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Title: **The Price of Victory**

Story Number: -

Rating: MA

Pairing: Draco/Hermione

Summary: Working as a prostitute in the ruins of King's Cross, Hermione Granger has a fateful encounter with Draco Malfoy.

Written for the LiveJournal **hp\_kinkfest** 2013. The prompt was *prostitution*.

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.

### ***Oh god, that's Draco Malfoy!***

Hermione recognised him immediately—a taller, leaner, more severely elegant version of his father, walking round the ruin of King's Cross Station, peering, in the murky light, at each girl in turn—even those busy with their punters—obviously searching for one girl in particular.

Instinctively, she stepped back into the shadows.

Over the years, she'd perfected her disguise—dyed her hair, changed her face with make up, altered her body with a Voluptuous Charm—but she knew there was no way she could fool Draco Malfoy.

He was getting closer and closer, and there was nowhere to hide. Hermione was frightened but, at the same time, weirdly, she felt a rush of moisture between her legs...

"How much?" he asked.

It was the last thing she'd expected *him* to say. And—although the idea of being fucked by someone she'd known at Hogwarts turned her stomach—if *that* was all he wanted, she certainly wasn't going to turn away Voldemort's Golden Boy.

Besides, his money was as good as anyone's—it would buy food and pay the rent, and stop Bill Jacques, her pimp, 'encouraging' her to work harder.

"Three Galleons for a hand job," she said, trying to sound professional, "and ten for full sex. In advance. I don't do blow jobs."

Malfoy reached inside his robes, took out his money-pouch, counted ten Galleons, and handed them over. "Is there somewhere else we can go?" He inclined his head in the direction of an unseen punter, whose bellows were threatening to crack what little was left of the glass roof.

Hermione nodded. "I have a place back here. We can shut the door."

She led him round the corner, into the shell of a kiosk she rented from her pimp; it cost a her small fortune, but it brought in a better class of punter. She closed and locked the door, and turned to face him.

He was unbuttoning his fly.

*He's just like the rest of them, she told herself. And you're good at this. Just earn your money.*

She wriggled her tight, red satin skirt up around her hips and climbed onto the counter. She never wore panties at work—though she always kept a split-crotch pair with her, in case some punter wanted her to put them on—and, when she spread her legs, she heard Malfoy gasp.

She looked at him, curiously. He seemed almost nervous, but his cock was ready—big and eager-looking. *That will hurt*, she thought, and prepared herself for the discomfort.

Malfoy moved closer. "Selwyn's had you," he said, looking down into her eyes—*his* were the palest silver-grey and surprisingly beautiful—"and he says you're spectacular." His voice cracked on the final word.

Deliberately holding his gaze, Hermione reached down, felt for his hot, hard flesh, and pulled it inside her.

Malfoy groaned. His head sank forward—

Hermione brought her hands up to his shoulders. Her pussy was already gripping him, her belly was taut, her hips beginning to flex—

Malfoy suddenly grasped her arse and yanked her close, forcing a yelp out of her.

She pushed on his chest to slow him down, and took a few deep breaths.

"Who'd have imagined this?" he murmured, his lips ghosting her jawline on their way to her mouth. "The brightest—"

Hermione jerked her face away. "No kissing."

"Whatever..."

She was wearing her usual working clothes—a dark, chiffon blouse, unbuttoned to show off the contents of her red push-up bra, and he suddenly wrenched the cups of her bra down and, greedily gathering up her tits, leaned in—his cock straining inside her—and bit her neck.

Hermione cried out, this time more in surprise than pain, and she was still reeling from the unexpected sensations, when Malfoy started fucking her like man who hadn't fucked in years.

*God, he's an animal!*

Hermione grabbed his shoulders and hung on. Some men wanted her to do all the work, some men just needed help, but Malfoy didn't want or need anything, except her pussy—

*Oh—oh, god—there! she thought. Yes, there! Oh, don't stop—*

She opened her eyes in shock and, at that moment, with a growl of triumph, Malfoy arched his back.

For a few seconds, he seemed to freeze—the slight rocking of his hips, accompanied by weird, inhuman moans, the only clue to what was happening to him; then his boneless body collapsed upon her, crushing her, and the warmth of his seed, wetting her insides, told her it was all over.

Hermione closed her eyes again, and waited.

"Fucking hell," he sighed, at last. "Selwyn was right—you're as good as a fucking Veela."

He pulled out of her.

Hermione sat up, tried to push her skirt down over the raw, empty space he'd left inside her, gave up, scooped her tits back into her bra, and buttoned her blouse.

Her hands were shaking.

Malfoy had already cleaned himself. He brought out his money-pouch and tipped a small fortune into his palm. "Here," he said, pulling the front of her blouse down, "you've earned this." He shoved the coins into her cleavage. "Take the rest of the night off."

Then he turned his back on her, and left the kiosk.

...

For several minutes, Hermione sat on the counter, legs still spread, shattered.

When she'd first spotted Malfoy, she'd been convinced he'd come to snatch her.

*But it turned out all he wanted was a fuck!*

Her body was sore all over.

*No wonder he has to pay for it.*

Her pussy ached, but it was a strange feeling—almost like being aroused. *Like one of those aphrodisiacs that burn your insides and convince you a fuck will ease the pain,* she thought.

She pulled herself together, whispered a wandless "*Colloportus*" to close the door, then set about healing herself.

...

Malfoy's money was more than twice what she'd normally have earned on a good night. Hermione decided she *would* go home early.

