Hot for Teacher

by **MotherofBulls**

Summary

Draco is a single dad trying to raise a teenager on his own. When he notices his son's newfound interest in girls, he takes it upon himself to give him some fatherly advice. Little does he know that his son's crush is none other than his own childhood nemesis, who has taken up the post of Defense Against the Dark Arts Professor at Hogwarts. Draco tries to juggle awkward situations, parenthood, and his own budding interest in Hermione Granger. COMPLETE!

Finalist for "After All This Time?" Spring 2017 Dramione Fanfiction Awards for "Best Fluffy/Humor Fic"

WINNER for Best Comedy, Summer 2017 Enchanted Awards!
WINNER for Best Professor Era fic, 2018 Granger Enchanted Awards!
WINNER for Best Professor Era fic, 2018 Beyond the Nook Fanfiction Awards!

Notes

Hope you guys like this! I kind of pictured Draco and Scorpius having a Gilmore Girls-esque type of relationship as father and son. Can't wait to see how this turns out. It's sure to be silly
and completely ridiculous.
Father of the Year

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.
“Daaad! We have to go! We’ll be late.” Scorpius banged on his father’s bedroom door.

Draco opened the door to find his son immaculately dressed in his Hogwarts robes. He had read every book on his third year curriculum cover to cover. He had been packed for weeks. Draco wondered how he had ever fathered such a little nerd.

“Hooked on phonics are we? Someone’s looking forward to getting back to school this year. Was I really such poor company for you this summer?”

“Are you quite finished primping?”

“You know I never would have imagined speaking to my father the way you speak to me. I’ve never
felt so disrespected—"

“Do you have any hair gel? I’ve already packed mine.”

Draco raised an eyebrow. “Is that a serious question?”

“Dad, may I borrow the hair gel I know you have?”

“Look at those manners. Yes, son of mine, you may.” Draco didn’t wear his hair in the slicked back style of his youth, but he and Scorpius both were hideously vain about their white blond Malfoy hair. It had to look disheveled, but purposefully so.

Draco noticed something new about his son as he dashed by. “Are you wearing cologne?”

“What? No! I mean…yeah, kind of.”

Draco raised a knowing eyebrow and smirked. “Who is she?”

“What? Who? I mean…nobody, Dad. Gosh!” Scorpius grabbed the (now pilfered) hair gel and darted past Draco to escape his interrogation.

Draco muttered under his breath “Oh good. The teenage years have arrived,” a scowl in his voice.

The father and son bickered, but they were in fact extremely close. Certainly closer than Draco ever was to Lucius, not that he was ever a shining example of fatherhood. When Astoria died, Draco swore that he’d make certain Scorpius never felt like he was missing something. He would be the most loving, attentive father that ever walked the earth. That had been ten years ago. And in that time, Scorpius had never hidden anything from his father. Until now that is.

There had to be a girl. Why else would he be so anxious to return to school? Why else would he be wearing cologne for the first time?

Draco remembered being a thirteen-year-old boy. It was like a light switch clicked on in a boy’s brain at that age and suddenly all they can see are girls. Girls everywhere. When they go to sleep…girls. When they try to pay attention in class…girls. Draco rather imagined it was a similar feeling to what the inhabitants of Plato’s cave would experience upon seeing light for the first time. Confusing, exhilarating, maddening, and bloody terrifying.

Draco knew that Scorpius must be feeling all of those things. He really did wish that Scorpius felt like he could talk to him about it. It was something he actually knew quite a bit about. He had done quite well with the ladies as a teenager.

Not that he had done lately. His friends were constantly telling him that he should ‘put himself out there’ and all that rot. He supposed they had a point. He was still a young man in his early thirties, having been very young when Scorpius was born. But he refused to waste his and Scorpius’s time bringing women around who would just leave in a month or so.

Maybe he just needed a good lay. It had been years, a fact which teenage Draco would have shuttered to hear. He wasn’t certain his teenage self even knew it was possible to go so long without sex. But Scorpius would surely have better sense than he had at that age, right? He would never go for the same trashy type of girl who seemed almost magnetically attracted to Draco as a youth.

Maybe he should talk to him about it before he left, just in case. He made his way to Scorpius’s room to find the door already ajar. Scorpius was standing at the full length mirror, applying a level of care and detail to his hair that a neurosurgeon would envy.
Draco smirked, leaning in the doorway. “Now who’s primping?”

Scorpius turned to face his father. “How do I look?”

“You look like my son which is the highest compliment I could possibly give you.”

Scorpius rolled his eyes. “Scorp, I wanted to make sure you knew that you can talk to me about girls. I’m not so completely hopeless in that department if your mother was any indication.”

“I know, I know, it’s just that…it’s not a girl.”

Draco’s face fell slightly. Not that he minded, so long as Scorpius was happy, but he had no insight into how to address that particular proclivity. “Well…I mean. I don’t know anything about pulling blokes, but—“

“Oh go, Dad! NO! Oh-Merlin-stop-talking-Dad, seriously I am not into blokes.”

Draco rolled his shoulders back and crossed his arms. “Okaaay.” He was really cocking this up. “But you said it wasn’t a girl, and—“

“It is. A girl, I mean. Sort of.”

“A girl…sort of. Heh. Not sure where you’re going there Scorp.”

“It’s a female, but she’s…sort of…I mean she’s different. She’s a…woman.”

Draco’s eyebrows disappeared into his hairline. Maybe his son really did inherit his taste for girls of…shall we say more mature experience levels. “Go on.”

“She’s beautiful. And smart, smarter than anyone. And she’s done so much and seen so much.”

Draco sucked in a breath and failed to fight the slight grimace on his face. “Scorp. I feel I ought to tell you that girls like that are often trouble. She’ll expect certain things from you and you should know that you don’t have to go along with it.”

“What sort of things?”

“Well…” How the fuck do I say the words ‘You shouldn’t feel pressured into having sex until you want to’ without sounding like a complete knob? “Girls like that will want to take things a lot faster than others.”

Scorpius’s eyebrows shot up. “You mean like sex? She’ll want me to have sex with her?”

“Yeah, Scorp, that’s what I mean and you really don’t have to—“

“But is that even legal?”

Draco stilled. “Of course it’s legal so long as it’s consensual. I mean, you might get busted for breaking curfew or something…Scorp?”

His son looked simultaneously shaken and exhilarated. He sat down on his bed to stop the buckling in his knees.

“Scorp? I really feel like I’ve done a crap job at explaining this to you. My point is, you shouldn’t do anything that you’re not ready for.” Great job, there. You didn’t sound like a knob at all.
“But what if I am ready?”

Draco rolled his eyes. Of course he thought he was ready. He was thirteen bloody years old! Every thirteen-year-old bloke wants to have sex. “Just promise me that you’ll seriously think about it before you take such a big step, alright?”

Scorpius nodded. “I promise.”

Draco nodded. “Well alright then. I suppose we ought to go before I buckle under the weight of my ‘Father of the Year’ medal.”

Scorpius rolled his eyes. It was a somewhat less than adorable gesture that Draco noticed he had picked up this last year. Fucking teenage years, ready or not, here they come.

Chapter End Notes

The amazing, beautiful, and talented SaintDionysus created the customized art you see at the beginning of this chapter! She basically IS Hermione in my book.
A couple of weeks into Scorpius’s term, Draco received an urgent owl from Headmistress McGonagall.

Mr. Malfoy,

It is my most sincere hope that you are available to meet with myself, young Mr. Malfoy’s head of house, and the Defense Against the Dark Arts professor for a meeting tomorrow at 3:00. We must discuss certain of your son’s behavior which is rather unseemly of late.

