



If at First You Don't Succeed...

celticsass

Copyright Page

This book was automatically created by [FLAG](#) on May 31st, 2012, based on content retrieved from <http://www.grangerenchanted.com/enchant/viewstory.php?sid=798>.

The content in this book is copyrighted by celticsass or their authorised agent(s). All rights are reserved except where explicitly stated otherwise.

This story was first published on October 11th, 2007, and was last updated on October 11th, 2007.

Any and all feedback is greatly appreciated - please email any bugs, problems, feature requests etc. to flag@erayd.net.

Summary

Determined to prove that she isn't merely a prim little bookworm, Hermione sets out to seduce a wizard, but finds it's someone else that appreciates her efforts more.

Chapter 1

This was it and Hermione was ready, or so she told herself repeatedly. There wasn't any turning back now. She was going to be a true Gryffindor and go after what she wanted. No one would be able to call her a frigid, little prude after tonight. For a moment, and only a moment, she wondered if that was the only reason she was executing her current scheme, just to prove something to everyone else.

Hermione brushed that thought aside, though, and smiled to herself as she stood in front of Weaselys' Wizard Wheezes.

All she had to do was open the door, step inside, and let nature take its course. She wasn't strikingly beautiful, Hermione knew that, but she wasn't so ugly that she couldn't evoke a certain appreciation from the opposite sex. She had round, brown eyes and her hair was long despite being a bit too curly. A few wizards had told her that she was curvy, and they had said it with an appreciative gleam in their eyes. However, the schoolgirl fantasy she'd read about in *Witch Weekly*, a magazine that the wizard at the heart of her plan read, (or more or less gawked at every picture) without fail, was bound to work. There was no question that he would react favorably.

Running a hand down the front of her robes, Hermione mentally went over every detail. She was protected- Muggle pill of course- and as far as anything else, she knew the chosen wizard wasn't promiscuous and was very particular. She was wearing her old Hogwarts uniform, complete with knee socks, trainers, and a red and gold Gryffindor tie. Beneath the concealing black robes, she looked every inch the naughty schoolgirl. Her blouse was unbuttoned enough to reveal ample cleavage, and her skirt was magically shortened to hit at mid thigh. Hermione knew if she bent over the slightest bit, the wizard she was set out to entice would see a pair of black silk knickers. She had almost worn a thong but that had been entirely too much, and having a scrap of material bunched into her arse hardly sounded appealing.

Everything was going to be perfect, and Hermione kept telling herself that as she knocked on the front glass of the shop and peered inside. She waved a bit hesitantly at the wizard whose head snapped up and nodded at her with a grin. Her heart started thudding painfully in her chest and her knees felt rather wobbly. When he opened the door, all of the air left her lungs, and Hermione swallowed hard. This was it and she couldn't falter now, especially since he looked so delectable standing there, grinning, eyes flashing and fingers running through his hair in an unconscious

gesture.

"Granger?"

Hermione smiled back. "George."

"Well, come on in then," George Weasley offered, standing out of the way and holding the door for her. "Didn't expect to see you out here."

"Were you expecting someone else?" Hermione asked, somewhat fearful that she might have chosen a bad time.

George blinked, but then shook his head carelessly. "No, no one," he told her, shutting the door behind them and peering out the glass window one last time before turning back to Hermione. "So, any particular reason you've popped in?" George suddenly got a suspicious glint in his eyes and they narrowed. "You aren't here spying for Mum, are you? She's sneaky enough to try something like that. We know Ginny's one of her little informers, but you, well, that'd be a different tactic on her part."

Hermione shook her head, giggling uncharacteristically. "No, not here spying for Molly. Should I be?" she asked raising a brown brow and hoping that it looked somewhat seductive and mysterious when she did so.

George frowned at her for a moment, but then grinned again. "No, a bloke's business is his own and his mum's got to learn to give him his space. It's just that Ginny rather had Fred at her mercy over the summer after he started dating Angelina again, and you know that he just wanted to keep things simple for awhile. When Mum gets involved, you know it leads to wedding planning, baby planning, and sappy, photo album moments after supper."

"She just wants to see you both happy," Hermione defended softly, fumbling with the clasp of her robes in front. "Do you suppose I could ask you for something to drink? I don't want to be a bother, but..."

"No, sure thing, Granger," George said with a mischievous grin. "You wouldn't want to try one of our new products would you? It has a nice minty flavor and..."

"I think Butterbeer or something even simpler like juice would do," Hermione said quickly, having no interest in turning into a strange creature or walking around sprouting hair in bizarre places.

George looked at the door again, then nodded and disappeared. When he had stepped into the back and she could hear his footsteps on the stairs leading to his flat above the shop, Hermione groaned, loudly. She was already mucking it up and royally at that. She wasn't even good at flirting, and now she was going to try and actually take the next step and seduce someone? She obviously had gone a bit mental.

George was a prime candidate, Hermione reasoned again. He wasn't dating anyone, and since they were friends, it wouldn't hurt to have a casual shag. George wasn't as flashy or flirty as Fred, so honestly he was the perfect choice. Ron wasn't a possibility. A friendly shag was one thing, but Ron would take it the wrong way and assume it meant more than what Hermione wanted. She only wanted to assure herself that she was female, that she had enough wiles to attract a wizard. Tonight was about building confidence and enjoying herself, something she rarely did.

A few minutes later, George came bounding down the stairs and back into view, carrying two bottles of juice and smiling. He glanced over her shoulder again at the door, but then leapt to sit on the corner of the counter. "So, what could you possibly be doing here, Granger, if you're not spying for Mum?"

Taking a huge gulp of juice, wishing it were Firewhiskey for liquid courage, Hermione smiled as impishly as she could manage. "I came to see you, George."

