Obsessive Compulsive Love

by Gryff_inTheGame

Summary

*Complete*

*Nominated finalist* in the "after all this time" 2017 Spring fanfiction Dramione awards in x2 categories:

"Big surprises come in small packages...best mini fic."

"A cruel twist of fate...best dystopian fic."

"They say an orgasm a day keeps the doctor away, but when the reason for your pleasure causes you to question your sanity. Well, one could say Hermione is royally fucked."

J.K Rowling owns everything. The plot is mine.

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Hello! GiTG here - Let's take a walk on the dark side...

Proceed with caution. Warnings in A/n's + pay attention to the tags for triggers.

Dark, possessive, and definitely fucked up.

OCL is a creative dramatisation. I will tell you now that this is not a HEA. This does contain violence against women.

***I am not glorifying domestic violence!***

I'm against it 100% However, I couldn't ignore the plunny. When the plunny strikes it takes hold, and it doesn't fuck off until it's written.

I appreciate you leaving a review if you see fit. It keeps the motivation going!

This chapter is pretty much straight into the action.

Don't hate me.

Disclaimer: Jk Rowling owns. The plot is mine...
She gasped for air, coughing and sputtering, lost somewhere in between being choked and pounded. She knew she shouldn't enjoy it, but she did.

Thrust.

"I know you like it like this Granger."

Thrust.

"...just like this."

He quickened his pace.

Thrust.

"I forbid you to hold back. I'm balls deep in you, and you like it. Lose yourself. Tell me you like it."

His grip around her neck tightened.

"I command you."

Tears streamed down Hermione's face. She loved him undoubtedly, but when she looked deep into his eyes, she'd feared what she'd see. A monster... She refused to comply with his request, and his eyes drifted from stormy grey to cold stone slate.

He released his grip around her neck, and Hermione thrashed about wildly while she remained pinned to the floor underneath him.

Smack.
His hand whipped across her cheek, and the force behind it threw her entire face to her side.

"That's what you get for disobeying me. Submit or feel my wrath. Don't make me hurt you again."

"Draco, please. Stop this. Not like this, please," Hermione pleaded through muffled sobs.

Draco stopped mid thrust. He withdrew from her immediately, and his anger overtook his desire for her. Consumed by his fury of her non-compliance, he took a moment to himself, pacing naked, back and forth, glaring at her.

She gulped preparing herself for what's to come. Draco hated it when she didn't submit.

"You know you have to receive your punishment."

"No, I don't Draco. Just stop. Please."

Draco tilted his head to the side, looking at her with great interest.

"Yes, I do. It's okay. You don't have to love me."

"But you know I do..."

Draco scoffed.

"If you did you, would submit to my demands. Instead, you play these shitty little games, Granger. The only conclusion I have is that you are a masochist, because no one would be foolish enough to repeat their mistakes as often as you did with the torture I make you endure."

"Draco I-"

"-You know I have a weakness for making you scream."

Hermione gulped. Her body trembled all over. Mentally, she tried to prepare herself; physically, she just wanted it to be over. Her heart, however, said to give into him and relish the moment. She felt wicked. Pleasure vs. pain, and she was on the train; a one-way ticket to hell, and she dripped with anticipation at the thought of what he'd do to her after enduring his punishment.

"I desire very little, but the things I do... consume me. You consume me, and I want to consume you. What consumes your mind controls your life. And I know just how I'm going to damage you today."

Hermione laid on the floor, somewhere between being paralysed in fear and desperate to accept her punishment to please. Some would call this abuse, but she merely called it love. Love made you do crazy things, and Draco Malfoy was crazy. Crazy in love with her. And she was addicted to his kind of crazy.
"Some call it torture, but I call it foreplay," said Draco as he summoned his wand. He transfigured it into a large carving knife and ran his finger along its blade. It cut him deep. A steady stream of crimson trickled down and dripped off his finger.

He approached Hermione, still naked; the contrast of his white skin against the shimmery crimson liquid dripping off his finger trailed down his leg and glistened in the moonlight peeking through the window.

He kneeled beside Hermione and urged her to sit up. She did so, diligently. He grabbed the back of her head, forcing her to look into his eyes. He took his bloody finger and swiped it effortlessly across her juicy bottom lip, in doing so smearing his crimson all over her.

Hermione continued to stare at him while his blood dribbled down her chin. Draco pulled her lips apart ever so slightly and gently rubbed her lip back and forth.

"Take my finger like you would my cock."

Willingly, she parted her mouth, inviting his bloody finger inside. She took the tip of his finger between her lips and diligently slid it into her mouth, sucking back the slick metallic liquid on his finger and massaging his finger with her tongue. Moving back and forth, she allowed his finger to fuck her mouth while she sucked and pulled and swirled her tongue around it.

Draco withdrew his finger from her mouth and tossed the carving knife in his other hand.

"Lay down," he commanded.

Hermione submitted.

Draco was still kneeling beside her. He ran the carving knife along the inside of her thigh, smearing remnants of his blood on the way, and Hermione instinctively parted her legs. He continued gliding the knife over her hips and finding her belly button; it trailed up to her stomach and rested under her left breast. The knife was angled to slice her, but it didn't.

The sharp blade was surprisingly cool as it gracefully glided up her left breast, tracing the outline of her areola. Draco pressed the knife tip into her; Hermione flinched at the surprised pressure, and a small bead of blood appeared.

Draco climbed on top of Hermione, straddling her as he went. He leaned over her; his face hovered inches from her left breast, and he licked his lips before diving face first into her tit, nuzzling her. He stopped abruptly to admire his handy work. The skin of her breast flushed pink, and the small pool of blood smeared over his face and her. Small droplets of her blood continued to pulse out of her, and he lapped at her pierced skin, tasting her blood like it was forbidden wine.

He nibbled on her stiff nipple, gently taking it between his teeth, biting, tugging and sucking it until he felt her shake beneath him.
Hermione was about to speak when Draco suddenly snapped upwards at her movement. In one swift swipe, he grabbed the knife and held the blade to her throat, applying enough pressure to scare her, but not enough to cut her.

"I could slit your throat, you know."

Hermione winced at his words: spoken without a care in the world, and it scared her. She shuddered. She didn't realise she had been holding her breath until she forced her mouth open to inhale the crisp air.

Draco's voice was as sharp as the crisp air that engulfed them. "Anyone here can kill you," he stated. His eyes raped her body. As he took in a lengthy breath, he leaned closer to her and whispered, "But I can do it the most efficiently."

Hermione sobbed, wracked with emotion, and she fought back the tears that slowly built behind her sobs.

Draco laughed mercilessly. He crashed his lips onto hers, not giving her a chance to take a breath. She tasted like home to him and wanted to suck the life out of her. He pinched his fingers over the tip of her nose, blocking her from breathing as he continued to kiss her. His passion intensified as Hermione's eyes reflected sheer terror, and he wondered how long it would take to bring her to the brink of death. He fantasised about it while he lost himself.

It wasn't until her face started going blue that he finally let go of her nose. He pulled away, giving her a chance to recover, and Hermione gasped for precious air at his release.

He transfigured the knife back to his wand; a flick of his wrist and a gag appeared. Instantly, it wrapped itself around Hermione’s mouth.

He needed something more delicate for his next task, so he transformed his wand into a small silver dagger. Draco sat back and admired the blade. After so many nights using it on her, he'd grown rather attached to it. He felt extreme pride remembering all the ways he'd pushed her beyond her limits, and tonight was no different.

He twirled the silver dagger around his fingers thrice and then rested the blade upon his temple. His eyes raped her body once more, and his gaze stopped to admire his previous work: the word "mine" carved into the base of her neck -a sweet spot of Hermione's, so naturally he wanted to claim that part of her.

He could remember her screams clearly from that day. It was somewhere in between cries of pleasure and excruciating pain, but he loved every minute of it. He fucked her up the arse after that while he sucked that sweet spot on her neck, and he did so until she screamed his name.
He smirked to himself at the thought.

*Having made a decision, Draco rolled off Hermione and levelled himself with her thighs. He swiped a finger up her slit and rested a firm finger on her clit. She parted her legs like magic. It always pleased him how her body responded to his touch.*

*He tilted his head to the side to get a better view of her pussy before his eyes fell on her luscious thighs. ‘Yes, this is the spot,’ he thought to himself.*

*Draco summoned a small phial of green and silver liquid and a black marble bowl. He poured the liquid into the bowl sparingly and stirred it clockwise - twice, with the dagger. The liquid swirled around the bowl and then meshed together, turning into a pure, glittering white substance. He bathed the dagger in it entirely before removing it and took the blade to her inner right thigh. He didn’t hesitate to pierce her flesh.*

*He took his time carving the D; he was marking such a beautiful part of her body, and he wanted to ensure his markings were nothing short of perfection. They were, of course, permanent.*

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*Hermione’s screams could be heard through her gag as the dagger expertly sliced her flesh. She clenched her fists at her sides, her nails digging deeply into the palms of her hands as the rest of her body laid rigid on the floor. The blade of the dagger soaked in a potion designed to burn carvings into her flesh.*

*Hermione loathed this part most.*

*She was crippled by the agony. The corrosive substance oozed its way into her skin, and the burn of it felt excruciating. She would, honestly, rather experience the Cruciatus Curse than endure this. It was sick and twisted. However, she couldn’t help but feel pleased to bare another mark of his own doing. It made her feel special, wanted and loved even, and she took comfort in knowing that.*

*Draco had begun to carve the M into her thigh...*
Hermione wakes abruptly, desperate to purge herself of the dream that plagues her. Both the base of her neck, and her thigh, are tingling.

It was of him, again. They always are.

Hermione didn't know, at first, just how damaging getting involved with a Malfoy would be to her precious soul. His obsession with her became so much more than just sweet lust. She is the bane of his toxic desire. His affections are overwhelmingly consuming, their love so intense; it is destructive, dangerous and volatile. That's why the handsome blond still haunts her dreams, and when she is awake, she relives her nightmares in the flesh -because her body betrays her in ways she cannot explain. Thoughts of his touch and her desire for him are still so strong; it's almost as though he's here.

It still shocks her that, no matter how hard she tries, she can't suppress her appetite for him. Her subconscious claims every second, forcing her mind to betray her with thoughts of him.

The truth is, she is still in love with Draco Malfoy. But how can she still be in love someone who causes her to question all her morals? Someone who makes her want to throw in her golden halo and grow a pair of horns...

How can someone love you so deeply? That they drain your body of all the goodness? And even though you haven't seen him in months, your very pores reek of his essence? Your lips threaten to scream his name while you touch yourself at night; to the image of his beautiful solid face, deliciously planted, firmly in the forefront of your pretty little mind?

They say an orgasm a day keeps the doctor away, but when the reason for your pleasure causes you to question your sanity... Well, one could say Hermione is royally fucked.

Forbidden love. Uncontrollable, treacherous, lethal fucking love. It's not healthy. And Hermione knows all too well the suffering of such an addiction. She struggles with it daily.
They say time heals all wounds.

Hermione’s scars fade day by day - but not all scars show; some run deep. Hermione feels trapped in a prison of her wounds - love, however, is both the lock and the key.

Contrary to belief, she lives through the pain of these so called wounds 24/7, on this rollercoaster called life. She knew it was going to be hard. But she had no idea it was going to be this hard.

The reminders are constant and never changing, and if she is to be honest with herself, admits the truth; she is damaged goods.

Oh yes, she's considered therapy. The healers available to her can certainly make her forget. But she doesn't want to forget.

It makes her feel... Alive.

Snapping out of her thoughts, Hermione watches the shadows of the trees dancing in the wind outside her room. As the moonlight shines through in flickers, patches of light reflect off a small piece of parchment resting on her spare pillow. The pillow he always slept on.

Even though she is under the protection of the Auror protection program and forced to move around often, she is lucky enough to keep such comforts. Sometimes, she looks at his pillow and can see an indent from where he used to lay...

Hermione allows her wand to fill her room with light; taking the parchment in her hand before opening it so carelessly.

I said I would find you. Nobody says no to a Malfoy. DM

Hermione shudders as a chill runs down her spine, yet the corners of her mouth curl ever so slightly. Her fingers brush over the parchment as she rereads it. His words, so possessive so demanding, so - “sweet.” He always knows how to bruise her with his words.

At the realisation of knowing he’d been here, Hermione hastily fumbles her way from her bed, and rushes down the hallway. She pauses when she sees the breathtaking site. Hundreds, if not thousands, of white roses fill her flat. She breathes deeply, appreciating their aroma as her heart skips a beat.

He's been here, she thinks to herself.

Of course, he had been here. Did she really expect him to ignore Valentine's day? Preposterous. This is Draco Malfoy she is dealing with, and a Malfoy never half asses anything.

Hermione admires his effort.

A single white rose lays on her kitchen bench, and she acknowledges it looks oddly out of place. Moving towards it willingly with a strange pull in the pit of her stomach, the feeling of anticipation: rises inside her.
She brings the rose to her nose and basks in its delicious scent - when something startles her.

"Hello my love..."
A single white rose lay on her kitchen bench, and she acknowledges it looks oddly out of place. Moving towards it willingly with a strange pull in the pit of her stomach, the feeling of anticipation rises inside her.

She brings the rose to her nose and basks in its delicious scent - when something startles her.

"Hello, my love."

A tall shadowy figure steps out of the darkness.

Draco stands there; eyebrow raised, a devilish smirk playing on his satisfied face. Hermione gasps - her body seems to be having conflicting reactions at the sight of him. Her fingers tremble, but her heart slams against her chest; she is giddy, and her mind feels a heavy fog.

He’s here in the flesh. Right now.

"I want to talk to my darling. Forgive me my dear - Incarcerous."

Thick, black, snake-like ropes wrap around Hermione. She merely stands, dazed, somewhat lost in the moment.

He came for me, she thinks to herself.

It never ceases to amaze her how she can appear to have her wits about her, but when Draco is in the
flesh or flashes of Draco come to mind, she loses her ability to think straight. A mental fog washes over her, and she feels uncontrollably foolish. It’s strange how the illusions of the mind deceive her.

She knows something isn’t right. But each time a flash of her reason peeks through, and she feels herself fighting to come back, he comes to the forefront of her mind and controls her thoughts all over again.

She remembers things, but she cannot say them. And her friends fail to notice because she is still her same level-headed self but with strange additions: the darkness of a past only she knows of, haunting her.

Draco clears his throat; he swipes his tongue over his lips, "Rappelle - toi de moi," he says.

Hermione's glazed fog lifts and her docile expression is replaced with sheer terror as she is no longer clouded by the curse upon her. She wishes her friends could figure it out and help her.

It is such ancient magic and rather genius. Draco has cursed the words "remember me" in French. Only when the words leave his lips does it render Hermione helpless. Similar to the Imperious curse but in the act of desire, it allows the obsede to 'own' the desired person.

The cursed forces its victim to lose the ability to think negatively of the obsede, clouding judgement, but the power of control also stems from personal desires -meaning the cursed can only be "owned" if their own affections exist. The trance-like state appears visible when the 'cursed' is in the presence of the obsede, forcing the cursed one to submit to their control.

Magic is useless where the cursed is concerned. And the obsede will haunt the cursed in the body, mind, and spirit when in control. If separated from the obsede, the cursed one can live a regular life, failing to rouse suspicions from those who know them best.

Sometimes in her trance like state, Hermione’s mind allows her to break through in short bursts, but it’s never strong enough for her to speak the words: help me.

Everyday she continues to fight the spell she is under in hopes that someone -anyone will recognise the symptoms of such a curse.

She is slowly losing hope...

Hermione admits she is drunk in love. She's intoxicated on the blurry euphoria of loving Draco. But in the moments where she is allowed to think wholly for herself, she can identify a glitch in the matrix.

"Malfoy. Release me. Now!"

"That's no way to greet me after the length of time we've spent apart,” responds Draco flatly. “I'm afraid I simply cannot do that.”

Hermione's voice is completely void of emotion. "You ruin me.”

"You complete me.”

"Is that supposed to be a pickup line? I'm insulted. That's got to be the lamest line in existence..."
"That was just plan A."

"Enlighten me. What is plan B?"

"Take you hostage," replies Draco thickly.

"No," whispers Hermione in disbelief.

"I wasn't giving you an option."

A surge of confidence strikes Hermione, and she finds her voice, "I don't believe abduction is scheduled on my calendar for this evening."

"It's not abduction if you come willingly, Granger. You see, you say one thing. But your body language tells me something different."

Hermione stares blankly ahead, not daring to give him the satisfaction of knowing he is right.

Draco steps forward. "Your empty expression doesn't fool me."

Hermione's chest heaves, and a shaky breath escapes her. She closes her eyes for a second, trying to regain her self-control. _No, I control my body. Not you_, she thinks to herself. She opens her eyes and tries to steady her breath.

He takes another step forward.

"Have you forgotten that I've been inside of you?"

Hermione gulps, her legs shifting uncomfortably, and she clenches her thighs. She can feel herself being drawn in by his seductive words, but she refuses to fall into his trap.

He takes another step forward.

"I've been inside your head, and I know your heart."

Hermione can no longer control the rose flush to her cheeks, but she desperately wishes she could.

Draco takes a final step forward, stopping directly in front of her. There is less than an inch between them, and Hermione can feel his hot breath on her face. He further inches forward, nose to nose.

"I know parts of you better than you know yourself."

Hermione is paralysed, and her internal struggle is failing. Her mind says 'get the fuck out', but her heart slams wildly in her chest, telling her to stay.

And so, the tension continues to build. She would be able to cut the tension between them with a knife and still feel the aftershocks of their separation.

Draco merely stands in her presence, completely transfixed on her. He shows no signs of backing down.

Either one could explode at any moment. The intense feeling between them is clearly mutual.
The fire in the pit of her stomach is raging, and a familiar pressure builds in her abdomen. She tries to push it aside, but given the gravity of the situation, her attempts are fruitless.

"My curse in you exists because you reflect my desires."

Hermione licks her lips subtly. She rolls her tongue along her bottom lip before swiping it back in and her lip trembles. She takes her bottom lip in between her teeth, biting it nervously in an attempt to stop it.

*Bite your lip like that one more time witch, and I swear - Draco thinks to himself.*

Draco inhales deep through his nose -an attempt to calm his urges, but it doesn't work. He's salivating for her. His hands rest flat by his sides, but his fingers tingle with anticipation.

Hermione presses her lips together.

Draco snaps, unable to control himself any longer. He closes the little distance between them by grabbing at her hips, forcing her to close the proximity between them. He swoops a hand around to the lower of her back and holds her there tight.

His other hand busies itself, peeling up the bottom of her nightdress as he slips his hand underneath the silky fabric. He glides his fingertips up her body, relishing in the moment.

He does this entirely whilst holding her gaze, and Hermione resorts to holding her breath in an attempt to ignore his advances. She should have known better.

Draco's mood shifts instantly; he is infuriated at her insolence. His fingertips stop trailing her body and hover over her stomach. He relaxes his strained features, but the bulging, thickened blood vessel on the side of his temple says otherwise. His fingers twitch as a jolt of rage pulses through them, causing his hands to curl into a snug fist.

*Bam.*

He punches her in the stomach, and the brunt of the force causes Hermione, instinctively, to bend forward. Draco catches her, preventing this. He smacks their bodies together, holding her tight as he forces her upright. He lifts her jaw up to face him, and Hermione coughs as she dribbles blood.

Draco pays particular attention to the way her crimson spurts out of her mouth.

*My damaged darling. Why do I enjoy seeing you bleed for me?* He thinks to himself. It takes his breath away, and he is overwhelmed by her beauty at this very moment…

Although weakened from the blow to her stomach, Hermione struggles against his vice-like grip, fighting for her freedom while her mind is still her own.
She wrestles him, manages to free her arms and takes several swipes, missing each one.

“Let. Me. Go!” she shrieks breathlessly as she struggles against his solid body, but she quickly learns how restrictive her movement is. A sharp pang of pain throws her off. She didn’t realise the seriousness of it till now.

Analysing her symptoms, she quickly concluded internal injuries. Most likely her liver, given the location, level of pain and the blood spilling out of her mouth. This is not a good sign, but she doesn’t give up hope, she refuses. Hermione refuses to be his victim anymore. She knows the dangers of returning to him, and she fears she will lose herself completely if she does. A victim of her reality, her consequence. No, she can’t. She won't let him. He has taken enough from her already, and as long as she is alive, she has a reason to fight.

Draco is a deadly weapon of mass destruction. She, a victim of his war. It would only be so long before his rage combusts; his thirst for her is a ticking time bomb and time is almost up…

Displeased by her numerous attempts to strike him, Draco grips her hair. He wraps it around his hand twice and yanks it back violently. He looks down at her and chuckles. Fuck her fighting spirit; she will never win.

He glares at her, watching her quiver in his grip. He feels compelled to take her, right here, right now. With her hair tangled in his grip and her bloody face dripping on the carpet...

