Don't Get Left Behind
by Shan84

Summary

Tom Riddle couldn’t stand the way she always managed to walk away from him. He’d go as far as breaking the barriers of time to ensure it never happened again.
Tom Riddle sat at the desk in the library, adding the finishing touches to his Arithmancy homework, trying to ignore the insipid conversation that was going on around him. Salazar, his followers were dim-witted sometimes. His hand tightened in annoyance around his quill as he heard Abraxas boasting about yet another conquest. Tom refrained from rolling his eyes. His followers might not be as intelligent as he was, but that was the whole point, wasn’t it? Unfortunately, that sometimes meant allowances needed to be made.

Abraxas Malfoy’s boasting about the size and quality of Cyrese Montague’s breasts came to halt as both Orion and Cygnus Black joined them at their table. The Black cousins were a couple of years younger than Tom and the others, but they had shown promise, and because of their wealth and pedigree, Tom put up with them joining in with the seventh years.

“Look, Cygnus, it’s the new girl,” Orion leered when they had settled in their respective seats.

“Shut up, Orion,” Cygnus replied through gritted teeth.

“What about the new girl?” Abraxas asked, and Tom sneered at the way Abraxas would snuffle out any kind of gossip. The man was worse than a Hufflepuff.

“The one who Druella nearly hexed because my cousin here couldn’t keep his eyes off her in potions,” Orion explained.

“We were partners in potions, that’s it,” Cygnus replied in exasperation. “Druella needs to stop being so …”

“Insane?” Patrick Avery suggested.

The boys all sniggered, and Tom had to refrain from hexing all of them. He finished his assignment, rolled his parchment up and sealed it with his wand.
“What was her name again? Hermione something?” Malfoy asked.

“Hermione Edwards,” Cygnus answered, and then shot a death glare at Orion for the knowing look he gave him.

“All I’m saying, Cousin, is that you need to be careful. She’s a Gryffindor for Merlin’s sake!” Orion said, holding his hands up in mock surrender.

Cygnus rolled his eyes. “It’s not like that. She’s easy to work with because she’s intelligent.”

Tom, along with the other boys, followed Cygnus’s gaze. He was watching the girl as she sat reading and doing her homework, appearing completely oblivious at the attention she was receiving.

Of course Tom recalled the girl. She had arrived not long after the start of the year and was placed in fifth year along with the Black cousins. Apparently her parents had recently died and prior to that, she had been home-schooled. He hadn’t dealt much with her, since the Head Girl was a Gryffindor, therefore it was only natural for her to deal with the new girl. The girl had kept her head down, and was very quiet considering the usual behaviour of her house.

“She’s not too bad looking, underneath all of that hair,” Malfoy commented. All the boys turned and looked again with most giving approving nods.

“Maybe Druella should be worried. She’s prettier than her,” Avery said.

Cygnus exhaled heavily and rolled his eyes. “What does it matter? I’m bloody stuck with Druella anyway.”

“Well, if you’re not interested …” Malfoy began to say.

“Salazar, is any woman safe from you?” Orion huffed a laugh.

The group sniggered, and turned away from the new girl—Hermione—to continue talking. Only Tom continued watching her, not interested in listening to Abraxas’s ridiculous notions on women.
It was then that Hermione Edwards looked up, straight at the group, and a small look of shock crossed her face when her gaze met Tom’s. Tom realised that she had been well-aware of the attention on her, and was merely pretending not to notice. He gave her an almost imperceptible nod and she quickly looked back down at her work, obviously intent on ignoring them. A small smirk crossed Tom’s face. The poor girl had no idea, really.

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The next time he saw her, it was in the library again. Tom had found that since that last time in the library, she kept popping up—annoyingly—in conversation. He kept hearing about how brilliant she was in all her classes, and he had also heard how she had completely blown off Abraxas’s attentions … by sending a flock of birds straight to his face.

He walked up to the desk she was sitting at and smoothly sat down across from her. “Miss Edwards?”

The girl had the audacity to hold up a finger to silence him, as she was obviously intent on finishing her paragraph. He sat and waited for what seemed like an age as her quill quickly scratched across the parchment, desperately trying to get as many thoughts down as possible. Tom’s fists clenched at being ignored, it was something he was not used to at all. He conceded, though, that she hadn’t been at Hogwarts long enough, and was a Gryffindor to boot. Some allowances had to be made.

Finally she looked up from her homework, and he didn’t miss the cold look in her eyes before a grateful smile crossed her face. “I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to silence you. I’ve just had a breakthrough with one of Professor Merrythought’s assignments, that’s all.” She sounded apologetic.

“That’s fine, I remember O.W.L.S well. Which assignment are you doing?”

“We have to review defensive theory … I’m looking at nonverbal defensive spells.”

“Ah. You’d do well to look at Bratvell’s—”


“Well, it seems that you’re already quite organised,” Tom replied, giving her one of his kindest
She suddenly appeared disconcerted, but she drew a small smile and all traces of unease had quickly disappeared. “Yes, I am. You have to be,” she finally replied.

Tom merely nodded, though his brain was in overdrive. “I just wanted to see how you were settling in and make sure you weren’t having any trouble. It’s my duty as Head Boy, after all.”

“Oh, er, thank you. Yes, I’m fine. It’s lovely here.”

Tom couldn’t help but think there was more to her overly polite answer as he glanced at her hand and noticed how tightly she was gripping her quill.

“Right, I’m glad to hear. If Minerva is ever unavailable, feel free to approach me. Slytherins aren’t all bad, you know.”

“Yes, of course,” she promptly replied. “I will, thanks.” And like that, she was back concentrating on her homework. Tom watched her for a few moments. She looked up again at him.

“I’m sorry, but is there anything else you needed to discuss with me?” she asked, eyes wide with what Tom believed was faux-innocence.

Dismissing him? Who was this girl? “No, that’s all. Good luck with your assignment.” He gave a small smile and stood up, gathered his bag and walked away. He couldn’t believe that he had just been dismissed, by a Gryffindor fifth year, of all people.

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“You don’t look like you’re having much fun,” he stated as he sidled up next to her.

She slightly jumped, which pleased him. She obviously wasn’t expecting him to sneak up on her like that. Turning towards him, she gave him a disapproving frown.
“What do you mean? I’m fine,” she replied.

Tom looked around the party that was being held in Slughorn’s office. “Yes, that’s exactly why you’re standing in the corner, avoiding talking to anyone.”

“I’m actually hiding from Malfoy. Shame on him, really. Your friend doesn’t seem to understand when a girl isn’t interested.”

“Want me to talk to him?”

Hermione quickly looked up at him, her eyes widening slightly. “Er, no, I can handle him. But he really doesn’t understand what ‘no’ means.”

“So I heard,” Tom replied and smirked. “And as for your last comment … not many girls say no to Abraxas.”

Hermione huffed at that and they stood there in silence for a while, though it didn’t really feel awkward. Tom found the girl curious. Ever since he started paying closer attention to her (when he could) he began noticing little quirks about her. For a start, she knew her way around the castle as though she had been attending for years, and from Cygnus and Orion’s accounts, the girl seemed to get from A to B very quickly. She was highly intelligent too, earning Gryffindor an obscenely high number of house points. She avoided pretty much everyone though, and kept mostly to herself. Though he did notice she was friendly with that crazy Ravenclaw Lovegood, and she sometimes spoke with that Weasley kid in first year, to help the dunce with his homework.

