face. “I guess all I expect from you is to do what feels natural. You’re not obligated to touch me, but I hope that you will.”

I imagine how it will go. I’ll probably just lie there with my eyes closed and wait for it to be over.

“Not likely,” I counter. “So I’d appreciate it if you don’t try to kiss me. You won’t like my response.”

“I can’t kiss you?”

The thought of your lips on mine makes my skin crawl. “Not on my lips.”

“Which lips?” you ask, your voice dropping an octave.

My breath hitches in surprise, and you speak again before I can respond.

“If you mean your mouth, I won’t kiss you there – not until you ask me to. But I intend to worship your entire body, Hermione. I want to kiss you *everywhere* .”

“Fine,” I reply, feeling very warm all of a sudden. I clear my throat before repeating, “can we get this over with?”

“Let’s get undressed,” you suggest, though it sounds more like an order.

You stand and I follow. You stare at me as you unbutton your shirt. I look everywhere but at you.

I finally survey the room, only to realize there are several things I recognize. All of the pictures are of me, my friends and my family. There’s another bookshelf full of my academic texts. The lamp in the corner is the same one I bought from a thrift store last year.

You answer my unspoken question. “This is your room, Hermione.”

I turn toward you to find you’re down to nothing but silk boxers. It’s the first time I’ve seen you without your clothes on, and I can’t help but let my eyes drift from your face to your broad shoulders, down your chiseled chest to your muscular thighs. Then the bulge hanging in between. *Bloody hell.*

This is all made so much worse by the fact I’ve been profusely attracted to you since I was a prepubescent girl, and 14-year-old Hermione is now salivating. Unfortunately, I’m unable to hide her reaction – there may even be bits of drool at the corners of my mouth. You look like a muggle actor from a superhero movie, and it somehow makes it all the more revolting that the man about to rape me is wildly sexy.

I drag my eyes back up your body to find you staring at me expectantly. I watch your mouth as your tongue darts out to lick your plump lips. A dangerous thought creeps in that you want to use

those lips and that tongue on me, and that I might like it. I distract myself by tugging on the hem of my sweatshirt, and you move forward suddenly.

“Allow me,” you say before I can flinch away.

I go limp as you take your time pulling my top over my head. Your fingertips lightly touch my exposed skin, and again I find comfort in being touched. Next you untie the drawstring of my joggers and kneel down to pull them from my legs. You stay down on your knees, looking up at me with a scorching desire.

“May I touch you?” you ask.

I reluctantly nod, and your hands slowly reach out to my lower legs. I haven’t been able to shave them since you took me captive, and it almost makes me laugh that you went through all this trouble and I didn’t do a damn thing. I didn’t shave anywhere on my body, actually. I didn’t put on perfume or lingerie. The only freshening up I get is when you cast a cleaning charm on me, which is definitely not the same as bathing.

Still, you don’t seem to mind touching my hairy legs. Or slowly running your hands up them and over my knees to my inner thighs. Your breathing becomes erratic when you reach my plain, cotton knickers. I stand frozen as your fingers trace the seams, and you have the nerve to once again ask for my consent.

“May I remove these?”

I want to deny you. I want to tell you to figure out how to make it work with my knickers still on. You could, after all, simply move the fabric aside when you put your penis inside me. I want to make it complicated for you, but the word “yes” comes out instead, all too easily.

It’s torturous how slowly you slide my knickers down my hips and thighs. Your warm breath ghosts my skin all the way down to my toes. I step out of my knickers, and you surprisingly stand up.

“Turn around,” you say.

There’s something comforting about following your instructions. It makes it feel easier than when you ask for permission. A command from my captor makes more sense than a question. I can turn around, and let you touch me. It’s worse when you ask first and I have to say “yes.”

You gently gather my hair as if pulling it into a ponytail, and lay it over my left shoulder. Then you trace my spine from my neck, over the clasp of my bra, and down to just above my arse. It makes me shiver, and I shiver again when you whisper in my ear.

“You’re beautiful.”

You’re slow to unclasp my bra next, and you play with the straps before you slide them off my shoulders. In seconds, I’m fully naked. You gently spin me back around, and I grab my elbows in an attempt to stay covered.

“You don’t need to hide from me,” you say softly. “You’re perfect.”

It bothers me that you think I’m being self-conscious, when in reality I just don’t want you to see me naked. I know I have a nice body, because I work to keep it that way. I go to a gym and try to

keep a balanced diet. Sometimes I wish my breasts were bigger or that I had more of an arse, but that's just normal.

Defiantly, I move my arms down to my sides and straighten my posture. I imagine myself being at a doctor's office – that your inspection of my body is clinical. It makes it easier when you reach out and grab my hip to pull me closer.

Your look is smoldering, and I get caught in your gaze. It stops me from checking out your toned body again. You still have the same eyes as when you used to torment me in school, and I focus on that version of you. Not the Draco Malfoy who grew up to become my friend. I imagine your desire is actually hatred, but that is short-lived.

“Hermione,” you say. “I know you don't believe me, but I really do love you. Let me show you.”

You lean in and I think you might kiss me on the lips, but you comply with my wishes and kiss my forehead instead. It's a long, dry kiss like Harry would give me. It's a kiss that shows care, and gives comfort. Somehow, it makes everything feel a lot better. I wish I had said you couldn't kiss me at all.

Your lips trail down my hairline to my neck, and I bare it for you. I focus on keeping my body pliant, like a ragdoll. I keep it loose, with my hands down at my sides. It gives me something else to do other than feel the nerves in my neck start to tingle. I've always been sensitive there, but I refuse to find pleasure in it now.

Your hands start to wander over my exposed skin. My touch-starved body wants to welcome them. It wants to sink into the feeling of hands caressing my hips, my lower back and the tops of my shoulders. But at the same time, these aren't the hands I want on me. These aren't the hands I want mapping me intimately.

You ease me onto the bed, guiding me until my head hits a pillow. I lay flat to let you have your fill, hoping this one night will be enough for you. I try to think about other things, but I've been kidnapped for so long that all I can think about is you and being your captive.

You were unfortunately serious about kissing my entire body. After you kiss all of the innocuous zones, you go back to the erogenous ones. You spend a long time on my neck, until I finally have a reaction to your ministrations. It's one little gasp of pleasure, and yet it seems like it's everything to you.

Hovering over my body, you look at me with those adoring silver eyes. “I love you, Hermione,” you say again.

I stare back at you as blankly as possible.

You lean in again to kiss along my décolletage and then down to my breasts. You brace yourself along my sides, caging me in as your tongue traces my areolas and your sharp teeth tease my nipples. You bring a hand up to knead at my breasts, and I have to bite at my lower lip to stop myself from making sounds of pleasure.

It's like you already have a guidebook to my body. Everything you do is exactly as I like it. You must have spent hours watching footage of me and Ron making love.

Only, Ron isn't usually this patient. Ron doesn't take his time like this. He might spend a minute on my neck or my breasts before thrusting inside me. Foreplay isn't really his forte. We use a lubrication spell most of the time.

You, unfortunately, won't need a spell. My body is working against me again. Though I manage not to react mentally, I have no choice physically. My pussy is so wet it's practically dripping on the sheets. Your tongue all over my body has made me relax so much that my center is starting to throb with need. I don't know if it's better or worse that I'm enjoying this.

