

The Rule You Break

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The Rule You Break

by [dillpicklepanic](#)

Summary

Draco is a college professor and Hermione is a first year student taking his course. Unfortunately for Hermione, he just can't stop thinking about her.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

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

He doesn't mean to stare. He really, really doesn't.

Draco has always made it a point to never single out any of his students, not even in his own head. He prefers to let them pass through his lecture hall like bills from his wallet, each one of them very much the same for all their minute differences in appearance.

She's no exception, the girl always parked front and center in what most people consider the 'mandatory participation' row, where professors often pluck victims for the questions that bring zero hands to the sky. He swears she comes early just to nab the best seat in the house that absolutely no one else wants.

Some days she arrives even earlier than Draco does. Some days it's just them two in the lecture hall, waiting together for the show to begin.

Like right now.

Draco stalks into the room, steps echoing, and though the girl's frizzed up hair and eager moonface beg him to acknowledge her, to commend her on how punctual she always is like her other professors must do, he keeps his eyes pointed at his own desk near the projector screen.

If he hurries, he can get his laptop hooked up and ready in about one minute flat. But today he takes his time, carefully winding up the connector cord and tucking it close to the desk so he won't risk tripping over it.

"Good morning!"

His eyes flutter to hers on accident. She's smiling big and toothy, her freckles and the cheeks beneath them going bunched up.

Draco nods tersely. It's her first year at university, he can tell that without snooping, even though his is not a first-year-friendly course. It might even be her very first semester. Setting aside the kid fat that still rounds out her face and the peachy clearness of her skin, yet unmarred by the lines of a million adult responsibilities, no second- or third-year college student would act *that* peppy.

Once they get a few semesters under their belt, the enthusiasm drains right out of them.

He can smell the girl's ache for approval from here, but he doesn't give it. Just goes back to his computer, clicking through the powerpoint he'll be running.

He knows her name. But in his head, she's just *the girl*.

Students file in and he begins the lesson, meandering back and forth in front of the projector screen and giving it a tap-tap every so often.

With each pass, his periphery is clogged up with the frizzy head of the girl bent over her notebook, filling page after curling-edged page with nonstop avid notes. By the looks of it, she's writing even more than he's talking.

How she could possibly glean this much information from a lesson as cut-and-dry as this one is beyond him. Sometimes even teaching it leaves a dryness in his mouth normally reserved for a bad hangover.

Draco ends the hour with a one page quiz. When he asks for a volunteer to pass them out, the girl's hand goes rocketing upward in her usual pick-me salut.

He ignores her and selects a lanky boy with a giant jug of water propped up on his desk and eyes clogged with sleep.

Draco continues his pacing while they take the quiz. His eyes roam over the hall, searching for the lit-up screen of a secret phone. He conspicuously keeps his attention away from the front row until he loses his focus towards the end of the allotted time.

Brownnoser is still scribbling hard, her spiky words running all the way into the margins of the paper. A flash of annoyance has Draco scowling until he notices that the girl next to her, a mid-level whatever student by the name of Parvati Patil, is not-so-subtly craning her neck to catch her neighbor's answers.

Draco waits, watching until she finally notices him. She goes a little flushed around the ears and ducks her chin down, eyes glued to her own quiz.

At the first word of dismissal, the Patil girl goes practically sprinting out of the lecture hall, though not before tossing her completed test on his desk. Maybe she thinks that if he can't confront her, she can't be accused.

No matter.

He should be packing up his own things. His next course isn't for another hour, so ordinarily he would go grab an espresso and read on one of the many benches scattered throughout the grounds.

But instead he stares, letting his eyes flicker from his blank computer screen to the front row girl. She's all elbows as she furiously packs up her things. Probably afraid of being slightly less early to her next lesson—or worse, *on time*.

The horror.

She's hoisting her book bag over her shoulder—Draco can only imagine how many books she must be lugging around in that thing for it to hang so heavy that it noticeably forces her body to list to one side—when he speaks up.

“Miss Granger,” he says, raising a hand lazily. “If you wouldn’t mind staying back for one moment.”

Her eyes flicker to the door and she nods, hustling over to his desk.

Draco lets her sweat for a minute as the rest of the students drain out, typing out nonsense to look like he’s just finishing up an email. When he finally shuts the laptop and glances up at her, the room is silent but for the scuffling of her shoes on the carpet.

Her face isn’t pulled into the rictus of guilt that he’d hoped to find. Just the plain old stress of a student faced with an authority figure.

There’s not one person to see him do it except for her, so he gives her the first real once-over he’s allowed himself. Clothes too loose and straight out of a private school drop-out’s closet, secondhand from the way the stitches have gone frayed and the ghosts of stains just barely darkening the fabric in places. Her hair’s never seen a brush—or maybe it’s seen too much of one.

Slim. Young. Pleated skirt down to here and stockings with a run at the knee.

Just your basic former teacher’s pet. Nothing special.

Draco sifts through the pile of pages on his desk until he finds the one with her name on it, then places it flat on his desk. A quick skim through is all he needs to see that she’s gotten every question right.

The girl chews her finger. He knows she’s got to be puzzled, and he decides to let her stew in it for a moment.

From the pile he pulls out a second paper, the one with Patil’s name on it. He lays it next to Granger’s. Comparing straight across, the answers are nearly all the same, right down to the rambling of additional context she’d included for some of her responses.

“Miss Granger,” he says, tasting the smoothness of her name. “Were you aware of Miss Patil’s interest in your unnecessarily detailed responses to the quiz I handed out today?”

Her eyes dart from paper to paper. “Parvati? Um, I’m not sure, Professor. What do you mean by ‘interest’?”

Draco taps her quiz, right on the name. “Miss Patil copied your answers word for word.”

The girl blanches behind all those freckles, the color draining from her face. Even her hair trembles. “No! No, I had—I had *no idea* that she was cheating off of me!”

Draco deals with at least one cheater per course. He knows the tear-heavy faces they pull to convince him of their innocence, the wide open sad puppy eyes. It takes him all of one look at the girl in front of him to know that she’s telling the truth.

Maybe it’s the ongoing annoyance of her attempts to gain his approval. Maybe it’s the scent of her cheap deodorant that wafts across his desk to meet his nose. Maybe it’s how her skirt

flounces when she walks, how smooth her skin appears even at a distance. Hell, maybe it's just because today's Wednesday.

But he wants to see her squirm a little bit.

Draco leans back in his chair, hand wandering to his face. "It appeared rather planned out," he says. He taps his lower lip thoughtfully. "You gave her a clear view under your arm. I was watching."

The strap drops from her shoulder and her book bag hits the wood flooring with a *thump*. She doesn't even notice.

"I swear!" she cries. "I would *never* cheat, sir! If I saw anyone else trying, I'd report them, honest! It wasn't on purpose at all!"

She's got real tears in her eyes now, both hands clutched to her chest and gripping at each other hard so the knuckles have gone pale. She's leaning over his desk in her desperation to assuage him.

He taps his lip again, then lets his spidery fingers roam back to her paper. He glances over it again as if re-reading her answers could prove she's telling the truth. "Academic dishonesty isn't tolerated in my course or at this university, Miss Granger."

"I know, and I would never violate that! Professor Malfoy, please believe that if I'd known she was looking at my answers, I would have put a stop to it that very second. I'm—I'm so sorry!"

"This is your first semester?" he asks.

She clears her throat, taken off guard by the change in topic. "Yes, sir."

"Are you from around here?"

She shakes her head.

A transplant, just as he'd thought. She doesn't seem the type for this slick tech-rich city.

No family nearby. A thrill runs through him, but he tamps it down. He's getting ahead of himself.

Draco gives her that know-it-all smirk he learned directly at his father's knee. "Miss Granger, I know it's likely been difficult adjusting to your new life as a responsible adult. Perhaps you thought that by helping Miss Patil, you could make yourself a friend here. But I can assure you that any friendship built on lying and cheating would be doomed to fail."

"She's not my friend, sir. I've never even talked to her really. I'm—" Her voice catches. The girl might actually start crying. "I'm just here to get my degree, Professor Malfoy. That's it. I would never even consider breaking the rules, not for anyone."

“I will have to trust you,” he murmurs. His eyes flicker from her quiz to her distraught expression. “I have no proof that you were complicit. Miss Patil, however, will be seeing consequences.” He spreads his hand flat on her test as if to squash a bug. “Take care that this doesn’t happen again. Should I catch you sharing answers in the future, I will treat it as a second offense—and I won’t go light on you.”

The girl’s blinking like a damn shorted out Christmas light. She bites her lip and nods furiously. “Thank you. I’ll be more vigilant from now on.”

Somehow her complete acquiescence just irritates him further. “You will. I’d hate to see yet another diligent brownnoser such as yourself kicked out for something as disgraceful as cheating.”

“I understand,” she mumbles, deflating a little at the crude label.

Draco swipes up both quizzes and slaps them back onto the pile. The girl flinches away from the loud sound.

He pulls his laptop open and begins to type. It takes her nearly a full minute to realize that she’s effectively been dismissed. The girl is quite the malingerer.

Frazzled and sniffing, she grabs her bag and bustles her way towards the door. Draco turns to watch her go, the sway of her pleated skirt drawing his eyes down to the backs of her knees. Even through the nylons, he can almost make out a few freckles marking her calves. Perhaps it’s his imagination.

“Miss Granger?” he calls.

She stutters to a halt and whips around, immediately at attention. “Yes?”

He gives it a moment, shifting his jaw and watching her fret before he finally responds. “You’ll sit at the front of the room for the rest of the semester. I’d like to keep my eye on you.”

Her face flushes straight down to her conservative neckline. “Of—of course, sir.”

It’s got to sting for him to demand something of her that she was already planning on doing anyway for her own studious pleasure. He can tell it bothers her to feel like she’s in trouble, and it brings him a warmth in his chest to know she’s going to be tiptoeing around him from here on out, terrified that he’ll accuse her of another student’s crimes.

“Go,” he mutters. She nods once and scampers out, her heavy bag slamming against the door frame as she does.

If it were any other student, they’d likely head back to their dorm and bitch to their roommates about the asshole professor who treated them like a criminal. But he doubts Granger’s the type. No, she’ll be far too humiliated to let anyone else know what happened here.

Draco considers the espresso he was planning to pick up, then decides he's not in the mood. He packs up his things and lounges there in the empty room, fingers tracing the sharp line of the desk, until the next professor's class starts filing in. Only then does he leave.

The next day, the girl arrives earlier than ever and sits right up front just like she was asked. She doesn't tell him 'good morning' this time. Perhaps she's finally learned that he won't be sucked in by the wiles that she's obviously spent her entire educational career curating for unsuspecting authority figures.

He calls Patil to hang back this time. Offers her the proof, and oh, does she cry. *Really* cry, big boo-hoos that threaten to give him a stomach ache from how splenda-fake they are.

He lets her go on and on while he just stares, unimpressed. Her sobs grow louder and the panic of being well and truly caught makes her eyes go sharp behind all those tears.

"No exceptions," he finally tells her. "The allegation report has already been submitted to the integrity office. I just thought I'd give you a warning, so you wouldn't be surprised when you're contacted. You're welcome to keep attending class, although I've requested to have you dropped, so if I were you...I wouldn't bother showing up any longer."

Her tears turn off like a switch was hit. "You weren't even going to give me a chance to explain myself?"

"There's nothing to explain. Your answers match Miss Granger's perfectly—and I witnessed you copying them myself."

"She told me to do it," Patil hurriedly explains. "She offered. It wasn't even my fault."

He frowns. She's quite unpleasant, this one—and to top it off, a rat. "Somehow I doubt that. But it's neither here nor there. You were caught cheating, and you will face the consequences."

"But I'm telling you, Hermione—"

He raises his voice. "Miss Granger's situation will be handled separately from yours. I suggest you focus on the assignments for your other courses, so you don't end up with more marks on your record for attempted cheating in those as well. Now leave."

Thankfully she does, stomping and fuming the whole way. He knows *this* one must be running through the bitching-and-moaning routine with every one of her spoiled friends.

Draco finishes out his day and by the time he tucks himself into his sleek car, he's in a spectacularly bad mood, one that would usually have him ringing up escort services so he could rut some of that anger into another person's body.

He even gets so far as to scroll through the listings at a stoplight. But for every woman he scrolls past with the white of her teeth cranked up to ten and a bra so see-through you'd almost guess it wasn't there, all he can think about is that frizz haired brownnoser Granger.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to [Lavendrea](#) for beta reading this chapter!!

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

A black turtleneck that runs nearly up to his jaw. A blazer that's all sharp lines, tailored by the best shop in town. Slacks, pleated and pressed. Shoes that click on the pavement.

He doesn't wear exactly the same thing every day, but it's pretty close.

His father's always made sure he has the most spick-and-span wardrobe. The priciest watches, the most enviable pocket squares with a cleft in just the right place. The silkiest fucking boxer briefs.

After all, the Malfoys only settle for the best.

A facial every week. A visit to the salon every month.

Right down to the titanium rings weighing down his pale hands, Draco is the very picture of opulence. Every blond hair on his head has been tamed by the highest-rated barber in the state.

He lives the part, mostly because it's all he's ever known. But it's also a little bit out of guilt for abandoning his father's company to the next highest bidder. Hell, Draco hadn't even had to bid. When his father had begun floating retirement plans some years back, it was into Draco's pristinely clothed lap that the company had fallen first.

And he'd said 'no'. Sort of.

It isn't that Draco has a bosom-burning passion for teaching like some of the faculty at the university do. His passions lean other directions, and he wasn't going to fulfill them by spending his days as a glorified walking signature.

Sure, he could've taken the job for the prestige of it and indulged his hobbies on the weekends—just like he does now. But why make it harder on himself by hoisting the biggest company in town right up onto his shoulders? All that pressure, and for what? Best to just skip that bullshit, he figures. Leave the company management to those poor peckers with superiority complexes who enjoy throwing their weight around with the interns and secretaries.

Not that Draco doesn't have a superiority complex. How could he not, growing up with a tongue coated in the silver his father earned by building this company? But he'd rather indulge those issues in private and spend his days slogging through the university job that he was far too underqualified for when he was first hired.

Thanks, Dad.

He still helps out with the ‘ole family business. But he prefers to keep that work safely in the background—a little private research, if you will.

At least he still lives in the city rather than one of those Barbie Doll Mansions that his family owns just outside the limits. At least he drives himself to work, even though the dividends on thirty-two years of birthday money leave him enough wiggle room that he could hire a damn ten-pack of stallions to accompany him to campus every day if he felt like it.

“*Why work at all?*” his mother used to ask him.

He’d always respond with something like, “*What can I say, seeing those kids get a sound education just swells my heart right up.*”

And she would tell him to see a doctor about it.

Really—the honest truth of it, the ‘because’ behind his odd choice of employment, it’s fairly simple. Hedonistic, but simple.

You teach a course and you find yourself shaping a person. That’s the saccharine statement they put behind all those professor-come-hither job postings and inspirational quotes in newspapers heralding teachers as heroes, but it’s true.

Those kids, those pimply nobodies just barely weaned off their mom’s tit. They’ve already given their family the internal middle finger, and sometimes the physical one, too, because once they hit their teens they just *know* that out of all the parents on the planet, theirs are the stupidest.

So they come running to college and immediately get a brain stuffed full of what their professors tell them, and they think it’s got to be God’s word, because it’s sparkly and new, coming from people like Draco who look the very picture of minted success. They listen.

That’s Draco now. *Professor Malfoy*, as he insists they call him. He gets to influence three or four new batches of impressionable youth every semester, and in turn he has enough to pay his monthly cleaning bills, plus some change for coffee.

He’s wondered more than once how any of the other professors *live* off this kind of salary. But, you know. Not his problem.

The bonus is that he gets gold star brownie points just for working here. They look at his high class imported car and the sheen on his clothes, and people get to murmuring amongst themselves about how, *oh, isn’t he such a great man? He could do anything, live anywhere. Right now he could be top-of-the-line at Malfoy Industries, but instead he’s slogging it out here with the rest of us. What a champ.*

When you’re born into money, it’s hard to get a reputation that isn’t tainted by gold-plated nepotism and spoiled kid syndrome, but Draco likes to think he’s curated a clean image for himself.

Well, clean as you can get when your family's dynasty is built on controversial medical "enhancements".

It's in the news again this morning, the same yadda-yadda about some who-cares politician making the Malfoys her personal platform for change. This stone-haired woman with a blazer so cheap that Draco can practically price it out through the TV screen, she yammers to the news host, her speech peppered with the usual buzzwords that always get thrown around when his family's company is involved. Shit like *government oversight* and *long term after-effects* and *pulling the plug on this entire unethical industry*.

Whatever. Draco tightens his watch, snags his briefcase and keys, then heads out without even bothering to shut off the TV. The cleaning service will get it.

The day trudges along. Draco finally hears back that his request to have Miss Patil booted from his class was accepted. For whatever reason, she's insisted on continuing to attend these last couple weeks.

He almost laughs when she shows up at the lecture room door, and he gets to turn her away, his smile just one step away from a smirk. He's more focused on Granger, who has patiently lined up behind Patil, and the way her toothy, vapid smile shifts to horror as she realizes what the deal is.

Patil throws her little predictable tantrum, then slinks away, no doubt to whine some more to her sympathetic nobody friends.

As Granger passes through the door, she's got this shaky look on her face as if he's going to turn her away as well. Draco almost does it, just for the fun of it—but he worries he might actually give her a heart attack.

More likely than not, the poor brownnoser's never been in any real trouble her whole entire life.

The class continues to file in and he wonders, not for the first time, why this Granger girl interests him so.

She's an annoying one, for sure. Goes by the book and only the book, always quick to point out when his curriculum veers away from the text. Bouncy and so eager to please he can practically see the tail wagging around back. Even when he's not lecturing, she's got this expression on her face like she's furiously taking notes inside her own head.

Don't shit where you eat, Draco.

He paces across the front row, noting which kids have dandruff and which haven't cleaned their ears. Granger's hair is frizzy as ever, nearly obscuring the tattered notebook she's currently leafing through.

If only she knew how to care for it, she might actually find some curl in that mangy mess.

Draco shoves his hands in his pockets. It's no worry of his what some first year student does with her hair.

He spends the lesson not looking at the girl, keeping his nose pointed high towards the back row of snoozers and texters. It's another PowerPoint day so he runs on mostly autopilot, letting the lecture flow right out of him with very little effort needed.

His fingers prod the diagram blown up in light on the screen and his lips move, but inside he's thinking about Granger's hair gone tame with product. Silky. Soft. Brown, but maybe with rich red in the right light.

The girl needs a makeover. It's not a crime to notice that.

Or, for example, the pleated skirt that she wears at least three lessons out of every five, the one with ratty edges and one pleat in the back that's forever ironed out of shape, the zipper poking out all awkward. She can do better than that. Her legs deserve better than that.

He wonders if they're as freckled as her mousey face is.

Draco smacks his palm against the screen, more to catch himself than to surprise any slackers. Everyone jumps—including Granger.

And yes, his eyes flicker to her. Not just because of the flinch, but because she begins fidgeting and pulling her sweatshirt over her head.

Draco's voice is still going. He's reading the lesson from memory, not even a stutter.

But her shirt catches on the underneath of the sweatshirt and the whole bundle rides up, revealing her belly all the way to the bottom of her rib cage. With the desk in the way Draco can only catch the uppermost strip of skin.

Her muscles lengthen. Granger stretches, not yet realizing how her body's been revealed.

Curving like a canyon carved into the earth, a jagged scar rips its way across her abdomen. He can't see the entire length of it, but by the pale coloring he can tell it's old.

She freezes for a second, then shoves her sweatshirt hem back down, glancing around in what she likely believes is a sneaky way to make sure no one was looking. By the time she gets to Draco up front, his eyes are already pointed at the back of the room.

Surgical scars aren't that messy.

The lecture continues as if there was no interruption, but on the inside he's baking under the heat of that one moment of revelation.

What would it feel like? That scar, what would it feel like under his fingertips? Is she more sensitive there? Would she shudder at his touch, would she try to push him away? Or is it deadened, the nerves severed from the violence that birthed it? You never know with a scar, not until you touch it.

This girl has brutality in her past.

An accident, most likely. That's how she got it. But in the knotted rope of that scar, Draco saw malice. He saw an *attack*.

He saw himself, obsessed and out of his mind when he's meant to be teaching, all because some would-be cheater exposed her belly in a second of carelessness.

He needs to fuck another escort. That's his problem. Too long since he's indulged himself, and now his focus is paying the price.

Then the hour is up and Draco's piling his shit into his suitcase like he's got places to be.

He's distracted. Irritated. He slips the clasp on his suitcase, one of his rings pinging against it, and turns to the door just in time to watch Granger bustling out.

Her skirt bounces. One of her shoes—cheap tennies with the backs scuffed from so many flat tires—is slipping off her heel with every exuberant step.

She should really take more pride in her appearance.

Draco leaves through the other door. He runs through his remaining lessons that day without noting one single face in the rows of students.

Then home.

He rings up an escort with stick-straight hair and fucks her far more roughly than he should. Tips her extra as a half-baked apology, and then slips her a few hundreds so she'll let him wash her down nice and slow in his jacuzzi tub, the water from the loofah dampening his sleeves.

Even when he had her throat locked in his grasp, rings digging into her bobbing esophagus, she didn't look scared.

It's hard to scare escorts. They're too adept at pinpointing when a client truly crosses over from playfighting to real cruelty, so no matter how hard he fakes it, they don't usually get scared.

And it would be incredibly unfortunate for yet another escort service to ban him for crossing that line. There's only so many in town that manage to fly under the radar for long.

Draco goes to work. He teaches his curriculum. He grades assignments, locked up in his office with only his blaring earbuds to keep him company. He sketches mock-ups in his free time, when he has any.

He doesn't mean to look for Granger, but his eyes find her anyway. At the front of the class, like always. Scampering down a hallway in the opposite direction with her book bag pounding against her leg, loose pages clutched in her hands. Hunched over a table at the cafeteria, a homemade tuna sandwich disappearing into her mouth and a book propped up against the condiment rack.

Maybe she catches his wandering eye, notices him staring. Flinches, or blinks and looks away, pressing her lips together like she hadn't seen him at all.

He's not trying to find her. She can't have one bit of a social life, this girl, for all the free time she spends roaming the university. He wonders how many credits she's taking, then snorts, annoyed again.

Should've booted her from the course along with Miss Patil.

Thursday. Four in the afternoon. Draco's between lectures and evidently so is Granger, because he finds her propped up along the brick facade in the afternoon shade. She's curled in on herself, forehead propped up on forearms propped up on knees. Not moving. Hair drifting in light wind currents.

Next to her on the pavement, a cellphone chimes and vibrates insistently. If it's a call, it must not be important, because the girl doesn't move.

Draco doesn't have any place he needs to be right at this second, so that's his excuse for inching closer until the pointed toes of his Berluti's nearly meet her sneakers.

Always with the same shoes. Maybe it's her only pair.

Now he can make out the big blue words on the phone screen that say ALARM and SNOOZE. Just when he's finished reading, it cools to black. Guess the alarm will only ring so long unattended before piping down.

Draco sighs. Clearly she's got somewhere to be, and that somewhere is about to miss her very much if she doesn't get going.

He nudges her shoe with his. "Miss Granger," he says sharply.

Nothing. Her back expands with another big, sleepy gulp of air.

He swears. It might be for the best if he just heads on his way; after all, it's not exactly his business what sort of trouble she gets into. Maybe she shouldn't be sleeping out in public where her alarms presumably get tuned out amidst all the ambient noise.

He kind of wants to kick her, but instead Draco leans down a bit and taps her shoulder. She doesn't react, so he grips her shoulder and shakes her.

"Miss Granger," he says again.

She finally springs awake, eyes still watery from sleep. Draco takes a step back so she can breathe.

"What—? What was I...?" She cranes her neck to look at him, jaw hung open. There's a splotchy red mark across her forehead, and a matching one along her forearm.

He says nothing, just nods down at her phone. Granger shoves her hair away from her face and scrabbles around until she gets her clumsy fingers around it. The screen lights up with

the time, and she about drops the phone for how quickly she rushes to stand up, slinging her bag over her shoulder.

“Take care to set a louder alarm next time,” he mutters. “Or better yet, come to school well-rested so you don’t have to clog up the walkways, disturbing passersby.”

She ducks her head and apologizes, then sprints off.

It must take a lot of talent to be that scattered.

Chapter End Notes

A little backstory for Mr Malfoy here.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

It's been far too long since I last updated. Sorry!

Also, I keep adding more tags to this fic so please check them again just in case. I also have added a few more chapters to the plan.

Draco's supposed to be working on his latest prototype. His father's team was expecting it a month ago, but he just hasn't felt inspired.

He's not concerned. As if he's going to get *fired* or something. And anyway, all he needs is one last push.

Instead of pacing his condo, Draco heads down to the university. It's late and almost no one's here, which is how he prefers it. Occasionally he'll pass a room humming with activity as the cleaning company does its business.

As he passes his own dark lecture hall door, he notices a flicker of light behind the misted glass.

He's restless enough that he wouldn't mind finding a prowler or two—though what they could want in a lecture hall, he has no idea. Paperclips? The cord to the projector? A risky place for sex?

He fits his key into the lock, doing it silently so whoever is in there doesn't catch wind until he turns the knob and slips inside. A quick glance around reveals no obvious lurkers, but he catches a quick shuffle of fabric across the room.

Draco eyes his desk. It's the best hiding place in here, after all—and the chair has been pulled away, as if someone needed to sneak beneath it in a hurry.

He strides over, thinking that any minute now the intruder will realize the game's up and they've been caught, but they stay silent. As he approaches, he kicks the chair so it rolls all the way to hit the wall with a crack.

Hiding beneath the desk—of all the people in the world—is Granger. On her scrunched up lap is a thick textbook with one finger still held between the pages to save her spot. The other hand grips a flashlight. At her feet sits that familiar bookbag bursting at the seams.

Her eyes have gone white all the way around, and her mouth is pulled down into a terrified little frown.

Draco tucks his hands in his pockets and leans down slightly. “Miss Granger, what the hell are you doing in here?”

Her mouth opens, then closes.

He shifts his jaw. “Get out from under there, please. Now.” Then he steps back, giving her some room.

