

The favour



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Title: The favour

Story Number: -

Rating: NC-17

Pairing: Draco/Hermione

Summary: Hermione asks a favour of Draco

Disclaimers: This story is rated **NC-17 for sexual scenes**. Please do not read any further if you are not of legal age.

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The favour

It had been almost a month—by Draco's calculations—since he had pulled his mother out of that madhouse and approached the Order of the Phoenix, asking them for sanctuary.

He'd known that Potter would not turn him away, but the rest of the Order had proved less welcoming than he'd hoped. He'd offered them information and a willing wand in return for his mother's safety. They'd taken his information and given him two connecting cells in the attic of 12 Grimmauld Place, with—besides three decent meals a day—a chess set, a handful of books, and a skylight through which, when he did his daily pull-ups, hanging from the window frame, he could sometimes catch a glimpse of Muggle London.

Every morning, Hermione Granger came into his cell, unsealed the connecting door, and allowed his mother to join him; every night, she ushered his mother back through the same door, re-sealed it, and closed and warded his own door from the outside.

...

He watches her seal his mother's door as usual, and it's a moment or two before he realises that she's casting an additional spell—a soundproofing charm—and his body prepares for fight or flight.

She's tiny, but she has a wand, and he knows how quick and fierce she is. He remembers the times he's taunted her, the names he's called her, and he remembers how angrily she once lashed out at him, and how, with a single punch, she left him sprawling on the ground.

He looks from the skylight to the door, and back again, and he knows that *he* has no chance, but he doubts that she'll harm his mother.

He braces himself.

"I want to ask you a favour," she says.

To his relief, she has lowered her wand hand.

He waits.

"Malfoy?"

"What?"

"Can I ask you a favour?"

"What can I do, locked up in here?"

He notices that her hand has started trembling.

"The thing is," she begins. Then she sighs, and starts again. "I'm seventeen," she says, "and we're fighting a war, and I've never..." She stops, and tries a third time. "Everyone says that *you*..."

He frowns, unable to make any sense of her babbling, until she says, clearly but oh so quietly, "Will you have sex with me, Malfoy?"

Sex?

She turns, and he can see that she's trying to meet his gaze but failing, and it's hard to believe that anybody's face can be so red, but that's enough to convince him that she's completely serious. And it's been months since he's had a shag, so his body's shouting, *Yes, yes, yes, even with Granger!* But he's not as confident as he used to be, and his head's urging caution.

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He stares at her, dumbfounded.

"Well then," she says, and he thinks he sees tears in her eyes, "I suppose that answers *that!*" She flounces towards the door.

"Granger!" He still has Seeker's hands, and he catches her, and whirls her round. "Why?" he demands.

"I've already said!" she snaps.

"What? That you're seventeen—"

"No! That *you're* supposed to be—"

"What?"

She doesn't answer.

"*What?*"

"Good at it!" she bellows. "A bloody *expert!*"

He laughs.

She throws his hands off, and tries to leave again, but he grabs her round the waist and, pulling her back, accidentally crushes her against his growing erection.

A shudder ripples through her entire body, and he's surprised how much it intrigues him. "All right," he says. "I'll *do* it for you."

...

He leads her to his bed and, holding her at arm's length, he considers his options.

If he were to throw her on her face, and shag her doggy style, it wouldn't be anything more than she deserves, with her fucking, insulting *Will you do me a favour* crap, would it?

But he has a reputation for being good in bed, and this is her first time, so she's bound to remember it—shit, she'll probably *tell* people about it. And, besides, he *has*—sometimes—wondered what it would be like to shag the little mudblood princess, and he has to admit that she's really not that bad looking when she's not squirming about with her hand in the air, sucking up to some teacher.

So he leans in, and he kisses her—nothing fancy, no tongue—just a thorough and (he thinks) quite satisfying kiss.

There is absolutely no response.

She stands rigid, with her hands at her sides, like a bloody statue.

"Granger!" He pushes her away, absolutely furious. She begged him for it, and now she's rejecting his fucking charity? "Go and find Weasley," he yells. "Or Potter. Because this won't work if *you* don't make any fucking effort."