Even though I'm technically here willingly, I still consider it rape. My consent is dubious at best. *When I have no other choice, did I really choose?*

I wonder what you meant about Ron finding out about my "infidelity." Because I just made a blood pact vow not to tell Ron until next New Year's Eve, how will Ron know that it happened? I tense up and look around the room for cameras. That must be it: you must be filming this.

"What's wrong?" you ask, breath hot against my traitorously hard nipple.

"Nothing," I reply.

You look up at me. "Did you change your mind?"

I consider telling you to stop. I consider going back to my cage. But I've already come this far. I'm perhaps ... 20 minutes from freedom? With how much you've built this up, I wonder if you'll last longer than eight seconds. I just hope you didn't take a potion to increase your stamina.

"No, I'm fine," I say finally. "Keep going."

You nod and then kiss down my stomach to my mound. I'm oddly nervous, and my heart starts beating faster. I feel you pause when you reach my wet nether lips, and I silently beg you not to say anything. Your tongue darts out to lick at my arousal, and you moan against my core. It startles me enough that I start watching you closely.

Ron has never enjoyed going down on me – he's been pretty clear about that. I've certainly never heard him moan with pleasure at the taste of my twat. He typically looks kind of bored when he's between my thighs, like he's waiting for me to give him permission to stop.

You are the complete opposite of Ron. Your eyes are practically rolling to the back of your head as you kiss, lick and suck at my pussy. I let out a reluctant gasp, and your eyes snap up to mine. I just keep watching in rapture as you devour me, and you watch me start to give in.

I can feel my body tingling against my will. "Oh!" I moan without thinking.

That eggs you on further. You bring your hands into play, and use your fingers to rub at my clit while you fuck me with your tongue. The intrusion of it in my pussy should make me kick you in the head, but my legs instead widen in invitation. Then you swap your hand and your tongue, thrusting two fingers inside me and sucking on my clit.

It's as if all the fear and tension of being held captive for a month combines with my forced arousal. There's intense pressure built up inside my body, and I willfully let it out.

An explosion bursts from my core as I orgasm. My whole body tenses and then all of the tension is gone. I fall back on my pillow, my throat sore from unintentionally screaming through my release. You keep licking and kissing me through it, before you finally rest your head on my thigh.

I look down again to see you staring up at me in awe. It makes me feel queasy. I'm instantly disgusted with myself, and I can tell that you know.

"It's OK," you say, trying to soothe me. You move to lay beside me. "You did so well. Don't think about it too much. It's OK that you enjoyed it. I wanted you to."

You roll me on my side and wrap your arms around me, stroking my back. A few tears drip down my cheeks, but I find myself unable to fully cry. My body is still in a state of bliss that I didn't ask for. I hate that you are comforting me, but I don't stop you.

"Will you let me go now?" I ask against your shoulder.

You lean back, and look at me guiltily. "We're not done yet."

I nod, understanding what you mean. Without your prompting, and because I just want to get it over with, I reach out and tug down your silk boxers. We both gasp when your erection pops free of the fabric.

You, at my boldness. Me, at the size of your massive cock.

It seems you weren't lying about being bigger than Ron. I'd probably have to put you in different categories entirely, if I were the type of girl who'd seen a lot of penises. The fact is I haven't, so your dick brings a new level of terror to the situation. Mainly, *how the fuck will it fit?*

"Um," I say, losing all courage. I realize now that you must have been very careful not to let *it* rub against me while you were kissing all over my body. You must have done that for this very reason.

"I told you it was big," you joke, and it's as if my friend Draco is in the room. Not the deranged kidnapper who's about to rape me.

I'm so caught off guard that I laugh, and you laugh, too. And the act of laughing, truly laughing, for the first time in a month feels almost better than the mind-blowing orgasm I just had. Almost.

"Don't be scared," you say, still chuckling.

You guide my hand to touch your giant-sized dick, and for some reason I let you. I observe it almost scientifically, gliding my hand up and down the shaft. It throbs in my hand, and the tip is wet with pre-cum. I figure if I wanked you for about a minute that you'd explode before you got inside me. But that might give you an excuse not to let me go, so I stop touching it.

"OK," I say with purpose. "Fuck me."

You audibly gulp. "Are you sure?"

"Yes." I steel myself, then lay back on the bed and open my legs for you.

You slowly get back on top of me, and whisper "I love you" again. Then you line up your cock at my saliva-lubricated entrance and ease it inside me. I grunt from the pain as your long, thick cock stretches me. That makes you go even slower, almost painfully so.

Your hand dips between us and starts rubbing my sensitive clit. Somehow that makes me relax my walls until you easily sink deep inside. It feels like your cock is touching every nerve ending inside my cunt. So it's no real surprise that when you buck your hips, I cry out.

"Did I hurt you?" you ask.

Sadly, I reply, "no."

You keep going slow for a few minutes, and I close my eyes so I don't have to watch you fuck me. It's too much to both feel you and watch your face while you do it. You are so reverent, and it almost fools me into believing that you really do love me. But it can't be love that brought us to this moment.

When you start to pick up speed, I can't quite hold myself back anymore. I fist the sheets and let myself moan along with you. Even when I think about the fact there might be cameras in the room, I can't help but react to the exquisite feeling of you moving in and out of me. I've felt so bad for so long, and this feels so, *so* good. You grab my breasts and I arch my back into your touch, letting you truly have your fill of me.

Because we will never do this again.

"Oh fuck, Hermione," you groan, and once you break the silence, words start tumbling out of your mouth.

"Fuck, you're so good. You feel so good. I've never ... fuck, you're perfect. Merlin, how I've wanted this! I love you so much."

I expect you to bust your load quickly, but you just keep going and going. You surely must have taken something for stamina. To my dismay, I feel myself approaching a second, forced orgasm very quickly.

"Oh fuck, I can feel you. You wanna come, Hermione? Go on then. I want to feel you."

I don't need your bloody permission, and yet my body reacts to your order all the same. I thrash underneath you, pulling the sheet off the edge of the bed.

"Oh fuck!" you shout. "Fuck, I'm going to come too. Right inside you."

I'm gasping through my climax, not really paying attention to your words. I think I might even nod in agreement.

"Oh fuck, Hermione," you grunt, driving your cock deep inside me. "You want my cum don't you? You want me to fill you up?"

I keep coming around you, my inner walls clenching on your cock. Or maybe I've gone into my third orgasm as you keep driving at a spot inside me that feels incredibly good.

"I'm gonna give you my cum, Hermione, and you're gonna take it all, aren't you? I'm gonna give you a Malfoy heir, and then no one will ever touch you again."

"Hmm?" My brain is foggy, but I think you might have just said something about impregnating me. But no, that can't be right.

“I’m gonna plant my seed so deep inside you, it’ll only take this one time. Oh! Oh fuck!”

“What?” I murmur. *What did you just say?*

“I love you!”

You cum inside me, and I’m still so delirious from riding out my own climax that I don’t truly think about anything you’ve said until you collapse on top of me.

“So good, Hermione,” you grunt before thankfully rolling off of me.