She left King's Cross just before midnight. The streets were still busy and, in Euston Square, a small crowd had gathered in front of the big, public Veriscreen to watch an execution.

Hermione cast a discreet glance around the square.

The Muggle policemen didn't worry her—they were only there to keep the peace—but, lurking in the shadows, she spotted a Shadow—one of Voldemort's Dark Aurors—on the lookout for dissident witches and wizards, like herself.

She'd long ago disposed of her beloved wand, and she kept her wandless magic to a minimum, but she still needed to be careful—now, more than ever. She edged deeper into the crush, and forced herself to watch the brutal spectacle, joining in the applause so as not to draw attention to herself, then slipped away when the crowd dispersed.

...

"What're you doing back so early?"

Bill Jacques, Hermione's pimp, came out of his flat and stood, hands on hips, at the bottom of the stairs, blocking her way.

Hermione dug Malfoy's money out of her bra, and gave it to him.

"Where's all this come from?" he asked, suspiciously.

"Grateful punter." She pushed past him.

Jacques grabbed her arm. "There's a good three hours of business left yet, Toity. You can make another sixty Gallies if you stick at it."

"The gentleman was a pure-blood, Bill," she replied. "He didn't like the idea of his posh spunk getting mixed up with the common-or-garden stuff." She drew herself up to her full height and, in her red stilettos, towered over him. "If he hears I've been with others tonight, he won't come back." She nodded towards the coins in his hand. "If I humour him, you never know, there may be more where that came from."

Bill Jacques bared his teeth.

Then he shoved the money into his pocket. "Get a bath, Toity. You stink of him."

...

Hermione sank wearily into the lukewarm water and, picking up the cake of soap, started working it into a thin lather.

More than ten years ago, she and Ron had come to London, searching for the remnants of the Order of the Phoenix. They'd learned that Narcissa Malfoy had inherited number twelve, Grimmauld Place when poor Harry had died, but they'd heard rumours that the Order had found another safe house, somewhere near King's Cross.

Hermione began washing herself.

On the very first day, they'd been spotted by Antonin Dolohov.

Hermione felt the grief welling up in her chest.

Dear Ron had pushed her aside and taken the full force of Dolohov's Curse and, although she'd

managed to Apparate him away, there'd been nothing she could do to help him.

It had taken him two days to die.

Hermione wiped her eyes with the back of her hand.

She'd kept searching for the Order until hunger had forced her to try selling herself on King's Cross Station. There, one of the girls had taken pity on her, bought her a coffee, and introduced her to Bill Jacques, who'd immediately 'broken her in' and, on the strength of that, had given her a pitch on the station concourse.

At first it had been unbearable, but she'd known a wandless spell to prepare her hymen, and another to clean herself up afterwards, so she'd been far better off than most of the girls. The real agony had been mental, but within a week she'd been an old hand.

Now she was one of the punters' favourites.

*What did Malfoy say?* she thought.

*'Selwyn's had you; he says you're spectacular.'*

Selwyn was a regular—an up-against-the-wall man, very quick and noisy. He came every Friday. Hermione had known he was a pure-blood, but she hadn't realised he was a full-blown Death Eater.

God, she'd have to be more careful in future.

...

The next day, King's Cross was slower than usual—and that, Hermione knew, would mean trouble with Bill Jacques later.

During a lull in trade, she approached one of the other girls. "Where's Imogen?" she asked. Her friend's pitch had been empty all night.

The girl shrugged. "Dunno. Haven't seen her since yesterday morning. Maybe she's found that boat she's always going on about."

Hermione walked slowly back to her own pitch.

Imogen was another Muggle-born witch, a few years older than herself. Recently, she'd started talking about a mysterious boat, which—she said—sailed regularly from a hidden quay near St Paul's, ferrying fugitives down the Thames and out into the North Sea, to a secret sanctuary somewhere beyond Voldemort's reach...

"How much?" said a voice.

Hermione looked up. Her prospective punter was short and balding, and stank of sweat. "Three Galleons for a hand job," she said, "ten for full sex. In advance. I don't do blow jobs."

...

A week later, Malfoy turned up again.

This time, he came straight to Hermione, physically hauling a punter off her and telling him to go and find himself another girl. The terrified Squib backed away, bowing.

"Full sex," he said to Hermione. He had his ten Galleons ready.

Hermione stowed it safely, and started for her kiosk, expecting him to follow.

"No," he said, "not in there."

She turned.

He was holding out his hand.

Hermione glanced round. If she let him take her somewhere else, and things got dangerous, she'd be on her own. *But no one here would risk lifting a finger against a Death Eater in any case*, she thought. *It's as broad as long...*

She put her hand in Malfoy's.

He led her across the concourse, skirting the weeds, the rubbish, and the broken glass, past the empty shops with the couples fucking inside, over the steel beam wedging the doors that had once opened automatically, towards the wall Hermione knew so well.

"I can't go through there," she said, fighting sudden panic.

"Yes, you can," he replied, "with me." He tightened his grip on her hand. "Come on. Don't say you've forgotten how to do it?"

"No, but..."

"I want some privacy."

"The kiosk—"

"A Malfoy doesn't fuck in a place that reeks of other men."

*I reek of other men*, she thought, but she nodded and, together, they walked straight through the barrier between platforms nine and ten. Hermione's breath caught at the sight of platform nine and three-quarters, as clean and as well-maintained as the Muggle platforms were dirty and abandoned.

She looked up at the starless sky. "It's going to rain."

"So?"

She shrugged. "It's your money."