She's horrified. "I could never do it with *Harry...*"

"Why not? Why not fucking Weasley?"

"I want *you!*"

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"You don't like me! You don't even like me *kissing* you!"

"I don't like *anyone* kissing me!"

He frowns, thoroughly confused.

"Can I undress you now?" she asks, as though the last minute had never happened.

He stares at her. She's fucking crazy—so crazy, it must be fucking catching, because he lets her move in and, before he knows what he's doing, he's lifting his arms to give her better access. She unbuttons his shirt and slides the fabric over his chest, and he feels her fingers exploring his muscles, and that's when he realises that she's enjoying herself.

Of course, she's still got her learning hat on—she's still using him to learn about 'sex'—but, even so, it's obvious that Granger really does fancy him.

In fact, she's bloody *drooling* over him.

And he's not sure how he feels about that, but his cock is certainly happy with it.

She unbuckles his belt, and starts unbuttoning his fly, and he puts his hands on his hips, and braces his legs and, closing his eyes, he wonders, with a smirk, what she'll do when she actually sees his cock, because he seriously doubts that she's ever seen a hard-on before.

Then she pulls his trousers open, and his cock springs free, and he hears her sharp intake of breath and grins...

But not for long.

Because something warm and wet and unbearably *soft* touches it, then presses a kiss to it, and then fucking engulfs it. "Granger!" he shrieks, grasping her head, and pulling away from her in shock. "I thought this was your first time!"

She frowns up at him. (She's on her knees, for Merlin's sake!) "It is."

"Then how do you know...?" *Fucking hell.* "You read it up."

"Of course I did."

Of course she did. I'm one of her bloody projects.

"So you know what will happen if you carry on like that," he says, and he's annoyed that, because of his anger, he sounds so breathless.

"Of course I do. Don't you want me to?" She looks disappointed.

He swallows hard. "This is supposed to be about *your* virginity," he says, as calmly as he can. "*I'm* supposed to be fucking *you*." He drags her back to her feet.

"You can do that after," she argues.

"I'm not spending all night on this!"

"Why not? Aren't I better than your hand?"

For a moment, he's speechless. Then, "You read too fucking much, Granger."

She steps right up to him and, stretching herself to her full height, she hisses in his face, "All right then. Fuck me *now*."

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He pulls her shirt open and tries to kiss her breasts—which, he's surprised to find, are really quite nice—but she doesn't seem interested in that, even when he pulls her bra aside and sucks at her nipples; and when he slides his finger between her legs and touches her *there*, she just wriggles and laughs, as though he's tickling her. So, in desperation, he settles himself between her thighs and, telling her to guide him in, he presses his cock against her pussy.

To his amazement, she sighs then, with unmistakable pleasure, and—to his double amazement—he finds that she's already soaking wet.

"It will hurt," he says.

"I know," she answers. "Do it fast."

More bloody book-learning.

He slides his hands beneath her, grasps her waist, and steadies himself. He really wants to close his eyes, because he knows that she'll be *watching* him, but—somehow—that seems wrong, so he looks down at her, even though being on the receiving end of that determined gaze is almost more than he can bear.

Now, she mouths.

He thrusts, hard and deep.

And the scream that's ripped out of her is something primal; it's worse than an unforgivable curse; it's terrifying. But, when he tries to pull out of her, her little hands grab his arse, and hold him in.

"No," she growls, "I'm all right. And you promised!"

"I did *not* promise!"

"You *said*. You said you *would*, Malfoy."

He feels sick.

And he can only thank Merlin that she cast that soundproofing charm or his mother would be banging on the door, and Potter would be running up the stairs, preparing a killing curse. It should be enough to make a man wilt, but Granger's hands are working on his buttocks and, instead of softening, he's amazed to feel himself getting harder.

"Please," she murmurs.

And then she smiles up at him, and it's the sexiest, most perverted thing he's ever seen.

Fuck.

His mouth is dry.

He doesn't stand a chance.

He closes his eyes—he's earned that much—and, lifting himself up on his hands, he withdraws a little, and thrusts.