“Mine,” he declares possessively, as he brings her face towards him. His patience is wearing thin. Draco uses his grip around her hair to move her face, subsequently yanking her head back to expose her neck. His mouth waters at the sight of her bare flesh as he gravitates towards her chin. The blood that had streamed down her chin is drying, and it resembles a Muggle painting he once saw. He chuckles at the irony of having recreated such a trivial thing with a muggle born witch.

He amorously dives into her neck. Kissing it, tugging at it with his teeth and sucking it. He entertains the idea of tasting her trauma, and his tongue connects with her flesh at the thought of it. He glides and flutters his tongue up her neck like a hummingbird. He reaches the drying blood on her chin in no time, and he licks at her nectar, like a dog lapping at a bowl of water.

Hermione's stomach contracts so violently that she had no time to give warning. Her dinner of stewed beef and vegetables propels from her stomach, and Draco is disgusted and pissed off at her interruption.

He throws her to the floor, and she curls up in the fetal position, doing her best to ignore the agonising pain she's in. She finally allows herself to cry.

Draco crouches over her, and before he gets a chance to say something Hermione spits a combination of blood a vomit at him. She continues with laboured breaths, unable to find the strength to speak, but the deadly glare on her face says it all.

Draco scourgifies himself at once. He steps back and watches her lay motionless in a pathetic heap on the floor. He tries to repress his uncontrollable rage, but he's been pushed too far.
As she lays there with swollen eyes, he sees right through her and thinks, ‘insubordinate bitch.’

“This is why we can't have nice things Granger,” he says in an abrasive manner.

Hermione ignores him, desperately trying to formulate an escape plan.

“You're going to regret that.” He crouches over her body and whispers, “what doesn't kill you only makes you stronger.”

Hermione’s head snaps back to find his unsettling gaze and her eyes drill into him. “What doesn’t kill me might make me kill you.”

The corner of Draco’s lips curl as his mind fills with sinister thoughts. Hermione’s fire has refuelled his desire, and he is reminded of her delicious spirit. It sparks his boundless urge as he feels the need to crush her again.

"Please," Draco whispers, "do try... it will add to the pleasure of the foreplay. Until then, goodnight. Ne m'oublie pas .”

It only takes a second for Hermione to plunge into the darkness of the foggy veil. Just like that, she loses herself behind the illusion of her mind, his face the forefront of it all.

Draco leaves Hermione on the floor in her cloud. It normally takes her while to regain a sense of normalcy. Even so, he wants to move things along rather quickly. He scourgifies her and then proceeds to take care of business.

“Stupefy.”
Hello!

I'm sorry I held onto this chapter for so long. I really got into writing and I couldn't ignore the flow.

My muse is creating havoc and calling me whilst I should be sleeping. So naturally, I've been getting sweet fuck all. I admit some things in the future are going to get crazy...

*I've fixed some mistakes in previous chapters.

This chapter has some lemon. Hopefully you like it. If not I'll probably cry! Ahah

As always, please leave a review! It helps keep me motivated to write when I know you are enjoying it!
- GiTG X

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Valentine's day, a year ago…

Draco had been shadowing Hermione as she travelled across Europe.

She'd told her friends she wanted more diversity as her craving for knowledge far surpassed that of the wizarding world, and her childhood muggle learnings were incomplete. And so she visited the many libraries around Europe, stroking the binding of fragile books and inhaling the stale scent of ancient texts.

Hermione was soaking up new knowledge, and she couldn't remember a time where she'd felt this happy. She had been in Italy for a few weeks and had grown rather fond of an English rose garden behind the old church next to the library. She'd spend most of her days there, reading or strolling the garden, and she was particularly fond of the white roses…

Today was Valentine's day, and Hermione planned on doing the same thing she'd been doing for the past week: lazing under the apple tree surrounded by the fragrant white rose bushes. She munched away a deliciously crisp green apple when she noticed the tall blonde watching her. She slammed her book shut, hiked up the sleeves of her blouse and stormed toward him.

It was not long before she was nose to nose with him. Clearly, her fury had gotten the better of her;
personal space was no longer an issue.

Draco watched as Hermione stormed toward him. If this was her attempt to intimidate him, he welcomed it. He'd always enjoyed that fire that burnt inside of her, and he'd often fantasised about driving his cock deep into her fiery pit and dousing it with his cold, hard ice.

"Following me are you, Malfoy?"

Draco smirked as he stood his ground.

"This will be easier than I thought’, he thought to himself.

"And what if I am?” He affirmed as he tore his seductive glare into her furious hazel one.

His gaze was so intense; she felt as though a piece of his soul had latched onto her. She shook off the feeling quickly enough and blinked several times.

"Please go make use of the local pub. I'm sure some moistened bint will go home with you.” Hermione scoffed.

"But I'd much rather take a moistened Mudblood,” said Draco as he firmly cupped his hand at the ridge between her thighs. "Right here. Right now.”

Hermione felt a burning pulse between her legs and Draco sensed this. He pressed his cupped hand harder against her, and she lifted her heels off the floor in an attempt to escape him.

"No!” she stammered as a light blush found her cheeks.

"Nobody says no to a Malfoy,” said Draco confidently.

"You disgust me!” shouted Hermione, as she now stood completely on her tippy toes; Draco's hand remained firmly cupped between her legs. She suppressed a chill that ran through her and snapped, "Say that again, and you can reminisce about that time I almost broke your nose in our 3rd year.”

Draco licked his lips in anticipation.

"Give it to me, Granger. This sin is worth it.”

Hermione was still perched on her tippy toes; she felt her bottom lip tremble as she tried to gather her wits about her. Draco had begun massaging between her legs, rubbing with just enough pressure to arouse her.

"Touch me again, and I'll kill you,” she proclaimed

"In case you haven't noticed, and I daresay you have; because I can practically feel your clit pulsing through your pants and you like it.”

Bam .
Hermione punched Draco square on the nose, and as his blood trickled down his face, he was filled with a raw yearning. The burning desire inside him exploded, and it was all he needed to claim her. His hand left her ridge at once; he grabbed her waist and lifted her, forcing her to wrap her legs around his waist.

Draco wordlessly charmed the rose bushes to part, and the surrounding foliage layered itself in a way as to provide adequate cushioning. He laid her down on the bed of white roses and peppered her neck with kisses.

Hermione was overwhelmed. She had a growing temperature between her legs, and there was only one way to cool it down.

She gripped the back of Draco’s head and pushed his head south of her. He refused to follow her lead. Instead, he hovered over her chest as he ripped open her blouse, exposing her perky little titties. He tore at the material of her silky bra, further exposing her, and by doing so, allowed his hands to cup each one as he gave them a firm squeeze. He dived into her cleavage, nipping and sucking at her flesh, and his bloody nose painted her chest as he went.

He kissed his way across her chest and found her nipple. He licked it, and as the wind blew her bee sting sprung to life. He kissed his way across to her other nipple, sure to give it the same treatment. And as he did he rolled her other between his thumb and forefinger. Hermione moaned at his expense.

Goose bumps covered her chest, and she shuddered while he continued to tend to her. She had a firm grip on his hair by now, and the tension had begun to build.

Draco was growing impatient, his hands began wandering all over her till he found the top of her pants. He pulled at them hard enough for the buttons to spring off, and he dragged her pants past her thighs with a sense of urgency. He bit and sucked her skin as he trailed from the top of her stomach to her abdomen. He left behind a trail of his blood, and the beginning of bruises and teeth marks could be seen.

"The things I’m going to do to you; you’ll wish you could deny,” muttered Draco in between his feverish kisses.

Hermione couldn’t believe she was considering this, but it felt so good having him all over her body. No one had touched her like this before, and his words created a frenzy inside of her. She wanted to relish the moment. Being a Gryffindor made it acceptable for her to be a little reckless, right? Who was she kidding, a little? No. This was a lot - yes! But no one needed to know... Embracing her lioness courage with just a drop or two of Gryffindor recklessness, Hermione allowed her thoughts to leave her lips. "Ruin me."

Draco’s head snapped up at her sound of the instruction.

"Tell me twice."

"I want you to ruin me, Draco."
And just like that, the calm, tranquil garden surrounding them became the devil's playground, idle minds and busy hands committing an unspeakable sin together.

Draco's hands slipped underneath her arse, and he gripped her cheeks as he continued south. He was on the trail of destruction, and Hermione bucked her hips as his lips reached the divide between her legs. Hungri ly, he layered kisses there.

His tongue rolled at her lips, the ones between her hips, and Hermione shuddered as she felt the swipe of his tongue, rolling and pulsing firm licks at her clit. For once, he was putting his tongue to good use.

"Oh, Draco. Don't stop."

He didn't. He wouldn't dream of it. He had her exactly where he wanted her and she was his for the taking.

Hermione was panting. Her pleasure was building at an unstoppable rate, and Draco continued on his mission to “take” her.

As her hips thrust forward, Draco pulled them into him, and he took her there. His name erupted from her lips, and she shook beneath his face as pleasure pulsed through her body. She collapsed in the aftermath of it.

Draco's hands slipped out from under her arse; one folded around her thigh, and the other glided down to her slit. A quick swipe of his fingers told him she was ready, so he didn't waste any time. He loosened his pants and teased her juicy cunt; her body was begging for it. He mercilessly pummelled into her.

Each drive was hard and desperate, and Draco wanted to pound her into oblivion. She appeared to want that too, because the look on her face was a confused mix of pure enjoyment and shock. He knew how to take care of that look.

Draco swooped his face down and crashed his lips onto hers, and she reciprocated.

Together, their tongues played a game of push and shove; neither wanted to end their greedy game of tag. And as they both lingered on the edge of Satan's abyss, Hermione clawed Draco’s back. He bit her lip; continued to thrust against her bucking hips with repetitive drive. He felt her body tremble with her release, so he allowed the explosion of his. His warmth filled her up, and her half-lidded eyes gazed at him. With a smug look on his face, he mused, -I will ruin you beyond anything you've ever known, my love...
Hello!

I'm overjoyed that you are liking OCL so much! It honestly plants a giant smile on my face to know that my hardwork is being enjoyed. So I just want to say thank you for the support! I love reading your comments and look forward to reading them every update.

Sorry it took so long to get this chapter up.

I am absolutely honoured to announce that my now good friend ;) Mr Benzedrine aka ~A, is enjoying OCL so much, that she reached out to beta for me. Some mistakes were still slipping through. So she has been busy checking previous chapters as well as new ones. So expect a rush of sporadic updates ;) I will let you know when I've uploaded the new edits to previous chapters. Changes are mainly grammar, tense, and commas but it'll make reading OCL much more pleasant, don't you think? :) 

Well, well, well. It's a slippery slope from now on. I hope you are ready. If you don't want spoilers ignore the tag updates. The next few chapters, I'll be adding more...

Let me know what you think X

-GiTG

Draco leaves Hermione on the floor in her cloud. It normally takes her while to regain a sense of normalcy. Even so, he wants to move things along rather quickly. He scourgifies her, and then proceeds to take care of business.

“Stupefy.”

They arrive in the grand foyer of the Malfoy Manor.

Theodore Nott is standing in the doorway of the Manor’s main sitting room, Firewhiskey in hand. Curiously, he raises his brow at the sight of Draco and Hermione. He can see she's in rough shape, but he remains indifferent because he values his life more than hers; despite the pang in his chest, he fights to push aside.
He swirls the ice cubes around his glass before knocking back the remainder of his drink. He watches Draco with prying eyes as he levitates Hermione's body toward the dungeons.

Draco simply ignores him. His mind, busy with the reality developing, proves far too important. Thoughts of all the things he will do to her tonight flood his mind. Real life had proven a difficult barrier as of late, but now she is here, back where she belongs, and Theo can get fucked if he thinks he can interrupt his plans for this evening.

Draco quickens his pace but it isn’t long before he can hear Theo’s doubled pace behind him. Draco stops to acknowledge Theo’s presence, but he isn’t polite. -Nosy fucking prick, he thinks to himself… "And here you are, come to be my voice of reason?"

"What the fuck are you doing, Draco?"

Draco scoffs, "What the fuck do you think I'm doing, Nott? Now, if you'll excuse me, I have business to attend to."

"Business. Working on your abduction policy I see."

"She wasn't cooperating."

Theo stares at Draco with growing concern. He cuts to the chase, not sugarcoating anything.

"The order will come for her, Draco. People like Hermione Granger don't just disappear under the radar. They'll know..." He glances at Hermione briefly, being careful to remain detached and void of all emotion. The state of her hits a nerve, though. She had clearly been scourgified, but her skin looks pretty banged up. Theo knows far too well all the sick and twisted things Draco likes to do to her. The true horror of Draco’s sadistic tendencies stretched far beyond his own imagination; having experienced it himself, Theo is more than adept to Draco extensive list of leisurely activities. He wants to help her, but he can’t. And he is doing his best to keep a clear mind in case Draco feels the need to poke around in it. He is lucky he doesn’t feel compelled to leave. Draco knows it would cause him anguish to stay, and Draco liked that immensely.

Hogwarts, 7th year ...

Draco realised Theo was up to something when he'd stopped fucking Daphne and Pansy. He sensed a change. Theo oozed satisfaction, dripped in goodness, and the attractive fellow Slytherin had a certain glow about him that was hard to pinpoint.

Over the course of the weeks, Theo's smirk had developed from deadly to something short of weird, wonderful, and warm even, and he reeked of sex.

Draco had found this curious, so naturally he had succumbed to his urge to investigate and begun
keeping tabs on him.

Theo had been sneaking off to the prefects bathroom on the 5th floor and, coincidently, Hermione Granger had been there to greet him. Draco found this intriguing, and his curiosity beckoned him with pried eyes.

He waited in the shadows with bated breath, allowing the bathroom’s occupants a minute or two to fully divulge in their reasons for being there.

It was not long before he cast a disillusionment charm and surreptitiously slipped into their forbidden sanctuary.

Draco watched Theo with enraged greed as Hermione was pressed up against the shower. He was fucking her, that much was true, and she was enjoying it.

Jealousy was the perfect combination of when love and hate collided, and it was simmering in the pit of his stomach. Draco had never felt the sting of jealousy before, it pricked him hard, and its poisonous venom seeped into his veins.

He watched Theo devour Hermione's breasts while plunging his cock deep inside her. With each thrust, the sound of Hermione's laboured breaths increased, as did Theo's. It was not long before they climaxed, and the sound of their grunts and moans tormented Draco immediately.

He was beyond shocked at the revelation; Theo had given up Pureblood Slytherin pussy for none other than the Gryffindor pussy of innocent mudblood Hermione Granger. Well - not so innocent. It also made him question what could be so good about the mudblood that was worth tainting Theo's pureblood status with that of a blood traitor?

He felt displeased that such an alliance was formed in these very walls of Hogwarts, where blood prejudice was well and truly alive. And, more importantly, Theo's disregard for Slytherin’s core values was pushed aside so easily, for a fucking Gryffindor's pussy no less.

Draco wondered how Theo had successfully deceived the head Girl, not to mention an entire house of Slytherins. He now recognized Theo as a true threat in the scheme of things.

Draco found this situation peculiar and enticing to say the least. Not that he hadn't noticed Hermione before. He most definitely had, he just didn't have the balls to pursue her. Call it cowardice, but he was not fucking stupid. Theo wasn't a coward, obviously. How the fuck did he manage to bed the smartest witch of their age? And more importantly why did she risk her reputation and enjoy it so?

It was then that a strange obsession tickled Draco's senses, and he begun observing them.

Draco watched Theo fuck Hermione daily as they snuck of to their rendezvous in the prefect bathroom on the 5th floor. They would desperately rip each other’s clothes off and, quite literally, lose themselves in fucking, which was an unexplainable bliss Draco had yet to experience. He'd become quite accustomed to the way Hermione’s tits would bounce each time Theo thrust into her; the sound of their pleasure and the smell of their sex that lingered in the air... it aroused him.

He felt an insatiable appetite brewing. It was some intense fucking feeling of wanting to fuck and kill
them both, and he couldn't ignore it.

_Hermione and Theo seemed to have become more bold and risky as their tryst continued to blossom._

_He wanted to destroy it._

_He had this burning desire to rip the confidence out from underneath them and wipe that satisfied smirk off Theo's fucking face every day when he'd just fucked Hermione and returned to class as though it never happened. Draco wanted to fuck Hermione better than Theo had and tear her apart, piece by piece, until she was nothing but his. He wanted to own her heart. He wanted nothing more than to fuck their shit up so they couldn't enjoy each other anymore and make them hurt for it. And he wanted Theo to pay for it most of all._

_Draco's strange obsession had left him wanting, needing her, so bad that he wanted to kill Theo for her. But brewing in the back of his mind was something far more sinister and rewarding._

_What could be more rewarding than stopping someone's heart from beating? Only then did the most conniving evil plot birth in Draco's mind, and he instantaneously put the wheels in motion._
Hogwarts, 7th year continued...

It was a Saturday, which meant many of the schools occupants were visiting Hogsmeade. All but a very small select few, including the star crossed lovers; they had plans for their usual rendezvous which most definitely involved fucking each other senseless… This meant it was the most opportune moment for Draco to put his plan into motion.

Draco’s stealthy steps stalked Theo as he approached the 5th floor. He watched as Hermione and Theo entered the prefects bathroom and didn’t wait a minute longer.

Still under the guise of a disillusionment charm, Draco entered and the door slammed shut behind him. He was quick to cast a muffliato and several locking charms. He felt like he’d been preparing for this his whole life and, finally, it was about to go down.

Hermione and Theo jumped apart, startled by the intrusion. They had already stripped off their clothing and were in a rather compromising position.

“Draco, what the fuck are you doing?” Said Theo as he scrambled to fetch Hermione's clothes so she could cover herself.
“I could ask you the same thing, Nott. Don't worry about the clothing, though. She won't be needing it,” Draco responded with a calculating glare. “Locomotor mortis.”

Theo dropped quicker than a sack of dragon dung as he was hit with a leg locking curse and then bound. Before Theo could say anything, Draco flicked his wand, and nothing but silence could be heard from Theo's moving lips. Theo was furious.

Recognising a threat when she saw one, Hermione summoned her wand immediately and shouted “Stupefy!”

Draco deflected it.

“Is that all you've got, Granger? You're a fool if you think you can knock me out.”

A sense of urgency overtook Hermione, and she cast an Expelliarmus, but Draco blocked it. She started casting wordlessly, a hex here, a curse there; each time she flicked her wand, Draco swiped his and shielded or dodged it.

With Theo silenced, bound, and leg locked, he was helpless. He still had his wits about him, and he was trying with all his might to conjure his wordless magic, but he was inexperienced and failing dismally.

Draco wanted Theo to witness everything he was going to do to Hermione. Hell, he wanted him to feel it too. Draco muttered a charm which forced Theo's eyes open. Instantly, Theo felt compelled to keep engaged on Draco's activities and was unable to blink or turn away from him.

For a charm of Draco's own making, he was rather proud of it, this being his first time to use it properly.

Meanwhile, Hermione continued to put up a fight, but she avoided using the only curses against Draco that would have aided her.

Draco hit her with a knockback jinx, and Hermione propelled back several feet, hitting the wall behind her. The force of it felt like a punch to the stomach, and the exertion of the pressure left her feeling winded.

Draco stepped over Theo's bound body.

Theo's eyes never left Draco's movements as he went.

Draco reached a metre away from Hermione; the blow from the knockback jinx had caught her off guard, and she was struggling to get to her feet. Her wand had landed several feet away from her.

Draco summoned her wand, and his lips twisted into a sneer as he filled with satisfaction at his accomplishment. He didn't give her a second to register the gravity of the situation. He wanted to make her weaker.

The Cruciatus curse left Draco's lips before he knew it was coming, and Hermione laid on the floor, writhing in pain as the curse convulsed through her. Her body twisted and contorted- she felt the brunt of it, and every nerve in her body was on fire, but she refused to let him hear her scream. Her internal scream, however, was a piercing, agonising wail.
Hermione was physically weakened by the curse. Mentally, she had drive, focus, and a strong will to escape. But a pang of guilt hit her as she thought of Theo. She couldn't leave him behind. This was truly a shitty situation, and she felt foolish having been so caught up with him. Enough so that she let her guard down and ultimately endangered both of their lives...

Draco was eager to start.

It was all aboard the Malfoy express; destination: pain, pleasure and despair. He winked at Theo before circling Hermione. Theo's eyes watered as they remained pried open, the thin flesh around his eye sockets stretched, and several blood vessels in the whites of his eyes had ruptured. His eyebrows attempted to furrow, but it only pulled his skin more taut and resisted his attempted movement.

Draco's attention was focused only on Hermione now. He was taking in the sight of her, and he felt a slight tug in his pants.

"I must admit, Granger, I didn't know seeing you writhing on the floor in pain at my expense would do things to me."

Hermione's eyebrows furrowed as a single tear slid down her face. "Screw you Malfoy," she retorted.