His eyes crinkled a little in confusion, but the smile remained. "Well, then I'm terribly honored that the Great Hermione Granger would humble herself to grace me with her presence," George said with a great flourish of his arm before checking the door again.

Hermione sat her juice on a table next to a case of trick wands and took a deep breath. "You should be honored," she whispered in what she hoped was a sexy way. She then reached up and undid the clasp to her robes, sliding the garment over her shoulders and letting it fall to the floor. "After all, it's every schoolboy's dream to have a naked Gryffindor on top of them," Hermione purred, turning around and unbuttoning two more buttons on her crisp, white blouse.

George's eyes widened to the size of galleons and he dropped his juice with a solid thud. "Uh... Granger, I mean... Hermione, um..."

"Do you like it?" she asked him flicking the skirt up a little and showing a good portion of creamy skin and black knickers.

"I think you should..." he started to say, but he couldn't finish his train of thought.

"I don't want us to think," Hermione said, draping her arms around his neck and pushing herself between his thighs. "I want us to feel, and..."

She had just reached up to place a kiss on his lips when he burst out laughing. Hermione instantly stiffened and stepped back. "What's so bloody funny?"

"Fred put you up to this didn't he? Or, no wait, Ginny?" George roared with laughter, eyes beginning to water and face turning as red as his hair. "You know, Granger, I almost believed that you were going to strip down and expect a shag."

Hermione couldn't seem to find any words to respond. A joke! He thought she was playing a prank. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but the latter was starting to win out with the tears pricking at the back of her lids.

"Didn't know you had it in you," he chuckled, still not able to control himself. "This has to be the best prank Ginny's pulled yet. No one would ever suspect you of tarding yourself up like this."

"Of course not," Hermione agreed, trying to keep the tremors out of her voice. "Little, bookworm know-it-all couldn't possibly be sexy or alluring, or anything of the sort."

George's laughter was beginning to subside and he was staring at her strangely. "What's wrong? You nearly had me convinced. You and my little sister should be thrilled!"

"It wasn't a joke!" Hermione screeched, reaching down for her robes and clumsily shrugging into them.

Suddenly sobering, George dropped down to his feet. "Hermione..."

"Don't, just don't," she cried, her face three shades of crimson and her nerves being rubbed extremely raw. "I understand. I really do. I tried something different, and my experiment just proves..."

"You were really serious?" George asked, disbelief evident in his voice. "Hermione, I never suspected... you never..."

"No, you wouldn't, because I'm the quiet one, the studious one, the one that's supposed to smile while everyone else dates, falls in love, marries..." Hermione rambled, hoping she could get outside and Apparate before she started sobbing like a little girl. This really had been a terrible idea, and she wanted to mourn her

foolishness in peace.

"That's not true... Hermione just..."

"George, are you ready?"

Hermione and George both turned to see Verity, the witch he and his twin had hired as an assistant, coming through the front door using her own key. She was dressed for the evening; she was dressed for a date. Hermione felt her stomach fall to the floor and she almost threw up. She wasn't jealous, she honestly knew that, but she was disappointed and there was a harrowing fact that was glaring her in the face. She would always be second choice. Ron wanted Lavender, Harry wanted Ginny, and George wanted Verity.

"I'm sorry I bothered you. Have a good time," Hermione said, but there was obvious dejection and some venom in her tone.

"Hermione wait..." George started suddenly. He didn't know what to say and he truly hated the look of rejection on her face. Laughing at her like that, he decided he was probably the world's biggest prat, but before he could utter any apologies, Hermione was already gone and the sound of her Apparition echoed through the door that Verity still held open.

"What did Hermione need?" Verity asked, closing the door behind her and wondering at the obvious tension in the room when she had arrived.

"Someone to tell her what she needed to hear," George said sadly. "Someone to listen, just like we all do."

* * * * *

When Hermione was troubled or couldn't understand a situation or problem, she buried herself in her work. Therefore, it was no surprise that she had buried herself under three different stacks of paperwork at her desk. Everyone in her department had left hours ago and so she hadn't bothered to go home and change. She was still wearing her robes so no one would notice her anyhow. She did, however, plan on burning the uniform and knickers when she got home, and of course since she made such a fool of herself in front of George, she'd have to decline Molly Weasley's standing invitation to Sunday supper.

She hadn't really wanted anything beyond a night of sex, a night to prove that she was feminine and could arouse a wizard. George was simply the first choice that had

come to mind, and Hermione was very single-minded when it came down to it. Now though, she'd really gone too far and there was no turning back and no ignoring what the outcome truly meant.

It was all a lot of nonsense, if she really thought about it. Hermione knew better, she really did. While she wasn't ugly or too terribly plain, she was still only average. Average looking witches should stick to average looking wizards and studious witches should stick to studious wizards. She wasn't destined to be flirtatious or daring. She wasn't meant to be a seductress, she was meant to be Hermione Granger, best friend, logical minded, and eager to please.

"What the bloody hell are you doing here on a Friday night?"

When it always seemed that things could never get worse, they usually did. Not bothering to stifle an annoyed groan, Hermione dropped her quill and glared up at the tall and lean wizard leaning against the doorframe of her office. "What are you doing sneaking around this late at the Ministry? Hoping to catch the Minister alone so you can try and buy your little Death Eater mates their freedom early?"

"My, aren't we being a right bitch. I was actually meeting with the Minister to offer funds for another expansion at St. Mungos if you must know." Draco Malfoy pushed away from the doorframe and sauntered into the office shaking his head in mock rebuke. Hermione tried not to notice that the motion did nothing to upset his perfect, platinum hair in anyway. Pretentious prat.

"If you feel the need to ruin someone's evening simply because you have no social life of your own, please, prey upon some other unsuspecting soul. Neville's probably at The Leaky by now," Hermione muttered, slightly ashamed that she might be setting Malfoy on her dear friend, but Neville could handle it tonight. She needed time to heal her wounded ego.