The girl’s so nervous that she all but dumps herself out into the open, textbook falling face-down and the flashlight rolling to Draco’s shoe. He nudges it away and scowls as she clambers to her feet, adjusting her clothes.

Draco is hit with a sudden odd rush of vertigo. One side of her is lit up a hazy blue from the vague light that manages to sift through the misted window set into the door. Her skin appears more pale this way, the freckles standing out sharper along her nose and cheeks. One of them, an outlier, sits at the edge of her bottom lip.

There’s nobody else here. Just them two, just him and Granger in the dark. The rows of seats are empty, the halls outside roamed only by the occasional tired-eyed staff member.

No one is watching.

Draco clears his throat. “I’ll ask again, since you elected to ignore me the first time around. What exactly are you doing here?”

She fiddles with the skin on her knuckle. “Studying,” she mumbles. Her eyes refuse to land on him for very long, wandering like waitstaff in their search for someone to serve.

“Tell me, Miss Granger, are you in the habit of breaking into lecture halls where you have no business being in order to study?”

She bites her lip for a moment.

“Out with it,” he says sharply.

Another moment of fidgeting, and she replies, “Technically I didn’t *break* in. That implies the use of force, either via the breaking of the lock or an adjacent window...” She trails away when she catches the look on his face.

Draco clenches his jaw. “Does now seem like the time to get smart with me?”

“No, sir,” she whispers.

He gives her a moment to stew in it. He can’t even begin to guess why she broke into this lecture hall of all places when there are innumerable open benches and tables across campus for her to study on, all of which must be more comfortable than this dark room.

The silence thickens, then snaps as he asks, “Where’s the key?”

Granger’s chin jerks to one side, the beginning of a head shake that she can’t finish. “What?”

He lifts his eyebrows. “I know you have a key to the door, otherwise you would’ve had to *break* something to get in here—as your ostentatious little English lesson would suggest.” At that, she flushes and glances down, and Draco has to repress a smile. “Students aren’t allowed keys to the lecture halls, Miss Granger. I’m sure you’re well aware of that fact.”

“I—I don’t have any keys.”

“Then how did you get in?”

She grips her elbows and shrugs. “Um...one of the custodians let me.”

It’s a likely story, except her face is painted with the most blood-curdling lie he’s ever seen. This girl has no idea how to be a troublemaker. She should learn how to tell a decent lie before she starts breaking and entering.

He smiles. “No, they didn’t. You have a key.” He holds out his palm. “Give it to me.”

Granger plasters this apologetic smile on her face. “I told you, I don’t have one. I’m sorry.”

Draco would’ve bet good money that this little brownnoser would buckle under the first layer of pressure. Clearly he’d read her wrong; she must have some hidden cavern of churning fire in there. A tidbit of bravery.

How fun.

“I don’t appreciate it when students lie to me.” He takes one deliberate step towards her, and she mirrors it with a step back.

“But—but I’m not lying.”

He takes another step, and she bumps into the desk, jumping in surprise with a quick glance back. When her eyes return to his, he can read fear in every line in her face.

“Get me your bag,” he says.

She spends a few seconds doing nothing but blinking up at him until the command registers, then quickly ducks down to retrieve her book bag from under the desk and offers it to him.

“If only your obedience wasn’t so selective,” he says, accepting the bag. “Then I wouldn’t have to go to these lengths.”

He steps to the side and drops the bag heavily on the desk, then begins to root through it, lining up the contents on the desk.

It’s a lot of books, as expected—textbooks and novels, with a couple volumes of historical fiction mixed in there. Several tattered notebooks with the covers scribbled over with doodles and random reminders, *dentist at two-thirty* and all that. He finds capless pens and a pencil nub with the eraser long gone flat. Her phone, the screen protector cracked. Loose crumpled notices on canary yellow.

At the bottom of the front pocket he finally finds her key ring. He lays it on one palm and plucks through each key—front door, lockbox, another front door in copper, and three figurines attached to short chains.

No faculty key.

Draco turns to look at her. She's watching him with careful eyes, and she actually braves a smile.

"See?" she says. "I don't have a key."

For the first time, Draco allows his eyes to drip down her body in the luscious way they've wanted to do for weeks now. He does it knowing that she's watching, using his heavy gaze as a threat as well as an implication.

"You have it on your person, don't you, Miss Granger?"

Her smile vanishes. "No," she says far too quickly.

He steps towards her, now a mere foot away. He wonders if she can feel the heat of him from here. "Where is it?" he asks, voice soft.

She shakes her head and skips to the side. No longer pinned between his looming presence and the desk, she takes a deep breath and lets it out. "The custodian let me in."

Draco clicks his tongue and takes a step towards her. "You're an absolute rotten liar, Miss Granger. Truly."

"I'm—I'm not lying."

Granger continues backing up and Draco follows. His mind is clear and sharp, the excitement of the moment honing to one fine point.

This is not how he should be handling the situation. He knows that, and yet how can he resist the opportunity to watch this girl shiver with terror at his undeniable authority? What else could he do when he was greeted by those big doll eyes staring up at him from beneath the desk? Report her to the administration?

Boring.

This is what he's been looking for. This is what he needs. The hunt. Right now the power and authority he keeps so reigned in is running loose, pouring into the room and filling every square inch, and Granger is drowning in it.

"Um," she mumbles, eyes darting to the door and back. She bumps against one of the front row desks and the smallest whimper escapes her mouth.

Keen to ensure she doesn't get away from him again, Draco closes the remaining distance and braces his hands on the edge of the desk, one on either side of her. Just like that, she's trapped in.

Her lower lip trembles and she lifts her hands palm-forward between the two of them like she's going to shove him away—as if a soft little bunny, a born victim such as herself, would ever defend herself so blatantly.

“You're lying,” he murmurs, “and to a professor of the university you're so lucky to attend, on top of that.” He clicks his tongue in faux-disappointment.

He knows about lying. It's one of the many skills his father taught him—specifically to read lies in other people, so that nobody would ever be able to take advantage of him in business or otherwise.

The terror behind her eyes flickers, and she sets her mouth firm. Pulls in a deep lungful of air.

He guesses it an instant before she begins to speak. She's going to finally give him the truth, but he can't allow that.

Not before he's had his fun.

Without giving any warning, Draco slips a hand to her lower back and tugs the girl forward, pressing her body to his. Because of the way he's leaning over, she's forced to arch against him. Her hands tremble against his chest. She doesn't push. In fact, she doesn't move at all.

He refuses to think about how inappropriate this is, how this behavior flies wildly against the code of conduct he signed when he first started this job. How he could be painting eyes on his back when he's supposed to remain mild-mannered to the general public.

All Draco can focus on is her lithe form following his tall frame. She's soft in every place he's strong, and her belly slots against his hips. He imagines that twisted scar hidden beneath that thin thrift store t-shirt.

His fingers catch on the back of her shirt. He gets a sudden wild impulse to hunt for that elusive hem, to lift it so he can feel the tender skin over her ribs.

She trembles, and he feels it in his core.

The girl is stricken, and as he fights with his own indecision she thaws somewhat, taking in a gasp of air. She points her face away, the physical proximity too much for her.

Draco wonders how many men have held her like this, then yanks that thought out of his mind. It shouldn't matter.

She's just a student. Just something to play with, a toy to relieve his boredom tonight.

He catches her muscles shifting, a foot sliding back as if to brace herself. Perhaps she intends to pull away, but Draco makes his hand on her back stiff. She's not going anywhere until he's done.

“One moment,” he murmurs.

When he begins sliding his hand down, her eyes go wide and she stammers pointless apologies. Draco ignores her. His rings catch on the waistband of her jeans as he finds the curve of her taut ass.

Warm. She's warmer than he'd thought, all amped up with adrenalin as she is. Even through the thick denim, he soaks up her heat.

He slips lower until he finds her back pocket, then slides inside. There, lodged flat against her butt in the crook of her pocket, is the key.

He can practically trace the school insignia stamped on the head of it.

Draco snags the key, then slowly pulls it out, relishing the shock prickling over the side of her face that he can see. He brings the key up in front of her nose, dangling it between his finger and thumb as if it were something grotesque to be held with distaste.

“What's this, Miss Granger?” he asks.

There's nothing holding her against his body anymore, but she appears to have gone completely iceberg once again, her limbs refusing to move and her eyes trained on the key. The edges of her hair quiver.

Draco runs his eyes over her one last time, then pulls away, turning heel to stalk back to the desk. He slips the key into his pocket.

When he looks back, Granger is still frozen in place, though her mouth has dropped open slightly now.

He snaps his fingers, and she jumps. He points at the spot just in front of him, then motions for her to approach.

If she were more brave, or perhaps less terrified of authority, she would likely stop a few steps short of where he's telling her to stand. But no, she comes to a halt right in front of him, far too close for her comfort.

Draco's chest hums at her compliance. It clashes with the undercurrent of irritation that's been washing through him seemingly since the first moment he'd laid eyes on her overeager toothy grin parked in the front row of this very room.

It's like she was made to be mine.

He wants to punish her for her insolence—but moreso, he's just aching to hear the girl shriek. He nearly says the words, telling her to prepare for the discipline he has planned. And surely, *surely* she would acquiesce just the same, bending over his desk with that deer-in-a-headlights expression plastered over her face. Back arching, presenting without even having to be asked.

Draco sighs and motions at her things making a mess of his desk. “Clean this up.”

She gets to it immediately, piling the bag full with such haste that the lead on her pitiful pencil snaps.

“I’m not going to tell anyone about this,” he says.

Pausing for just long enough to throw him a glance, she asks, “Really?”

“Yes.” His mouth twists. “Unless I catch you breaking into my classroom again, in which case you can trust that I’ll be reporting you immediately. If that ever happens, I will do everything I can to make sure the university punishes you with the utmost severity. Also,” he pats his pocket, “where did you get this?”

She presses her lips together, and Draco sighs.

“Another secret, then. Fine.” He eyes the junk still scattered across the desk. “Are you finished, then?”

Frantic as anything, she jumps back into action, stuffing the last few stragglers into her bag.

“How far do you live from campus, Miss Granger?” he asks as she brushes the snapped pencil lead into her hand and feeds it into a pocket.

“What?”

“Where. Do. You. Live?” He spits out each word individually, and she flinches at every one of them. “Is it an apartment, or are you in one of the campus dormitories?”

She cowers slightly, eyes on the floor. “Um, yes. I mean—a dorm. I live in Spring Hall.”

“Do you walk?”

“Y-yes. It’s not far.”

He shakes out his sleeve and glances at his watch. It’s already past ten.

It’s none of his business what she does. If she wants to wander around in the dark, alone, with only her books and some assuredly lightning-quick reflexes to keep her safe, then that’s her business.

She hauls the book bag over her shoulder and the thing is so heavy it nearly upsets her balance. She stumbles, then recovers, face reddening in her embarrassment.

It’s like she’s trying to make that nagging point at the back of his mind.

He shoves his hands in his pockets and scowls. “Lead the way, then.”

She shakes her head. “Oh—oh, you don’t have to do that, sir. I walk home every day. It’s definitely—”

“I’m not *asking*,” Draco spits. “Let’s go. You’ve wasted enough of my time already.”

She throws him a terrified look that has his blood pounding, then nods, chewing on her lower lip as she walks to the door. On his way out he locks it back up with her stolen key.

They don't meet anyone as they make their way down the hallway to the entrance, and Draco's glad of it.

He hasn't precisely made any long-term plans for her, but he doesn't need anyone catching him walking alone through the building with this freshman girl in tow. Leaves his options open if she starts telling stories, which she won't.

After all, she'd have to give herself up in the process. And she's a bit too smart for that.

He stays a few steps back until they make it out of the building and away from all the bright lights. Then he sidles up just behind her, relishing how her shoulders shrug up around her ears when she glances back to find him there. One shoulder lists from the weight of her bag.

"Do you really need that many books?" he asks disdainfully.

"I'm taking the maximum credits, sir."

"Perhaps you should consider downgrading that number if it's causing you to nap on the sidewalk and resort to criminal activity."

They pass a lamp, and Draco catches the flush rising over her cheeks.

"It's just because of my stupid roommate," she mumbles.

"I don't especially care about your problems, Miss Granger," he replies, noting the vein of disrespect in her tone.

It seems she isn't *all* bunny ears and doe eyes after all.

It's hardly a ten minute walk, but by the time they approach the ivy-strewn dorm building that Granger points out as hers, Draco's stewing hot. It takes every ounce of willpower to keep down one last biting remark as he gives her a curt nod goodbye and begins the trek back to his car.

The ghost of her body slotted against his haunts him the entire way home.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

A nice long chapter to make up for my absence.

“One red-eye. Cream, no sugar.”

Everything in his car is either made of a dead animal or a dead tree. The mahogany veneer of his dashboard shines so red and smooth, you’d think it was petrified wood, but it isn’t.

The bribe for mahogany had cost almost as much as the car itself. Turns out it’s only endangered if you don’t have enough money.

“Um...I don’t think we have that.”

Draco rolls his eyes over the voice receiver bolted near the menu. Five of its little pinpoint listening holes are clogged up with moldy grey where some teenager had probably stuffed their wad of gum. The poor sod of an employee who had to clean it up, he wonders if they felt nearly as annoyed as he does right now. He doubts it.

“Yes, you do,” he says. “Ask your manager.”

“I’m the manager on duty tonight, sir,” comes the crackly voice.

Of course he is.

This isn’t Draco’s preferred coffee shop, or even his second-preferred. But when it’s nearing eleven at night, the options for drive-thru coffee are slim pickings at best.

Behind that speaker, they’re probably already packing up the toppings. Wiping counters with caramel-drizzle-stained rags. Eyeballing the clock, those imbeciles have likely already got their apron half untied, ready to go back to their shitty lowball apartment.

Maybe one of them’s even a student of his.

Draco sighs and taps his rings on the steering wheel. “A cup of drip coffee with one shot of espresso. Plus cream. No sugar.”

“Got it!” comes the cheery tone. He can practically hear the pimples squeaking against that cheap headset the kid’s using to have this little chat. “And can I interest you in any of our baked goods today?”

“You mean the dried lumps of clay that have been sitting behind your counter since five o’ clock this morning?”

“I can assure you, we bake all of our pastries—”

Draco interrupts, gritting his teeth throughout. “No. The coffee will be it.”

The moment he’d turned away from Granger at the entrance of her dorm building with hot blood roaring in his ears, he’d known he’d just crossed a line. A big one.

And now he can’t walk it back. It’s all he can really think about.

Draco passes over his card and accepts his coffee without sparing even a glance towards the person serving him. He takes a sip as he speeds away, his engine nearly silent from in here.

Somehow, the coffee’s already lukewarm.

His apartment is quiet as a church so he flips on the TV to any channel and cranks up the volume, then stalks into his room, slamming the door for nobody to hear.

Then he thinks better of it and warms up the remainder of his coffee in the microwave before sequestering himself.

Granger, pressed against him.

He takes a big, searing swig of coffee just to burn his tongue with it, then drops the cup by the door. It bounces once, coffee dregs pooling beneath it. Draco watches it leaching through the strands of carpet. Staining.

Just another problem that isn’t his.

He tugs off his jacket and drops it in a pile. The bed’s looking comfortable, but Draco needs a window. He needs air tainted with rich smoke.

From his dresser he grabs a tin of cigars and a torch. The window glides open smooth as silk, and he stretches himself beneath it on the chaise lounge, kicking up his legs as he lights up one end of the cigar, biting the other.

Then he pulls out his phone.

Coach. Tommy Hilfiger. Ralph Lauren. Brooks Brothers.

Draco’s thumb scrolls through window panes of women’s clothing as he sucks down a mouthful of smoke. He doesn’t so much like the taste of tobacco, but the bite of it in his throat is soothing the way getting a speeding ticket can be soothing.

He’s alright at women’s sizes. Used to tag along with his cousins, since his parents were so keen on him *hanging out with the right type of people*. Most of his cousins are girls, and they just loved having him judge their latest shopping sprees.

He guesses at Granger's sizes, her bust and waist and inseam.

A sundress. Blouses that cling. Stockings. A boho skirt, and then a short one. A button-up with a collar made for grabbing.

Into the cart. Point and shoot.

He couldn't say why he does it, only that he does. Eventually the listings turn into swathes of fabric, so he tosses his phone away and tugs open the top button on his slacks.

Smoke curls inside the lobes of his lungs, feeding him tar. His cock is hard, and he takes it in the hand that's not helping him milk this cigar.

Granger, but clothed in fine new fabric instead of the hand-me-downs she wears to class. Granger, her clumsy deer legs bare under a flowy dress, courtesy of the Malfoy credit line. No dollar-tree bra.

Granger, but made to be his.

He begins to stroke himself. Her body had been so soft leaned into his, so moldable. The warm dip where belly meets leg, he had felt himself filling that gap. Her hands had trembled against his chest but she hadn't pushed, not even a little, despite how uncomfortable she must have been with him leering over her.

Draco had wound his hand down the curve of her. Those jeans hadn't done her any favors, not at all—bagging where they shouldn't and clinging tight where it would surely be uncomfortable. If she's going to be prancing into his classroom every day for him to ogle, she should look the part.

He could make that happen.

She had smelled cheap and earthy the way most students do. Draco adds perfume to his mental shopping list, then groans, imagining pacing back and forth in front of her and catching citrus, rosewood, bergamot...

If he caught her aiding a cheater now, he wouldn't go so easy on her. No, not at all. She was lucky he didn't follow her back to her dorm room tonight.

The voices on his TV in the other room only barely make it through the wall, coming in so muffled that the only bit of it he can make out is the paid-for cheer in everyone's tone. Ads and more ads, with a murky sparkle effect every so often. Maybe the cleaning people tuned it to the infomercial channel to keep them company while they dusted his already dustless apartment.

He's never met them. The cleaners. Not in the five years since he got rid of the last company for ruining his marble countertops with bleach.

Draco squeezes himself tighter and pumps hard, taking another drag on the cigar but spitting out the smoke before it can get past his throat.

He's going to build her up. Dress her pretty as a china doll, make her into a girl worth ruining.

And who cares if she's his student.



By the time his course with her rolls around again, he's got a business card with her name on it in pen.

Hermione Granger.

And it's just his luck that when he stalks in through the classroom door, she's already parked in her usual seat, tennis shoes crossed at the ankle and furiously pouring over a textbook.

She doesn't look up at him as he enters, but her cheeks flush and her eyes stick to one spot on the page, unmoving. She's avoiding him, probably still feeling awkward about the evening before.

Innocent little thing. His cock half-hardens from that alone.

Draco sets his briefcase on the desk and strides over to the girl until all he can see are her scrunched shoulders and the frizzy halo of hair at the crown of her head.

"Miss Granger," he murmurs, slipping just a drop of syrup into those words to get her on edge.

She's not in trouble today. That one was just for kicks.

She hesitates, shoulders inching higher, then looks up with a smile so practiced he can see where she pulled the muscles taut in the mirror this morning, trying to get it exactly right. She should've practiced more, because what she's giving him comes off fake as a dentist's billboard.

He doesn't smile back. From his pocket he pulls a card, white with black text—none of the flowery nonsense you see these days. He holds it between two fingers, scissored, and offers it to Granger.

The angle's wrong, but maybe she can still read the salon name printed in big, clear letters.

"I've made an appointment for you," he says.

She blinks at the card. She's still got one fingernail pressed to the top line of text in her book, making a crescent moon indent in the thin page.

"What?" is all she manages.

"An appointment," he repeats, tone thin. "The address is on the card. Please ensure you're on time, otherwise you may as well not show up at all—and I will be very displeased if you don't."

He drops the card and it lands on the back of her hand. She takes it, holding it by the edges as if it were a CD.

Draco leans down and taps the card, right on the *2:30 PM* scrawled in blue ink.

“Three days from now,” he murmurs. “And pick up some products while you’re there. Charge it to the account. The stylist will be able to advise.”

“Um.” Granger brushes her thumb over the words. She glances up at him fearfully. “Stylist?”

He scowls. “For your hair.”

“Oh.” She drops the card but goes on staring at it, mouth slightly ajar. “Professor Malfoy, is this...appropriate?”

He waits until she looks up again, then lifts an eyebrow as if to ask, *why the hell would you think I care?*

Footsteps interrupt them, which is for the best. When he reaches his desk again, he catches her eye and throws her one more look, then lifts his watch.

Don't be late.

The weekend surges onward. Draco gathers women’s clothing together in digital carts, adding anything that makes his dick hard. Buy, buy, buy. He has every stitch shipped to his personal address instead of directly to his tailor like he normally would. There’ll be time for that later, once he’s sure he can coax the girl into his car and make some proper measurements.

Besides, there’s no need to ship lingerie to a tailor. No need to hem a pair of underwear.

Saturday night Draco flies to Toronto, arriving too early the following morning for good sense. By this point he hasn’t slept properly since the night he caught her under his desk. He does this, sometimes—pushes himself past the point of exhaustion in an effort to dehydrate and kill the delirious obsession that comes to him so often, though it’s never been nearly this elusive.

The girl is terrified of him. How much of that is his authority, he can’t guess.

There’s also the simple matter of getting caught crossing lines with a student nearly half his age. This is merely a comma in the sentence; the university wouldn’t dare fire him for that. Having a Malfoy under their wing is good publicity all around. His retouched and re-retouched face is slapped on every webpage, every pamphlet, every billboard they can get away with.

And even if the administration decided some indiscretions on his part were worth tossing all that sweet hoopla out with the flunkers, his father would smooth it over. He always does.

Draco flies first class, as always. He buys every deluxe package just because he can, even if he’s not interested in the all-inclusive home-baked-from-a-factory casserole entree with the

cheese board appetizer, the ‘board’ part being colloquial at best. He orders tea, the black kind, and wine, the red kind with long legs, and he takes exactly one sip of both before sending them back.

He’d bought the seat next to his, of course, and the two behind as well. Draco hooks his phone up to the complimentary Wi-Fi and it tastes sour, tastes like a sore burst in his mouth, because it’s not good unless he’s paid for it and paid well. *Free* is for people scrunched down in economy.

Then he watches porn. Earbuds blasting classical that he pipes into his head, the volume on the orange-rimmed videos turned way down, he streams pornography, and who cares, because it’s not like there’s other passengers to give it a look-see over his right corner shoulder pad.

Never mind the trolly dollies. Oops—flight attendants. Can’t have *that* in the press.

Sorry, dad.

Draco doesn’t bother finding women with frizzed-out hair and bony knees and a freckly bunny rabbit face, although he’s sure he could find some.

He’s not trying to act out a fantasy. Not recreating what he can’t possibly do just yet. Just feeding the obsession, running it through hoops the way you’d do with an overeager border collie, yip-yipping through the same course again and again until its tongue is panting hot and the poor thing’s gone belly to the sky.

The flight attendant offers him water, champagne, a sanitized pillow fresh from China. She picks her nose when she thinks he can’t see, then swipes it along the headrest of some poor executive’s seat.

He considers showing her the woman on his screen, bent over a metal horse and getting railed in the asshole, just so she’ll leave him alone for a while.

Toronto is nothing but the flat glassy sides of buildings that Draco pays zero attention to as his chauffeur drives him to his condo.

Toronto could be New York, could be Los Angeles, could be Paris. Every city’s the same when you don’t look around until you’re back indoors.

His condo here’s filled with the same damn clothes and bottles of sparkling water as the rest of his condos are. The floors are nearly the same shade of teak, the wainscoting just as tasteful.

Every place he owns is a room in a hotel where each numbered door is scattered around the world. There might be different currencies printed on the sides of the food stocked by god knows who, and it could be that one wraparound toilet rug is designer cotton while another is wool, but it’s all the same shit in the end.

Top of the line everything. Best in show everything. So luxurious you wouldn't even find it on the cover of a magazine where normal folks could get a whiff.

Draco smokes his cigars in his no-smoking condo with the windows cranked shut because he's not in the mood for a breeze, and he buys dress after dress after blouse after big white panties just for kicks.

He has to order those from the good old Gap. Nowhere else sells them, the ones that hug a woman's underbelly and cut into the crease of her ass, fabric thin but not the *sheer* type of thin, the cheap type.

He bets this is what Granger wears now. Thin cotton panties she's owned since middle school.

Draco stays up the rest of the morning through to daytime, and he lets all the sunlight in so he can't sleep. He blasts music and the neighbors don't pound on the wall or ceiling or floor or door. Maybe they're seasonal, too.

His next class with her is in two days, counting today. He picks out the numbers on his fingers.

Sunday, Monday. Then Tuesday.

He's got to get a handle on himself before he finds himself back in that lecture hall with her, otherwise she's going to be bent over his knee.

Draco imagines her everywhere in the condo. Every surface is an opportunity to ruin her. His bed, his carpet, his drapes are ready to be stained by her. His table, the gifted one with the carved legs playing pretend-vintage where he's never eaten anything except low fat yogurt and takeout, it begs to be christened by her mess.

He'll buy placemats from Neiman Marcus and fuck her rotten on them.

By Sunday night he's home again. His driver has to wake him up to exit the car.

Then, blissfully, he sleeps.



Tuesday morning, for every second Draco has to spend out amongst the general student body, he's got his eyes half-shuttered. As he grabs his coffee, paces from one lecture hall to another to his cramped office, any time he catches chestnut hair bustling into his peripheral, he squints careful as a kid trying not to see Santa Claus, lest his presents get tossed out.

If he saw her before the Big Hour, it would be ruined. He needs that grand entrance.

So when Granger scuttles through the door a full fifteen minutes before class starts, Draco's already at his desk. Waiting.

She doesn't disappoint.

Her hair's been transformed from a messy, dried-out tumbleweed to *hair*, real girl hair, tamed and shining as a showhorse's pelt. Where before there was a solid wall of frizz with only a hint of wave, there's now layer upon layer of distinct curls, each one smooth and falling gracefully around her shoulders at the highest and down to the middle of her back at the deepest.

She's got a smile on, the tiniest hint where you know with one lit match it'll go up in roaring flames. She's happy. Happy to have pretty hair that maybe she didn't even know she *could* have.

And to top it off, she's wearing the skirt again. The Catholic uniform one.

Halfway to her desk her steps falter. She hasn't given him one look except out the corner of her eye. The rhythm of her feet stammers and she hesitates, then turns to his desk.

As she approaches he watches the line of her shirt where it's tucked into her skirt—neatly for once.