Draco gleamed; he was pleased this had been so easy. He was intrigued by her response, no less. His disposition shifted to that of a predator as his lips retracted to expose his teeth, a broad smile graced his cold, hard face. His presence became somewhat animalistic, unpleasant and rough. He inhaled her scent and was disappointed he couldn't smell her fear. But, as beads of sweat formed on Hermione's face, he could sense her fear. And even though the bold Gryffindor presented a brave face, no doubt trying to formulate a plan, he knew there was no way she could escape this. He exhaled as he stalked toward her. Less than a foot away, he bent down and whispered, "Is that an invitation, Granger?"

Hermione froze, the fear she was trying to suppress rising from her stomach and forming a large lump in her throat. She licked her parched lips. Her mouth was incredibly dry, and she was finding it hard to swallow. She wanted to cough - this lump in her throat was choking her, and her panic was rising. She pushed her fear aside, not wanting to give Draco the satisfaction of knowing she was afraid. She urged herself to muster her Gryffindor courage and rise above this fucked up situation.

His whisper echoed in her head and she shivered as goose bumps covered her skin. She had managed to throw on her school skirt and shirt earlier, but her shirt was still unbuttoned exposing her perky breasts. She regretted she hadn't the time to find her bra.

Hermione pushed with all her might to lift her head, squaring her with his gaze.

"Over my dead body, Malfoy," Hermione spat. She delivered such words with ease, but she hated how it sounded rolling off her tongue.

Draco tilted his head, admiring her courage. However, he wanted to stamp on it at the same time. He noticed her body becoming restless, and he recognised her internal fight was helping her regain
Draco chuckled. “Do you honestly think I'd give you the easy way out, Granger?”

He could use all the magic in the world on her, but he didn't find the methods nearly as satisfying as doing it up close and personal. Muggle methods for a deliciously filthy Mudblood seemed tempting—but would it do? He questioned himself. He already had a plan formed, yet he allowed himself a moment to explore his full potential.

“Immobulus,” he uttered, and Hermione laid stock still on the floor, paralysed while he executed his plan.
Spoiling you!
I'll be brief. I did not use drugs whilst writing this but it may appear that way.

Check the tags for updates on content if you are sensitive. I guess you could say OCL is pretty fucking dark. I know you are all anxiously waiting for what happens back at the Manor in the dungeons. It's coming soon! These past events are important :)

As always, I would love to hear what you think. It keeps me motivated.

-GiTG x

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7th year, Hogwarts continued..

Draco’s mind went to work as he conjured some objects. First, a blindfold, to rob her of sight so she couldn't see what was coming. He glided his index finger and third digit over her eyelids to close them and slipped the black silky cloth over her head to cover them. He secured it tight at the back; no amount of force could remove it unless he did so.

Draco summoned some of the basics: pocket knife, copper cauldron, and an array of brewing instruments. He removed from his pocket a small phial that resembled apple juice. It was 110mg equivalent to 1 bite of venom from an inland Taipan snake; enough to kill 100 muggles.

He worked quickly, setting up his cauldron over a low flame, and added the Taipan venom promptly. It simmered and spat at the change in temperature. He followed by adding 2 parts of Boomslang skin, the entire head of a Death Adder, 1 inch of an Eastern Brown Tail, and the tongue of a Black Mamba.

All of the ingredients sizzled and popped away at the introduction of each new addition. Draco continued to let it brew while he prepared the final ingredients. He retrieved his pocket knife and ran the blade across his forearm in a quick, deep swipe. He noted how it resembled a matchstick swiping a match box- except the roaring flame that came to life was the sharp burn from the edge of the blade which had cut his skin. The dull ache made him feel alive. His blood gushed to the surface, and he drizzled it into a clear flask. He allowed himself to give 50mls.

Draco stepped back to admire his concoction as it bubbled away. Everything was going to plan. He crouched beside Hermione’s immobile body. There were many parts of her he wished to slice, but for this particular part, he kept it simple. The forearm. He raised her arm, found the edge of his pocket knife, and rested the blade on her for a moment. He looked back to watch Theo, and he was pleased to see shock, panic, and terror. Theo’s dilated pupils indicated as much.

He returned his focus on Hermione, leaning down to let his tongue swipe her forearm. Her skin tasted salty from her sweat, and he could smell her essence now; old parchment, cinnamon and
rose. It soothed him in ways he couldn’t even imagine.

Draco snapped back to the task at hand. He glided the blade along her supple skin; she didn’t even flinch. He allowed her blood to pool before tilting it to the side and trickling 25 mls into to same flask that contained his own.

Next, Draco found himself beside Theo, and he flashed the bloody blade in front of him. The light reflected off the silver blade, and Draco paid attention to how their crimson looked the same. He was taken aback by it, but didn’t let it linger in his mind for long. He still had Theo to take from.

Grasping Theo’s forearm, he repeated the process and allowed the cut to pool before adding another 25 mls to the flask.

There it was: their blood combined, and the bond they were about to share would be extraordinary. It was time for the formalities. Draco had tweaked this process, but, with the blood bind included, he was sure it was going to work.

Draco removed his cauldron from the heat; it needed a few minutes to cool. He took it upon himself to strip Hermione of her clothing; it was rather difficult trying to bend and flex her while she was immobile. He summoned a needle and a curious muggle liquid that had been tweaked to use on magical folk.

He’d found it on the black market; responsible for lowering inhibitions, increased sex drive, feelings of euphoria, memory lapses and relaxing muscles- Liquefied E in muggle terms, however the little man at the market told him it was now Liquid Goblin. Added effects included willingness, awareness and mindlessness. He wanted it to be absorbed as quickly as possible so he could “wake” her without a fuss. Draco intravenously administered the substance into a vein on the arm opposite to the one he cut. He tapped his wand on the injection site to speed things up and, her body pumped the substance throughout her body with ease.

Draco muttered the counter curse, and Hermione grudgingly awakened from her frozen mould...

Hermione awoke to nothing but a black shield of silky cloth blocking her vision. She felt a little groggy, but her perception of things was off; due to being unable to take in her surroundings. Her head felt rather blurry, and she felt a dull ache in her left arm, but any attempts to move were fruitless. She vaguely remembered the events leading up to this, and a sudden chill at the realisation struck her.

Hermione tried to move her mouth to speak, but all she could do was manage to mumble, and her mouth couldn’t even form shapes to speak words. Her jaw felt like she’d just been to a dentist: that stiff, jaw lock feeling after anaesthesia. She attempted to lift herself, but her body was limp.

Hermione had an inkling that something was very wrong, but the more she tried to concentrate on it, the harder it was to think straight. She tried; her body had begun to feel weightless. She tried again; an intense euphoric feeling overwhelmed her senses...
She forgot what she was trying to do now, so she submerged herself in this incredible high she was feeling.

It was now time to take the potion. Draco fetched it, the potion now cool to touch. He slowly poured the liquid into the same flask that contained their blood. As the potion mixed, it made a gurgling noise and bubbled on impact.

Theo was still watching, unable to tear himself away. His eyes now felt a slow, dry burn, and he was apprehensive as he allowed his fear to creep to the surface. Draco had that predatory serpent look in his eyes. It was really rather frightening and perplexing; soulless tools that gave you the look of death and an unspoken hunger that threatened to rob you of your very soul. Draco’s concentration didn’t falter, and it unnerved Theo.

Theo tried to ignore becoming completely absorbed in Draco’s eyes; his mind tried to focus on his magic, feeling the need to be guarded now more than ever. He’d had his mind read in the past, but whatever was happening now was definitely not an intrusion of his mind. Draco refused to speak, and that’s what awakened Theo’s suspicions. Slytherins were many things, but their ability to sense when things were “off” were tenfold.

It was no coincidence the Slytherin mascot is a snake. Reptiles were known for being cold and calculating with the sharpest of senses, and, unlike mammals, they thrived from detachment. Draco however, was beyond that. Reptiles showed no mercy. You either dominate them or they dominate you. Draco didn’t give him a choice.

Theo’s suspicions were now full blown fear. He felt the tug of a strange, alluring darkness pulling him in.

An awkward blush rose to Theo’s cheeks, embarrassed at the thought of feeling slightly seduced by Draco’s intense and emotionless disposition.

Draco held Theo’s gaze while he poured a generous amount of potion down his throat. He coughed and spluttered as he chugged the lukewarm liquid, taking care not to waste a drop of it. Draco felt it burn on the way down, and he struggled to compose himself as he felt the venom surge through his body. He kept a portion of it in his mouth and he dropped like a sack of shit, his hand flying up to summon his wand.

Without delay, Draco transfigured his head into a Basilisk and the contents in his mouth quickly filled the venom gland he’d grown.

Draco struck Theo, and his fangs penetrated just enough of the combined substance into him.

Draco thought it was rather genius of himself really; if a Basilisk could be used to destroy a Horcrux, then why couldn’t some elements of it be combined to create them? So, after extensive research, and nosing into Voldemort's personal belongings he’d found hidden at the manor, he figured out how to create living Horcruxes without the element of sacrificial protection. He’d
discovered that, with the combination of a Horcruxes usual elements -- a kill and the sacred blood ritual -- he could create Horcruxes based on burning desire. And, if he administered such via the fangs of a Basilisk, it meant they couldn’t be destroyed by a Basilisk.

The snake potion, used in addition to the blood ritual, served only one purpose. It allowed all involved a direct link to experience each other’s pleasure and or pain during the binding, much like a snake’s inability to hear yet feel vibrations. The link appealed to him because Hermione could only feel extreme pleasure, and he wanted Theo to feel extreme pain.

The substance took hold of Theo quickly, and Draco didn’t hang around to witness it. He approached Hermione as she continued to lay there, blindfolded and high on The Goblin. He crouched over her and removed her blindfold, his head still transfigured as a Basilisk. She did not appear to register it was unusual and smiled giddily at him with lust filled eyes.

Draco leaned over her neck and found a snug little spot that would be easily concealed behind her ear. His forked tongue flickered out of his mouth, and he was surprised at how different a snake’s sense of smell was to a wizard. He could almost taste her skin. He darted his eyes over to Theo quickly and wordlessly removed the muffliato. He wanted to hear Theo’s agony from now on.

Unable to contain himself, Draco withdrew his fangs and struck Hermione once. After he deposited equal parts into her, he transfigured his head back to his human form and proceeded to set up to consummate the binding, and cement their sacred bond...
Chapter Notes

Chapter 8 is here, and this is officially the end of the past. So here's a nice chunky 3k ch. Get your OLC fix!

I know you're looking forward to Draco's dungeon ;) I am too.

Beta love to Mr Benzedrine, you are truly wonderful! X

Let me know what you think x

-GiTG

*This chapter contains Dub con + anal*

Btw, all previous chapters have been re beta'd by Mr Benzedrine and have been updated. Hooray!

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7th year, Hogwarts continued...

The moment Draco struck Hermione with his fangs, Theo felt an identical sharp stab behind his ear, and his heart rate increased as he felt the blood drain from his face.

“Fuck!” yelled Theo.

Draco sniggered, “Now the fun really begins, Nott.”

“Fuck you, Draco! What the fuck are you doing to her? Get the fuck off her! I'll fucking kill you!”

“I'd like to see you try. In fact, I welcome the challenge. Incase you haven't noticed, Nott, you are defenseless right now.”

Draco locked his eyes on Hermione as he took her hands and guided her to stand. She was vacant, oblivious to it all. He smirked. She cooperated so willingly.

“Who would have thought; all it took to shut Granger up and make her submit was a cocktail of drugs and potions. Tell me, how did you manage to woo her, Nott?”

“Don't fucking touch her,” Theo spat

“Pfft. Don't tell me you did it the honest way. Such a pathetic example of a Slytherin.”
Draco led Hermione's hands to his pants, and she unbuttoned them dutifully.

“Hermione! Hermione stop! Hermione, I know you’re in there. Wake up, Hermione! Fight!”

“She can't hear you right now. At the moment, she's fucking high on a concoction of things. Most importantly - the effects of a binding potion, which will make her lust for me until we complete the sacred bond.”

“You fucking didn’t!”

“I fucking did. I desire her, but I desire the love you were capable of giving her. You see, it's far more complex than any binding you are aware of. So, let me break it down for you real quick. Until the bind is complete, you will feel excruciating pain. Hermione will feel absolute pleasure. You will feel pain every time I penetrate her. Every time her body gives into me and she screams in pleasure, you will scream in agony. If you're sadistic, you may even get off on it. When she climaxes the bond is complete, however, I plan on bringing her to, over and over again. And that's not even the twisted part.”

Draco walked Hermione over to the basin directly in line of Theo's sight.

“That little thing I did before? Well, prior to coming here, I stopped two people from breathing, in order to rip my soul. And I am pleased to say that you and your dear Mudblood will bare part of my soul. I've anchored a part of me in each of you. Forever.”

“You've lost your mind, Draco! You are fucking insane.”

“You're being irrational, Nott. I'm completely fucking sane - with a twist of insanity.”

“Drac-”

“Question my sanity again, Nott, and I'll fucking cut her-”

Theo choked back his words. He remained frozen in disbelief that this was actually happening. He looked over at Hermione, helpless and oblivious to the true horror unfolding. It pained him to think of how she would cope after this…

She is the girl he loved, and he was full of regret for so many things. He didn't regret her, no, he couldn’t; she meant too much too him. But he regretted not taking more precautions to protect their relationship; to protect her. He should have known it was only a matter of time before someone would be onto them. He didn't expect it to be Draco though, and he certainly didn't expect him to lose his mind over it.

This day had quickly gone from sensual and satisfying to utterly fucked up madness...

Theo watched as Draco ravaged Hermione's neck in a way that could only be portrayed animalistic, and he felt sick. He could feel what seemed like a thousand needles pricking his neck, but there were no puncture wounds at the site of the feeling. His cheeks hollowed out and dimpled, as a harsh
woosh of air escaped him through gritted teeth.

He understood perfectly well what was going to happen. Draco's words repeated in his mind... defenseless... cocktail of drugs and potions... lust for me until we complete the sacred bond... I've anchored a part of me in each of you. Forever...

A shudder rolled through his body, and a fresh surge of tears spilled from his strained eyes. Theo was not ashamed at expressing his emotions, and he was grateful he had the ability to feel so deeply. The payoff; his tears were undoubtedly soothing his dried eyeballs; they'd begun to resemble shriveled prunes.

He braced himself, not scared for the pain he was going to endure, but for Hermione. He questioned - 'could she live with herself after this? Will she still care for him? Will she ever forgive him for not protecting her?' He saw a vast difference between himself and Draco, and he allowed his mind to distract him. The possibility of him being placed in the wrong house ate at him. He imagined how different things would be if he was sorted into Gryffindor. He wished he could pinch himself and wake up from this nightmare, but the throbbing ache in his arm from his wound proved enough to remind him he was awake, and that this was very fucking real. He heard Draco's voice, and it broke his thoughts. The horror continued, and he bared witness to it all...

Draco didn't feel the need to take his time; the beast in him was ready to be unleashed. He was about to satisfy his craving - finally...

Hermione still seemed oblivious to him, which, for the time being, was in his best interest. But later down the track, he would have to devise a plan to allow her to actively participate and give into him, willingly, and suppress her magic whilst still having elements of herself. He admitted it was not quite the same as having her spit fire at him. But this would have to do - for now.

Draco placed his hands on top of Hermione's shoulders as he stood behind her, and his fingertips fluttered along her lustrous skin. Her skin prickled with goose bumps at his touch, and it only encouraged him more. He placed his nose on the base of her neck and inhaled. He was surprised to discover that the concoction of drugs he'd given her had altered her scent, but he didn't let it concern him. In the future, though, it would not do.

Draco's lips lightly trembled as they made contact with her skin for the first time, and a sort of frenzy overwhelmed his senses. He ravaged her neck; nipping and sucking her flesh; bruising, and breaking her skin. His teeth tugged at her, and he found it oddly satisfying how her skin stretched each time he tugged; how his teeth sunk back into her. She wasn't rubbery at all.

He allowed his hands to wander down the back of her shapely body, and his fingers dutifully glided the outline of her hourglass figure. His hands stopped their venture to admire her perfect peach. -'Arse like that is just begging for the taking,' he mused as he cupped her cheeks in a fierce grip and squeezed. He leaned forward, resting his chin on her shoulder and looked at her; looking at him, in the reflection of the mirror. He smirked at her as he quirked a brow and she smiled back warmly. -'So inviting, my witch.'

Draco's hands slid from her arse to her elbows within seconds and he guided her arms forward. Her hands found the edge of the basin, and Hermione rested on it obediently, still gazing lustfully at Draco through the mirror. Draco couldn't suppress his ragged breath at his excitement. He allowed his unbuttoned pants to fall to the floor, and he kicked them to the side with unparalleled ease. He pulled her hips back, pushed the base of her neck down, and her back curved synonymously as her arse pushed out.
Draco glanced at Theo in the reflection of the mirror, and he was pleased to see him shaking in fury. -‘So fucking weak,’ he thought to himself.

Draco’s tongue darted out of his mouth to wet his lips. He was mesmerized by those meaty pieces of flesh. Up close and personal with her like this made his heart pound wildly in his chest... - ‘So supple, so tender…’ he thought as he admired every inch of her bare behind. He held her hip with one hand as his other connected with her arse.

Smack.

The sound of his hand colliding with her skin pierced his senses, so he did it again, relishing the sound.

Smack.

...again.

Smack. Smack. Smack.

Her peach bared the brute of his hand, and Hermione's skin flushed in patches of red and pink as his hand print remained etched into her skin. He couldn't get enough of this fine piece of arse. He further squeezed at her cheeks, slightly spreading them apart so he could see her. His mouth watered at the sight of her exposed hole; her pink starfish beckoned him.

He was so aroused at the visual that his cock ached, and he felt a pull of uncontrollable longing to be inside her sacred passage immediately.

He muttered a lubrication charm before aligning himself her with her rear, and his eyes darted back to Theo’s reflection in the mirror.

Theo watched with bated breath as sweat prickled his forehead. He wasn't entirely sure how this was going to work, but the fact of the matter was that he didn't take Draco for a fool. And if Draco said he was going to feel pain while Hermione felt pleasure, he didn't doubt it was coming. - ‘Sick fuck,’ Theo thought to himself. He was not only disgusted; he now felt more vulnerable than ever...

Draco penetrated Hermione, and his breathing hitched as he struggled to fit his length into her rear. He felt the tightness of her cocoon around him, and a strange push-pull that, to him, was most satisfying...

As Draco penetrated Hermione, Theo felt an agonising invasion of his ass, and the abruptness of it
caused him to shout a deafening cry. Each time Draco thrust into Hermione, Theo yelped at the stretch and raw burn he experienced between his cheeks.

**Thrust.**

Theo writhed and groaned. He wanted nothing more than to squeeze his eyes closed in an effort to somehow help cope with the intrusio, but instead he was forced to watch Draco penetrate the girl he loved over, and over again.

**Thrust.**

Theo felt an awkward pulse in his cock, and it betrayed him, springing to life; although, he was far from aroused by the situation. He began to sob at his vulnerability. Ashamed at how his body betrayed him when he was beyond distraught. He felt humiliated. A part of him was grateful Hermione wasn’t “aware” of what was happening. He didn't think he could handle her seeing him this way, or hear her screams for him...

Draco was quick. He was semi distracted by the sound of Theo's howls of pain and it made fucking Hermione in the arse even better. He thoroughly enjoyed the environment set up; the ambiance was unlike anything he had experienced before, and the whole thing just tied together so well. His plan was better than he envisioned, and as Hermione's doe like presence moaned in pleasure, he erupted into her arse, filling her with his satisfying warmth.

Theo retched as his stomach emptied its contents in disgust, and he tasted the remains of his lunch on its way out. He still had a boner, which disturbed him, and the ache in his rear continued to throb relentlessly.

He wondered how long they'd been here. It'd felt like hours, and the light outside had begun to fade as the night threatened to take over... He looked at Hermione's reflection in the mirror and was surprised to notice a change in her disposition. Her doe-like presence had faltered, and she blinked in disbelief. Pure terror overtook her features as her chest heaved, and he saw her bottom lip tremble. -’fuck. She's come to.’

Draco was anxious and ready for round two.

He grabbed Hermione's wrist to spin her around, quite ready to pummel into her on the floor, and he fantasised about the friction marks the floor would leave behind if he took her there. As he grabbed her wrist, Hermione whipped around and tackled him him to the floor.

Draco smirked, clearly not threatened by her courage. “Like it on top do you, Granger? I must say, I'm surprised you managed to snap out of it so soon. What a shame. The concoction I used on you was rather powerful. I underestimated your ability.”
Hermione used all her might to hit Draco; he fought back, trying to prevent her arms from connecting with his face...

Theo felt a surge of hope.

“Hermione, you have to get out of here! I mean it - get help! Don’t worry about me just get out of here!”

Hermione was struggling against Draco’s hold as she continued with all her strength to fight back. She was absolutely repulsed by the feeling of his skin against hers. But she pushed her thoughts aside, not wanting to distract herself from her goal; escape.

Hermione kneed the boner between his legs and bolted for the doors; she was naked, without her wand, and was determined to find a way out no matter what...