"And it's time for you to earn it."

There were wooden seats dotted along the platform. He backed her up to the nearest, turned her round, and bent her over.

Hermione normally avoided being taken from behind but, with Malfoy, she found it impossible to stay in control. She gripped the wooden slats.

"I *always* wanted to fuck you," he said, his mouth beside her ear. "Do you remember that time in the hospital wing?"

Hermione was gritting her teeth. "Yes," she hissed.

"I've always wished I'd fucked you then..."

He wrestled her skirt up to her waist, and she felt his hands on her arse. It had started raining, falling in big drops, but Malfoy seemed oblivious. His fingers dug into her flesh as he tilted her hips and nudged his cock between her thighs, invading her pussy with the same feverish groan she'd heard the first time he'd fucked her.

Hermione clung to the seat. She was soaking wet and trembling.

Malfoy's hands slid up her body, undid her blouse, and pushed it up her back—

Raindrops fell between Hermione's shoulder blades, and trickled down her spine—

Malfoy unhooked her bra, shoved it aside, and cupped her tits—

Hermione tried to crush the wooden slats between her fingers—

Malfoy began grinding, his cock filling her, his belly warm against her wet arse—

The rain was drumming down on them—

Malfoy swore and started fucking, his thighs flexing between hers, his cock ramming home—

A flash of lightning split the darkness, illuminating every detail of the platform with surreal clarity, then thunder followed, exploding directly above their heads, but Malfoy didn't stop fucking.

...

It was still raining when Hermione walked home.

In Euston Square, the Veriscreen was showing highlights from the trial of a pure-blood wizard, sentenced to the Kiss for secretly marrying a Muggle.

...

She gave the money to Bill Jacques, and climbed the stairs to her attic flat. The place was cold and cramped, and smelled of damp but, tonight, it didn't seem to matter.

She lit a candle.

She'd always known that Malfoy was going to be trouble—she'd just hadn't realised what *kind* of trouble.

She dragged the electric fire closer to her battered armchair, turned on one bar, and sat down.

The fact was, she'd gone completely mad—the fact was, she'd got it into her head that if she could have Malfoy once a week—just once a week—nothing else would matter. *One wonderful fuck a week, she thought, and I'd be as close to being happy as it's possible to be in this godforsaken world.*

She wrapped her arms around her body. Malfoy had been right—it had started that time in the hospital wing.

Hermione closed her eyes, and remembered how poor Harry had come rushing into the Gryffindor Common Room, soaking wet and covered in blood, talking wildly about Malfoy and Snape and Dark Magic; and how she had gone straight to the hospital wing to see if Malfoy was—

Well, to see for herself what had happened.

She'd found him standing in front of a mirror, stripped to the waist, pulling aside his bandages to examine the wounds that criss-crossed his pale, muscular body.

She'd thought he looked beautiful.

"Come to see Potter's handiwork, Mudblood?" he'd spat.

But then he'd staggered, and she'd caught him, her hands on his bare flesh.

They'd both been shocked.

And, suddenly, they'd started kissing.

Hermione had been kissed before, but never like that—never in a way that had aroused her, she realised now, *sexually*.

Oh, god, she'd wanted him!

She'd hardly known where her pussy was, but she'd been desperate for him to fuck it.

It had been Malfoy who'd pulled away. "No, Granger," he'd panted, "it's too dangerous. I'm too deep in the shit!" But his fingers had lingered, warm on her cheek, until he'd turned away, and limped back to bed.

Hermione wondered if he still bore those scars—

She froze; someone was knocking at the door.

Bill Jacques sometimes came up to her flat, but *he* didn't knock. And there was no way it could be Malfoy...

Quietly, she turned off the electric fire, snuffed out the candle, and waited, scarcely breathing, willing whoever it was to go away.

She was just beginning to think she'd imagined the knock, when she heard a quiet "*Alohomora*," and the door swung open, and standing in the doorway was Alastor Moody.

...

"Can I—um—can I get you a cup of tea?" she asked, nervously.

Moody, swamping her little armchair, pulled a flask from somewhere inside his greatcoat, and held it up, shaking his head.

Hermione got herself a glass of water, and sat down on the bed. "What—um—what do you...?" It occurred to her that he might want her services and, suddenly, she was a schoolgirl again, and blushing deeply.

"We've been watching you," he said, fixing her with his magical eye as though to prove the point.

"You've..." Hermione frowned. "You mean the Order knew that I was here, in King's Cross?"

Moody uncorked his flask, took a swig, and wiped his mouth with his hand. "And it's paid off," he said.

"Paid off?"

"Malfoy. Head of the Ministry's Potion Research Department. It seems that you have special access to him."

"So—what? You want me to get information out of him?" That was ridiculous! "It won't work. He doesn't talk when he—um—well, you know. He just does it, and goes. I can't think of any way I'd be able to—"

"We want you to kill him."

Hermione dropped her glass; a plume of water ran across the threadbare carpet.

Moody handed her a wooden scroll case. "Your orders are in here. When you've memorised them, burn them. It'll look like Malfoy's had a massive heart attack."

He got to his feet.

"Wait!" Hermione followed him to the door. "You're saying that you knew I was having to work as a prostitute, that you could have helped me but didn't, and now you expect me to kill a man for you?"

"Not a man," said Moody. "A Death Eater. Read the scroll."

Hermione swallowed her anger. "And what would I get in return?" she asked, calmly.

"The satisfaction of knowing you've taken out a key member of You-Know-Who's inner circle."