“Did you say ...?” I ask in a daze.

“Shh, just go to sleep.”

And you might use a spell on me because about a minute later, I do just that.

Days 32-85

CAPTIVATED

Day 32

I love running into you. You always seem so surprised that we have the same interests. Granted, I'm not actually interested in muggle art, but it helps me understand you better.

I just wish you'd stop declining my invitations for dinner.

Day 35

My sheets are as crusty as stale bread. It's like I'm a 14-year-old boy again, wanking at just the thought of you.

And I can't stop thinking about you.

Day 36

I can see your frown lines from all the way across the street. You have the weight of the world on your shoulders, and an anchor pulling you down by the name of Ronald Weasley.

What do you see in him?

Day 40

A man has needs, Hermione, and I can't just wait around for you to come to your senses about the Weasel.

I still can't believe you stayed with him after I went through all that trouble of getting him kicked out of the auror program. His life is literally a joke now, working in his brother's shop. I'll have to think of something else.

In the meantime, I have to empty my balls somewhere. And Astoria Greengrass will do.

For now.

Day 43

Another fight with your boyfriend?

I don't like the way he talks to you, Hermione. I would never speak to you that way.

Well, I guess that might be a little hypocritical of me considering our history.

But a man who loves you, *truly loves you* , would never speak to you like that.

You deserve better.

Day 45

We finally had our coffee date. I know I was pushy, but I couldn't keep waiting around for you to say yes. So what if I had to get up at 5 a.m. so I could make sure I caught you at your favorite coffee shop on the poor end of muggle London?

I would do anything for you.

Day 69

Getting to know you has been just as incredible as I imagined. Every time I see you, we pull back a new layer. You finally called me your friend today.

Pretty soon we're going to be so much more.

Day 85

I can't stand the thought of you with anyone else anymore. Even just your friends. I've decided something important, Hermione: I'm going to make you my wife and the mother of my heirs.

I've come enough times thinking about it, and I heard of this muggle thing called visualization so I'm giving it a try. I imagine you breaking things off with the Weasel, then coming to me to take all the hurt away.

I imagine us eloping to Paris because we just can't wait any longer to be married. I imagine you taking your place as the lady of Malfoy Manor, and us fucking on every surface of the house.

I imagine you telling me you're pregnant, and us being closer than ever. I imagine everywhere we go, people stopping to congratulate us and pat the proof of our love growing in your belly. I imagine bringing our baby home from St. Mungo's, and then one day working on creating another.

I can see it, Hermione. And I'm going to make it all come true.

CAPTIVE

Day 32

I wake up in your arms, and almost forget the past month and go right back to sleep.

But then I remember, and I want to scream.

I don't know the time, but I'm not willing to stay trapped in your embrace for another second. Pushing you off of me, I wiggle until I can get off the bed and as far away from you as possible. I grab the first thing I find – your button down – to cover myself.

I've woken you up, too. With a snap of your fingers, the candles ignite.

"Fuck," you whisper.

I look at you, confused, to see you ogling me from the bed.

"You're so sexy, Hermione."

I look down at myself in your shirt and immediately rip it off, popping the buttons. I grab a pillow off the floor and hold it in front of my body for lack of another option. Then I glare over at you.

"Why am I still here?"

"What do you mean?" you reply casually, leaning against the headboard. The sheet drops and I can see your naked, muscular chest.

I roll my eyes. "You said you'd let me go once we had sex. Why am I still here and for that matter, why are you still alive?"

I've never actually performed a blood pact before, but I assumed that's what would happen if you went against it: that you'd drop dead from not living up to your vow. Or at least writhe in pain on the floor or something. Instead, you look positively smug.

"Come sit down," you say, voice dripping with condescension.

"No."

"Fine, have it your way," you sigh. "I just know you're not going to like what I'm about to say ..."

For lack of options, I throw the pillow at you and it hits you square in the face. It feels good to hit you, even with just a pillow. But you just laugh at me.

"Did you trick me?" I demand.

You have the audacity to look proud of yourself. "Well, I *am* a Slytherin ..."

"But we made a blood pact!" I argue, no longer caring that I'm naked.

"I didn't say I'd let you go after I made love to you ..."

I wrack my brain for your exact wording, but what you're hinting at is pretty obvious. "So you tricked me?"

You just shrug. "I said I'd allow you to freely leave my home once my purpose for keeping you here has been achieved."

“So fucking me wasn’t the purpose?” I ask bluntly, purposely trying to rattle you.

“It was part of it,” you respond, slowly lifting the comforter and getting off the bed.

I take a step back and into the wall. You move closer like you’re approaching a wounded animal. You raise your hands in surrender, as if you would need your hands to torment me further. When you’re close enough, you reach out to tuck my hair behind my ear. I scowl at you with undisguised fury.

“I’m sorry,” you say. “I didn’t tell you the whole truth.”

“You lied to me,” I spit.

“A lie of omission.”

“What the fuck is your *purpose* of keeping me here then?”

“You haven’t figured it out yet?” you ask teasingly.

My mind works fast, but not this fast. “Tell me!” I demand.

“It wouldn’t be enough to shag you; there needs to be proof.” Your eyes dart down to my torso, but I’m still confused.

“Proof?”

You reach out to rest your hand on my abdomen and then you whisper: “The proof might be growing inside of you right now ...”

My body goes numb and my blood runs cold. “No,” I say weakly.

“*Our* baby,” you say reverently.

I want to puke.

“No ... Malfoy ... *what?* ”

“A baby made out of love, that’s my true purpose,” you explain. “I knew it would overwhelm you if you knew.”

“*Overwhelm* me?” I ask incredulously. I finally push you away. “This is fucking insane, Malfoy! You say you love me, that you’d never hurt me. But you’d force me to carry your child?!”

“It will save you. The Weasel will never touch you again once he sees you pregnant with another man’s baby – especially when he finds out it’s mine.”

I see my opportunity and slap you across the face. *Hard.*

“How dare you!” I push you again, and you land on the bed. “You fucking psycho!” I climb on top of you and hold your shoulders down. “Let me the fuck out of here!” I’m breathing hard and you just stare up at me, unimpressed. Then I feel your giant cock getting hard against my thigh and I jump away.

I lunge for the door but feel it is magically sealed even before I grip the handle. Then I run across the room to the window but, as I suspected, the curtains are stuck and don't budge. I turn to you and you're propped up on an elbow, lazily watching me.

I try pleading again. "Please let me go."

You get off the bed, your cock thankfully back under control, and reach out to grasp my shoulders. "I will."

I wait for you to continue, and when you don't I repeat my response from the last time. "If?"

"*When* you're in your third trimester."

My jaw drops. Even if I'm already pregnant, that's at least six months from now! I can't imagine staying in a cage for so long. It's suddenly all so hopeless, and utterly horrifying.

My body goes numb, so when you pull me into your arms, I don't resist. I let you rub my back and make soothing promises. I don't realize I'm sobbing until you wipe my tears away.

Day 35

"Hermione, you need to eat."

"Fuck off."

I haven't gotten out of bed all day. *What's the point?* I keep my back to you and my eyes closed.

"You could be pregnant right now, think of the baby."