Draco felt her knee impact his balls, and he was somewhat pained by the action; however, he shuddered at the rise of excitement in him. The thrill of the chase and the pain of his family jewels drove him to distractions. His was driven by his need to dominate her; her fire and her struggle, was so satisfying to him.

He fumbled to his feet, eager to exercise control. He charged at her whilst she was trying to escape: banging on the door, and desperately shaking the lock, but it didn’t budge.

Draco was behind Hermione quicker than she gave him credit for...

His elbow and forearm connected with her back and he pinned her face-first to the door...

Hermione felt a force slam her forward and the impact of it caused pain to her chest and a scrape to the side of her face. She felt his naked body leaning against her. “Going somewhere?” he spat.

Hermione flinched at the sound of his voice. “What the fuck does it look like I’m doing? Did I not knee you hard enough, Malfoy?”

He used more force to slam her back against the door as she struggled to push back against him.

The back and forth, push and shove motion, was causing a burning friction against Hermione’s chest, and she was sure the door was leaving splinters of wood in her skin.

She began to shout, and, as Draco silenced her, the sound of rushed footsteps could be heard in the distance.
“Fuck!” spat Draco. “Looks like our fun has to end - for now.”

He summoned her clothes with a flick of his wrist and dressed her magically. He scourgified her without hesitation whilst displaying flawless magic: waving and twirling his wand, picking up the pieces of his playground, and putting the prefects bathroom back together.

He removed his curse from Theo, allowing him to blink, and healed his external scars. The internal ones would pain Theo for many days.

“You won't get away with this Draco!” yelled Theo.

“I already have.”

Draco eyes connected with Hermione's, and he pointed his wand at her temple.

‘Don't. You. Dare!’ mouthed Hermione.

“I'm sorry, darling. But it's the only way…Oblivate…”

Draco snapped his body around to face Theo...

“Just incase you feel the need to snitch, Nott, I've removed her memories of you, too. I've done quite a number on her; a fine job if I say so myself.” Boasted Draco with a satisfied gleam.

He stopped in front of Theo, and delivered the next threat.

“If you mention any of this to anyone, you'll be a dead man, and she will suffer far beyond anything she experienced today.”

Theo shuddered, as Draco bent down and prodded his shoulder.

“Remember, you are my horcrux now. You are indebted to me.”

Draco tilted his head, and continued to spill his vile... “However, betray me in any way, shape, or form, and I'll have no qualms in killing you. I'm only keeping you around to rub her in your face. Your magic is no match to mine. And, for good measure, I will curse her too. Her skill level is a concern when magic is involved. I know just the curse to control that.”

Draco stalked away from Theo. With a sly turn of his head; his haunting gaze peaked over his shoulder.

“Oh, one last thing. I've replaced any and all her affections toward you with me. You never were
lucky in love, were you?” He scoffed.

Theo glowed with anger and hate; Draco's words had stabbed his heart with knife...

Hermione stood frozen in an oblivated state as Draco circled her one last time. He wanted to ensure he could exercise control of her at anytime; mainly her magic, to prevent her defense. He leaned forward and kissed her on the forehead.

“Ne m'oublie pas,” he whispered.

Draco guided Hermione to the door and pushed her out of the bathroom. Before he exited, he removed the ropes binding Theo and revoked the leg locking curse.

“See you around, Nott. Don’t be a stranger, now. Oh, wait. To Hermione, you already are.”
Chapter Notes

Word on the street is I'm sinking a ship?

Ahahahaha. Interesting. This chapter may make you melt. I'm actually so in love with Theo in my fic. Goddam!

I know a lot of you are sick puppies ;) live for Dark Draco. Don't worry. I got you ;)

Triggers. This chapter mentions miscarriage but is not graphic X

Thanks for the continued love and support. I appreciate all your kudos and comments...

Shout out to Mr Benzedrine for having this chapter beta'd so quickly! (She sent it too me 45mins ago) So here it is! Because we all know I dont work to a schedule and I'm random as fuck.

-GiTG

This chapter is now continuing on from Ch5, when Draco took Hermione back to the Manor... The replays of the past few chapters were necessary.

The Malfoy Manor...

Drip.

Something that resembles the sound of a leaking faucet echoes through the chilling silence.

Drip... Drip...

Hermione awakens, groggy from the evening's events of her capture. Her eyes squint as she peaks through her lashes, almost afraid to see where she is, but she is happy because she knows she is here with him. A suffocating chill makes the air feel thick, and it doesn’t take her long to realise that she is in his dungeon.
Hermione forces her eyes open to take in her surroundings. She has been here once or twice before; most of their activities took place abroad, in multiple Malfoy properties across Europe, including the one she'd lived in with him. But this place isn’t a regular spot.

Draco’s dungeon is a large, dim lit room constructed out of metal, grey cobblestones, and wrought-iron bars separating chambers.

Although he is meticulous and clinical about the condition of how his dungeon is kept, it's definitely dingy given the location. They are several feet underground; it smells of rich soil and soggy moss, which are embedded deep within its walls - amongst other things. For instance, a permanent and rather questionable stench lingers in the air. It's a combination of death, suffering, and dark magic that has most definitely brewed over time due to the depth of the room. It’s extremely draining being in here.

Draco likes the privacy, being so far below the surface. But there's something intimate about the setting, being surrounded by the prying eyes of the spirits of the dead that are buried within the grounds of the Malfoy Manor. Yes, this means the rancid, stale water and sickly-sweet rotting vegetation that protrudes through the crevices of the cobblestones is a rank mixture of decomposed bodies and exotic plants...

Emerald green candles provide the only light to the windowless chamber, floating freely. The walls are charmed to reflect the night sky, and the subtle twinkling of stars can be seen; though, they are surrounded by dull clouds.

Shackles and chains are on display as they hang from the walls to her left, and to the rear of the chamber are stairs to an elevated platform, which houses a solid ebony four poster bed, draped in lavish silver and green bedding. Despite the chilling feel to the chamber itself, the temperature is uncomfortably humid, and the sweat begins to form on Hermione's forehead. She is alone at the moment, which she finds unusual; but if anything, the solitude alerts her to some strange sensations, the first being the pain from her ribs. Second is the tenderness of her neck, and thirdly is her aching muscles. Her vision is surprisingly clear given the circumstances, although, her head is still a mess given Draco is in the vicinity and most definitely controlling her when and how he pleases.

Her heart skips a beat at the thought of him, and a nervous tremble shakes through her as memories of them together flood her mind. She feels nostalgic, reminiscing every little thing he did; she replays images of happy moments in her mind…that time in the Malfoy villa in Italy, when Draco tickled her foot with a knife and sucked her toes whilst she admired the outside views of his private Vineyard. The time they sailed the Greek Islands, and he fucked her on the deck while her threatened to drown her and leave her for dead. The secluded beachfront in Croatia where he’d buried their miscarried child…
A stream of salted tears rolls down Hermione's cheeks, but she snaps herself out of it quickly at the sound of movement and voices. Two voices, to be precise; arguing. Someone is having a disagreement with Draco. She isn’t sure who the second voice is, only that it's a familiar one. But she doesn't concentrate on it for long; she finds herself being distracted by her surroundings while the wizards argue in hushed tones...

“You can't keep her, Draco.”

“Well I’d be damned if I didn't try, Nott. You've forgotten my ambition far surpasses her determination. I will succeed. And if an inch of my current plans go South, well...let's just say I have a backup plan. I'll ensure you are the one to clean up the mess... if her heart stops beating.”

Theo pauses; he’s rather taken aback by Draco’s remark. As menacing and unpredictable Draco is, couple that with his ruthlessness for all things fucked up and his anything goes attitude; it's a tragedy waiting to happen. Theo needs to proceed with caution, and he is always proficient in his approach regarding Draco. But he hasn't had a private audience with Hermione in a really long time, and he struggles to gain control of the turmoil brewing inside him. He is desperate. He needs a chance to talk to her. To warn her. To tell her everything--or at least the important bits. To try and trigger her memory so she stands a chance in turning this around. To escape with her right mind and protect herself from the fallout. Could she live her life in hiding if she knew the truth?

If anyone can escape Draco, it's her. She's the smartest witch of their age, and an unfortunate disadvantage has had control of her for some time. But if she could find some unconventional way to break his curse and vanquish the piece of his soul that latches onto her, she'd be okay.

Draco is desperate to keep her; Theo knows that. And strangely, he knows where Draco’s head is at; if he didn't understand him now, after everything he's been through he'd be a fucking fool...

He watches as Draco paces back and forth speaking with wild hand movements. It seems he's picked up some cultural habits on his recent business trip to Italy.

“She will be mine forever in this life, and if anyone tries to interfere in our future, so be it. She will be mine in death. I'll make sure of it.”

Theo is amazed, to this day, at how well he lives a double life. Draco's common nature is so easily deceiving, and he manipulates so easily. He focuses on Draco once more, toneless and reserved.
"Are you sure you can live with that?"

"Well I, in no means, can live without her, or with her belonging to someone else. If I can't have her, no one can," barks Draco, somewhat amused by his irrationality. This witch really has a hold on him; he doesn't deny it.

With a surge of defiance, Theo antagonises him. “Can you really own someone though?”

Draco is insulted at Theo’s rebellious disobedience. - *How dare he question my ability! Well, Theodore. You stab - I'll stab back. Have a taste of your own medicine. Pussy whipped prick, I hope you fucking enjoy this.*

“Well, Nott, I certainly own you, don't I? You are the epitome of a cuckold. Oh thats right, it’s because of Hermione--and she's mine. I own her, and she has your heart; therefore, I own you. Not to mention that part of my soul that is hooked in you so deep.”

Theo wants to choke, but he needs to take it in stride and play it smart. He knows Draco loves nothing more than people's willingness to comply, so he gives him the satisfaction. Theo is a Slytherin after all. It's time to use manipulation and deceit the best way he knows how. And deceiving the Malfoy, who stole his lady love, would give him no greater satisfaction. It really is amazing how her mere presence uplifts him. Knowing she's here... He hasn't felt a fighting spirit in years. - *Now. Now is the time.*

It's a case of fight or flight, and he's going to fight! He refuses to be a doormat any longer. He isn't afraid. He's changed. There is no doubt that it is partly due to the--although very little--time he'd spent with her. The Lioness taught him a thing or two, and he's only just discovered he's capable of using it…

Theo quirks a brow and fails to react to Draco's torment.

"Very well. I don't need to remind you that time is not on your side," he modulates.

"Fuck off, Nott, and let me handle my business," spits Draco.

Theo proceeds to leave; that is, until Draco passes him, eager to access something from his private stores. Draco is so protective of his belongings that he'd not only warded the dungeon and prevented apparition in and out of it-- he's also gone to great lengths to charm his personal stores, mainly to spite. He knew there were things in that storeroom that could potentially free him and release her. He seizes the moment, doubling back to her, and enters with a sense of urgency. His disposition reflects nothing but cool, calm, and collected. Memories of their past swirl around his head, but he can't seize
them. He can't get past the fact that she can't remember them, and it hurts…

He needs her to remember if it's the last thing he'll do. She has too…

Hermione thinks it curious to see Theodore Nott in the corner of the dungeon, eyeing her with a strange glint of concern. She sure as hell hopes to Merlin he isn't planning on joining in on her and Draco's quality time. She doesn't particularly like the idea of sharing him with anyone… She feels a strange tinge in her mind- recognition. But as she focuses on it, all she sees are walls and walls blocking memories of school. She tries to recall, but nothing surfaces. She can't shake the feeling she is a little more acquainted with Theo, and it puzzles her.

Theo approaches Hermione, exercising caution and determination.

“Hermione. I don't know if you remember me, bu-”

“I remember you,” she responds casually.

Theo feels a bolt of shock, and hope simmers in the pit of his stomach.

“What do you remember?” he inquires, still hopeful.

She gives a nonchalant shrug. “Just that we went to Hogwarts together. You're Theodore Nott, right?”

“Right.” His eyes falter, and he looks at his feet for a moment. “Look, I don't have much time, Hermione, but what is happening right now with Draco, the past- it's not accurate. You've been obliterated, and you need saving. I need you to try to remember what happened in the prefects bathroom on the 5th floor the last time we saw each other. You have to remember our 7th year.”

Hermione tilts her head in interest with a puzzled look on her face. It encourages him to go on.

“I know that you think you love him, and you think that this,” his hands move in a circle to indicate
this circumstance, “... is a life you want to live, but I can assure you it is not.”

Her eyebrows furrow at the implication that this not something what she wants. Theo, more desperate than ever, continues. “You are the smartest witch of our age. He’s had a hold on you for far too long. But you can break his curse. Your desires for him aren’t real. They don’t exist for him. They exist for me. Please, try to remember.”

Hermione exposes her shock at his revelation but he doesn’t give her a chance to talk. There’s no time for it.

“Remember that time we spent a double free period in the Room of Requirement, snuggled on a chaise by the fireplace, my arms around you? You snuggled into my neck, and we just talked about everything. I whispered sweet nothings into your ear, and you enjoyed every minute of it.”

She gasps. As shocking as it is to Hermione, she feels some determination and focuses on the barriers in her mind. She prods them gently, but the sharp throbbing veins at the sides of her temple are not forgiving.

Theo steps closer to her while she sits on the stony steps on the chamber. He reaches out to touch her face, but she flinches; he retracts instantly. He bends down to sit next to her and keeps eye contact as he continues to tell her things he hopes will trigger her memories of them; of him.

“...The first time I kissed you, you cried because you wanted it, too. You didn't know that I felt the same. You were so happy. We both were.”

Hermione sees a flash of something that causes her to gasp, but it isn’t a clear image; she squints as the pain of the pulsing veins build pressure in her head.

Theo presses on with a glimmer of hope.

“Remember all the times we snuck off to the prefects bathroom on the 5th floor; where we fucked each other senseless in between classes?”

Hermione’s face contorts into one of utter shock, and he laughs. She can't imagine having been in the sack with anyone else and the thought of being with someone besides Draco hurts her because she knows she loves him so much.
Theo knows she is finding this difficult, but he's not going to stop. She has to remember. Gods, Hermione please. He leans forward placing his head in his hands and continues to spill his memories of them. His voice cracks with raw feeling. “That night you spent in my dorm room on the weekend, we got snowed in. I told you I loved you, and you told me you loved me too, and we made love… you shook me all night long.”

Hermione can’t place the memory, but she feels her heart skip a beat, and her face flushes with a rosy tinge at her embarrassment.

“Most importantly, remember how I told you; how you made me feel when we kissed… your kisses made me feel like I'd never been so happy in my whole life because I'd never had something-someone, as raw, and pure, and beautiful, and intelligent as you. I told you that kissing you makes me forget my own name. I said that no matter how short and sweet, or long and intense the kiss; the world always stopped so we could live in the moment.”

She touches her lips, tracing the outline of them, concentrating with all her might. She knows something isn't right, and she begins to question everything. Her past; school, her travels—Draco. She tries to piece it together, but there are so many holes. Too many inconsistencies. She doesn't know how she knows to trust Theo, but there is some pull, and she feels she needs to remember… There's something in the desperation of his eyes, and the innocence in his words make her open to believing him.

Theo places his hand on the side of her face, allowing his thumb to trace her plump lips. He longs for her kiss, aching to feel the contact of their softness.

“I can't stay any longer-- he'll be back any minute. Just keep trying. Please. I know it hurts but don't give up. If you start to remember... this is important. Don't let him see it. He knows how to control you, Hermione. Don't let him.”

Hermione nods subtly as Theo stands abruptly; he exits as quick as he arrived.

Hermione watches him leave, astonished, wracking her memory for the sweet memories he just divulged to her, wondering why her heart suddenly feels different, questioning what that strange flutter in her chest is.
Hermione doesn’t hear Draco return. But his grip around her neck forces her to respond to his lips crashing on hers. He must be hungry, because anyone would think he’s been starved for weeks. She supposes he had, and she relaxes into the hold. Appreciating the moment.
Sorry about the delay. Blame plot bunnies. And I turned 30 and had a melt down. Anyway here it is! This chapter is crazy. And full on. TRIGGERS: Voyeurism. Analigus. Soft attempts @ bondage.

Credit to my wonderful beta Mr Benzedrine for a line in here that is so fuckin amazing! "Slob on a knob, Nott." Ahah I love it!

***I post warnings for a reason. I post tags on OCL for a reason. I will not repeat myself- This is dark. This Is disturbing. This is twisted. This is NOT for the faint hearted. If you don't like dark themes or any of the trigger warnings I've posted on past OR present posts for this fic then I urge you to avoid reading it! I won't stand for guest reviewers inboxing me and calling me Mentally Ill. Don't like my shit. Don't read it, plain and simple. Comprende!***

-GitG X

*Forgot to tell you I'm now on Tumblr, I follow back.

https://gryff-in-the-game.tumblr.com/

Official song for OCL is Animals by Maroon 5 thanks to my friend inquisitivearchie on ffn!
Lyrics are amaze!!!

*I've noticed a word missing in a sentence or something, I was speed reading and now I cant find it. Ill check again tomorrow when I'm not so tired.

Usually impatient, he'd take her on the floor.

Draco enjoys roughing up her skin on the jagged stone; the bruises that covered her afterwards would constantly remind him of his dirty little secret. That is, until they faded. But it wasn't before layer upon layer of black and blue would cover her delicate alabaster skin. ‘Brightest witch of their age’ and he could control her, dominate her, and have her begging for more. Despite what she says some days when she tries to deny him, her body is always begging for it and Draco. Being the perfect gentlemen, he is always willing to oblige. He cherishes moments like these. Unforgettable moments and memories that will live forever. He touches her and it always ends with her screaming his name.

He doesn't know why he enjoys hurting her so much. Maybe he just gets off on the fact that he can
dance with the devil on the daily and dick slap her face with darkness and his little angel just takes it in her stride.

All for love, apparently.

She loves him; he knows it. He doesn't need to convince himself. He still doesn't really understand what love is. He'd grown up never seeing an honest relationship in his life, and he knows what they have is anything but honest...but he can't live without her. Their recreational activities do more to him than he can explain, so he assumes- for him- this is as good as it can get. In his deluded mind, this is love.

This love, though, is a deliciously wicked, oddly satisfying, take all, give all "thing." He takes anything from Hermione, and she gives it. Sometimes she gives him so much he trembles with the aftershocks of a high so blissful it could corrupt a Nun.

He hadn't always intended to be this way with her.

At first, he flirted with the idea of the light within her pulling him in- well let's be honest: it did. And when he gained control; she invited him into her soul. There is no doubt she had no idea he would pitch up a tent, set up camp, and just stay there. His darkness corrupted her light. No shades of grey, no shadows of doubt, just black...and blood. And the occasional blues, and purples, and scars...

So vulnerable.

There is a an essence of vulnerability about her that dissatisfies him. He doesn't like a weak woman. But she needs to be obedient, amongst other things, and Hermione's a fifty-fifty in that sense. Maybe that's why he likes her so much. She's always unpredictable, and it's exciting...

Tonight his taste is specific: taste every inch of her.

Oh yes he'll fuck her brains into oblivion - that isn't a challenge for him. He'll own her...dominate and please her, tease her, let her experience so much pleasure and pain that she will take days to recover, only to beg him again for more. He will haunt her mere existence like the unstoppable force that he is...
His grip tightens around her as he guides her body with his hand. Hermione stumbles backwards until her back connects with a hard wooden surface. Draco whips her around, and she is faced with a hinged, wooden board. The board itself looks exquisite, made of a deep rich mahogany - carved, polished, and refined to a great standard.

The grain of the wood has hints of ebony and ivory blended into it, and it gives off a marbled effect. It is an odd contrast, especially to the three cutouts in the center of it.

The main focus is the middle hole; larger than the two on either side. And the craftsmanship of all three is certainly not on par with the rest of the piece.

The holes are jagged and look easy to splinter.

Hermione knows what it is... It's a pillory.

Draco unlatches it and pushes her head down; she rests it in the center slot and feels sharp little splints of wood poking her neck.

His hands glide down her triceps, passing her elbows. He's angled behind her- fully clothed, and he thrusts behind her playfully, causing her to lose balance.

Hermione's breathing hitches in excitement. She is torn somewhere between her arousal and the anticipation of what's to come.

Pleasure and pain. She knows it...she can't help but want it from him.

Draco's hands find her wrists, and he secures them in the slots beside her head. Hermione relaxes at his instruction. Despite everything Theo just told her, she can't help but feel pleasantly calm. Draco's mere presence has this soothing affect on her.

“T'm impressed by your obedience today, Hermione. If you continue to be a ‘good’ girl you will be rewarded, of course.”

Draco is half bent over Hermione, and hard up against her rear- his body following the contours of hers. His fingers softly stroke the back of her thigh as he leans into her; resting his head on her shoulder. She feels his breath tickle her ear as he whispers, “This is only going to be fun for me with the right audience.”

Draco’s fingers trail from her thigh to her arse, and his hand rounds her arse cheek. “I missed your juicy peach,” he cajoles as he reminisces the first time he fucked her up the ass the day of their binding.