“Are you staying at Hogwarts for Christmas?” Tom asked.

Hermione nodded. “It’s not like I’ve got anywhere else to go,” she replied quickly.

Tom nodded. “Me too … Christmas, at Hogwarts, that is.”

Hermione looked at him with a raised eyebrow. “Really?”

“I spend Christmas here every year,” he replied.
“Oh. Why’s that?” she asked.

“No one has said anything?”

“Oh …” she replied, slightly awkward. “I suppose that makes two of us then.”

Tom walked down the deserted hallway, wandering the empty corridors with no particular purpose. It was the Christmas holidays, and the blasted day itself was only a few days away. Tom rolled his eyes; he was not looking forward to it. Thoughtless presents from his followers and other sycophants … not to mention the presents from all those blasted girls.

He let out a sigh of annoyance as he turned a corner. He had to admit, even though he could barely stand the idiots that went to this school, it was still better than the Orphanage. Tom let a small sneer appear on his face as he recalled Christmas there. Thank Salazar that he was done at that shit-hole.

He was suddenly pulled from his thoughts by the sound of muffled voices down the end of the corridor. Tom hastened his steps, careful not to make much noise, noticing that the voices were coming from beyond a corner. Tom quickly looked around and spied around the corner finding
none other than Dumbledore and Hermione exiting Dumbledore’s office with a man in dressed in Auror robes and a man in black robes.

“It’s very exciting,” the man in the Auror robes stated, giving Hermione a smile.

“Crank,” the other man in black robes snapped. “We shall discuss this when we get to Dippet’s office. Control yourself.”

Tom watched as the Auror named Crank gave Hermione a friendly smile and a conspiratory eye-roll. Hermione returned his smile weakly. At her weak smile, he gave her a sympathetic look.

“Don’t worry, darling, we’ll have you home in no time,” he said quietly.

“Crank!” the other man yelled in exasperation.

“Yes, yes, hold onto your hat, Crowley, and calm down,” Crank replied.

Their footsteps were getting closer, and Tom quickly hid in a rather dark alcove. Steadying his breathing, he stood stock still until the group of people walked past, all too ensconced in Dumbledore’s prattling about Christmas celebrations to notice him.

Once they were gone and around the corner, Tom finally left the alcove and started back towards the Dungeons with a lot on his mind, and it all revolved around Hermione Edwards.

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“Is this seat taken?” Tom asked over the celebratory Christmas conversation.

Hermione looked up from the conversation she had been having with the second year Hufflepuff sitting on her other side and swallowed before smiling politely and shaking her head. “No, go ahead,” she answered.

“Merry Christmas,” he said as he made himself comfortable.
“You too,” she replied, and gave him a small smile as she reached for her glass and took a small sip of butterbeer.

“Did you get any nice presents?” Tom asked. It bothered him slightly that he was always initiating conversation with her. He’d never had to worry about that with other girls.

“Well, yes, I got some sweets, some new mittens, and some books,” she replied matter-of-factly, before concentrating hard on the bread roll she was breaking apart.

“What books did you get?” he asked, surprised that he did genuinely want to know.


“Who got you the Arithmancy book?” Tom asked. He was only curious because the book had only been out for a month and was quite expensive. His subscription to Arithmancy Monthly gave a review on the book before it was released and it was supposed to be ground-breaking with some of it’s theories.

“Oh, Professor Dumbledore did,” she replied, somewhat stiffly.

Tom wasn’t sure why this annoyed him. “You’ve made quite the impression on him, having only been here for a few months and all.”

She shrugged, pushing the food around on her plate. “What about you?” she finally asked, and he noted how stilted her voice was, as if she was forcing conversation.

“Books mainly.” Oh, and at least three love potion-laced chocolate boxes. Those girls will pay.

He watched as she bit down on her lip and looked at him earnestly. “So, what books did you get?” she finally asked after a long pause.

He smirked. “Well, it’s a long list, so listen …”
“So, you believe that Divination is a waste of time, yet Arithmancy is your favourite subject? You do realise that Arithmancy predicts the future too?” Tom raised an eyebrow at the younger witch who had the audacity to roll her eyes at him. Instead of finding himself insulted, he couldn’t help but smirk.

They had been debating and discussing a range of magical topics since he had told her what books he had received for Christmas. He had been talking to her the entire feast, and that was at least an hour and a half. Most of the room had actually emptied, with only a few remaining. Though, by the look of her, she did not realise it at all.

“Divination is just a lot of guesswork most of the time. I don’t think half the people who claim to be Seers are actually genuine,” she sniffed disdainfully. “Arithmancy, on the other hand, uses rigorous testing to reach conclusions. Nothing is simply divined from thin air.”

Tom was about to argue the point when someone loomed over them. He turned to see who it was and met the annoyingly twinkly eyes of Dumbledore. Tom felt his jaw clench in anger at the old fool interrupting them. He turned to look at Hermione, who looking up at the man with a fond expression on her face. He felt his mood darken further.

“I’m always sorry to interrupt good conversation, but everyone is heading to bed,” Dumbledore announced.

Hermione’s eyes widened in shock as she finally realised they were to only actual students remaining in the room, with the remaining teachers standing and getting ready to head to bed.

“Oh,” she breathed. “I didn’t even realise!”

“Quite alright, Miss Edwards,” Dumbledore replied.

“Sorry, Riddle, time just got away from me,” she said to him. “I guess I’ll head to bed now,” she added, standing up and stretching a little.
Just as Tom opened his mouth to offer to walk her back to Gryffindor tower, he was interrupted again by his most-detested Professor.

“I’m heading back to my own quarters, Miss Edwards, I can walk you back to the tower.”

White hot fury momentarily crowded Tom’s vision, and he quickly brought it under control, relieved that Hermione and Dumbledore were too busy speaking to one-another to look at him. He watched as Hermione finished what she was saying to the old fool and turned to look at him.

“Thanks for talking to me, Riddle, and Merry Christmas,” she said with a small smile and wave before turning and moving towards the door.

“Indeed, Merry Christmas, Tom,” Dumbledore added before turning and following the girl out.

Tom waited a few moments, watching them both leave, before he finally swept out of the Great Hall himself.

“Merry fucking Christmas, indeed,” he muttered as he headed down to the Slytherin dungeons, trying to ignore the frustrated feeling which had so suddenly crept up on him.

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He hadn’t really seen her much since Christmas. If it weren’t for the odd hello and conversation in the library, he’d think that she were avoiding him … well, he did actually think that. But it wasn’t like he could say anything, that would just seem strange. So when classes went back, and he discovered her on the fourth floor one day, wand drawn, curly hair puffing like crazy, and an angry sneer directed at Melba Greengrass and her friends, he was curiously intrigued.

“Miss Edwards, Miss Greengrass, what seems to be the problem here?” he asked with Head Boy authority, causing them all to turn and look at him with wide-eyed expressions.

“Oh, Tom, thank goodness you’re here!” Melba said dramatically. “Edwards was about to attack us!”
Tom pretended he didn’t hear the indignant snort come from Edward’s side of the room. He cocked an eyebrow as he surveyed the group of Ravenclaw girls.

