

The third date



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Title: The third date

Story Number: -

Rating: NC-17

Pairing: Draco/Hermione

Summary: Their first and second dates were perfect in every respect but one. What will happen on their third?

Author's Note: Written for the LJ **dmhgaprilfools** challenge.

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

The main characters in this story were created by JK Rowling. No offence is intended and no profit is being made by borrowing them for use in this story, which is intended as a transformative commentary on the original.

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For their first date, he takes her to Paris. They have lunch in a tiny Muggle restaurant, which serves—Draco assures her—the best Soup au Pistou in the whole of France, then they saunter down the Champs-Élysées, sheltering from a sudden but perfect shower of spring rain in a little bookshop, just off the main avenue.

For their second date, he takes her to Rome, because she's told him that she's always wanted to see the Coliseum.

For their third date, *she* insists on making the arrangements.

"We'll go to the seaside," she says, all excited, and she looks so cute, with her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed, that he really doesn't listen to what she's saying, which is a mistake because, when she leaves, she thinks that he's as entranced by the prospect as she is.

...

He doesn't want to look like a prat, so he obtains some of those bits of metal and slips of paper that, apparently, pass for money in the Muggle world and, venturing out into Muggle London, he buys a Muggle suit—just a simple, single-breasted wool-mohair in charcoal grey.

...

As he studies himself in the mirror, straightening his Muggle tie and securing it with a Muggle pin, he wonders if he'll ever get Granger into bed.

She's lovely and she's sexy, and he wants her, and Draco Malfoy has *never* had any trouble seducing women—half the time, he doesn't even know how he does it—it just happens.

But with *Granger*...

With Granger he finds he can be himself—the self that's clever, and curious, and likes to think things through, the self that enjoys catching an idea, and running with it, and then passing it back to its owner—and, because of that, he's afraid of getting it wrong, afraid of frightening her off, afraid of ruining what they already have.

He's afraid of losing her.

From the moment she said she'd go out with him, he hasn't wanted anyone else.

Which means he hasn't had sex in over a month.

It's driving him up the wall.

If he and Granger don't do it soon, he's going to crack up, and go on a bloody killing spree.

...

She arrives at the gates of Malfoy Manor in a Muggle 'car'.

It's red and shiny and—actually—quite an attractive shape.

Sexy.

She lowers the glass in the window and, leaning across the empty seat, says, "Use the door handle."

It takes him several attempts.

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"Mind your head," she says—too late—as he climbs inside. "Put your seat belt on." More fumbling. "What on earth are you wearing?"

"A Muggle suit," he says, automatically straightening his tie.

"Draco, we're going to the seaside!" She pulls out her wand.

"What are you doing?"

"I'll transfigure it back later. Now, let's see..."

Horried, he watches her turn his hand-made shoes into massive white clogs—"They're called *trainers*," she says—his slim-cut trousers into rough, blue work wear that chafes in the most personal places—"jeans,"—and his rather elegant, dark grey jacket into a light grey cardigan—thing with one of those Muggle zips up the front— "and that's a *hoodie*."

Granger leans back, surveying her handiwork, and pronounces him *adorkable*.

Draco doesn't know what that means, but he has his suspicions.

And, if he's right, how's he ever going to get her into his bloody bed?

...

The drive's quite enjoyable, once he's realised that the vehicles approaching head-on always get out of the way in time, and has stopped bracing himself for a collision. The seat's comfortable, the music's exciting—"I knew you'd like Metallica,"—and the little *thing* that raises and lowers the windows—

"*Draco, will you stop doing that!*"

Granger tells him that the car's called a *Portia*, and belongs to her father—"It's his pride and joy,"—and that he's lent it to her specially for their date.

From that, Draco deduces that Mr Granger will be wanting to inspect him sometime very soon.

Maybe the shagging *should* wait a little longer...

...

As they approach the seaside, the sun disappears behind a blanket of thick cloud, and the puddles in the road tell them they've just missed a heavy downpour.

Granger parks the car, and they head towards the sea front in search of *fun*.

Most of the shops seem to be closed.

"Well, it's April," says Granger, "but that means we've got it all to ourselves. Come on, let's go down to the sea!"

They crunch their way over mounds of shingle—which isn't easy wearing great big *trainers*, though he supposes he should be grateful he's not ruining his new Muggle shoes—and they walk along the water's edge, holding hands.

After a few yards, Draco forgets the cold, and the damp, and the fact that it's impossible to see where the grey of the sea becomes the slightly lighter grey of the sky, and just enjoys Granger's company.

They talk about the tide, and how it's governed by the moon, and they speculate on how the

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moon's pull might also affect magic, and he's feeling so comfortable with her, so close to her, that he wonders whether now's the time to solicit her thoughts on the subject of S E X—

"Do you know how to skim a stone?" she asks.