"If I'm pregnant, I hope it dies."

"You don't mean that."

I do.

"Have you thought any more about ...?"

I scoff. "It's all I can think about."

"What do you want to do?"

I sit up in bed and finally turn to glare at you. "What do *I* want to do? You know what I want: I want to leave. Are you going to let me go?"

"You know my terms."

"I do *now*," I say pointedly.

"Would it have helped?" you ask. "If you knew beforehand?"

I think about it – really think about it. Not knowing your goal was to impregnate me meant I had a fleeting amount of hope. Now that hope has been snuffed out. I can't even read anymore. I can

barely get myself out of bed.

Would it have changed things to know your intentions from the beginning? That I was brought here to be bred? I try to imagine sitting with that information for 30 days and actually, I think it would have helped.

“Yes,” I finally answer.

“Then I’m sorry,” you reply sadly.

I close my eyes and shake my head. “Can you just leave?”

“Not until you eat something,” you say. You conjure a plate of food. “I got Antonio’s – your favorite.”

I look at my favorite eggplant parmesan, but I don’t have an appetite. I make no move to get up so you apparate inside and sit down on the edge of the bed. It feels exhausting when I think about fighting you off so I just sit there. You put a bite on a spoon and lift it to my lips. I allow you to push it into my mouth.

It’s a burst of flavor I haven’t had in a long time. I close my eyes and savor it, chewing slowly and forcing myself to swallow. You keep feeding me without a word until I close my mouth and shake my head.

“That was good,” you say.

“I’ll probably throw it up later,” I reply.

You look at me, alarmed. “Why?”

“It’s too rich after what you’ve been giving me,” I explain. “And after I haven’t been eating.”

“Oh,” you say. “Do you want me to stay down here just in case?”

“No,” I huff.

“You know, it’s OK, Hermione,” you say softly. “It’s OK that you enjoyed it.”

I realize you’re not talking about the food. “I didn’t.”

“And when you’re ready to try again, I’m here.”

“*Try again?*” I mock. “Try for the baby I don’t want with you? I will never let you touch me again!”

“Let’s see how you feel tomorrow.”

Day 36

“Good morning, Hermione.”

“Fuck off.”

I won't look at you again, no matter what you say.

"You know, I've been taking a fertility potion for weeks."

"Good for you."

"So there's a decent chance you're pregnant right now."

"Cool."

"But if you're not ... we should try again soon."

"Don't count on it."

"We both know it's just a matter of time."

I scowl into my pillow.

"It wasn't so bad, was it? Coming on my cock like that? Coming on my *tongue*? You think I didn't notice how wet you were for me?"

"Don't be crude!"

"Would you rather I came in there and had my way with you? Would it make it easier?"

"Don't you dare touch me!"

"Would a potion make it easier?"

"Leave me alone!"

"The sooner we make love, the sooner you'll get to go outside again."

Your last comment catches my attention, and I reluctantly turn to look at you. You're up against the glass as if you're waiting for me to invite you in.

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"I'll take you for a walk," you say. "After the next time."

Something inside of me comes alive with your words. Even though I know your word is shite.

"I know I've made it hard for you to trust me ..." you continue.

"Impossible, actually," I retort.

"... but I've always wanted to take you around the manor's gardens. I'd love to show them to you. We could go today if ..."

"I spread my legs?"

"Now who's crude?" you laugh.

I glare back at you.

“Just ... think about it,” you say.

Day 40

I’ve thought about it.

“I’ll do it,” I say.

“Do what?” you ask dumbly.

“I’ll let you fuck me again. Right now.”

“Right ... *now* ?”

“Yes.” *Before I change my mind.*

I must be insane now, too. That’s the only explanation for coming to the conclusion that it wouldn’t be so bad to let you impregnate me.

The idea of going outside is certainly most of the appeal. You’ve confirmed we’re at Malfoy Manor, and there’s got to be someone within shouting distance that could help me.

And once I’m back home, I can go to a doctor and terminate the pregnancy. And then try to fix things with Ron.

“Great,” you say with a wide smile.

You apparate into the cage and then apparate us both to “my” room again. It makes me feel very dirty that there’s a room you’ve designated as the room to fuck me. But it’s better than doing it in my cage. If I had to smell you on my sheets all the time, that would surely be worse.

I don’t look at you. I unceremoniously take off my clothes and crawl on the bed. I lie face down and stick my arse in the air, imagining myself as just a hole to fuck.

“Hermione,” you sigh, sounding disappointed. “I know this isn’t how you like it.”

I let you flip me onto my back. “How do you know that?” I ask.

“I do my research,” you say cryptically.

“Fine,” I say, spreading my legs. “Go ahead.”

You laugh. “First things first.” You look at me lecherously, and then practically dive face first in between my thighs.

“What are you doing?” I ask awkwardly. “I don’t know what they teach you purebloods, but this isn’t how you get a girl pregnant.”

“I know,” you say as you softly lick up to my clit. “I just like it.”

I’m again confused because in my limited sexual experience, guys don’t like going down on girls. It feels odd, like I’m allowing you to eat me out for *your* benefit.

At first it feels like practically nothing. But the longer you're down there, the more the pulsing in my core grows. Before I realize it, my hands are in your hair keeping you in place and I'm writhing on the bed.

"Oh!" I moan when I start to feel my whole body tighten.

Then you move so quickly, I barely know what's happening before your huge cock is inside me again. I groan my displeasure at you cutting off my building orgasm.

"Sorry," you whisper. "You're so tight."

You must think you're hurting me again, and I realize you kind of are. You thrust shallowly while my channel stretches to accommodate your girth. I look up at you, and you pause. You lean down and kiss just off to the side of the mouth.

"I love you," you say. "Let's make a baby."

I go to scowl, but you catch me by surprise and start pounding into me. I yelp as you hit several of my pleasure zones all at once, and I turn into some sort of gasping whore as you repeat the same movement over and over.

"Does that feel good?" you ask.

Even if I wanted to, I can't answer.

"Yeah, I know it does," you say proudly.

You reach down and lift my legs over your shoulders. I cry out as I feel you hit a spot even deeper inside.

"That's your cervix. That's where I'm going to put my cum. I'm going to fill you up with it."

I've already never felt so full. From this angle, you are fully penetrating me with every thrust.

"You're doing so well taking all of me."

It must be the years of being a total swot because, *Merlin help me*, I keen at the praise.

"Oh, you like that, good girl?"

"Mmm."

"Is your pussy gonna be good for me, too? Is it gonna take my seed and make our baby?"

I feel my orgasm building again, and I don't want to agree with you but I mumble a little "yes" anyway.

"Tell me you want it."

"Mmm?"

"Tell me you want my cum, want my baby."

You move faster, and my whole body shakes. I can't even think.

“Say it.”

“I want your cum,” I say shakily, breathing shallowly. “Give me your baby.”

I think it must be a primal urge that causes my inner walls to clamp onto your cock as I orgasm. When you start spurting inside me, it’s like my body is primed for this. It welcomes your cum against my wishes.

“Oh fuck, I love you so much!” you cry out. “Milk me – that’s it!”

I don’t really know what you’re talking about but I think I can actually feel your seed filling my womb. You keep thrusting, as if pushing it deeper inside of me.