“Really? One lonesome Gryffindor fifth year was about to hex a group of Ravenclaw seventh years? Why, I’d be embarrassed to admit such a thing, Greengrass,” he drawled.

“She’s very clever, Tom, and doesn’t fight fair,” Violetta Edgecombe stated, and Melba nodded fervently along with her.

Tom wasn’t interested in listening to their ridiculousness any more. “Twenty five points from all of you for fighting in the corridors. An extra fifty points from Ravenclaw. Hogwarts will not tolerate bullying, especially when the students are younger. You should all know better.” He looked on coldly at the Ravenclaw girls’ shocked faces with internal glee. He really hated those girls in particular, they were forever sidling up to him in class and the library. It was painful considering what utter bores they all were.

“But--” Melba began.

“Miss Greengrass, please move along now. I need to discuss something with Miss Edwards. Do not make me deduct any further points. I would hate to see the rest of your house-mates faces if such a thing were to happen.”

With that, he watched the Ravenclaw girls slink off, not missing the venomous looks they sent to the girl standing across the hall from him. When they had finally turned turned the corner, and were out of earshot, Tom turned towards Hermione, only to catch her trying to silently sneak off herself.

“Miss Edwards,” he called, and watched as her back stiffened and she slowly turned around to face him. Her cheeks were deep red and her hair was still a riotous mess. He would have laughed if he weren’t in Head Boy mode. “I thought I told you to stay put?” he raised a questioning eyebrow at her.

She didn’t reply, instead he watched as she tried to blow an unruly curl out of her eyes with little success. Her cheeks were still red, and she was looking everywhere but at him.

“There’s no need to be embarrassed--”
Her huff of incredulous laughter cut him off and he narrowed his eyes slightly. “Embarrassed?! You think that I’m embarrassed?” she asked. Another bitter laugh followed. “Do you realise how unfair you were? Those girls practically ambushed me, and you take points off me for defending myself?”

Tom took a couple of steps closer to her, so that they were now only a foot or so away from one-another. “You were fighting in the corridors, which is strictly prohibited.”

He enjoyed the way her eyes almost narrowed into slits and her breathing became heavier.

“This is ridiculous,” she muttered.

“Why did they ambush you?” Tom finally asked.

She rolled her eyes. “You know what, it really doesn’t matter. Just-just don’t worry about it. I’ll make up to points in next class anyway,” she said and straightened her shoulders.

“Why can’t you tell me why they were picking on you?”

“Because it doesn’t matter, okay?” She gave an annoyed sigh. “I’ll just take the points. If that’s all, I have to get to Transfiguration or I’ll be late.”

Without even waiting for him to respond, she spun around and was about to walk off. Again he had the strange feeling she was dismissing him. He didn’t even need to think about it; his hand shot out and grabbed her shoulder, and spun her back around. She immediately pulled herself out of his grasp.

“Don’t touch me!” she hissed angrily, before immediately clamping her mouth shut. She obviously hadn’t meant for that to come out the way it had.

“Tell me,” he demanded, ignoring the way his heart began beating faster in the face of her anger.

She narrowed her eyes at him and he watched as her hands went on her hips. “Okay, fine, I’ll tell you. They were picking on me because everyone has been talking about how long we spent talking
at Christmas. Apparently, because I spoke to you at Christmas, I have some kind of romantic
designs on you and Merlin forbid I go near the precious Head Boy!” she sneered with a sarcasm he
found quite surprising.

Tom quirked an eyebrow. They thought she was romantically interested in him? Hmm, interesting.

She rolled her eyes and shook her head at his expression. “Well, if that's all, I really need to get to
class,” she said with a huff and turned and stormed off.

Tom allowed her to leave, not that angry that she had dismissed him yet again without seeming to
even realise it. He remained standing there for several moments as he listened to her footsteps echo
through the corridor. Doors had just opened to him that he hadn’t even considered, but were now
more than obvious. A smirk curled his full lips as he realised what he could do now.

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“Did you hear what people are saying? What the Professors are saying?”

She stood in front of him in the library, foot tapping impatiently, waiting for him to respond. Tom
took his time, finishing the sentence he was working on for his Potions assignment, ensuring the
handwriting was at it’s usual perfect standard, and then finally gave her the attention she was
wanting.

“What are you talking about?” he asked. Though he knew full well what she was talking about.

She leant forward on the desk slightly and looked around to make sure no one was in earshot.
“They’re saying that we’re … dating,” she answered in a low voice.

Tom actually found it difficult to keep his features from looking amused. Of course he already
knew about all of this. He’d had several Professors make comments on his potential “friendship”
with the new girl, and other students had made comments, to his face or otherwise. He particularly
enjoyed witnessing the sulky behaviour of Cygnus Black when the topic was brought up one night
in the Slytherin common room. He wouldn’t tell her any of this though.

“Are you serious?” he asked.
Edwards seemed to take his question as some kind of camaraderie in how ridiculous this whole idea was, because she was now sitting down across from him with a heavy sigh.

“I know. It’s ridiculous,” she replied in exasperation.

Tom shrugged, deciding that indifference was the best approach when dealing with her at this point in time.

“And the girls … Merlin!” she huffed with a sneer. “Do you know how many hexes I’ve had to deflect recently?”

He actually did know. He had heard about how she sent Melba Greengrass to the Infirmary just the other day for trying to corner her, yet again. Apparently they had to call in Healers from St Mungos to work out how to remove the goat horns Edwards had hexed to grow out of her head. Tom had never heard of that particular hex before, and he was almost tempted to ask her how to do it. Almost.

Instead, he answered with, “That’s terrible. Did any of them hurt you?”

“No,” she scoffed, but then her expression quickly changed and she looked at him with surprise. “Wait, why do you--” She stopped herself, though, and Tom curiously watched as she looked incredibly troubled for a moment before her face went blank again.

Tom decided then and there that he preferred when he could see her emotions. It … suited her.

“Well, what should we do about it?” she asked, looking uncomfortable with the short silence that had settled between them.

“Hmm, well I don’t think you sitting here is doing us any favours,” Tom replied.

“What are you--” But her question seemed to abruptly die as Tom nodded and her eyes followed to a table of Hufflepuff girls who were all looking at them and giggling.
“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Edwards muttered and Tom almost missed it, it was so quiet.

“Afraid not,” he replied, and gave her a smirk as she rolled her eyes at him, got up from her chair and stormed out of the library.

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He knew she would have just finished Transfiguration. Over the last few months of watching and insinuating himself into her life, he knew her routine fairly well by now. As he neared the Transfiguration classroom, he saw the students from Edward’s classmates all bustling out, the lesson obviously finished. Still, Edwards was not among them. He spotted Cygnus Black at the back of the group, looking annoyed at a ranting Druella.

“-- why we can’t sit together,” she hissed as Tom approached.

“I told you why,” drawled a bored sounding Cygnus.

“Cygnus?” Tom called, effectively interrupting whatever tiff they were having.

“Oh hello, Tom,” Cygnus greeted, looking annoyed and the way Druella was holding onto him.

“Have you seen Hermione, by any chance?” Tom asked, looking perfectly innocent.

He enjoyed the way Cygnus stiffened and his lips thinned ever so slightly. He also enjoyed the venomous look Druella gave to her arranged husband-to-be at the mention of the other witch’s name.