He doesn't.

She does, and it seems that her beloved father taught her how to do it, so Draco decides to show willing, and let her teach *him*.

"You need to find yourself a flat stone," she says. "That's a good one, there."

He picks it up.

"Hold it like this,"—she shows him how to position his fingers—"and throw it like this, with a flick of the wrist."

Granger's stone bounces across the surface of the sea.

Draco's stone disappears with a mortifying *plop*. He sighs, feeling emasculated.

"Try again," she says.

He considers attempting some wandless magic.

...

"Shall we eat?" he suggests. "There must be a restaurant, somewhere."

"I know one!" She pulls him back up the beach.

The place is called McDonald's, though there's nothing Scottish about it as far as Draco can see, and the food's called a *Happy Meal*, about which, he decides, the less said the better.

Granger's savouring her *cheeseburger* as though it's haute cuisine.

Draco decides to stick to the fries, since he's no idea what a *burger's* made from, even after he's tasted it, and he knows for a fact that what they're calling *cheese* is actually some of that Muggle *junk* he's read about. He's also dubious about the method by which Muggles turn *milk* into an evil-looking pink substance that's neither liquid nor solid, but something in between...

"Don't you like milkshake, Draco?"

...

"What now?" he asks.

Granger looks up and down the deserted street. It's started raining. "The arcade," she says, and they run for shelter.

It's a madhouse.

The place is crammed with Muggle machines, all flashing lights and making strange noises—dings and pings and fanfares and snatches of inane melody.

Granger tells him they're *games*.

He stops in front of a glass case filled with egg-shaped objects made from Muggle plastic—a substance he learned about in Muggle Studies—and he carefully reads the rules.

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Twice.

Then he scrutinises the mechanism.

It seems straightforward—you use the levers to control a metal claw-thing, lower it into the eggs, pick one up, and drop it into a hole. The eggs contain prizes, which—from the pictures pasted on the front of the case—aren't worth having, but Granger says it's not about *winning*, it's about *having fun playing*.

Bizarre concept.

He digs his hand in the pocket of his jeans, finds the appropriate Muggle coin—the game helpfully provides a diagram of a *pound*—feeds it into the slot, and grasps the controls.

It's harder than he expected—tiny movements of the levers translate to huge movements of the claw, and by the time he's learned to nudge the thing gently, his money's run out.

He finds another *pound* and—using his newly acquired skills—he tries again.

Bollocks!

The eggs are smooth and rounded and, when you tighten the claw's grip, they simply pop out.

He finds yet another Muggle *pound*, manoeuvres the claw into position, slips his hand into his pocket and, keeping his wand hidden, applies a Sticking Charm.

"Malfoy," barks the Voice of Righteousness, behind him, "*one!*"

He's so startled, he almost loses the lot, but—quickly regaining his composure—he manages to shed all but one of the eggs, which he swings over the hole, and drops.

It rolls out of the machine with a satisfying *thunk*.

Draco picks it up.

But Granger confiscates it. "You *cheated*," she hisses.

"Have you any idea how *hard* it was to alter that Sticking Charm?" he complains.

...

When the light's failing, and the torrential rain has dampened even Granger's enthusiasm, they dash back to the car, and she drives him to an Olde Worlde country pub.

In the car park she transforms his *hoodie* and *jeans* back into his Muggle suit. "You look nice," she says.

She transfigures her own jeans and sweater into robes of midnight-blue velvet. They hug her figure and have a v-shaped neckline cut low enough to expose just the right amount of—absolutely *mouthwatering*—cleavage.

Draco bites his lip.

"Come on," she says.

The pub's quiet, and they take a table beside the fire, and—pretty soon—with the delicious food, the unexpectedly good Muggle wine, and the excellent conversation, Draco relaxes, and realises—yet again—just how much he enjoys Granger's company.

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He's watching her sip her wine when something occurs to him. "Should you be drinking that?" he asks. "I mean, I thought the Muggles had laws against drinking and driving."

"I thought we'd stay the night," she says.

Draco can't believe how calmly she's said it, nor how calmly he's taking it.

"I've booked us rooms," she adds.

It takes a moment for the plural to sink in. "Rooms...?" he stammers. "Oh. Yes, of course."

Whatever happened to the bloody Slytherin Sex God?

...

After a nightcap, they climb the stairs, and Draco escorts Granger to her door.

She smiles. "See you in the morning."

In his own room, he undresses slowly, concentrating on folding and hanging his clothes to keep his mind off the terrible prospect of *never, ever, having sex again*.

Merlin, this can't go on!

