

## Quid pro quo



**Author:** Ningloreth

**Title:** Quid pro quo

**Story Number:** -

**Rating:** NC-17

**Pairing:** Draco/Hermione

**Summary:** Someone loses more than his shirt at Draco's gaming tables.

**Author's Notes:** Written for the LJ **dracoawards** challenge. The prompt was well-endowed Draco. The result is pretty smutty!

**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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**"Well?" asks Hermione, the moment her husband enters the flat. "What did he say?"**

Ron sidesteps her, and heads for the sitting room.

"*Ronald,*" she insists, following him through the door, "did he agree to give us more time?"

Ron flings himself on the couch, and Hermione loses her temper. "*For goodness' sake, TELL ME!*" she bellows, because—after all—it's *her* who'll suffer—*her* that will have to sell her pearl earrings (inherited from her grandmother) and her jewelled watch (a twenty-first birthday present from her parents) to pay off *his* gambling debts. "*Did he agree?*"

Ron looks up at her with his bright blue eyes, and there's something in them she doesn't like—something feverish. "The ferret doesn't want the money," he says. "He wants *you*." And it must be obvious that she doesn't understand, because he adds, "He'll give me back my marker if *you'll* spend the night with him. You should have seen the smirk on his stupid bloody face when he said we could make it a permanent arrangement—I could lose as much as I wanted if you were willing to work off the debt. I could have ripped his fucking balls off."

Later, she'll realise that her reaction's entirely inappropriate. "But... Why would he want *me*?" she wonders. "I'm thirty-eight!"

...

It takes her a split-second to make the decision, and several hours to screw up the courage to tell Ron. "I'm going to do it," she says.

"*What?*"

"One night, Ron. Just one night, and it's all sorted." She spreads her hands. "And it won't cost us a sickle."

"Won't *cost* us? You think that knowing my wife is having sex with that—that fucking *shit* won't *cost* me anything?"

Hermione knows that gambling's a disease, and she knows how hard he's been fighting it, but—so help her—she could throttle him. "*You're* the one who fell off the bloody wagon, Ron," she hisses, "and in Malfoy's gambling den, of all places!"

"Can't you see I'm *sorry*?"

"Look," she says, stiffly, "*I'm* going to lie back, and think of England, and you'll just have to do the same." And she stands up, because the discussion's over.

"Where are you going?" he asks.

"To get ready," she says. "Owl Malfoy and find out where he wants me to meet him."

She can feel Ron's eyes boring into her back as she leaves the room. "Do you think I don't know you've always bloody-well *fancied* him?" he yells.

But he sends the owl.

...

She showers, using an expensive Muggle body wash that leaves her skin lightly perfumed and feeling silky; she applies a little make up, and tames her hair into an elegant twist, securing it with a silver pin that matches her heavy earrings; she dresses with care, teaming her best robes of midnight blue silk with a vintage Dior coat her parents had given her for her tenth

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wedding anniversary.

She glances in the mirror, and she's pleased with what she sees.

She looks...

*Elegant.*

*A cultivated, self-assured woman of a certain age who's comfortable with her own sexuality,* she thinks.

*It's a good disguise.*

At the bedroom door she pauses, goes back to her dressing table, opens her jewel box, and takes out her precious Vacheron watch. It's ridiculously valuable, but it's beautiful, and the sapphires in the bracelet match the blue of her robes.

She knows that parting with it would have broken her heart.

*Whereas sleeping with Malfoy...* she thinks.

She secures the watch around her wrist. *Like an amulet.*

...

"You look bloody lovely," says Ron, turning away because, she realises, he's tearing up.

"Thank you. I didn't want to give him any excuse to make one of his 'pauper' comments," she says, feeling the need to explain, though they both know she's only telling half the story.

Ron gives her Malfoy's address, and she takes up a handful of Floo powder and casts it into the flames.

...

Malfoy's 'gambling den', *The Silver Wand*, stands in the cleaned-up and newly redeveloped Knockturn Alley.

On the surface, it's a respectable licensed casino, where the young and beautiful (together with the not-so-young and beautiful) of the Wizarding world flock to experience the thrill of losing money, and—more importantly—to see and be seen.