"Oh!" She sounds surprised.

He does it again, trying to keep it slow, and as gentle as he can.

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"Oh, *that's...*" Her hands grasp his hips, and guide him. "Yes, Malfoy... Like that... But harder..."

A few more thrusts, and she's gasping and moaning—all hot and tight and blissfully responsive—and he's really starting to enjoy himself.

"Look at me, Malfoy," she whispers. "Please..."

So he opens his eyes, and he immediately regrets it, because what he sees makes his heart twist in his chest.

She's beautiful.

Her eyes are sparkling and her cheeks are flushed, her damned bushy hair is spread out all over his pillow, her tits are fucking *gorgeous*, and she's gazing up at him like he's some sort of *hero...*

And all these stupid feelings burst from his heart and shoot right down into his balls.

He stops, abruptly.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing," he says. "I just need to rest for a minute."

Her little forehead creases—maybe she's making a mental note—but it's so pretty, he can't help leaning down and kissing her nose, and then kissing her mouth.

And she wraps her arms around his neck and, this time, she kisses him back.

...

After that, it's *real*.

He gathers her up, and they make love.

He gently takes control, shifting them from one position to the next as she tells him, at first in halting whispers, what she needs. She makes him feel powerful, but tender, and when, at last, she climaxes, she's so beautiful, and he's so *proud*—of her, and of himself—that he knows that nothing will ever be the same again.

...

They play kiss or tell, sharing the biscuits he was saving for tomorrow, and he lets her give him a blow job—which, he has to admit, is thoroughly amazing—and he makes love to her a second time—which is also amazing, because there are times when their bodies seem to move together as one—and she agrees to call him *Draco*, but only when they're 'intimate'—and then he slides back inside her, and he realises that, between them, they've discovered her deepest, darkest secret.

Hermione Granger loves cock.

"*Your* cock," she corrects, still blushing when she says the c-word.

He laughs.

He's pretty big, and she's small, but she pushes herself down on him, and squeezes herself around him, and he's convinced that she would take his entire body inside her if that were remotely possible.

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She tells him it's the best feeling in the world.

"Better than coming?" he asks.

She thinks about it. "You can always come by yourself," she says, shyly.

Then she rises up and, straddling him, she gently rocks her hips back and forth, just enough to let him *feel* how their bodies are interlocked, and she's so warm, and so tight, and so velvety that he's forced to agree with her.

...

Later, when the sun is rising, he leans over her, and watches her sleep.

He knows it's time to wake her—he knows that she must leave him now, and go downstairs so that she can come back up, and unseal the doors, and let his mother out, and make it look as though nothing has happened between them—and he just can't bring himself to do it.

After hours of turning it over in his mind, he can't see any way forward—either Voldemort will win, and he and Granger will be dead, or Potter will win, and he will probably be in Azkaban.

They have no future.

And he *so* wants them to have a future.

"What's wrong?" she sighs, and it startles him, because she's managed to wake up without him noticing.

"Nothing."

She knows he's lying, but she runs her thumb across his chin and says, "You need a shave." She's looking at him as if growing a beard is something exceptionally clever, and it almost breaks his heart.

So he tells her the truth. "I've been wondering where we go from here," he says.

"Well," she answers, smiling as she slides her arms around his neck, "I have to go for now, but,"—she brushes her lips across his bristly cheek—"I'll be back *tonight*."

She lets him hug her for a moment, then she breaks away, gets out of bed, cleans and dresses herself, and leaves, pausing at the door to blow him a final kiss.

When she's gone, he leans back on his pillow and, with arms folded behind his head, he thinks some more.

It doesn't take him long to decide that she's right.

Of course.

Why worry about some unknown future when you can have 'tonight'? Why worry, when—if you're lucky—you'll have another 'tonight' tomorrow, and another the day after that, and then another, and another, and another...

He turns onto his side and, glowing with anticipation, he settles down for a nap. With all those 'tonights' coming up, he'd better get some rest.

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Nineteen years later

Draco caught sight of Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny staring at him, nodded curtly, and turned away again.