“She’s back in the classroom still. Dumbledore asked her to stay,” Cygnus replied.

“Excellent, thank you,” Tom replied and moved to walk past them.

He stepped up to the classroom, careful to be quiet, but frowned when he couldn’t hear any voices. He looked inside and when he couldn’t see anyone, he realised they must have gone to speak in the
small office attached to each room.

Casting a Disillusionment spell, he quickly crept through the room and almost stilled his breathing when he finally reached the door to hopefully catch a glimpse of conversation. How unfortunate there were no magical devices that could really help him right now … Nevertheless, a smug smile spread slowly as he was able to pick up on the conversation.

“-- Riddle?” Tom heard Dumbledore ask.

“No,” came Hermione’s muffled reply. “Everyone thinks we are, but there’s nothing going on. He won’t correct them either,” Hermione added, the last sentence laced with accusation at himself, Riddle thought with amusement.

“I’m not surprised. Have you done anything that might make Mr Riddle suspicious?” Dumbledore asked.

Make him suspicious? What?

Hermione remained silent for a few long moments, obviously seriously considering the question. “ … No, I don’t think so.”

“Good. You will have to be careful, though. I’ve had word from the Ministry that they’re almost done. You’ll be home by the end of the month,” Dumbledore replied.

“Really?” Hermione asked, and Tom noted that she had never sounded so happy.

“Yes,” Dumbledore sounded just as cheery, though Tom thought that was his usual annoying behaviour.

“Oh, thank you, thank you,” she replied, her voice sounding thick with emotion.

The one thing that was clear to Tom at that moment was that she was leaving again, and she would leave with all her secrets intact -- unless he did something about it.
He looked down at the invitation and smirked as he waited in a nearby alcove. It was an invitation to Slughorn’s end of the school year feast, and only the best and brightest students were invited. Not even all of the usual ‘Slug Club crowd’ were invited. It was a chance for students to liaise and negotiate with important contacts in the Wizarding World. Not that this mattered to Tom anymore. After being rejected as the potential DADA replacement, Tom had made other plans that did not involve Hogwarts or the Ministry.

His thoughts were cut short when he heard quick footsteps coming down the hall, taking a quick peek, he immediately recognised the brown curls and determined brown eyes. As she passed, he quickly slipped out and followed her. When they reached the entrance, Slughorn himself was standing there greeting all the arrivals. His eyes immediately fell on Hermione Edwards, and Tom watched as the old fool began fawning like it was an art-form.

“My dear! You look lovely!”

Tom watched with amusement as Edwards looked down, obviously embarrassed at the exclamation.

“Thank you, Professor,” she replied politely.

Slughorn’s gaze then travelled to Tom, who had managed to step up right behind Edwards, and a pleased and knowing grin spread across his walrus-like face.

“And you took my advice and came together! What a dashing couple you two make!” he exclaimed loudly, causing several party goers to turn and look at the two of them.

Hermione immediately whipped around to face Tom, and her eyes went from shocked to angry within a couple of seconds. Quickly spinning back around to Slughorn, she tried shrugging off the hand that Tom put on her shoulder.

“Actually I--” she began to say, but Tom quickly cut her off.
“What Hermione means to say is that we just wanted to have an enjoyable night together, and now she’d be worried there’s too much attention on us. Darling,” Tom began and stepped up right next to Hermione, his arm now linking with hers. “You don’t need to be so modest, you would have been the centre of attention with that wonderful set of robes, anyway.”

He enjoyed the way her eyes narrowed at him, and she tried to subtly remove her arm from his -- with little success.

“Indeed, Tom, indeed,” Slughorn happily replied, chortling away. “Well, you’ve all seen it here, our two brightest students officially coming out as a couple at my party! I hope this means I’m one of the first on the invitation list to any possible weddings in the future,” he said with a conspiratorial wink to some of the random guests standing around them.

Tom would have been quite happy if the foolish man had left that last bit out, but realised that Slughorn’s enthusiasm would help him immensely. He looked down and was met by the sight of Hermione’s tightly clenched fists. Quickly pulling her away from the entrance and towards the drinks table, he only let her go to begin pouring the drinks.

“Just what are you playing at, Riddle?” Hermione whispered angrily as soon as they were out of earshot.

Tom rolled his eyes, expertly feigning nonchalance. “I made the mistake of coming in straight after you … I didn’t want to embarrass you, or him, by disputing what.”

He enjoyed the way her eyes narrowed in disbelief at him. “How polite,” she mocked, taking his drink but not drinking any of it.

“Look, who really cares, alright? We’ll have a nice night. Think of it as a graduation present for me … Who cares what others say.”

“You are not the one blocking hexes all day long,” she snapped.

“I told you I can put a stop to it, if you want.”

“And even if I wanted your help, which I don’t, that would just make things worse,” she replied with a roll of her eyes. “It doesn’t matter anyway,” she muttered to herself, and Tom almost missed
He knew she must have been referring to what he overheard her talking about with Dumbledore a few weeks ago. It was the only reason she’d still be putting up with those ridiculous girls. If she was leaving, what was the point?

He was no closer to finding out her secrets, and it was beginning to frustrate him immensely, hence his plan to make it look like they were on a date tonight. Of course Tom had made no effort in extinguishing the rumours about them supposedly being involved in some sort of romance. And as much as Hermione tried to deny it, Tom’s refusal to comment on their relationship status had only made her refusals seem overly dramatic, and possibly a lie to the rest of the student body. He had to admit he enjoyed the rumours … it got him closer to Edwards, who would rant and rave her frustrations at him, which was always amusing to observe. Not to forget, she was quite creative when it came to revenge and retribution towards other (often jealous female) students. Giving Melba Greengrass goat horns was really just the tip of the iceberg with Hermione Edward’s arsenal of hexes.

That was one of the things he didn’t understand. She was so accomplished with her magic … for a fifth year, anyway. He had heard Merrythought raving about her defence skills, as well as every other Professor. Not that he hadn’t been that good as a fifth year, but it was rare. She had an air about her that made him believe she had seen or experienced things … and he would find out exactly what.

“Oh no, here’s comes Professor Slughorn,” Edwards muttered, interrupting Tom’s train of thought.

Tom saw his chance, and before Hermione could protest, had dragged her out onto the small dance floor, where they managed to successfully avoid Slughorn for the rest of the night.

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“You really didn’t have to do this,” Edwards muttered, breaking the silence between them as they walked back to Gryffindor tower. He could tell she was slightly uncomfortable, it was something he had noticed with all of their interactions when they found themselves alone.

“Nonsense. It would be rude not to escort my ‘date’ back.” Tom shot her a smirk.

She looked at him and rolled her eyes. “But the thing is, it wasn’t a date.”
“Not according to everyone else ...”

Instead of replying, she simply let out a loud sigh.

“Tired?” Tom asked, even though he knew exactly what she was sighing for.

She looked at him, and then back down the hall. “... Yeah.”

“You’re a terrible liar, Hermione,” Tom said, his voice nonchalant and low.

“What?” she asked.

Tom watched as her steps faltered momentarily, obviously in surprise, and he took his chance by pushing her into the nearest alcove.

“What are you doing?!” she squeaked.

Tom quickly grabbed hold of the wand she had instantly pushed into his chest, somewhat surprised at her quick defence. Although he really shouldn’t have been surprised. She was brilliant, after all.