Draco chuckles.
“I feel a little reunion is in order.”

He backs away from Hermione and summons a house-elf.

“Volan-”

Volan, a small house-elf, appears promptly, alert and ready for orders. He seems the complete opposite of most elves: disciplined and reserved, awaiting to fulfill his master's orders with diligence and haste. He must be desensitised to everything he's seen within the walls of the Manor. If these walls could talk, they'd reveal nothing but horror, deprivation, and devastation…

“Yes, Master Malfoy- how can I be of assistance today?”

“Retrieve my guest. Immediately,” responds Draco, curtly.

“Yes, Master, Volan will deliver him at once.”

Volan vanishes and reappears post-haste. Theo struggles in the Elve’s magical binds; his eyes lock on Hermione's whilst her head and wrists are restrained by the wooden frame of the pillory.

Theo gasps.

“Draco, for fuck sake! We're not in the fifteenth century… Medieval meth-”

"Oh, slob on a knob, Nott. I thought we'd have a little reunion and reminisce.”

Theo does not want to see this. As if he hasn't endured enough, now he's welcomed by a setup he knows will haunt him forever.

Hermione, in her compliance, can already feel a damp patch between her legs, but she isn't sure if that's because Draco is preparing to pummel into her, or because she can't tear herself away from the watchful eyes of Theodore Nott. He looks positively wounded over there, bound and desperate.

It's turning her on.

Draco unfastens his belt buckle and shuffles his pants down hastily. He struts his naked body across his dungeon with a cocky confidence that makes Theo scoff.

Draco peels back the skirt of Hermione's nightgown and slips it above her waist. He is delighted by the display before him: her bare ass, in all its glory, except for the pink lace that fits snug at the slit
inbetween her buttox and the cute dimples indented into each cheek.

Her flesh is beckoning him.

Unable to resist, he slithers down her body following the shapely curves of her glutes. His body dips with every angle of her as his face peppers her skin with kisses. The only sound that can be heard are the smack of his lips trailing down her skin in between heavy panting. He stops at her ankles; slipping the french lace out from underneath her feet. He gives her ankle a delicate squeeze and Hermione jumps at the unexpected display of affection. Draco rolls his fingers under the heels of her feet, tugging them up so that she is perched on her toes.

“Stay- just like that,” he demands.

She nods to agree.

Draco adjusts the height of the pillory lower, so Hermione can angle forward. He magics her hair into a ponytail. After all, he doesn't forget his audience; he must put on a show. Draco tilts his head left stage, being sure to flash Theo a devilish grin before allowing his fingers access to her. He wants to taunt him.

Hermione remains perched on her toes as he slips his fingers between her legs and find her warmth. He penetrates her pie with one finger, being kind enough to warm her up. It's not long before she is dripping in goodness, and he adds another finger. He crouches to admire the view of his fingers sliding in and out of her slick cunt. It's a visual he'd fantasised about for months: being up close and personal with her snatch. Her little puffy moans are a musical delight, and he is, indeed, enchanted by the scenery before him.

Draco's mouth waters, and he invites himself to take a sneak peak at the sacred crevice between her cheeks. He is greeted with a sight that can only make his heart pound faster, and he mocks Theo with a cheshire grin.

Draco continues to finger fuck her, and Hermione enjoys every minute of it, bouncing and grinding back on his fingers- relishing the feel of him; his two fingers are not enough. Her pussy is hungry for so much more.

Draco's tongue has a mind of it's own. His free hand gives her arse a handsy squeeze and he synonymously pushes her cheek aside to sneak a peek at her fleshy rim. His investigation of the region he's so desperate to explore becomes quite the adventure, and his tongue darts out of his mouth as he dives face first, slipping his tongue between the delicacy of her ass. He enjoys an exquisite feast, using his tongue to prod and massage her asshole, not even caring that her calves are cramping from being in this position. He eats her ass like it's his last meal on earth.
Its getting hot, and Hermione is flushed. She grinds on his fingers, feeling his penetration and she appreciates how their rhythm is the same; her hips roll and thrust against the hard ramming of his fingers deep in her pussy. Her legs quiver. It's most definitely the struggle of her body wanting all of him and the painful cramping of her calves muscles that threaten to tear.

She wants it rough. She *needs* him rough. *All* of him.

Draco eventually comes up for air, but he isn't finished with her yet... His fingers *thrust* and pull, *thrust* and pull. The little wet noises coming out of her pussy are doing things to him, but he wants to take it to the next level. He wants to make her scream his name. He outstretches his thumb and he swipes it around her rim playfully before plugging her ass.

Hermione isn't expecting double penetration, and as his thumb slides in and out of her, she flinches slightly but it isn't long before she relaxes at his pleasantries.

Draco removes his saturated fingers from her, swiping them on her arse cheek. He does so to mark his territory, displaying her juices like she is a common whore, and it gives him satisfaction to know that he did that too her.

She is *dripping* for him.

Draco darts his eyes to her face, and instead of being greeted with lust he sees the way she is looking at Theo.

Draco feels the prick of jealousy once again, and he is enraged that he took his time with her, enjoy her, and she is getting wet over someone else. *Fucking slut*, he thinks to himself...
I control this situation- not her.

I control her pleasure- not him.

I control her pain ...

Draco’s hand spanks her ass where he got all territorial with her sweet nectar. She gasps, taking it but feeling a little sting from the wetness of his fingers. She can’t help but think of Theo’s earlier confession of their memories, and it comes to the forefront of her mind. She imagines how it would be if he was doing this to her instead, and she bites her lip thinking about the possibilities.

“Harder,” she demands.

Draco quirks a brow, intrigued by her invitation. He doesn't want to disappoint. If she wants it harder- oh he'll give it to her harder, alright.

He summons a cane, the same one his father used to lash him with regularly as a child, and he welcomes it like it was an old friend. He doesn’t let her see the object in his hands, but he makes sure Theo can see it all. The crack of it connecting with her skin is a satisfying sound.

Crack.

Draco strikes her ass with an unparalleled ease; the urgency to cause her pain is real.

Crack.

She flinches, but his heart is racing, and he wants to do it over and over again.

He does.

Crack.

Crack.

Crack.
Hermione's skin takes the crack of his cane one after the other, and her skin ripples and pulses with a painfully arousing burn. Her neck and wrists are constricted, and every time he canes her, she jolts as the jagged edges of the pillory poke, prod, and prick her.

He strikes her again, and she winces at the pain of it, but her eyes on Theo never leave. She focuses on his eyes. Those kind, soft, doting eyes. The kind of eyes that she wishes she could remember getting lost in. The kind of eyes that have the potential to betray her soul, and she doesn’t give a damn. He is like an angel from the heavens and she wants him to take mercy on her...

A flash of a memory comes to the forefront of her mind. It’s of Theo…he’s caressing her face and planting sweet kisses on her nose, cheeks, and lips.

Draco strikes her again, and she feels her skin break, baring the brunt of his caning. She squeezes her eyes closed to ease the sting, but it doesn't help.

A flash of Theo's naked body glistening in sweat comes to mind. She's naked with her head resting on his chest, locked in his embrace and their fingers are intertwined.

Her eyes jolt open.

She remembers. She remembers everything.

Theo snuck into her room one night to console her after she fought with Harry. He stayed all night, and she had to sneak him out the next day. She remembers their rendezvous in the prefect bathroom on the 5th floor, her flushed body pinned to the bathroom wall; she would always watch their reflection in the mirror. She remembers when Draco found them in a compromising position, and he bound and leg locked Theo. And lastly she remembers...what happened.

Her mouth drops at the realisation, and her once seductive gaze is replaced with one of shock and sheer terror. She feels the need to hyperventilate, but she doesn't want to draw any more attention to herself. It's bad enough being in a room torn between two horny goats.

Hermione cries silent tears, and Theo understands her at once.

She remembers... she remembers us!

His heart is practically doing somersaults. He wants to go to her, to snatch her in his arms and never let her go. He wants to kill Draco for hurting her for so long. He doesn't want to see any more of this... He wants to get them out of here and run away together.
After all these years, his heart still beats and it beats for her. He forgot how incredible of a feeling it is to have hope, loyalty and love. But they aren't out of the woods yet, and his face falls from grace at the bittersweet realisation.

All Draco wants to do now is fuck.

A wave of his hand, and the pillory unlatches itself. He swings Hermione over his shoulder, being sure to expose her as he walked past Theo. Draco wanted Hermione directly in front of Theo while he fucked her senseless.

His ebony four poster is almost within reach of Theo- so that is where they’ll fuck. Up close and personal, out of reach but not out of sight, not out of mind, and most definitely unable to touch.

Draco tosses Hermione onto his bed like he's tossing a salad, and she lands with thud as her shin hits the edge of the bed.

“I was going to take you nice and slow, but I've decided I want to make you sweat,” he says matter-of-factly. “I want you face down, ass up.”

He drives her head forward, pinning her cheek-first on the mattress. She is facing Theo.

“Now hold your hands behind your back.”

She complies, now thinking with her head, more clear than ever. She needs to get out of here.

Draco uses thick, black rope and an elaborate knot, intertwined into a spectacular weave, to tie her elbows together. He's pleased she is so flexible. Not that it would matter. He'd happily break her back and skeleton it later for shits and giggles if he needed to. It'd give him great pleasure to see Theo's reaction- mid fucking and her excruciating pain.

Hermione is now bound, helpless, with only the use of her legs, and he slips a gag over her mouth. He can see her crying, and he gets off on her muffled sobs.

Draco gets to business, wanting to satisfy his need to fuck her. He guides her ass up, “Get on your knees for me.”

Hermione struggles to get on her knees, burying her body into the sheets as she pushes her arse up and slips her knees under herself. Before she finds balance, Draco pushes her head back onto the bed so she is facing Theo again.

Draco spreads her legs wider, and the angle of her back makes her ass even perkier. It's exactly what he needs. He is home.

He swipes a finger between her slit and she's still wet. *Just the way I like her.*
Smack.

He slaps her ass and guides his erect penis into her honey pot; she fits like a glove. The rest is simple. He fucks her; hard and fast, just the way he likes it, and she isn’t even struggling in his binds. He slips in and out, hovering his tip at her tight hole before gliding it back in flawlessly, and when she is almost filled to the hilt, he gives a hard pump and thrusts into her deep. If he keeps this up, he’ll be coming soon; he knows it. But he can resist the feel of her. The sight of her bound and helpless in front of Theo, the guy who is in love with her and is bound and helpless too.

Draco, being quite the exhibitionist, relishes the moment.

Theo is watching her and only her while she's bound, gagged and being fucked doggy style. He admits the situation isn't ideal but the fact that she now remembers the past excites him, and he feels a little tingle in his pants. He tries to shake off the feeling but all he wants to do is “shake it off.” This urge is overwhelming, and he tries to fight it, but he can't. That fucking prick! he exclaims to himself. He's slipped me a fucking lust potion, the sick fuck!

Under the influence of the lust potion the tension in Theo builds, and he is unable to ignore it. He’s hungry like the wolf and he needs to explode. He needs to touch himself. Now. With the influence of the lust potion in full effect, the Elves magical binds release Theo, allowing him to join in on the fun.

Embarrassed and horny, he fumbles to expose himself and he grips his hard cock. Ahh yes, he mewls. Skin on skin contact is giving him instant satisfaction. He imagines Hermione's hand wrapped around him, and he feels like a virgin being touched for the first time. He strokes himself in rhythm with Draco’s thrusts, but his eyes never leave Hermione’s because, even though this is out of his control, he wants her to know what he is doing is for her.

Draco’s dungeon is filled with a whirlwind of lust and the smell of sex as he and Theo climax. Draco has not even a second to catch his breath before he’s interrupted by none other than his house-elf, Volan.

The Elf is lacking the confidence he had earlier as he shuffles nervously, looking at his feet in shame for intruding.

“Master Malfoy, Sir, I- I am sorry to interrupt, sir, but it is urgent from Mr. Zabini in Italy, Sir. You must go right away.”

Draco presses his head against Hermione's lower back, wiping the sweat off his forehead across her.

“Fucks sake,” he rebukes. Zabini really knows how to pick his timing.
Draco pecks her back before abruptly pulling out of her. He’s tempted to leave her here, sprawled out on his bed, bound by the ropes he tied around her. But unexpected business meant the possibility of being gone for days, and he wants her in good health on his return.

“Volan, show her to my suite on the second floor. She must be rested for my return - and clean up the mess.”

“Yes Master Malfoy, Volan will see to it right away.”

Draco hurries towards the dungeon entrance. He stops before exiting and turns to Theo.

"Why don't you hang around, Nott? I've come to enjoy your demise."
When Draco's away, Hermione comes out to play

Chapter Notes

I may ruffle some feathers. It's not what you expect and I love doing the unexpected :) Let me know how you're feeling afterwards?

As a writer I feel I am growing and I'm quite proud of how I've written this chapter. I really can't thank my beta, "Mr Benzedrine" enough for making time and having the patience to help me. My punctuation is the definition of a nightmare but I think I'm getting somewhere.

-GiTG X

It's a restless night for Hermione. She tosses and turns, half-wrapped in a pine coloured sheet, sprawled across a four-poster bed fit for a king. Until now, it hadn't occurred to Hermione she's become so fragile. Her splitting headache can attest to that. In the past twenty-four hours that Draco’s been gone, memories of her seventh year at Hogwarts have been returning to her every waking moment. Her memories have been rolling through her mind in waves: muddy blurs, and echoes howling ferociously at the window pane of his guest room.

Her head pounds, causing her concentration to falter, and with that, the pain develops an intense blaze of fury - fury so explosive she’s unable to douse the ignited flames so they simmer in the back of her mind. The throbbing vein on the side of her temple constantly reminds her this isn't a dream. This is real.

Draco Malfoy made her a prisoner in her own mind, controlling and manipulating her in ways she couldn't avoid, making her body feel and do things that repulse her, things she most definitely objects too. She regrets every decision she made that day. Her mind retraces her steps, thinking over and over how she could have done things differently. Would it have been avoidable? She doubts that very much. He was cold and calculating. He’d plotted the entire thing; he was prepared. He had potions and instruments, and he knew where they were. He knew most of the students were at Hogsmeade. It was the opportune moment to strike. She didn't want to applaud him on the brilliance of it, but it couldn't be ignored. He wasn't second in the class for nothing. She feels foolish having not recognised just how much of her he controlled. It shocks her how much she thought she knew...but, the truth is, she knew nothing at all. She is living proof: a victim of his sadistic and twisted fantasies, deeply wounded by the reality of it all crashing down on her. It sickens her to know how truly easy it was for him to achieve keeping her.

Hermione leaves the comforts of the bed, finding the ensuite. She turns the taps of the shower to let it run while she heads to the cupboard above the basin sink. Her face comes into view in the mirror of the cupboard door, and she gasps. Her shaky fingers trace the tired lines on her face. The bags under her eyes are the same shade as the bruises around her wrists and her neck. There's no sparkle in her eyes. The colour of her skin is dull and lifeless.

Hermione shudders at the state of her appearance. She feels rotten inside and out, disgusted by the
girl staring back at her. She commences an internal battle with herself. *Why didn't you fight harder? You gave him your freedom...you fucking enjoyed it! You're no better than every other GryffinWHORE...*

She rolls through the notions. Feeling the turmoil of everything she is thinking makes her dizzy as that vein on her temple continues to torture her reality. Her hands grip the side of the basin and she looks down at her hands. Hands that were once innocent. Hands that have touched pure evil. Done unspeakable things. Guilty hands that have betrayed her. It scares her how easy it was for him to do this.

She forces herself to look in the mirror again, trying to shake the thoughts of self disgust from her mind. Everything feels so dirty. She laughs at the irony of having muddy blood and a rotten core due to the filthy acts her body has allowed her to partake in. In the past, she never would have thought of herself as rubbish, but this is her reality now; being a victim to such a monstrosity.

The steam from the shower fogs the mirror, and she stares at herself until she fades into the misty build up of her reflection. She wishes vanishing could be that easy.

Making her way to the shower, she takes each step with determined grace. As she reaches the shower, she imagines it's a waterfall in a beautiful oasis with crystal clear water. The air smells fresh: sweet and earthy, like it does just before it rains.

She plunges her head under the shower, allowing the steady drops to trickle down her body. In doing so, she imagines the water washing away her sins; exposing the throbbing vein to the steamy water soothes her aching head. Her eyelids close as the water swallows her whole and she opens them finding the strength to scrub every inch of her. It feels as though hours have passed in here. Her skin wrinkles and puffs, but she feels satisfied enough for now despite her rotten core and muddy blood, she feels clean on the outside.

Hermione turns the taps off, and the foggy, misty-steam clears almost instantly. She sees everything so clearly now in her mind. Her shame is on mute, and mentally, she's numbed her pain. She's found her strength, making her way to the vanity once more to peer in the mirror. She wipes the fog with her palm, seeing her reflection. It emulates a sense of hope as she recognises some of the girl staring back at her. Something far more sinister is lurking beneath the surface though; she feels it. Her magical core buzzing now, feeling its vibrations hum to her, surging through her pulsing veins. It makes her feel powerful and in control.

No longer clouded by the murky memories of her past, she contemplates her next course of action. Although she is wise enough to know better—*revenge is not a dish best served cold.* She wants to ram a scolding dish of broken glass shards, nails, and knives down Draco’s throat enough to scar him. She wants to knock him off his pedestal and show him he messed with the wrong witch. She is the brightest witch of their age and a Gryffindor; she can sip on cans of courage at her disposal. Unlucky for him though, because she's just bathed in a vat of it.

Before she knows it, she is dressed; her limbs taking her to Theo. She comes face to face with him at the end of the hallway.

They seem to be unable to speak words at the sight of each other. Theo gives her a look that can only be described as being torn in a struggle between trying to be noble or succumbing to his natural traits.
of immorality. It's quite obvious he's had to push them both aside because he takes a little longer to weigh up his options.

Her mind fills with questions about how he was able to come to her, but for once it's not important to know the details. No words are exchanged, and Hermione refuses to wait—she moves first. She thinks she will speak but her body has other ideas. She charges him, crashing into him with a desperate need to feel good by her own choice—not from being controlled by someone else.

Theo receives her willingly, not even fearing Draco’s wrath. As far as he's concerned, Draco is on business, and Theo is just stepping in to reclaim what is rightfully his. Payback. His heart leaps at the feel of her lips. So soft, plump and familiar. She still kisses the same, but with added fierceness. It makes sense to him though, and he doesn't mind it considering everything she's been through. He would have been quite happy to just sit with her, hold her and talk, but Hermione has always been determined. It pleases him to know that will never change about her, no matter the circumstance.

Hermione feels a combination of things. For one, she is consumed by raw emotions, this being the first time in a long time that she can feel wholeheartedly herself. The other feeling is a desperate need to ‘stick it to Draco,’ which can only be done in one way.

Hermione continues kissing Theo as her hands grip the front of his shirt. She pulls him backwards, leading him towards the room in which she came from, but they don't make it there.

Unable to resist her any longer, Theo reminisces their fifth floor bathroom escapades. They stop just short of the bedroom door, in a hallway of the Malfoy Manor, and a feverish longing compels him to reenact their teenage tendencies. It's overwhelming him. He redirects her hips with a yank and guides her back into the wall. His hands are planted flat on the wall either side of her while he ravishes her neck. Finally, he finds himself able to construct a sentence.

“I've missed you,” says Theo. It’s short and sweet, but the desired effect works on Hermione as she melts into his touch.

In between Theo peppering her neck with kisses, Hermione’s hands have released his shirt. They sweep down his chest to find the end of it. Effortlessly, she swoops it over his head to reveal his bare chest. She takes a moment to appreciate what it's like to feel a moral human being. She knows she should say something back, but her numb walls are built so high she fails to let even an inch of her emotions peek through. It causes her to question her motivations, and the struggling conflict of it all makes her unable to. She pushes them aside because she doesn't want to think. She just wants this moment with Theo; she wants to remember how he feels. She can't ignore the hammering of her heartbeat in her chest, or the nerves and the ache. She wants him to mend her. To rebuild her into the masterpiece that she once was—to make her feel whole, and worthy, and loved.

Her confidence explodes with the familiarity of his chesty-naked skin against her as they recommence a kiss so passionate; as if their lives depend on it. She supposes it does, because if Draco found them like this Theo would be a dead man, and no doubt she would wear the brunt of it in acts more punishable than she has ever experienced. It should worry her, but it doesn't. She has the an urgent sense to do this without regard of consequence or fear for her life. She does fear for Theo, but Draco isn't here, so until then, she is going to make the most of it. They can discuss logistics later—right now, all she wants to do is have deep, meaningful sex with her long lost love.

He pulls away from lips and searches her eyes for a hint of something—anything. He needs to know where her thought process is at, but he doesn't want to do this if it doesn't feel right to her.

Hermione places her hands either side of his face, staring deep into the windows of his soul. It's as if she’s reading his mind because her eyes stay locked on his, and she finds her voice.
“I'm okay. Not great—just okay. I apologise for not quite knowing what to say. The past twenty-four hours hasn't exactly been pleasant for me.”