Draco's grey eyes widened in surprise and without waiting for an invitation, he pulled out a chair in front of Hermione's desk and sat down. "Actually giving me free rein to terrorize Longbottom? Has the universe imploded?"

"Go away!" Hermione gritted out, both palms on the flat of her desk to keep herself from reaching for her wand and hexing the wizard in front of her.

Honestly, he didn't really deserve hexing. Draco had been rather congenial towards her the past year. He truly was useful. *"I knew all that time in the library would be beneficial,"* Hermione thought to herself as she recalled the many hours she had researched his case for him and assisted his barrister in front of the

Wizengamot. All of that time helping him sort through his legal woes- mainly because she honestly believed he was reformed and he had offered two bits of information that helped Harry Potter end the Second War- had lead to an understanding and then a tentative friendship. He helped her win over certain purebloods when she was working for rights for Magical Creatures, and she let him be seen with her in public from time to time at the Leaky Cauldron or The Three Broomsticks. It was a mutual partnership that ensured her success in passing laws to protect animals and his success in rebuilding his family name.

Glancing up, Hermione briefly wondered if she should have chosen Draco for her little experiment instead of George, but just as quickly squelched that idea. He would have been indifferent after the encounter, but it would have marred something about the relationship that she just couldn't put her finger on. Some people you just weren't meant to have meaningless sex with, Hermione decided, even if she might have thought about what it would be like perhaps once, twice, or maybe a dozen times. Perhaps it was the fact that she also imagined herself being terribly devastated the following morning when Draco considered the encounter one between "friends with benefits." Best not to think of anything beyond friendship terms with him, especially nothing that involved more attachment than their current friendship required.

The mask of petty indifference fell from his face and Draco leaned forward, eyes very serious. "What's wrong, Granger. Was it Potty or Weaselbee this time?"

"Neither," she said with a sigh. "Just, don't. Not tonight."

"Come on," Draco urged, his curiosity obvious. "Did Potty try and set you up with another wizard that's either too old or too boring, or maybe Weasley decided he wanted another pity shag after his fight last night with Brown."

"Ron had another fight with Lavender?"

Draco scowled and pursed his lips. "Yes, but don't you dare let him come around pissing and moaning about it."

Hermione knew Draco was right, but that wasn't easy to admit. She also knew that she should have regretted telling him over drinks one night that she had given into Ron again nearly six months earlier when he had briefly ended his relationship with Lavender. Draco had been very adamant that she stay away from Ron and that it wasn't worth getting hurt over. He always went back to Lavender, and that was the honest truth.

"I mean it, Granger!" Draco said again when Hermione didn't respond quickly enough.

"I'm not going to shag Ron," Hermione snapped impatiently. "I'm not going to shag anyone, that's painfully obvious."

"Now, don't tell me you're going all virginal waiting for the perfect wizard to sweep you off of your feet?" Draco asked with a leer.

"I doubt there's such a thing as a perfect wizard, and I most certainly know that no one is going to be sweeping me off my feet," Hermione said sounding very tired and jaded. She knew she wasn't going to get any work done and unless she left, Draco was going to keep prodding her to tell him what was wrong. Standing and shuffling her papers into a pile, Hermione rounded her desk and walked toward the door. "Please, don't push tonight. Run along, and I give you permission to pick at Neville until he hexes you, and when he stuffs it up, you can come to my flat and I'll fix you tomorrow."

"Why are you wearing your old school trainers?" Draco asked with a frown. Hermione noted he hadn't made any move to stand or give any indication that he was going to leave.

"What do you mean?" How had the eagle-eyed ferret spotted that one, Hermione wondered with irritation.

"The shoes on your feet, Granger," Draco said and rolled his eyes. "You do remember putting them on or are you going daft in your old age."

"They're comfortable and I..." She stopped speaking when she noticed him glancing at the collar of her robes. Self-consciously, she raised her hand to the clasp and realized that it had come undone. There was enough of a gap at the top to reveal her old Gryffindor tie and a hint of a white blouse.

"You're wearing your old tie too," Draco remarked, his voice softening to an almost whisper. "Getting sentimental are we?"

"I told you not to push tonight," Hermione cried, every moment of her failed seduction of George rushing back to her. Traitorous tears slipped over her lashes and she hastily wiped them with the back of her hand. "Go away!"

Draco fell silent, but did rise out of the chair and cross the room. Peeking outside, he glanced each way down the hall then he shut the door, muttering a locking charm

and something that suspiciously sounded like wards as well. "Sit down, Granger. You don't want anyone seeing you wandering the halls blubbering, do you?"

"I'll blubber all I like," Hermione sniffed, but drifted back to her desk and decided to simply work on being as prickly as possible so Malfoy would hurry on and leave her alone.

"So, it's not Ron or Harry," Draco continued leaning against her desk and staring down at her. "I know that your last proposal went through. That mountain dwelling Weasley has gotten enough funding to expand his reserve in Romania quite a bit, so you can't be moping about a failed effort there."

"I don't want to talk about Weasleys," Hermione mumbled before she could think better of it.

Draco immediately snatch the opportunity presented by that comment. "Ah, so it is a Weasley then that's put a bee in your bonnet." He smirked, triumphant at discovering what had her furious and miserable, but his eyes suddenly darkened. "Which Weasley and what did they do? I know you spent some weekends in Romania over the last few months. Something happen there that didn't involve researching the use of extra funds for dragon keeping?"

"Not that it would be any of your business," Hermione said with an angry sigh, "but no, Charlie is quite the gentlemen and he's always been very polite."

Draco seemed to relax at her explanation and sat back down in the chair he had recently vacated. "All right, then that leaves the twins. Weaselette is too busy scampering after Potty and the werewolf has moved his pack back to Egypt."