To those in the know, however—and the job that Ron will lose, should Malfoy ever choose to reveal the extent of his debts, *puts* him in the know—*The Silver Wand* is also at the centre of every Dark magic, misused Muggle artefact, and addictive potion racket in Wizarding Britain, though nothing has ever been pinned on Malfoy himself.

...

Hermione steps out of the fireplace and finds herself standing in an opulently furnished apartment—Malfoy's private chambers, rumoured to be hidden *within* the *The Silver Wand* itself, and to be accessible only by Portkey—if so, he must have connected it to the Floo network just for her.

The décor—unfortunately—reminds her of Malfoy Manor, all solid oak, sumptuous velvet, and ancient tapestries, though the effect's tempered by the same severe good taste that Malfoy had always displayed at school.

She glances round...

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And she gasps, because there he is, leaning against a pillar, watching her.

Other than a few distant glimpses at King's Cross station, it's the first time she's seen him in years. *And those years, she thinks, have been kind to him. Yes, his hairline's receding a little, but that's fine with those cheekbones... And that amazing body.* He's dressed in traditional black robes, which emphasise his tall, elegant frame; his platinum hair's long, falling to just below his shoulders; and he still exudes that cool arrogance that used to have most of the girls in Hogwarts wetting their knickers.

"Merlin, Granger," he says, looking her up and down, "you're a beautiful woman."

Hermione frowns, surprised by the compliment, and by the effort it takes to get herself back on track. "You *are* serious," she says, trying to establish some ground rules before things go any further. "You'll cancel Ron's debt if I—"

"If you spend the night in my bed. Yes, Granger."

"And you won't ask for anything else—no favours from Ron?"

"An Auror in my pocket," he says, unwinding himself from the pillar and approaching her. (He's the most graceful man she's ever seen). "That's a very good idea."

Hermione bites her lip.

But he places his hand on his heart, and bows slightly. "No, Granger," he says, "I won't try to have my cake and eat it. You have my word." Then he stretches out that teasing hand, and invites her to come to him and, when she takes a few cautious steps forwards, he seems to scoop her up, and guide her—his hand *just* resting on her back—across the room, through a pair of carved doors, and into a luxurious bedroom.

"You *live* here?"

Malfoy laughs. "I do occasionally stay overnight," he says, "but this bed's seldom *slept* in."

Hermione's stomach flutters. "What's all this about, Draco?"

"I need a good shag."

She stops dead. "You have hundreds of women, Malfoy," she says. "I've seen the pictures in *Witch Weekly*—beautiful, *young* women, who'd sleep with you at the drop of a hat."

He shrugs.

"*Why?* Why throw away five thousand galleons,"—Ron's gambling debt—"to have someone like *me?*"

"Not someone *like* you, Granger," he says, trying to coax her onto the bed. "*You*. Just you..."

"I don't understand it."

"Oh, I think you do..." He gives up trying to manoeuvre her, and sits down on the bed himself. "Look—those girls—yes, they're young, and they're beautiful, and they look good on my arm. But, when we come in here,"—he waves his hand, indicating the bedroom—"it's always the same story... And I'm so tired of *whores*, moaning and groaning and telling me I'm the best thing ever, when—in reality—all they're doing is gritting their teeth and thinking of the money." He smiles up at her, ruefully. "I want real sex, Granger. With a real woman. I want *you*."

"But... You have your wife," says Hermione. "And she's *stunning*."

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He laughs, and there's a bitterness in him that chills her blood. "Astoria," he says, "can't handle *me*." And he rises to his feet, and starts unbuttoning his fly.

"Oh, no, Draco, *no!*" She reaches out to stop him. "Not yet!"

But he ignores her protests and, slipping his hand inside his trousers, he lifts himself out, and his cock's as thick as her forearm, and almost as long, and it's jutting out from his body in a heavy curve, still not fully erect. "Astoria can't take *this*," he says.