"So that's little Scorpius," said Ron under his breath. "Make sure you beat him in every test, Rosie. Thank God you inherited your mother's brains."

"Ron, for heaven's sake," said Hermione, half-stern, half-amused. "Don't try to turn them against each other before they've even started school!"

"You're right, sorry," said Ron, but unable to help himself, he added, "don't get too friendly with him, though, Rosie. Granddad Weasley would never forgive you if you married a pure-blood."

...

The words turn in Hermione's heart like a blade, releasing a flood of feelings she had thought she'd outgrown.

Instinctively, she seeks out Draco again, and finds that he is looking back at her. Their eyes meet, and—for several moments—she can't tear her gaze away.

...

One week later

For the past few days she's felt that someone is watching her.

It's nothing she can really pin down, just a vague mental image, which fades the moment she tries to focus on it, and one or two odd shadows, which have proved impervious to disclosing charms.

She's sure it started the day after Rosie left for Hogwarts and—because of the timing—she has certain suspicions, but she dismisses them as paranoia (or, sometimes, as wishful thinking).

Whatever it is, she hasn't told Ron about it.

...

She's come to Flourish and Blotts to buy Rosie a copy of *The Clever Girl's Guide to Difficult Charms*, but she can't resist slipping into the History section, and consulting several volumes that she could never afford to buy.

She's just finished reading a very rare account of the wizarding presence at the Battle of Hastings when, as her mind returns to everyday reality, she senses something close by, and she whirls round and—catching sight of a stray shadow—she aims her wand, and casts the most powerful disclosing charm she knows.

And, suddenly, he's standing before her—tall and lean, and immaculately dressed in robes of black silk brocade, his long, platinum hair drawn back and bound with a silver cord.

"Hello, Granger."

"Malfoy..." She knows she should be angry—should hex him to oblivion and back for stalking her and taking Merlin-only-knows-what liberties when she couldn't see him—but her heart is hammering in her chest, and the sight of his face—with the slightly receding hairline that seems so unbearably intimate—is provoking a flood of moisture between her legs.

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At her age!

"It's good to see you," he says, without a trace of embarrassment or apology.

She swallows, unable to reply.

"Scorpius tells me that he and your daughter are friends."

She nods.

"I'm glad." He moves a little closer, and she can feel the warmth that radiates from his body, and smell the scent that always made her his willing slave, enhanced now by a subtle cologne. "It's so good to see you, Granger," he murmurs.

And she steps back, trying to escape his enchantment, but she stumbles over a pile of *The Wizard's History of England*, and loses her balance, and Malfoy catches her.

...

There's no need for words.

He takes her out into Muggle London, to a ancient hotel that he has obviously used before. She waits whilst he checks them into the bridal suite, turning her back on the pretty receptionist who's looking her up and down and clearly finding her wanting.

Malfoy is the perfect gentleman, ushering her into the ornate lift, but she knows his blood is boiling, just like hers.

By the time they reach the suite, they're in a state of frenzy—he captures her mouth before the door is fully closed, propels her across the room, groping her hips, her waist, her bosom, and shoves her against the wall.

She rests her cheek on the cold marble and waits, chest heaving, arms outstretched, legs shaking and already spread for him, as—behind her—he dissolves her clothes with a silent charm. Then his long, hard length pierces her and, oh God, she had almost forgotten how *big* he feels inside her! His thrusts make her body arch and twist, reaching some part of her that cannot withstand the pleasure, and—within moments—she's coming hard, crying out in near-desperation as something shatters inside her and its splinters rush out from her core.

Then her arms give way, and she collapses against the smooth, white stone, and Malfoy, wrapping his arms around her, rests his head beside hers.

...

He carries her to the bed and, now, he's gentle, reclaiming her body with a long, deep thrust.

"Let's take it slowly this time, Granger," he murmurs. "Let's get to know each other again."

He grinds himself against her, rocking them back and forth and, at first, she feels nothing—nothing but the glorious weight of him, pressing down upon her, and the wonderful length and thickness of his cock, and the soft caress of his mouth, exploring her face and her throat—but, gradually, a whisper of release begins to stir inside her, and she arches her back, and tries to push herself towards it.