"Must you be so insulting?" Hermione sighed again. "The Weasleys have been rather nice to you."

"Somewhat," Draco amended. "But they can be chilly still, and you know that."

"You deserve it sometimes."

"Probably, but which twin has offended your delicate sensibilities? Did they make you the recipient of one of their childish pranks again?"

Hermione started tearing up once more and Draco began to frown in confusion. "Just what exactly did they do?" It was rare to hear such concern and genuine sympathy in his voice.

"It doesn't matter. It was all my fault really and I'd rather not talk about," Hermione said pointedly ignoring Draco's questioning gaze.

"Well, since you're not retching, three different shades of chartreuse, or haven't grown another limb or third eye, I have to guess it was something of a more personal nature then," Draco stated confidently, pulling out an embroidered, silk handkerchief and handing it to Hermione. "However, that doesn't explain the tears, the trainers, or the tie."

"What about the words, *I don't want to talk about it*, do you not understand?" Hermione asked wearily, snatching the offered handkerchief peevishly.

"You're not one for weeping, really, but here you are, hiding in your office on a Friday night, sniffing like a First Year, and at one point, before you cried and let it run all over your face, you were obviously wearing copious amounts of makeup," Draco said, as though making an important list of facts. "Now, enlighten me."

"What's wrong with wearing makeup?" Hermione was even more defensive all of a sudden and blew her nose rather noisily to annoy her intrusive visitor.

"Nothing, but you usually don't bother tarting yourself up..."

"I did not tart myself up!" Hermione shouted angrily, tears falling down her flushed cheeks. "I dressed up just like that columnist in *Witch Weekly* suggested. I wore an old school uniform, trainers, socks, skirt, and tie, all of it. I went to see George, practically threw myself at him, and he thought it was a practical joke. He couldn't believe that I would even attempt to seduce him, much less anyone else, and after thinking about it, he's right. I was an utter fool to even think that I could..."

"What the bloody hell were you doing tarting yourself up for that tosser?" Draco asked angrily, grey eyes flashing and his jaw set stubbornly.

"I did not tart myself up!" Hermione repeated. "I needed to know if I could entice a wizard, obviously I'm not seductive or sexy enough and..."

"Pity shags for Weasley, pushing yourself to exhaustion to pass protection laws for the dragon tamer, and now you're trying to fulfill some fantasy for one of the worthless twins!"

"I did not give Ron a pity shag!"

Hermione defended herself, coming to her feet in a fighting stance.

Draco took several deep breaths, worked his jaw almost as many times, and then pushed his chair back from the desk. "Does it still fit?"

Hermione blinked twice and shook her head in confusion. "Beg pardon?"

"The uniform," Draco said, nodding in her direction. "Does it still fit?"

"That doesn't matter one way or the other whether or not..."

"Show me," he said simply, standing briefly to remove his own robes and sling them over the back of the chair before taking his seat again.

"I most certainly will not!" Hermione cried in outrage. She decided that the only reason her throat felt very constricted and her body seemed to grow exceptionally warm was because she was still very out of sorts from her past rejection. It couldn't possibly be because she noticed, as she always did whether she wanted to or not, how very well Draco's clothing seemed to fit him, how his shirt hung very nicely over his broad shoulders, or how his tailored trousers hugged his muscular thighs.

"Where's your courage now, Granger?" Draco asked leaning back in the chair calmly. "You aren't going to act shy are you? I assume you at least got as far as letting the wanker see said uniform that you went to so much trouble..."

"I'm not taking my robes off and we are not having this conversation," Hermione said, fingers gripping her robes tightly to her throat. "I'm going home. You do what you like."

"Don't you want to know what you were doing wrong?" Draco prodded, still reclining as though they were discussing something as menial as the weather.

"I don't know what you are trying to do..."

"Well, you said Weasley thought it was a prank, therefore, if he wasn't showing any interest, you must have done something wrong," Draco reasoned. "Then again, there is the possibility that he's simply an arsehole, and despite his aptitude for charms and strange but popular inventions, he really doesn't utilize his common sense."

Hermione started shaking with repressed rage. "I wasn't doing anything wrong. I did everything that magazine said to do, everything!"

"Then why are you here and not being shagged into Weasley's mattress?" Draco leveled her with a meaningful stare, but did not change his relaxed appearance.

"Because I'm... because..." Hermione hating stammering and she hated it especially when she did so in front of Draco. Suddenly, furious with herself, George, and now Draco, she ripped off her robes, throwing them to the side and flung her arms out dramatically. "See, because of this. I'm not desirable, that's why. I could have climbed on his lap starkers and he still would have laughed. I'm nothing but reliable, predictable, Hermione. I'm expected to smile and blush and be virginal. No one sees me as anything else."

"It still fits, for the most part," Draco said thoughtfully, ignoring her outburst completely it seemed. "The skirt's a little tight around the hips, and I don't remember your tits hanging out quite so much. Did you charm the blouse to shrink or did you enlarge your..."

"Aren't you going to laugh? I look ridiculous!" Hermione snapped, waiting for the ridicule and having no idea why she'd lost her temper enough to react so rashly and subject herself to his appraisal in the first place.

"Do I look like I want to laugh?" he asked, raising a blonde brow in challenge. "You honestly need to quit basing every male reaction off of your history with members of the Weasley clan."

"This is beyond absurd," Hermione muttered, remembering just how many buttons were undone on the top of her blouse and reaching up to button them to her throat.

"I still don't see what you did wrong," Draco said carefully, a look of rapt concentration upon his face. "Unless you started freezing up like you're doing now. If you want to seduce a wizard, keeping your clothing on isn't quite the way to go about it."

Hermione's fingers stopped and the buttons were momentarily forgotten. "I know damn well that the point was to get naked, Malfoy. The problem was I didn't get that far."