“There are some things I want to know, Edwards,” Tom said, his voice calm compared to frenetic energy that was now buzzing between the two of them.

He watched as her eyes grew wide and her already pale complexion went deathly white. A thrill shot through him at the intoxicating power he suddenly had over her. The girl with so many secrets was now at his mercy. Nothing would stop Tom from getting what he wanted.

But before he could bask even more in her fear, he watched as she breathed in heavily and pushed so her posture straightened, her body curving up into his. A glint of defiance appeared in her eyes, and he felt her magic buzz like static around them, causing her hair to become even curlier -- if possible.
“I wondered how long it would take you to show your true colours,” she said. "And if you think I’m going to tell you anything, you’re dead wrong. I won’t be threatened, Riddle,” she hissed.

Riddle’s lips curled in satisfaction, she was even more of a surprise than he initially expected. He knew there was something about her; that she was different from the rest.

“Brave little Gryffindor,” he murmured, pushing her back against the wall, their bodies pressed against each other like a lover’s embrace. “I have ways of getting information that would curl your toes.”

“I don’t doubt it,” she replied. “But you’re not going to use them on me.”

“Oh, I’m not, am I?”

She gave him a mocking smile. “No, because you wouldn’t want your precious cover blown, would you? Tom Riddle, the brilliant, kind, and handsome orphan … Don’t think I wouldn’t go to Professor Dumbledore and have you kicked out of your precious Hogwarts,” she said, her voice deathly cold -- all traces of her usual warmth gone.

“You would, would you?” Tom asked calmly, but inside he was seething. How dare she threaten him?! He would kill her before he let her ruin him like that. Although, she had a point … and he didn’t need that old loon breathing down his neck anymore than what he already had. Dumbledore was already suspicious enough of him. Fuck.

His thoughts were interrupted by the sudden sound of footsteps coming down the hall. Damn it, must be Pringle on his nightly rounds. The last thing he wanted was the suspicious caretaker finding him in an alcove with Edwards.

“Looks like we’ll have to save this questioning for another day,” he said and stepped away from her, immediately noticing the lack of warmth in the corridor now that he wasn’t pressed against her small body. He immediately despised the triumphant expression that appeared on her face. He’d wipe that off soon enough.

“What a shame,” she mockingly replied.

“Get back to your common room, I’ll handle Pringle,” he ordered.
“Yes, Head Boy,” she snarked and before he could respond, she was already walking away.

When he turned to face the annoying old caretaker, he realised that she was the first to leave again, and that this time she had won.

XXX

“Did you hear that Edwards is gone?” Abraxas Malfoy announced as he slipped into his seat at breakfast the next morning.

Tom felt his body go rigid. No, it couldn’t be. “What?” he asked, his voice low.

Abraxas looked from Tom to the rest of the Knights, who had stopped eating their breakfasts too. “Er, yes. I, um, overhead Dumbledore telling Slughorn this morning.”

“What do you mean by ‘gone’ though?” Tom asked, his voice low and menacing. His Knights all seemed to tense at the familiar tone.

Abraxas paled slightly. “He-he said she wasn’t returning to Hogwarts … ever,” he replied, his voice cracking on the last word.

“Ever?” Tom mockingly asked.

“He mentioned something about a family emergency and having to return home straight away…” he trailed off weakly.

Tom didn’t respond. He was too furious to even think at the moment. She had gone, along with all of her secrets. He had failed. And Tom never failed at anything.

XXX
He had just left his flat, his breath fogging out in front of him in the cold morning air. He had left earlier than normal to sort some items out in the shop before it opened, as several ‘important’ customers were coming in that day. He also had to go see that vile Hepzibah Smith today … Borgin was intent on Tom persuading her to sell some of her antiques. It would be a busy day, but Borgin had promised him a tidy bonus if he managed to get the woman to sell them the items at a cheap price. Tom was confident he would succeed.

He pushed his way through the usual Diagon Alley crowd - those heading to work, getting breakfast, and shopping, and made his way towards Knockturn Alley. He was imagining that a strong coffee might be good for him when he saw it … or more aptly, her. Tom couldn’t help but do a double-take when he saw the familiar brown curls spilling out from the hooded winter cloak just a few feet ahead of him. No, it couldn’t be … could it?

He continued to follow the girl, who was ducking and weaving through the crowd, heading towards Knockturn Alley, of all places. While he hadn’t seen her for a couple of years, he was certain it was her. She still had that determined walk that he remembered so well from her short time at Hogwarts. When she briefly glanced to her side, causing Tom to quickly drop back, he managed to catch her profile, which confirmed all of his suspicions. What was Hermione Edwards doing here? And why was she heading into Knockturn Alley?

He continued following her, not feeling like too much of a stalker -- he did work in this part of town, after all -- as she continued down her path. He noticed that she began to speed her steps up, all the while briefly glancing around. Could she sense that he was following her? Clever girl, he thought. Though, he wasn’t surprised.

He found his heart rate increasing as fast as her steps were. He was closing in, and when he finally caught her, there would be nowhere for her to run. He would not let her get away this time. He increased his pace as she continued increasing hers. It was quite obvious that he was chasing her, and she was well-aware of it. No one in Knockturn Alley paid them any heed. Tom knew that no one would dare to confront him, or wish to get involved in anything that may bring the Ministry down on them.

But before he could reach out and grab her, she spun around in a swirl of black winter cloak, her wand drawn. Tom sucked in a breath as he took in her familiar features. She had noticeably matured since he had last seen her; her face had thinned out more with maturity, her hair was longer and more riotous (if possible) than ever, and her dark eyes held a serious weight that you never saw in someone so young.
They both stood there silently regarding one-another, Knockturn Alley seemed to still around them.

“Riddle,” she finally muttered.

Tom merely nodded his head in some kind of belated greeting, his fingers running down his wand which was concealed in the pocket of his robes.

“Quite a greeting,” he finally said, and nodded towards her wand, which was still aimed at him.

“How’s that new wand working out for you?” he asked, reminding her that she had never retrieved her wand from him after he had taken it from her in that dark corridor in Hogwarts … which had seemed like an age ago.

“Forgive me if I don’t trust you,” she replied. “But I think we’re past social pleasantries, wouldn’t you say?”

Tom shrugged. “That depends on how you want to play this, Hermione. Now, you’re going to drop your wand, and we’ll talk. You don’t want to risk the ire of the locals around her. They don’t take too kindly to respectable looking witches pulling wands in their alley.”

Hermione briefly glanced around them, finally noticing the discreet figures of those watching them from the shadows. “Oh, they don’t need to worry, I’ll be on my way.”

Before Tom had even finished shouting ‘Expelliarmus’, she had already Disapparated with a swift pop, leaving Tom standing alone … again.

XXX

He’d never forgotten her, though that wasn’t to say that she was the centre of his world. Tom had continued with his carefully made plans; Hermione Edwards becoming nothing more than a memory. A frustrating memory, but one that popped up on quite a regular basis, mind you.
So when he was sitting in one of the oldest magical libraries in Greece, and heard a familiar tinkle of laughter, he knew that once again fate had dealt him a chance in finding out Hermione Edward’s secrets.