"Professor Malfoy," she says, voice bright with new confidence, "I just wanted to—"

"Don't." On his laptop screen, he's got tabs and tabs of toys. Silicone, vibrating, inflating. He nudges an expanding set of plugs into his cart. "I'll be glad to not have to look at your eyesore of a hairstyle any longer."

"I—I can pay you back," she offers.

He gives her a wary eye. "Can you?"

She bites her lip. While he had specifically asked the salon to refrain from discussing pricing with the girl, he has no doubt that she ran a few internet searches prior to the appointment, and the cost would've been a part of that research.

They both know good and well that she can't afford to pay back shit.

"Well...thank you anyway," she mumbles.

There's Draco, seated and leaned back into one long line from the top of his head to his crotch, one ankle resting on his knee—and there's Granger, her fingers tracing the edge of his desk like they've got nothing better to do.

And between them is his laptop screen craned just so. She can't see what's on it, but perhaps she can sense it, because her eyes keep flickering to the smooth back of it.

Draco debates between rubber-tipped clamps or flat metal. He slides his ring finger across the trackpad, making the mouse stroke the leather cuff at the end of a spreader bar.

Click. Buy.

"To your seat, please," he says, so she'll quit her staring and go.

For the most part, Draco's never caught the girl fraternizing with anyone except for a thick textbook or her own notes—but today, people smile at her. Students, young adults with dry elbows and greasy faces, they ask the same question after their eyes have caught onto her otherwise forgettable figure.

The words are snagged out of their mouths, again and again.

Did you do something different with your hair?

Draco spreads one hand wide on the desk as if to brace himself and lets the other dance across his keyboard until the grating voices of her wannabe best friends have him standing up.

“Sit,” he tells everyone still milling about. “We’re starting.”

And of course, always a stickler for even the most arbitrary rules, Granger raises her hand. Palm forward.

“But we’re still four minutes ‘til, Professor Malfoy. Some students haven’t arrived yet.”

He cocks his mouth in what could be a smile were it not so slick with distaste. “How unfortunate for them.” With that, he starts the lecture.

He thinks about it all day, all *week*. The taming of her hair. It gets him higher than the feel of her body pressed to his, knowing that he’s taken one wild bit of her and domesticated it to his specifications. Made it his own. Claimed it.

The girl is being conquered; she just doesn’t know it yet.

Right now, Draco is still the cruel-spoken professor who let her off the hook twice for reportable offenses and gifted her a wildly inappropriate trip to the salon—*his* salon, although she doesn’t know that. Perhaps she thinks he’s got a chewy caramel center hidden within all this cold distaste. It would explain the glances she spares him when she thinks he can’t see, running him down with her eyes as if to peel his bitter layers apart, so sure that there’s something sweet and priceless and human to be found.

She’ll learn, in time, just how wrong she is about that.

No more late nights. Draco feeds his obsession, finding excuses to walk in her same direction once he catches sight of her on campus. A week, two weeks pass, and he learns her schedule, painstaking as it is.

He could, of course, snoop online and feather through the university records. He knows about twelve different guys who’re capable of cracking the laughing stock of a digital security setup they’ve got here. But he wants to save his Get Out Of Jail Frees for when he really needs them.

Why risk getting caught drawing a map to the cookie jar when you could have your hand in it already?

To his dismay, Granger makes friends. Maybe it was the hair that made the other limp-brains here realize that she's got things to say beyond the perfectly quoted answers to questions in class.

One friend in particular shows up more and more often. Walking her to class. Sitting on the benches, her silently pouring over a book and him scrolling through his phone with an arm along the back of the bench, lurking behind her hunched shoulders.

Inching close.

Draco gives it a week, and then another. Watches their friendship curdle into something more juicy right in front of him.

Every time he catches her lilting voice peppered with the boy's staccato Texas Ranger playtalk just outside of his lecture hall door, Draco orders another toy. He could snap this lovebird affair over his knee right now—and maybe he should, but instead he lets himself stew in it.

He wants more fuel to feed the furnace lodged in his throat.

When he can't take it anymore—when he decides it's enough, that unwinding her from the boy's attention will be too difficult if he lets this go on any further—Draco gets very calm. His muscles go slack and hot.

That night he sleeps deep.

Granger, she shows up early to class as usual the next day. She tinkers around with her boyfriend outside Draco's door as if to see just how high she can notch up his fury. Then she enters, still a whole entire nine minutes early.

Kind of her to make his life so convenient, always arriving so early. He savors it, knowing that pretty soon she'll be hiding just around the corner right up until the third hand on Draco's Blancpain hits 12.

She'll avoid him. And he'll be forced to chase her down.

“Miss Granger,” he murmurs as she crosses the room. Her feet turn in his direction before she's even fully conscious of it.

Such natural obedience.

Then she pauses, and her fingers drift to the ends of her hair. In the sunlight it's nearly golden, but under these harsh bluebacked LEDs, no one would call it anything but brown.

Draco motions for her to approach his desk. She blanches white and nods, and the thought of what she could've done wrong this time flashes across her features.

All her curly-haired-confidence drains right out.

He folds his hands together and leans back. “I’d like to set a meeting with you to discuss your essay. Make yourself available tomorrow evening at four.”

The poor thing actually smiles. She must just *love* reviewing assignments. He bets she brings home every paper marked up in red ink and masturbates until she’s pink in the face to all that sweet, sweet feedback.

“Of course!” she says, a little too loud, then, “I mean, yes, sir. I can be available.”

With that, Draco sends her to her seat. As the other students drift in from the hall, she expectantly glances from them to him, waiting for him to set aside time for each of them as well—

But he doesn’t call even one other student up to his desk.

It’s an absolute blast watching her face fall with the realization that he might be singling her out. He takes bets with himself the entire lecture long on whether she’s going to call him out on it, ask him what the deal is, or whether she’ll just show up at his office door without a word of complaint.

By how she lingers at her desk after being dismissed, he knows she’s decided on the former.

Draco doesn’t make a show of waiting for her. He stands and packs up his things, so that by the time the rest of the students are gone, he’s already halfway to the door himself.

“Wait!” the girl calls. “Um, Professor Malfoy, if you have a minute...?”

“I don’t,” he says, but he stops anyway, still pointed towards the door so she might think he’ll keep on walking at any second.

She sidles up next to him, keeping a respectful distance. Her bookbag is clutched tight in her arms.

“Are you meeting with the other students as well?” she asks.

“And why would I do that?” Draco draws.

“About their essays,” she clarifies, voice fluttering like a bird. “Sir, if you’re not meeting with everyone else about their essays, I don’t see why—”

“Last I checked, Miss Granger, *everyone else’s* grades aren’t your concern. Just your own.” He glares down at her. “Do you have class at that time?”

“Well, no, but—”

“Good. Then I will see you at four.”

He makes to leave again, but her hand darts out to snag his sleeve. She immediately realizes her breach in etiquette and lets her hand drop. When he levels his gaze at her, she flinches.

“Sorry. I’m sorry. But, um...I don’t know where your office is.”

Draco adjusts his sleeve as if she’s somehow screwed it up. While scowling at the door, he explains where his office is located, then says, “If I’m late, wait outside the door,” though he knows full well he won’t be late. He’ll be waiting.

She nods and backs up a step, as if to release him. He almost snaps at her again—the thought that she could hold him anywhere is laughable—but he decides to save it.

As he leaves the room, he puts every ounce of his displeasure into his footsteps, because he knows she’s watching him go.

Let her be afraid.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

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

Draco's mother smelled like perfume. In the mornings when she woke him up and pulled him out of bed—no one else in the house could manage it except for her—she'd lean over the lump he'd made himself become and tug the covers down to reveal his head, and the first thing he'd smell was the dusky floral scent of her perfume. Since it was morning, it still had that tinge of alcohol, that bite, but later in the day if her migraines didn't keep her locked away in that darkened parlor of hers, the bite was gone.

If he woke up in the middle of the night and padded to her room, feigning a nightmare, she smelled like yesterday's flowers. Her pillow was caked with it.

The chefs his family employed, they always smelled like roasted garlic and the oil that dotted their aprons. His tutors brought in the reek of cigarette smoke, or sometimes old wood polish. The gardeners like a green smear of grass, although Draco wasn't so much allowed around them. His mother said they were "profane".

The housecleaners he never really saw, but he supposed they'd have smelled like bleach. Or dust.

His father wouldn't come to wake him up, or give him a hug of pride when he'd brought home yet another spectacular grade. No, his presence was that of a billowing cloud of rank smoke that would appear as if from nowhere, with little alarm and great consternation. Clogging your eyes and plugging up your lungs, that was always Draco's father. The man had an aura that could give you lung cancer just by hanging around him too much.

He'd lean in over his son's shoulder, maybe while the tutor was giving him yet another lesson on the latest technical analysis fads in the stock market—lean over, his long hair tumbling across Draco's sheet of responses, and Draco would get a big huff of fuel. Gasoline, almost sweet, that's what he'd smell from 'ole dad.

"Drill him again," his father would say, and the scent wafting off his tongue was like when Draco smashed his little fist into his bedroom wall and it had to be fixed. He'd waited until the contractors were gone, then put his nose right up close and sniffed the new, raw wall.

Like his father used a can of paint in Eggshell White for mouthwash every morning.

"Next week I'm going to loan you some play money, Draco. Turn it from ten grand into eleven before Christmas, or you'll be paying back the difference in hours of study."

Paint. Gas. Body odor, thick and hot coming from the place where his fathers limbs meet his torso, where the suits were most heavily starched.

Draco wouldn't glance over, but if he had, he'd have been greeted by one thin drool of snot pooling at the top of his father's sneered lip.

The guy had a cocaine problem. It was the nineties.

Draco knows what *he* smells like to his students. The scent he wears was specially formulated for him, ordered custom since the day he became an adult. He selected every note in the symphony of it, every plant simmered down to its essence.

He's been told it's got the biting cold of mint without the fresh, leafy undertone.

Granger is a full seven minutes early for their meeting, but she doesn't knock until after five of those have passed. He knows because he can hear her shuffling around outside his door, her shadow playing on the light that slides through the crack at the bottom. There's a dull thump where she perhaps presses her head to the wall. Moping or stressing.

By the time she knocks, he's already got his hand on the knob. He swings it right open while her hand's still raised, not bothering with some artifice of waiting a reasonable period of time.

He wants her to know that he was there, just on the other side of the door, while she had stood there and fretted.

It also has the intended effect of taking her completely off guard. The apology's halfway to her lips—he can see the gulp of it rising up her throat—when she realizes that all she's done is arrive at the appointed time like he asked her to.

She's an easy one to manipulate.

He stands to the side and waves her in, not bothering to open the door terribly wide, so she's forced to pass indecently close to him. Aside from a shiver of protest as she slips through, she does nothing to protest his lack of decorum.

She immediately folds her hands in front of her and launches into a well-prepared speech.

"Professor Malfoy, I thought that Benjamin Graham was a perfectly apt choice for my essay. After all, your assignment clearly stated—"

He cuts her off, not interested in hearing whatever story she managed to work up in her head about why she was the only one who got scheduled to meet with him about her essay. "I didn't invite you here to discuss your essay, Miss Granger. I thought that was obvious."

The color in her face leeches away. "Oh." Her eyes flicker past him to the closed door. "Then I suppose if we have nothing else to discuss, I'll need to be on my way."

He waits for her to manage one hesitant footstep forward before he clears his throat, freezing her in her tracks.

"I didn't realize I had excused you," he says, keeping his voice low so she'll do the same. He laces annoyance through every word.

Granger's eyes stutter back to his face, her hope for escape going wet and ashy.

How many people have taken advantage of this girl's innate innocence and desire—her *need*, her drive to the point of it being a survival trait—to please? How many have done as he does now and shaped the rules within their power to bring her under their will?

Not the boy, surely. Innocent and puff-cheeked as he is, chest all hot from finally impressing a girl enough to lure her on dates. He knows nothing of *taking*.

It floats across her face, the thought that this meeting might be exactly what she hadn't dared to fear. It had probably seemed absurd to her—a professor luring a student to this office for nefarious reasons. A porn plot more than a real thing that might happen.

Her innocence is intoxicating.

She tries to smile. "Then what would you like to discuss, sir?"

Sir. Another one of those perks of being an authority figure. He can hardly count the number of times he's gotten off to the memory of near-faceless students referring to him that way.

"How have you enjoyed your new hair?" he asks.

"Very much, sir, thank you. It was an extremely generous gift. I didn't even know my hair could look like this."

Draco slides his hands in his pockets, feeling the shift of his muscles flexing as he moves his weight from one leg to the other. "Has it afforded you a fair bit of attention?"

She's getting antsy. Plucking at the bit of fabric that's come loose at the front of her shirt, playing with her own fingers. "Maybe a little bit at first," she responds after a moment, "but that's just how people are. They notice a new thing on someone, they comment."

It's here that Draco takes his first step forward. "It hasn't *all* died back, though. The attention."

Granger is nudged backwards just as he'd hoped. "I...I'm afraid I don't know what you mean," she mumbles.

He tilts his head. "You've made friends, haven't you?"

"Yes, a few." She gives him a tiny smile etched with pride, as if for a moment his advance is forgotten. "They're my first at university. I haven't had a lot of time for socializing yet."

He takes another step, then another. "Have any of these new friends in particular become especially close with you?"

Grange's smile falls. "Um," she chokes out. "Um." Her heel trips on the carpet and she catches herself on his bookcase.

Draco lifts his brows. "You do understand what I'm asking, don't you?"

The poor thing, she just shakes her head, cheeks going sallow. She takes that last step back and hits the wall, then jumps as if she couldn't possibly have seen it coming.

It's an easy thing to close the distance until they're toe to toe. She's framed in by the bookcase and the corner. Nowhere to run.

If she were a braver girl—if she were more confident in her boundaries, in her ability to bust out of this situation, she might scream. In fact, she might still react that way if he pushes too hard, too fast.

It's thrilling to walk that line.

For a moment Draco enjoys the sensation of looming over her, the way her eyes avoid his. Then he leans down until his lips are just a hair's breadth away from her temple.

Letting his breath set the baby hairs of her hairline aquiver, he murmurs, "You have a boyfriend, Miss Granger."

She lets out a shaky breath. He can finally smell her, the musk of her anxiety leaking through twelve hours' worth of antiperspirant. It's not unpleasant by any means, reminding him of the way a room gets when no one's entered it for a while. Earthy.

Draco hunted out those rooms in his childhood home. There was always at least one waiting.

He hadn't exactly asked her a question, and with his face so close her mind seems to have fallen into a deep thicket, so there's a nice long pause before she answers. "I...guess I do. He's a couple years up, and we share some classes. He's been very nice."

Draco closes the tiny distance and lets his lips brush over her skin.

"Well, how lucky for you," he murmurs, the dark note in his tone so obvious that a shudder wracks her body.

"Stop, please," she whispers.

In response, Draco can only suffer a shudder of his own. How perfect she sounds as she begs.

He traces the tip of his nose down over her cheekbone, brushing her hair aside so he can feel the line of her jaw with his lips all the way to where it curves into her ear. Then he dips down lower, to her neck.

Soft. Sweet. She wore perfume today, the cheap kind, but it's so faded by the hours that he can only smell it now, with his nose to her skin.

She should be running right now. Pushing him away with her trembling hands. Maybe she's not so innocent as she seems, this one. Maybe a part of her is flush with excitement at the idea of getting raunchy with a teacher.

"Just how nice is he?" Draco asks. "Nice enough to let go when you tell him to?"

Her pulse is going nuts, the throb of her artery separated from him by only the barest bit of skin.

She lets out a ghost of a whimper. Her hands hover somewhere between them, undecided as she is how much she can fight this situation. “Let go of...?” she asks, confusion setting her voice high and thin.

“Of you.”

“Why would I tell him to let go of me?”

Draco reaches up and slides the strap of her book bag off her shoulder, letting it fall to their feet with a thump that has her flinching. “You’re going to break up with him. Today. Tonight. I don’t care what reason you give, just that you make it happen, and quickly.”

“Wh-what?” She pushes back into the wall, but there’s nowhere to go. “Professor Malfoy, I’m not sure that I understand.”

He slips his hand up to cup the other side of her neck to keep her in place while he runs his mouth over her skin. His teeth graze against her, and she whimpers again. “What’s not to understand?” he asks. “I feel that I’ve made myself perfectly clear. Tonight, you will be dumping your boyfriend.”

Her curls brush his cheek. They smell like rosemary from the product, though he catches an undertone of plastic coconut and lime, the candied versions used in cheap shampoos rather than the real versions you’d find in food.

“But I like him,” the girl whispers.

He sighs, warming her with his breath. “Most girls like their boyfriends. What precisely is your point?”

“I haven’t snuck into your classroom again.” Her voice holds that edge of a last minute excuse.

“I know you haven’t—and I’m just *thrilled* that you’ve finally learned how to follow instructions. I assume you will continue the trend of obedience with this most recent command.”

“Command?”

Draco winds his other hand around her back and tugs her body against his. He needs to feel her against him, feel her acquiesce in every way. “I’m not asking. You will break up with him, and you will do it quick.” He drops his voice to a murmur. “Don’t make me punish you, Miss Granger. I fear I would enjoy it far too much.”

Her hands grasp at the fold of his blazer, and then at the black dress shirt beneath, then jerks back as if she hadn’t expected to find his body there.

“I’m going to touch you,” he says.

Her voice shakes her response to whispered bits. “You’re already touching me, sir.”

“I’m going to touch you *more*,” he clarifies, “and I don’t want you moving while I do it.”

The hand on her back begins to drift, finding the curve of her hip that slides into her waist. His fingers play at her ribs, but she doesn’t so much as flinch. Maybe she’s not ticklish, or maybe she’s too terrified to be ticklish.

“P-professor Malfoy,” she says in a thin, high voice, “I think this might be inappropriate.”

He rolls his eyes. “I know. That’s why I like it. Now be quiet.”

Draco hasn’t gotten a fix like this for years, and he intends to enjoy it to the fullest. He won’t undress her, not today—but that doesn’t mean he can’t get the lay of her body. Satisfy his curiosity a bit.

He’d consider it jerk-off material, but he fully intends to let her take care of that in the near future.

He slides his hand between them, tracing the shape of that rounded little pocket of cushioning at the base of her belly, then runs up, up, fingers searching for braille.

There. He finds it where he remembers seeing it, just under the curve of her rib cage, a thick and jagged scar that causes the barest change in texture under her shirt. If he didn’t know to feel for it, he’d miss it entirely.

“What happened?” he asks against her neck. “What happened here?”

Beneath his hands, she’s gone frozen. Mute. She might not even be breathing.

“Did you hear me, Miss Granger?” He flicks his thumb across the mountainous crux of the scar, and she lets out a strangled sound. “Where’d you get this mark from?”

When she still doesn’t respond, he pulls back far enough to get a look at her face. Her freckles stand out harsh and unwelcome on her now-blanching face, and her head has rolled back to rest against the wall. Even her lips are pale.

Draco frowns and takes her jaw in his hand, shifting her chin. There’s a wavering attempt to focus her eyes, but she can’t seem to find his face with them.

Her chest rises and falls in a harsh staccato beat. Too quick.

A panic attack, maybe. It’s hard to say how much his assault contributed to this state, and how much is due to resurfacing memories from the scar. Perhaps its origin was more traumatic than he’d suspected.

Now he *really* wants to get to the bottom of that story. But one look at her hospital bed expression tells him he’s not getting anything more out of this girl today.

Whoops. Too far.

Draco carefully pulls away, keeping one hand at her face and the other at her side, just in case she's lost the faculties of her limbs as well. When he's sure that she's steady, he leads her to the chair set out in front of his desk and helps her sit.

Her movements remind him of a dancer, each one incredibly deliberate and lacking the hesitation and frenetic anxiety he's so used to seeing in her. She must be really out there.

But she's breathing, and her spine remains upright, so Draco doesn't bother with even a flicker of concern.

Thankfully he's got a small refrigerator behind his desk. It's stocked with nothing but sparkling water and airplane bottles of cheap liquor, so he grabs the water. He has to guide it into her hand, pressing her fingers into shape until some instinct buried in her body squeezes tight to grip the can.

Aside from that, she doesn't move. Her blank face points straight ahead, not one thought passing across her features.

Draco leans back against his desk and just watches her. Condensation begins to form on the can, dripping over her pale fingers. He'd help her drink, but she's more likely to choke on it if he tries pouring it down her throat himself. Worse yet, it could just dribble right back out and make a mess. His desk is teak, after all. Imported a month after Draco had started here, disgusted as he was by the shitty glossed pine debacle the university had provided for his use.

Minutes pass and her blinks become less regular. Her tongue darts out to wet her lips, and her breathing goes choppy, but slower. Shoulders slump.

Eventually—and it's a long ass eventually, but Draco affords her some patience, just this once—the color begins to emerge and her eyes slither across the landscape of his office to find him. She seems to startle, perhaps not recalling being moved.

He folds his hands across his lap and nods down at her. "Drink," he says.

She takes her time blinking up at him, then eventually points her face down. In her surprise she nearly drops the can, only barely saving it from spilling.

She drinks from it with both hands gripping the can like a kid would. It's oddly endearing.

"Good," he says stiffly. "When you're ready, you can go."

That seems to give her some incentive. She shakily nods and takes a few more sips. She stands up before the life has fully returned to her skin, but Draco doesn't stop her, though he notes her trembling knees. Whatever that little episode was, she's going to need the night to recover from it.

He'd offer to walk her home, but he's already done his gentlemanly part. Even just voicing the offer might send her into another convulsion.

She goes to set the can on his desk and Draco slides his palm beneath it before she can make contact. Has the girl never heard of water stains?

“Sorry,” she mumbles as he takes the can from her and promptly dumps it in the trash.

And then she’s toddling towards the door. Annoyance once again leaks into his voice when he stops her with, “Miss Granger.”

She half-turns, terror clouding her eyes until he nods at her book bag still slumped in the corner.

Chapter End Notes

I just remembered that I was going to name these chapters before I started posting this fic. Woops. Do you guys ever look at chapter names? I sometimes put a lot of effort into them but other times (usually for shorter stories) I just can't be bothered.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

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

Yeah, he shouldn't be messing around with a student. That's a give in.

But setting aside rules and regulations and the grand 'ole Board of Education, he also shouldn't have to watch her prance around with her dumbfuck art major boyfriend.

Not him. Not Draco Malfoy, son of a medical empire. Nope.

He didn't kiss all that smartypants ass and pay out all the *generous, no-strings-attached funding* that he did just to play by everyone else's rules.

And the girl, he has to give it to her. She really tries to seem like she's being obedient.

Her boyfriend stops showing up outside his lecture room door to walk her to her next class. When Draco's stalking across campus and happens to catch sight of Granger or the boyfriend, it's never at the same time anymore. Never together.

When she hustles past his desk, she doesn't smell like drug store cologne. Once he said the word, Granger set to work scrubbing every snaggle-bitten nail and hair of her unwanted barnacle of a boyfriend from her life.

But she missed a spot.

Perhaps she thought that since he's a bit older, he wouldn't be privy to social media. She doesn't have too many accounts laying around out there—at least, ones attached to her name and overall likeness—but thankfully for him, her typical fastidiousness doesn't extend online. Her privacy settings are shit.

“Just *shit*,” he murmurs to himself, scrolling through her recent posts. “Might need to give this girl another lesson.”

Two weeks after hour zero of her supposed break-up, Granger posts a precious-to-hell selfie of her and her rosy-nosed boyfriend down at the park. His grin takes up half the photo and her adorable everywhere hair takes up the rest.

Liar, liar, pants on fire.

If she wanted to force his hand, she could just see him after class instead of making a big show about it. The girl is just *begging* for a real punishment.

He doesn't really believe that, of course. She's just a broke first year university student, newly invigorated by a hairdo she can finally be proud of, and some overstepping asshole of a professor keeps getting in her business about what she can or cannot do.

He needs to leave her alone, and *now*, before he crosses the line from inappropriate into criminal.

So naturally, fifteen minutes before class is set to start, he waits at his door. When Granger comes flouncing up, proudly and supposedly single, he snags her by the arm and pulls her close enough that he can murmur in her ear.

“My office. Same time. Don’t be fucking late.”

The entire hour and a half of lecture, her face is so pale he could ski down the slopes of it. Her eyes don’t stray higher than his feet, not once. She takes notes perfect as ever, though. Not a letter out of place.

And even though she must be batshit terrified, she’s not even a minute late to his office. In fact, she’s just over three minutes early.

Draco opens the door and stares at her trembling there, an abandoned housecat if he ever saw one. The poor thing is the very picture of rained-on and she’s not even wet.

“Well?” he says. “Get in.”

She hustles past him, cringing away from him as she does, but the doorway’s only so wide and her arm inadvertently brushes his hip. That alone feels like a win, even considering what he’s about to do to her.

“Stand at my desk.” He shuts the door and locks it just to make her hear the click. No one’s going to come knocking, not this late. He wants that lock weighing in her chest.

How scared can he really get her before she goes running?

Then he comes up behind her and slips the bag from her shoulder, depositing it on the floor. If she forgets it this time, he’s not going to remind her—she can come sniveling back tomorrow. Maybe he’ll even make her earn it.

He’s getting ahead of himself again.

The poor girl’s already trembling, the little curly hairs in a halo around her head vibrating with fear. Draco stares down at her scalp and grins, just to himself.

He sucks in a long breath, as if he could taste her should he just breathe hard enough.

She starts talking first. “I’m sorry if I—”

“You didn’t dump your silly little boyfriend, did you, Miss Granger?”

Her head tilts the tiniest bit to the side, as if she’s half considering turning around and confronting him face to face. Instead she thinks better of it and cowers closer to the desk, though there’s not much room to run, and Draco is quick to follow her. His chest brushes the back of her head.

“I did, sir,” she says, her voice already cutting down to a mere mumble. “I swear.”

“You *swear*?” he repeats. He reaches up to where her sleeve meets skin and traces an ‘x’ over her upper arm. “I’d think you would have learned your lesson about lying to me, Miss Granger.”

She crosses her arms. Her shoulders are hunching up tighter by the second. “He’s—he’s a nice boy, and—”

Draco leans forward to grip the desk on either side of her, trapping her in. Granger immediately lets out a whoosh of air, the cousin of a gasp. She gets so panicked when he forces her into a corner—and yet somehow, she always lets him do it.