Hermione swallows. "How did she ever get *pregnant?*"

Malfoy laughs again and, this time, it's a deep, belly laugh, filled with genuine mirth. "You're priceless, Granger, you know that? Still too inquisitive for your own good!" He stretches out his arms and—somehow—the distance between them closes, and—with a gentleness Hermione doesn't expect—he wraps his arms around her, and holds her tight, and she can feel his cock, big against her belly—feel it moving as it grows harder. "St Mungo's gave us a potion," he says, "to relax her. But it knocked her out, and—believe me—shagging a woman who's practically unconscious is just *wrong*."

Hermione's legs are trembling.

"I do give them a good time, Granger," he murmurs, nuzzling her throat. "All of them. I swear it. None of them ever leaves here disappointed." He kisses her neck. "I'm told I have a talented mouth,"—*kiss*—"and magic fingers,"—*chuckle and kiss*—"and women who can take some of my cock,"—*kiss*—"never have any complaints,"—*kiss*—but *I* don't get to come, Granger. Not inside a woman. And that's the true story of my sex life,"—*kiss*—"hours and hours of foreplay, followed by disappointment,"—*kiss*—"pain,"—*kiss*—"and a desperate wank. If I could stop *needing* it so much,"—*kiss*—"if I could just cut it off, and be free of this bloody *need*..." He lifts his head, and his eyes meet hers. "But I can't, Granger. I can't! And the less I get, the more I want. That's the truth behind those pictures in *Witch Weekly*. My never-ending quest..." He grasps a handful of her hair and, pushing it aside, he bites her ear lobe.

Hermione squeaks—and feels him smile against her skin before he nips her again.

"Draco..." she gasps, her body arching up in his arms.

"Whatever else happens tonight, Granger, I promise you, *you'll* be thoroughly satisfied."

"But... Draco... *Oh*... Draco... I've been with one man, for nineteen years..."

"And I *know* you, Granger," he says, shaking his head. "He's boring. And you,"—he brings a hand to her breast—"you're a firestorm trapped in his bedroom..."

With his thumb, he brushes one of her nipples through the thin silk of her robes, and Hermione feels something twisting, like a blade, in her core. "Oh, Draco..."

His breath's hot on her neck. "You *know* how I'm hung, Granger," he whispers, "and you still *want* it. And *I* want *you*. I want you so *fucking* much. Because *you're* not afraid of anything." He kisses her mouth savagely, sliding one hand into the small of her back to yank her against him.

Hermione's legs give way, but he's holding her so tightly, she doesn't fall.

"You're the bravest woman I've ever known, Hermione Granger, and you *love* big cock."

She closes her eyes and, supported by his arms, she lets her body do what it will.

"I'd given up hope," Malfoy murmurs into her bosom, "of getting another chance with you. I

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really had. But when that moron lost his shirt, and tried to make a deal with me, I thought, *This is it, Draco.*" He takes her hand from where it's pressed to his chest and, drawing it between them, he brings it down to his erection. "Remember *that*, Granger,"—its head fills her palm—"remember how it feels?"

She does.

And she's missed it.

Late at night, after a perfectly pleasant time with Ron, she's lain awake remembering the nights she used to spend with Malfoy in their final year at Hogwarts, remembering what it felt like to be fucked to her very limits, and how it felt, for hours and hours afterwards, when her pussy was still quivering and the sweet ache inside her was like a foretaste of their next encounter.

She lifts her head, and meets his gaze, and the ache's *there*, right now, deep and keen and begging to be filled, and stretched, and damn near ripped asunder.

"Oh gods, I *do* want you, Draco," she moans, her cheeks flaming. "I want you to fuck me."

...

He removes her coat, and her slinky robes, and peels off her lacy bra and panties, kissing her, and telling her how beautiful she is—how glamorous, how sexy—and, for those few moments, Hermione understands his trophy women.

When she's naked, he carefully unfastens her precious watch and lays it upon the bedside table—"An exquisite gift for an exquisite daughter, Granger,"—takes out her silver earrings, and pulls the pin from her hair, smiling as the crazy mass cascades around her shoulders, and murmuring, "Now *that's* the Granger I remember!"