I have mixed feelings about the whole thing. I regret agreeing to it in the first place. I’m guilt-ridden for cheating on Ron. I’m angry at you for doing this to me. I’m angry with myself for enjoying it. And there’s a little part of me that doesn’t feel bad about it at all.

You take me outside after. I quickly realize there’s nobody around for miles. Malfoy Manor is more secluded than I remember.

It’s gloomy, rainy and cold.

I still weep with joy as soon as I breathe fresh air.

Day 43

I don’t know what would be worse at this point – getting pregnant or not getting pregnant.

We’re having sex multiple times a day. I’ve never come so much in my life! My whole body is sore, but I still refuse to take any of your potions.

You seem so happy, so excited.

A part of me doesn’t want to let you down.

Day 45

I got my period and you seem upset. I guess I’m a little upset, too. That means I’m not pregnant yet, and farther away from freedom.

But you take me outside again because it’s Valentine’s Day. You have a picnic set up in the yard, and it’s actually kind of nice. Afterward, you take me to the sex bedroom.

“Oh,” I say when you lay me down gently on the bed. “But ... I’m on my period ...?”

“Hermione,” you laugh. “I love you every day of the month.”

I can’t help but think about how Ron wouldn’t go near my bloody vagina.

“Well, I can’t get pregnant right now, so ...”

I gently push you off of me.

You're so very disappointed, but you still don't force me.

Day 69

I must have Stockholm syndrome. Wait, can I have Stockholm syndrome if I know I have Stockholm syndrome?

That's the only explanation for why I'm disappointed we didn't have sex today. Or maybe it's because sex means I get out of my cage. Or time outside in the gardens. Or takeout from Antonio's.

But I can't help but think ...

Are you getting bored with me?

Are you disappointed?

Do you not love me anymore?

The most important question is ... *why do I care?*

Day 85

The spell says I'm pregnant!

I leap into your arms in pure joy before I really think about it. You spin me around and we laugh. I almost forget that I didn't want this to happen at all.

I'm pregnant.

I'm.

Fucking.

Pregnant.

I start to cry from a mix of relief and despair. We've now achieved your sick, twisted "purpose." But that also means that someday soon, you have to let me go.

Days 86-261

CAPTIVATED

Day 86

You let me take you to dinner – finally. My cock was getting hard even before I met you in muggle London, but after? *Fuck.*

I swear to Salazar, every time you touched my arm I thought I was going to cum in my pants. I've waited so long to sit that close to you, to breathe in your perfume for hours.

Didn't it feel right to be out together like that? Didn't it feel natural?

Day 118

I love that you feel comfortable enough to be vulnerable with me.

Was the story that I shared about Aunt Bellatrix too much? I know you said I was brave when she put me in that magic-blocking cage, but your eyes were dripping with pity. I didn't get a chance to tell you how the experience forced me to learn wandless magic.

I'll save that for when I'm really trying to impress you.

Day 130

Another perfect dinner, another night of blue balls.

I only called Astoria so I could help ease the ache inside of me from leaving you. I don't mean to be crude, but if I could have taken you to bed instead ... well, you'd be in the same shape Astoria's in now.

I thought of you the whole time.

Day 156

Once I discovered your hairs on my jacket after our coffee, the day was only going to go one way. Astoria was waiting for me, and desperate for cash again.

She was a poor substitute. Seeing her in your body ... well, it just made it worse that she wasn't you.

I need the real thing. I need you.

Day 173

I'm a weak man, and I had to touch your body again.

This time I silenced Astoria so I wouldn't have to hear her screeching coming out of your mouth.

It still wasn't good enough.

I'm losing my patience.

Day 212

It was a bad plan from the beginning – even Astoria knew it – but I've tried everything else.

I thought if you found the Weasel with another woman, you would finally leave him.

I should have known you wouldn't feel threatened by a Greengrass whore.

I should have known your loyalty runs too deep.

But I also should have known how much it would hurt you.

I never meant to hurt you.

Day 261

How could you?

You're *engaged*?!

I can't believe you let me find out from the bloody society pages! I thought, if nothing else, we were *friends*. I want to laugh at the sheer absurdity of it all, but it hurts too much.

I've tried everything to get you away from him. You don't even know all of the things I've done!

I'll have to tell my parents to move permanently to the Malfoy winery in France. I need to take full control of the Manor.

There's only one idea left ...

CAPTIVE

Day 86

“No,” I say with the cruel laugh I practiced. “You don’t get to touch me anymore. I’m already pregnant.”

“But –” you reply with a confused and furrowed brow.

“You’ll *never* touch me again.”

I’ve made that statement before, but this time it’s for good. I say it as much for myself as I do for you.

I spent the whole night thinking about how out of hand things have gotten. It’s like I forgot I was your captive. I need to be stronger.

You look at me for a long time, and I stare back as defiantly as I did in my first days here.

“We’ll see,” you say with confidence.

Day 118

You bring a healer to examine me.

You actually give me privacy with Healer Fawley for a while, and I think it might be my chance to escape. But the healer is either on the Malfoy payroll or under a spell to be undisturbed by the fact I am being kept in a cage. Healer Fawley just smiles and nods when I beg him to help me.

He calls you back in to give us the good news: the baby is healthy and so am I, despite everything. I feel an instant wave of relief, and almost miss the other news: we’re having a girl.

A girl. In an instant, any notions I might have had of terminating the pregnancy are out the window.

A daughter. Suddenly I miss my own mother desperately.

A Malfoy. I cradle my stomach protectively as I watch my baby’s father wipe the healer’s memory.

Day 130

I let you touch me again, but only to apperate me to “my” room.

You say that I’ve earned it, but I wonder if you moved me up here because it’s the room I associate with sex. Almost as soon as we arrive, I feel a tingling between my legs. I stubbornly ignore it.

You let me keep the curtains open, and I spend the whole day staring out the window. I cry when I see birds looping freely overhead.

At dinnertime, you bring two plates and eat with me at the small table. It feels almost normal.

Day 156

I'm mortified when you catch me masturbating. Even more so when you don't leave and instead sit down on the edge of the bed.

"Can I help?" you ask.

I think it must be the pregnancy hormones making me so horny. I couldn't even make it to later tonight when I knew you'd be asleep.

"You know I'll make you feel good."

I bite my lip and nod. Your hand joins mine under the covers.

Later you tell me that helping me get off was the best birthday gift you've ever gotten.

Day 173

I lean against a pillow, trying to catch my breath.

I still won't let you inside me, but I let you eat me out sometimes and you seem to enjoy that just as much as shagging me. I won't pretend I haven't thought about your long, thick cock filling me again – especially since you refuse to buy me a vibrator. But I need to keep being strong, even with the pregnancy hormones surging.

You look up at me with that sickening adoration, your lips wet with my arousal. You lick at the side of your face. "Can I do it again?" you practically beg.

I pretend to think about it for a moment, and sigh as if you're putting me out. "Fine," I say as if I'm bored.

You get back to work with your talented tongue.

"Oh fuck, Draco!" I moan.

Day 212

I can feel our baby moving inside me, and I finally understand why you wanted this so badly. Not because of Ron, he seems almost insignificant now.