Naive little thing.

“So full of shit,” he says through gritted teeth. “I told you to dump him. In fact, I made it *extraordinarily clear*. Didn’t I, Granger? And yet you continue to dance around town with him.”

Her voice pitches higher. “It’s not your concern what I do or who I do it with.” He’s shocked to find actual defiance in her tone, the kind he’s never heard from her before. What could be fueling her? What could be pushing her to fight back after so much humble acquiescence?

The blood rushes from his face and his eyes flutter closed. He’s wading knee-deep into that familiar madness, that fury he’s never been able to escape for long. The lust to break, to tear, to ruin.

He hums, shifting until his mouth is right near her ear. His hands come up to grip her biceps hard enough to hopefully leave some tasty bruises. She flinches, but doesn’t jerk away. She doesn’t tell him to stop.

Interesting.

“I would like to beat you absolutely raw,” he murmurs, “right here, right now. But unfortunately for us, there are others in this building who might hear. So I’m afraid your real punishment will have to wait.”

Perhaps it’s the way his voice has shifted low and rough, or how he digs his fingers into her skin, but the small amount of fight she’s mustered up drains right of her.

“Punishment?” she squeaks.

“Did you think I was just going to let you get away with it?” He drops one hand and shifts the other up until it’s resting against her neck. He doesn’t put any pressure behind it, just brushes his thumb over her pulse point and enjoys the feeling of her swallowing under his palm.

“Professor Malfoy,” she whispers, but whatever the rest of her sentence was supposed to be, she loses it.

So soft. So delicate. If only she had the proper lotion to really make her skin shine, make it downy as a goddamn goose pillow.

He has so much he can give her.

“Bend over,” he murmurs. “Bend right down over my desk. Cheek to the wood.”

He withdraws his hands and gives her a helpful nudge at her lower back, but the girl doesn’t bend. She’s stiff as a ruler with her eyes straight forward.

“I thought I’d made myself clear on what I’d like you to do now. Are you going to obey, or are you going to make me force you?”

“You can’t push me around like this, sir,” she mumbles, but there’s no meat in her voice. “You’re—it’s not appropriate.”

“Is that so?” He threads his fingers into her hair, gripping tight for a moment before going slack again. “That’s a truly enlightening analysis, Miss Granger, but I’m afraid your options remain the same. Bend over, or I will beat you until you do, and never mind anyone who hears.”

A tremor runs through her frame at the anger that deepens and roughens his voice, but she continues to stand tall. “I’ll report you,” she says.

Draco jerks her head to the side so he can run his nose down her neck. “Just you try it, Granger. You’re not the first hole I’ve had to stuff full of money and influence to get out of an accusation. If you think I don’t have the best goddamn PR people on the planet, then you’re not nearly the brownnoser I thought you were.”

Her pulse quickens against his lips. “Please?” she whispers.

And with that, he knows he’s won.

“Bend over,” he spits, and without waiting for her to respond, he pulls his hand out of her hair, plants it on her upper back, and shoves with such force that she falls forward. She manages to get her hands out in front of her in time.

Lucky. Otherwise, he might’ve broken her nose with that one.

Draco gives himself a silent scolding. He’s not supposed to be shitting where he eats, but he’s been so pent-up. A thousand escorts in a row would do next to nothing, even if he got to be brutal with them.

It’s Granger’s delicate knee-knocking pain that he desires. It’s her unique brand of embarrassment and fear that he wants to lap up.

“I don’t want to get rough with you,” he lies, “but if you insist on annoying me with your defiance, I’ll have no other choice. Cheek to the wood, now, and keep your palms flat. Don’t test me.”

She lowers herself all the way down and poses exactly as he'd requested, except she slides one hand over her own eyes. He considers ordering her to remove it, but he finds himself enjoying the innocence in the gesture and opts to let her have this one tiny concession.

Draco takes the hem of her skirt and with a flick, tosses it up so it gathers at her waist, revealing a black-nylon-clad ass. The faint hem of her underwear makes lines that criss-cross with the nylons' stitching.

He inches his fingers under the waistband of her tights, then tugs those down to the top of her thighs.

Granger doesn't move—she doesn't even flinch, as if she's turned her body off—but she lets out a tiny, pitiful whimper, like the dying breath of a mouse.

He scowls at her underwear. White Hanes with the baby-stitched leg holes, a faded pattern of Little House on the Prairie flowers, and a ragged hole near the hip. "You can do a lot better than this," he scoffs, sticking his finger in the hole and yanking those down as well.

And then his mind is suddenly silent.

He'd wondered about freckles, and there's an instant of disappointment at the lack thereof before he truly takes in the creamy wash of her skin. Not a scar, not a blemish in sight. Just the sweet, rounded curve of an ass held taut hardly inches from his cock.

Draco suppresses a groan and brushes his fingertips over her bare hip, dipping into the red lines left by her underwear pinching tight.

He'll dress her up in silk, in lace, in thongs so miniscule that their only possible purpose would be to poke out of her jeans in a show of what's beneath.

He can't tear her down until he's brought her up to her potential.

Outside, someone—a janitor, an errant student, whomever—walks past the door, and Granger tenses up, her legs squeezing tight together. A muscle in her ass twitches. She doesn't yell for help.

Draco clicks his tongue, privately pleased. Even now, being subjected to literal assault, she's afraid of getting caught. As if she could be painted as anything but the victim here.

His hand slips down and tickles at the crux of her thighs. "Open up, now," he murmurs.

Granger pulls in a shuddering breath and scoots her feet far enough apart that he can slide his shoe between hers. He curves his hand over her bare pussy.

"Did you shave for me," he asks, mouth twisting, "or was it for your precious boyfriend?"

Her response is so quiet he can't actually make out the word, but he knows what the answer is. Of course she didn't shave for him. None of this—the done-up curls, the flouncy skirt, the hairless lips of her pussy—in her eyes, none of it was for him.

He pulls back until just his fingertips graze her skin, then draws them through her legs, caressing her clit as he does. When he gets to her cunt he pauses.

When he traces her delicate hole, she lets out a terrified whimper.

Draco hums, circling it. Lord, but she's tight—he can tell even from the outside. More interesting than that is the wetness he finds. There's far too much for it to be merely ordinary discharge, and anyway, it feels slicker than that. He probes deeper, curious.

His lips part, and his other hand finds her hip again, gripping it tight as if she might run.

“Miss Granger,” he says, “why didn't you mention that you're a virgin?”

She jerks forward, the edge of the desk surely biting into her belly. “Um,” is all she gets out.

He presses his thumb to her hole and draws his other fingers back over her pussy. He bets his rings are awful cold on her skin, and he makes sure to nudge one of the bulkier ones over her clit, letting it catch on the edge.

“Does your boyfriend know?” he asks, throat constricting.

“We're not—” she rasps, then swallows. “We haven't—yet.”

She hasn't taken one peek from behind that hand. Not even a little one to make sure he's not about to do anything nefarious. Well, *more* nefarious.

Trusting? Naive? Or merely forcing herself into denial? Perhaps something else entirely?

“If you can't see yourself, it's not happening to you. Is that it?” he asks. “Or are you merely embarrassed at how bad you secretly want it?”

Granger sucks her lower lip into her mouth and bites for a long moment. “I don't want this,” she squeaks out.

“Not what I asked,” he drawls. He swirls his fingers once over her clit, then pulls away, snagging a tissue to wipe his fingers. “Up,” he says. “Get yourself presentable.”

He steps back and yet for a long moment, she doesn't move. He can practically smell her brain working from here, sifting the sounds and shapes of his words until they make sense. At least she isn't going catatonic like last time.

He makes a mental note to ask her about that once he's got her at his mercy. That and the scar.

Her hand falls away from her eyes, and she glances back to make sure he's truly moved away. Her mouth is curved into this little frown, almost a pout.

Then, all elbows and flying hair, she stands up and yanks her bottoms up so fast that a long run punctuated by a hole appears on one thigh of the nylons. A strip of skin pokes through.

“You insist on being stubborn about this whole boyfriend thing.” Draco leans against the wall and tucks his hands away. “Though you don’t exactly strike me as the dishonest type. I doubt you would annoy me on purpose, timid as you are, so I have to assume you’re merely underestimating the amount of trouble I can get you in.”

“The rules—”

“Oh, you do love your *rules*, Miss Granger,” he sneers. “I’m not referring to getting you in trouble with the school, although of course I very well could. I’m referring to trouble with *me*.” He shifts his jaw. “I’m giving you a new rule: no boyfriends. Come over here, and bring your phone with you.”

Her foot shifts against the carpet so it points to the door. Maybe she really does consider fleeing for one clock tick, but after that second has passed she’s bending over to root through her grimy bag. Pulling out her phone. Dragging herself as close to him as she can bear to stand.

“Unlock it and pull up your boyfriend’s text thread.”

She presses her thumb to the screen and tilts it straight-ways so he can’t see even one pixel. Draco rolls his eyes and snaps his fingers.

“Do it so I can see. Turn around and move closer for Christ’s sake.”

She obeys but hesitantly, her body like a medicine cap that doesn’t want to come untwisted. Child lock on. She flips to her texts screen, and then to the name ‘Michael’.

Michael. Michael with a fucking heart emoji at the end.

“Type it out,” he says. “Dump him. Say you don’t date future middle school art teachers.”

She blanches. “I can’t say that.”

“Then tell him you’re not ready for a relationship right now. Frankly I don’t care what you say, so long as he knows you’re through. Keep your screen where I can see it and start typing.”

The keyboard comes up and she starts typing, thumbs hitting the letters fat so she has to backspace at nearly every single word. Progress is slow, but that’s fine.

If he lets her go tonight, will she sprint to the nearest open ear and weep about what her mean old professor made her do behind the locked door of his office?

He guesses she won’t. And he wasn’t lying about having a bang-up fabulous PR firm ready to swing at a moment’s notice, but if it’s all the same, he’d rather not use that. Means he would have to walk on eggshells for months afterward and Draco only just got out of his father’s last PR purgatory. He’s not keen on going back to the public tiptoe.

So he’s got to scare her silent. It’s the responsible thing to do.

Her message is coming along just swell. *Sorry if this is out of the blue but I've been thinking a lot and I'm just not ready for a relationship right now. I'm sorry to do this over text. I'm a coward.*

Draco snorts. "A regular Catholic, you are. You've got the self-flagellation down pat, Granger."

To his surprise, she looks back and gives him a solid glare. "I'm not Catholic. And it's not self-flagellation if you're making me do it."

There's the fire. He can work with that. Catatonia, no, but this? This he can pour over a bowl of noodles and serve up for dinner.

"You want me to show you how it's done, then?" he asks icily.

She shakes her head and gets back to typing, even waiting for his final nod of approval before sending.

"He's nice," Granger says, her shoulders wilting.

Draco rolls his eyes again. "Yeah, *that's* why I'm forcing you to dump him. I didn't think he was nice enough for you."

"Then why are you?" she asks. Her eyes are trained on the little bubble of words she just sent Michael's way. "Why can't I date him?"

He pulls away from the wall and leans over her, his lips finding her temple. "Because I have other plans for you."

The sound of a tiny water droplet hitting the pane of her phone screen interrupts him. They both glance down.

Is this why you've been so distant at school?

"And those plans," Draco says, looping his hand beneath her hair to cup her neck again, "do not involve some nobody playboy getting into your pants."

Another raindrop. *Please don't do this. I really like you Hermione.*

The girl sniffs. Maybe she's crying over him. Maybe she really, really liked him. Loved him, that freshman love with the too-sweet fondant ribbons and bows draped around it. Manufactured love, Hallmark love.

All the better.

It's not fun unless you hurt when it's over. However much it hurts her to dump this guy, Draco hopes it doubles tomorrow, because she doesn't deserve a clean, emotionless break after lying through her teeth the way that she did.

Can we be friends?

Draco nudges his nose along her skin. “Tell him ‘no’. Then delete his number. I’ll watch you do it.”

Her tears roll past her jaw to meet his hand still lazily roaming her neck. She slicks up his thumb, his knuckle, his palm with salt water.

And suddenly Draco decides that he won’t scare her silent after all. He’s done sharing this girl.

“You’ll be accompanying me to my home tonight,” he murmurs. “So hurry it up.”

No. Sorry, Michael.

Chapter End Notes

Here we gooooooooooooo. Place your bets now on what the dude's got planned for our sweet darling Hermione.

Chapter 7

The best whores are the ones you hire during the daytime. The best drugs are the ones you buy on a Tuesday afternoon. They come vacuum-sealed, not zipped in a baggie. The drugs, not the whores. The whores come fully clothed and clothed *well*, with a flip-case full of business cards slipped into their back pocket.

The best crimes are committed when the sun's out, because most folks won't think they're seeing a crime at all.

Draco checks his watch on their way out, noting the time. Thank god his office isn't far from the entrance. They don't meet a single person as they leave, which is great, because a student and a professor walking out into the dark parking lot together is not a great look.

Especially since he's already done it once before with her. Pushing his luck, as always. He would've done better to plan this as a morning getaway—but then again, he wasn't supposed to be planning anything with this girl.

He shows her to his car and has to nudge her down into the passenger seat. She seems almost frozen, as if unable to decide whether she wants to go along with this or not. He watches, bemused, as she fumbles with the seatbelt.

They're past the point of normal student-teacher power dynamics. No way in hell would Granger honestly believe that by refusing to come home with him, she would land herself in academic trouble. No, she's doing this—at least in part—because she wants to.

She doesn't talk on the way over and neither does he. Draco obeys every traffic law, letting others merge first and using his blinker every single time. He doesn't even speed.

They pull into the underground parking for his high-rise. Draco knows where the blind spots are on all the security cameras and he leads her right through them, not a hair on her pretty head getting caught in a shot. They ride the elevator up, Draco on one side and Granger on the other, neither making eye contact.

The door swings open and there's his condo in all its soulless glory. She immediately starts sucking it all in, her bag forgotten by the door. She probably knows which high-strung artist painted every single overpriced piece of art hanging on his walls, probably can identify which of his fur throw blankets come from endangered animals.

"Don't get too comfortable," he says. "I know it must be a treat to see where the oh-so-elusive Malfoy son lives, but I'll ask you to stay focused. I didn't bring you here to lollygag around."

"Um," Granger says, eyeing the dark door at the end of the hall. "What exactly did you bring me here for, Professor?"

“Was it not clear?” he asks in a dry tone. He nods towards the very door she was staring at before. “Just down there. Head on inside, won’t you? I’ll follow momentarily. And keep your hands to yourself while you’re in there, if you don’t mind.”

She wrings her hands, then does her frightened baby deer walk down the hallway, giving him one last glance over her shoulder before entering the room.

The room.

Draco pulls off his jacket and methodically rolls up his shirtsleeves. All the while he’s picturing her bare ass, her unprotected neck, the scar ravaging her belly. Places he shouldn’t be touching.

It would be one thing if he was just going to sleep with the girl. Professors do that sometimes; in fact, he’s covered for a few of his fellows with the intent that he might someday need them to pay it forward. Sex with a student is messy, but it’s not a mess he can’t clean up.

But this Granger girl isn’t one he could idly fuck and let loose. His urges towards her would have her running to the police the moment he unlocks the handcuffs. Before he even gets his dick back in his pants, she’d be tattling to anyone who would listen—and she’d have the bruises to show for it.

It’s easy to tell himself that a quick little punishment will be enough for him. That he’ll be able to stop himself. But that’s only because by telling himself that, he’s granting himself permission to move forward with this terrible, no good idea. The idea of touching her here, alone. Touching her how he truly wants to.

Draco adjusts his watch and walks down the hallway. She’d left the door open just a crack, and when he shuts it behind himself, she jumps.

“Touch anything?” he asks. It almost makes him laugh to see her posed there right in the center of the room, her hands clutched tight to her chest as if she might accidentally bring the building down should she make one wrong move.

Granger shakes her head. She doesn’t so much as glance back at the numerous implements hung from the wall, even though she must’ve been ogling them right up until the moment he walked in. “What is this place?” she asks.

“It’s where I punish girls who deserve it.”

He slips his hands in his pockets and does his careful predator stalk towards her. He loves this part, the part just before everything breaks.

Not everything. Just a few swats with the paddle, or the whip, or my hand. Nothing beyond that.

If he were taking a lie detector test, the needle would be running off the chart. Scratching at the table. Scrabbling for purchase, pushed out of whack by the fibs he tells himself.

He's already crossed the line, and he knows it.

To her credit, the girl tries to be brave. "It looks almost sterile, actually." She presses the toe of her shoe into the floor. "Is it foam?"

"Rubber. And it *is* sterile—or it can be. I had it made special."

He steps right up close to her and oh, the fear coming off of her is enough to make his stomach growl. The lights are set to a comfortably dim warmth, and they highlight the red in her hair.

Draco reaches up and winds his fingers through the curly strands, then grips tight and leans in so he can speak right in her ear. "Just do exactly as I say. Or don't—I'd be happy to double your punishment."

She gasps at his arm and whimpers.

"Will you be good?" he asks.

"Y-yes," she chokes out, tears filling her eyes.

He can't help but notice how she's dropped the titles. He doesn't much like that. "Yes, *what?*"

"Yes, Professor!" she cries.

He shoves her away so hard that she stumbles a few steps. This room holds several pieces of furniture, all of which can be fitted together to form creative shapes. He picks one that resembles a bench and drags it to the center of the room, then points at it.

"Over there," he says, snapping his fingers once. "Kneel on the bench, facing to the side. Now."

She scrambles to obey and it sends a heavy thrill through him. How far could he push her before she began to fight back? How much could she withstand before her frantic subservience would crack to pieces? He assumes she holds at least a minor attraction towards him—most women he meets do. How long until that attraction would twist under his onslaught into something darker, something terrifying and sick and hateful?

He smiles to himself. She was done for the second she signed up for his course. He shoves the thought away, but it's a half-hearted gesture at best.

I have all the goddamn self-control in the world.

Once she's kneeling there, he taps the bench. "Now bend over until your face touches the bench, and lift your ass in the air."

Her lip trembles but she still doesn't hesitate, leaning forward so her cheek rests on the stain-proof polypropylene. Perhaps she's taking his threat of a double punishment to heart.

It's a good thing, too, because should she lapse just once, he would have to watch her scramble to apologize, and all the while he would be concocting more punishments. More excuses to keep her in this room. She might be here all night.

Can't have that.

She grips the edges of the bench and shifts her knees back, raising her butt until it's presented good and high for him.

Draco brushes her skirt back and draws down her nylons, but keeps her underwear as they are. Then he leaves her there for a moment, poised and ready, as he paces along the walls.

So many toys. So many options.

Will the riding crop suffice? Or should he bring out the cane, really let her feel his anger? How much can the girl take before she screams?

"Have you ever been hit before?" he calls over his shoulder.

"No, sir," is the barely-there reply.

He scoffs. "No wonder you're so insufferable in my class. I think a little corporal punishment will do you good, Miss Granger."

He lands on the paddle, the thinner one pocked with holes. Just the weight of it in his hand sends his self-control dipping, leaving his brain to the animal part of him that wants to beat and rip and tear.

Draco positions himself behind her. He clears his throat and stretches his neck to the side.

"It'll be alright," he murmurs more to himself than to the girl. Then he brings the paddle down across her ass.

Her knuckles go white and she lets out a yelp. The sound sends shockwaves through Draco's body. This poor little thing, this victim who practically crawled right into his lap, she has no idea the effect her pain has on him.

He could hit her for days.

Draco slides his palm down the surface of the paddle and watches her tremble there on the bench. She can't see him from this position and he prefers it that way. Better to keep her scared and guessing.

He smacks her with the paddle again, harder, and though she had braced herself better this time around, she still lets out another cry.

So sweet. He'd pull her underwear down but he likes the picture of her ugly Wal-Mart Hanes getting pummeled. There will be time later down the road to punish her bare ass and watch it redden from hit after hit. Watch how the flush turns to raised welts, how it spreads down her thighs as his smacks roam lower...

Fantasies. He's not making plans. He's going to let this girl run free the moment her punishment is done, just as he's supposed to.

Yeah, right.

Draco initially decides on five smacks, but when he reaches five he ups it to ten. After that he stops counting, only stopping when the girl is sniffing and shaking head to toe.

He drops the paddle with a *thunk* and crooks a finger beneath her underwear. She whimpers and tries to squirm away.

"Quit that," he says, tugging down the waistband just enough to get a glimpse of bright, inflamed red. "I'm only checking."

But it's a lie, because his finger keeps going until the underwear have dropped to her mid-thighs where the nylons still rest. The more of her skin that's revealed, the more he needs to see. He's really done a number on her ass. Sitting will hurt for a week at least, maybe longer, and she's definitely going to bruise to all hell.

His cock strains hard against his slacks at the image.

Between her thighs he catches just a glimpse of her shaved pussy glinting with moisture—too much to be anything but arousal.

Touching her is the gateway to hell, so naturally Draco finds his fingertips drifting over her ruined ass cheek, tracing the indents in the prints left by the paddle's holes. He follows the curve down between her legs and though she presses them tight together, she can't keep him out. Not in this position.

She's so *warm* and even wetter than he'd thought. As his fingers glide through her folds, she grows slick and messy, and he happily spreads that around. He brushes her clit and she makes a strangled sound that has him adjusting himself in his pants with his other hand.

"Stop," she whispers from the other end of the bench. "Please—please stop, Professor Malfoy."

He can't help the groan that finds its way out of him. "I wasn't aware that you were such a masochist, Miss Granger, but I suppose I shouldn't be surprised. The quiet ones often are."

He pets her with even, soft strokes, taking a break every now and again to gather more wetness from her hole. She just keeps leaking.

"No more, please!" she cries out, but there's an edge of desperation to her tone that wasn't there before.

Draco smiles and presses on her clit. "Are you about to come, Granger?"

"N-no," she mumbles. "Just—I'd just like you to stop, sir."

When he peeks around to get a glimpse of her face, she's beet red with her eyes squeezed shut.

"You're a terrible liar," he says. Nonetheless, he lets his hand drop away, but not out of mercy. Quite the opposite, in fact. "You can sit up now."

It takes her a moment to get her bearings. She draws herself upright and into a halfway seated position, her legs tucked beneath her. Doesn't even bother pulling up her underwear or nylons, poor thing. In her eyes she's got that glazed look of unspent arousal. She's halfway to subspace and he hadn't even been trying.

The only thing better than working up a girl is getting right to the finish line and then denying her entirely. She can't even complain because it's what she asked for.

Draco gives her a moment to find her brain again. This is the part where he lets her get up and walk out the door. He sends her on home and masturbates a couple times before he sleeps away his disappointment.

Why did she have to be a student? Why couldn't he have found her the same way he did all the other girls—homeless, desperate for cash, and too hungry to bother reading the fine print, or else strung up so high on illegal substances that he had to form his hand around theirs to work the signatures? His father will kill him if he lands himself on a list of suspects.

It's too messy. He's resisted taking students before. He'll let her go, then work her over for another month until she lets him fuck her. She won't tell a soul, and he'll get what he wants.

Naturally, the plan falls straight to the floor like dry pasta tossed at the wall.

Draco plants a hand on her shoulder and shoves her so she's sprawled across the bench, this time face up. She doesn't even fight it, just wrings her hands against her chest, but he snags them anyway and pins them above her head.

"You must excuse my curiosity, Miss Granger." His words come out hot and low. He leans over her, propping up one knee on the bench. "But I just have to know..."

Now that he's got her trapped she starts to squirm again, but he pays her no mind as he finds the hem of her shirt and draws it up until the dusty white of her bra peeps out. He traces his fingertips around the jagged edges of her scar. Her belly jumps beneath his touch.

"Where'd you get this?" he asks.

The arousal has drained right out of her face, leaving her frighteningly pale. She gawks at him—*past* him—and doesn't say a word in response.

He pinches her side and she comes back online, blinking furiously.

"What's the scar from?" he asks again. "Dog bite? Fight with a chainsaw? Must've been something good for you to keep wiggling out every time I touch it."

She's still somewhat frozen in terror, but she manages to get out the words, "My uncle."

He raises his eyebrows. “Your uncle did this? What’d you do to make your uncle gut you like a fish?”

She shakes her head. “Um,” is all she says.

Draco goes back to tracing the scar. “Tell me.”

She seems to realize that the only way out is through, so she finds her words and starts talking. “He—it was at a family get-together. I was only nine. My uncle was, um, not right. He liked...kids. Wasn’t allowed alone with any of us.”

“Just another family protecting a predator,” he says. The irony isn’t lost on him; if Granger had any real gumption, she would’ve reported him long ago for his inappropriate conduct. No wonder she didn’t—she’s used to keeping that shit to herself. “Go on.”

“Everyone kept a close watch on him, and I guess—I guess he couldn’t take it anymore. He tried to sneak me away at a birthday party, but my mom saw him and shouted, so he grabbed the knife—” Her eyes squeeze shut and she swallows hard, throat bobbing. “He wasn’t going to hurt me. That’s what he kept saying, but the knife was poking so hard into my stomach and his hand on my shoulder was so tight that I got bruises for every finger. Everyone was yelling and he was yelling too, and then my mom got too close—”

“So he stabbed you,” he finishes. “Tore into you, more like. What the hell sort of knife was it to make this kind of mark?”

“I don’t know,” she says.

He clicks his tongue and watches her face go paler. “You’re quite worked up about it still. Never got over it, huh?”

“I guess not, sir.”

She’s not moving, not fighting. He shakes his head and says, “Letting the past drag you down like that makes you weak. You really ought to figure yourself out, Granger. Perhaps I can help you.”

Her eyes finally refocus. “N-no thank you, Professor.”

Draco makes his expression solemn and nods slowly. “Yes. I think I can help you put all this behind you.”

“What are you going to do?” she whispers.

He releases her wrists and reaches around to his back pocket, finding his butterfly knife. It’s his smallest pocket knife, but it’ll do the trick just fine.

Draco flicks it open and sets the blade to her belly.

The moment she gets her eyes focused on what exactly he’s doing, she rushes straight past terrified into absolutely inconsolable. She pushes at his shoulders, gasping out pleas that

smear together in her mouth.