Then, without further ceremony, he vanishes his own robes, and climbs onto the bed beside her.

Hermione looks at the cock looming over her. "Wouldn't you like," she says, "to—well, you know—take the edge off things first?"

Malfoy's still playing with her hair. "What do you mean?"

"I mean..."

He frowns. "Go and have a *wank*?"

"No." She reaches up. He's too thick for her small hand, but he's so beautiful—rock hard now, and deliciously warm—and she smiles as she fondles him, letting her thumb stroke his head, and the underside of his shaft, and then lightly brush his balls. "*I'd* do it for you," she says, "or, if you like, I could hold you whilst *you* did it and, that way, you wouldn't get so frustrated—"

"You're so kind, aren't you, Granger?" He catches her hand, and lifts it to his lips. "So thoughtful..." And, closing his eyes, he presses his cheek against her palm. "But I want to *fuck* you, Granger. I want to feel *normal*. With you."

"I understand," she says, softly.

"Do you?"

"Yes."

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"Good." He gives her hand one last kiss, gently places it at her waist, then settles down beside her. "So," he says, "let's get you ready."

"Okay..."

He twines his fingers with hers and, bringing their clasped hands down, he guides them between her thighs, and encourages her to pleasure herself. "Despite what I may have said before, Granger," he says, leaning in to kiss her cheek, "I really do enjoy this bit."

"That's why you're so good at it."

He guides her hand, making her toy with her clit, watching her reaction to different touches and, very soon, Hermione—who's never found it hard to come—is feeling the prickle of imminent release. She groans, tilting her hips in anticipation.

"Close?" he whispers.

"Mmmm..."

He kisses her mouth and, unlacing his hand from hers, he slips his fingers inside her, and finds *that* place.

"Oh," she gasps. "Oh, Draco... *No...*"

"Shhhhh."

Her hips are rocking, riding his hand, her back's arching, and she feels a sudden, sharp need—

"You're beautiful, Granger," he growls, and his touch grows firmer. "You're so fucking *beautiful...*"

Hermione cries out, writhing in desperation. His hand's killing her—she can't bear it, not a moment longer—and her cries become one long, ululating scream as her insides suddenly push, forcing something warm and wet and vital out of her in a great wave of pleasure, and—*Oh gods, oh gods*—Draco's *there*, filling her with his big cock, and thrusting, thrusting, thrusting her out of her mind...

...

Her body jerks and she comes again, her petulant howl sounding like a toddler having a temper tantrum.

Malfoy lowers her onto the bed. "I think you need a rest," he mutters.

Smiling blissfully, Hermione reaches out and grasps his wonderful phallus, but he hisses through his teeth and, taking the hint, she pulls her hand away.

"You didn't come," she says.

"Tell me about it."

"I'm sorry."

He lies back on the pillows with a heavy sigh. "I just can't get there."

"I'm not taking enough of you inside me, am I?"

"I really thought..." He sighs again. "But *no*. Time for another bloody wank." He rakes his long hair out of his face. "Your offer still open?"

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She's tired, but it doesn't matter. "Of course," she says, stretching out her arms, and he settles into them, and lays his head upon her bosom.

She reaches down, and runs her fingers along his length, considering how best to pleasure him. His cock's *thick*, tapering only slightly from its root to its large, well proportioned head—perhaps if she were to kneel between his thighs, and gather it between her breasts, and use her hands, and her mouth—

"I'll do it, Granger," he says. "You just—I don't know—just bloody cuddle me."

"But wouldn't you rather—"

"No."

*He's turning down what he could have, she thinks, because he can't have what he wants. A Malfoy never accepts second best...* Feeling desperately sorry for him—and terribly guilty—she wraps her arms around him, and holds him as tightly as she can.

Malfoy grasps himself with his right hand, and strokes himself roughly.

Hermione watches.

His shaft curves a little towards his belly, and has a broad ridge running its full length, which makes it look exceptionally hard and strong, and she can't imagine how any woman could possibly see it and not long to feel it thrusting inside her. She squeezes her thighs together, trying to shut up the hungry void between them, and finds herself wondering whether his climax will be just as big—will he explode all over her, and cover her in come?