But because of *her*.

When you bring our dinner, she practically leaps in my belly. I pull your hand onto my bump, letting you feel her as well.

Seeing your joy and love for her stirs something inside of me. I go up on my tip-toes and lightly press my lips against yours. I'm caught off guard by my own reaction, and watch your face shift from utter surprise to hesitant pleasure.

After a good, long snog, I forget why I didn't want you to kiss me.

Day 261

"I look like a whale," I say, struggling to lay back on the bed.

"You look as beautiful as ever," you smirk, climbing on top of me.

"You're just saying that ..."

"You're right. I *actually* think you look even more beautiful."

You lean in to kiss me and my self-consciousness wanes.

"I'm serious, though," you say as you pepper my neck with kisses. "That's my baby in there. It's the most beautiful thing in the world."

There are times I conveniently forget why your baby is inside me. You're letting me out in the rest of the house now, and I haven't seen the cage again. The manor library will take years to fully explore, and I'm almost glad I have the time right now. Our daily walks in the gardens are my second favorite part of most days.

The first is this, of course. When you look at me like that. When you make me feel so cherished and loved. When you ease inside me. When you shag my brains out.

"Fuck, your tits are getting huge."

I giggle but it turns into a gasp when you take one in your mouth and suck. The sensitivity sends a pulse to my core, where your cock is slowly thrusting.

"Do you think I could make you come just from your tits?"

You smirk at me, and a shiver runs through me at the thought of it. It would probably take you a while to make me come that way, but it's not like we're pressed for time. You go back to sucking, licking and biting at my sensitive breasts, but I start to feel impatient.

"Mmm, Draco?"

"Yes, love?"

"Can we try that another day?" I say breathily. "I really just want you to make love to me."

"Of course, love."

You kiss up my chest to my lips, and our tongues dance together as you start moving harder and faster inside me. I almost can't believe how good it feels. My body is so responsive while pregnant. Every little thing you do seems likely to send me careening off into a spectacular orgasm.

"What do you need?" you whisper into my ear.

"My ... my clit," I whimper.

Your fingers get to work immediately, rubbing circles on the bud. I think my eyes must roll into the back of my head. Either that or I black out from sheer pleasure.

“You’re perfect, Hermione. And so, so beautiful with our baby inside you.”

You run your hand over my pregnant belly. I feel huge, and I only just started the third trimester.

It occurs to me that you once said you would let me go in the third trimester, and I’m struck by the thought that I might not want to leave. Those conflicting thoughts quickly dissipate as soon as they appear because you lift me up just slightly and start to really pound into me.

I cry out as my climax hits like a freight train.

Day 262

CAPTIVATED

Day 262

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

I didn't know what else to do!

Listening to you talk about forgiving Ron and moving on was just ... too much. I saw the opportunity at my best friend's New Year's Eve party and I had to take it.

I only barely made it to your flat before midnight to leave the goodbye note and collect your favorite things, but it's all taken care of.

You don't need to worry about a thing.

You're exactly where you need to be.

And now that you're here, I can make you understand. I can get you away from the Weasel – for good.

I know you're scared, but you're safe here with me. We're together now, and I'll never leave you.

I'm going to keep the lights off for a little while, ease you into it. Should I tell you right away why you're here? No, better to ease you into that, too.

You'll understand ... in time.

CAPTIVE

Day 262

You've been saying you have a surprise for my birthday. I wake up feeling giddy the morning of.

You say the first edition of "Hogwarts: A History" isn't the surprise. Neither is the lavish breakfast. Nor are the two orgasms on the dining room table.

"Please tell me!" I finally plead after we take a luxurious bubble bath.

You look a little nervous. "Well ... the thing is ... today I need to let you go."

I know I should be happy to finally hear those words, but I instantly feel sick. "But ..."

"It's the blood pact," you explain. "I can feel it tugging at me now that we've reached the third trimester."

“Oh,” I say, with some disappointment.

You pull me into your arms. “You know I don’t ever want to let you go, right?”

I nod against your shoulder, feeling a rush of conflicting emotions. *This is a good thing, right?* I know I’m supposed to want this, but the past few months with you haven’t felt like captivity. My brain is having a hard time processing the idea that there is a world outside of Malfoy Manor.

You let go of me, and there’s a loss I can’t explain. I almost feel like you’re rejecting me.

“Of course I want you to stay!” you say quickly, as if reading my mind. “But we’ll never know if it’s because you want to unless you leave first.”

That makes sense to me. I still feel a little foggy, though.

Where would I even go if I left here? You showed me the video of Ron moving out of our flat, and that seems like so long ago. The thought of seeing him again scares me, but there’s a sliver of my heart that still beats for him and it starts pumping wildly.

“I hope you’ll come back,” you say earnestly. “Our child is my heir. The house is hers, really.”

I nod, my hand protectively holding the spot she’s kicking inside me. *She doesn’t want to go, either*.

“I guess I should ... I guess I need to ... go back to my life ...?”

You’re noticeably disappointed. You clear your throat to change your tone of voice. You sound distant when you say, “I’ll remind you of your part of the blood pact.”

What was it again? Oh yes, I’m not allowed to tell anyone that you kept me here.

I don’t know if I want to do that anyway. It hasn’t been bad since I got out of the cage. We’ve fallen into a comfortable routine. You’ve taken good care of me, and I wasn’t exactly kicking you out of bed. If I tell people, they’ll likely get the wrong idea.

But I can tell Ron on New Year’s Eve – if he’s still in love with me. When you made that stipulation, I thought it would be impossible for there to be any other option. Ron loving me was a given.

Now, I’m not so sure. It’s been nine months, for Merlin’s sake! You haven’t told me anything about him since the video of him throwing my belongings into the rubbish – and I haven’t even thought to ask. It’s possible he’s moved on from me entirely.

I don’t know why I feel guilty when that bothers me.

I honestly don’t know how I feel about him or ... anything.

This is all happening so fast.

“You’ll need your wand,” you say, pulling me out of my reverie.

My eyes widen as you hold it out to me. My fingers tingle before they connect with the stick of wood. A pulse runs through me upon the slightest touch. Being reunited with my magic distracts

me from everything else.

“Wingardium leviosa,” I say, pointing my wand at the bedside lamp.

It raises into the air and I laugh. There’s a feeling of rightness with my wand back in my hand. I forgot what it felt like. I look at you, but you don’t laugh with me. You look pained.

“I have a portkey for you,” you say coolly.

“Oh,” I respond shakily. “Where will it take me?”

“The Burrow,” you say, eyes flashing with something I don’t understand.

“Oh,” I repeat.

“You have 15 minutes,” you say, handing it to me. “You may take anything that you wish.”

“OK,” I breathe out.

It feels like you’re pushing me out the door, and it irks me. You turn away and stare out the window. It feels like a dismissal, so I start collecting my things.

My magically extended beaded bag appears on the bed. I go into packing mode, using my wand to fly items around the room and into the bag. I’m more excited to use my wand than I am to pack, though.

With only a couple of minutes left, I steel myself to say goodbye. You’re still staring out the window.

“Draco, I ...”