He puts more pressure into the blade, aiming it right at the center of her scar. “Just relax,” he tells her, bracing himself against the bench so he can lean in even closer. “You’re fine, Granger. Let it roll through you. Feel it for me, then let it pass.”

The words don’t even make it into her ears. She clenches at his shirt, then yanks her hands away and covers her face. She’s on the edge of hyperventilating.

And Draco drinks it all in. He licks his lips and presses harder. A tiny bead of blood rolls to the surface of that craggy scar tissue.

Granger’s hands move into her hair. She’s trying to get out a word—maybe *stop*—but she about bites her tongue off in the attempt.

Her trauma is seated a lot deeper than he’d thought. For all he knows, she has no idea where she is anymore.

It shouldn’t come as a surprise when her arm starts to swing.

Her elbow connects with his jaw. Bright lights scatter over his vision and Draco pulls away on instinct, stumbling back. He drops the knife and touches his jaw. It’s not broken, but it’ll be black and blue within a day.

“Didn’t know you had it in you,” he says, turning back to Granger—

—but she’s flying towards him, no longer sprawled helpless against the bench. He catches her wrists just in time but she just keeps on fighting, flailing, one ratty tennis shoe knocking him in the shin.

It sends him reeling. How’s he supposed to play nice with the girl if she’s writhing so hard in his grasp? How’s he supposed to keep his predatorial lust in check with her scrambling against him, the very picture of a desperate victim?

In this moment, that’s all she is to him. A victim. Prey to be caught.

Draco lets out a sharp laugh and releases her, only to slam his forearm into her face the way she’d done to him.

A sharp crack—and then she goes reeling backward. Blood begins to dribble out of her nose. She stumbles, then crumples to the floor.

Damnit.

He finds his knife where he’d dropped it and tucks it back in his pocket, then returns to the girl. She’s not unconscious, just dazed and in some amount of shock. Blood runs over her lips and chin. It’s going to stain her shirt pretty soon.

Well, that’s fine. That’s just fine.

Draco sighs and brushes his hair back. There's no more pretending that he has control over this situation anymore.

“Things just got rather sticky for you, Miss Granger,” he murmurs.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

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

While she bleeds onto his floor, Draco puts the paddle away and drags the bench back where it's supposed to go. Now that his decision is set in stone, he's in robot mode, doing what needs to be done. It's not so much that the lust has run out of him, but it's been set aside for later, given that he's finally accepted that there will be a 'later'.

His father's going to be furious. Draco's not usually so messy. *Don't shit where you eat*, that's what his father had hammered into Draco at the handover of that first specimen.

And Draco hadn't—until now.

But he's got some time before that happy day of guilty admission arrives.

He rummages through the chest of drawers dedicated to restraints and gags and all other manner of toys that he doesn't feel fit the aesthetic well enough to hang on his walls. The plate metal cuffs should do the trick.

Even though he doubts Granger will fight back in any meaningful way—a blow to the face can do absolute wonders for a victim getting snappy—he still appreciates the simplicity of these cuffs, how they're connected by one thick ring, how they don't bite into the wrists the way shitty police handcuffs do.

She's still sprawled on the ground, all cowering knees and elbows with her hands to her face. What she's really doing is making a giant mess of herself, but no matter.

Draco crouches behind her and finds her hands, pulling them behind her back. She lets out some feeble protest that he ignores entirely as he clicks the cuffs into place and snaps down the steel padlock.

“P-Professor Malfoy, I swear I didn't mean to, um—!”

He laces his fingers into her hair and drags her over to the bench. She screams, feet scrabbling at the rubber flooring, and it's a glorious taste of what's to come.

Draco plops her on the bench. “Pipe down, now,” he says, unconcerned when she continues babbling her pleas and misguided apologies.

He's absolutely *giddy*. Carbonation runs beneath his skin, sending sparks across his tongue. There's nothing stopping him anymore. Nothing and no one.

He considers the buttons on her top, then pulls out his knife again.

“No! No, please!” Granger cries. From the eyes down she's caked with tears and blood.

Some of her hair's been dragged through the mess and he snags a drooping tendril of hair, lifting it for her to see. "Disgusting," he says. He wiggles it in front of her face but she doesn't even look at it.

"I'm sorry I hit you, I'm so sorry! It was an accident! I didn't even know what I was doing!"

Draco lifts an eyebrow. "You still think this is because you hit me?"

"Why else would you—would you—?"

"No, no, no." Her nylons and underwear are still hiked down around her thighs. With a sweeping tug, he pulls them off entirely. "As much as I enjoy indulging your little guilt complex, I can't let you go on thinking that I'd kidnap you just because you knocked me in the jaw."

"Kid—kidnap...?"

"Yes, Miss Granger," he says in a tired voice. "Consider yourself kidnapped. But don't worry. There was nothing you could've done to stop it from happening—aside from enrolling in someone else's course, I suppose." He flips his knife open and turns it, enjoying how her bloody reflection plays along the surface. "I was always going to take you. Tried to stop myself, but if I'm being honest, it was only a matter of time."

Draco slips the blade beneath her neckline and drags it down in a messy cut. Her shirt falls open at the center to reveal her ratty old bra.

He rolls his eyes and continues hacking at her shirt. The closetful of brand new clothes with the tags still clipped on pounds like a second heartbeat behind him.

Dress-up time can wait.

"Why did you kidnap me?" Tears make her voice thick and she clears her throat to no effect. "Whatever I did, I'm sorry—please just let me—"

"I told you it was nothing you did. Apparently your listening comprehension skills haven't improved." Her bra straps are tight enough to make indents across her skin. She should thank him for freeing her poor hunched shoulders.

Draco has bras for her. He has a whole stack, each of them sized as close as he could estimate.

He pulls away the ruined fabric littering her top half and drops it to the floor. Small tits, pink nipples puckered from fear and adrenaline. Too skinny for his taste. That gnarly scar looks him right in the eye.

She curls in on herself as if to hide, but there's no hiding. Not anymore.

The skirt comes next and the sleek feel of his knife shredding through the fabric about sends his eyes rolling back in his head. It's been far too long since he's played with a girl this way.

“Are you going to r-rape me?” Granger whimpers. She’s got her face turned half away as if he might hit her again.

“Not yet,” he says, though that tiny baby animal voice she’s using makes him reconsider his timetable.

The skirt’s gone with a couple quick cuts and there she is. Naked.

Draco slides a hand up her thigh. He does it slow and watches her face carefully. She doesn’t disappoint, giving him another nice hit of terror.

Then he takes that knife and sets it to her neck. All at once, she freezes.

“Did you tell anyone about me?” he asks.

Her eyes wheel around, and she does these quick little breaths out her nose. “No,” she whispers.

“You tell anyone that I caught you in the lecture hall?” He brushes the blade back and forth, only enough to give her the barest scratch. “Did you report your creepy professor to your friends? Your boyfriend? Might you have told anyone how I accosted you in my office?”

“No. No one, I swear.” Fear oozes from her in a dark aura, and Draco drinks it up.

“If you’re lying, I’ll find out.” He makes his face hard. “I don’t care if it was just the barest passing mention. If you said anything to anyone about me that wasn’t strictly regarding my lessons or the staggering amount of homework I assign, then you need to tell me now, so I can smooth it over.” The knife tap-tap-taps at her skin, making her jump. “If you *don’t* tell me and I find out after the fact that you lied, I will have them all killed. And I’ll make it hurt.”

Fresh tears roll down her cheeks. “I didn’t. I didn’t tell anyone. I...guess I didn’t want to get in trouble.”

He holds the pose for just a moment longer, then pulls back, tucking his knife away. “Good. You’ve just saved me a lot of legwork. That might be the first time you haven’t disappointed me.”

In response, she begins to weep.

Draco rolls his eyes and leaves the room, not caring what sort of mischief she’ll try to get up to in his absence.

He dials a number on his phone and flips on all the lights in the master bath. Right about now, he’s grateful he opted for more mirrors instead of windows.

“Yeah?” is what the guy on the other end of the call answers with. Husky voice from decades of cigarettes.

Draco doesn’t bother with pleasantries. “Need you to wipe some camera footage for me.”

“Been getting naughty in public, eh, Arnold?”

Using fake names with this sort was just another valuable lesson from his father. “Down at the university. Geiger Hall. Just wipe it from around four-twenty to four-thirty.”

“Wipe it or replace it with clean footage?” the man asks.

“Your usual, of course. You’re the best,” he drones. *Blah-blah*. Some men need the validation to do the work well.

They discuss payment, and then he returns to the girl. She hasn’t moved except to tie her legs into a knot and pull them tight against her chest. Even with her life on the line, she’s worried about him seeing her naked.

Draco leads her down the hall and into the bathroom. He has to threaten her with the knife again to get her moving, though why she wants to stay in his torture room is beyond him.

“Just getting you cleaned up,” he mumbles as he guides her by the shoulder. “Are you always such a drama queen? Or do I bring it out in you?”

He opens the shower door and all but tosses her inside. She bangs her elbow on the wall with a dull, boney thunk, but she doesn’t even react. It’s a different story when he flips on the water, setting it to the coldest setting.

She sucks in a gasp through her teeth. Her whole body cinches up into a tight little knot, and she cringes into a corner.

Draco smirks. “What, you can handle a paddle to the ass without breaking position, but a little cold water’s too much for you?”

Water clings to the frizzy bits of her hair where he’d roughed it up. To his surprise, she takes his words to heart and inches her foot into the freezing stream. Goosebumps rise over her legs. If Draco ran his hand over them, he’d be able to feel the sharp, sliced-off prickle of hair growing in.

He reaches into the shower and flips the knob three-quarters of the way to hot, 350 mph on the speedometer assuming your car is a Bugatti. The sound of the water pit-patting against the tiling shifts. Steam begins to rise and Granger relaxes some.

Her eyes don’t leave Draco’s. She’s still cowering, but in a curled-shrimp sort of way where she’s trying to hide her tits, ass, and pussy all at once without any hands to help her out.

He flips the clasp on his watch and shakes it from his wrist, setting it on the toilet lid. He adds his phone next to it, then his wallet.

The shower nozzle’s the kind with a long hose attached, a metal snake feeding water from the wall pipes to the head. Draco unsheathes the nozzle from the wall and points it directly at Granger’s face.

She sputters and turns away.

“It’s in your favor to cooperate here,” he says. There’s a rudder of a switch at the base of the shower nozzle and he clicks it once to the left. The water stream changes from a pointed jet to a light rainfall. “Or were you growing attached to that mess on your face?”

“Can I just...do it myself?” She says it quiet, but the words expand loud and echoey thanks to the acoustics of the wet tile.

“How do you expect to do that without hands?”

She turns back just enough so she can see him with one round eye. “You could free my hands. Just for a minute,” she quickly adds. “Just long enough for the shower. I won’t fight or anything, I promise.”

Drace gives her a deadpan expression for a moment, then lets out a short, barking laugh and switches the water pattern to that punishing massage mode. He aims it right for her face. She shrieks.

“You don’t honestly think this is my first rodeo, do you?” She’s back to cowering in the corner again, so he lowers the thudding stream down her back to pummel at her ass. Bruises have already begun to bloom along her skin. He aims for those.

She does an awkward jump and shouts again, contorting herself so her butt is no longer in view. Draco just changes targets and aims the water at her pussy instead.

“Keep it up,” he calls over the water. “I love this game.”

She finally quits the cringing. “I’m sorry! I’ll be good, just please stop!”

He gives her one last shot to the belly, then switches the water stream back to soft rain. Granger straightens and though her face betrays immense hesitation as she keeps her gaze cast downward, she shuffles her way back to the center of the stall.

This isn’t a job to do at a distance so Draco steps into the shower, and never mind how the water pools around the crisp soles of his shoes.

He doesn’t go right for the face, instead positioning the nozzle close to her head and running the water through it until the curls have gone long and slack with the added weight. He combs it backwards with his fingers, then turns the stream to her face.

She shuts her eyes tight for this part, but she seems to have trouble keeping them that way, because they flutter and squint open every few seconds.

He washes the blood from her face and neck, using his fingernails to work the bits that have already dried. She has to keep spitting out the water. Probably she can’t breathe through her nose so well at the moment, thanks to the swelling.

Water runs down his arms and soaks into his rolled up sleeves. It splatters over his slacks, leeching into the delicate fibers. He’s going to have to toss them out. The water in this city is quite hard, and those minerals will stain the fabric easy as anything.

He sets the shower head back in its holster for a moment and squirts out a palmful of his shampoo.

Hair this long has to be an enormous pain. No wonder she didn't manage to get it under control without a little help.

While the conditioner sits, he snags his bar of soap and lathers it in his palms until he's got enough to rub down her body.

"Thought you weren't going to fight," he says as she jerks away from his touch.

"That was only if you removed the handcuffs," she says.

"Do you think you're going to get away from me?"

She looks him in the eye again, and whatever she sees there causes her to cower back further.

"Am I supposed to just give up?" she asks.

"Yes." He takes her by the elbow and jerks her back into place, then runs his soapy hand over her breast. "The more you fight, the worse it'll be for you."

"The villain always says that."

He pinches her nipple. "Are you always this mouthy with the ones who hold your life in their hands?"

Her lip trembles. "You wouldn't kill me," she says, clearly not believing it.

He shakes his head. "You don't even know who I am, Miss Granger."

He scrubs her down with his hands and though she stiffens when he massages the fleshy bits of her thighs and ruined ass, she doesn't jerk away again.

The scent of his soap wafts around them, a mild cedarwood made musty and thick by the steam.

Just like he'd filled a closet with pretty, frilly clothes, and just like he'd ordered custom toys in all the different shades of silicone that exist, Draco also has a cupboard stacked high with shampoo bottles shaped like a woman's hourglass body, silky sweet body washes, and lotions that would set off an air purifier from the sheer strength of their fragrances.

But today, Draco wants her to smell like him.

He saves her pussy for last, rinsing his hands of soap before drifting between her legs. He washes clean the remnants of her forced arousal from earlier and doesn't linger, even though he's tempted.

Her shoulders sag with relief when he goes back to her hair, rinsing out the conditioner.

Draco smiles to himself. Pathetic little thing.

Are you going to r-rape me?

She's going to wish he was only raping her. During the next few days, he's going to violate every hole in her body. He'll push her to do things she's never even heard of before.

And that's the *easy* part. Easy for her. She just won't know it until later.

He shuts off the water and roughly towels her down, then tugs her out onto the fluffy rug. She tries again with the cringing-away business, but he just leads her to the sink after a quick smack on the ass for punishment. She doesn't manage to swallow the resulting pained sound.

That's his favorite part of raising welts and bruises over a girl's ass. The initial shock and pain of it is sweet, sure, but the injury turns even the mildest spank into a sharp, worthy punishment.

He scrunches mousse into her hair and admires her body in the mirror, then opens a minifridge built into the cabinets under the sink and brings out a water bottle.

"Don't bother spitting this out," he tells her as he unscrews the cap. "It's the only water you'll get for the rest of the night. And before you pitch a fit about it, the water's not poisoned. When I want to drug you it's not going to be a secret."

She drinks in short sips, spilling very little down her chin. Draco's not an especially patient person but he manages to wait until she's drained the whole thing.

Then he grips her by the back of the neck and brings his lips to her temple.

"You're going to play nice during this next part, or else I'm going to strip a length of skin from your calf, fry it, and force you to eat it for breakfast. Do you understand me, Miss Granger?"

She lets out a shaky breath and nods.

"Good."

He pulls away and grabs a folding stool from the closet, setting it up right in front of the largest mirror in the room, the one that runs from ceiling to floorboards.

The girl doesn't fight him one little bit when he drags her to the stool. He sits himself down first, then draws her into his lap, settling her legs on either side of his.

Where she presses into him, he can feel all the wet spots in his slacks and shirt. All the damp bits that will take hours to dry properly.

"This is just a warm-up." He wraps his arm around her middle and holds her tight to his chest. "Just a teaser. I don't have to be so nice about it, so keep that in mind. It's not as though I need to worry about scaring you away anymore."

Her expression is stricken. Around her nose and under her eyes, the skin is already going red. Inflamed, just like her ass.

Draco inches his legs apart, spreading hers in the process.

She's peachy-clean and fresh for him between those thighs. His other hand is immediately drawn to her pussy.

When one of his rings nudges her clit, she turns her face away.

"No, no," he murmurs. "You look straight ahead. Watch what I'm doing. That's a fucking order, Miss Granger."

Later, he'll have to treat each of these rings with baking soda and vinegar to save it from the acidity of her cunt. Normally he passes his jewelry on to a hired shop to take care of the cleaning, but Draco doesn't want anyone else coming in contact with her arousal, even indirectly.

The way he's got her spread open wide, he can see everything. Every wrinkle of flesh, every curve, every minute detail of her labia. He pets her gently up one side of her clit and down the other, massaging her between two fingers. He presses and pokes and flicks at her until her cunt begins to grow wet again.

"Look at that," he says. "Here you are, pretending like this is just the worst thing in the world, and yet look how your cunt gets hot for me."

Granger bites her lip and shakes her head.

He swirls her slickness around and uses it as fodder to slip his fingers over her flesh in even more teasing ways. She gets wetter, then wetter still, and she can't hide any of it from him.

God, he loves this fucking mirror.

"Tell me how you play with yourself at home," he says. She's beginning to twitch in his lap and it doesn't go unnoticed.

"No way. No. I can't...I can't tell you that."

Draco presses down hard on her clit and she gasps. "What did we agree about playing nice? Did you forget already? Perhaps you're no good without your reams of chicken scratch notes to back you up."

"Please stop," she whispers. With what little leverage she can get, she's pushing herself backwards into his chest—away from his hand, away from the mirror.

Her inflamed ass grinds on his cock so well he'd almost guess she was doing it on purpose.

He sighs. "I didn't realize you were such a fan of meat, Miss Granger." He cups her pussy and grinds circles into it. "Do you think you'll taste more like pork or turkey? If I were a betting man, I'd put my money on a nice juicy turkey breast."

She's crying again, the stupid thing. Tears won't move him anywhere except forward.

"Do you use a vibrator?" he nudges.

"No," she says. Her voice cracks. "Just—just my fingers."

"Any porn?"

A tear drops from her chin to his arm across her middle. "Sometimes."

Draco hums. She's growing slicker by the minute. He smears it around and he's so intent on what his own hand is doing that he doesn't realize at first that she's closed her eyes.

She's still crying, but her cheeks are flushed pink, blending her freckles together.

It's obvious when she starts to get close because the twitching kicks up about ten notches and her breathing comes out harsh and uneven. He lets her come without any teasing denials. There will be time for that later; right now, it'll hurt her pride more to come so easily and sweetly in her kidnapper's lap.

"That's my girl," he tells her as her body convulses, because he knows the words will torture her later. "Who knew a prudish virgin like you would turn out to be such an easy little slut?"

The tremors are dying down. He flicks her clit hard a couple times just to see her jump.

Reticence aside, she must be pent up. Even for an expert like him, that was fast.

"I'm going to have a lot of fun with you," he says.

Granger shakes her head. "Please let me go, Professor," she mumbles.

He sighs and wipes her arousal on her leg. "Not for all the money in the world would I let you go."

Chapter End Notes

Curious, but how do you all feel about Daddy Draco-style fics? I'm considering writing more age-difference stuff with him, but it's not something I see a lot of in the fandom at large (at least, not for Dramione).

Also, next chapter will be a fun change of pace.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

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

Hermione's never been "that girl".

That girl who got a boyfriend before anyone else in her grade. That girl whose dad beat her up so bad that when she came to school with her face all purple and swollen, there had been such a hullabaloo that nobody got anything done for the whole day. That girl who snapped her leg on the jungle gym and got everyone in school to sign her cast. That girl who started her very own clothing line straight out of high school and took off running with her spiderweb of connections.

That girl flying to Europe for summer vacation and showing off pictures in class come September the first, each one of them of her and some precious historical building or sculpture or landmark that she didn't even know the name of.

Hermione knew the names. She knew why they were all so important, too, but nobody wanted to listen to the reason every rich tourist and their daughter were clamoring to get their picture taken with it.

The only time Hermione was "that girl" was when she got hoisted onto a stretcher by the most attractive paramedic to ever graduate med school. Surely he'd bribed someone because his uniform hugged him so tight you'd think he was born wearing it.

She had been really into anatomy at the time thanks to whatever stranger had been checking out a lot of medical reference books. When Hermione was bored she'd head to the library and instead of hunting the shelves for something new, she'd pick through the cart of recent returns.

So when she should've been busy appreciating her one precious moment of being "that girl", instead she'd been picking out the musculature of the paramedic's arms as he'd buckled straps across her ankles, knees, and hips. Right through his uniform, she'd watched his brachioradialis contract. She'd note the way his extensor carpi ulnaris churned beneath the second skin of black fabric while he ran a strap beneath her arms. His pronator teres had squeezed and the strap cut into her armpits, holding her tight to the stretcher.

All the while, her belly was bleeding. Her epigastric region, filled with the blobs of meat and organs that she'd pick out in a textbook as being her pancreas and stomach and duodenum.

Hermione was supposed to be basking in the spotlight just like you see the Hero do in movies, but instead she was wondering if there was peritoneal fluid mixed in with all the blood that was soaking into her dad's University of Kentucky sweatshirt glued tight to her abdomen. If her stomach was nicked, there might even be bile in the mix.

Her stomach wasn't nicked. In fact, even her peritoneal sac was fine and fully intact. Only flesh and a little bit of muscle had been torn, nothing worse.

And it turns out that even though she'd gotten a whole box of these Get Well Soon cards from her classmates, Hermione's moment of being "that girl" wasn't anything like getting rich or having plaster caked onto her leg from thigh to ankle. When she got back to school, nobody seemed to care. No one gave her the cookie from their lunch. No one sidled up close to her for their project.

Because fame isn't anything unless it's nice to look at, and her gnarled wound was all the way under her shirt. Even if it had been somewhere more visible, it wasn't all that fun to look at. Watching a wound go from hot red to pink and shiny, it's not as fun as watching a bruise fade.

You can't sign gauze.

Her mom had been in charge of bandage changes and every night when the cotton wadding came off, try as she might her face had always twisted into something between pity and disgust. Her own parents didn't like talking about the incident, and when she tried to push the issue, they sent her to her room.

She had no audience. You can't be "that girl" without an audience.

Hermione was never picked first for anything, even after the Big Attack. She never had kids cluster around her asking if she would tell the story of getting stabbed just one more time.

Her hair was a bother, a gift from some long-lost relative that neither of her parents knew how to care for. Her clothes were garbage because it's all they could afford. Her life was stuck in the background reel.

Even when she won the Busiest Reader award in the fifth grade, and the Perfect Attendance award in the sixth grade, and the Principal's Award in the seventh grade, nobody really cared except for her parents. Hermione was earning the topmost grades and then some all throughout high school, taking every extracurricular she thought would get her anywhere in life, but by then it didn't matter whether anyone was paying attention.

She didn't need to be "that girl." She didn't need to be picked out as something special. Her uncle picked her, and look how that turned out. That's what she told herself, anyway, whenever she saw her peers enjoying all the attention they got from friends and men, the pounds of likes and comments on social media.

But the want, it never really went away. A little part of her ached to be "that girl" for real. Just once.

Professor Malfoy drags her to a walk-in closet. Her legs are shaking so bad that when he finally releases his grip, she collapses to the floor.

For the second time in her life, Hermione's been picked. The spotlight warms her skin. It was supposed to be fun—exciting, even. A one-in-a-million deal.

Malfoy is not only one of the most prominent professors at her university. He's a *Malfoy*. An heir to the Malfoy Industries throne, even if he so famously declined the title of CEO when his father retired.

She'd done her research, of course.

And out of all the students he could have picked to pay special attention to, he'd picked her. Sent her to that hair salon on his own dime and helped her feel beautiful for the first time in her life.

The jealousy she saw from him was a red flag and a big one, but she'd thought it safer to date someone a little more her level than hold out that her professor would swoop down and snag her to be his honest-to-god girlfriend, rules be damned. Those times he cornered her, terrified her with his flagrant disrespect for the rules, it had almost been too much—

Almost. But Hermione's always had a soft spot for feeling special, and that's exactly how Professor Malfoy had made her feel.

Why is it that only the monsters of the world believe her to be “that girl”?

He pulls off his clothes soaked with water and smeared with her spent arousal. Hermione turns her face away in embarrassment. She's never seen a naked man before, not once, and some part of her clings to the hope that she can save it for a special moment with whatever love-of-her-life that she ends up with.

“A prude through and through,” the Professor says, but Hermione doesn't react until he reaches down and forces her chin towards him. Thankfully he's clothed again, the dark long-sleeve and pair of sweats a mild shock to see on an authority figure.

His face hardens and he reaches back to grab the chain connecting her wrists, then drags them upward. It forces her arms to straighten and her shoulders to bend back awkwardly.

Hermione cries out and lets her upper body slump to the ground. It's the only thing that offsets the pressure in her shoulders.

“Get up,” he spits. He inches her wrists even higher.

Hermione's a quick learner. She grunts and scrambles to get her feet under her. She can't stand all the way upright with how her arms are being pulled, so the best she can manage is an awkward bent shape. At least she's standing, though.

It also leaves her entirely incapacitated. She can't do a thing to protect herself.

Professor Malfoy leads her just like that back through his condo. With how she's bent, she can't see much besides the carpet. They end up in another closet, a smaller one.

He drops her wrists and Hermione immediately straightens. A long row of hangers lines the wall, each with a different delicate outfit dangling beneath. Most are in pastel shades of pink, blue, or yellow, and many consist of sheer fabric with plenty of ruffles.

Girly stuff. Expensive stuff. No tags where she can see, but Hermione can tell just from looking that this clothing didn't come from Target.

"See how well I can take care of you?" Professor Malfoy asks. "I bet you've never had so many clothes to your name in your whole life." He pauses to lean in conspiratorially. "And not one bit of it was on clearance."

Hermione resists the urge to step back.

He's kidnapped me, she thinks, typing up the message she'd send if only she had her phone. *My professor has kidnapped me. He's keeping me in his home and plans to—*

"Well?" Malfoy asks. "Don't I get a 'thank you'?"

Hermione plasters a weak smile on her face. "Th-thanks, but you can take them back. I'd like to go home now, please."

He rolls his eyes. If only she weren't naked and terrified and cuffed at the wrists, then maybe she could come up with some semblance of a plan. Right now she's just saying whatever comes to mind while trying not to piss off the guy more than she already has.