*Merlin, she thinks, watching him's driving me crazy.* She knows that, for him, it's little more than scratching an itch. *If only I could still give him what he needs. If I could just remember...* "Draco," she says, "We used to do it doggy style."

"What?" He's stopped, mid-stroke. "Oh, fucking hell," he groans, "I *really* need to *concentrate* on this, Granger..."

But Hermione's stopped listening. "It was called 'the frog'," she says, excitedly. "I'd read about it in a women's magazine."

"Look, Granger—"

"And it worked! For *you!*" She slides out from under him, and rolls over, getting onto her hands and knees, and—her body remembering the correct position despite the years—she leans down, with her head almost on the bed. "Don't you at least want to try it?"

"Try it?" She feels his hands touch her arse—almost reluctantly—and then knead it with more enthusiasm, and then she feels him lean over her, and press his lips to the small of her back and, suddenly, he's stopped sounding annoyed and started sounding like a pig in the proverbial. "How do you keep this thing looking so bloody lovely, Granger?"

She grins. "Are you ever going to fuck me?"

"Yes, ma'am." He grasps her thighs, and she feels his cock nudge her pussy. "Can you spread your legs a bit wider? Just... Oh yes... Just like *that*... Yes..." One of his hands slides round her thigh, and cups her mound, and his mouth comes close to her ear. "Ready?"

She's dripping wet, what with watching him handle himself, and their earlier lovemaking has left her stretched wide, *So, now, she thinks, it should be easy.* "Yes."

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She feels him push, overcome the slight resistance, and—in one swift thrust—fill her impossibly full. She hears him hiss, and wonders whether she's managed to take *all* of him at last—and when he starts to move, and she feels his hips hitting her buttocks, she laughs out loud.

A few strokes later, she's gasping, "Feel—feel good?"

She interprets his incoherent noises as a yes.

His fucking's relentless, forcing ungovernable wails from somewhere deep in her chest, but she's loving it—*loving* it—and it doesn't occur to her how it must sound until Malfoy groans, "D'you need—d'you need—d'you need me to stop, Granger?"

"NO!" she cries. "No! Don't you dare!"

He grunts, and keeps pounding.

And Hermione feels the start of another orgasm, and she claws up the bedsheets and, gritting her teeth, she rides it out in silence, because this time it's about *him* and, though the climax leaves her almost painfully sensitive, she keeps quiet, and lets him fuck her harder and harder until, when his strength has begun to give out, and the frustration's creeping back into his voice, he suddenly announces, with complete surprise, "Oh. I'm *coming*."

And he loses it then, driving in deep to ejaculate, until Hermione cries out in genuine pain, and he immediately pulls back, and she's afraid she's ruined it for him, but no—*no*—he's already passed the point of no return, and she feels him coming, filling her up with liquid warmth, and when, with a final desperate cry, he thrusts again, and empties the last of himself inside her, it somehow sends her, not into another climax, but into something that's still wonderful, and she shouts, "Yes!"—trying to let him know that she can take it, that she *wants* it, wants even *more* of it—"yes, Draco! Yes! Yessss!"

And, as they both collapse with exhaustion, him on top of her, she feels his mouth against her ear, and hears him whispering things—*secret* things she's sure she was never meant to hear.

...

Hermione wakes to find Malfoy watching her—*studying* her.

She smiles. "Hello."

He turns onto his back. "You have two options," he says, and she knows the classic Malfoy sneer's just there to hide his vulnerability. "You can stay with me, or you can go back to the Weasel."

"Draco..."

"*That's* the choice," he says.

"I have children."

"So do I."

"It's not the same."

"*Why?*"

"Because..." She sighs. "Because you're a Malfoy, and if you want custody, you'll get it. I'm only a Granger, and if I leave Ron..." She grasps his arm, desperately. "*I can't lose my kids,*"

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*Draco!*"

"Then you'd better go," he says, shrugging her off. "Now."

He throws back the covers and climbs out of bed.