"Will you show me the Order's safe house—will you let me move in?"

"We'll see."

Dumbstruck, Hermione watched him leave.

That night, she read her orders.

Then she knelt down beside her bed, and prayed to God that she might never see Draco Malfoy again.

...

Months passed.

The weather turned cooler, Christmas arrived, then New Year, followed by the long, cold misery of Winter, and then, just when it seemed that Spring would never return, a few optimistic shoots began to push their way through the cracks in the station concourse.

Hermione had serviced hundreds of punters.

Selwyn, who'd once been as regular as clockwork, had stopped coming. Theodore Nott had come once, paid for a hand job, and had appeared to get more pleasure from Scourgifying Hermione beforehand than from actually getting off. Gregory Goyle had come as well and, although she'd struggled to find his cock beneath the rolls of fat, by the time he'd left she'd had him dancing on air and promising to return the very next day.

Though he hadn't.

She'd heard nothing more from the Order—she certainly hadn't been rescued by them—but, then, she hadn't expected it.

Every night, Bill Jacques had taken her money and, sometimes, he'd demanded his 'rights'.

And Hermione had almost begun to believe that her prayer had been answered...

...

Malfoy gave her the money without a word. There was an unhealthy brightness in his eyes, his hands were trembling, and he seemed to be having difficulty walking.

Hermione led him straight to the kiosk, and closed the door.

When she turned back to him, he'd already opened his fly.

"Where have you been?" she asked, boldly.

"Under an Impotence Curse," he answered, lowering himself onto the counter. "One of the Dark Lord's favourite punishments. He lifted it tonight." Gingerly, he freed his cock. "Come here." He sounded hoarse.

"Draco..."

He frowned, obviously surprised by her use of his first name.

Hermione's voice dropped to an urgent whisper. "There's something I need to tell you..."

"Later," he said.

"But—"

"I said later. I want a ten Galleon fuck. Now." He reached out to her. "Come on. You know I'll

give you more afterwards.”

She also knew that there was no arguing with a man in the state he was in.

“Pull up your skirt,” he said.

She worked the satin up her thighs.

He grasped her waist, and dragged her closer, forcing her to spread her legs and straddle him. “You didn’t have this body at school.”

“Voluptuous Charm.”

“Right.” She’d never allowed him to kiss her, and he’d taken to nuzzling her instead. “Well, these tits alone would get you an ‘O’... Sit on my cock,” he murmured into her cleavage.

Hermione squirmed. He was rock hard, huge after his enforced abstinence, and she couldn’t help grunting when she finally managed to impale herself on him.

“Do you ever enjoy it, Granger?” He’d never used her name before, and it came as a shock. “I enjoy it. I enjoy it so fucking much...”

He leaned back, and she realised he needed her to service him. She started slowly, letting her body get used to him, but she knew what he liked and, as soon as she could, she sped up and rode him vigorously, despite his size.

“I love these tits,” he moaned, trying in vain to catch them in his hands.

It took Hermione a long time to get him off. She even suspected that he might be thinking of potion recipes to make himself last, and it wasn’t until she heard him cry, “Yes! Oh yes! Oh thankfuckingMerlin, YES,” and saw how his orgasm overwhelmed him, that she understood just how much the Impotence Curse had terrified him.

...

Hermione put on her bathrobe and, switching on the electric fire, curled up in the armchair.

The scroll case that Moody had given her was lying on the little table beside her.

For possibly the hundredth time, she opened it and tipped its contents—two parchment scrolls and a very short, stubby wand—into her lap.

The first scroll contained detailed instructions for casting an Infarction Curse. It explained that the wand, which had been shielded to lessen the chances of magical detection, could be used for no other magic. It suggested that she should practice the curse on a beef heart, and provided an animated diagram showing the sort of damage she could expect to see if she cast it successfully.

The second scroll, which she could almost recite from memory, claimed to describe Malfoy’s work in the Potions Research Department, but she had no way of verifying its contents.

...

Hermione was half expecting Malfoy to return the following night, but he didn’t.

Instead, she had to deal with a succession of difficult punters—one of them slipped her some foreign coins, which meant she could look forward to trouble from Bill Jacques when she got home; another couldn’t get it up, blamed her, and threatened her with a beating—

“How much?” said a voice.

Hermione turned round. This punter was short and balding with a serious personal hygiene problem, and he looked familiar—she knew he wasn’t a regular, but she was sure she’d

serviced him before. "Three Galleons for a hand job," she said, "ten for full sex. In advance. I don't do blow jobs."

"Full sex."

It was quick and painless, but as he was doing up his trousers, he muttered, "*The Noah's Ark* on Stew Lane."

Hermione, smoothing down her satin skirt, froze. "Sorry?"

He opened the door, and left without another word but, somehow, she knew exactly what he'd meant.

...

That night, as she was crossing Euston Square, the Veriscreen was showing a Special Broadcast by the Dark Lord himself, on a continuous loop.

"...but Ministry potioners," he was wheezing, "working under our personal supervision, have perfected the means to rid us of these vermin forever..."

Hermione's blood ran cold.

...

It was a long way to Stew Lane.

She'd told Bill Jacques she had 'the runs' and couldn't work.

She'd left off her make up and put on the dowdy tweed suit and flat shoes she always wore when she wanted to be invisible, then she'd slipped out whilst Bill was busy fucking one of the other girls, and walked across London, trying to look like a secretary on her way home from work.