Please owl at your earliest convenience with your answer.

Sincerely,

Minerva McGonagall, Headmistress of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

What the fuck? Scorpius was a good kid. A much better kid than he had been when he attended Hogwarts. What could he possibly have done that would require Draco to attend a…parent/teacher conference?

Please, Merlin, let this have nothing to do with that slaggy girl he’s smitten with.

As Draco ascended the stairway to the Headmistress’s office he felt like a first year boy once again, about to be slapped on the wrist for his bad behavior and given detention. What could Scorpius have done? He had a perfect record. He had never even had any house points removed from him. His grades were excellent. He was polite and well-spoken. Draco wasn’t even certain how he’d wound up in Slytherin despite the fact that their family enjoyed a hefty legacy with the house. Honesty, that Potter-spawn he was always hanging around seemed a much more conventional Slytherin to him.

He approached the door and knocked.

Headmistress McGonagall opened the door to receive him. “Mr. Malfoy, so glad you could join us. Do come in.”

She directed him to a chair opposite herself, Professor Slughorn (how the bloody hell was he still alive?), the now Head of Slytherin House, and…Granger? His eyes had to be playing tricks on him.

“You remember, Hermione Granger, don’t you, Mr. Malfoy?”

“It’s Professor Granger now, Minerva. I’d prefer if we kept up some sort of decorum at this meeting despite the somewhat uncomfortable reason for calling it.”

Yep. It was definitely her. He bit back the quip he was dying to throw at her. Professor Granger.
Glad to see you’re still an insufferable swot. Although he had to admit…she looked good.

She was no longer that gangly, skinny little urchin he had teased throughout school. Her hair had tamed into smooth ringlets. Her skin was creamy and no longer possessed the pallor of one who never left the library. And she developed the sort of womanly curves that, had she possessed in school, Draco would have taken it upon himself to—

“We’re here, Mr. Malfoy, because your son has appeared to have developed…inappropriate feelings for a member of our staff.” Professor McGonagall brought the meeting to order.

Draco blinked. “You must be mistaken. My son fancies this girl who, while I don’t completely approve—“

“Then how do you explain this?” Granger…he refused to refer to her as Professor Granger, handed him a folded piece of paper.

The note read:

Professor Granger,

I think about you all the time. I know many people will say that you’re too old for me, but I’ve always been told that I’m very mature for my age.

I know that a woman like you has certain needs, and I want to assure you that I am more than ready to fulfill them. I can’t wait to see you naked. Especially your breasts. I’ll bet they’re magnificent.

My Father assures me that what will happen between us is perfectly legal. We just need to be careful about curfew.

Affectionately yours,

Scorpius Malfoy

Draco felt like he was having a heart attack. He couldn’t breathe. His son, his child propositioned Hermione “Who’s a Swot” Granger for sex. He suddenly recalled flashes of their conversation about girls.

“It’s a female, but she’s…sort of…I mean she’s different. She’s a…woman.”

“She’s beautiful. And smart, smarter than anyone. And she’s done so much and seen so much.”

He was a prize fucking idiot. His son, his innocent little boy, basically spelled it out for him that he had a crush on a teacher, and there he was assuming that Scorpius had inherited his penchant for attracting slaggy girls. He felt nauseous as he recalled the (now horrifying) advice he gave his son.

“Of course it’s legal so long as it’s consensual. I mean, you might get busted for breaking curfew or something.”

He was officially the world’s worst father. He had inadvertently given his child his blessing to attempt to seduce Hermione Granger. He should be hauled off to Azkaban for this.
“Mr. Malfoy? Mr. Malfoy, are you quite well?” the Headmistress inquired.

Draco realized he had said nothing for the past several minutes. He looked up to find Granger glaring at him.

“What exactly did he mean when he said that his ‘Father assured him it was perfectly legal’”? Granger demanded, using a tone of voice he suspected was remarkably effective with her students.

Draco shook his head vehemently. “I swear to Merlin I thought he was talking about a girl. He said there was someone he fancied and I had no idea he meant it was a teacher…let alone you. I tried to talk to him about girls and I realize now what a cock up that conversation was.”

“Mr. Malfoy. Language.”

“Sorry Professor. I mean…Headmistress.” Draco wasn’t sure he was ever this uncool in front of Hogwarts professors when he was actually a Hogwarts student.

Professor Slughorn, who had up until now been rather silent, handed Draco another piece of paper. “I also confiscated this from your boy yesterday in Potions. He was attempting to hand it to Albus Potter. Good boy, your son. Smart too. But lacks the art of subtlety so associated with our house.”

With trembling hands, Draco took the document. Heart pounding, he forced himself to look at it.

It was an extremely lewd drawing of Granger, stark naked, doing some very unprofessional things to his precious baby boy.

Draco was somewhat less surprised at this. The prurient thoughts of a thirteen-year-old boy were something he could at least relate to.

“Well?” Granger demanded.

Draco shrugged his shoulders. “I have to say I’m shocked. I had no idea my son was such a talented artist.”

Slughorn attempted to hide a chuckle while Granger seethed.

“You think this is some kind of joke Mister Malfoy?” He could have sworn her hair got bigger as she got angrier.

“Not. At. All. But you have to admit this is rather…Okay. I apologize profusely on behalf of my son. He’s never done anything like this ever. But he’s thirteen. And at his age, this,” he pointed to the drawing “is all he can think about. I’ll talk to him. Clear all this up. You won’t have any trouble with him again, I swear Granger.”

“Professor Granger.”

“Professor Granger, then! I’ll talk to him.”

Granger looked pacified. “See that you do. And I promise you, so long as this sort of…behavior does not come up again, I will consider the matter forgotten. Scorpius is one my best students and I wouldn’t want this incident to tarnish his reputation with his professors.”

Draco was taken aback. “Thank you.”

Draco left the office feeling punch drunk. This was certainly not what he had been expecting. He made his way to the dungeons to speak to Scorpius. This was going to be a very uncomfortable
discussion. But he couldn’t imagine that it would be less comfortable than the last half hour had been.

“Scorp. Have a moment?”

“Dad? What are you doing here? You can’t be here. You’re a parent!”

“Supposedly. Look Scorp, I got an owl from the Headmistress about something you did and I need to talk to you about it.”

Scorpius flushed. “If it’s about the letter I sent to Professor Granger, I only thought about what you said. She has expectations because she’s a woman.”

Draco rubbed his face and pinched the bridge of his nose. “About that. I think there might have been a slight miscommunication there. I thought when you said that she was a woman…that she had ‘done so much and seen so much’ that you meant that she was more experienced than you.”

“She is.”

“Of course she bloody is, Scorp! She’s a woman. She’s my age, you do know that right? The point is, I didn’t know you meant an actual woman. I thought that was just your way of building this girl up. I was obviously completely off base and I apologize for the mix up. But you can not be involved with a teacher. It’s wrong and inappropriate…not to mention completely illegal. Do you understand?”

Scorpius blushed. “So…so then I just made a fool of myself with her?”

“Yeah Scorp, you kind of did. But that’s alright. Professor Granger is willing to forget the whole thing ever happened so long as you refrain from any…ah, amorous pursuits in the future.”

Scorpius nodded. “It’s not just me, Dad. Everyone’s got a crush on her. I mean she’s so amazing—“

Draco scowled. “Ugh. Seriously Scorpius, I love you, but do not let me hear you ever call that woman ‘amazing’ again.”

“What’s wrong with her?”