"You're still not getting it," he says, turning heel and wandering down the row of clothes. His fingers tiptoe along the hangers. They're long and look awfully naked without his usual array of rings.

She never should've climbed into that car. She should've ignored that people-pleasing attention whore at the center of her heart and told on him the first time he'd cornered her. He probably could've bribed his way out of trouble but at least it might have deterred him from taking more extreme actions.

He selects a hanger and pulls out a skimpy nightgown in baby blue. It's essentially a lace brassiere that clings to her breasts while providing absolutely zero support—not that she needs it. From there, the fabric goes loose and flows down to just below her rear.

It's better than being naked, but not by much.

The worst part is when he takes off her handcuffs to get her arms in the bra straps. She knows she should be taking advantage of this brief freedom, but there's no time to formulate any plan and she doesn't want to earn herself more bruises.

Outfits aside, she really has no guarantee that he won't just kill her if she makes too much trouble.

"Professor Malfoy—" she starts as he straps the restraints over her wrists again.

He cuts her off with a derisive laugh. “Don’t get started on all that again. I’m going to do what I like with you, and while I enjoy a little begging now and again, I’m not in the mood right now.”

Tears fill her eyes. She’s trying her best not to panic because panicking leads to flailing, which leads to more punishments and ultimately some drawn-out painful death at the hands of this evil man. That’s how all the stories go.

“Hey.” He slaps her cheek lightly, then grips her jaw. “You’re not getting out of this by playing that little poor-me fainting routine, alright?” He waggles her face back and forth. “Calm down. Jesus. I’m not doing anything else to you tonight.”

Stop. Stop thinking about it.

She wills the blood back into her hands and face. He could very well be lying, but it’s in her best interest to believe him.

Even if it’s only superficial, what the mind believes, so does the body. And Hermione needs her body to believe she’s safe so she can actually think straight.

Rule number one about surviving a kidnapping is to play along as best you can. Obey all the rules to the finest detail. Don’t resist, no matter how degrading it might be, and keep your comments to yourself. Be the best damn victim anyone’s ever seen, the kind people see in movies and scream at what an idiot they are for not fighting back, but really, that’s the smart thing to do.

Don’t yell. Don’t beg. Don’t even cry if you can help it.

Hermione’s read three books on the matter. As Professor Malfoy leads her by the elbow through his condo, she lays out the book covers in her mind, colorful tiles on a black background.

Rule number two about surviving a kidnapping is *pay attention*. Escaping when the odds are stacked against you means you need information. You need resources that your kidnapper didn’t consider pertinent.

So Hermione forces herself past her fear and pays attention. She pretends her eyes aren’t blurred with tears as she takes in the relatively featureless hallway that she’s been dragged up and down multiple times tonight.

They end up in a large bedroom. Malfoy is watching her very closely now, so she decides to save the reconnaissance for later and keeps her eyes to the floor.

Safety first.

He lets go of her for just a moment while he pushes an armchair out of a corner. There, coiling from a hole in the carpet, sits a short chain with a thick metal cuff attached to the end.

Hermione lets him sit her down and clamp the cuff around her arm.

“I don’t like sharing my bed,” he says, undoing the softer leather cuffs that had linked her wrists together. “Besides, I quite enjoy the sight of a girl chained to my floor.”

She’s not standing up anytime soon, but at least she’s got a free hand to scratch itches and maybe defend herself, should she find a way to safely do so.

Malfoy’s walking away. Hermione decides to take a chance and asks, “If it’s not a problem, may I have a pillow?”

He turns halfway. “You want a comforter and stuffed animal as well? Maybe a bedtime story?”

Hermione shakes her head. “Only asking because of my nose, sir.” She brushes her fingertips along the previously-straight line of her nose, now swollen and crooked. “It’ll help with the inflammation.”

He hums, then reaches out with one long finger and follows the path her fingers had taken. “Very well,” he finally says, giving her a hard tap on the nose that has her flinching back.

It’s a thick pillow that he returns with, *way* better than the slice of flatbread in a pillowcase that she uses at the dorm. Hermione thanks him in the gentlest voice she can muster, and even when his hand comes to rest on her bare thigh, she doesn’t dissolve into tears.

“I choke girls who keep me up with their snoring,” he says, “so I hope for your sake you dont.”

Hermione’s breath hitches, but she merely shakes her head instead of bawling and pleading like she wants to do.

Then, like an answered prayer, he stands and shuts off the lights, crawling into his enormous bed.

As if her body knows her reactions are finally safe from observation, the tears come almost immediately. She bites her fist.

Oh, god. I’m going to die. I’ve been kidnapped by a monster with all the money and influence in the world and tomorrow he’s going to touch me, he’s going to—going to—

There’s an empty span where the word should go. She can’t bear to even think it, let alone accept that it’s going to happen.

But even if he can’t see her anymore, Hermione still can’t lose her cool.

She talks to herself like she’s plugging the conclusion into an essay. All facts, no emotion.

I’m going to be raped. Probably killed, but not yet. He’s filled a closet with designer clothes, presumably in my size. That means he plans on keeping me alive for long enough to wear at least some of them.

What are her resources? Besides time and her captor’s obvious obsession over her, very few.

But maybe that's okay. Someone will notice she's missing. She doesn't talk to her parents much with how busy her schedule is, but they'll realize she's gone silent within a couple weeks.

Does she have that much time?

Her roommate won't even start to question her absence for days. That girl has hardly spoken three words to Hermione the entire semester, preferring instead to Facetime her friends at all hours of the night and have extremely loud intercourse in every corner of the dorm except Hermione's.

It might be Friday, but on weekends Hermione's usually out all day at the library or lurking in some forgotten stairwell on campus. Her roommate's not going to notice that she's missing for a good long while.

Will her other professors raise the alarm when she doesn't show up for class on Monday? Not likely. This isn't high school. They'll probably just mark her for a zero on that day's homework and move along.

So her best bet is her parents. Since Hermione can't even be sure that she's going to last for the worst case scenario of two weeks until they raise the alarm—how much self control does Professor Malfoy have?—that means she's on her own until then.

And even when they do start ringing up the cops, how will they find her? How will they even know where to look?

They won't.

If only I'd told someone.

No. She can't think like that either. It's not helpful and it'll only make her feel worse.

The night stretches on. Hermione finds a position that allows her to breathe through one nostril and parks herself there, intent on making as little noise as possible.

She plots. She plans. She coaches herself on her *yes, sir's* and *thank you, sir's* because she needs this guy to believe she won't fight back.

Hours of silence have passed. She can't sleep and now she really needs to, because an exhausted brain doesn't work right, but she can't quell the panic that rises in her chest when she thinks about being unconscious around a predator.

The bed squeaks. A tall figure crosses the dim room and crouches next to her.

"Are you sleeping?" comes the murmured voice.

Lying doesn't even cross her mind. "No, sir," she whispers.

A warm palm alights on her hip. Hermione forces herself to stay relaxed, even as he draws the night gown up to her waist.

“You’re coming up with ways to escape, aren’t you?” he asks. He traces the sore curve of her ass.

She shakes her head. Can he see the motion? Maybe not, but she doesn’t dare use her voice. He’s probably not even looking for an answer, anyway.

“You want to know how many girls have been in your exact position, Miss Granger?” His voice is low, like there’s someone else asleep in the room. “I think the number would surprise you. Hell, it’d probably surprise me too. I don’t exactly keep track. But I can tell you it’s quite...a...few.”

His fingernails dig into the welts. Hermione grits her teeth and groans.

“Now, I’d bet you have a better chance at escape than any of the others did. Brownnoser that you are, you’ve probably read all sorts of books on how to deal with psychopaths or sociopaths or whatever it is your armchair diagnosis for me might be.” His fingers go gentle again, tickling at her ass. “But I’ll let you in on a secret: none of it matters. You’re not getting away. I’ve sealed up all the loopholes and I’ve tucked away every would-be prison weapon. You’re mine now.”

She almost says it. Almost says, *like hell*. But exhaustion and terror be damned, she’s still got half her brain about her, and she manages to keep silent despite the obvious taunt.

After waiting for a reaction that doesn’t come, Malfoy lets out a chuckle. He sets the lacy skirt back into place, smoothing it with his palm.

“But I don’t expect you to just accept that,” he says. “In fact, I’m quite banking on the fact that you won’t.”

Chapter End Notes

Another out-of-curiosity question, how do you guys feel about nicknames for main characters? Planning another fic and I have some reasons to come up with a nickname/second name for Hermione to be used a good chunk of the time.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

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

“Miss Granger.”

His breath on her neck.

He forces her to press her palms against the closet door as he fixes the collar of this flouncy pink dress and does up each button along her back. No underwear, but a pair of white socks are pulled up to just past her knee. The ruffles at the top itch against her thighs.

His hands wind around her front to pinch her breasts through the tight upper part of the dress, what Hermione believes to be called the *bodice*.

Slap him, her limbs shriek. *Break his nose like he broke yours*.

She keeps her arms outstretched, her palms pressed close to the door. Doesn't react when one hand roams down her front and lifts the skirt up, inch by inch.

This is what he does to her after a near-sleepless night of anguish. What he's doing to her. He dresses her, toys with her. His little plaything.

As if Hermione would ever wear clothes like this.

The pink babydoll dress is better than the lacy lingerie getup he puts her in first, just before bringing some breakfast to her little corner in the bedroom. He sets down a wide rubber mat, then the plate on top of that.

Eggs. Toasted bread, the kind with seeds in it. A little plastic cup of yogurt.

“Eat,” he tells her.

The intention is clear. Hermione sets aside what little pride she's managed to salvage and dips her face to the plate, using her tongue to curl a bit of egg into her mouth. She eats every last bit of egg before anything else, and she does it slowly. Chewing the soft yolk, the slippery white.

Too far. Hold on.

The morning starts with Hermione being dragged from sleep by a slap to the face. The room is just barely brightening with dawn, an early start.

“Things to do,” Professor Malfoy mutters.

He lets her go to the bathroom with her wrists chained around her front and barges right back in when he hears the toilet flush. Washes her hands for her, nudging the towel beneath the

restraints.

In the mirror, her hair is wild. Sleeping with a bonnet these last few weeks has done wonders for her morning hair, but of course, Professor Malfoy didn't give her one.

A deep bruise the color of fresh tar curls beneath each eye. Her nose is swollen and dark in color as well. It's hard to tell through the inflammation, but it looks just a bit crooked now.

It's the least of her worries, but she can't help the tear that trickles down one cheek at the sight of her broken face.

Then he lugs her back to the closet and takes off the restraints. He immediately grips both her wrists and slams her hands to the door. Her pinky finger folds painfully beneath her other fingers.

"You'll keep your hands right here unless I say so. Am I clear?"

"Yes," she whispers.

She doesn't pay too much attention to what he dresses her in at first, only bothering to notice her surroundings when he gives the word to lift one or the other hand so he can fit them through a strap.

What she does know is that he changes his mind after the first outfit, and then the second, and then the third, and none of it's comfortable. Every outfit, it's all lace and netting and straps that pinch at her shoulders and tits. Lingerie. Sexy things that you'd see on a model that's all legs and teeth.

What he lands on is red. The bra part of it merely cups her breasts rather than covers them in any real capacity. It comes with a translucent tulle wrap skirt, which he pushes aside so he can wind the back of her thong around his fist.

He leads her like that all the way back to the bedroom, tugging at the thin piece of lace strung between her legs.

That's the breakfast outfit.

"Miss Granger." His fingers thread through her hair and he guides her face to the untouched cup of yogurt. Her chin and nose are smudged with butter and crumbs from the toast.

Some of his rings have designs on them, and those designs catch at her scalp.

"Miss Granger, I'll have you finish every bit of your breakfast, and then you'll thank me for it."

She does just that. The yogurt coats her lips and nose despite how carefully she laps at it. Professor Malfoy is kind enough to hold the cup steady for her to lick at the sides.

By the time she's done there's plenty of food on her face, but none on the plate. And that's what counts to this pervert.

He pulls her up by the chin and smears his thumb over her lips, gathering yogurt, then makes her lick it clean.

“Messy little whore,” he murmurs.

Her belly lurches when she notices his expression. Empty, but empty like the zeroes stretching behind a big, big number. Empty like a dried up well in the black of night that you don’t see until you’re one step away.

He doesn’t leave her like that. A few wipes with a wet towel and she’s clean again, but the red of her lingerie is now spotted with grease and yogurt drips, so back to the closet they go.

This time he skips the sexy get-ups and goes straight for the little girl dresses, ones like you’d buy for a doll, the skirts so short because dolls don’t have genitalia to cover. The tops tight across the chest because dolls don’t have breasts, but Hermione does. Her breasts are hugged firm and pressed into a little line of cleavage, or else displayed proudly with a wide scoop neck, the neckline only barely covering her nipples.

She’s never had her body shown like this. Never been worked over like a doll to pose and dress and strip, not even when she was little. For all their lack of wealth, her parents were the new-age type and let her choose to wear what she wanted.

This was all a mistake. A dumb mistake. I liked that he seemed to like me, and now here I am.

“Miss Granger,” he says, “You’ll want to keep your mouth shut while I make a couple calls. I wouldn’t want to hang you by your wrists and whip you until your back is more meat than skin, but I certainly wouldn’t hesitate should you force my hand.”

The first of many phone calls. *A couple* turns into *several* which turns into *Professor Malfoy’s on the phone all morning*.

“Just need a discreet paperwork drop-off. Monday should work. The admissions office is on the south side of campus. They open at eight-thirty.”

A pause. He pushes between her shoulder blades until she bends over the bed. He kicks her legs apart and steps back, as if to admire the view.

Rule number one about surviving a kidnapping is to play along.

“No. Don’t make a fucking scene,” he spits. He rucks up her dress in the back. Her calves tremble, but she keeps the pose. “I’ll have it in your inbox by tomorrow morning at the latest. Run over the signatures with a pen so it looks fresh.”

He hangs up and drops the phone on the bed, right where she can see it. In a matter of seconds she could snatch it back up, hit the *Emergency Call* button and start screaming.

Professor Malfoy’s cold hand runs between her legs. He spreads her pussy apart with his fingers.

She doesn't go for the phone. He's tempting her on purpose. The man's so close, she wouldn't even get a good grip on it before he would tear it away.

"How you pranced through my classroom in that ratty fucking skirt," he murmurs. He smacks her inner thigh, then goes back to running just his fingertips over her pussy. "What a tease you've been to me."

He's one to talk. The phone stares at her with its one cycloptic eye. Its camera. Dead and quiet, unless by some miracle the armchair conspiracy lunatics are right and the FBI really is watching.

She stares at the camera until she's tugged upright and out of the room.

Hermione's not the only one who's bruised up. The Professor has a nice, juicy dark spot along his jaw where she must've nailed him. This morning she found matching bruises on her knuckles. She doesn't so much remember hitting him, but she knows why she did.

An accident. Really, an accident.

He drags her to the closet again. This time he dresses her up in a formal gown, sleek and clean. The fabric looks heavy but doesn't feel it as he pulls her arms through the long sleeves. The hem runs all the way down to her ankles, and he even gives her some underwear—another lacy see-through situation that pinches into her skin, but it's better than nothing. The neckline dips nice and low, as if to make up for all the other skin it's covering.

Professor Malfoy leans over her where she's facing the closet door and kisses her neck. He does it sweetly, a lover's kiss. His hands go to her waist and if she closes her eyes, Hermione can almost pretend this was one of her middle-school fantasies.

Finding romance in her kidnapper's closet. Can you get Stockholm's after only half a day? Hermione's textbook brain says *no*.

He brushes her hair back and mouths at her skin. The tinny sound of a phone line ringing starts up, soon replaced by a faraway voice. A man's voice, but Hermione can't tell what he's saying.

"I'm going to send you the address of a dorm room," Professor Malfoy murmurs against her neck. "The key will come by priority mail. Want you to hire me a few movers to pull someone's personal effects from the dorm."

Hermione opens her mouth. The words wait to be spoken, but she keeps them there in her throat where it's safe.

Professor Malfoy tickles his fingers down her spine to cup at her sore ass.

"To the dump, please," he says. The tin-can voice of his cohort rambles like static. "Yes, *all* of it. And I want you personally supervising to make sure there aren't any sticky fingers."

That's her stuff he's dumping. That's her dorm that she spent hours decorating with dollar tree fairy lights like she'd seen all the other girls doing.

That's her life. Her education. Her future.

He grips her hip and grinds against her ass. She can tell he's hard, but she pretends she doesn't feel it.

"Make sure their truck has no logo or names stamped on the side. Don't want anyone knowing who did the job. And don't chuck out any of the roommate's shit. I'll send you the details with the key."

He gropes her in every room of his condo. She can only hear one side of the phone calls, but it's enough to tell her what he's planning.

Hermione's being painted right out of her own life.

He gets out the restraints and pins her wrists behind her back. He fixes her hair up with a little product and water, and pats some makeup over the nasty bruising covering her face. Draws her lips in with red.

Then he leads her by the hair to his kitchen table and sits her right on the edge, her bare feet dangling. He takes a seat nearby after retrieving a sleek laptop. It's a different one than he usually brings to class.

"Date of birth?" he asks.

She'd been expecting this.

"October twelfth, two-thousand-four."

His fingers pause over the keys. A hand snakes to her thigh and he digs his fingers into the meat of her.

"Are you sure?" he murmurs. "That doesn't sound quite right to me."

It was a gamble, and she lost—but at least now she knows he didn't go into this completely blind. He's been snooping on her. Digging around in her personal information.

Not good.

"Sorry," she mumbles. "I meant April twelfth. Same year."

He keeps digging his fingers in until he's typed in the full date one-handed. "Thank you. Be careful not to make any more mistakes. I would hate to take one of your toes."

She shuts her eyes and suppresses the electricity bounding through her chest. She needs to *run*, to scream and flail and fight.

All that'll do is get her more hurt. She won't make it three steps.

“It’s a pity.” He leans back in his seat and continues tapping away at the keyboard. “I bet you’d have landed yourself every single available honor by the time you earned your degree. A real overachiever.”

Hermione doesn’t say anything. That would be like accepting that this is really happening.

He hits a key, taps the mouse a couple times, then shuts the laptop. “Don’t worry, little brownnoser. Your education will continue at my hands, just not in precisely the same way as before.” He stands and moves the laptop to his seat. “I have a lot to teach you.”

Her heart is pounding hard and painful in her chest. Maybe she’s going to have a cardiac event. Either she’ll die before he has a chance to do whatever it is he plans to do, or he’ll rush her to the hospital, giving her an opening for escape.

But Hermione is healthy, and this is just plain old terror. No cardiac events in sight.

Professor Malfoy spreads her knees apart and positions himself between them. The dress is silky on her inner thighs, and she focuses on that.

Pretty dress. Everything is fine.

He pulls out his cell phone, touches his thumb to the screen a couple times, then brings it to his ear. It rings only once before the man on the other line picks up.

“Hello, father,” her professor says.

She shivers. That must be the famous Lucius Malfoy, the founder of Malfoy industries. One of the most powerful men in the country, and Hermione is mere inches away from his voice.

A hand winds its way up to her throat and comes to rest there, thumb and fingers pressing lightly into her neck.

“Why, yes,” Professor Malfoy says into the phone. “I *do* have company at the moment. However did you find out?”

The first rule of surviving a kidnapping is—

On the next exhale Hermione screams. She doesn’t choose to do it. Just happens.

The years of life and education ahead of her run down all twenty floors of this high-rise luxury condo complex, right into the dirt and muck and clay that lies beneath the foundation. Buried. Dead.

Her head cracks against the table as Malfoy forces her backwards. His hand shifts to her mouth and he pushes the screams back in.

“Apologies,” he’s saying into the phone as he wrangles her thrashing legs. “She’s been so good all day. Don’t know what’s gotten into her.”

His expression is just the usual flat boredom. No fiery anger, no desperation at being caught out.

He doesn't care. She screamed into his phone, and he doesn't care.

Oh, god. His dad knows that he does this to women.

"Yep, another one finally. It's about time, I know." He thrusts his hips against hers and tucks his thumb under her chin to keep her from opening her mouth and biting at his palm.

Hermione groans and squeezes her eyes shut. It makes her nose ache.

"Is that right?" he says. "Didn't think the prototype would be ready so soon. Suppose I'll need you to book the surgeon, then."

Whereas her heart was pounding right through her skin before, now she can't even feel it. Maybe she's already dead and just doesn't know it yet. That would explain the slick, dark tar dripping down her spine. Her thoughts slow to a stop.

Surgeon.

"I was thinking Monday. Don't have class, and it gives me the weekend to enjoy my spoils."

Whatever his father responds with, it makes him laugh.

She bucks against him and his laugh cuts off. "You know what—my apologies, father, but I'm going to need to call you back."

She knows the call has disconnected because the hand at her mouth moves away, then slaps her across the cheek.

"I'm going to have a lot of fun with you this weekend," he murmurs, brushing the hair away from her face.

Hermione shakes her head. She shouldn't cry—she's supposed to be compliant and quiet and not one bit of bother. But the tears know nothing of survival strategies. They drip down her temples and into her hair.

He traces the elegant neckline of her dress, then grips it tight with both hands and tears the fabric straight between her breasts. He keeps tearing until he reaches the bottom hem. The ruined gown falls to either side, revealing her.

Her thighs squeeze on instinct, but she only ends up gripping his hips tighter.

A deep groan rumbles through his chest. He snaps the front of her underwear once, then pulls them aside. His other hand works at his zipper. "Can you believe I let you tease me for weeks, then waited all morning to fuck you?"

Hermione doesn't look, but when his cock head prods at her pussy, she knows it has to be big. "Please," she begs. "Please don't do this, Professor Malfoy. You can still—"

“No. I can’t.” He runs his cock up and down her pussy before he positions it at that tender spot. The moment he starts pushing, it hurts.

This was supposed to be something special.

“You little tease,” he huffs. “If I had known you were a virgin, I wouldn’t have waited half as long to take you, risk be damned. Oh, little girl, you were mine the moment you put your name down for my course.”

She grits her teeth and holds back every pained sound her body wants to make. He’s thick and it hurts, but she refuses to give him the satisfaction.

As if it really matters. As if he doesn’t know she’s in pain.

He grips her jaw and wags her head side to side. “What’s with that look on your face? Hm?” He eases in an inch further. “Tell me what’s going on in that frizzy little head of yours, Miss Granger.”

Her mind reels away from the situation. His words, they echo through her skull, the sound of them reflecting back on each other.

Miss Granger. Miss Granger.

“Why...are you still calling me that?” she mumbles.

“Calling you what? Miss Granger?” He readjusts the open fly of his slacks and keeps pushing. “Why wouldn’t I? Perhaps you’d prefer that I call you *Hermione*.”

Her body is a long chain and he is the anchor at the end pulling her tight and tense. “Just—it’s just a bit of a mouthful is all,” she gets out between gasps.

“Professor Malfoy’s a bit of a mouthful, too. But you haven’t seemed to mind saying it.”

He’s splitting her open and expects her to hold a normal conversation. With one last push, his hips come to rest against hers. He’s filled her past where she thought was possible. She feels every inch of him stretching and burning inside of her.

He tickles his fingers over her nipple. Hermione clenches around him.

“You know what?” he says, a little breathless. “You’re right. I’ll do away with the ‘miss’ and call you Granger. Or perhaps just ‘slut’.” He rolls the flesh of her thigh in his palm. “I suppose ‘Professor Malfoy’ needs to go, but merely calling me ‘Malfoy’ would feel...disrespectful, don’t you think?”

He eases out halfway, then forces himself back in. Hermione grunts. *Is this how sex is supposed to feel?* She doubts it.

Maybe he’s waiting for her to answer, so she says, “I don’t know.”

“*Very* disrespectful,” he says. Now that he’s started to move, he can’t seem to stop. His cock picks up a steady rhythm, sliding in and out of her as he tugs at her nipple. “How about you just call me ‘daddy’ instead?”

Even through all the pain, her disgust has her making a face. She shakes her head.

“I wasn’t asking,” he says, his voice going hard.

“It’s weird,” she mumbles.

“Why?”

Her cuffed wrists pinch into her lower back. She arches away from them, even knowing she’s giving him a bit of a show. “I—I already have a dad,” she says.

“Well, you’re never seeing him again.” As her body resists his entry less and less, he starts to increase his pace. “Consider me your brand new adoptive dad.”

She grits her teeth at the sensation of him filling her again and again. “I don’t think you’re—old enough to be my dad,” she grunts.

“Then I’ll be your older brother. Fuck.” He leans over her and traces her tender throat. “I own you now. I can be whatever I want to you.”

“You don’t own me.”

“I may as well. In about a week you’ll be dead to the world. Just another runaway, never to be seen or heard from again.” He presses his open mouth to her neck, the points of his teeth sending a shiver through her. “Come on. Call me daddy, and maybe I’ll even get you some painkillers for after the surgeon’s done with you.”

She hiccups and doesn’t say anything.

Rolling his eyes, he pulls back far enough to wrap his hands around her neck and squeezes until her air is entirely cut off. His thrusting comes to a stop.

“You want to breathe?” he asks, his face inches from hers. “Show me how bad you want it. Show me, Granger. Sweet virgin slut, all for me. Show me how bad you want that air.”

Her body squirms against his, inadvertently fucking herself on his cock. Her mouth gapes open and her eyes flutter.

Just as her vision begins to sparkle, he releases her. She gulps down that precious air but he’s already fucking into her again, going hard and fast.

“Thank me,” he says. His hands linger at her neck. A threat.

“Th-thank you, daddy!” she gasps, barely thinking as the words fall out of her.

He slaps her across the cheek. Not hard, and it's more humiliating that way. "Again. Beg me or something."

"Please stop, daddy. It hurts."

"Does it? Does it hurt terribly?" He chuckles breathlessly. "Hey, this is supposed to be the fun part. Take me at my word. You should enjoy it while you can."

His cock is bumping some tender place within her but all she can think about is getting him away from her. "Daddy—daddy—!" She mumbles the words, halfway between delirium and a waking nightmare.

Then his thrusts go uneven. "*Fuck—!*" He squeezes her neck again as he slams into her. He moans and she knows he's coming, but she can't *breathe*. All she can do is wiggle and fight until he thinks to let her free again.