Hermione watches him cross the room, tall and graceful and surprisingly densely muscled, his cock *big* even though it's soft. And her body's battered and aching but, when she looks at him, the ache translates seamlessly into fresh desire. Despite what's about to happen—and she knows it *must* happen—she *wants* him.

She clenches her fists.

He opens a cabinet—appropriately carved, she notices, with scenes of Mars and Venus—pulls out one of the drawers, and retrieves a piece of parchment, which he brings back to the bed. "Here," he says, throwing it on the coverlet.

Hermione recognises Ron's signature. It's his marker.

"Thank you," she says, genuinely grateful that he's keeping his side of the bargain—she knows she's delivered *hers*. "Can I at least have a bath?" she asks. She may be resigned to this terrible ending, but she can't go home as she is.

"If you want," he replies, "but don't hang about. Make sure you're gone by the time I get back."

...

Ron's waiting by the fireplace—Hermione can see that he's been there all night.

"What happened?" he asks, leaping to his feet.

She hands him his marker.

"Oh, thank Merlin!" He clasps it to his chest.

"Yes," she says, "thank him."

He looks down at her. "You all right?"

"Just a bit tired."

"Why are you walking funny?"

"Oh, Ronald, why d'you *think*?" She runs a hand through her damp hair. "Malfoy's,"—*No*, she realises, *I mustn't tell him Malfoy's big*—"he was vigorous."

Ron frowns, and she knows he's trying to work out what she means. "Did he hurt you?"

"No—*really*, he didn't. But he was—well, I think it had been a long time for him."

Ron doesn't look convinced. He's seen all the pictures in *Witch Weekly*, too.

"Look, I've got a splitting headache, and I could do with a lie down—d'you think you could Floo the Office and let them know I won't be in today?"

"Yeah... Course. Do you want me to—"

"No... Thanks, but I'm just dead on my feet."

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...

She crawls into bed and, curling up in a ball, she lets herself cry, pressing her clenched fist to her mouth to muffle the sound.

She can't bear it.

Not Malfoy's behaviour that morning—no—she knows what he'd wanted, and knows that his Malfoy pride wouldn't let him accept her refusal gracefully.

*A Malfoy never accepts second best.*

She knows that he's in at least as much pain as she is. *And probably drinking himself brain dead...*

No, what she can't bear is the memory of the declaration he'd made when he'd finally come, the feelings that had poured out of him when he'd been at his most open, his most vulnerable. It hurts too much, but she can't stop replaying it in her mind, can't stop hearing it, over and over again.

Can't stop reliving her own heart's response to it.

She'd always told herself that her youthful dalliance with Malfoy had meant nothing—that breaking up with him and settling down with Ron had been 'growing up'.

Now she's having to face the truth.

And she can't bear it.

She burrows under the blankets, and cries herself to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Six months later**

"There's a gentleman to see you, Mrs Weasley." Hermione's secretary jerks her head towards the open door of Hermione's office and, wide-eyed, mouths, *Dra-co Mal-foy*.

"Thank you, Bridget."

Hermione takes a deep breath, steps through the door, and closes it behind her.

He's looking stunning, as usual, in immaculate robes of black moire silk, his long, platinum hair pulled back and tied with a silver cord.

Hermione's stomach clenches. *Why did he have to come here, she thinks, re-opening old wounds that...*

*That are still open.*

He turns to face her, and gives her one of his rare genuine smiles, and her heart leaps, taking her body with it.

It's too much.

Much too much.

"What do you *want*?" she demands, coldly.

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His smile dies. "I saw this," he says, throwing a copy of the *Daily Prophet* onto her desk. It's open at page three, and the headline's printed in two-inch letters:

*Golden couple split  
We're still good friends, says Ron*

"Is it true? Has he left you?"

"It was a mutual decision," she says. "Not that it's any of your business."

"Of course it's my business!"

"You're confusing 'bearing some responsibility for' with 'having a stake in', Malfoy," she says, firmly. "Now, if you don't mind, I've got a lot of work to do."