Theo feels a stabbing pain in his heart; he aches for her, and he just wants to make it okay.

“I'm sorry I didn't do enough to protect you. That day was the worst day of my life...it was fucked, Hermione. It was unexpected, I should never let my guard down. I'm a Slytherin for fuck’s sake. I was blind.” He strokes her face, and the pain in his eyes adds to her wounds. “I'll never let my guard down again whenever you're concerned,” he says defiantly. “I promise you that. I owe you that much, even though I'm a dead man—my life depends on it. I'll get you out of this.”

Hermione can't accept that, and she refuses him to give his life for her. “No—we’ll get out of this, together. You've been through as much as I have - you've had to witness it first-hand, alone.”

“I'm s—”

“—stop. Please. We can talk later. Right now, I just want you.”

Theo is more than happy to oblige, so he doesn't deny her request. He lifts her, bunching up the skirt of her nighty. He is welcomed by her bare pussy; she skipped putting on her underwear, and it's a sweet surprise for him.

Hermione is enjoying every minute of Theo. He's caressing, nurturing, and worshipping her. His touch—alone is fulfilling her needs. It's so much more than what she's become accustomed to. If she died right now she would almost feel complete.

Theo has a hard time concentrating. His mind is constantly on guard for Draco, while his heart is melting for Hermione, and all he wants is to feel her the way he used too.

With her legs wrapped tight around his waist, he carries her into Draco’s guest room.

They don't even stop to catch their breaths. It's like the blind leading the blind. The passion is sizzling hot here, and their twin flames are rekindled. Theo knows he is playing with fire, given the situation, but he doesn't even care if he gets burned. He gently lays her on the bed, lifting her nightdress overhead, and he's greeted by her soft, tender expression. She looks beautiful like this, naked and waiting expectantly for him; it's been so long. He's unzipping his pants, shuffling them to the floor, gliding his skin over hers in no time. It's a sensual moment for them both, limbs intertwined while they roll around, simply enjoying the feel of each other.

Hermione rolls on top of Theo, grinding her hips into him. His cock is already hard, so she slips him in. Their love making is a beautiful, physical, intense feeling met by them smothering each other, and suffocating their bodies with each others skin.

Theo glides in and out to the rhythm of her hip rolls—her tittes are in his face, bouncing in front of him like they used to. It's aesthetically pleasing to him—everything about her is. His hands explore
every crevice of her body, reacquainting himself with her. In the back of his mind, he keeps thinking this is too good to be true, but he refuses the thought. This is the witch he loves, and he'll be damned if he's going to let insecurities creep in to spoil the moment now after so much time apart.

They're puffing and panting. Who knew slow sex could be so strenuous? They are so into each other, using every ounce of energy to make it as wonderful as it is. Slow, hard—deep thrusts. There's no space between them. The friction of their bodies is constantly rubbing—pressing into each other. It's created a sweaty, slippery slide, and they are both loving the ride.

Theo's struggles to hold it in as Hermione motions to quicken the pace. He's a firm believer in witches before wizards, so he complies with her request, doing everything he can to make this experience amazing for her.

Hermione comes first. She shudders and moans in response to their sex. She feels so many emotions it's hard for her to process it all at once. She knows this is what it's supposed to feel like when you love someone. No bruises or blood. No fear or desperation—only trust and respect. Love. Real love—explosive love. She missed out on so much of this love. She wants to cry but doesn't allow her weakness to come through. Besides, there's more pressing matters at hand.

Theo follows through, filling her with his satisfying warmth, and neither of them wants to break the silence. They lay there for what feels like hours until Theo finally speaks up.

He kisses her forehead while he's cradling her in his arms. His voice is hesitant, but he has to ask, “So, what's your plan? I'm assuming you have one in that beautiful, brilliant mind of yours?”

Hermione smiles at him, hiding her concerns. She still hasn't quite figured it out yet. Her mind has been dormant for so long, it's not quite ticking like clockwork as it used to. She is embarrassed to admit this. “Almost. I'm still working on it.”

She says almost because there is something else she's wants besides Theo and their freedom. Revenge is on her mind, and she is determined to get it in more ways than one. She has no doubt Draco will know about their love making, and that in itself is a wickedly satisfying stab. But she needs to keep Theo safe if she is to take it further.

Hermione's face strains, and she frowns at her thoughts while she tries to figure out how.

Theo is watching her, and he reads her like an open book. “Don't worry about me,” he commands softly.

Hermione reacts defensively, as though he's just insulted her, “How can you say that? How can I not be concerned? It's not in your nature to be sacrificial so, don't give me that tripe.”

Theo exhales a long breath. “Hermione, I'm—we are horcruxes. I'm not really sure what you know about them, but understand this. He can't die while we are alive,” he caresses her lips with his fingers—admiring how full and luscious they look after their love session. He draws her face to him, kissing her bottom lip, biting and sucking it subtly. Her eyes flutter open to watch him, and he pulls away. He confidently addresses her, “I've come to realise a few of your Gryffindor traits have rubbed off on me, anyway. If it comes to it, Hermione, you have to kill me. Don't give him the satisfaction. Don't make me do it myself. I can't.”

Shocked by his request, Hermione bolts upright. “No!” she shouts, looking away from him. “I won't. I refuse!”

Theo grabs her face, forcing her to look at him.
“Tell me what you want? I find it hard to believe you have no plan. I know you're up to something. You can't take him on your own. Tell me?”

Hermione shakes head. “I'll die trying.”

“You'll die only if he wants you to,” quips Theo.

“He is a weapon. Don't forget that. You can't wound a snake. You have to kill it. Are you really prepared to do that?” questions Theo.

Hermione responds calmly. “I’d never considered taking a life—until now.”

Theo’s eyebrows raise in shock at her statement.

“Well fuck, Hermione. I don't know what to say to you. We are up against some dark magic here. I don't even know if it's possible to reverse this. There may be answers in his storage room. He's protective of it. But it's not going to be easy to get into it, though, especially without the use of our magic. He's cursed you, but he's bound me. I haven't been able to use magic since. I'm a prisoner, too, Hermione. It's all part of his game.”

Her eyes bore into his.

“I can use magic.”

“What do you mean you can? I was with him when he cursed you,” Theo is puzzled.

“The moment I started seeing my memories clearly, I could feel my magic vibrating through my body. I'm rusty. I need to practice.” Hermione continues to modulate, “Look I know it's not much to go on, but it's something. We have to try. And you're right. I do have a plan. It's not exactly detailed, though. I want Vengeance for everything he's done to me, Theo. I don't expect you to play any part in that, but it's going to happen.”

Theo fills with fear and concern. Right about now, he thinks she's a little nuts, but there's something incredibly sexy about a witch plotting the demise of a sadistic prick like Draco. If anyone stands a chance against him, it’s her.

“Of course! Your memories returned made his curse void,” he says with a glimmer of hope. Until reality sets in, and his fears for her come back, “—and how can I not? What do you expect me to do? Step aside and watch you again? It's not who you are, Hermione, and you can't ask me to do that. I won't.”

“I guess I should tell you that some Slytherin traits have rubbed off on me, and I won't go down without a fight,” she says, more sure of herself than ever. “Investigating his storage is all we’ve got, and time is not on our side. I need to get in sync with my magic again so we can do this.”

“How can I help?”

“Don't be mad. It's stupid, but he'll fall for it. Trust me.”
Hermione peels herself out of Theo’s arms with a look of sheer determination stating point blank; “I think it's dangerous for us—for you to be around me.”

Theo’s extends his arms until his hands reach her body. He places his hands on either side of her elbows, gently sliding them up to her shoulders and back down. He does this for comfort: not hers—his, knowing full well how she wants to play this out. Alone. He refuses to stand for that; he absolutely won't. Touching her arms. Feeling her...his hands stroking her soft velvety skin. It's therapeutic to his soul. Many times he wished he could do this. To be with her, talk to her, love her. The furthest thing from his mind is giving her up or letting her try and do any of this alone. She has been on this trip from Hell “solo” for so long. For once, it's his chance to help her, and he's not prepared to go down without a fight, regardless of her stubbornness. Theo argues back, but it's not an argument fueled by rage. Its one of concern, frustration, and devotion.

“So? You expect me to go and hide somewhere? Lay low? While you try and do this all by yourself? Like fuck, Hermione!” his voice rattles like a cage of emotions, and his hands squeeze her tighter. Her skin is blotchy and pink as blood rushes to the area, while his strained face contorts as he continues. “You said it yourself. You're rusty. You've practically been asleep the past few years! I haven't. I've been awake, living this nightmare the entire time. I can he—”

Hermione, persistent as ever, repels his concerns as though they mean nothing, but in reality—it means everything. It means that he cares, and, although he's afraid of the outcome, he's not afraid to show love. He's willing to put himself on the line for her, regardless of his background. It means that, despite that he is wandless and in a reasonably hopeless situation, he will go to any lengths to protect her. It warms her in a way she's been lacking for some time. Fighting the smile that threatens to spread across her cheeks, her reason kicks back in.

“No, you can't! And don't—Do you honestly think you were able to sneak up here undetected? He planned this. He planned to catch us, but for some reason he's been caught up. We’re lucky, that's all.
I know what I said in the heat of the moment, but I do care, and I don't think we should give him the satisfaction of catching us together. He'll kill you. I can't have that on my conscience.”

“You think I don't know this?” questions Theo, still allowing his emotions to run free. “Why do you think I'm so desperate to help? We've got a chance! It's a longshot, but we have something, and something is better than nothing. Do you really think him not catching us will stop him? He does what he wants. He's a Malfoy.”

Hermione nods in recognition. Theo makes good points - she isn’t oblivious to the obvious facts, but that doesn’t mean she wants him to put more of himself on the line. He's already been through so much, too. Her head and her heart are having an internal war, and it's a wrenching battle. Her heart is simmering in a turmoil of feelings; her mind is stewing with logic, wanting to ignore any common sense Theo makes. She doesn’t want him to be right. She can't bare it. Not out of pride. Out of fear of it all. It's too much. She can bare risking her life but not his. No.

“We can prolong it. I know, Theo, trust me, I know. I just see the bigger picture here,” she says subtly whilst pleading him to see her reasoning.

“Well, if you refuse to explain this big picture—”

“—when did you get so determined?”

“I told you, some of your traits rubbed off on me.”

Hermione shakes her head from side to side, signalling “no.”

“I think you need to go back to the dungeon. It's the first place he'll check when he returns.”

“That's obvious,” replies Theo smugly.

Hermione doesn't frown. She wants to frown, and yell at him, and kick some sense into him, but she lets up. Because she comes to the realisation that she can't do this on her own. As much as she doesn't want to need anyone, she does, and she needs his help if they are to both try to get through this shit storm that's brewing. She finally agrees to his help. But only under her conditions.

“Alright, okay! But we're doing this my way.”

“I wouldn't want to do it any other way.”

Hermione exhales, preparing to explain. “I think he'll be incredibly mad when he finds you still in there. He'll come looking for me. Distract him, give me some time...ask him about business?”

Theo is amused by her suggestion. “Pft. You want me to distract Draco by asking him about fucking ‘business?’ Somehow, I don't think that's going to distract him.”

“Alright! I don't suppose you've got any other ideas?” Hermione doesn't accept defeat, but she is open to suggestions.

“I have plenty. All of which result in my untimely death, and I'd like to live, regardless of my willingness to sacrifice myself, if it comes to that.”

“Well I don't how it's going to go down, Theo, but it has to distract him long enough for me to escape his storeroom, at least!”

“Oh, you'll have time alright. Don't you worry about that,” nods Theo reassuringly. “About that
storeroom. It has many spells, enhancements...think outside the box. It’s Draco, however; he doesn't have many visitors here and he might - ‘might’ have slipped up. Especially given how quickly he had to leave.”

“You're right.”

“I know.”

“Arse.”

“Yes, I have a fabulous one, but I much prefer yours,” he says with a smirk as he slaps hers. He then continues, “An arse that loves you and would do anything for you, though.”

He says it so cheekily, pulling her in for a not-so-sneaky kiss.

Hermione lets him, only for a second. But their impending task outweighs her ability to ‘relax’, so it's brief, pulling away from his slithery hands.

“Please, stop. Don't make this harder than it already is. This is about playing smart.”

“And most definitely not about playing it safe,” retorts Theo with a chilling confidence.

“Well, I am a Gryffindor,” she replies coyly.

“That's right, you are. And I think I need a touch more Gryffindor, please. Come here.”

He grabs at her again, and, despite being at odds with herself over the situation, she goes with it. Theo smiles, feeling satisfied by her submission.

“You know I dreamed about this moment for so long. I never thought it was going to happen,” he mewls into her ear.

Hermione is abrupt. She doesn’t mean for it to sound so harsh, but it's the truth.

“I wish I could say the same, but you already know why.”

“I'm sorry.”

“Don't do that.”

“What?”

“Apologise for things out of your control,” she disputes.

“I can't ditch my guilt, Hermione.”

“I'm not asking you to. Just...try and be optimistic.”

They are surrounded by an awkward silence. Hermione is hard up against his chest with her face buried into his shoulder, and her eyes are squeezed shut. This really is not the time to get all sentimental.

Theo hands leave her waist. His fingers float up to her face, pulling her away from him. Her eyes are still closed, so he kisses them both and follows them with a smack of his lips on her forehead. Hermione opens her eyes, accepting the tender moment, so he takes that as permission to carry on. His lips trail from her forehead down the center of her nose, continuing until he finds her lips. He
hovers over her lips for a moment, just enough to feel her want.

Hermione grows impatient with anticipation. She takes his lips hungrily, pecking his lips with a fierceness that is not only fuelled by her hunger for him. It's motivated by the future: the thoughts of a future with *him*.

Hermione makes Theo feel like a schoolboy again, but he can't help dreaming of the possibility of growing old with her, sitting on a porch surrounded by peace and serenity, listening to the sound of waves crashing up against the cliff behind their home—the sound of children's laughter and smells from the kitchen of a home cooked meal that Hermione insisted of preparing for their family. He decides that this is his happy place. But nothing can compare to the “real” thing. While he wants to get carried away with her again, for once, he begins to feel the nagging pressure of the events that are going to lead them to the reality of his happy place or death. He regretfully interrupts their needy exchange.

“While I’m not usually the one to get in the way of what the lady wants, I'm sick with thoughts of what's coming, dear. So before, A: you have your way with me, or B: I insist on having my way with you, it kills me to say, don't you think we should wrap this up?”

Hermione doesn't know whether to chuckle at the ironic shift in their priorities or curse herself for the blatant disregard of the pending task. Either way, she recognises the seriousness of it. She should feel foolish, but she's come to realise life is measured by moments like this, and since she is lacking in them, the risk is worth adding one more. If she is going to survive today, die tomorrow, or next week, at least she seized the moment with him today. She can die with no regrets, and she is unapologetically grateful for her nerve and courage, feeling in touch with her roots. It's empowering to her, feeling as though she can take on the world. And a familiar tingle of her magic pines to be used like forbidden lust.

Although she hasn't used magic in so long, it suddenly feels as if she is in sync with it, and there's this natural urge to use it. Hermione decides to test the water; her magical pull is so strong she can no longer ignore it or her agenda. Looking at Theo, she mouths the words “I'm sorry,” before waving her hand in the air and muttering “*stupefy.*”

Theo see’s it coming and starts to shout back, “you sly wit—” but he blacks out before he can finish his sentence.

Hermione gets to work. First thing’s first, she needs appropriate clothing. She rummages through the chest of draws and is surprised to find women's clothing in her size. She settles on a familiar pair a pair of jeans, t-shirt and a grey jumper. She gives herself a little more time to explore the drawers, hoping in the off chance she may come across something useful. *Anything*.

While she is looking through the draws she recognises far too many items as her own, and she vaguely remembers hiding something here. There's a loose wooden board behind a panel at the back of the drawers. Swooping clothing from the drawer to take a better look, she jiggles it as she does,
and the back of it pops open like a little door. It’s a hidden compartment containing three things: a small piece of parchment, a wand, and an enchanting looking key. She opens the scroll hastily, and it’s address to herself, from herself.


Hermione,

If you're reading this then you're still alive. You're a fighter and one hell of a survivor, that's for sure, but I knew you could do it! Malfoy’s wrath is far from anything but kind, so I don’t doubt you are feeling a bit out of sorts. Now's not the time to fall apart. I'll be brief because I don't have much time.

Incase you don't remember the specifics…

You earned the allegiance of this wand from the old caretaker before his untimely demise. He very kindly insisted upon it. He was murdered by Malfoy for attempting to assist you. It's ebony and phoenix feather, 13 inches and of pliant flexibility.

Ebony wood just so happens to enjoy being handled by those with the courage to be themselves. It's comfortable with outsiders and works well matched with someone who will hold fast to their beliefs.

No matter the pressures, it will not be swayed from its purpose. This is a great match for you, much like it's previous owner, to have a wand that is as equally devoted to your pending task. This, paired with the phoenix feathers capabilities of the greatest range of magic, means you have a good wand in hand.

Malfoy’s storeroom is merely a trap to trick anyone foolish enough to enter it. Do not go in there.

On the top floor of the Manor is a secret hallway, heavily warded. It’ll take some time to break through, so use the shield penetrating charm to break it down. Hide under the guise of a disillusionment charm. This is crucial! This hallway in particular is a tribute hall dedicated to the Malfoys; expect the unexpected.

Find his mother's portrait - she is guarding a magical box. To gain access to it you must smear “pure” blood on the emerald stone of her necklace. Utilise Theo’s. Her portrait will swing open, exposing the box: do not remove the box. Only remove its contents! Use the magical key you found with this note. He doesn't know of its existence. You copied it the original.

In the box is phial filled with a silver potion. It's an antidote to the venom used during the blood binding ritual, and it’s strong enough to break the bind. Yes, it can shatter the piece of his soul that is living inside both you and Theo!

The other object is a platinum dagger encrusted with emeralds, sapphires, and decorated with ancient runes inscribed on the blade. It essentially has the power to lift the dark magic protecting Malfoy, potentially killing him or significantly weakening him ready for death.

You have everything you need to win this.

Snakes catch their prey by using well developed senses to hunt. You need to ambush him. Theo said, “never wound a snake, kill it.” Don't turn your back on Malfoy until he is dead, because Hermione, in order to beat a snake at his own game, you must become one. There's one thing he cannot resist more than anything. You. Use yourself as a lure and dominate his every desire. That in itself is
enough to assist you in the succession of your escape. Suppress your moral compass. It's certainty something you want to avoid damaging further. “Any means to achieve their ends.”

He is a weapon, don't doubt that. Let your ambition be driven by resourcefulness, even if it entails doing something you're not proud of—this is life or death. Be cunning and enduring. Exercise your brave, reckless lion-heart - no doubt it's in need of a good run.

See you on the other side.

Signed by a Hermione that you used to know.

So that was that. Hermione has handed herself the answers not-so-delicately scribed on a piece of parchment. Clear instructions. There's no time to reflect on any of it.

Without hesitation, Hermione kneels beside Theo, scroll and key clenched in one fist; the other clenches the wand. She summons a small phial and transfigures the end of her wand into a blade. After casting a numbing charm on Theo, she momentarily drops the wand to intertwine her fingers with his rather stiff ones. “I'm sorry, Theo,” she says to his frozen mold. She brushes her mouth on the back of his hand, caressing him with her lips while he lays there, oblivious to it all.

After kissing his hand, she rests it on the floor, making sure his palm is facing her. Using the blade edge of her wand, she quickly slices his pointed digit—deep enough to allow his blood to trickle into the phial. She doesn't take much of it, knowing how precious and valuable one's blood is. She further uses the wand to repair his wound after transfiguring it back to it's original form.

With his blood taken, it's time to get Theo back to the dungeon. His body is as light as a feather as she levitates him down the hallway to the staircase leading to it. She huffs and puffs to catch her breath, not realising she had ran the entire distance from the bedroom to Draco’s dungeon.

Looking around sends chills down her spine. It doesn't feel right leaving him here but she has to. He knows the plan, and she prays he sticks to it. After all, she won't be heading to Draco’s storeroom now.

Hermione rests Theo against the wall where she last saw him, reversing the stupefy only to put him under a charm that will let him rest lightly until he is disturbed.

Once that is done and dusted it is time for action. Exploding into a speedy run, she makes her way to the stairs, climbing them two steps at a time. She makes it to the floor of guest room she's staying in when she hears the faint rumble and crack of a roaring fire. He's back. No!

In absolute panic at the sound of his floo, Hermione hightails it to the bedroom, waving her wand to put the room back together. She shoves the parchment, phial, key, and wand back in the chest of drawers behind the loose wooden board—ensuring it's concealed by the panel at the back of it.