As Hermione gasps and sobs, he slips away and takes a step back to watch his spend trickle from her pussy.

"Next time," he says, "I'm going to make you come. But first you have to beg me for it."

Chapter End Notes

finally, some good fuckin food. this chapter was a total blast to write - I was all over the place with it.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

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

Under ultra-bright LEDs, everyone looks like shit. Prada models, your teenage daughter with the fresh, pimple-free face, every sad-sack's AI-generated girlfriend. Everyone.

Even Granger.

One of the nurses lifts the girl's see-through shower cap—what's known as a bouffant surgical cap, the outside carefully sterilized—so that about two inches of her scalp is visible. There's a thin layer of baby hairs growing there, the ends of them still tucked up inside the cap.

These last two days, Draco's spent a good amount of time with his fingers threaded through that hair. Tugging. Yanking out strands on accident, sort of.

A different nurse takes the place of the first. She's got a buzzer, a man's electric razor with such a normal brand stamped on the side that Draco just knows it was picked up at Target or worse. The nurse turns it on and sets it to Granger's scalp, the exposed part, and severs the hairs from the root. Shaving her bald, right at the top of her spine where it meets her skull.

Granger doesn't know that any of this is happening. She's already asleep, courtesy of the IV line in her arm. Last she probably remembers, she was laying herself down on this surgical table belly-first and naked.

Everything's been sterilized, including Draco. He's got a stupid plastic cap on just the same as she does. A mask over his face, cutting lines into the bridge of his nose. Gloves. Et cetera.

He'd considered having a separate room in his condo just for the surgeries, but the playroom did just fine. The ability to sterilize it properly has given him freer reign to push the boundaries when he's having his fun, and it gives him a thrill to watch these experimental surgeries go down in the same place where he was just torturing the girl with a whip or his cock.

He hasn't truly tortured Granger, not yet. She would say he has, but a few smacks with the paddle and his hand hardly counts as torture.

Speaking of, his handiwork is laid out nice and pretty on her ass and thighs. It's about the only thing that looks good under these lights. Really brings out the fruity purples in the bruising.

The nurse tucks up Granger's surgical cap further so the shaved hair is pulled inside. Later, when they take the cap off, that hair is going to make a whole entire mess. He should've made them shave her before they knocked her out.

Through the mask, he smells iodine and alcohol. The nurse sterilizes her neck where it's bald.

The surgeon, he's an old family friend. His pockets are lined so thick with Malfoy cash that he'd kill himself in the jail cell before ever speaking a word of what he's done for the company.

Right now he's got his hands held high in that I'm-not-armed salut surgeons do so they don't get germs on their gloves. He's eyeing the tray of scalpels and the tiny curved chip laid out on a glass mat. It looks nothing like a computer chip but that's essentially what it is. If you looked past the intricate fuzzy wiring and the irregular borders, zooming straight in deep, you'd see circuits. Pathways carved into the metal and coated in ceramic. You'd see intelligence, almost.

That right there—that's what's going in the back of Granger's head. Going to link it up with all those fresh nerves running down her spine, nice and tight. A hug from within.

Draco's prototype. His invention. A hobby, but a passionate one.

You'd have to have passion for this sort of thing. It's not an everyman's passtime.

He watches the first incision, the blood that bubbles over. A nurse is quick to catch it with sterile gauze. The surgeon cuts and the nurse cleans until the white knob of spine shows through. The shelf of skull. Muscle red and meaty around the edges.

A part of Granger that no one's seen before. Not even her.

The implantation goes splendid according to the doctor. Right around hour number four, Draco begins to regret asking to watch, but his boredom is relieved when they do the stitches. He always likes that part.

They're just bandaging her up when there's a knock at the door. The surgeon gives him the stink eye but Draco ignores it and leaves. The decontamination vent system will take care of any baby germs that manage to get in.

Outside in the hall, it's his father. Draco pulls off the mask and cap, but leaves the gloves on.

"Thought I taught you better than to get your hands dirty at that day-job of yours," his father rasps. His voice is a reedy perpetual whisper after years of cigarettes and shouting at prostitutes, or whatever it was that he would do on those weekends when he'd disappear.

"Couldn't resist," Draco says, shrugging. He doesn't have to care what his dad thinks anymore, but he can't help it.

His father points his chin up, the tendons under his jaw stringing out. Even out here under the normal light, he looks grey.

"Tied up all your loose ends?" he asks.

Draco nods. "University's taken care of. So's her stuff. Just got to have her write a letter to her parents. *Blah-blah, need a fresh start.* Easy."

He grunts. “Don’t make a habit of this, Draco. I’ll find my own research samples if I need to.” He taps his cane on the baseboard, leaving a black mark.

“You won’t need to. Moving forward it’ll be right back to the usual vagabonds and vagrants. No trail.”

His father turns away. Over his shoulder he calls, “Don’t go too rough on her. We need clean data.”



Hermione doesn’t do well with anesthetic—specifically the part where she’s supposed to wake up.

Consciousness lines the backs of her eyes like mountain ridges. She backs up, tripping over her own feet, but the ridges grow more distinct until she can feel them at her fingertips, the jagged points of them. She can taste it dry and sandy on her tongue, the roof of her mouth and down her throat harsh with the texture.

She groans, and so she finds her mouth. Making noise hurts.

Her body is lying nearby, but it’s essentially dead weight at this point, so she pays it no mind.

Someone’s here with her in the mountains. It’s a man’s voice she hears, the sound partially blocked out by the clouds. Maybe it’s her dad waking her up for church, but Hermione *hates* church. She won’t go.

The man’s voice tells her about how she’s going to help him with an experiment of his. She’ll do a great job, he says. The best job.

If she really concentrates, she can just make out the pressure of hands roaming along her skin. But mostly she feels the craggy rocks of the mountain.

The voice is still talking. It says her stitches will stay in for two weeks. Says he got her some antibiotics, but he’ll keep the incision nice and clean anyway. Some NSAIDs for the inflammation, opioids for the pain, and stool softeners for the opioids. Ambien in case she can’t sleep. Soup. Electrolytes.

He says he’s got it all. Everything they’ll need, he’s got it.

The voice is annoying. Hermione tries to tell it to please go away now but all she manages is another scratchy groan. Her attempts to roll over, to cross over to another mountain peak, they’re wasted. She can only move in her mind’s eye, but not for real.

A sharp pressure alights somewhere near where her arm should be. The fog flickers but the pressure’s gone before the clouds can fully clear.

A few rays of sunlight blink through. She doesn’t like how it feels on her skin.

“Need to get you moisturizing,” the voice says.

Her eyelids are weighed down with fog, which is too bad, because she's starting to form a better guess on who exactly is talking to her—but she has to look to be sure of it.

After a few more pointless mumbles, the voice is gone. Hermione tucks herself into a mossy corner and lets the whistling wind lull her to sleep.

When she becomes aware again, the mountain is nowhere to be found. She swallows and discovers that her throat is sore. Her body aches in that heavy way when you sleep too long. For one eerie moment she believes herself to be back in high school, down and out with the flu and forced to stay home.

Then she tries to shift, and finds that her arms won't move. Instead of a bed, she's lying on something hard and unforgiving as metal.

Hermione forces her eyes open.

She recognizes Malfoy's room with no small amount of groggy surprise. This isn't where she thought she'd be. The lights are dim.

She jerks her arm. A chain rattles and the pressure around her wrist tells her she's been restrained again. Her elbow bonks against the table she's laying on. She doesn't really feel it, but it makes a loud, bruising sound.

Sensations are moving in slowly, the primary one being a sticky sort of pain at the back of her neck that makes her afraid to move her head.

The door opens and Malfoy walks in, dressed to kill with his usual rings twinkling in the dim light.

Hermione realizes she's naked. Naked and chained down and in pain.

"Why...?" she rasps as he approaches the table.

"I assume you mean to ask why I have you strapped to a table," he says. A bottle of mineral water hangs from his fingers. He twists the cap and takes a swig, throat bobbing. "Or perhaps you're wondering why you were anesthetized."

She blinks. The memory comes back in splinters.

She's just been through a major surgery. Her throat hurts because she was intubated. Her body aches because she hasn't moved for god only knows how long.

Malfoy did something to her. He brought in a nurse and put her under, and now her body's been *changed*. No permission needed, unless you count the paperwork that Malfoy forced her to sign, a knife notched at the thin skin between her pinky and ring finger until she picked up the pen and wrote her name on the line. Didn't let her read what it was, but she'd bet anything it was some fancy form of a permission slip.

That morning he'd forced her to take a long, hot shower with a clinical-smelling soap from a pump bottle. Instead of giving her clothes, he'd led her to the play room again, now with a

surgical table laid out at the center. Hermione had climbed up and cried as he'd helped her don the blue elastic cap.

For all her questions, Malfoy and the nurse may as well have been deaf. The needle entering her arm is the last thing she can recall before the mountains arose.

That was after two days of having her body used in the filthiest ways imaginable. He'd fucked her and forced her to do all sorts of things, and after each one she was made to thank you.

Thank you, daddy. Thank you for letting me come on your cock.

At first she'd begged him not to make her come. The very thought of letting him make her feel good sent her into near-hysterics.

The first rule of surviving a kidnapping is to play along.

Shame does funny things to the logical side of your mind. Hermione had eventually acquiesced, and Malfoy had made her pay for every ounce of resistance she'd given him before.

The snap of fingers in front of her face brings her back to the present.

"Don't konk out on me now. You've been sleeping for long enough, I think."

Hermione blinks, still a bit groggy. "What did you do to me?" she asks.

He slips his fingers beneath her neck, tip-toeing them near that deep pain that throbs worse with every minute. Either she's still sort of numb, or she's been bandaged thick back there.

"I left you a present," he murmurs. "Right at the base of your skull. It's entirely unique—only one in existence as of right now—so you should feel honored."

Tears well up in her eyes. All she does is cry anymore. It makes her stomach sway. "Why are you doing this?" she asks, voice thick.

Malfoy slips his hand up to cup her head. "Not every girl is so lucky, you know. A wealthy guy like me, flush with power and oh-so-lonely, lavishing a small-town girl with attention?" He leans the water bottle to her lips and tilts her head up so she can drink. "Sounds like the plot of everyone's favorite rom-com."

Hermione drinks. It does nothing to soothe her throat.

"Are you lonely?" she asks once she's done.

Malfoy lets her head drop to the table with a *thunk* that she feels in her teeth. "I unfortunately have class the rest of this week, so you'll be cared for by one of my father's employed nurses." He caps the water and runs his eyes over her body. "I advise you not to try anything with her. Before you know it you'll be healed, and trust me when I say I have *plenty* of ways to punish you. As you're no doubt aware, I can be very creative."

He moves her from the surgical table back to her little corner, wrist locked to the floor. Her joints seem to creak as she folds herself into a ball on her side. At least she has a pillow.

That night Malfoy feeds her a simple dinner of soup and toast. The good news is he doesn't make her lap it up from the bowl. The bad news is he insists on spoon-feeding her the entire thing.

"Might as well get used to this," he mutters. "Got to let that neck rest, and I can't be giving you such an easy weapon as a spoon or a fork."

For the first couple days, Hermione sleeps so much that she hardly knows how much time is passing. The nurse keeps a near-constant watch on her whenever Malfoy disappears. She's a severe woman, one built like a telephone pole, her eyes sharp as a prison guard's. She doesn't speak and if Hermione so much as tells her 'hello', her hand twitches as if itching to slap her.

So Hermione stays quiet. She accepts her spoon-fed meals, which aren't nearly as gentle under the care of the nurse.

Whereas Malfoy will unchain her for baths and toilet trips, the nurse apparently isn't allowed to bring her on excursions. Hermione is forced to endure sponge-baths. Even worse, she has no other choice but to accept the bed pan that the nurse offers when she says she has to pee. It's downright humiliating.

A few times a day she's given pills. No one tells her what they are, but she remembers bits and pieces of Malfoy's speech he'd given when she was only half-conscious. The gel caps are obviously stool softeners. Those come every morning. Then with every meal, she's given these oblong white pills that taste metallic at the back of her tongue and are stamped with PLIVA, the generic pharmaceutical brand. She assumes these are antibiotics. The thin pills with the sweet red coating have to be ibuprofen.

Hermione swallows all of these without hesitation. It's the little rounded pill in baby blue that gives her pause. A big 'M' printed on one side and a crease down the center of the other.

Maybe I'll even get you some painkillers for after the surgeon's done with you.

The first couple days or so, the pain dancing down her spine and hammering into the back of her skull is so acute that she accepts the narcotics out of pure desperation. They make the pain go away and then she sleeps, and she doesn't have to think about escape or assault or what the hell Malfoy did to her body.

But when the drowsiness fades and the room comes back into focus for longer than an hour at a time, she knows she shouldn't keep accepting them. The opioids. She can't think properly when she's drugged, and if she can't think, she can't escape.

Draco watches her hesitate one night before bed, the pill burning a hole in the palm of her hand.

"I won't let you get addicted," he teases.

Hermione just shrugs and tosses the pill back. Tonight's tomato bisque doesn't mix well with the guilt, and her stomach churns.

"Oh, I get it." He leans her forward and piles her hair on top of her head. His fingers read the braille of her bandage. "You want to be in control. How else are you going to slip free from my grasp, eh?"

She bites her lip. His fingernail itches at the edge of the bandage, lifting the adhesive just enough to make it sting.

"You're not getting out, Granger. Once you're good and healed, you'll understand that. Until then, just take your pills and be a good girl for me."

So she takes the pills—not because she cares about being a *good girl*, but because the one time she refuses her nighttime dose, she doesn't sleep. She spends those dark hours staring up at the ceiling and seeing only the fiery explosions of pain carving holes in her spinal column. By morning she's ready to beg.

She counts the days and when it's been ten since the surgery, her stitches come out. The back of her neck is a meaty, scabbed line wide enough that you could fit a credit card inside. Around it her hair grows back in prickles, not long enough to feel soft yet.

"Doing just fine," the surgeon says when he comes to check the wound at the two week mark.

There's the idea of trying to signal him for help. Hermione watches the thought pass through her mind with mild amusement.

Malfoy wouldn't bring anyone near her if there was even the smallest chance of her convincing them to secure an escape for her.

"Pain levels?" the surgeon asks. His fingers probe at her neck.

"She's off the oxy," Malfoy responds.

It still hurts. She'd rather not move her neck at all but Malfoy and the nurse force her to do these exercises now, probably so she doesn't lose mobility. Sometimes when she's sitting up for too long, she gets a pressure headache like a whole orange has been stuffed into the back of her skull.

The surgeon's gloves find all the little holes where the stitches used to be. Hermione hasn't seen her neck since the big day, but she can guess how it looks from her fingers' explorations.

"I think we're good to proceed with the initial testing," the surgeon mumbles through his loose lips.

"Very well." The excitement in Malfoy's voice is obvious. "Help me get her strapped down, won't you?"

Maybe she should fight it when his steely grip leads her to the playroom. But what would be the point? She'll just end up with more bruises that way. Bruises and tears and pointless frustration.

Is this what giving up feels like?

She's laid out on the surgical table, this time on her back. Malfoy strips off her thin, shapeless nightgown and buckles her wrists and ankles into padded restraints. Despite asking, he doesn't actually let the doctor help any.

The lights are too bright, so Hermione closes her eyes until she feels sticky pads being pressed to her temples and forehead. Wires lead from her face to some hidden point behind her. Additional pads are situated across her chest.

The surgeon's out of sight. Malfoy comes to stand over her, a small, silver remote tucked into one palm.

"This will be an app once we get the kinks figured out," he says, gesturing with the remote.

Her eyes begin to water as she stares up at him. "Don't do this," she whispers. That remote is going to set his *little gift* at the base of her skull alight.

Malfoy smiles. Her spine prickles all the way down to her tailbone.

He leans down and runs his open lips over her throat. She stares at the bone-pale line of his scalp.

"If you need to cry," he murmurs, "you just go ahead and do it, Granger."

Then he straightens and hits a button on the remote.

Agony.

From fingertip to toe, liquid fire pours through Hermione's body, filling her entire frame in an instant. Not one inch of her body is left untouched. The air in her lungs turns to flames and it sears through her mouth and nose as she lets out a high, unending scream.

In that brief moment, Hermione is nothing but pain.

It stops as suddenly as it had begun. The fire vanishes and she's left blissfully numb and whole. Her back has arched away from the table, muscles pulled tight, and her wrists strain against the cuffs.

"Well, that seemed like a bit much," comes Malfoy's voice.

With effort, Hermione relaxes back to the table. She's not clammy or anything—in fact, aside from the trembling of her limbs still clenched hard, she feels perfectly fine. But the memory of the pain dances up her throat and then she's blubbering. Crying.

“P-please don’t do that again, sir! Please—I’ll do anything you want, I don’t care what it is—I can’t—oh, god, please—!”

Malfoy still hovers over her. His brows are pulled tight in concentration, but behind that his eyes have taken on that heavy look he gets right before he’s about to make her do something sick.

“Definitely a bit much,” he says. His eyes flicker past the table. “Pardon while I make some adjustments to the scale, will you?”

He leaves. Hermione continues her sobbing, hoping beyond reason that the surgeon will take pity on her. She even resorts to begging for him to remove the device in her neck.

The man may as well have left the room too for all she hears from him.

Malfoy returns with a laptop and sets it on Hermione’s belly. She makes her hands into fists and grits her teeth hard, expecting another rush of agony at any second.

“Thought that’d be around a three,” he murmurs, typing away, “but based on your reaction, I think we’ll make that an eight.” He tilts his head and turns his gaze to her. “That sound about right to you, Granger?”

Her response is just a string of wordless whining. If he’s building a pain scale, she’d put that experience at a ten, no question.

He types for long minute after minute. By the time he sets the laptop away and pulls out the remote, Hermione’s managed to set aside most of the shock and get her brain straight. She’s got precious few options here to escape from that pain, and pride be damned, she’s going to try them all.

“Please don’t do that again,” she says. “I’ll do whatever you want, really. I won’t complain or try to escape. I promise.”

Malfoy turns around and leans against the table. The remote dangles from his fingertips.

“You think I went through all this trouble just to try out my new toy one measly time?” he asks. “Come on. You’re a whole lot smarter than that.”

She hadn’t expected option number one to work. Really it just gave her the chance to steel herself for the oncoming humiliation of option number two.

“Don’t hurt me again, daddy,” she whimpers. She makes her eyes big and round and lets them fill with easy tears. Her lower lip trembles.

He grins. “That’s cute. I can’t believe one round of this—” he wiggles the remote, “—was enough to break you.”

She gives up the emotional argument and switches to a more logical one. “Then—then please don’t do that level of—whatever it was. It’s too much. I don’t think my mind or body can take it another time. It was really, really bad, Malfoy, and I—”

“Based on preliminary testing,” he interrupts in a loud voice, “I’m about seventy percent sure that this isn’t going to permanently harm you. I quite like those odds.” He reaches up and tucks the remote beneath her chin, suicide-gun style. “And don’t you dare call me ‘Malfoy’, little girl.”

The remote’s still pressed to her skin when he hits the button again.

The pain hits her just as quickly as it did the first time, but the intensity has been cranked way down. When her body jolts and cringes tight, she can actually feel it happen. Her mind isn’t lost in the pain, so she can vividly picture every vein and artery in her body filling with magma. The top of her head sears hot in a crown-shaped ring.

It shuts off. She gasps for air and tries to curl in on herself, forgetting the restraints. Her muscles are going to be sore for a week from how hard she’s been clenching them.

Draco clicks his tongue. “Now that’s a three. How are we looking on the readouts?”

“Nothing out of the ordinary,” the doctor drones. “Certainly no obvious injury. After you’ve been working at her for a month, we’ll get some CT’s and all that done.”

Hermione tries to protest and nearly bites her tongue off. She forces the chattering of her jaw to relax. “Professor Malfoy—sir—you can’t intend to keep doing this for a whole month. Please.”

Without even looking, Malfoy hits another button.

The fire rushes back. It’s hard to tell for sure, but she thinks it’s just slightly lower in severity than what she felt a moment ago. Her initial relief is overshadowed as the seconds tick by.

“I can bring her in before then,” Malfoy’s saying. “A month seems like quite a long time to wait before gathering some good data. I’d prefer to make any necessary tweaks earlier in the game.”

“Your father would prefer we run this just the same as any other initial prototype study. There will be time for details in future models.”

Her muscles heat up white hot from the pain or exertion or both. She imagines Malfoy’s evil little thumbprint lodged up beneath her skull, sending shockwave after shockwave to force her hundreds of nerves rigid.

At this low, it’s almost more like static—but everywhere in her body at once.

“I’m leading this project. This particular victim is not quite as disposable. I’ll have her out to the clinic within a week, and you will run all your typical tests.”

“The retainer—”

“I will pay out of pocket if the budget is lacking,” Malfoy cuts in.

Hermione gets out a hoarse whimper. There's a harsh buzzing in her ears that's growing loud enough to drown out the men's voices. If her hands were free, she'd be tugging at Draco's shirt. Begging with her hands.

The surgeon is talking but Hermione is distracted by how the buzzing crawls down through her jaw. Her teeth jitter in their sockets.

Then, all at once, it's over. Hermione blinks her eyes open and forces her body to relax again. How long was she in pain? A full minute? Two?

"Too long," she groans.

Malfoy runs his hand over her belly. "Don't go complaining. That was a low level. Low enough that I'll hardly even be using it." He pinches at the skin over her ribs. "Just needed you to shut up while the grown-ups had a chat."

The surgeon in his baggy slacks and a million freckles, he walks around the table and points his dark eyes at her.

"How do you feel?" he asks. Under the bright lights and the men's scrutiny with the cold table at her back, Hermione could be nothing but a tissue sample encased in wax and sliced for their viewing pleasure.

"Cooked," she says. "I feel cooked."

Malfoy sighs. "Do you really? Or are you just being dramatic?" He lifts the remote. "Tell the truth, sweetheart."

She almost rolls her eyes, but the smart side of her reins it in and gives him a more honest answer. "Aside from some muscle jitters, I feel okay. No pain."

The surgeon nods and pats Malfoy on the shoulder, not noticing how the man's lip curls at the contact. "See you both in a week, then," he mutters, then walks away.

Malfoy curls over her, long arms bracing on either side of her body. "Now we can *really* begin," he says.

Chapter End Notes

Oof

Chapter 12

Hermione has sticky spots all over her face and chest where the adhesive stuck behind.

“Can I have some clothes, sir?” she asks Malfoy. Her legs are a little shaky so she leans back against the table, the edge of it biting into her butt.

“No. Be happy you’re not chained up.” He smiles and gestures politely. “Why don’t you go ahead and take a look around? You haven’t had a proper tour of my condo.”

Hermione shakes her head. She resists the urge to pick at the back of her neck.

“Come on. Go ahead, walk around. I’m not going to stop you.”

“I don’t want to, sir.”

He leans in close and braces his hands on either side of the table. “Would you rather I led you around on a leash, then?”

Her mouth drops open. She stumbles over her words, somewhere between no-thank-you and please-don’t, but he interrupts before she can get a proper sentence out.

“Guess that’s a ‘yes’,” he says, turning away.

Hermione’s quick to correct him. “Oh—no thank you, sir. I don’t need a leash.”

“Took you just a bit too long to answer. Maybe next time you’ll be a bit quicker.”

He walks to the wall of toys and unhooks a leather collar with a long leash already clipped to the front. She expects him to cinch it just a bit too tight on her neck, but he leaves it merely snug, testing with his finger to make sure there’s enough room for her to twist and move around a bit.

He wraps the end of the leash around his hand and gives it a nice tug. Hermione lurches forward.

“For today’s purposes, it’s more convenient if you walk,” he says, leading her out of the room. “But when I collar you in the future, I’ll expect you to crawl. I’d rather not have to ask, so do try to remember, or I will be very displeased.”

She swallows. The leather around her neck presses back.

They approach the front door. She eyes it warily and stays where she is, her eyes glued to Malfoy.

“Well?” He waves at the door. “Go on. I know you’re terribly eager to get out of here. The exit’s right there. All you have to do is take it.”

She doesn't have a choice. If she doesn't move, he's going to force her forward, and that's bound to be less pleasant.

So Hermione takes a step towards the door. Then another.

At the third step, just as she's nearly within reaching distance of the doorknob, her body seizes up with liquid flame. From crown to toe, Hermione is boiling alive just beneath her skin.

Malfoy uses the leash to yank her back, and the burning immediately ceases. She gasps for air and clutches at the collar.

"How odd," he says. "You should've been able to just walk straight through. Why don't you give it another shot?"

And because she has to obey, Hermione does. She inches forward, her fists clenched tight in anticipation of the flames that will flood through her veins at any moment—and boy, does it. The pain completely overtakes her. The instantaneousness of it is an absolute shock every single time. One moment she's fine, and the next she's being flayed from the inside out.

She's in so much pain that when Malfoy's fingers thread through her hair and yank her back, she hardly feels it. Her knees are locked. She manages to release them and keep herself standing, though only barely.

"The first was a warning. About a level five and a half. That should deter your curiosity in the future. The second hit was a seven. I suggest you learn your lessons quick, because each time you try to escape, the punishments will escalate."

"I understand, sir," she gasps.

"Good."

Next he leads her to the bedroom and nods at the window.

"I'd like some fresh air. Wouldn't you? Open it up for us, please."

Her fingers shake as she takes a hesitant step towards the window. It's going to hit her any second—just a bit closer now, and—

There it is. This time her knees don't lock and she goes crumpling to the ground.

It's supposed to stop then, but it doesn't. The pain just keeps rolling through her body. Hermione lets out a long keen.

Malfoy's shoe fills her vision as he steps closer and crouches. "Well, that's no good. You've ceased your inappropriate actions, and yet the pain still continues." His fingers drift over her cheek, and she can barely feel them through the pain. "Perhaps the proximity sensors go from floor to ceiling, so unless you move away, the device doesn't stop. It'd be a shame if you tried this while I was gone and got stuck the entire day. Might be enough to drive a girl mad."

Tremors wrack her body. He lets her suffer for a few more agonizing seconds, then yanks her away from the window by the collar.

“You’re not going anywhere, Granger.” He nudges her with his shoe and she rolls onto her back.

Hermione can’t get a word out through her sobs. Perhaps it’s for the best.