You turn to me, and your face is a blank mask. After all we’ve shared, I can’t believe you would send me off like this. You haven’t even said you love me yet.

“Goodbye,” I say weakly.

“Bye.”

The portkey activates, and you fade away.

...

I arrive at the Burrow. I steady myself on shaky legs, hoping I don’t puke my guts out from the effects of the portkey. I haven’t traveled magically in so long, and my pregnant body is even less used to it.

I’m standing in a field of beautiful wildflowers, and I look across it toward the ramshackle house. It’s much more modest than the mansion I’ve been living in.

Held captive in, a voice reminds me.

Oh, that's right.

I wasn't allowed to leave.

I wasn't allowed to see other people.

And now I can ...

It feels a little daunting, actually, to have the whole world accessible again. I'm grateful I didn't portkey to a busy street in muggle London. I think I would be very overwhelmed by that.

Thinking about facing Ron and his family is overwhelming enough! I don't know what I'm going to tell him, but I start walking across the field anyway. I get to the front door, and politely knock.

It's mid-afternoon, and I have no idea if anyone will be home. I don't even know what day of the week it is, actually. I know it's September 19 because it's my birthday, but all manner of tracking time went out the window a long time ago.

I didn't need to, really. I didn't need to do a lot of things. I only needed to grow this baby girl inside of me. I adjust my cloak to make sure it's covering my body.

The door opens, and Ron stands there shocked once he sees me.

"Hello," I breathe out. There's a sense of relief in seeing him again. All of our history comes rushing back, and it feels like it would be natural to jump into his arms but I hold myself back.

"Hermione?"

"Hi Ron."

"What are you doing here?"

I don't actually know the answer. You arranged the portkey for me. I think Grimmauld Place would have been my choice for a first stop.

"Can I come in?" I ask instead.

"Oh ... yeah! Sure!" Ron scrambles to open the door wide and get out of my way.

I smile at him as I enter a place that has always felt like home. It feels less so now, after such a long absence. It seems more crowded than I remember, messier.

"Is your mum here?" I ask.

"No, she's at Ginny's match."

I look at him, puzzled.

"She plays for the Holyhead Harpies...?"

"Oh!" I respond, surprised. I sort of remember Ginny trying out for the team last winter.

He looks at me strangely.

“You didn’t go?” I ask.

“I have to work at the shop soon.”

“Oh,” I say. “Well ... I’m sorry to intrude.”

“You could never,” he says hoarsely.

We stare at each other for a moment. I don’t know what to say, and I suspect he doesn’t either. It feels like so much time has passed and yet none at all.

“Do you ... want a cuppa or something?” he asks.

“Yes, please,” I say with a shy smile.

I follow him into the kitchen and sit down at the table. While he fixes us some tea, I have a few minutes to gather my thoughts.

I think about how you left a note from me that I was going to Australia. Since I can’t tell Ron the truth yet, I’ll have to continue with the lie. When he sets the tea down, he looks at me expectantly.

“How have you been?” I ask him.

“Fine,” he shrugs. “You?”

“Yeah. Fine.”

He stares at me.

“Look, Ron,” I say. “I’m so sorry about the way I left.”

He takes in a shaky breath, and I don’t know if he’s getting angry or sad. I feel like I don’t know him anymore.

“Was it worth it?” he asks bluntly.

A mixture of both anger and sadness then.

I don’t know how to begin to answer the question. “Yes and no,” I respond cryptically.

“Did you leave because I proposed?”

“No, Ron! I didn’t want to leave.” I’m not sure as I say the words if the blood pact will allow them, but luckily they come out.

“Then why did you?” he asks, hurt and pain lacing his voice.

“I had to, Ron, but I’m sorry! I’m so sorry.”

He reaches out and grabs my hand. “I don’t care as long as you’ve come back to me. Are you back?”

I can see the anguish on his face. I’ve put him through hell, and he doesn’t even know the half of it. While I was off shagging another guy, he was here waiting. And with no questions asked, he’s

prepared to forgive me.

“Yes. I’m back.” My voice cracks, and a part of me knows that the words aren’t true. I suddenly realize there’s no going back for me.

Ron scrambles around the table to comfort me as I start to cry. He takes my head and upper torso into his arms and holds me. I let the man I betrayed console me while I start to release all the shame, guilt and fear of being held captive for the past nine months. Those emotions are tied up with a longing, and a loss. I feel so confused.

I forget my condition when Ron pulls me up from the chair. He might be going to kiss me because his hands wrap around my waist. Then I feel his whole body recoil when he touches my stomach.

“Her ... Hermione?”

I can’t look at him. I wipe my tears furiously, trying to think of how to explain without being able to tell the truth.

“Are you ...?”

The only thing I can think to do is move my cloak out of the way so he can fully see my pregnant belly. I reluctantly nod, and his entire face falls.

“Is it ... is it mine?”

I shake my head sadly, and he sags against the table. His face is a look of pure horror, but it quickly turns to anger. He turns on me.

“Why did you come back here?” he demands.

“I ...”

“Get out!” he shouts.

“Ron! I ...”

“I don’t even want to hear it, Hermione! Just get the fuck out. Fuck off to Australia or wherever the hell you’ve been.”

“Ron! Please!”

He starts guiding me toward the door. I trip over my own feet along the way, trying to think of what I used to do to calm him down when he got like this.

“I’m done, Hermione. I’m fucking done!”

He pushes me out the door, and I grab onto the railing to prevent myself from falling down the small set of stairs.

“Ron!” I shout. “I’m sorry!”

“I’m not,” he scowls. “I’ve spent the past year moping around about you, but now I’m just *done* .”

“But I love you!” I beg. I think I still do, somewhere inside, and the idea of Ron hating me is too much to bear.

“Well I don’t love you,” he spits. “Not anymore. It’s too late.”

He shuts the door in my face.

Day 524

CAPTIVATED

Day 524

Letting you go was the hardest thing I've ever done.

I felt the blood pact roaring in my veins as soon as you reached your third trimester. I knew I had to act sooner rather than later.

Your birthday felt fitting. Now I'm not so sure today was the right day to do it. You didn't look very happy about it; you looked just as upset as I felt inside. I couldn't show you, though. One of us had to be strong or you never would have left.

When I feel you re-enter the wards, it's like my heart starts beating again. By the time you knock on the door, I'm ready for you.

"Hello," you say breathily.

You look like you've been crying, and I knew this would happen. I had to give you the choice, though. The choice to go back to the Weasel and your old life.

But I bet our future on how he would respond, and now I know it was all worth it. Every single agonizing, beautiful day. Now, we can move on.

"Hermione," I say, pulling you into my arms.

You fall into me, and I hold you for a moment before guiding you inside.

"What happened, love?"

"Nothing," you say. "It doesn't matter now."

My heart could burst out of my chest, but I have to ask. "I don't care as long as you've come back to me. Are you back?"

"Yes. I'm back," you say easily. "For good."

I've never been so happy in my whole life. I take you into my arms and apparate you to a hallway in the upper east wing.

"Draco," you laugh. "What are you ...?"

I push open the door and you gasp just like I hoped you would.

I didn't like keeping it a secret from you, but it's worth the look on your face to surprise you with a nursery for our baby.