She swivels around to the ensuite, using her wandless magic to start the shower as she jumps and shuffles to remove her clothes on the way. Any attempt to make it look like she has been here the whole time. The reality is she needs to wash Theo off her. He'll know if she doesn't.
Stepping into the shower feels like one thousand knives penetrating her skin. The hot water is scalding, and she yelps accidentally in surprise upon its impact. She alters the temperature accordingly, smothering herself in soap in the process, plunging her head under the steady stream of water cascading out of the showerhead. She knows magic could have done this quicker, but she wants to appear as normal as possible. And a shower will calm her nerves. *This is it. It's game time.*

Hermione doesn't doubt it for a second that he’ll be coming to see her, most likely within the minute.

Filled with dread, she focuses on calming her breathing and clearing her mind. She wordlessly casts a numbing charm on herself. Not out of fear or because of possible pain. It's because she is afraid to feel him, and she doesn't want to feel the brunt of her actions in full force. She knows what she has to do, but *knowing* doesn't make it easy. Her conscience will punish her for this. She hopes that Theo will forgive her, and she prays she can channel herself into the right headspace. *It's a given, there's no choice. You have to.*

The steam from the shower has created a misty haze in the bathroom, but she doesn't care. In a way, she feels like the steam is cleansing her of herself, making way for someone more ruthless. It's empowering and comforting at the same time, and it gives her the confidence she needs to succeed. Well, she hopes.

After mentally battling with herself over every single detail of the past 24 hours, she feels rather devilish and at peace with herself. Turning off the taps and stepping out of the shower onto the floor mat, she snatches her towel from the rack. While she is drying herself, she hears something faint in the bedroom, causing her heart to jolt at the sound, but she shakes it off already, knowing who it is. She strides across the bathroom, pushing open the door, and she is greeted by none other than Draco himself, sitting on her bed with piercing grey eyes and devilish smirk.

Hermione smiles warmly at him. She feels hot with nerves: a blush is burning into her cheeks. Thankfully, the shower steam is a good enough reason to hide to the truth. Meanwhile, her cheeks feel as though they are ready to explode and combust off her face by the stress of it all. There's the faint voice of an angel whispering in her ear: *there has to be another way. Don't do this! Not like this - just think about it some more.* But the devil on her shoulder is crisp and clear: *do it, do it, do it!*

Pushing her pride aside, she drops her towel as she struts her naked body over to him.

“I've missed you,” she cooes.

Impressed by her willingness, he responds, “Is that so? Hmm, Perhaps I should go on business more often.”

One knee at a time, Hermione straddles his lap; the only barrier between them is his clothing. Knowing he is anything but trusting, she is right to think he'd be suspicious as she feel him gently penetrating her mind. She focuses on the memories of herself crying in the shower. He doesn't know why, and it's the perfect cover. She feels him trying to shuffle through her memories but he can't find anything else—it’s victorious! A silent win for her.
Hermione’s heart is golden, but her hands are cold. This is her means to an end. Noticing the knife roughly concealed under his thigh, she thinks fast, knowing he can't technically be killed yet, so she improvises with a distraction. She'll have to come up with a plan to sneak around later. Now that she has magic, anything is achievable.

“Nice knife,” she cajoles. “Can I play with it?” she hums convincingly as she leans in to nibble on his ear lobe.

Draco feels a rush to his senses, quirking his brow with suspicion. Either way, he is up for anything - if his witch wants to play, he won't refuse, but he's not a fool. He, of course, plans to milk this for all it's worth, and he will feel great satisfaction in doing so. The Hermione he knew wouldn't have it in her to do this “in her right mind” so he settles with caution.

“Well, well. Look who's come to the party. By all means, Granger. Release the beast,” he oozes with satisfaction as he pulls out the knife from underneath him and slips it into her hand.

Hermione relishes the feel of the knife in her hands: light as a feather — weightless, unlike the task at hand. She chomps down on his ear lobe in appreciation for the knife, though she's not a fool to know that a Malfoy’s trust does not come easy, and him giving her the knife is anything but trusting. She recognises his willingness for the thrill of it, and it's thrilling to her, despite the weight of her's and Theo’s freedom sitting on her shoulders. She isn't one to turn down a challenge, so she thinks of it as dare, channeling her thoughts that way, knowing Draco will not be easily deceived; he's guarded more than ever.

Her Gryffindor roots relish the danger.

Pushing him down, she lowers herself with him, swooping her face to his neck. Her tongue swipes the base of it, her teeth biting and sucking the thin flesh with fervour.

Draco shudders, thoroughly enjoying this “welcome-back-home” charade.

As Hermione’s lips leave his neck, whipping out the knife and holding the blade against his throat, she angles it into the skin but not deep enough to cut him. Just enough to build the tension to make him want it. She wants him begging for it, though she knows a Malfoy simply won't beg. He'll manipulate her to get what he wants, but either way, it will be a satisfying feat.

“Granger, if you insist on using my knife, do make it worth your while,” he barks beguilingly.

Hermione chuckles. Internally, she knows she's already won this round. Externally, she's removing the blade from his neck and holding it to his cheek.

“I'm making the rules today, Draco. The things I'm going to do to you, you'll wish you had the strength to deny,” she mews possessively.

“I like it when good girls go bad. Ruin me,” he utters breathlessly as Hermione caresses his face threateningly.

“I can be bad when I want to be,” she barks with an inch of hostility. “Are you afraid of a mad woman? I can only deliberate.”

“I won't ask you to ‘tell me twice’ darling. I don't mind the dirty talk, but I'm impatient. So shut up and suck me, beautiful, or don't shut it and fuck me. Either way, brutalise me and make it worth your while. I am famished. Touch me, tease me, threaten to kill me.”
Oh don't you worry “darling” - I plan on it, she thinks to herself.

“If you want to go to Heaven, you should fuck me tonight,” she seethes mercilessly, meaning every sense of her words. Except the part about Heaven, because she is certain there is a throne reserved in Hell for him.

The resting blade upon his cheek cuts his flesh ruthlessly with one swipe. It’s serrated edge burns him as he feels a raw throb to the site. His blood pools to his cheeks. Hermione forcefully grabs his chin, wrapping the fingers of her hand around him in the process. She intensifies the moment with her piercing gaze, while her other hand remains clenched around the handle of his knife which is now dripping with his blood.

Draco is pleased. He welcomes it, reveling it, surrendering to her. Feeling every bit of gratification at her excellence.

“Daddy's home, darling.”

Amused by his comment, she eggs him on by licking the knife’s edge, allowing its blade to cut her tongue. The pain of it soothes the ache of betrayal she’s feeling in her chest. It’s bittersweet. Because revenge never tasted so good.

Their blood dribbles down her chin.

Draco is mesmerised by her.

“Bloodthirsty witch enjoying the taste of my unblended, finely milled heritage?” he spits with pride.

“Your fine wine is as good as liquid gold,” she purs. “However, it's you I want to treat. Tonight you’ll be feasting on my domineering inferiority like it's gourmet cuisine. I want you to devour my pussy like its your last meal,” she commands, ripping open his shirt to expose his bare chest.

Draco exhales a sharp breath, clenching his teeth at her dominance.

Hermione resumes by trailing tempting kisses of destruction from his throat down his chest, steadily moving further south of his abdomen.

He smirks at her implication, knowing exactly where she's heading. Naughty fucking witch.

“I'll never get tired of anything that comes out of your filthy fucking mouth,” he barks.

Hermione unbuttons his pants and yanks them down effortlessly, just enough to expose him. She prepares his cock by stroking his length, teasing him playfully with each stroke. She wonders if Slytherins live life as exciting as this, playing with ice instead of playing with fire.
“Oh, I'm just getting started. Crave me, and I promise I'll make you hurt,” she avows.

Draco approves, licking his lips in admiration.

“Make your sins worth it, my dear.”

“I intend to,” Hermione guarantees, as she dives to take his cock in her mouth. You have no idea what I am capable of, Malfoy.
Nothing is fair in love and revenge

Chapter Notes

I cried writing this.

Apologies for the delay, I've been dabbling in writing fests and things. This is the 2nd last chapter of OCL! I've started writing the final chapter and aim to have it to you ASAP! X

As always more love to my Beta Mr Benzedrine x

- GiTG

“Fuck, Granger! Don't stop.”

Draco’s breathing is as harsh as the incessant throb in his cock. The desperation he feels below his waist is evidence of her pleasing him. He's incredibly close to exploding in her mouth, but the idea of painting her with his come takes his fancy too. He's watching her: watch him, whilst his hands grip the back of her head to drive his cock deeper into her mouth. He's thrusting his hips, grunting...she's ramming him down her throat without choking and hardly taking it like a lady; taking it like harlot he knows she is.

“That's a good little slut,” he purrs.

Hermione can feel his body tense each time she plunges his dick down her throat. It repulses her in the way that she is sure the knots in her stomach are swimming chunks of bile. Each time she feels the urge to dry reach she pinches her leg to distract herself. In fact, the only thing stopping her from gagging is her imagining it's Theo's cock. That's all.

She can tell he's about to come, and honestly, the last thing she wants is his hot seed running down her throat. It's bad enough doing this. Her cheeks hollow as she sucks hard, and her lips smack against his foreskin while sliding his cock out of her mouth. It’s abrupt, but she has no shame in that. *Fuck what he wants. I'm running the show tonight*; she thinks to herself.

Hermione continues to stroke him. Her face is well and truly out of firing range. She squeezes his length and increases the speed of her movements. Her actions cause him to snap his teeth shut, inhaling a long breath through the gaps of them. He exhales, twitching, and with that his grunts get louder and more desperate. It's a sure sign he's there.

Hermione licks her lips to tease, “I like the way slut rolls of your tongue,” she purrs.
Draco grinds his teeth, struggling to hold on.

“Fuck,” he barks with fervour.

Hermione tightens her grip around his cock; her other hand still has her fingers laced around his knife, so she brings it back into the game.

Taking the blade, she runs it down the side of his chest, resting it above his hip. She flashes him a smirk that's reflective of his own as she pokes the tip of the knife’s end to his skin. It's not with enough force to penetrate him, but it's suggestive: exciting him further.

She teases him. Bouncing the tip of the knife off his flesh, pushing it a little deeper each time...waiting for the right moment. That moment when he is desperate and wanting. Only then, she will penetrate him.

The line of reason is thin. She is fighting the edge of it all, holding back all her pent up rage and frustrations, but the reality of the fact is: she wants to maim him, incapacitate and kill him. She wants to watch life leave his eye's and cease to exist. She wants to see the grey in them cast over to the shadows, never to see the light of day again...never to stare into hers and take what little light from her she has left. And she wants him to see her do it. Merlin, he’ll probably get off on it. He won't welcome death, but he'll welcome the pain of it, and for that, she can only oblige.

Draco’s body is shaking. Hermione gives him what she knows he wants, knowing that anything she does to him now won't kill him. It's a harsh reality, but she pleases him enough he might fall into a sense of security, enough so, that she'll be able to get away from him to get what she needs.

He groans and grunts with each roll of his hips, thrusting against the tug of her hand, harder, and faster. His body jolts to signal his ending bliss, and Hermione plunges half the knife’s blade into his side, causing him to explode with his orgasm reaching new heights.

Draco’s skin is tougher than she thought, so the penetration wasn't as easy as she'd hoped. It compares to cutting into raw meat with a blunt blade: taught, textured, and muscled-flesh, but trying to make it work anyway. Her fingers are covered in blood, laced around the handle of her weapon. His hot, thick-blood steadily dribbling out of his side makes a mess all over her sheets.

Draco’s always been in control. Taking from her, inflicting pain on her. The thought had never crossed his mind that he would enjoy if the tables were turned on him. She is making the rules tonight, yes, but despite what she thinks, he is still in control. He is skilled in the art of deceit. He is the master of mind games.

It's out of character for her to express such free will, and it doesn't surprise him for a minute. He knows she's up to something and whatever it is... There's no doubt about it, he'll find out. Oh, he'll go along with this ‘I’m running the show thing’ until he convinces her he's unguarded, and when the timing is right he'll catch her red - handed. There's no hope for whatever she's conjured up. She won't possibly succeed under his roof. She is, after all, his. He practically crafted who she is today. He knows her inside and out. He's penetrated every physical part of her body. This metaphorically includes the beating muscular organ in her chest. He knows her better than she knows herself.
Whatever she's up to, she'll never win.

Seeing his seeping wound and hearing excruciating pleasantries of his orgasm leaves Hermione feeling flustered. She recognises how sadistic it is of her to be turned on by this. Questioning the motivation behind her feeling, she brushes it off at the true realisation of her extreme desire for vengeance.

As Draco lays there, momentarily recovering from his orgasm, Hermione crawls beside his wounded body, flopping onto her back.

“Ready for the main course, Draco?” she purrs, patting the face of the knife on her pussy with her legs splayed.

Draco’s brows raise in shock, his face strikingly amused at the presentation of her delicacy.

“What are you implying by slapping my knife like that against you, Granger? Want me to cut of your clit for added pleasure?”

Hermione scoffs.

“I’m merely advertising, Draco. And judging my pulsing nub, you better hurry up and do something before the thing combusts in your face.”

Draco chuckles, rolling himself into her body. He hovers his face over hers Hermione doesn't flinch, but the way her teeth graze her bottom lip indict as much.

Yearning to bite her face off, he swoops into her, colliding his lips with hers. They commence a fierce battle of tongues. Draco’s battling desperation - she’s fueled by anger and hatred. They stay locked in this battle for some time. That is, until Draco breaks the skin of her bottom lip with his teeth; he wants to wash down her metallic taste with the essence between her legs.

The blood from his wound smears down her body as he glides his naked body down hers. There's no friction. It's skin of skin and a slippery concoction of hot, thick blood and sweat. Draco’s tongue finds a home at the lips between her hips, and he delves into her core...swiveling his tongue, sucking her bean like there's no end. Finger fucking her.

Hermione shudders at the feel of him tending to the sacred parts of her. She’s not focused on trying to enjoy it, but the rebel inside her wants to, so she does. Her building orgasm explodes, and she decides that her next step will take him out.

After the roll of her hips and her moans in pleasure, Draco straddles Hermione’s lap, bringing his
face level with hers; their eyes lock. She feels no attempt to invade her mind, but he appears to be concentrating on her regardless, as if trying to read the innocence in her eyes.

Hermione’s hands glide through the back of his hair, while thoughts of her magic swirl in her mind with the birth of a sudden plan. She doesn’t realise the power of her thoughts being so in tune with her magic, because a spark of her magic erupts from her fingertips, striking Draco with a sharp jolt.

Draco flinches instantly, and his hands attempt to restrain hers at once.

At the realisation of her slip up Hermione is already one up on him. In Draco’s attempt to grip her hands she veers, avoiding him. Bundling her right hand into fist, she swoops it toward him. As her knuckles connect with his “pretty boy” face, Draco returns the favour with an equal punch to hers, taking her by surprise.

“You fucking bitch! Think you can play me for a fool,” drawls Draco menacingly. “You honestly thought I wasn’t on to you?”

Not wasting a moment longer, Hermione seizes the moment to use magic before he does. His major flaw in this situation is him wanting to express his anger so freely while she is now magically his equal. Focusing on a wandless incantation, she knocks him out cold with a *stupefy*, following it up by incarcerating him.

“Clearly you fucking are, Malfoy,” she scoffs. “You seem to have forgotten who the fuck you are dealing with, prat!”

She cackles in triumph at her ability as the impeding escape gets closer.

Summoning clothes and retrieving the hidden items from her drawer, Hermione quickly dresses and bursts into a run to awaken Theo from the spell she’d placed on him.

“You did fucking what?” shouts Theo as Hermione breathlessly explains the events of the past hour.

“You don’t have time to be angry at me, Theo, please. Just come with me to the top floor so I can find Mrs. Malfoy’s portrait. Then we can be done with this horcrux business, kill Draco before he manages to free himself, and leave this hellhole,” she pleads.
“Fine. But I'm telling you now; when we get out of here, you're going to have to grovel. And I mean it, Hermione.”

“I suppose you want me to beg for your forgiveness on my hands and knees,” she teases with a seductive wink.

Theo tries to ignore it, but his laughter gives in before his mind does.

“I'm a pathetic excuse for a Slytherin. You've made me weak, witch,” he states while gripping her face with both his hands before pulling her into a lip-locking kiss. It’s short, fierce, and bruising, leaving them both breathless, though Hermione is still puffed from her run.

“We don't have time for this, Theo.”

“I know. Come on, let's get this over with.”

Hermione and Theo arrive on top floor of the Manor under the guise of a disillusionment charm. She peels open the scroll to check once more and starts working on penetrating the wards as instructed. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes pass by, and she's feeling exhausted. Thankfully, her magic doesn't reflect this, appearing to almost act on its own accord in junction with the old caretakers wand.

Theo feels helpless; he aches to use his magic. Being bound to Draco and cursed himself still prevents him from its use. He offers support, it's all he can do, but the sudden realisation that the wards are down daunts him when he accidentally stumbles forward and triggers nothing. It must have been at the exact moment that Hermione broke through, because a large puff of vapour rolls towards them and diminishes, leaving the air feeling easier to breathe in.

“You did it! You are really incredible, you know that?” asks Theo as he pulls Hermione in for a subtle kiss.

“Thanks,” she replies sweetly, knowing all too well he's yet to see her full potential.

Together, still hidden by a disillusionment charm, they inspect the hallway walls looking for Mrs. Malfoy. They find her portrait at the end of the hall, hanging singularly on a wall dedicated to herself. The matriarch appears to have eyes on all portraits, it's clear she's in charge here. All the other portraits appear to be vacant or sleeping. Mrs. Malfoy is casually sipping tea in a night dress, prim and proper, elegant as ever, with her posture straight and her head held high. If they didn't know any better, it's almost as though she doesn't know she's dead.

“Stupefy,” whispers Hermione. Mrs. Malfoy’s portrait body stiffens at once, her tea cup falling from her hands, landing abruptly in her lap. The remnants of tea soak her clothes.
Hermione laces her fingers through Theo’s, mouthing the words “I'm sorry,” silently as she peels her hand away from him. Still gripping his fingers, Theo looks at her with understanding, nodding in agreement. A drop of his blood is nothing; if that's what he can do to help, he'll do it gladly.

Hermione cuts his finger delicately, allowing the blood to pool his finger before guiding him forward, smearing his crimson on the emerald stone of Mrs. Malfoys necklace. It's instantaneous, the door of her portrait swinging open, and the curious magical box described in the note is displayed there in all its glory.

Leaving no room for error, a quick swipe of her wand repairs Theo's finger, a second swipe checks for any more wards, to which, surprisingly, there is none. Hermione assertedly grips the key in her pocket, allowing it to sit snug between her thumb and pointed digit. She's careful not to move the box from its place, only wishing to open it to remove its contents.

The contents of the box are enveloped in green velvet: the silvery antidote swirling in a phial, the platinum dagger glinting in all its powerful glory, encrusted with emeralds, sapphires, and decorated with ancient runes inscribed on the blade.

Her fingers curl around the phial. She tries to hand it to Theo, but he pushes it back to her.

“No, ladies first.”

Hermione rolls her eyes but avoids arguing back. Reluctantly, she drinks half the potion, coughing, spluttering it down on along the way. The antidote itself tastes rather strange, but she feels weightless, humble, and oddly - free upon consuming it. She thrusts it back into Theo's hand and instructs him to drink.

It’s as though their world came crashing down. The portraits are alert and whispering in hushed tones. There are glares in the direction of Hermione and Theo, despite them being hidden by the charm, as well as the air surrounding them growing thick and warm.

“Something's not right - drink that now. We have to go, now!” articulates Hermione, knowing there's no room for error. She whips around, grabbing the dagger from the magic box, only to turn harshly back around to the sound of shattering glass. “Theo?” she shouts as her body is being flung into a wall. She keeps hold of the dagger in a deadly grip, not wanting to drop it for anything.

“Fuck!” shouts Theo upon dropping the potion. Snake-like ropes appear out of thin air, wrapping around his ankles, causing him to collapse on the floor. The potion sinks into the flooring, as though it’s water soaking a sponge, vanishing without a trace.

Footsteps echo down the hall.

“As if I'd let you leave, Granger,” delivers a voice out of thin air.

“You!”
“Yes, it's me. Did you really think you'd be able to escape without me knowing about it? I'm impressed you got this far, though.” Draco reveals himself, and in doing so, removes the charm hiding Hermione and Theo.

“Stu-” attempts Hermione.

Draco chuckles, silencing her and cutting her off.

“You're going to have to play like the dark wizards do if you want any chance of defeating me, Granger.” He takes several steps forward, muttering, twirling his wand while aiming it in the direction of Theo.

Theo shouts in agony at the deep cuts appearing all over his body, ripping his clothes to shreds.

Hermione breaks through the *silencio*.

“No!” shouts Hermione in protest, her wand repelling the force shredding his skin. “*Protego!*”

A protective shield emits from her wand, providing a few seconds of protection. In her haste, she’s pushing herself away from the wall - rushing forward, bending at the knees to cradle Theo.

“Why didn't you just fucking drink it?” she cries, holding him while his body writhes in pain.

“I'm so-argh-fuck! I'm sorry!” squeaks Theo.