*The Noah's Ark* was half-way down Stew Lane, little more than a terraced house with a painted sign—so blackened with soot it was scarcely legible—and set slightly back from the rest of the buildings.

The place looked promising.

Hermione found a doorway on the opposite side of the street and lurked there, watching the customers as they came and went. At first she could see nothing suspicious but, after a while, it occurred to her that a lot of people seemed to be coming, but very few seemed to be going away...

She would have liked to have sneaked up to one of the windows and peered inside to check, but that felt like a risk too far. So, instead, she walked to the end of the lane, where a flight of stone steps led down to the river, and stood there for a few minutes, watching the grey-green water flow by.

It had begun to drizzle, and she was about to return to her doorway, when a strange prickling sensation made her turn back to the river, just in time to see a boat chug past from west to east.

*That's exactly the sort of brave little craft, she thought, watching it battle the choppy water, that defied the German guns at Dunkirk...*

She lingered a few moments more, all sorts of exciting possibilities whirling round in her head.

*I need to go home, she thought, and think this through.*

But she'd gone no more than a couple of hundred yards when a hand shot out of a doorway, and grabbed her arm.

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"Draco!"

"*Shhh!*" he hissed. "Do you want to bring that bloody Shadow down on you?"

A startled pigeon took flight and, out of the corner of her eye, Hermione thought she glimpsed a swirl of black trench coat.

Malfoy immediately shoved her against the wall, and began dry-humping her.

Hermione had no idea whether what she'd seen was in fact a Dark Auror, or whether it was merely a trick of the light—no idea whether the figure that seemed to be coming towards them was real or imaginary—but when it had passed, and Malfoy released her and, after stepping out into the road and checking both ways, beckoned her, she sighed with relief.

"Come on," he said, and set off towards St Paul's.

"Where are you going?" She had to trot to keep up with him.

"Your place."

"What? How on earth do you know—"

"It's hardly Divination, Granger. I followed you."

*Followed me!*

How could she have been so careless?

*And is there anyone in London who doesn't know where I live?*

There was something different about him tonight, too—something less self-controlled, less pure-blood. Hermione thought back to the groping in Stew Lane, and remembered a whiff of alcohol on his breath. "Are you *drunk?*"

"Almost certainly." He took her arm, and hurried her across the street.

"Why?"

"Because I've been drinking."

They reached her building without further incident, sneaked past Bill Jacques— "A fuck wipes him out for hours these days, thank god,"—and climbed up to the attic.

...

Hermione unlocked her door.

Malfoy looked round the little flat. "What a dump."

"Yes, well... Have a seat." She pointed to the bed.

He hesitated, straightening the covers and brushing off a few crumbs before he sat down.

Hermione watched him, cautiously.

She had strong feelings for Malfoy—feelings that had somehow changed her and made her more like her old self—and it was in her nature to trust. But every time she felt herself relaxing with him, some sixth sense, like an alarm sounding in her head, seemed to stop her short.

"It's cold in here," he grumbled.

Hermione dragged the electric fire as close to him as the cable would allow, and switched on

both bars. "Don't touch this," she said, "and, for goodness sake, don't let anything fall on it, like the hem of your robes."

Malfoy eyed the contraption suspiciously. "And," he said, at last, "do you have anything exotically Muggle to drink?"

"Vodka. Though it's—um—it's cheap and it's a bit rough."

"I'll risk it."

Hermione went into her tiny kitchen, opened the cupboard over the sink, took out a bottle and a couple of glasses, and poured out two generous measures. "Here."

"Cheers." He took a swig. "Merlin's *nutsack!*"

"I did warn you."

"Mm." He took another mouthful.

Hermione pulled up her armchair and sat down. "Why were you following me?" she asked.

"You have a nice arse," he replied.

Well, that told her nothing. *If he followed me from the flat, she reasoned, which he must have done, he knows how long I spent in Stew Lane; he must have seen me watching the pub, and going down to the river.*

She wondered if he'd seen the boat.

She decided it was time to test the Order's intelligence. "Tell me about the potion," she said.

"What potion?"

"The potion that rips the magic out of Mudbloods, and leaves them as empty husks."

"Oh, that potion." Malfoy brought his glass up to his lips, then obviously thought better of it. "How do you know about that potion?"

Hermione shrugged. "People talk."

"Hmm. Well, you'll be pleased to hear, Granger, that that potion doesn't exist."

"But You-Know-Who was boasting about it," Hermione insisted. "I saw him last night on the Veriscreen."

"Quite." This time, he did drink the vodka, draining the entire glass and holding it out for a refill. "Which means that the 'shit', as I believe the Muggles say, has well and truly 'hit the fan'."

He smiled.

It was the last straw.

"How DARE you sit there and make jokes?" Hermione cried. "How *could* you fuck a Mudblood, *knowing* that you were creating something designed to destroy me and everyone like me?"

"I wasn't."

Had he shouted, she might have hit him, but he didn't shout—he spoke so quietly, the words seemed to puncture her anger and leave her completely deflated. She gaped at him. "What?"

"For the past three years, Snape and I have been—well—basically stalling."

"Why?"

"We had serious ethical concerns."

His answer sounded crazy but, before Hermione could consider its meaning, something else dawned on her, something significant: "That's why You-Know-Who cursed you with impotence."

Malfoy suppressed a shudder. "No. The Dark Lord doesn't know we've been lying to him. Not yet. He cursed us to give us an incentive to work harder. Personally, I prefer the carrot to the stick, but the Dark Lord's never heard of carrots."

"I have been ordered to kill you because of that potion!"