Draco knew that he shouldn’t speak ill of one of Scorpius’s teachers in front of him. The boy had proven that he was an absolute sponge when it came to his advice, regardless of how daft it was. It would have made him proud of his exceptional parenting that his kid actually listened to him if not for the humiliating situation at hand. He should tread carefully.

“Nothing. I mean…I’m sure she’s a great teacher. She always was rather…enthusiastic about education, even in school. Forget I said anything.”

“You knew her in school? When she was my age?”

“We were in the same year. And I can assure you, she did not look like that back then.”

Scorpius’s eyes widened. “Were the two of you friends at all?”

“No. We despised each other actually. But don’t let that influence you. You should respect your
professors.”

“I won’t let that influence me. She’s absolutely perfect.”

“I’m certain you only think that because she’s the youngest professor here and she’s female.”

“No, Dad. Really, she’s incredible. You know that she and Albus’s dad are best friends and they fought You-Know-Who together?”

Draco rolled his eyes. “No, really? I hadn’t heard about that. This year. Look, Scorp, it’s perfectly natural for students to crush on their teachers. Just recognize that that’s all this is. I mean this place is crawling with girls your own age. That’s what you should be focusing on. Well…I mean. You should focus on your schoolwork first, but…you know what I mean.” Father of the Year, right here.

“What was she like back in school?”

“Exactly the same as she probably is now. Bossy, full of way too much information, and absolutely off limits. Do I make myself clear?”

Scorpius nodded.

“Good.” Draco was satisfied there couldn’t have been any way his son would have misconstrued what he said.

“You know…I feel I have to say…I had no idea you were such an artist?”

Scorpius groaned. “Did Sluggy show you the drawing?”

“Of course Sluggy showed me the drawing. I mean you’ll find this out for yourself in a few years, but…women don’t really bend that way.”

Scorpius groaned again. “Dad, I love you. But could you please leave while I still have some semblance of dignity left?”
Hermione Granger sighed heavily as she addressed the stack of third year essays on her desk waiting to be graded. Today had been a test on her patience.

After spending over ten years in the Auror Department, Hermione had wanted a new challenge. Last year, she accepted the post of Defense Against the Dark Arts at Hogwarts, excited to see what new adventures lay ahead.

She did not imagine those adventures would have included being the recipient of indecent proposals from horny little brats and then having to confront their idiotic, potentially sociopathic fathers in a parent/teacher conference.

Make no mistake, Scorpius Malfoy was a great kid. She was pleasantly surprised to find that he was absolutely nothing like his arsehole of a father. He was polite, attentive, engaged in the material. Although looking back she wondered if Scorpius actually did have a hunger for knowledge, or if his supposed interest in her class had anything to do with the embarrassing crush he apparently had on her. Either way, he was a nice boy and she wouldn’t let this incident color her opinion of him moving forward. No matter if his father happens to be an infuriating prat.

Malfoy. There’s one who hadn’t changed a bit. He was still the same arrogant, smug, sneering little Ferret he had always been.

Well…I mean maybe he changed a bit. He had grown even taller over the years, and his form had matured from the lean, wiry frame he had as a Seeker in school to the more masculine, muscular build of a grown man. His stupid, smirking face sprouted a bit of stubble. And he wore his hair in a different way. It was more casual now, and it made him somehow look more…rugged.

She sighed. Fuck a duck he looked good, which infuriated her all the more. How dare he walk into that meeting all sexy and single-dad-like and make light of the fact that his son drew that disgusting picture of her? Granted, he had apologized for the whole thing. And he said he would talk to Scorpius. But still! To him, this was probably some huge joke. No doubt he thought it was hilarious that his son would objectify her like that. She could just punch him (again) in his smirking, stupid, sexy…stupid face!

“Professor Granger?” a small male voice broke her from her violent fantasy.

“Mr. Malfoy! I didn’t see you there. How may I help you?”

“I just wanted to apologize for the note. My dad explained to me how inappropriate it was and I’m humiliated that I did it. You were always just so nice to me and I thought…never mind. Please accept my apology.”

“Of course, Mr. Malfoy. Consider it forgotten.”

“Thank you Professor. Although…you should know…I still do think that you’re the most beautiful
woman I’ve ever met. I don’t care what my dad says.”

“That’s kind of you Mr. Malfoy but I assure you…wait. What did your father say exactly?”

“Only that he knew you in school. He said you didn’t look then the way you do now and that I probably only thought I was in love with you because you were my teacher. And that you were… bossy, knew too many things, and that you were ‘absolutely off limits’ I believe were his words.”

“Oh huh. Well, thank you very much for your apology Mr. Malfoy. I will see you in class tomorrow.”

Scorpius nodded and left the room. 

So the Ferret thought she was bossy did he? That she was unworthy of being the object of affection? That little shit.

Of course she had no wish for her students to lust after her. That was gross. And weird. But for him to say that she was ‘absolutely off limits’…she wondered if it was because she was a teacher, which was correct, or if it was because of her blood status, which was disappointing.

That fucking prick. And what exactly did he mean when he said she ‘didn’t look then the way she did now’? Was he encouraging his son to judge women based on their appearance?

That fucking, insufferable prick.

Mr. Malfoy,

I request your presence in my office at your earliest convenience. I am not satisfied that Scorpius fully understands why his actions were inappropriate.

Owl me with your availability.

Regards,

Professor Granger

Oh what the fuck did he do now? Seriously! He was certain that he could not have been more clear. And how dare that little swot boss him around like she was in charge of him? Damn her and her bossy, know-it-all attitude!

He could just imagine her giving him a stern talking-to, chest heaving, hands on those lovely hips, telling him off with that luscious, gorgeous, swotty little mouth of hers.

Fucking hells, he saw it. That’s why those little brats all had boners for her.

He needed a drink.
He owled her back immediately:

Professor Granger,

I shall be in your office tomorrow at 6:00. I don’t see how I could have been more clear to my son regarding his untoward behavior, but I simply can’t wait to find out.

Regards,

Draco Malfoy

Hermione mulled over what she would say to Malfoy…she refused to refer to him as Mr. Malfoy in her own head…for when he arrived.

She practiced out loud. “Are you trying to actively teach your son not to respect women or can you just not help yourself?”

“Granger.”

Hermione jumped. She turned her head to find that her doorway was occupied by a smirking blond Ferret, leaning very handsomely against the wall.

“Are you just now rehearsing what you’re going to say to me? You’re slipping, Granger.”

“That’s Professor Granger to you.”

“Professor Granger.” he drawled.

Hermione felt a bit of warmth in her lower abdomen at his use of her new title. Shit. I’m not really supposed to like that this much.

“Let’s get this over with, shall we?” Malfoy insisted. “How exactly did I fail at fatherhood this time?”

Hermione huffed. “Why don’t you have a seat Malfoy?”

“Shouldn’t that be Mr. Malfoy?”

“Fine! Mister Malfoy, won’t you have a seat?”

“I don’t think so. I feel more comfortable standing when I’m being attacked.”

“Great! We’ll both stand then.” She put her hands on her hips and glared. “What exactly did you say to your son when you spoke to him the other day?”

Merlin help me, there it is. She’s in full professor-mode and I’ve been a bad, bad boy—STOP DRACO! Do not fantasize about your son’s teacher! You’re no better than Scorpius! Who’s the adult, here?
“I told him that it was inappropriate for him to harbor salacious feelings towards his teacher. Should I have not said that?”

“Did you not also tell him that when I was a student I was ‘bossy’ and that I ‘didn’t look then like I look now’?”