Quickly following the source of the noise, he found refuge behind one of the many shelves as he watched the girl who had managed to escape Lord Voldemort too many times. He watched as she threw her head back and laughed at something the plain young librarian who sat behind the front desk had said.

He noted as he studied her that she must have been in Greece, or the Mediterranean, for some time. Her skin was now a light brown; the freckles on her nose having become more pronounced, and she dressed in the traditional flowing greek wizarding garb. His gaze fell on her hair, which hung in a loose ponytail halfway down her back, with streaks of gold and copper running through it from sun exposure. A small smirk curved his lips as he looked at the small leather tie which seemed to be fighting a losing battle in controlling her riotous hair.

He watched as she handed the books she had been holding onto back to the librarian and shook her head when the librarian asked her a question. Tom wished he could get closer to hear what they were saying, but any closer and there was a risk that she would notice him.

She took a quill and wrote something down, and then handed it to the librarian after several moments, who gave her a friendly nod before Hermione gave a small wave and left. Tom waited several minutes before he made his move.

Approaching the desk, he put on his most charming smile when the girl noticed him. He knew this would be all too easy when the girl blushed at his attention.

“Good afternoon,” he greeted, careful to note that they library was luckily almost deserted.

“Hello,” the girl replied, her voice a high squeak when she made eye contact with him. “How can I help you?”

“Imperio,” he muttered, and smirked as he watched her eyes glaze over.

XXX
After he Imperioed and then memory modified the librarian, it wasn’t hard to find her. She had given the librarian her address so a series of books could be directly Owled to her. He found her just on the outskirts of town, in what was obviously a holiday-style home.

Even though the rumours around the Hogwarts suggested that she had returned to her own family, Tom could tell that she wasn’t with her own. He discreetly watched her for days with the British magical family, and could tell by the way they interacted that she didn’t know them too well. She spent a lot of time with the children, tutoring them. Tom could admit that she was a brilliant teacher. Infinite patience and a voracious desire for knowledge meant that the children were a captive audience. He ignored the small voice that mocked him for the exact same thing.

He watched her for a week before he decided to do anything ... getting to know her movements, her comings and goings. After a week, when she had left with the children to go on what looked like a trip to the beach, Tom decided to strike.

She was staying in extension to the property, which was located around the back. Tom was sure that if the property were owned by Muggles, it would be the servant accomodation. As he made his way to the back entrance of the property, where he would be able to enter her rooms unnoticed, he couldn’t help but notice the Wards surrounding the entrance way. These were much stronger than those that the family had erected.

Hermione Edwards obviously didn’t want anyone unwanted in her flat.

What a pity Tom was a master of getting into places most people normally couldn’t enter. The Wards were strong, and he was annoyed to find it took him longer than expected, but when the door finally opened with a soft click, Tom smirked at another silent fight that he’d won against the girl who had evaded him for so long now.

He finally stepped into the room and looked around. It was too neat and simple looking, and from what he had gleaned from Hermione Edwards, if he truly wanted what he was looking for, it wouldn’t be simply found on the bookshelf. Softly closing and locking the door, Tom walked into room and smirked.

XXX

When she returned that evening, Tom was already sitting and waiting for her, surrounded by sheets and more sheets of parchment that he had discovered under a warded floorboard after hours of searching.
He leaned back comfortably in the arm chair, having turned and faced it towards the door, and smirked as she realised her front entrance was unlocked. The door slowly opened and she stepped through it, eyes darting around and wand raised defensively. The light spilling in from outside framed her, and in her Greek robes, Tom couldn’t help the thought of how powerful she looked in that moment. When her eyes finally met his, he watched as she immediately stiffened and he twirled his wand between his fingers nonchalantly, eyeing her with amusement.

“I was wondering when you would get home,” he said instead of a greeting.

She was quiet, standing stock still, mouth pressed into a thin line and obviously not sure what to say.

“You know, I always knew you were hiding something,” Tom continued their one-sided conversation in a light voice. “But time travel? Not even I suspected that.” He raised a mocking eyebrow at her. “But I did know that there was always … something about you, Hermione Edwards.” He twirled his wand, staring at her. “Although, is it really Hermione Edwards?”

“As if I would tell you,” she finally replied, lifting her chin defiantly.

In a smooth movement, Tom stood from the chair and walked over to her. A wicked grin appeared when he saw a slight tremble in her wand hand as he got closer to her.

“And why wouldn’t you?” he asked. “You don’t have Dumbledore to protect you … nor the Ministry, it seems. Twelve months in St Mungos after their botched attempt to get you ‘home’?” He clicked his tongue in disapproval. “I always thought they were incompetent.”

She remained deathly silent, not responding to his taunts. Tom stepped right up next to her and used his wand to push her wild hair away from her ear.

“I could help you,” he murmured in her ear, his dark eyes following the line of her neck and bare shoulder as she shivered at his proximity. “I could help you. Hermione Edwards if you tell me … what you know.”

It was silent, until a strained, but mocking laugh, bubbled from her lips. “You? Help me? I will never tell you what I know,” she spat.
The hand not holding his wand travelled up her arm, over her shoulder, and gripped her neck. Stepping around to face her, he smirked down at her, before looking at the wand she had pointed at his chest.

“Go on,” he antagonised. “Hurt me.” His dark eyes met hers in a war of wills. “But I can guarantee you, that if you even try to not cooperate that the lovely little family you’ve been staying with might find themselves in a … spot of trouble.”

Her eyes widened at the implication, but only slightly. “You’re a monster,” she whispered.

Tom stared at her, remaining expressionless. “Perhaps … but you already knew that, didn’t you?”

She swallowed heavily, but said nothing.

“Drop your wand,” he ordered.

She remained still, and he could tell that she was having an internal war with herself on what she should do. He decided a little more incentive was needed.

“Drop your wand, or I will make you watch what I do to that family before I take care of you,” he said.

She bit down on her lower lip and shut her eyes tightly as her grip loosened and the wand fell to the ground between them, making a loud clattering noise against the hardwood floor.

“There’s a good girl,” he crooned mockingly, before quickly summoning it and placing it in his back pocket.

Her eyes watered, but no tears sprang forth. In that moment, Tom found himself intrigued by her for so many different reasons. He brought his wand up to her face and traced it faintly down her cheek, before bringing it back up and pointing it at her temple.
“If you won’t tell me, I’ll have to find out my own way,” he murmured, forcing her gaze to meet his. “Legilimens!”

Immediately he found himself tunnelling through her mind; flashes of colours, memories, and emotions hitting him full force. She tried to resist, but Tom had been mastering the art of Legilimency since his last year of Hogwarts. She was a gifted witch, but she wasn’t a master of this particular form of magic.

She finally sagged against him, the force of his invasion finally proving to be too much. That was when he was able to finally latch onto one memory that caught his eye. It was Hermione, and she looked about twelve, and was laughing with two young boys in Hogwarts uniform. It was time to start there …

XXX

He felt like he had been sifting through her memories for hours, but he knew it hadn’t been that long, her mind would simply not have been able to sustain it.

He finally slipped out of it. He didn’t need to see anything more. There were too many emotions to take in at once. She knew almost everything about him … and he would be defeated … he would … No. No. Tom held Hermione tightly as she slumped against him, passed out in exhaustion. He looked down at her, her head lolled back, eyes shut as if asleep and delicate pink mouth slightly open. His eyes travelled down to her milky white neck as one of his hands travelled upwards until he lightly ran his fingertips along the soft skin of her throat. His fingers softly squeezed her neck. All it would take was one, tight squeeze and it would be over … and she would be gone and he would be on his chosen path again.