"Well then, show me how far you got," he suggested. "For research sake, of course. I mean you can't improve if you don't learn from your mistakes."

She hadn't meant to, truly she hadn't, but Hermione found her feet slowly moving toward the lounging wizard in the center of her office. Going against everything inside of her that screamed no, Hermione also began to undo more buttons,

revealing more skin and the fact she had not worn a bra. "I don't think seduction is something you can research," she whispered shakily.

"Walk a little slower, and don't look so scared," Draco instructed as though talking to a very dense student. "If you've set out to seduce someone that means you've put a fair amount of trust in them. You don't walk towards them like you're a sacrificial lamb."

"If you're going to criticize..." Hermione warned, halting her steps and refusing to undo any more buttons, but she did start to loosen her tie.

"Leave it," Draco ordered firmly.

Hermione frowned, but complied. "What makes you think I trust you?" she asked somewhat snappishly.

"You trust me, Granger. If you didn't, you would've already walked away, wouldn't you? You trust me more than you probably care to admit to yourself."

Those confident words had Hermione suddenly very unsettled. There was probably an infinite amount of truth to that statement that she didn't want to examine too closely. She didn't want to understand why she had been finding herself wondering about Draco's opinions, or whether or not he approved of one of her decisions. She certainly hadn't questioned until just now why, when she returned from a trip for the Ministry, that she owed him first or was excited when he would Floo her to see that she was simply doing all right.

"Did Weasley see you naked at all?" Draco inquired in a very low and uneven voice. "Because, if he had, that would have to be another indication that perhaps he isn't as clever as you want to believe."

"I never got this far really and I'm not naked," Hermione protested, but realized that she was only partly correct. A rosy, and very hard, nipple was peaking out of the open blouse. She tried to fight the urge to yank the blouse together and cover herself.

"Did you touch him at all?" Draco shifted slightly in the chair and looked to be trying to get more comfortable.

She had to be under the effects of some Confudus charm, because she knew Malfoy wouldn't dare try an Imperius curse again. That could be the only reason why she was standing nearly naked in front of him, wearing the uniform she had

intended for George, still walking toward him and feeling a surge of arousal that had her aching and her cheeks flushed. Her skin felt like it was on fire and her stomach fluttered with nervous anticipation.

"Did you?" Draco's question broke through her muddled thoughts.

"What?" Hermione whispered, coming to a halt in front of the chair, her thighs just centimeters from touching Draco's knees.

"Touch him," Draco repeated and took a deep breath. "Did you touch him? Generally, I think it is proper for the witch seducing the wizard to stroke and tease and for the wizard to have to ask permission before doing any touching of his own."

"I barely got close to him and he burst out laughing thinking Ginny and I had planned it together as a prank," Hermione explained a little breathlessly. The overwhelming compulsion to run her fingers over Draco's face, down his chest, to see if she could possibly arouse him in any way was starting to frighten her. She had to get a hold of herself and realize what she was doing. This wasn't right. Malfoy was a friend, relatively new friend at that, and there were certain ground rules and etiquette involved as well. Hermione bit her lip and started backing away.

"No, don't," Draco barked out harshly. "Don't you dare walk away. Now, didn't your magazine say something along the lines that I can't touch you until you give me permission like we discussed? You have to come to me, right?"

"Yes," Hermione breathed. "But I'm not sure... You're sitting and the chair's small..."

Draco muttered another spell and the chair was enlarged. "There, no more excuses. Come here. Prove to yourself that Weasley was a complete and utter fool."

Not completely sure where her courage was coming from, Hermione stepped forward and awkwardly climbed into the chair, straddling Draco's lap. She swallowed hard, and with shaky hands, reached up and ran her fingers through his hair, gently and slowly, marveling at the softness and texture. She then moved to lightly touch the sides of his face, then the outline of his jaw, feeling just the barest hint of stubble beneath her fingertips.

Shifting slightly, out of nervousness more than out of need for comfort, Hermione started when she heard Draco groan. Again, reality came rushing back to her and her eyes flew to his. The intensity in his gaze alarmed her as much as it intrigued her. Still, she had carried things entirely too far. Sparring with Malfoy while sharing

a bottle of Firewhiskey was one thing, letting him bait her until she'd crawled into his lap half naked was another. She honestly had some dignity left and the best course of action was to be firm and...

"You're getting scared again," Draco noted in a tight voice, interrupting her thoughts. "I have to say that environment plays a rather important part in seduction as well. I can't imagine you being comfortable in your office where, though the door is heavily warded, any Auror with advanced clearance could still burst in at will."

Hermione felt an arm go around her waist and then the familiar tugging at her midsection signaling Apparition. They landed gracefully in another chair, much larger and definitely more plush than the one they had vacated in her office. The room was dark except for the light provided by a fire burning behind them. Scanning the area in shock, Hermione soon realized that they were in a bedroom, an expensively but sparsely decorated bedroom that could only belong in an equally luxurious home.

"This is much better," Draco stated with a smile. "No possibilities of interruptions, quiet, not too much light..."

"Are we in your bedroom?" Hermione asked in a small whisper, trying to look anywhere but the four-poster bed directly behind the chair in the center of the room.

"Do you like it?" Draco asked in response to her own question. "I had to furnish it myself since the Ministry destroyed most of the manor looking for Dark artifacts. Mum thinks it's too Spartan, but simple is best, don't you agree?"

"Your parents... your bedroom..." Hermione muttered to herself rapidly. "What were you thinking?" She started to squirm and try to get out of the chair, but Draco's arm was still around her waist and tightened even more so.

"You're making me break the rules. If I have to keep you from fidgeting, I have to touch you, and you haven't technically given me permission yet," Draco reminded her with a smirk.