"No, don't chase it, Granger," he whispers, "just let it happen..."

So she trusts him, and lets him set the pace, and it's so slow, and so beautiful; and when it does happen, and they both come—each gasping the other's name—she's gazing into his pale

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grey eyes, and it's the most profound and intimate thing she's ever known.

...

It's when he eases himself out of her that the full horror of what they've done hits her like a curse.

She's betrayed Ron—she's betrayed her *children*—all because of some foolish memories of a first love, and a selfish hankering after some fabulous sex. And now it's *over*, and Malfoy's reaching for the telephone!

"I'm just your latest shag, aren't I?" she says, bitterly.

"My latest...? *No!*"

"Yes I am! You have your elegant pure-blood wife, your beautiful pure-blood son, and now,"—she knocks the receiver from his hand—"who are you *calling*, Malfoy?"

"*Granger?* What's wrong with you? I was going to call room service—I thought you might like champagne and strawberries." He sighs. "Please don't pretend you didn't want me, Granger—not now—because I felt the truth." He moves in closer and, using his strength to overcome her slight resistance, he wraps his arms around her. "Please don't, Granger..."

Then he's cradling her head against his shoulder, and his voice is soft. "Please don't spoil it..." He sounds young and uncertain, and he seems to be making some sort of confession. "I *had* to marry Astoria," he says. "I had to have an heir—"

"A *pure-blood* heir," she whispers.

"I'm not apologising for *Scorpius*," he says. "Fathering him is the best thing I've ever done. But, Merlin, Granger, I wish he was yours."

He draws back from her and, looking down at her, smiles sadly.

Then he lifts his hand, and gently brushes a thick strand of her frizzy hair back over her shoulder, watching it fall into place as though it's the most beautiful thing he's ever seen. It's a loving, tender gesture, and it makes her heart leap, and she realises that, far from seeing her as his latest conquest, he's hoping that this will be a new beginning.

"When you turned me down," he says, kissing her shoulder, "my father pressured me to marry Astoria. I really didn't care—nothing seemed to matter any more. But Astoria..."

"Astoria isn't a *bad* woman, Granger—I wouldn't want you to think that—it's just that she was brought up to think of sex as a woman's way of getting what she wants. She *withholds* sex,"—he kisses her neck—"and I just can't handle celibacy, Granger, you know that—so yes, I have other women—a lot of other women—but only because I can't have the one woman I want..."

"I've loved you since that first night in Grimmauld Place. You're the only woman I've ever loved—there's you, and Scorpius, and my parents."

"Malfoy..."

"Are you *happy*, Granger? With him?"

The question throws her off balance. She knows that she should say, *Of course I am*, but Malfoy's just told her that he still loves her.

Ron is decent, and loving, and a good father and, if she sometimes feels that he takes her for

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granted, well, that's because he's *Ron*.

Her Ron.

And if she'd never loved Malfoy, if Malfoy hadn't been her first, she would never have known that there could anything more...

Than Ron.

And Malfoy's so lean, and sweaty, and he smells of sex...

"No one could make a *life* with you," she says, bravely. "You're champagne and strawberries for every meal—"

"*You* could live with me, Granger," he says. "*You did.*"

"For a while, when you were broken and needy. But, now, you'd burn me up—we'd destroy each other in days—"

"But think what those days would be like, Granger!"

She does—she can't help herself.

She remembers how adventurous they were, making love in the attic at Grimmauld Place; she remembers how happy they were, two intellectual equals, gazing at the stars through the tiny skylight, talking of anything and everything...

And she wants to be with him so much, she thinks that she might die of the pain.

But she closes her eyes, and she forces herself to say, "I should never have done this, Malfoy."

"You've done nothing wrong."

"Nothing wrong! I've *betrayed* my husband!"

"No," he insists, crushing her in his arms, "you betrayed *me* when you left me for him; all you've done now is come back to me. You belong with me. Marry me, Granger. Divorce Weasley, and marry me."