Fuck me, running Scorp. Why do you listen to everything I say so bloody well?

“Perhaps I did but you were, and you didn’t. What exactly is the problem?”

“It seemed like you were insinuating that your son’s affections towards me were inappropriate not because I was his teacher, but because I was a Muggleborn.”

“Whoa! Hey. Where is this coming from? He asked me what you were like when you were younger and I told him. Did you want me to lie to my son and say that you and I were best friends back then?”

“Then why did you tell him that I was now, as I was back then ‘absolutely off limits’ if you weren’t referring to my blood status?”

Draco seethed. “You are bloody infuriating, Granger! Believe it or not, I don’t give a shite about blood status and if Scorpius wants to date Muggleborns exclusively, I don’t care! I was merely trying to convey that you were his teacher and that it was wrong on many levels for him to pursue you. Did Scorpius not also tell you that I was certain you were a great teacher and that I told him he should respect his professors? No? Didn’t mention that? Of course he bloody didn’t because that’s not the way my life seems to work. Just slap me on the wrist and get it over with, Granger because I am done being chided for my son’s silly infatuations. I am sorry that he’s got the hots for you and believe me when I say that never in a thousand years did I expect such a thing to ever happen to me. It must be some sort of cosmic joke that my son lusts after Hermione Granger, the girl I teased in school. But he’s a boy! He’s a thirteen-year-old, freshly pubescent boy and I can’t bloody control what he wanks to. May I go now?”

Hermione’s professor-mode broke about mid-way through Draco’s speech. Somewhere around “I was certain you were a great teacher….”

Maybe she had been wrong. It was silly of her to assume that fatherhood and a good fifteen years since the end of the war had not changed Draco Malfoy.

Her voice caught in her throat. She had something she needed to say, something she had said many times to many people, but never to Draco Malfoy.

“I’m sorry.” Her voice was so small he barely heard her.

“What’s that?”

“I’m sorry, Mal—I mean, Mr. Malfoy.”

Draco prickled. Yeah. I definitely like her calling me that a little too much.

“I should never have insinuated that you were attempting to brainwash Scorpius and turn him into… well…you when you were his age. I was completely out of line and I hope you’ll forgive me.”

Draco raised his eyebrows. Hermione Granger just apologized to him. This was sweet. This was good. This was worth the manic hell the last few days had been.
“Apology accepted.”

“You know, Scorpius really is a good kid. He’s a favorite with all the professors here. You must be very proud.”

“I am.”

“Don’t know where he gets it from, but—“

“Ah, see you just can’t help yourself, can you?” He was smirking now. “Do I need to ask for another apology?”

“Mr. Malfoy,”

Oh, goddamn that’s going to be the death of me, Draco thought.

“I am ever so sorry that I can’t seem to not insult you or accuse you of nefarious parenting practices when I’m in your presence and I will endeavor to do better in the future. In the meantime, know that your son is an excellent student and I enjoy having him in my class…when he’s not attempting to get into my knickers.”

Draco laughed. “You win, Granger. That was a wonderful apology. And…if I haven’t already prostrated myself enough this week because of my zit-faced little spawn…I apologize sincerely for my son’s lecherous behavior towards you, Professor Granger.”

Oh, fuck me. He really needs to stop calling me that, Hermione thought.

“And I will continue to make certain, if it hasn’t already taken root in that thick head of his, that he understands he should always treat a lady with respect, and to be the total opposite of everything I was at his age.”

Hermione suppressed a grin. “Well alright then.”

Draco bit his lip behind a smirk. “Alright then. I suppose I’ll see you the next time my son does something embarrassing or awful.”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “I look forward to it.”

“So do I,” Draco muttered under his breath as he left her classroom.
Chapter Summary

Hermione meets Harry and Ginny at the Three Broomsticks for a drink. Harry and Ginny are relationship goals. Also friendship goals.

Chapter Notes

Happy Valentine's Day!

“You need to get laid.” Ginny declared.

Hermione coughed up a portion of her butterbeer. “Ginny, lower your voice.”

Hermione sat with Harry and Ginny at a booth in the Three Broomsticks. Though it was a weekend, and the place was quite full, Ginny tended to speak several decibels louder than necessary when she imbibed.

“When was the last time?”

“What exactly brought this on, Ginny?” Hermione had no desire to respond to this question, the answer being A long ass time.

“You’re fidgety. And tense. And you’re molesting the absolute fuck out of that butterbeer.” Harry responded for his wife.

Hermione narrowed her eyes dangerously. “Et tu Harry?”

“He’s not wrong, Hermione! I mean, really, you’re supposed to be drinking the butterbeer. Not sucking it off.”

Harry sniggered at his wife’s vulgar joke.

“You both are so perfect for each other it’s sickening.”

“I’m just saying, no wonder your students get naughty ideas about you.”

Harry and Ginny burst out laughing.

Hermione shot them a look of deepest loathing. “Har-fucking-har. You both are hysterical. No wonder Albus is such a little shit.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah we’ve heard this before. How does it go, Ginny?” Harry’s voice sprang into a falsetto. “I simply can’t believe that you two had a little terror like Albus, and Malfoy somehow spit out such a sweet kid.”
Ginny laughed. “*Right*, because Scorpius Malfoy is the ultimate *picture* of innocence. A sweet baby angel sent from the heavens themselves. A gift to humanity. He only wanted to… *rub off* on you, Hermione.”

Harry and Ginny’s bark-like laughter rang through the tavern.

“Please remind me why I *continue* to hang out with you two.” Hermione uttered, rolling her eyes. “And don’t talk to me about *Scorpius Malfoy*. He’s a nice boy, he’s just got a…an overactive imagination.”

“Heard about the drawing by the way,” Harry deadpanned, earning a snort from Ginny.

Hermione shot him a falsely sweet face. “Did you *also* happen to hear that *your* little brat was involved in that?”

“Oh, sure. Sluggy owled us. Told us all about it. Apparently McGonagall had to call Malfoy in for a *parent/teacher conference*?” Harry asked completely unable to keep the amused expression off of his face.

Hermione flushed. “It was humiliating. For *all parties involved*. It is something we will *never* speak of again.” She shot the couple a look of warning.

“Fair enough. So about this ‘getting you laid thing’—“ Ginny started.

“Oh for *fuck’s sake* you two!”

“Language, Granger.” Hermione stopped, butterbeer half-way to her mouth. She knew that voice. That dangerous, smooth voice that had called her ‘Professor Granger’ so sinfully. She *might* have thought about it in the bathtub last night.

“Malfoy! What are you doing in Hogsmeade?” Hermione blushed behind her drink.

“I had a meeting with my solicitor. Thought I’d stop by for a pint before heading back to the Manor,” he regarded Granger with a bit of amusement. He rather liked the way she was blushing after having consumed a modest amount of alcohol.

He turned to face Harry and nodded. “Potter.”

Harry nodded. “Malfoy.”

Draco nodded to Harry’s wife. “Ginny.”

Ginny nodded. “Ferret.”

The three had developed an odd sort of cordiality between them due to the fact that their sons were inseparable.

Ginny didn’t miss the way Hermione blushed timidly behind her butterbeer, nor the way Malfoy regarded her with obvious interest. “Join us, won’t you? We were *just* talking about your *darling son*.”

Hermione kicked Ginny under the table.

“I’d love to. That is…if I’m not intruding.” He turned to Hermione.

She shook her head. “Not at all. Please join us.”
She moved down to make room for him. As he settled in the booth next to her, she suddenly felt unspeakably hot. She should really have a chat with Madam Rosmerta about the inferno-esque temperature in this place.