"I *knew* the prostitute thing was just a cover," he said, triumphantly. "And that idiot Selwyn was recommending you to all and sundry—not that you aren't a bloody good shag."

"Selwyn's stopped coming."

"Of course he has. I Obliviated him—and Theo Nott and poor old Greg Goyle. I felt quite guilty about Greg—I don't think he'd ever had decent pussy before. But I wanted to keep you hidden." He looked at her curiously. "What's going on in Stew Lane, anyway? What's so hush-hush, you have to hang around looking like Dolores Umbridge?"

Hermione ignored his question. "Why did you want to keep me hidden?"

"Do you really need to ask?"

"To protect yourself."

"To protect us both, Granger."

"But what are you going to do now? You-Know-Who's gone public with your potion, so he's not going to wait much longer, and if he doesn't kill you, the Order must have realised that *I'm* a washout, and be planning to send someone else—"

"So you're not going to kill me?"

"Of course not."

"What a pair we are."

"You need to get away." She leaned forward, and speaking very quietly, took a huge risk: "I've heard of a boat—"

"Everyone's heard of a boat, Granger. It's bullshit—and, anyway," he added, "I've got Scorpius to think of."

"Scorpius?"

"My son."

"I had no idea... So you're married?"

"Of course."

*Of course.* She'd just assumed... "Then why don't you fuck her?" she asked, petulantly.

"I do fuck her," he replied, "now and then. And I fuck her sister, Daphne. And Daisy Mulciber. And frosty Fuchsia Goyle. In fact, if you want a complete list of my mistresses, Granger—"

"I don't."

"Good." He held out his glass again.

Hermione took it from him, and gave him hers, wondering whether she should be pleased that, with all those women to choose from, when his life had started falling apart, he'd come to her.

"I think," he said, draining the rest of the vodka, "you should just Avada me."

"Please don't joke about it."

Malfoy dumped the empty glass on the bed beside him. He seemed to have made a decision. "D'you fancy making some extra cash tonight, Granger? I want to come like a Hungarian Horntail, trapped in your pussy and shrieking."

Hermione rescued the glass and took both of them into the kitchen. "That's not physiologically possible," she said. "Your penis doesn't have a knot, and my vagina—"

"From anyone else, that would be extremely annoying." He stretched out on the bed with his hands behind his head. "Just ride me then—let me watch those lovely big tits bounce. Let me save the worrying about certain death for tomorrow morning."

"Draco..."

"Draco," he murmured. "Yes, I like that. Call me Draco from now on. And come here and fuck me."

Hermione sighed. *Why not?*

She stripped down to her bra and panties. "I don't want any money,"—she climbed onto the bed and straddled him—"but I do, for once, want—"

She swore.

Malfoy had fallen asleep.

...

"Draco?"

Hermione had spent much of the night awake, lying in Malfoy's arms, listening to his steady breathing. It was the first time she'd ever slept with a grown man, and she'd been enjoying it until Malfoy had woken her, banging about in the kitchen. "What are you doing?"

"I'm hungry."

"You really are a spoilt brat." She found her bathrobe, put it on, and padded over to him. "I can do you beans on toast."

He looked blank, which was disturbingly endearing.

"It's nice, actually," she said. "You'll like it."

As she set to work, Malfoy found the vodka, poured himself a big one, and knocked it back. "This stuff grows on you."

"Because it's destroying your taste buds—and your brain cells." She set two plates of food on the little kitchen table. "It's ready."

Malfoy pulled out a chair and sat down. The old vinyl cushion made a disconcerting sound, but neither of them mentioned it.

Hermione found a carton of orange juice in her ancient fridge. "Here," she said, "put some of this in your vodka."

Malfoy ignored the juice, but tasted the beans and raised a complimentary eyebrow.

"I told you you'd like it. There's pepper if you want it." She ground some onto her own plate. "So... Have you decided what you're going to do?"

"I'm going to go to work," he replied. "And you—you're going to do whatever it is a prostitute

normally does during the day.”

“No.” Hermione shook her head. “No, you can’t just walk back into You-Know-Who’s lair. Not now.”

“I don’t have any choice.”

“Because of that?” She’d noticed his Dark Mark when she’d been lying in bed with him.

“This? No!” He pulled down his sleeve. “The Dark Lord doesn’t use these things much any more—Severus thinks his magic’s over-extended. No, because of Scorpius.”

Hermione toyed with her beans, praying to God that she wasn’t misjudging Malfoy, and that this fledgeling relationship wasn’t an elaborate act on his part to wheedle information about the Resistance out of her. “The boat isn’t bullshit,” she said, at last. “I’ve seen it.” She looked up at him. “Don’t go to work today. Go to Hogwarts, get your son, and meet me beside the ruins of the Millennium Bridge at six o’clock.”

The mental image of him seizing her and triumphantly Apparating her to the Ministry of Magic for formal interrogation was so intense, she was afraid she might somehow make it happen, but Malfoy merely shook his head. “I’ve already told you, I can’t put Scorpius at risk”

Hermione reached across the table, and grasped his hand. “What would be suspicious about a father sneaking off for an afternoon with his son?” she asked. “You-Know-Who might be annoyed, but he’d think you were being frivolous, not treacherous.”

Malfoy seemed to think about that for a long time. Then, “All right,” he said. “Tonight, at the Millennium Bridge.”

And he poured himself another glass of vodka.

...

Hermione lowered herself into the lukewarm bath, wondering if the sanctuary—supposing it existed—had proper hot water.