"Your parents could walk in here at any moment, not to mention that this isn't proper at all or..."

"Every bedroom in the manor is warded so that only those who the owner wishes to enter can," Draco assured her, slowly loosening his grip. "Believe me, my parents are the last people I wish to see at the moment."

Hermione's eyes widened. The wards at Malfoy Manor were very old magic, based on blood. The fact that Draco's desire for her to enter had helped circumvent the entire business of her being a Muggle-born had her shocked and awed. She actually felt her jaw dropping in what was probably a very unattractive way.

"Do close your mouth, love," Draco admonished playfully. "You shouldn't be so surprised. Now, you're trying to change the subject and avoid the very reason we're here in the first place." He took her hand in his and placed it against his throat, sliding it down to the first button of his shirt. "Now, I believe you left off here, correct?"

Hermione's heart started pounding painfully in her chest and her mouth was very dry. Still, when Draco let go of her hand, she didn't snatch it back. Instead, in an almost daze, she brought her other hand up and began to unbutton his shirt, her knuckles brushing his warm skin as she went about her task. When she reached his waist, she had to tug a bit to free the shirt from his trousers before she was finished. Unsure of her self, Hermione sat back, trying to think of what to do next.

"Would you like me to take it off?" Draco asked in what Hermione knew he thought was a casual tone, but there was an edge to his voice that made her wonder if she was affecting him more than he wanted her to know.

"Yes," she managed to choke out hoarsely. "I think I would."

"Then, I think I would like you to do the same," Draco told her while shifting himself in the chair and shrugging out of his garment. "It's only fair, wouldn't you say?"

With hands that surely were not her own, Hermione parted her blouse and slipped it from her shoulders, slowly. Where she hadn't been able to look Draco in the eyes before, now she stared with fascination as he watched her. His eyes narrowed and their stormy depths grew darker still when she felt her breasts bounce slightly with her movements. George certainly hadn't looked at her this way, like he wanted to devour her whole. No one ever had. Still mesmerized by the blatantly lustful gaze roaming over her flesh, Hermione clumsily began to fumble with her tie.

"I told you to leave it," Draco snapped and shifted again. Hermione thought she heard him grinding his teeth as he clenched his jaw again.

"You were going to waste yourself on another Weasley?" Draco asked but more to himself. Shaking his head, Hermione saw his hands grip the arms of the chair until his knuckles turned a bone white. "Your fascination with red hair should be

questioned."

Hermione didn't answer, but tested the waters further, feeling a bit braver with the obvious hunger flaring in his eyes. She took her fingertips and stroked downward from his collarbone to the waistband of his trousers, memorizing each line, every centimeter of sinew. Moving down farther still, Hermione was inordinately pleased to find him hard and very aroused. Rubbing her palm over his erection, she could feel the heat of the rigid flesh through the tailored material.

Continuing to tease Draco with her tiny palm, Hermione bent forward to press soft, chaste kisses down the column of his throat and across his pale chest. His skin smelled of expensive cologne and tasted fairly salty from perspiration. She was pleased that she had unnerved him enough that he had broken into a sweat. Playfully, she flicked her tongue out over each flat nipple, circling the tiny buds before scraping her teeth gently over the distended flesh.

Draco's muted groans of pleasure encouraged her as well as fueled her own arousal. Her breasts felt heavy and her nipples were so hard it was almost painful. The tie swaying between them pleasantly tickled, but it was nowhere near what she needed in the way of touch. The fluttering in her lower belly was now more or less a violent clenching as she unconsciously rocked against his upper thighs, trying to ease the ache, and her carefully chosen black, silk knickers were soaking with her own juices.

Lifting her head, Hermione glanced down and began to unhook Draco's belt, intending to remove the trousers next. She really shouldn't have been so forward or let things get this far, but having him at her mercy, obviously wanting her desperately, and her own body's needs spurring her on, Hermione couldn't seem to find it in her stop. The voice in her head that usually ordered her to practice caution was being ignored. All she could hear now was the sound of their harsh breathing, the beating of her own heart in her ears, and the crackle of the fire behind them.

Draco obediently lifted his hips to slide the trousers down just enough to free his erection, but did no more, waiting for Hermione to make the next move, giving her control of the situation. Licking her lips nervously, she stared somewhat rudely for a moment at his cock, studiously noting that Ron might have been just a bit longer, but definitely not as thick. She felt even more moisture pool between her thighs at the thought of having Draco buried inside of her.

Boldly she took his member in her hand, stroking the hot, velvety length while reaching up to cup her own breast. She cried out softly at the touch her fingertips on her hardened nipple. Still, it wasn't enough. She didn't want to touch herself, she

wanted to feel Draco's hands on her skin, his mouth. Merlin, when had she let herself get this wanton and for Draco's attentions no less?"

"Fuck, Granger, I don't want to come in your hand," Draco grunted, bucking his hips erratically and still gripping the chair arms as though his life depended on it.

She stopped and withdrew her hand, staring down at him helplessly. She felt like her entire body had been set ablaze and she needed some relief, but he was simply sitting there, waiting for her to finish this and she suddenly felt awkward. "What are you waiting for?" she asked breathlessly, using both hands now to twist her nipples and ease some of her torment.

"I can't touch you, remember?" he reminded her with a growl, his eyes fixed on her breasts as she rolled her nipples between her fingertips. "You have to give me permission."

"Draco," Hermione whined in frustration, her eyes dark and pleading and staring blindly into his own. His stupid rule was rather irritating and unnecessary.

"That's close enough for me," he said in a rush gripping her upper arms and yanking her forward.

It was their first kiss, Hermione realized and it was brutal, hungry, and perfect. Teeth clashed, lips were bruised, and tongues battled for dominance. When Draco was convinced that Hermione wouldn't pull away, he released her arms and moved to cup her breasts, teasing and pinching the tightly furled buds until she moaned in his mouth. Throwing her head back abruptly, Hermione cried out into the near stillness of the room, breaking the kiss, but giving him access to the tender skin of her throat.