She tries to get past him—slowly, because she has to hide how much she's shaking—but she's forgotten that Malfoy's a Seeker, and she doesn't anticipate his move. "What are you *doing*?" she squeaks, trying to wriggle free of his arms.

"Shhhh."

She gets her hand to her wand, pulls it out, and manages to aim its tip at his groin. "Let go of me," she threatens, "or I'll shrink it down to less than a *tenth* of its normal size."

"Small, Granger." He laughs. "How?"

"Oh, I've done a lot of research since you kicked me out of your bed," she lies, angrily. "I know reduction spells, and impotence jinxes, and a particularly nasty castration curse that never heals—"

"Granger!" He tries to shut her up with a devastating kiss.

Hermione jabs her wand into his cock.

"Ow! Fucking hell, woman! That *hurt*!"

"Good! Now let *go* of me."

"Only if you promise—*listen* to me—Granger—no—*NO!*" He catches her wrists and, shoving her back, he holds her at arms' length. "Hear me out, and then—if you're still not interested—you can shrink it, or cut it off, or turn it into a bloody vagina, for all I care."

"That last idea," she says, "has some merit." She sighs. *Why can she never resist this ferret-faced bastard?* "Interested in *what*?" she asks, knowing that she'll regret giving way to her curiosity.

"You've left Weasley. Well, I've left Astoria." He manoeuvres her round to her chair, and sits her down. "It'll be in the *Prophet* tomorrow." He perches himself on her desk, and brushes back a few loose strands of his hair before he continues, "Father's livid, of course—he's cut me off without a knut—but Mother'll talk him round, in time. Astoria's over the moon—it seems she's already got husband number two lined up..." He reaches down, and straightens the collar of Hermione's favourite old cardigan. "I still have my personal fortune, and The *Wand* brings in a good ten thousand galleys a month, so I *will* be able to keep you and your children in the manner to which you've clearly never been accustomed... We must get you some decent clothes."

"Draco..."

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"Say yes, Granger. We'll find a place in the country, big enough for all of the kids, and we'll..." He raises his hand to her face, and strokes her cheek. "Just say yes, and we'll make up for all of that lost time."

*Oh Merlin, the way his voice purrs when he says that!*

She's so tempted.

*But...*

"I'm an officer of the law," she says, "and you're a gangster."

He laughs. "I may have cultivated that reputation, Granger," he admits, "because it titillates the punters. But I really *don't* do anything but run a legitimate business."

"You'll never get people to believe that now. And I can't be seen consorting with a criminal."

"All right, then. I'll retire. I'll sell *The Wand*."

"You'll lose all that income."

"I'll be a kept man." He grins, boyishly, and Hermione feels her resolve crumbling. "Say yes, Granger."

"*Ohhh...*" She holds her head in her hands. What's the point in fighting it? Really? He'll just find some way to blackmail her. Sooner or later, she's bound to give in. She sighs—and says it: "Yes Granger."

...

## Epilogue: One week later

She's told Ron and, although he was very, *very* angry, the sky didn't fall down upon her head; worse, she's told Ron's mother, which *did* entail casting a fire extinguishing charm; she's told the kids, who took it in their stride (because they're wonderful); she's told Harry, who'd already heard it from Ginny, who'd heard it from both Ron and Molly; and she's telephoned her parents in Australia, and then persuaded them not to fly 'home'.

She and Draco have visited Malfoy Manor without getting hexed, though that had been a pretty close thing; they've been seen together in Diagon Alley without causing a riot; and several photographs of them—kissing in Flourish and Blotts, of all places—have been printed in the *Daily Prophet*, and contributors to the Readers' Letters page have already moved on to the next big scandal.

*So, she thinks, the worst is over.*

And life with Malfoy—if seven days is anything to go by—is surprisingly...

*Fun.*

He's quick and clever, she never has to explain her ideas to him, and it doesn't take much to get him thinking deeply; he's clean and tidy and—unbelievably, given his reputation for laziness at school—he picks up after himself; he's a brilliant father to Scorpius and—so far—surprisingly good with her own children (who are a little in awe of him); and, though he *does* seem worryingly determined to turn her into a fashion plate, he also pays her the sort of attention she's always longed for (and has never been given before).