*And decent food, and wine, and—and, Merlin, Draco drinks a lot when he’s nervous, she thought. I shall have to watch him.*

She realised that she was already imagining them living together, happy in a little house, with Draco’s son, and maybe...

She’d never even considered having children of her own before!

...

She spent the afternoon packing a bag.

She didn’t own much, and most of what she did have was associated with a life she hoped she’d be able to forget, but there were one or two items she knew would be useful, and she stowed them carefully.

Then she put on her working clothes and went downstairs.

Bill Jacques was surprised to see her, but it wasn’t hard to talk him into a fuck and leave him sprawling on the floor, dead to the world.

She changed into her tweed suit and flat shoes and, carrying her little bag, slipped out.

As she walked through Covent Garden, the Veriscreen was showing the exploits of five heroic Shadows, risking life and limb to arrest an elderly pure-blood mediwitch for delivering a Muggle baby.

...

She reached the Millennium Bridge at ten minutes to six and waited, crouching in the wreckage.

Since Voldemort's victory, the weather had been unpredictable—black clouds often eclipsed the sun at midday, and coloured lights sometimes illuminated the sky at midnight. Earlier in the day, the sun had been beating down but now, thankfully, the riverbank was shrouded in unnatural night.

Hermione peered nervously through the cage of twisted metal, scanning the embankment.

At a quarter past, she spotted Malfoy, fifteen minutes late and dressed as though he were going to a ball, with an equally elegant child in tow—*He really has no idea*, she thought—and she almost laughed, but there was another man with them, and *he* was no socialite, *he* looked like a Death Eater...

*Oh god, has he betrayed me after all?*

She remained hidden, and watched them. Malfoy was talking to his son, obviously encouraging him to look out for her, and Hermione had just decided that that wasn't the behaviour of a treacherous man, when she noticed another wizard closing in on the trio.

She had only a split-second to react. She'd been nursing Moody's stubby wand ever since she'd arrived at the bridge, and now—instinctively—she leaped to her feet, aimed the wand at the Shadow and, tracing the shape of a heart in the air, cried, "*Delendus est!*"

The Shadow staggered, his wand hand falling as his left came up to clutch his chest, and his Killing Curse missed Malfoy, bouncing across the ground in a shower of sparks.

"Come on," cried Hermione, trying not to think about the Dark wizard's death agony, "this way!"

Malfoy already had an arm around his son, and he threw the other round Hermione, and the three of them hurried towards Stew Lane, with Severus Snape close behind.

"I couldn't leave him to take all the blame," Malfoy explained.

"No, of course not."

Hermione stopped when they reached *The Noah's Ark*. "It's in there..." she said.

The three adults exchanged nervous glances, then Malfoy opened the door, and they went inside.

...

The pub was eerily empty.

"What can I get you?" asked the landlord. It was the short, balding punter with the appalling body odour.

"You invited us," said Hermione.

"I invited *you*."

"Is there room for my friends as well?"

"I have money," said Malfoy.

The landlord dismissed that with a wave of the hand. "Through there," he said, pointing to a heavy, oaken door with a brass sign that read, 'Toilets', "is a new life. But a *Ianitorius Charm* ensures that only the trustworthy can pass. Is there anything that might disqualify you?"

Malfoy pulled up his sleeve. "You mean like this?"

"Possibly. Are you willing to put it to the test?"

"What happens to those," said Snape, "who do not qualify?"

"They're Obliviated," said the landlord.

"That sounds like a humane punishment."

"Our aim is to protect the innocent, not to punish the guilty," the landlord replied. "But the very guilty sometimes find the gaps impossible to bear."

Malfoy turned to Snape, their eyes met, and an understanding seemed to pass between them. Then Malfoy turned back to Hermione. "If I don't make it," he said, "take care of Scorpius."

...

Hermione had immediately found work in the sanctuary's hospital, brewing medicinal potions and, within a couple of weeks, she'd settled into a comfortable routine of work, study and experiments.

After a month, she'd almost forgotten King's Cross.

Taking care of Scorpius, though, had proved much harder than she'd expected. The boy missed his father. Every morning, when she dragged him to the sanctuary's little school, he whined, or sulked, or claimed to be ill; every evening, supper was a battle, and bedtime a war...

She heard a knock at the door and, after carefully inserting a bookmark, she set down her book and went to answer it.

It was Malfoy.

The day after they'd arrived at the sanctuary, he and Snape had been sent into the mountains, to help negotiate with the Highlanders for a regular supply of magical herbs. Hermione had been missing him, but now that he'd returned, she was taken aback by her own lack of feelings. It confirmed something she'd been suspecting for a while.

Malfoy seized her by the waist and, kicking the door closed behind him, manoeuvred her to the table.

She wondered whether to say no, or whether to let him get on with it.

He unbuttoned her shirt. "I'm so glad you've still got these..."

"Nobody knows the counter charm," she said.

"Don't let anyone ruin them." He buried his face in her cleavage, but she didn't respond—didn't even fake it—and, after a moment or two, Malfoy looked up at her, frowning.

"I've forgotten how to do it," she said. "It's like the sexual part of me's completely burnt out. I don't seem to have any desire any more—I haven't needed to satisfy myself once since I came here. And I don't seem to be feeling anything now." She shrugged. "I'm sorry."

"I could pay you."

She heard the desperation of a frustrated man. "Oh, Draco... No."

"Well... I suppose I'd better leave then." He released her breasts with exaggerated care, and turned away.

"But you live here!"