Draco broke the tension. “I take it you two were mocking Granger for my son’s rather clumsy attempt to woo her.”

“You assume correctly.” Ginny confirmed.

“I can’t apologize enough for that.” He turned to Hermione. “He needs to be taught some subtlety when winning the affections of a woman.”

“Subtlety?” Ginny asked. “So…it’s not subtle to tell your teacher you ‘can’t wait to see her magnificent breasts’?”

*Kicks, kicks, so many kicks under the table* from Hermione.

Draco laughed. “It’s embarrassing right now, but hopefully one day we’ll all be able to laugh about it.” Hermione nodded.

“I’m sure we will.”

“Fuck that. I’m laughing about it right now.” Ginny interjected.

Draco rolled his eyes. “I’m starting to think maybe Scorpius would have been better in Gryffindor since he obviously tends to take the blunt approach you lot seem so fond of. Where he gets it, I’ll never know.”

Hermione smirked. “I’m not certain where he gets anything from you?”

Draco looked at her intently and returned the smirk. “Now, Granger…or should I call you Professor Granger?”

*That’s it. I’m going to start carrying an extra pair of knickers in my purse whenever I have to meet with this man.*

She responded. “We’re off school property now. ‘Granger’ is fine.”

Draco nodded, not breaking eye contact. “Granger, I thought we discussed in our last visit how you can’t seem to not insult me when I’m in your presence. And you apologized so well, too. If you’re not careful, you’re going to hurt my feelings.” He smirked.

Hermione grinned back. “Somehow I think your ego can manage it. And it’s hardly a secret that Scorpius is very different from you.”

“Certainly. For example, I’m infinitely better at picking up women.” He smirked into his drink.

Hermione blushed. “I’d really just rather forget about the whole thing.”

“As would I. I really should be getting back to the Manor.” He stood up, nodding to Harry and Ginny. “Potter. Ginny.” He turned to Hermione and bit back a grin. “Granger. Maybe I’ll run into you again soon.”

Hermione nodded. “Yeah. See you soon. Maybe.”

Draco turned and left the pub, swaggering slightly.
Harry, who had been silent for the entirety of the conversation, choosing instead to use his Auror Spidey-senses to acutely observe the interaction, finally spoke up. “What. The bloody. Fuck was that?”

“What?” Hermione asked, still blushing.

“That whole ‘ha-ha-ha-ha Malfoy, you’re so bad’ thing you just did?” Harry asked in a girlish affectation of Hermione’s voice, batting his eyelashes and smiling femininely.

“I didn’t do that!” Hermione huffed indignantly.

“Oh. Yeah, ya did. I can tell you though, if you need to get laid, then that man will happily oblige.” She motioned towards the door Malfoy had recently exited.

“You two are disgusting. He’s a Hogwarts father. I’m not at all interested.”

Harry adopted a formal, business-man voice. “Notice Hermione that your reason just then for lying so adorably about why you wouldn’t shag Malfoy was because he was one of your students’ fathers.”

“Yeah, so? He is. It would be inappropriate.”

Harry’s eyes narrowed. “I’ll get to that in a minute. I’m merely pointing out that you seem to have forgotten that the reason you wouldn’t shag Malfoy is because he’s…well…Malfoy. Right?”

Hermione flushed. “I mean…obviously he’s Malfoy. And obviously he’s vile.”

“Not really. He’s a bit of a shit, but he hasn’t been vile for a while now,” Ginny contradicted her friend. “But you don’t really think he’s vile. You want to be all like…. Ginny slapped the air, bit her lip, and rocked her hips back and forth in a vulgar imitation of what was meant to be Hermione riding Draco.

Harry laughed at his wife.

“That’s it. I’m ordering new friends. You two are broken.”

Harry’s eyes softened. “Come on, Hermione. You’re not an idiot so stop acting like one. So you and Malfoy have sexual tension? It’s not a crime.”

Hermione sighed. “I mean his son’s teacher. The teacher who until his son came onto recently, Malfoy hadn’t seen for fifteen years.”

Harry rolled his eyes. “You two had chemistry even back at Hogwarts. The bickering, the name-calling, the punching-in-the-face-thing. It just matured into something more…fun.” He wiggled his eyebrows at her.

Ginny nodded. “Yeah I actually got super hot watching you two. Like…I’m going to take Harry home and do unspeakable things to him after this.” She and Harry didn’t take their eyes off Hermione as they high-fived.

Hermione rolled her eyes. “But it’s inappropriate. Isn’t it?”

Harry shook his head. “It’s inappropriate for his son to put the moves on you. It’s perfectly fine for him to do it. So long as you two don’t draw attention to yourselves.”

Hermione’s eyes narrowed. “Harry James Potter are you actually trying to talk me into shagging the
Harry tapped his chin thoughtfully. “You’re right. I can’t be involved in this.” He stood up. "And with that I think my wife and I should be headed home. I believe there was some mention of ‘unspeakable things’ to be done to me?” He turned, narrowing his eyes to question his wife.

Ginny nodded. “Goodnight, Hermione. Sweet dreams.” She wiggled her eyebrows and made kissy faces at Hermione.

On the walk back to the castle, Hermione thought about her strange interaction with Malfoy.

Yes. She was obviously attracted to him.

And yes. It was maybe even arguable that he was attracted to her.

But she couldn’t possibly act on it…could she?

*It doesn’t matter. It’s not like I’ll see him again.*

Draco lay awake thinking about his interaction with Granger. She was *positively adorable* when she was slightly buzzed. And her body language towards him…maybe he was kidding himself because he hadn’t been able to stop thinking about the witch since that day in her office…but he got the sense that maybe, just maybe…she was attracted to him.

He stared at the ceiling, unable to sleep.

*I’m such a bloody idiot. My son’s got a crush on her for Merlin’s sake! She’s his teacher! He’s the child. I’m the adult. Not some teenage walking erection who doesn’t know how to control his hormones around a pretty girl.*

Then again…the way she wore that perpetual blush from the moment he sat down at the table. He couldn’t tear his eyes away from her. The verbal sparring that got him more than a little hot under the collar.

Maybe he and Scorpius had similar tastes in women after all?

He sighed, shaking his head and closing his eyes, willing sleep to take him.
Draco Malfoy is Passionate About Armchairs

Chapter Summary

Draco is smooth. Except he's not. Madam Pomfrey is judgey about injuries.

Hermione sauntered through the corridors, a travel mug full of her favorite tea clasped firmly in her hand, to her office wondering how she would spend the rest of her afternoon. She had no more classes to teach today and all her essays were graded. Perhaps she would relax with a good book and a glass of wine and…OOF!!!

Turning the corner, she made contact with a solid barrier, spilling hot tea all over the front of her blouse in the process.

“Mother of GOD that burns! Jesus FUCKING Christ!!” Torrents of related filth spurted from her mouth.

“I’m so sorry! Oh my god I can’t believe I did that. Let me help you!” A pair of hands made their way to her blouse and began dabbing at the liquid.

Hermione looked up into the face of the owner of said hands and momentarily forgot about her searing flesh.

“Malfoy?”

“Granger, I’m so, so sorry for running into you like this.” He continued to dab at her blouse.

“Mr. Malfoy. Could you…would you mind…maybe removing your hands from my breasts?”

In that moment two things happened. One, Draco realized he had been “dabbing” at the hot liquid using nothing but his hands when he was a perfectly capable wizard with a wand. He blushed like a fourteen-year-old virgin. Two, a visitor arrived to the scene.