But it wouldn’t be like that, would it? She would still be born decades into the future, even if he did kill her now, and even if Tom chose a slightly different path, who was sure if that prophecy would still be made or not?

He absentmindedly picked the young woman up in his arms and laid her down on the small single bed in her room. He looked down at her, studying her unguarded features, and knew that even if he chose a different path in his quest for power, the fabric of time could be potentially unforgiving.

His mind moving a million miles an hour, he looked from Hermione to her paperwork … perhaps there was a way to change all of that, he wondered, his gaze resting on the work that would ensure that the girl would return to her own time.
His thoughts were interrupted when Hermione let out a raspy moan and twisted in the bed. Tom’s gaze moved back to the witch below him and watched intently as her eyes fluttered, before her eyebrows furrowed, obviously in pain. Her eyes finally opened and looked blearily up at him.

“Riddle?” she rasped.

And before she could ask anything more, his brilliant mind had quickly concocted a plan. He knelt down next to her and brushed some curls from her forehead and ignored the way she tried to shift away from him. Again, he found himself pointing his wand at her, inspiration coming to him like never before.

“Obliviate,” he muttered.

You will forget about me. You will forget that I came here, and you will go home.

He smirked as her eyes refocused. “And I will eventually follow you, my little lioness,” he whispered so quietly it was like he had uttered nothing at all.

He would follow her, because to stop the inevitable from happening, he would start again, in a new time. No one would see it coming.

“I will let you walk away from me one more time,” he said to her now sleeping form, before he stood and copied all her work, taking one final look at her before silently leaving her room, as if he had never been there at all.

XXX
1995

He woke slowly, looking around in confusion at the unfamiliar surroundings. He groaned and proceeded to wince as a sharp pain immediately lanced through his head. What in Salazar’s name was going on? Fighting the urge not to vomit, he managed to pull himself up in a half-seated position and looked more closely at his surroundings.

He was in what looked like a cell of some sort. The stone walls were bare, and there was no furniture in the room. There was dust everywhere though. Tom grimaced as he sneezed twice in quick succession from the dust, causing his head to hurt even more.

He couldn’t seem to grasp onto a single memory. The only thing that was steady was where he was now. Flashes of memories ran like quicksilver through his mind, and he was pretty sure that his headache was caused by the fleeting images he couldn’t quite grasp. It made him furious, feeling this out of control and confused.

Immediately reaching into his robe pocket, he sighed in relief when his fingers brushed against his wand. He found he could think much clearer knowing that he had his wand, it was like a comfort. As his thoughts cleared, there was only one thing on his mind, he had a certain bushy-haired witch to track down...

XXX

1998

Tom slowly made his way to his office, his inky black cloak almost blending in completely with the darkened halls of the Department of Mysteries. He’d been an Unspeakable now for two years, and was finding the access and secrecy the position allowed him within the Ministry was most pleasing. He had almost made it to his office when a loud voice broke him out of his reverie.

“Elddir!” called his most annoying colleague Watkins.

Tom stopped and turned around, moving back to the meeting room Watkins was in. When he stepped through the door, he nodded at Watkins.

“What can I do for you, Watkins?” he asked when he stepped into the room.

“I’d like you to meet the students who made it into our Graduate program,” Watkins said. “Hopefully they’ll get to help you on some of your projects,” he added.

Tom’s attention turned to the three Hogwarts graduates standing next to Watkins. Ignoring the other two, his attention immediately fixated on one, and a flash of memories inundated him as he looked at the witch. There she was, standing right in the middle of them, hair just as wild as he remembered and eyes just as bright. Tom smirked.
“Thomas Elddir,” he introduced, stepping forward with his hand held out to her, ignoring the other two standing next to her. “Lovely to meet you, Miss –”

“Granger, Hermione Granger,” she replied, with a small smile and a flush to her cheeks.

“Lovely to meet you, Miss Granger,” Tom replied smoothly with a knowing smirk.

XXX

2000

He looked down at his watch and sighed for what seemed like the fiftieth time. She was late. They were supposed to be attending a dinner party with the Minister tonight, and she should have met him in his office over fifteen minutes ago. There was one thing that Tom hated more than being late, and that was waiting for other late people.

He decided to go and check on her. She probably had her head buried in a book again – it was quite a common occurrence, and he was constantly having to make sure she actually came up for air, especially with some of the darker books. Picking up his briefcase and pulling on his robe, he left his office, a quick glance of satisfaction at the title on the door – Head of Department – and moved swiftly down the corridor towards Hermione’s office.

Everything was going according to plan, he mused. A bit of career-planning and careful manipulation, and he was now Head of the Department of Mysteries. He could pick and choose from the brightest witches and wizards to work for him, and he had the final say as to the research and work that was being completed. The Minister never interfered with Tom’s work; which meant that he had free-reign over his projects and finances. Although it did help that the Minister was Thaddeus Nott, one of his former Knights. Tom believed it was one of the joys of controlling a department where the work was highly secretive and nobody liked to question or take responsibility for it.

He arrived at Hermione’s door, ignored the ‘Do not disturb’ charm, and waltzed in. His eyes immediately zeroed in on his witch, who was currently leaning over a large tome, completely engrossed and not paying a wisp of attention to her surroundings. A small smirk curled his lips as he snuck up on her.

“Hermione,” he said, and watched with satisfaction as she jumped and then turned around and scowled at him.

“Don’t sneak up on me like that!” she snapped.

“It’s not my fault you have your head stuck in a book,” he replied easily as he came up behind her. Wrapping his arms around her and peeking over her shoulder he looked at what she had been reading. “So, what’s the progress report today?”

“I think I’ve made a huge breakthrough with the time room,” she said, unable to hide her obvious excitement.

“Oh?”

“Yes, I think I’ve found a way to extend how far back the Time Turners can go back!”

He dropped a kiss to the area between her neck and shoulders, not missing the shiver that he felt run through her at the contact. A sense of power always went through him knowing that he could still evoke those reactions from her even though they had been together for a while.
“What did you find?” he asked.

“It’s all in the sand inside them,” she responded eagerly.

“The sand?”

“Yes, the sand itself has special magical properties – obviously – and the potion we use to activate those properties …” she trailed off as she got lost in her thoughts.

“So, you’re going to be the witch who discovers lengthy time travel then?”

She turned around in his arms and gave him a suddenly serious look. “Thomas, I know the Ministry has approved it all, but … are we sure we want to publish these results?”

“Why are you worrying about this now?”

Hermione shrugged, and looked down. “When I was allowed to use the Time Turner in my third year for my studies … Professor Dumbledore said that bad things happen to those who try to mess with time. What exactly would my research be used for? What if the wrong hands got hold of it?”

Oh, Hermione, if only you knew. “Hermione,” Tom sighed, feigning weariness at her worried tone. “There will be several protections placed on the work. And you know that we are the only two people – bar the Minister – aware of the work.”

“I suppose …”

“You have to trust me, Hermione,” Tom added.

She looked up at him skeptically.

Tom took the opportunity to look affronted. “What?” he asked innocently, taking the opportunity to run his hands up and down her back, pulling her closer into his embrace.