Hermione watched his shoulders sag, and his whole body follow. He looked about two hundred

years old. "I've waited a month for you, Granger. There were witches, up in the highlands, throwing themselves at me, but I waited for *you*. I can't stay here if you won't fuck. I'm not going to disturb Scorpius now, but I'll come back for him in the morning."

Hermione reached out and caught his robes. "Draco... Please!"

He froze. Hermione had never seen a man so rigid with emotion.

"Teach me," she said, desperately. "I've never had sex that wasn't either paid for or demanded by someone who owned me. Teach me what it's like to have real sex—teach me how to make love like you made love with all those mistresses you used to have."

Malfoy shook his head. "I've never gone in for romance, Granger. All I know is a quick, hard fuck."

"But I like it like that!"

He turned to face her.

"I always liked it with you," she said. "You used to fuck me out of my mind—though, of course, you usually left me high and dry... No, it's not about hard or fast or slow or gentle, Draco. It's about *us*." She found herself remembering what it had been like when it had been good, and the ghost of something seemed to flutter between her thighs. "It's about being *equals*. Take your clothes off."

"What?"

"You used to undress me, but I've never seen you naked. Will you take your clothes off for me? Please?"

The idea seemed to make him uncomfortable but, eventually, he took out his wand and set it carefully on the table. Then he stepped back, and undressed slowly, letting each item of clothing drop to the floor. When he was naked, he straightened up and stood before her. He was tall and slim-built, lean, and very pale—which only seemed to emphasise the curves and hollows of his muscles—and the Sectumsempra scars she'd wondered about were hardly visible.

Hermione licked her dry lips. His erection was jutting out at her. "Come closer."

He took a couple of steps.

She reached out and touched it. "The first time I saw this," she said, "I thought, '*That* is going to hurt.'" She stroked it, slowly running her fingertips up from its broad root to its equally broad tip, tracing its slit, then sliding down again, watching it strain at her touch. "It didn't, though. Not really. And..."

"Mmm?"

She looked up at Malfoy's face. His eyes were closed; he was approaching heaven.

Something stirred inside her. "I think I've remembered how to feel desire, Draco. Fuck me."

As she said the words, his knees seemed to give way, and he fell upon her, crushing her on the table. It was like being in her kiosk all over again.

"Fuck me like you fucked me that first time," she said, reaching down and feeling for his cock. "That was so unexpected,"—she put him inside her—"but this time, Draco, please, please let me come."

He kissed her—not a tender brushing of her lips, but a savage devouring of her mouth.

"Fuck me," Hermione panted.

Malfoy grasped her arse, and began to thrust. In a few strokes, he found his rhythm, neither fast nor slow but strong and relentless, and Hermione writhed beneath him, her hips moving in perfect time with his, the rest of her body struggling to bear the pleasure of it. *Oh god*, she thought, *yes, like this! Fuck me, Draco, fuck me!* "Yes! Oh god yes! Yes! I'm coming! I'm—"

But Malfoy was no longer inside her.

"What—what are you doing?" she wailed.

He was scrabbling on the table. Suddenly, he raised his wand and shouted, "*MUFFLIATO!*"

Hermione stared up at him, open-mouthed.

"You're bloody *noisy*, Granger," he gasped. "You'll wake the boy."

She laughed, and when he started fucking her again she couldn't stop—mirth and delight and joy all bubbled out of her in a never-ending stream—until, with a sudden burst of rapid thrusts, he fucked her over the edge, and her laughter turned into a full-throated bellow of satisfaction.

She was so overwhelmed by her own release, she wasn't aware of *his* until, when she finally came back to herself, she felt the proof of it in the limpness of his body lying, gloriously heavy, upon her.

"Oh," she gasped, "oh, Draco Malfoy!" He raised his head, and she brought a hand up to cup his cheek. "We are going to have so much *fun!*"

## THE END

...

### An earlier glimpse of the same world: The Price of Victory

The train pulled out of the station, leaving Draco – one hand still raised – bereft; his little boy had left the nest.

Astoria took his arm, and they joined the other parents – all pure-bloods – silently waiting to pass through the wall.

...

On the Muggle side, King's Cross was derelict.

As they walked across the concourse, avoiding the weeds, the rubbish, and the broken glass, Draco remembered his own first trip to Hogwarts, when the station had been bustling, and a girl with clever eyes and bushy hair had caught him staring, and had smiled, and he'd thought they would be friends...

...

## NOTES

I would love to explore Voldemort's Brave New World in more detail some day. In my mind's eye, it's a combination of Orwell's *1984*, Sophia McDougall's *Romanitas*, and occupied Belgium as shown in the BBC TV Series, *Secret Army*.

*Veriscreen* – from *veritas*, meaning 'truth'.

*Shadows* – probably not their official name. I tried all sorts of latin-based names – *Occasors* (from 'sunset'), *Abyssors* (from 'hell'), *Tenebors* (from 'darkness') – but decided that *Shadows* was less cringe-worthy. If the Death Eaters are the Storm Troopers, the *Shadows* are the Gestapo.

*Delendus est!* – '[heart] must be destroyed!' (as in *Delenda est Carthago*, but masculine, I hope).

*Ianitorius Charm* – from *ianitor*, 'doorkeeper'.

*Toity* – Jacques calls Hermione 'Hoity Toity' because she's educated.

*Stew Lane* – a real place in the right area, but it doesn't—judging by the map—actually extend to the river. I like the name, though, because a 'stew' was a mediaeval brothel.