Hermione throws up another shield while Draco stalks back and forth, trying to penetrate it.

“I don't know what to do anymore,” cries Hermione, her tears rolling down her cheeks while she sobs uncontrollably. She peels open the scroll, re-reading it over and over again. “There has to be another way! There's got to be something else?”

Hermione’s hands shake while her tears smear the ink on the parchment.

“Hermione,” chokes Theo breathlessly. The pain is unbearable. “I can't die remember. I'm still a horcrux.”

“No! I won't. I can't, don't you dare make me!”

“Shushhh it’s okay love, you can. You can't defeat him while I'm still one. You have to kill me.”

“No!”

“Well someone has to, and I can't, so take the dagger, Hermione, and plunge it through my heart.”

“But we're supposed to escape together! We were going to make it! Don't you dare, Theodore Nott!”

“Hermione Jean Granger, the magic he's used on me is repairable, but I still have a piece of his soul living in me. It has to be done if you want any hope of escaping.”

“Then I chose to die too!”

“No. People need you. People need him dead. You need to survive this and make sure of it.”
“But I love you! We've had no time-”

“And I love you. We can make up for it when you're old and grey and die of natural causes. I'll be waiting for you on the other side.”

“I don't want to go on without you.”

“You have to. I need you to be brave for me, because in all honesty, I'm scared shitless. You can do it you know. You can defeat him, you've come so far.”

“I hate you.”

“You don't.”

“No, I don't...but I hate this! When did you get so fucking noble?”

“I told you, you've rubbed off on me.”

Theo wraps his hand around hers, the very hand that has her fingers clasped around the handle of the dagger. She lets out sob after sob, a constant flow of tears streaming from her eyes.

With one hand around hers and the dagger, Theo's other hand meets the side of her face. He caresses her cheek swiping away her tears with his thumb.

“Come here,” he says softly, though his voice is cracking with raw emotion.

Theo guides her forward, pulling her lips to his. The moment her lips crash on his, he manoeuvres the dagger towards his heart, kissing her more fiercely as he drives its blade into his chest.

Hermione pulls away in shock.

“How could you? I'm not ready to say goodbye!” she chokes out while he heaves and splurts, struggling for air.

“You’ll never be ready,” he stutters. “I love -- you.”

Theo’s hand slips from her face; his other releases the dagger that's pegged into his chest, dropping to his side.

Hermione is herself folding over Theo, distraught, and struggling to find clarity. The grief is so overwhelming, her hands tremble while her fingers trace the outline of his face. Even in death, he looks pained. Her heart aches. Her features reflect his, tortured with grief by the loss of him.

Hermione doesn't want to leave him here to rot...and with that thought, the realisation of where she still is crashes down in her. Snapping her head up, her eyes search for Draco.
**Endings are a dish best served...dirty**

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

*Stay tuned for my A/N at the end, please. This is the final chapter. There will be no trigger warnings posted this time.*

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“**Murder to the mind**

**Blood on my hands**

**Fire in my soul**”

"**Murder on my mind**" - Tash Sultana

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Hermione’s eyes fall on Draco.

He’s slightly bent over, hands on his knees, agitated and puffed as if wounded. She didn't think it would happen so quickly, but the reality of the fact is, tonight he’s lost two fragments of his soul. He’s incomplete, suffering, and significantly weaker. She knows not to be trusting of this, though. Malfoys are skilled in the art of deceiving...manipulating. She can't help the feeling he is up to something.

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It's almost as though he knows the exact moment she thinks him weak, because his eye’s shift from the ground to her in half a second.

“**Worried about me, Granger? I'm touched**, ” states Draco not-so-modestly.

Hermione frowns at the implication; she couldn't be further from it.

Realising the seriousness of the situation has her on edge, but she doesn't dare show it. Rising from Theo, Hermione gently levitates his body out of harm's way. Her feet are grounded as she feels the energy of her magic flowing through her in violent waves. It's the calm before the storm.

Hermione takes one solid step toward him, tucking the bloody dagger in the back pocket of her jeans.

“**Now's not the time to fall apart, darling,**” chimes Hermione mockingly. It’s time she shows relentless strength. She can mourn Theo’s death after she escapes.
Draco is truly entertained by the witch standing metres before him. It's as though she is zeroing in on her target, and he, the ever patient bullseye smack bang in the centre of it all, is waiting for her to strike.

“Nows not the time to drop your guard, darling,” modulates Draco coldly, completely opposite to the signs of fragility he’s showing.

Hermione recognises this, trying to analyse him - knowing that whatever happens from now on is survival on her part or a hefty life sentence to slavery.

“Are you afraid?” she asks confidently while stepping toward him, further, with her fingers clasped tightly around her wand. If he so much as flinches, she'll strike him.

Draco’s brows jump at her insult, implying he's amused. His facial features curl into a wicked smirk.

Hermione is curious in response to his apparent lack of words.

“You should be,” she deadpans impassively.

Draco chuckles mercilessly at her, raising his body sharply with a sense of pride. His breathing is harsh, representing some sort of physical struggle, but he refuses to let any other signs show.

The hallway in the Malfoy manor is stuffy despite it being only two of them there. It definitely has to do with the watchful eyes of the Malfoys surrounding them. Every portrait is full now.

Hermione is watching Draco with great interest, wondering how she should approach this. Her plans had always assumed a confrontational end, but nothing has gone to plan regardless, and she is definitely a little shaken about the loss of Theo. Her eyelids flutter, reflecting the raw pain she is feeling.

The silence is the room is as deafening as the air is thick. Draco’s eyes are trained on her watching him. His ego oozes in superiority and authority, and he cements his control by taking a step toward her.

“You seem to be under the false pretense that I will let you leave,” interjects Draco.
Hermione raises her wand defensively, the only safe guard she has to protect herself besides her
mind.

“Quite the contrary,” she snaps in protest.

“Oh? Do enlighten me, Granger,” says Draco flippantly, his head tilting inquisitively at her.

“Well I, for one, plan on leaving here. That's a given,” she exclaims.

“So fierce. So strong,” retorts Draco. “I admit I enjoy your resistance. Makes it more rewarding
when I overwhelm you.” He doesn't linger on his thoughts or risk another minute of her freedom.
The words leave his lips immediately.

“Brachiabindo.”

Hermione swipes her wand to counteract it effortlessly.

“Emancipare!”

Draco’s attack is blocked - it's a major blow to his pride...

The potion she previously ingested is pumping through her veins, and she feels untouchable and
victorious having blocked his advances for the first time in a long time.

Draco grows impatiently, wordlessly double casting - “Confundo! Imperio!”

Hermione uses her initiative the moment she blocked his limb binding curse. She shields herself with
a variety of spells, not letting it deter her from the fact that, until she gets out of here, she's not safe.

Her confidence is dislodged by distraction, however, when Draco seeks her more ferociously
without little thoughts or fears of doubt.

Draco struts with confidence, his grey eyes glinting without a shadow of doubt. All of a sudden, it's
as though he's sipped the elixir of life. His presence, although domineering, appears somewhat godly.
He's ambitious and dutiful to attain his goal.

Hermione suppresses her confusion. She’s puzzled by his apparent strength and guarded more than
ever. Her mannerisms are nothing short of assertive.

“Take one more step closer, touch me...and I'll kill you.”

He scoffs, sneering in delight at her. She is fueling his desire.

“What's mine is mine, darling.”

Draco catches her off guard, and next thing she knows, her wand is in his hand...her wrists and ankles are bound. Her feet aren't touching the floor... The only support holding her body upright is the magic planting her back firmly to the wall behind her, the binds incarcerating her have her arms spread out like a starfish and her legs spread eagled. She gulps. The lump of nerves in her throat sits there, blocking her esophagus. Hermione struggles to breath as the ball anxiety in her throat grows.

Draco is directly in front of her, simply breathing her in. He's annoyed he can't sense her fear.

“You're not untouchable now, Granger,” he drawls with a hint of excitement.

He reaches out to brush her cheek fondly with the back of his left knuckles, nudging her face in an attempt to restore her fear, but she doesn't flinch.

“It's cute you think you have a choice,” he delivers icely while sliding his right hand between her thighs, cupping her ridge, holding it possessively. 

"This is mine,” he utters with a business-like ownership of her pussy as he rubs her. His actions are neurotic and urgent, but that doesn't surprise her.

“Let's get back to the basics. Back to our original roots,” he winks. “This,” he begins massaging the mound between her legs, “doesn't have to be all sadistic and methodical. Or does it?”

Hermione’s head turns away from him. His knuckles slowly slide down to her chin, almost seductive. His hand flips around, fingers curling into a grip around her chin, forcing her head front on so she can't escape his gaze. No matter how much her life depends on it, she can’t escape him. He won't let her.

Draco leans into her, yanking her face away from him so he can feel her skin. His cheek glides along hers before trailing his mouth along her jawline - brushing his lips across hers with his grip tightly holding her jaw. He bites her bottom lip, tugging on it with his teeth vigorously, drawing blood from the ever so plump and luscious, fleshy parts of her mouth.

The moment his lips leave hers, Hermione spits on his face with disgust. If he is a fire, she is dancing in his flames.

He winces at her vulgarity.

Draco plants his hands either side of her, leaning into her ear. His voice is abrupt, hostile, and full of
evil intent.

“We've always played dirty, Granger. Why would today be any different?”

Chills run down her spine, but she keeps her cool, level-headed self.

“I was just warming up, Malfoy.”

“Warming up? I highly doubt that. If you want to feel the heat, I know how to warm you up, Granger,” he taunts.

Draco’s right hand glides under her shirt making its way up to her right breast. He cups her, squeezing and massaging it roughly; his other hand is holding her waist possessively, his fingertips caressing the skin of her hips. He moves his body closer to her. Although they are vertical, it's body on body. The only thing separating them is their clothing. He leans his face into her collarbone, planting kisses and licking the base of her neck...trying to taste her, but she's spoiled. All he can taste is the contamination from Theo.

A surge of anger rises in him, and he grunts in frustration. He releases her breast and waist, immediately. The hand that was fondling her now strokes his face while he perplexes over an idea. Whatever conversation he’s having in his mind, it's a difficult one, and his hand clenches into a fist and releases - several times.

She hates this. The feeling of helplessness. The unease. The unknowing. Hermione decides that her best bet now will be to go along with whatever he wants until a chance of escaping presents itself. That, or she can push his limits. Make him mad. Make him want to hurt her and, in the event of such punishments, she might find her chance. Since he told her to play dirty, that's exactly what she is going to do.

Hermione chuckles. She's tainted, and it affects him so. This is perfect, she thinks to herself. Using her wit, she taunts him.

“Hit me, then,” she commands. “That's what you want. I've been a bad girl, and I need to be punished.”

Draco’s face lights up at the invitation.

“Well if you insist on begging for it, one can only oblige.”

He follows his instincts by punching the wall beside her head, and she stays still, laughing mockingly at him, enjoying tormenting him.

“I don't believe in safe words, Draco. Don't hold back now. This is supposed to be punishment.”

“Witch! Your fire turns me on, Granger. It really does. Its cute you think you have a choice; if I want to hurt you - I will. It's mother I don't want witnessing such atrocities.”

“Atrocities.”

He says it like he knows right from wrong, and it occurs to her he’s just revealed a weakness.
He interrupts her thoughts once more.

“I could have you begging for death, If I wanted to,” he carries on. “You'd like that wouldn't you? Easy way out like _Nott_.”

It appears he’s playing the same game. Even after Theo's death, Draco still finds ways to burn her. Hermione scoffs.

“You’d like that wouldn't you,” she responds cheekily with a grin - it wasn't a question. “I do agree, your dear mother shouldn't bare witness to such things. Can I suggest we take this downstairs? Back to your dungeon perhaps? We've a plethora of tools available,” she winks.

Draco’s eyes rake her body with a sense of ownership. It's as though she is his proud purchase, and he can’t wait to get her home and “play” with his new toy.

“I’m not normally one for fair play, Granger. But I do agree: a change of scenery is needed.”

Hermione tries to suppress the satisfaction she feels at the small victory. If his mother is his weakness, _this_ is where it has to be done. She'll even smear his blood all over his mother's portrait if the opportunity arises.

Draco releases the spell binding her to the wall, and gravity pulls her to the floor. She lands with a loud thud. The impact of the fall causes her to twist her ankle, and she yelps in the pain of it. Gripping at her ankle, she barrels over, playing on the injury. Her other hand slides out the dagger from the back of her jeans, slipping it under her uninjured leg with ease to keep it close.

“Well I hope you don't expect me to walk after that,” she says.

Draco's wand raises to do a swish and flick, but Hermione interrupts his concentration with a diversion.

“How’re we supposed to play dirty if you've got the unfair advantage? Repair me. It's the least you can do.”

Draco chuckles, knowing there's nothing innocent in her words.

“I'm not asking you to carry me, for fuck’s sake,” argues Hermione, all the while channeling her wandless magic, using the hand resting on her ankle to heal her sprain. She feels a slight tinge that makes her jolt, but the pain is gone.

“I bet your mother thought she raised a gentlemen,” she presses.

Draco snaps, charging forward with his wand pointed at her. Her hand is still clenched around the handle of the dagger hidden under her leg as he nears her.

His patience wearing thin, he flicks his wand hand, and she feels her body thrust upwards, bringing
her to a standing position. She is sure to keep the knife close to her, slipping her hand further behind her back while she pretends her ankle is giving her grief. She catches a glimpse of her wand in his pocket, but she doesn't linger on it, knowing that he is watching her - trying to read her.

Hermione “attempts” to limp forward and stumbles pathetically. Acting like a damsel in distress is nothing to be proud of, but it is enough for him, because a weak witch makes it all the more easier to get her to submit, and Draco loves a submissive woman.

He doesn't appear to have a change of heart, but before she knows it, he is summoning a chair, urging her to sit while he approaches her.

Hermione's exposed hand connects with his arm as he guides her back to the seat. In her haste, she's slightly collapsing into him and bringing her other hand around from behind her. The very hand gripping the dagger. Mentally, she makes a note to never stoop this low again. Of all the things she's done as of late, this hurts her pride the most. But it's life or death, and she wants to survive. And if she's going to get out of this alive, she has to be conniving. Theo's body can't stay here to rot. He deserves so much more.

In the commotion of her awkward diversion, Hermione slips her wand out of his pocket with the same hand gripping the dagger.

“It's crazy how quickly roles can be reversed,” she mutters as she taps her wand on his back.

Ropes emit from it: winding effortlessly around him. With ease, she acquires his wand and steps away as the binds coil around his wrists, squeezing him so tight that the strength of them is like a boa constrictor leaving his skin to bruise and robbing him of the ability to breathe.

“Baby's got bite,” he chokes. “Who would've thought?”

Hermione shields herself, working quickly to subdue him.

“My chains may no longer be around your soul, but you'll always belong to me,” he jeers.

“Silencio,” articulates Hermione.

She vengefully directs the tip of her wand to his mother's portrait. Draco’s the reason for Theo’s death. He needs to feel her wrath.

Draco’s eyes are wide at the horror, and evidence of rage building within him is obvious.

“I'll always be his!” she avows pointing to Theo. “Imperio!”
A doe-like presence overwhelms Draco, and his features relax instantly.

“I admit there were times when I thought I’d never wound you,” declares Hermione. “I can't even begin to tell you how happy this makes me.”

She moves the dagger in her hand toward her face, tapping it against her chin thoughtfully. With slow, calculating steps she begins to circle him in a contemptuous manner.

“I know you never saw this coming, so I'll be quick. You've already taken enough of my precious time, Malfoy.”

Hermione stops circling him at once, her direct gaze a mere inch from his.

“Don't move,” she orders.

He doesn't, frozen solid in a glacial stance, submissively awaiting further instruction.

“What's a little fun without the death of the only remaining Malfoy in the Wizarding world?” she teases. “I could tear you apart, limb from limb first, for good measure, but I haven't the patience or the stomach.”

Hermione pockets her wand. The only other object in her grasp is the tool she needs to take his life. Her hands leave her sides: curling, as if about to hug him but they merely seek to meet the middle of his chest. With both of her hands clutching the deadly weapon, she looks down on him while he’s powerless, suddenly feeling guilty. She has an unspeakable understanding of their role reversal, and she's not particularly comfortable with the next step, but she needs the insurance. Reassurance will only be in his death. And death is only eminent if she does it. There's no one else here to help her.

She notices him twitch and see’s his strength in the struggle to break through her imperious curse and her binds.

“Do you really think I'm going to give you the satisfaction of letting you break free? Malfoy, in a matter of seconds you’ll be extinct, and I'll burn you to ashes. I'll personally pour your dust into the veil,” she asserts.

Draco’s lips curl to form an evil sneer.

“Cocky, aren't we,” he states finding his voice as he overpowers her magic.

Within seconds, his wrists are pulling away from her binds, ropes falling off him in the process. He dives forward, and they break into a desperate struggle. Overwhelming her, she is slammed into the wall behind her, causing her to drop the dagger.

“Is this what it was supposed to feel like to die?” he questions mockingly.

Hermione slips her foot behind him, pushing back in the struggle. He trips - falling backwards and pulling her with him before they collapse into a pathetic heap on the floor. Hermione has the upper hand as she straddles him.

“I always liked it on top,” she mocks. “Accio dagger!”

The silver dagger lands in her hand autonomously, and she drives the blade into his heart without a second thought.

“No, this is what it feels like to die,” motions Hermione while she watches death take him.
Draco’s chest floods with blood. His throat gargles while his mouth instinctively twitches open and closed, spurting crimson. It causes him to dribble uncontrollably as a result. His grey eyes begin to look dull and lifeless as he chokes; he is drowning in a sea of his own blood.

Please be dead.

Draco stares blankly ahead as the whites of his eyes turn to stone.

The choking ceases, as does the rise and fall of his chest. His existence is now but a mere memory as the rest of his body forms cracks, shattering like rock. The true power of the ancient dagger has effectively destroyed him. Draco remains in a collection of rubble, heaped into a pile of nothing.

Hermione raises shakily, struggling to find her feet.

“This is what freedom feels like,” she declares.

She is finally free of his prison. Brokenhearted, scarred and bruised...her life is her own. They say time heals all wounds. Her scars will continue to fade, but the memories run deep. She will forever be in a prison of her wounds - parts of her destroyed by a ruthless monster may recover, but she has a chance to live, and for that, it's enough to keep on.

She looks over at Theo. “We did it,” she cries.

A tear rolls down her cheek as she sobs, walking over to him. She crouches over his lifeless body, allowing her grief to overcome her. The silence is deafening, and the darkness is welcoming...she's been fighting for so long. Her eyes heavy, she falls victim to letting them rest. Her eyelids block her vision as she drifts into a restless slumber. It's not long before she falls into what felt like a dreamless sleep, but it isn't dreamless at all. Visions of her past haunt her in her sleep as she relives the ordeal over and over again. Her dreams play consecutively from beginning to end. His soul: destroyed, but the spirit of his memory lives on where she is most vulnerable - during her sleep. That is where he will always find her. This is how he can always hurt her. Because even in death, a Malfoy always gets what he wants...there's no escaping a Malfoy. For in dreams, we are fooled by the fantasy of a reality uncontrollable by fate. And that, in itself, is the true essence of a nightmare.

That is the power of his obsessive, compulsive love.
A/N: If you've made it to the end of OCL, firstly, I'd like to say thank you for joining me on this adventure. Your support means so much to me! It shocks me everyday as the views climb on this.

To those that have been reading from the sidelines - if you've enjoyed “Obsessive Compulsive Love” I hope you like it enough to leave a review telling me so. I would be so honoured if you thought of OCL next time there's a round of fic awards if you see it fit for nomination.

As for my ending...throughout writing this, I’d always had three endings in mind, but I was favouring one. This was “the one.” I didn't want a typical ending where Draco keeps Hermione, and she falls victim to living her life as a captive. For once, I wanted her to escape. Not without a shit fight, obviously but I always wanted that for her. She deserves that. I feel like this is a pretty rare ending, and I pride myself of thinking outside the box, so I hope you can appreciate that it's something different. If I disappointed you, you're entitled to you opinion and I appreciate not hearing it, thank you.

To my amazing beta: “Mr Benzedrine,” you have been nothing short of amazing. I don't think “thank you” could ever be enough. You reached out to me when I was 4 chapters into writing OCL, and offered to beta previous + new chapters. It was my lucky day. I've since learnt and continue to learn so much from you. I appreciate your honesty, friendship, and advice more than you'll ever know!

I’d also like to thank Mr Benzedrine for adding the line: “that is the power of his obsessive, compulsive love.”

I have an amazing new wip that I hope to upload in the next week or so (I'll be going to America for a Holiday so depending on that.) I'm just trying to get some finer details outlined, but I hope you'll join me for another rollercoaster. Please do subscribe so you can be notified when its up! I can tell you it's a dark war fic with a tangled web of infidelity, lies and deceit! Expect HEAVY ANGST :)

Don't forget you can find me on tumblr: "gryff-in-the-game."

Until next time.

Gryff_inTheGame x

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