"I can't. I have children—"

"I would love your children. *I'd love them, and you'd love Scorpius. They would be our children.*"

"It doesn't work like that, Malfoy!" she cries. And she thinks of Ron, and Rosie, and Hugo, and —tears spilling from her eyes—she sobs, "I can't Draco. I just can't. I love Ron."

She feels his body stiffen, then feels his arms release her, and she looks up at him and sees something die inside him, and her own heart breaks. And she knows that it's a measure of how much he's grown as a man that he doesn't lash out at her with bitter words, or worse.

But she can't let that sway her. "I must go," she says.

She gets out of bed, cleans and dresses herself, and leaves, pausing at the door for one last, brief glimpse of the man she loves, but can never have.

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Ten years later

"Didn't Rosie look *marvellous*?" says Ron.

He's had a little more champagne than is good for him and—with his hair tousled, his bow tie unravelled and his shirt collar unbuttoned—he looks disarmingly like the young boy Hermione had fallen in love with all those years ago.

"And Scorpius looked *handsome*," she says.

"Well..."

"He's your son-in-law now," she chides, but she's laughing, "and I *happen* to know that you're really quite fond of him."

"Well, if he's chosen our Rosie, he must have some good qualities."

"He's a nice, polite boy," says his mother, with all the finality of the Wizengamot pronouncing sentence—and Ron's expression shows that he concedes defeat.

Hermione squeezes his arm affectionately and, leaving him in Molly's care, she scans the room, looking for Scorpius's father.

...

The ballroom of Malfoy Manor is hung with drifts of champagne-coloured silk, its windows draped with coral pink velvet, its long wooden tables dressed with a riot of pink roses tumbling from silver scorpion-shaped planters.

Still slightly disturbed by that particular piece of symbolism, Hermione threads her way through the wedding guests, smiling stiffly—as she passes—at the mother of the groom, who is sitting, with her usual elegant poise, between a slightly tipsy Narcissa and an impassive Lucius.

She spots Malfoy standing in one of the window bays—a tall, lonely, black-clad figure, staring out into the night. *His beloved son has just set off on his honeymoon*, she thinks. *He must be feeling as old and uprooted as I am.*

She skirts a knot of merry-making Potters, and joins him at the window.

"I'm so proud of him, Granger," he says as she approaches.

She doesn't bother to ask how he knows it's her. "Of course you are," she says, laying a supportive hand on his arm. "And *I'm* proud of my daughter."

"I know."

She hears him take a deep breath, and release it slowly, and she knows him well enough to recognise that he's struggling to master some very profound emotions.

She gives him time.

"Did you like the doves?" he asks, at last.

"They were wonderful." She smiles. "The doves, the carriage, the fireworks—all of it was magical, Malfoy, in the Muggle sense of the word. It was a fairy-tale wedding. You couldn't have given them anything better."

"I did it for you—at least *half of it* was for you."

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Beneath her hand he feels strong and hard. At forty-six he's still muscular, and there's not an ounce of extra flesh on his body. She glances round the room. They're partially screened by one of the floral arrangements—and, besides, no one is taking any notice of them—so she moves a little closer, and she murmurs, "Shall we go somewhere more private, Malfoy?"

"And then...?" he asks.

"And then," she replies, huskily, "I want you *inside* me."

He smiles, and she watches his eyes dart to Astoria, to his parents, and to Ron, before he leans towards her, and—with a welcome gleam of mischief in those pale grey eyes—asks, "Again?"

"It must be something about weddings," she says, innocently.

"You," he says, slipping his arms around her waist, "are a *wanton*,"—kiss—"woman,"—kiss—"Mrs Malfoy."

THE END

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Epilogue

She sinks into his arms, laying her head upon his chest, and she's just drifting off to sleep when he wakes her with a pat on her bottom.

"You know, Granger, we're really not too old."

"You speak for yourself," she sighs. At the moment, she feels like she's run a marathon. "Oh, Merlin, Draco, we have to get back to the ballroom. People are going to start missing their host and hostess..."

She lifts her head, looking for her discarded robes and, as she spots them in tatters beside the door, a question occurs to her. "Too old for *what*, Malfoy?"

"A baby," he says. "A Granger-Malfoy baby."