All night long, she imagines that device hooked into her neck going off at any time. Malfoy’s got the remote, after all. He’s a textbook sadist, and he’s made it no secret that he likes her in pain.

He could do it right now. Right now. Right now.

Now.

The next morning, Malfoy lets her shower. He’s dressed in a sweater and jeans, which means he’s not going into work.

Hermione squirts out a glob of shampoo and slips her fingers along her scalp, scrubbing with her nails all the way down to the line of scabbing.

“I can’t wait to see how you fight me.” Malfoy sits on the edge of his bathtub and turns towards the mirror. The glass door is already fogging up, making his form hazy.

She takes a step back into the stream of water and holds a cupped hand above her face so the suds don’t get in her eyes as she rinses them out.

Then she spreads conditioner through her hair and starts on washing her body. Today he’s given her the lavender-scented soap. He likes to change it up. She guesses it’s based on his mood, but so far she hasn’t been able to pinpoint any trends.

Every day, she gathers another useless bit of information about her captor—as if knowing that a bad mood equals citrus will help her escape this mess. Nothing will help her anymore, not with those proximity sensors in the way.

Hermione scrubs her foot. The shower door fogs up until Malfoy is nothing but a black and blonde smudge, a trick of the light.

He could be just a picture, a still painting, except for his voice.

“I’m going to break you, Granger. The harder you fight, the deeper I’ll inch my fingers until there’s nothing left for me to do but rip you open.”

She rinses her body. Perhaps he’s watching her peachy smeared shape through the glass just the same as she’s watching him. He surely can’t see much of her, but she still keeps her front facing him as she steps back and leans her hair beneath the water.

“Perhaps I should send your uncle a thank-you note for starting the job. Of course, he wasn’t trying to *break* you when he cleaved that scar in your psyche. He was acting out of pure

selfishness—overtaken by desire. As am I. But I’m quite a bit smarter than your uncle, and quite a bit wealthier, too. I can afford to act rashly.”

Greasy with conditioner, her fingers tickle back to the scar. It’s gone soft from all the warm water.

She imagines weeks, months, *years* of having that fire race through her body anytime she makes one single misstep. She imagines the look on Malfoy’s face as he tortures her just for the fun of it, hurts her until her brain turns to oatmeal.

She imagines all of this, then digs her fingernails into the scabbed incision. In the face of such force, the scab is nothing more than soggy bread, and soon, blood is trickling down her spine, turning into rivulets that wind around her legs along the water’s path.

“You’ll have to tell me what it’s like to have your willpower snapped. Each time I watch it happen, I get more and more curious. Their lively eyes going blank...I can’t help but wonder how it feels on the inside.”

If the glass wasn’t so fogged up, he could see the blood turning the shower floor pink. As it is, she’s just rinsing her hair. Nothing to worry about.

She’d thought the rapes were bad. She’d thought it couldn’t get much worse than being stripped naked and chained to the floor.

Now she can’t even trust her own body.

“You’re going to pretend for a while.” His voice echoes and surrounds her in that wet shower stall. “You’ll try to convince me that you’re broken, because you’ll want me to let my guard down. That’s alright. I don’t mind playing that little game, just like I won’t mind playing the others you’re sure to think up in all your free time. I like games.”

Her fingers find the inner lip of her flesh, the cut straight and true from the scalpel. It hurts, but it’s only her neck that hurts. Just the neck. Nowhere else.

She inches her feet apart, bracing herself in that diluted pink puddle. She can’t make one sound. Not a single groan.

The buzzing from the device is back, but it’s behind her eyes now. It lives in the swirling tunnel of her ears, prickling at her eustachian tubes. She can smell it, metallic. Rusty.

I’m going to break you.

She probes at her own slippery innards. Her trapezius muscles are stiff from how her neck is tilted. Something inside of her is tearing, either real or not real.

Her fingertip brushes the hard curve of bone.

The shower door swings open.

Malfoy is very put out about calling the surgeon back. He orders that she's not to be given any anesthetic for the second set of stitches, which is just as well. Hermione would rather be lost in physical pain than the everpressing mental one.

As the needle pierces her skin, Malfoy stoops to look her in the eye.

"It's bolted into the bone, you lunatic." His nose points straight at her. He licks his lips.

The surgeon tucks the suture tight and starts on the next. It stings, like maybe there's still some conditioner lingering in the wound. Her blood runs lavender.

"I'm getting all A's," Hermione says, her voice muddled from how her cheek presses to the table. "Every single class."

"It would've been impossible for you to remain conscious long enough to even find the prototype," the surgeon chimes in. His breath is hot on her half-open wound, the crooked grimace at the back of her neck. "The pain would've overtaken you before long."

He's wrong. She could've done it. Even if the thing's bolted in, surely there are loose bits. Corners to be snapped. She could've scratched at it until its circuits were fried.

Even Hermione knows she's bullshitting herself. Malfoy isn't sloppy enough to give her that kind of opportunity.

His eyes bore into hers. "If you try that shit again, I'm taking a couple fingers from you."

"Don't worry," she mumbles.

It was a dumb plan. Not a plan at all, in fact. As if she was just going to pry the device free and walk right on out of his condo, with him lounging on the bathtub ledge all the while.

Desperation does odd things to a person. All the textbooks in the world could be crammed in her head and she's still going to make nonsensical choices.

She expects the surgeon to duct tape the bandage to her neck—maybe staple the whole thing in place—but he leaves the two of them with the usual stack of sterile gauze and bandages with instructions to glop an antibiotic ointment on there twice a day. Hermione knows the drill well enough by now.

Malfoy leaves her strapped face-down to the table while he leads the surgeon to the door. He returns with a couple of small boxing gloves in his hands.

"You'll excuse me if I don't trust you at your word, Granger." He undoes one of the restraints and immediately slips her hand into the glove. Her fingers automatically curve into a fist to fit the shape.

When he's done, she pulls her hand towards her face. There's no padding like there is with a boxing glove, so the whole thing is just a bit bigger than her normal fist. The glove ends in a strap wrapped tight around her wrist. A tiny padlock dangles from the buckle.

“It’s not as if you really need your hands,” Malfoy tells her as he slips on the second glove. They’re both fitted so carefully to her fist that once she’s locked in, there’s no moving her fingers. Not even a wiggle.

Back home, her older sister has this baby. When the baby was born, he would scratch at his own face in the night, managing to leave thin, bloodied marks no matter how short his nails were clipped. So her sister bought these cute baby mittens to cover his hands when he was unobserved.

Hermione had thought it was a dumb purchase. The baby mittens were hardly any different than socks, and the shipping costs were exorbitant.

Malfoy helps her up. She draws the blunt end of the glove down her cheek. No scratches. She could bloody her own nose and bang up her face until her eyes are swollen shut, but she’s not getting into that incision, not with these on.

“You’ve also lost your shower privileges,” he tells her, cupping one of the gloves. Weighing it in his palm. “Apparently you can’t be trusted with even that small amount of responsibility. What a damn shame.”

If she hit him with these on, she could definitely cause more damage than a bare-fisted punch—but she’d also definitely break her thumb in the process.

“So quiet,” he says. He takes her chin and tilts it up.

The motion pulls at her stitches and she groans. “You like me quiet,” she says, noting how her voice has gone robotic.

“No. I like you obedient. I like you moaning and calling me ‘daddy’.” He sucks his teeth, watching her face not react, then says, “Get on the bench. Position number two.”

“What’s position number—?”

“On your knees,” he interrupts, voice suddenly thin with impatience. “Face down, ass in the air. And remember that for the future. I don’t have the time or patience to be bending you into the right position like some Barbie doll.” He pats her cheek. “I hope for your sake that you learn fast.”

She woodenly walks to the bench. Every step reverberates through her neck, the sensation throbbing down her spine. She focuses on that, on the throbbing. When she kneels, sticking her ass in the air and pressing her cheek to the surface, all the blood rushing into her head turns the throbbing into a pounding.

It doesn’t matter.

“Arch your back for me. You should know the drill by now.”

She does, unfortunately. Hermione rolls her hips, presenting herself to him.

Malfoy positions himself behind her and nudges her knees apart until they're perched on either edge of the bench. "I don't want to have to ask you to spread your legs," he murmurs. "That should be a given. Don't test my patience, little girl." A cap pops. The obscene wet sound that follows doesn't bode well.

Cold silicone presses to her anus. Hermione yelps and jerks away, then automatically cringes in expectation of the slap that's sure to follow, her back stiffening and legs pinching together.

Instead of a slap, fire rushes through her body. It's only for a second, but it's enough to have her shifting back into the proper position, arching her back as far as she can.

"There we go. I knew you were smart." The silicone object pushes at her anus again, and this time she doesn't move even when her hole begins to stretch.

She knows what it is. Weeks ago, before the surgery, this had been a threat that Malfoy made several times. She's been lucky enough to avoid it until now.

Malfoy pushes the butt plug deeper. It feels quite wide, but it's hard for her to tell without looking.

"I think you'll rather enjoy this," he murmurs. "Go on. Tell me whether you like it."

He pulls out the plug by a couple inches, then plunges it back in, thrusting shallowly and widening her hole.

Hermione manages to get out a whimper, but nothing more.

Malfoy snorts. "You'll have to do better than that."

The plug hits its zenith, and then her anus is sucking the rest of it inside. The tapered end is still giving her hole a noticeable stretch, but at least it's not uncomfortable. In some ways, the sensation is very much similar to getting her cunt filled. Doesn't hurt as much, though—perhaps because of the lubricant.

Malfoy takes the base of the plug and wiggles it. "How's this feel? Tell me, and don't be afraid to be honest."

The wiggling turns to thrusting, and Hermione groans as her hole once again is forced to stretch wide to accommodate the thicker girth of the plug.

"It's...um—!" She's torn between the truth and what she thinks he wants to hear. He did say to be honest, right? "It's too much, sir. I'm very full."

He clicks his tongue. "You don't like being full? Thought you might've missed me these last couple weeks."

"Not...there, though."

"That's right. I haven't played with your ass yet." He wiggles the plug, making room. "Think you'd better get used to it. I've been wanting to fuck this sweet hole since the night you

snuck into my lecture hall—and I'm going to train you to love every minute of it."

He twists the plug back and forth, thrusting unevenly. Without warning, the familiar flames set her nerves alight. Hermione tenses up hard, and as she burns she can vividly feel every single inch of the plug buried inside of her.

The pain disappears. "Are you enjoying this yet? Surely you can find something pleasurable about this nice, big plug in your ass."

"Um." Hermione arches her back further. It's the only way she can think of to placate him.

"That's not an answer. And be honest with me. You know what'll happen if you aren't."

Getting fucked in this hole doesn't give her the same lurching pleasure as when he uses her cunt, but if she really focuses on it, she can find the edges of some unfamiliar enjoyment lurking in her peripheral. A pleasure of fullness.

"I like it a little bit," she says.

"Oh? Was that so hard?" He spreads one of her cheeks apart as he wiggles the plug. "What do you like about it?"

"Being full...is kind of nice. It—it makes me want you to touch other places."

Malfoy hums. He gives her a few more thrusts, then pushes the plug all the way back in. He smacks her ass and says, "Position one." Before she can even open her mouth, he clarifies with, "On the floor, kneeling. Now."

The weight in her rear makes her extra-sensitive to every motion, but she still manages to get herself in position. This time she doesn't forget to spread her knees.

Malfoy circles her and presses the toe of his polished shoe to the plug, pushing it deep again.

"You're going to suck my cock," he says. Hermione cringes, dreading the moment when she has to swallow his come, and Malfoy notices. "Don't be so dramatic. It won't be all that bad. Just a fun little warm-up for us both."

He positions himself in front of her and pulls out his hard cock. Right away, Hermione opens her mouth wide. She's not looking to get slapped, and that remote can't be far.

As she well knows, there are worse things than a full mouth.

He shoves it straight down her throat, not bothering to ease it in or let her catch her breath first, then begins pumping her up and down using his grip in her hair. At least she doesn't have to do much. In a way it's easier like this, when she can just let it happen and pretend she's far, far away.

Perhaps Malfoy notices the distant look on her face. He forces his cock all the way in, blocking her airway.

Her body immediately rebels. She bats at his legs with her gloves. The hand at the back of her head holds her there, and she can't get the leverage to fight it much.

A long moment passes and then he releases her. His cock's still halfway inside her mouth, but at least she can somewhat catch her breath through her nose.

"I'd love to zap you during this," he mutters, setting up a shallow rhythm of thrusting again. "I can't imagine how delightful your throat would feel as you constrict around my cock. I fear, however, that you may accidentally bite me. You do seem to go quite rigid."

He pushes her all the way back down and ignores how she coughs. He's not even looking at her, his eyes on the far wall.

"When I do *this*, you spasm just fine. Hell, you're practically milking me."

Hermione doesn't know what her mouth is doing. All she can feel is the alarm threatening to shatter her aching lungs.

He pulls back and lets her take a few shuddering breaths through her nose before going right back in. He wipes a tear from her cheek as she fights against his hold.

Air. I need air.

She'd take the device over this. The panic is almost as horrible as the pain of not breathing.

Thankfully that's the last time he cuts off her air. Malfoy withdraws halfway and begins thrusting in and out. His fist goes tight in her hair. Probably it should hurt, but all Hermione can focus on is gasping and coughing around him.

"Sweet little thing," he grunts. He steps back and crouches to look her right in the face—though she can barely see him for how her eyes are streaming.

He reaches between her legs and gives the plug a few more pumps before withdrawing to her pussy. His fingers slide through her folds, smearing around messily, then he brings them up to get a good look.

"You weren't lying then." He eyes his glistening fingers. "I was half-ready to give you a nice punishment, but you really were enjoying it. Proud of you, Granger. But that doesn't mean I'll go any easier on you for this next bit."

"What—?"

He snaps his slick fingers and points. "Up on that fucking table. On your back. I want you to hook your elbows beneath your knees and hold your legs wide for me."

Sniffling, Hermione does what he asks. The surgical table is cold on her back. As she draws her legs up and loops her arms around her knees, Malfoy cranks the lights back up to surgery-bright. It makes her shiver worse than the metal table.

He joins her and tugs her bottom to the very edge. He finds the base of the plug and eases it out of her, chuckling at her groan when the last inch of it slides away. Her skin prickles.

His wet cock prods at her and she knows what's about to happen.

"Please fuck my cunt," she says, trying to dissuade him in her not-so-subtle manner.

"Begging for the wrong thing." He pulls a bottle out of his back pocket and pops the cap open. "And anyway, you forgot my title."

He tilts the bottle. The liquid that pours onto her skin is warm from his body heat. It drizzles over her pussy and rolls down to her ass, slicking her up in one big mess.

"Now I'm going to take your ass for my own, and you're going to tell me just how much you're enjoying it."

He dribbles more lubricant over his cock, smearing it around with his hand, then begins to force himself inside. Her ass clenches tight around him. She does her best to relax, knowing it'll only hurt worse if she's tense.

"That's it," he murmurs. "Take it all. How's it feel, sweetheart? A whole lot bigger than that plug, huh?"

Hermione nods. "It...it feels good," she says, doing her best to sound like she means it. All she can think about is getting through this moment.

Malfoy's hand twitches along the remote, and she's run through with pain for a few seconds. "Tell me how you really feel," he says.

He won't just let her fake it. He wants the truth, yes—but there's only one correct truth in his eyes. That means Hermione can't pretend to like it. She has to actually figure out how to enjoy this.

"Your c-cock is stretching me, sir," she mumbles. "I feel—I feel sort of tingly where you're touching me."

"Is that so? Is it giving you *butterflies*?"

She readjusts, spreading her legs wider as she does so. "A little." She notices how he's eyeing her glistening pussy, and the feeling in her belly strengthens.

Malfoy hits bottom and groans long and low. "Even tighter than your sweet cunt, and that's saying something." He curves over her, his free hand gripping the edge of the table. "Tell me, Granger, does it excite you to expose yourself for me this way? I can see everything, you know."

A thrill runs through her. Instinctively she tries to press it back before realizing that for the sake of avoiding punishment, she should be leaning into it instead.

It's not hard. Her cheeks flush as she thinks about just how bare she is right now. With her legs pulled back, she's giving him quite the explicit display of her pussy.

Malfoy's expression goes hard. He begins to thrust, starting slow. "How's this?" he asks.

"It's fine," is her automatic response. Another jolt of pain from the device has her reeling. "I mean—I mean, maybe a little faster, daddy."

He indulges her, picking up the pace. "That better? Tell me how you feel, Granger. Tell me all your secrets."

"I like it." She wants to turn her face away. To hide from him, from herself, but instead she gives him every secret feeling of pleasure rattling around in her unwilling body. "I like when it's fast. Feels good, I think."

"You think?" He lifts an eyebrow and traces the remote along the inside of her thigh.

Hermione digs deep inside herself and finds a new horrible truth. "I want you to touch me."

"I am touching you."

"No—um." She bites her lip, eyes flickering from the remote to his face. "My pussy. Please touch my pussy, daddy."

He tilts his head, picking up the pace. "Can't you come from my cock in your ass? And here I was, thinking you were enjoying this oh-so-much."

"I am! I am, but I need more. Please. *Please*." She's laying it on a little thick now, but he doesn't seem to notice or care.

He slides his thumb over her pussy and presses down hard on her clit. He forces his cock all the way inside and holds his thumb there. Doesn't move.

"Go on, then. Come for me. If you can manage it, you have my permission."

Hermione whimpers, then does exactly what he's surely hoping she'll do: she gyrates her hips, simultaneously fucking herself on his cock and rubbing her clit against his thumb. Giving him a show, a desperate dying fish flopping around for him to ogle.

Malfoy watches, a heavy expression drawing his face into darkness. He looks *ravenous*.

She jerks and bucks against him until with a long cry, she comes. The pleasure is run through with immense shame.

Before the orgasm has faded, he's already fucking into her again. Every few thrusts he hits the remote, varying the pain level each time. After a couple minutes of this he sets it at that low three-ish level and leaves it there as he gives her a final few thrusts and comes, slamming his hips into her.

He doesn't turn off the device until he's pulled out of her completely. She's shaking all over from both the orgasm and the exertion of trying not to beg for the pain to stop.

"Suppose that's one of the advantages of snagging a brownnoser like you," he says, helping her release her legs. "You learn *fast*."

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

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

One year later

Hermione waits at the entrance to the hallway. Her legs are tucked beneath her and her mittened hands rest on her thighs with practiced precision.

Spine straight. Eyes down. She waits like this for him, even though it's barely three-thirty and he won't be home until after four.

He prefers when she appears impatient for him. All over the condo, cameras feed him the image of her obedience. She knows he checks those cameras throughout the day, bringing them up on his phone whenever he has an idle moment between periods. Watching her as he eats his lunch, the passing students none the wiser.

Sometimes he'll even send her instructions through the text-to-speech intercom. They always repeat three times in case she's zoning out in front of a wall or taking a nap.

Position yourself with your rear to the camera, spread your legs, and bend over.

Select one of daddy's dildos and give me a show using your lips and tongue for at least fifteen minutes.

I'll be home in one hour. Edge yourself until I get there.

Strip off your clothing and do some tidying up.

She always obeys. It took him hardly a month to build an app for the device at the back of her neck—what he's started referring to as "God's finger"—and unlike the remote, the app works long-distance.

"So glad I pushed to add wi-fi connectivity," he'd said as he showed her the sleek burnt orange interface on his phone. "We don't usually do that for prototypes."

Once, he'd zapped her all the way from Italy. She hadn't even done anything wrong. He just wanted to watch her squirm from halfway around the world.

Hermione doesn't even bother feeling indignant about it anymore. Malfoy's going to do what he's going to do with her. She can't stop him from opening that app any more than she can pry out God's finger from where it's screwed into the bone of her spine.

Even if it wasn't screwed in, her skin's long since healed over into a pink scar. Her bushy hair has grown in by a few inches, enough to obscure the line. All the sharps drawers are guarded by proximity sensors, so the only way she's getting into her skull is by the force of her blunt fingernails, which Malfoy keeps clipped short.

And it would be for nothing, inevitably, because the moment he notices her on the cameras hacking away at her own neck, he'd set the thing alight. Incapacitate her with a ten-out-of-fucking-ten pain level until he can send someone by to fix her up and tie her down. He's got plenty of local lackeys to do his bidding when he's out of town.

Today, Hermione couldn't claw out her neck even if she wanted to. Her hands are strapped down tight into Malfoy's favorite mittens, the ones with D-rings at the ends. Makes it easy for him to clip her in just the right position.

Of course, he can't do that while he's away at work. She suspects he puts them on in the mornings so that he can watch her struggle to fix herself lunch or read a book.

Once or twice he's had her rub against the mittens, grinding helplessly while she calls out the moniker she's required to use in lieu of his name.

Daddy. Oh, daddy. Please come home and fuck me.

There's nothing but a wilted and crumbling gravestone where her pride used to be. She doesn't even feel the sting of it anymore. Hasn't for months.

A jingling of keys just outside the door alerts her to Malfoy's presence. Her eyes flick to the wall clock to verify what she already knows.

He's early.

If Malfoy's early, that means a different pose is in order.

Hermione hustles to turn around and leans forward until her face is pressed to the floor. She arches her back and spreads her knees wide. Today's a rare underwear day, so when he walks through the living area, he'll be greeted by her bare ass cheeks still marred from last week's turn at the riding crop and framed by a thong that's one size too small.

Her heart's racing. Lately he's been alluding to some new prototype. He spends more and more time in the evenings hunched over his tablet, writing careful notes and drawing intricate lines. Hermione often lays awake at night, imagining that cursed doctor arriving on their doorstep, ready to cut her open and replace her current torture device with something new and improved, something that'll make her wish she was really, truly dead.

Is today that day?

The door clicks open. Two sets of footsteps enter, one being Malfoy's usual dress shoes. The other pair slides across the floor, the steps slurring together like words. They fumble.

Hermione keeps her pose. It doesn't matter who's here with him. Even if it *is* the doctor, she always keeps the pose until he says otherwise.

The door slams shut. More shuffling, and something that could be a wet sniff. Hermione just barely makes out a confused whimper.

A woman. There's a woman here.

Malfoy sighs so loud she can hear it from the hallway. The woman squeals, and then there's the dull thump of flesh hitting the floor, accompanied by a grunt.

"Granger," Malfoy calls. "Get your sweet little ass out here. I have a surprise for you."

Hermione scampers to her feet and edges out into the front room.

Sure enough, it's a woman. She's sprawled across the floor, her skirt short enough that it belongs in Hermione's new closet. A couple of her stick-on acrylics are missing. Her hair is long, blonde, and stringy the way you know it hasn't been washed in at least a week.

Hermione can smell her from here. Cigarettes and the thick stink of fast food dumpsters.

Malfoy strolls up to her and crouches down. He pinches the tender skin just under her jaw until she cries out.

"Don't fall asleep on me, now," he says. "Think I might've given you a bit too much. I'm rusty. Or maybe I just thought you looked bigger than you are. That tube top isn't doing you any favors, sweetheart."

Hermione watches, her face limp but cautious. Over and over she just keeps thinking, *at least it's not the doctor*.

"Aren't you curious what this grimy thing's doing in my living room?" he asks.

She gives the question a thorough think-through before clearing her throat and answering. Malfoy's always giving her trick questions. "Is she a prostitute?"

Malfoy smirks. "She'd like to think she is, but she's got no pimp and no escort service. Business is unfortunately dragging, isn't it?" He loops his finger through the hoop dangling from her ear and tugs hard enough that Hermione can see the skin tearing. "You could call her a freelancer. Homeless and friendless. Riddled with STDs, no doubt."

"Um...why is she here, sir?"

"Because prototype number two is ready to go, and thus I find myself in need of a new subject."

The girl on the floor is crying sloppy tears. She's drooling onto the polished wood. Her toes twitch in her sandals. You can tell where they used to have beads stitched along the front, but they've all been popped off.

Hermione should feel grateful that it's not *her* neck being opened up again. Whatever hellish device Malfoy's cooked up has to be a million times worse than what she's currently got installed.

But while this year of torture has all but strangled the fight out of her, it hasn't strangled her humanity. Looking at the girl, drugged and sobbing, Hermione feels nothing but sadness—and maybe guilt.

“Don’t look so distressed, Granger. Within a year or two, she’d have found herself strangled by a particularly kinky john.” Malfoy stands and strips off his jacket. “Why not put her to good use instead?”

Hermione tries to keep the anguish out of her face and voice. “May I go to my room, sir?”

“No, you very well may not. I didn’t call you out here for nothing.”

She closes her eyes for a long moment, then bows her head. “How may I help you, sir?”

“In an hour, the surgeon and his team will arrive to get this girl sedated. Before then we need to have her scrubbed down and strapped to the table. You remember the drill from your own procedure, I’m sure.”

“Yes, sir. I remember.” She suppresses the shudder that runs through her body at the memory. “Th-thank you for the opportunity to help you with that.”

“Oh, you’ll be helping me with a lot more than just a shower. After the prototype has been implanted, it’s going to be your responsibility to care for her. The recovery process will be daunting, especially as she’ll be going through withdrawals from whatever drugs she’s on.”

Hermione blanches. Malfoy merely grins and continues, motioning for her to approach. She does so on wooden legs, the flooring cold on her feet.

“And then, once she’s ready...you’re going to help me test her. It’ll be a lot of fun, I promise.”

Hermione nods and forces her arms to move. Without the help of her hands, she has to tuck her elbows up underneath the poor girl’s armpits to yank her into an approximation of standing. At Malfoy’s word, she guides the girl to the hallway.

There’s nothing she can do. There’s nothing she can say to stop this from happening.

Malfoy owns her. And if he wants her to impose the same torture on this woman that she herself experiences on a daily basis, well, then Hermione’s going to do it.

She has no other choice.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!! If you're willing to take the time to leave a comment, I'd love to hear your thoughts! It would mean a lot and I welcome constructive criticism. It helps me become a better writer. I know that this fic ends on a pretty open note, and for that I'm sorry. I was quickly losing steam on motivation for this one and wanted to at least give you guys SOME kind of ending before I up and abandoned it completely.

In other news, I'm currently about 50k words into writing a dark Tomione fic. Once I've finished it, I'll start posting, so stay tuned if you're interested!

Thank you again for all your support and for welcoming me into the fandom! It's meant so much to me.

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