He sits on the bed in his silk pyjama bottoms—transfigured from his boxers—and ponders whether—maybe—there'd been some coded invitation, some hint of *Come to my room and shag me senseless* in her 'See you in the morning'.

No, he decides.

Bollocks.

Bloody literally.

He holds his head in his hands.

She's the only woman he wants, the only woman he can imagine *ever* wanting in the future, and she just doesn't seem interested—

His bedroom door opens and closes.

Draco looks up.

It's Granger.

She has her coat wrapped around her but, as he watches, she lets it fall to the floor...

Oh. Fucking. Merlin.

She's wearing a tiny black night robe of some filmy—*transparent*—material, that's fastened down the front with scarlet ribbons, tied in little bows. It gapes slightly across her deliciously full breasts, and the hem of its lace-edged skirt, barely reaching the top of her long, black-stockinged legs, draws the eye straight to her lovely bush.

Fucking. Merlin.

"Granger..." he whispers.

He can't stand up—things are too far advanced *down there*—so he just stretches out his arms,

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and she comes to him, and straddles him, settling a knee either side of him, and lowering herself onto his lap.

"Granger..." He buries his face in her gorgeous hair.

Then he slides his hands down to her arse, and cups it—*Merlin, it's two perfect handfuls*—and he pulls her closer.

Granger seems as aroused as he is, rubbing herself on his erection, and moaning softly.

"When you said good night," he whispers, "I thought you meant it."

"I wanted to surprise you."

"Oh, you've done that."

Her hand slips between them, into his pyjamas and, grasping his cock, she shifts her hips to come up on her knees.

"Are you sure you're ready?" he murmurs against her cheek. He's big, and he needs to be careful with her.

She leans back, smiling. "Do you want to take the lead?"

"Oh, sweetheart..." He leans in, and kisses her mouth. "No, but it might be best, this time."

He's so hard, it's torture. He knows that, however much he tries, he'll come the moment he enters her, and he decides that he'll just have to let it happen—then, at least, it'll be out of the way—and he warns her, promising that he'll make it up to her as soon as he can.

"It doesn't matter," she says, brushing her thumb across his lips. "Whatever happens, it'll be special, because it's our first time."

He lays her on her back, and prepares her with gentle touches and squeezes, and lots of kisses and, when he's sure that she's ready for him, he enters her gradually, giving her body the chance to adjust.

It takes a while, but he lasts much longer than he'd expected, and it's actually Granger's expression that does him in—her mixture of pride, and triumph, and sheer animal pleasure when she realises she has all of him inside her—that makes him come with the violence of a month's pent-up need.

"Oh, *Draco*..."

Her voice is husky.

He's never heard a woman sound so aroused.

He raises his head and, still panting, gazes down at her. She's about to ignite with desire. "I'm sorry," he gasps, "I'm so..." He lifts his body, and reaches down, intending to help her.

But, "No," she says, grasping his wrist. "No, I don't want it like that. I want it with you *inside* me. Please, Draco. I can wait."

What deity blessed him with this woman? Thank Merlin it never takes him long to recover. He slides his arms around her and, gathering her up, he kisses every inch of her but *that* one, until he's hard enough to give her what she needs.

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He'd been planning to use everything he knows—every trick he's learned from other women—to make this the best sex Granger's ever had but, in the end, he just follows his heart. Gently, he moves her from position to position, reacting to her response, and he doesn't stop after her first climax, nor after her second, but only when he's turned her onto her stomach, and found that place that drives women crazy and, thrusting hard and grinding his hips, he's made Hermione Granger shriek his name—"Draco! Oh, Draco! Oh! OH! *DRACOOO!*"—like a vixen.

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"You've had a lot of women, haven't you?" she says, afterwards.

"Only one that counts."

"That's such a crap line, Malfoy."

"It's not a line," he insists, with feeling. "I'd never bullshit you, Granger." He wants her to understand. "You're different—we're different. That's why I waited until you were ready—why I'd still be waiting, now, if you hadn't come to me tonight. I'd have been fit to murder someone,"—he smiles, ruefully—"but I'd have waited."

She shifts in his arms slightly and smiles up at him. "It's traditional, you know," she says, "amongst Muggles, to do it on the third date."

"You'd tell me anything."

She laughs. "It *is*! But I wasn't sure I was going to, until I saw your prize."

"What prize?"

"This." She tugs at her tiny night robe. "It's what you won on the Lucky Crane. I had to alter it a bit—transfigure the fabric, and make it bigger across the chest."

"I see..." Draco toys with the scarlet ribbons straining to contain her breasts, and lets his fingertip brush the velvety cleavage beneath. "If it's mine," he murmurs, "do I get to play with it again?"

"Whenever you want," says Granger, smiling. "And I think that *now* would be a particularly good time to start."

THE END