“Trust you?”

Tom smirked. “Of course. I am your boss, you know. You’re not showing very much respect at the moment.”

“It’s not my fault that you’re so sneaky,” she replied, moving her arms up around his neck and playing with the ends of his hair.

“Sneaky?”

“Oh, don’t give me that! I may be your girlfriend, but I’m not an idiot.”

Tom grinned this time. “Well, if you think I’m sneaky and don’t trust me, why are you with me?”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “Would I really have a choice?”

It was true. He had relentlessly pursued her once they started working together. Of course, it was all part of the bigger picture … his ultimate plan. He needed her by his side if he wanted to succeed. She was the brightest witch of her age, after all, and would be an awful foe to have.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he finally said, still grinning at her.

Hermione sighed and gave him a look. “Well, in that case, I best get back to work,” she replied and quickly spun back around, causing Tom’s arms to fall by his side abruptly. “You go on home; I’ll meet you there later,” she added as an afterthought.
Tom gave a disbelieving look to the back of her head. She had completely forgot about the dinner. This would not do, this would not do at all! He leant down, boxing her into the desk by resting his hands on the table, and leant towards her so his lips brushed against her ear.

“Forgetting something, dear?” he murmured.

She looked up from her book and then quickly turned and pecked him on the cheek. “Sorry,” she said. “Oh! But I did forget something … Can you pop into the shop on the way home and get some milk? I used the last of it this morning.”

Milk?! That cheeky witch! And what was worse, was that she had completely forgotten about this dinner. It was a very important dinner … where some very integral funding was to be secured.

Tom pushed his body up against hers and ignored the tiny gasp she made. “Wrong answer,” he said, and reached over, pulling her book away and pushing it across the table. “Hey! I was in the middle—”

“And I am your boss, so I say when you stop work. Besides, how am I supposed to punish you properly with your head in a book?”

She stilled at his last sentence and Tom smirked. “Ah yes, now I have your attention,” he said, and moved one of his hands off the desk and placed it against her stomach, pushing underneath her robes and feeling the silky material of the blouse she was wearing.

She sighed and leaned back into him as his fingers began deftly undoing the buttons of her top, exposing the smooth and silky skin of her stomach underneath. Tom moved his other hand to her top and undid the rest of her buttons, finally exposing the creamy white lace bra underneath. He moved both hands up to her breasts, cupping the material of her bra and squeezing.

“Thomas …” she sighed.

His lips moved to her neck and he placed a soft kiss there, before he looked down, watching as he moved his hands under the cups of her bra to play with her soft, full breasts.

“You remember the dinner we were supposed to go to?”

Hermione gasped as he pinched and rolled one of her nipples. “We?”

“Yes, ‘we’,” Tom muttered, moving his hands from her delectable breasts to her shoulders, where he swiftly pulled her blouse and outer robe off.

“I don’t recall agreeing to this dinner,” Hermione replied and hummed in delight as his hands moved to her hips and gripped them tightly as he ground his growing erection against her arse.

Tom scoffed and began pulling the tight material of her pencil skirt up so it sat above her hips, her matching creamy lace knickers exposed. “Now you’re going to be punished, doubly so.”

“Double punishment?” she asked and then gasped as his one of his hands slapped her arse, the noise of it echoing through her office.

“First, for questioning your boss on your project,” he said and pushed her knickers down. “And secondly, pretending to forget about something very important, that has been planned for months, mind you.”

Hermione groaned as Tom reached down between her legs, a smirk appearing when he felt just how turned on she was. Moving his fingers up and down against her sex, he then moved his lips to
her neck, sucking and biting the areas he knew which made her shudder.

Her hands tried to reach behind but he quickly put a stop to that, bending her over so she was forced to brace her hands against the desk. He quickly reached for his belt, and unbuckled it and his pants, all while enjoying the view of her bent over in front of him, waiting for him. She moaned when he rubbed his cock against her backside.

“What do you want?” he asked, rubbing himself along her clit.

She tried moving back against him, trying to force him inside her. Tom quickly stepped away and smirked when she cried out in protest.

“You have to tell me,” he said.

“Tell you what?”

“You know what,” he replied, stepping back towards her and running his fingers along her cunt.

She gasped. “Please,” she said.

“Please what?” He enjoyed playing with her. Her cheeks would be bright pink by now, and she would no doubt be chewing on that bottom lip of hers. She struggled talking dirty with him, something that he had been working on changing since they started sleeping together.

“Please … fuck me. Please fuck me.”

“All you had to do was ask nicely,” he replied, and with that, grabbed her hips, lined himself up and thrust into her.

They both groaned at the sensation. As always, she was ready, tight, hot and wet. Tom began thrusting slowly at first, running his hands along her lower back as he did so. Her skin was as soft as velvet, and he realised would never tire of touching it.

Finally, he began to speed up his movements, and the sounds of skin furiously meeting skin, and their mingled groans echoed around the otherwise quiet room. Tom’s hands moved up her back and around to her breasts, where he squeezed and pinched her nipples.

“I need, I need …” Hermione panted.

Tom bent down, so his lips brushed against her ear. “I want you to touch yourself,” he commanded in a low, silky drawl.

“Ah …” she gasped, as he hit a particularly deep spot.

“Like I showed you, remember?” he whispered as he placed hot open-mouthed kisses along her neck and shoulder.

She removed one of her hands from the table and reached down between her legs. She gasped as she began touching herself. Tom pinched and rolled her nipples, causing her to cry out loudly as all the sensations hit her at once.

Moving away from her neck, he closed his eyes and his head dropped back as she moaned again. She was purely and utterly his, and never in a million years did he imagine, all those years ago, when he first properly noticed her in the Hogwarts library that he would have her over a desk, fifty years in the future, fucking her like there was no tomorrow.
She was so close, he could feel it. Determined to feel her come around him, he sped up his thrusts, making them deep and hard, and finally she shrieked and he felt her grip and flutter around him. It felt like hot velvet on his cock, and Tom briefly lost control, all of his attention on her and how she felt, as he too let go.

Their deep, gasping breaths mingled in air tinged with sex and magic. Tom held her against him as she attempted to regain her composure and when she could finally stand on her own he stepped away from her and with a wave of his wand righted both their clothes.

Hermione sighed and looked up at the clock before looking dejectedly at her unfinished paperwork. “Well, I suppose we best leave, otherwise we’ll be late for dinner.

“Don’t worry; we’ve got all the time in the world,” he replied, his fingers easily entwining with hers as they walked out of the office together.

#END

Chapter End Notes

A/N: So, do you think that Tom was tasking Hermione with that so he could inadvertently send her back, therefore believing the whole “time is a loop” idea? Curious to hear your thoughts! I personally get a bit confused thinking about it, so left it a bit open for readers to decide for themselves.

Whilst I know Time Travel is impossible (well who knows really?!), I liked that Stephen Hawking once said that if Time Travel were possible, it would only be travelling forward in time that would be possible. I like the idea of Tom travelling forward in time. It presents so many interesting ideas and possibilities.

Thank you for reading; I had a lot of fun writing this! This story was way longer than I initially planned … but I’m sure you all don’t mind.

Most importantly, I hope that Relentless, enjoyed reading this, as it’s for her xox

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!