“Dad? What are you doing with Professor Granger?” Scorpius stood in the corridor gaping that his father’s hands were firmly planted on his favorite teacher’s breasts.

Draco removed them swiftly. “Scorp! I just had a meeting with the Headmistress regarding my annual donation. The Slytherin Common Room could use some new armchairs and…” he looked down at where his hands had been and motioned between him and Hermione.

“This is not what it looks like! I ran into her you see and…I spilled tea all over her like an absolute clutz…and then I tried to fix it…because I’m an idiot and…then…you showed up. And that’s pretty much it.”

Hermione had been nodding helpfully throughout Draco’s ranting.

Scorpius narrowed his eyes in suspicion. “Why couldn’t McGonagall have just owled you about the chairs? What are you doing here?”

Draco rubbed the back of his neck, blushing furiously. “Oh…well. It’s a…nice day you know. And
I thought...I’d...you know...Hogwarts is just so nice this time of year.” Shut. The hell. UP Draco! You sound like a bloody moron.

“And...the Headmistress typically likes to discuss these things in person” Hermione spoke up, attempting to smooth the tension.

Draco shot her a grateful look. She blushed. He blushed. They both averted their gaze to the floor.

Scorpius watched the exchange with mild horror. He had never seen his father so unhinged.

He had also never seen Professor Granger wearing a wet shirt and his attention was inevitably swayed to the nipples he could now make out through her blouse.

Both Draco and Hermione noticed Scorpius’s unblinking gaze shift at the same time. Hermione looked down and her eyes widened in shock that her shirt was now completely see through. She looked up to find Draco wearing the exact expression, his eyes glued to her chest.

Hermione shouted to avert the Malfoy boys’ attention from her breasts. “Mr. Malfoy!”

Both “Mr. Malfoys” looked up at the same time. Hermione took the opportunity to address Scorpius. “Your father was just going to escort me to the Hospital Wing.” She shot Draco a look.

Draco picked up on the cue. “Yes. I was. Because I feel terrible about ruining her blouse.”

“And burning me with hot liquid.”

“And that too.”

The two made their way towards the staircase.

Scorpius shook his head and scowled. His father was usually cool under pressure. But it made sense that he would be uncomfortable around Professor Granger. He was probably still embarrassed from the whole “My Son’s In Love With You, Please Don’t Expel Him” debacle. He hoped one day he’d live that down.

Although it kind of seemed like...no. His dad didn’t like Professor Granger. I mean...he didn’t even like her, much less “like” her.

But why did he keep popping up at Hogwarts? Scorpius had gone two years at Hogwarts without his father shadowing the doorstep of the castle, and now barely a month into term he’s here all the time.

Hmm...

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Madam Pomfrey never forgot a face. “Mr. Malfoy. Never thought I’d see you in the Hospital Wing again.”

“Hello Madam Pomfrey. Professor Granger needs—“

“Your son hardly ever needs medical attention, were you aware of that Mr. Malfoy?”

“I’m...glad to hear it Madam Pomfrey. As I was saying—“
“I can only imagine it’s because he did not inherit your partiality for causing trouble, Mr. Malfoy.”

“I am glad to say he did not. So Professor Granger here—“

“And that dangerous sport.”

“Madam Pomfrey. I am well aware that my son is too good for me, but Professor Granger needs medical attention pronto. Thank you.”

Madam Pomfrey huffed. She turned to Hermione. “You’re another one who always seems to need my help, are you aware of that?”

Hermione gulped. “Yes Madam Pomfrey.”

“Always nearly getting yourself killed.”

“Yes, Madam Pomfrey.”

Madam Pomfrey nodded. “What have you stepped in this time?”

The blouse soaked up most of the ire of the hot tea, leaving Hermione with only mild skin irritation, which Madam Pomfrey was able to heal easily.

“Now wait ten minutes for the salve to set before casting a Scourgify. Think you can do that Miss Granger?”

“Madam Pomfrey, really. I’m a grown woman and I’m your colleague. Don’t you think you can call me Professor—“

“Are you able to do this yourself or not, Miss Granger?”

Hermione gulped. “Yes, Madam Pomfrey.”

Madam Pomfrey walked away, muttering under her breath about how “some things never change,” leaving Hermione and Draco alone.

Draco’s sighed. “I really can’t apologize enough for the whole running into you thing, and the hot tea thing…and the…copping a feel thing…Merlin I never realized it but I am an absolute delight.”

Hermione chuckled. “Yes, you were as smooth as your son.”

Draco groaned. “Why do all of our interactions seem to involve me having to apologize to you?”

“Don’t ask me. I’m not the one constantly fucking up.”

They both laughed. There was an awkward moment of silence.

Draco bit his lip. “So…I could have owled Minerva. About the armchairs.”

Hermione hesitated. “...Oh?”

“Yeah. I just…wanted to come here in person.”

“Because you’re…passionate about armchairs?”

Draco laughed bashfully, a warm blush spreading on his cheeks. “Actually…I was…hoping to run into you.”
Hermione smirked. “Well you certainly did that.”

Draco shut his eyes and chuckled. “I’m mucking this up.” He sighed. “Have dinner with me.”

Hermione bit back a grin. “You mean…now?”

Draco nodded. “Yes. I mean...after your salve sets of course. I wouldn’t want to bring Madam Pomfrey’s wrath down on you.”

“Well we can’t have that,” Hermione teased.

“And I promise not to injure you or make you feel uncomfortable, or…do anything really that would render an apology on my part.”

Hermione blushed and tucked a few loose hairs behind her ear. She looked up at Draco and nodded. “I’d like that.”
Chapter Summary

Scorpius has dinner with his friends in the Great Hall. Draco and Hermione get to know each other better.

Chapter Notes

Normally I would wait until the next day to post this, but I'm trash and I couldn't wait.

Scorpius stabbed at his potatoes in frustration. He was more than a bit concerned as to why Professor Granger wasn’t in the Great Hall for dinner. He always found her presence rather calming, watching her dab at her mouth delicately with her napkin. She had the table manners of a baby deer. And also she was just so great to look at.

He prayed to the gods above that her absence had nothing to do with his father’s sudden appearance in the castle while he forcefully prodded at the roast beef on his plate.

“Alright there, mate?” Albus Potter inquired.

“Hm?”

“You’re a bit broody. You look like your dad when he’s forced to interact with my dad.”

Scorpius scoffed. “Do not bring up my dad.”

Monica Flint, a Slytherin girl in the same year as Scorpius and Albus spoke up. “What about your dad, Scorpius?”

“Nothing.”

Monica smirked. “I’d so do him.”

Scorpius groaned. “So you’ve said, Mon. Multiple times. As has just about every other girl in our year.”

Monica shrugged her shoulders. “He’s fit.”

Scorpius and Albus rolled their eyes. Scorpius spoke. “I’m in no mood to hear about how fit my dad is.”

Another Slytherin boy, Simon Jenkins raised an eyebrow and inquired, “Are you ever, mate?”

“No I’m not ever in the bloody mood to hear how fit my bloody father is. That’s disgusting. He’s my dad!”
Simon and Monica raised their eyebrows and returned their gaze to their food.

Albus, who seldom felt awkwardness in social situations, spoke candidly. “You know, Scorp, perhaps I’m absolutely fucking stupid for imagining it, but it seems like you’re rather upset about something…I don’t know…maybe to do with your dad. What happened? Did you guys have a fight or something?”

Scorpius sighed. “No we didn’t fight. We never fight. It’s just that…you’ve never seen my dad be…I don’t know…awkward around a woman before have you?”