"Is *this* the surprise?"

“Yes,” I say proudly.

You cup my chin and stare at me in awe. “Thank you.”

You walk into the room, and your hand drifts over the muggle and wizarding baby items I’ve collected. The crib has a mobile with a mini-Quidditch match circling and you laugh when you touch it.

“I couldn’t resist,” I say.

“It’s wonderful. All of it.”

You’re crying now, but at least I know they’re happy tears. I pull you into my arms and hold you, beyond grateful that I was able to end the day showing you the nursery. I was afraid I’d have to tear it apart in grief.

You pull back and look up at me with a wide smile. “I love you.”

I think I might stop breathing when you say the three words I’ve been waiting so long to hear. I thought I knew how you felt, but hearing it makes all the difference. To have it confirmed just completes the picture.

The events that led us here weren’t exactly in my vision. I’m sorry for the lengths I went to in order to get us here, but I hope to keep making it up to you and our daughter.

Every time I’ve said I loved you, I meant it. But this time feels like something different, something more. It feels like the start of something new.

“I love you, too.”

CAPTIVE ... ATED

Day 524

I could watch you with our daughter all day. You’re so good with little Cassie.

It’s a relief to know that while I’m working at the Ministry, you have her covered. I know you want me to live up to my potential, but it’s hard to miss out on any time with you two. I thought again today about resigning, knowing you will support me either way.

You’re so patient with our daughter as you rock her to sleep, just as patient as you are with me. I’ll never be able to thank you enough for loving me *so much*. Just like I’ll never be able to apologize enough for doubting your devotion at first. For resisting what you were trying to do for me. *For us*.

Now I want to do something for you.

I leave you two be and head to our bedroom. Tonight I have a surprise for you, and I get myself ready. I can't keep the smile off my face.

When you come to bed, I'm waiting. I hear your footsteps startle before I see the surprised look on your face. I hold up one finger and gesture for you to come closer.

"Hermione ...?"

You drink me in. You always make me feel sexy, but this time I actually tried for it. I pretty much shaved my entire body. I put on the expensive perfume you got me. I even donned scandalous lingerie.

"I love you," I say. "Let's make another baby."

We've been tiptoeing around the topic for a few months, and like last time you left it up to me to decide when we should start trying. And just like with Cassie, I didn't make you wait very long.

The shock is wiped off your face and replaced with pure lust. I don't have to say anything else because you're on me in an instant. Your hands run all over me, and I can guess you like this new lingerie. Enough to rip it off, but I'm sure there's a spell that can mend it later. Your fingers flit down to my core to find me already soaking from sheer anticipation.

"Hermione," you growl.

You're ready for me, too. *Really ready* — your hard length is already throbbing against my thigh. I want it inside me as quickly as possible.

"Draco, please!" I beg.

You laugh against my neck, and your warm breath tickles my ear. "What do you want, love?"

"I want you to knock me up!"

"And how do I do that, exactly?" you tease, kissing down my neck to my breasts. I shiver when you keep going, all the way down to my core.

"Oh fuck, Draco ..."

"Is all this for me?" you ask as you lap up my arousal.

"I've been thinking about you all day," I confess.

Your breath teases my most sensitive parts. "Fuck, you're perfect."

You give me two orgasms with your mouth before you fuck me. By that point, I'm begging again.

"Please, Draco!"

"Tell me what you want, love."

Ever since that very first time we made love, you still need to hear me say the words. Even the ring on my finger isn't enough to confirm I want you to fuck me so hard and so deep that you put a baby in my belly.

“I want you inside me!” I babble. “I want your cock; I want your cum. I want you to give me another baby.”

“And why’s that?”

“Because I love you, and I want everyone to know!”

Well, *everyone* does know by now. It was the talk of the town when we shared our birth and wedding announcements simultaneously. That’s when my supposed friends started asking a lot of questions, and also when I realized they would never understand. *Not like you do.*

You understand me in every way possible. You’ve seen me at my worst, and built me up to be my best. Sometimes it even feels like you know me better than I know myself.

When you finally put your cock inside me, I feel like I might instantly tip over the edge again. But this time I want you to come with me. It’s a little embarrassing how desperate I am for your cum, for you to fill me up with your seed. I moan at the thought of carrying another heir – more proof of our love.

“We’ll do it right this time,” you promise. “We won’t have to hide.”

I learned long ago to silence the voice in my head that scoffs at “*hide*.” I’m the one who suggested that term, after all. It helps not to use any ugly words when we talk about how I came to the manor. We need to be on the same page for Cassie’s sake. She’s a child of love, after all, and I wouldn’t want her to be confused.

Your purr in my ear, “everyone will know you’re mine when I fuck you pregnant.”

“Yours!” I pant. “Yes, I’m yours!”

I move my hips to your rhythm, fucking you just as much as you’re fucking me. Oh, I know you don’t like that word – but it feels more primal than making love when we’re trying for a baby. You slam your cock into me at a breathless pace, hitting so deep inside of me that I think you could deposit your seed directly into my womb. The thought makes me even more wanton. I want your baby so badly that I’m aching for it.

“Cum in me,” I beg.

“I will, but you first,” you counter.

Your cock slides back and forth across every nerve ending inside me. Your fingers rub rapid circles around my clit. Then you lean down and suck on my sensitive neck. All of it is more than enough to push me over the edge.

As I climax, my walls clamp down on your cock, desperate for your seed. I wail and I beg until you give it to me. It’s like I don’t feel whole until your cum spills inside me. It fills me, and that familiar sense of relief fills me, too.

You stay inside me for a long time. I keep my legs wrapped around you, afraid that one wrong movement will prevent our bodies from creating the newest member of our family. You hold me so close, I almost feel like we’re one person. It feels so right.

“Do you think it worked?” I ask when you roll us onto our sides.

“If not, can we try again tomorrow?”

I reflect on our many days together. It’s been almost 18 months since that fateful New Year’s Eve. *We’ve come so far!* I can only imagine how much more fulfilling our lives will be with another child.

That reminds me that Harry and Ginny are expecting their first. I know better than to bring it up right now and I feel guilty for it even crossing my mind, but I quickly think about my run-in with Harry this afternoon. Of course, he invited me over and I made my excuses – like always. Maybe he’ll finally grow an understanding for why there’s nowhere I’d rather be than at home with our family.

Harry said he still worries about me, but he’s actually been more worried about Ron lately. He even asked me if I’ve spoken to him! Apparently Ron left a note he was going to Australia but no one has heard from him since.

I hope everything’s OK, but I have our family to focus on now. I try not to think about people from the past anymore. Especially not in *our* bed. I know you and Cassie are the only ones who really care about me, who really love me. I only want to focus on *now* – and our future.

Now, you and Cassie are everything to me, just as we are to you.

Now, we are going to keep building our family.

Now, I should probably answer your question.

“Yes, tomorrow, of course.” I sigh in absolute contentment.

You smirk and start attacking my face with sweet kisses. “And the next day ... and the day after that ... and the day after that ...”

“Every day, Draco. Sometimes even *all day* ...”

We laugh, and then you look at me so seriously – as if I might just disappear. And then you whisper, ever so reverently ...

“There will never be enough days with *you*.”

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