The sex, of course, is fabulous—often difficult, always time-consuming, and never anything

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less than totally exhausting, which is why, although they're both naked, and definitely both in the mood, they're lying a good two feet apart, because neither's quite able to summon up the energy... But, nevertheless, she can honestly say that the sex is completely out of this—

"Could you really shrink it, Granger?" he asks, showing her that—as so often seems to happen—his mind is wandering down exactly the same paths as hers.

"No. Not safely."

He sighs. "I knew it."

There's a long silence.

"Hermione—"

"Draco—"

"You go first," he says.

"I can't shrink it," she says, turning onto her side, "but I *have* done some research on the web,"—she's shown him the Muggle Internet—"and there are sites that provide practical advice for well-endowed men—"

"Granger!"

"—and I've found out lots of useful things—good positions, and so on. Do you want—"

"Yes."

She grins. "You're pretty much a slave to that big penis of yours, aren't you, Malfoy?"

"Says the woman who's been goggling it on the Interweb."

She laughs. "All right, then." She picks up a jar from the bedside table and hands it to him.

"What's this?" He unscrews the lid.

"*That*," she says, "is a Muggle substance, called 'lube'. I've added a touch of dittany, to treat any bleeding, a little wormwood, and some goosegrass to make it tingle—because, apparently, that makes things a lot easier, especially for the woman."

"You always *were* good at potions." He brings the pot to his nose, and sniffs the milky gel.

"When I'm ready for you," says Hermione, "you'll need to smear it on the insides of my thighs, and—um—I'll have to put some on you." She dips her forefinger, and runs a trail of lube down his length.

"Ah," he gasps, because it's cold, and then, "*Oh!*"

"That'll be the goosegrass kicking in," she says, laughing. She takes the jar from his hand, sets it on the table, and lets him gather her into his arms. "And I do think you should know, Malfoy,"—she murmurs, against his lips—"that *I'm* pretty much a slave to your big penis, too."

...

She turns her back on him, and lifting her leg, she kneels, straddling him.

He pulls her down onto his belly, and the thick ridge of his erection parts her labia, pushing up between them. Instinctively, she tilts her hips forward, and rocks her clit against him,

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savouring the silky friction, and the added sensation.

"Oh," groans Malfoy.

"Mmm," she replies. "I need to lie back on you."

He eases her down, until her head falls into the crook of his neck, and then his hands slide to her hips, and shift them slightly.

"I'll guide you," she says.

She reaches between her thighs and, grasping his cock—all slick with lube—she wriggles a little, and manages to coax him inside her, taking him as deep as her body can manage.

"Now," she murmurs, "if I press my legs together, like this, and,"—his arms close around her waist—"yes—you move, and... And... *Oh*," she gasps, at his first stroke, "*oh!* Oh gods, that's, that's..."

It's deep, and as hard as she could wish, and his arms are clasping her tightly, his hands cupping her breasts, and—she turns her head and, grasping a handful of his hair, she seeks his lips.

They kiss hungrily, but he's found his rhythm and, since it's hard to do both, they forego the kissing and concentrate on the fucking, his cock thrusting between her thighs and into her pussy with long, firm strokes.

"Merlin," he gasps, "you have to be fit to keep this up."

"Lucky you're a Quidditch player."

"Mmm..." Then, "*Fuck, Granger*,"—she's meeting his strokes—"oh, fuck, *yes*,"—and her is arse rocking on his belly and, when his hands drop to her stomach and pull her closer, she knows he's enjoying it—"I think I'm—yes, I'm—oh—oh *fuck*,"—they're shagging hard now, their bodies racing together—"fuck it," he cries, "I'm *coming!*"

And she feels him stiffen, and thrust his cock deeper, and it's perfect, because *she's* ready too.

She closes her eyes, and fingers her clit.

...

Snuggling sleepily against Malfoy's sweaty chest, Hermione smiles. "Am I worth all the galleons you've given up for me, Draco?" she asks.

He kisses the top of her head. "You Granger," he says, "are *priceless*."

**THE END**