Placing sizzling, opened mouthed kisses down her neck, he snaked one arm around her waist and pulled her more tightly to him, grinding his erection over the silk of her knickers. He could feel how wet the material was as much as he could smell that she was more than ready for him. "Still, wish you were with your Weasley now?"

"You want to talk about him at a time like this?" Hermione asked incredulously, fingers threading through Draco's hair and drawing him against her.

"No, I want you to admit that you don't want him or anyone else but me," Draco said roughly, bending down to take a rosy nipple into his mouth and sucking greedily until Hermione was whimpering and digging her fingers into his scalp. "I've listened to you bitch about Weaselbee enough and then tonight hearing you go on

about wanting to seduce one of the twins..." Draco bit down slightly on the hard bud, causing Hermione to gasp in shock and pleasure. "You realize now, though, you finally see it, and I'm going to make you admit it."

Confused and bucking restlessly against Draco in a silent plea, Hermione cried out in surprise when she felt the sting of her knickers ripping against her hip. She then saw the tattered undergarment sail behind the chair into the darkness. "I bought those just yesterday!" she snapped at him, but she didn't sound as angry as she should have. She sounded rather weak and throaty.

"I'll buy as many pairs as you like in as many colors as you like," Draco muttered, flipping up her skirt and stroking a long finger over the lips of her sex. "However, you wore those for *him*. Now you're wearing nothing, and it's all for me."

Hermione groaned loudly when she felt two fingers slip inside her pussy. She clenched around the digits while they began to pump in and out, the motion creating just enough friction to give her a taste of what she was craving. She felt Draco's thumb nonchalantly ghost over her clit, then push firmly against it, before beginning to move in a slow, circular motion.

"He's fucking blind, Granger," Draco hissed against her throat, flicking his tongue out now and again to taste her skin. "He had you right in front of him, begging for it, and he turned you away. His loss is my gain though and I always keep what's mine."

His thumb moved faster and he added a third finger. Hermione dropped her head on his shoulder panting and arching against him. It was almost too much and she already felt her climax approaching, her inner walls quivering in anticipation. "I thought it wouldn't mean anything to him, just sex," she explained without knowing why.

"You don't do casual shagging, Granger," Draco whispered heatedly in her ear. "And I'm rather glad of that fact. Better for the both of us that George Weasley is a rather gentlemanly wanker."

"Then what do you call this?" Hermione asked sharply, biting her lip to keep from screeching when he rotated his fingers and hit that sweet spot inside of her.

"What we should have been doing since the Wizengamot declared me a free man," Draco told her and twisted his fingers again along with a downward flick of his thumb.

Hermione wailed and bucked dramatically in his arms, shaking and panting. She

had never come so hard in her entire life and she couldn't remember feeling so weak or lightheaded either. Sagging against Draco's chest, Hermione was certain she wouldn't be able to move for at least a week. Draco had other ideas, she soon discovered, and she felt herself being lifted and then filled, stretched so delightfully that she couldn't find the energy to even moan.

The fingers digging into her hips were probably leaving bruises, but the moment Draco set a rhythm, slipping from inside her slightly before plunging even deeper than before, Hermione couldn't have cared. Blindly she groped to clutch his shoulders, finding the strength to meet each thrust even as they increased to a feverish pace. She opened her mouth to moan only to have it swallowed by hard searching lips. Each stroke of Draco's tongue against her own sent a shiver of pleasure down her spine. He was leaving no part of her mouth unexplored, tasting her, consuming her in a way she hadn't thought possible.

Leaning forward enough so that her nipples brushed his chest, Hermione again tangled her fingers in Draco's hair. He did have reason to preen where his hair was concerned and she could easily understand why so many witches had mentioned his hair as much as his bedroom skills whenever gossiping about a past shag. She forgot to mentally expound on his perfect locks when she felt Draco's teeth nibbling lightly at the corners of her mouth. Soft, feathery kisses fell across her cheek until Draco came to her ear and flicked his tongue out to tease the lobe gently.

"Why Weasley?" he demanded, his teeth scraping over the shell of her ear. "Did you really want him? Do you really think he could take care of you properly?"

"I don't want to talk about George!" Hermione said with a whimper. She caught her bottom lip between her teeth when she felt him shift enough so that his pelvic bone was just teasing her clit.

"Neither do I especially, but you went to such trouble for him," Draco pointed out, a hand slipping between their bodies and a finger brushed over her throbbing bud ever so slightly. "I know you didn't really want him, but I'm not sure you realize who or what you want."

"It was just going to be sex," Hermione reiterated, her muscles starting to scream from misuse and her imminent orgasm. "I only wanted to be wanted," she whispered simply.

"No, you want more, you want it all," Draco hissed into her ear. "Luckily, I'm just as greedy." He took her face between his hands, eyes blazing and holding more promise than Hermione was ready to accept. "I always get what I want, Hermione."

You're well aware of that."

Hermione's eyes widened at the blunt statements and she found her climax a second time, head thrown back, crying out so sharply that her throat felt raw. She was still recovering, her pussy still in mild spasms, when Draco gripped her arse and pushed upward sharply, burying his face in her neck. He grunted twice, and lazily bucked his hips, spilling himself inside of her. Hermione knew it had to be her imagination that she felt the heat of his release spreading through her womb.

There were several long moments of silence, in which the haze Hermione had allowed herself to succumb to began to fade away. Her knees were stiff, her hair was flying around her face and shoulders, and she felt very sticky. Sitting up a little straighter, Hermione felt Draco shifting in the chair, and he was raising his head to stare back at her.