Albus answered. “No, that’s you. You’re the awkward one.”

Scorpius rolled his eyes.

Albus continued. “Your dad on the other hand is a master at chatting up birds. Has them eating out of his hand. And he never even seems to care.” Albus shook his head in awe. “Bloody inspiring.”

“Exactly. Women like my dad. He just never seems to like them back.”

Albus squinted his eyes. “And this bothers youuu….why? In the market for a new mummy? Or maybe he’s just bent. Another daddy perhaps?” This earned a snigger from Simon.

Scorpius rolled his eyes. “Don’t be a prat, Al. My dad’s not bent. In fact, I just saw…I don’t know. He showed up here today to talk to McGonagall about some total bollocks thing to do with the armchairs in our Common Room and…I don’t know. I saw him with Professor Granger, and—“

“FIT,” Simon interjected.

Scorpius scoffed. “Yeah. I know. She’s bloody fit. Just like my dad apparently.” He shoved his food away from him. “Seeing him around her…I don’t know. I got the feeling he thinks she’s fit too.”

Albus snorted. “Doubt that. They hated each other in school.”

“Then why did I see him today outside her office with his hands on her tits?”

Albus and Simon dropped their forks, their mouths opening into wide “O’s”.

Simon spoke, “You think your dad’s shagging Professor Granger?”

Scorpius looked horrified at the thought. “Ugh! Simon that is bloody disturbing! No fucking way is my dad shagging Professor Granger! Don’t ever say that again.” He shook himself. “He said that he had spilled her tea and was just trying to clean it up or something.”

“Total bollocks, that is.” Albus insisted.

Scorpius seethed. “Thank you, Al.”

“I’m just saying, if you saw him grabbing her tits, he was probably just…grabbing her tits.”

“Didn’t you just say that they hated each other?”

“Rose hates you. You think she’d let you grab her tits?”

“No.”

“Well then I’ve made my point.”
Scorpius sighed. “My dad did tell me that Professor Granger was absolutely off limits.”

Simon shrugged. “Probably because he’s shagging her.”

Monica rolled her eyes. “You think everybody's shagging everybody. And Professor Granger is off limits because she’s a teacher. Don’t know why you all think the sun rises and sets out her arse anyway.”

Simon gazed off into the distance, a goofy grin on his face. “She does have a spectacular arse.”

Albus contributed, “And a smashing rack.”

All three boys nodded.

Monica rolled her eyes and grimaced. “Isn’t she like…your godmother or something, Al?”

Albus shrugged. “Yeah, but she never really seemed to like me much.”

Monica narrowed her eyes. “Probably because you’re always perving on her.”

Albus put his hand on his chest in a gesture of false offense. “I beg your pardon. Scorpius is the one writing her dirty letters.” The three Slytherins sniggered.

Scorpius rolled his eyes. “She’s nice to me. It’s not my fault I misread the signs.”

Simon shook his head and grinned. “Mate, she’s a professor. She’s nice to everyone. You just misinterpreted it because you're a wanker whose dad’s shagging the bird you fancy.” More sniggers.

Scorpius grimaced and stood up from the table. “You lot are the actual worst.”

As Scorpius made his way to the dungeons he wondered if his friends were right. Was his father shagging the woman he, Scorpius, loved?

Surely not. He would know if his dad were involved with someone. They never kept things from each other. No. His father was just embarrassed around Professor Granger because his son fancied her.

But then where had Professor Granger been that evening?

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“You’re lying.” Hermione narrowed her eyes and took a sip of her wine.

Draco laughed. “Why would I do something like that? I promised to be a gentleman tonight, did I not?”

“You cannot sit there and tell me that Severus Snape put on a puppet show with your stuffed animals for your fifth birthday party.”

Draco raised a hand to his heart. “With voices and everything.”

Hermione raised her eyebrows. “I wish I had known this in school. It would have made him seem less…murdery.”
Draco laughed. “He was *not* ‘murderly’. He was actually an excellent godfather.”

“Better than I am a godmother I’m certain. I’m ashamed to admit it, but I have favorites.”

Draco smirked. “I’d bet Scorpius’s inheritance that Albus Potter isn’t one of them.”

Hermione bit her lip. Draco shifted in his seat. *Merlin I won’t be able to keep up this gentleman rouse very long if she keeps doing that.*

“Albus has his moments. But overall, he’s a tad…”

“Creepy? Surly? Smart-alecky?”

Hermione grinned. “I forgot you’re well acquainted with him.”

Draco nodded, smirking. “He and Scorpius are quite close. And Albus is really not so bad once you spend some time with him. He’s quite funny actually…in an odd…almost *unbearably* awkward sort of way.”

Hermione giggled. “He fits in quite well in Slytherin, that’s for sure.”

Draco scoffed in a mockery of offense. “*Certainly* that’s meant to be a compliment.”

Hermione smirked. “Merely an observation. His…particular brand of social skills works quite well in the snake pit.”

“Indeed. Although considering your recent treatment by the Malfoy boys, I’m not certain that’s saying much for Slytherin social skills.”

Hermione laughed. “Scorpius has been a perfect gentleman since the incident. His father, on the other hand…” she tsked and took a sip of her wine.

Draco grimaced in embarrassment. “Yes, I’m aware it’s customary for most people to at least wait until *after* the first date before making it to second base.”

Hermione bit her lip. “So…that’s what this is then? A date?”

Draco almost didn’t hear the question. His attention was rather fixed upon her bottom lip caught in her teeth. *Stop staring at her like one of your son’s snot-nosed little chums.*

Draco collected himself. “Was that not obvious? Perhaps I’m more out of practice in asking a woman out than I thought.”

Hermione grinned and dabbed her mouth with her napkin. Draco amusedly watched her. *She’s quite cute when she eats.*

“Just checking. A part of me isn’t entirely convinced that this is a good idea.”

Draco scrunched his eyebrows. “Because my son is one of your students or because it’s…you and me?”

“The former. Also considering the recent…incident.”

Draco chuckled softly. “I’m certain my son will forgive me for trying to ‘steal his woman’ so to speak. And as for this,” he motioned between them, “there’s no rule against it.”
Hermione quirked an eyebrow. “How did you kn—“

“I’ve checked. That’s how much of an idiot I am.”

Hermione smiled bashfully.

Draco grinned at her. “There’s nothing wrong in it. And if you somehow suffer a bout of insanity and agree to go out with me again after tonight…we can be discreet.”

Hermione grinned. “I can do discreet.”
Chapter Summary

The date continues. The brief return of Harry and Ginny. Draco asserts himself.

The rest of the dinner went swimmingly. The two talked and laughed as if they had had never been childhood enemies. Draco wondered how he had never noticed that her swottiness was actually rather adorable, her laugh was warm and filled him with ease, and her eyes were the most unusual color…like Firewhiskey rippling in a glass. The two had more in common than he ever would have realized. And their disagreements, rather than carrying the flavor of animosity as they did in their youth, sparked friendly and challenging debates. The conversation didn’t even take an awkward term when their respective love lives came up.

“You’re a brilliant woman, Granger and you’ve done many brilliant things, but the absolute smartest thing you ever did was break up with the Weasel.”

Hermione scoffed. “Ron’s not so bad. He and I are still very close. I’m Rose’s godmother you know.”

Draco rolled his eyes. “That child’s name has come up in my home more times than I ever imagined possible. Scorpius has always had something of a…fascination with her. I suppose it’s my punishment in life for all the arseholish things I’ve ever said or done that my only child would become so intertwined with the Golden Trio.”