"This..." she stammered inanely. "This shouldn't..."

"I think we'd be infinitely more comfortable in a bed, don't you?" Draco was already helping her to her feet, his deflated cock sliding out of her as they rose from the chair. She hadn't thought she would feel such a loss when they parted, but she did, quite keenly in fact.

"What, what was this, I..." Hermione drew brows together in confusing while watching Draco begin to toe off his shoes and then slip out of his trousers completely. She felt a little foolish standing there in just a tie, grey pleated skirt, and her knee socks and trainers.

"You can take the tie off now," Draco told her with a shrug. "I'm sure we can find another use for it, that is, if you're ready for that sort of thing. You honestly have me at a bit of a disadvantage. I never thought I'd get quite this far so soon."

"I need to go home, this... I can't believe... this ruins everything," Hermione said rubbing the bridge of her nose with one hand and trying to cover her breasts with the other.

"Are you regretting this because you think you've been disloyal to Weasley?" Draco asked. He was walking towards her again, his expression indifferent but his eyes growing stormier with each step he took. "He isn't worth it and neither is his slovenly little brother."

"No, I'm regretting this because I can't take this back, I can't forget this. We've really just started getting on decently and now, well, I'm sure shagging is a definite

way to end a friendship, especially a tentative one," Hermione rambled, turning around to search the chair for her wand. When she saw nothing, she had a sinking suspicion that the vinewood was still next to her discarded robes in her office. "And now I'm wandless!" she snarled to herself. "I'm a recipient of an Order of Merlin and I let myself get caught up in shagging enough to forget my wand."

"So, you're not feeling guilty because of anything that might or might not have happened with Weasley then?" Draco remarked, seemingly unconcerned about her wandless dilemma. "Oh, and we can go back for your wand in the morning, after brunch with Mum of course. She's been insistent that I invite you so she can inspect you properly."

"Did you hear anything I just said? This will probably ruin our friendship, and though I'm not sure what that means to you, it means quite a lot to me." Hermione was almost near tears again. How had she let things get so out of hand? She knew that deep down she held a certain amount of lust for the wizard stalking towards her, but friendship was what mattered and now she'd destroyed that. Merlin, what would she have felt like if she'd actually shagged George?

"Bloody hell, Granger, you certainly are weepy tonight. My performance before wasn't decent proof of my abilities. As I said, you caught me off guard. I haven't even been given the proper opportunity to inspire tears of wonderment and possibly fainting from sheer bliss," Draco teased and Hermione felt him gently wiping at a stray tear that had slipped down her cheek.

When he inclined his head and took her mouth in a soft kiss, Hermione could actually call it almost tender. He wasn't forceful, but patient, taking his time and she felt that pleasant warmth returning and suffusing throughout her body. She melted into his chest and her arms went around his neck, making Hermione a little perturbed with herself for giving in so easily.

Letting herself drown in the sensations once again, Hermione barely felt the cool floor beneath her suddenly bare feet, but it did prompt her to pull away briefly. Her skirt, tie, socks, and shoes were in a pile and she heard the clink of a wand falling to the floor. Glancing up she found Draco staring back at her, almost hopefully, confusing her even more. Didn't he see that this had changed everything?"

"You're frowning and that isn't exactly the reaction I'm accustomed to having when I'm intending to take a witch to bed," he told her and began to rub soothing circles up and down her back. "You're seriously concerned about something aren't you?"

"I know how you are with witches and I know what that means for our friendship so..."

"My past doesn't matter here. I told you before that you aren't the casual type and where you are concerned, neither am I. This doesn't ruin everything, certainly changes things, which was what I was intending in the first place, but most certainly doesn't ruin anything," Draco assured her and surprising her even more, lifted her into his arms and began carrying her bridal style.

"What are you doing? Do you really think that I'll just let you... again..." Hermione left off her statement but was wriggling slightly and waving a hand meaningfully.

"I'm trying to be chivalrous Isn't that also what *Witch Weekly* says is important when looking for a wizard?"

Her head was swimming with everything that he had been saying since he'd invaded her office. None of it indicated that he was looking for a one off. After everything that had happened, Draco was still acting playful, arrogant, and... maybe he was right, maybe this hadn't ruined their friendship. However, was this change something she wanted? That was a question to ponder on later though she supposed.

It was rather nice being carried like she was truly feminine, and the gentle way Draco deposited her on the bed was so different than what she was used to. Actually, she had never been carried to bed before. That thought brought an impossibly silly smile to Hermione's face, and as he slipped in beside her then crawled up her body, Draco smiled in turn. It became a predatory leer within seconds when she opened her arms and drew him to her, wrapping a leg around his left hip.

Hermione had just lifted her head to touch her lips to his when she froze. "You mum wants to inspect me? Malfoy, I know she hasn't been exactly approving of our association, but that's simply rude. Besides, I can't imagine your father has any desire to sit across from me while he nibbles at biscuits and sips tea."

"It was Father's idea actually," Draco assured her, attempting to distract her with soft kisses along her jaw and down the side of her neck. "Mum wanted to take you to Twilfitt and Tattings for an afternoon of shopping, but Father felt that they both should get the opportunity to properly acquaint themselves with their future daughter-in-law."

Hermione pushed at his shoulders, forcing him to pout and wait before reaching

the rosy nipple he had intended to take into his mouth. "You presumptuous, sneaky, arrogant..."

"You know compliments only encourage me, love," Draco informed her with a gleeful grin.

There were numerous names just on the tip of her tongue that she wanted to hurl at him, but when he was looking at her so openly, possibly adoringly, she didn't have the heart to spoil the moment. After all, things hadn't turned out so terribly bad now that she had time to think about it. Her plan had been flawed and she hadn't accomplished what she'd set out to do, at least initially. Then again, there was the old Muggle saying, if at first you don't succeed...