Hermione laughed. “I never realized that.”

“Yeah, I mean he and Potter’s son have been inseparable since their first day on the Hogwarts Express. He’s got that…strange crush-like thing on the Weasel’s daughter. And then you come along and…well. You know the rest.” He smirked handsomely into his wine glass.

Hermione rolled her eyes. “Point taken. Because of your son you will never escape the Golden Trio.”

Draco’s eyes glinted. “I can’t really say that I mind that right now. At least not the third sitting across from me.” He shot her a charming grin, causing her to blush prettily.

“He really seems to adore you.”

“We are very close. A side effect of single parenthood.”

*God. Damn. As if my knickers can handle being reminded of that.* “Well you did an excellent job with him,” Hermione said.

Draco smiled. “I never tire of hearing that. He’s the most important thing in my life.”

Hermione bit back a groan. *Could he be more doable?* “I’m sure the whole ‘single-dad thing’ doesn’t exactly hurt you with the ladies.”

Draco chuckled. “Believe it or not, I haven’t been on a date in years.”
Hermione blushed. “Neither have I.”

Draco looked surprised. “How on earth did that happen? I mean I don’t know if you’re aware of this, but you’re Hermione Granger.” She chuckled. “You’re a war heroine. You’re the Brightest Witch of Her Age. All things that add up to one thing. A catch.” He smirked charmingly.

Hermione bit her lip bashfully. *Oh fuck me don’t do that. Don’t bite your lip.*

“Surely it won’t surprise you to learn that I’ve always been a bit of a workaholic.”

Draco raised his eyebrows. “Really? You were always such a little party animal in school.”

Hermione laughed. “I left the Auror Department because…I don’t know. I guess I wanted more balance in my life. Even if it just meant taking some time for myself.”

“Do you prefer teaching to ‘fighting the bad guys’?”

Hermione nodded. “I think I do.”

A rather harassed-looking waiter approached their table. “I don’t mean to intrude, but we closed half an hour ago.”

Draco looked around the restaurant. How had he missed that they were the only two left? “I apologize. We didn’t realize the hour.”

Once the two were outside the restaurant, they giggled conspiratorially like two school children who had just been caught doing something naughty.

Hermione shook her head. “That poor waiter. He must despise us.”

“ Well I’ll have to make certain that the next time we choose a different restaurant to close down so he can’t spit in our food.” He smirked. “That is…if we can do this again. Otherwise I’ll just have to make up another terrible excuse to see you and embarrass myself again in front of my son.”

Hermione laughed. “Well you know where I live. You know where I work. Dodging you is probably not a viable option.”

“You see that’s why they call you the ‘Brightest Witch of Her Age.’”

The two laughed, walking down the street. Draco turned to her. “I would offer to walk you back to the castle, but…”

“Discreet,” Hermione finished for him.

Draco reached for her hand. He felt it was the first time he had really ever touched her. The other two times didn’t count. The first was in third year when she punched him in the face. The second was earlier that day when he went temporarily insane and groped her breasts in front of his thirteen-year-old.

Her skin was softer than he imagined possible of a former Auror. Her hands were small and dainty. He ran his thumb over her knuckles and brought the hand up to his lips.

Hermione’s skin felt electrified where his lips touched her. When he returned her hand to her side, his eyes never leaving hers, she felt certain he could hear her heart pounding in her chest.

*Don’t you dare swoon. You are a grown. Ass. Woman. A former Auror. You do not swoon at the
“Goodnight, Granger.” His voice was like chocolate gravel. With a parting smirk, he turned to walk towards the Apparition point. He made it only a few steps before—

“Hermione.”

He turned to her. “What?”

She looked at him bashfully. “If you’d like to see me again…then you should probably call me Hermione.”

“Hermione.” He smiled. “I’d like that very much.”

She smiled. “Goodnight, Draco.”

“You’re shagging the Golden Swot?” Blaise Zabini questioned the tall blond man sitting across from him at the café.

“I’m not shagging her, Blaise. I’m seeing her.”

Blaise narrowed his eyes. “And she’s your son’s teacher?” He laughed into his cup of espresso. “I can’t exactly say I’m surprised. The two of you always did sort of have a… weird, disturbing, oddly arousing chemistry. By which I mean Theo and I had an ongoing bet at how long before you two started shagging.”

Draco rolled his eyes. “She’s different from how I thought she would be. She doesn’t seem so prissy anymore. She’s…rather cheeky actually.” Draco fought the grin on his face.

It was Blaise’s turn to roll his eyes. “She’s different from how I thought she would be. She doesn’t seem so prissy anymore. She’s…rather cheeky actually.” Draco fought the grin on his face.

It was Blaise’s turn to roll his eyes. “Look at you. Already besotted and you haven’t even seen her naked yet.”

“We’ve only gone out once, Blaise.”

“Better tell her to disregard all those ‘Slytherin Sex God’ rumors she probably heard about you in school. How long’s it been? You won’t last two minutes when you finally do shag her.”

“Could you kindly refrain from commenting on my hypothetical performance of my hypothetical shagging of Granger?”

“Malfoy?”

Draco turned to find Harry and Ginny standing on the sidewalk in front of the café, each wearing identical shit-eating grins.

“Potter!”

“Malfoy.”

“Ginny!”

“Ferret.”
“I was just…you see the thing is, I was just saying—“

“You want to shag Hermione.” Harry answered for him.

Draco sighed. “I actually was just telling Blaise about the lovely dinner I had with her the other night. He is the one who brought up shagging. I want to be perfectly clear that I’ve made no mention of shagging.”

“I feel we’ve mentioned it quite a lot since we’ve sat down at this table.” Blaise said.

Draco rubbed his temples and looked up at the Potters, still smirking. Their eyes narrowed on him like two lions cornering a baby giraffe. Draco cracked.

“Yes, alright! Yes. I want to shag your friend. But I would also like to date her because I happen to enjoy her company. And I’m not asking for your permission on this—“

“Ferret, Ferret, ssshh. Shhh.” Ginny spoke in a soothing, whispering voice. “Shut the fuck up. We don’t care.”

Harry nodded. “Hermione needs a good lay. Just be sure to give her lots of orgasms, be nice to her, and most importantly…don’t ever tell us any details about the depraved shit the two of you do.”

Harry made a sign of the cross in front of Malfoy. “You have our blessing to seduce our pretty friend.”

Draco went slack jawed. “I mean…we…we’d like to be discreet. Since you know…Scorpius—“

“Would also like to shag our friend?” Ginny supplied.

Blaise laughed. “Excuse me? Your son’s got a chub for Granger? And you’re shagging her? This is priceless.”

“I’m not shagging her Blaise for the last. Fucking. Time. I’m dating her and hopefully if I don’t completely fuck this up, I’ll eventually get the opportunity to shag her. But until that time I would like for you all to keep your poisonous, gossiping pie holes shut on the matter because we’d like to be fucking discreet! Capiche?”

Harry, Ginny, and Blaise bit back laughter and nodded their heads in agreement.

“Wow, Malfoy. That’s…like…the most worked up I’ve seen you in fifteen years.” Harry said, still attempting not to laugh.
Hermione sat at her desk enjoying a relaxing cup of tea after the day’s classes. She leaned back in her chair, thinking fondly of her dinner with Draco two nights ago. She never expected him to be so easy to talk to. And so… Prince Charming-ish. He had made her laugh, and the way he looked at her… *There they go. There go my knickers.*

“Sup my ninja?”

“*Oof.*” Leaning back in her chair, Hermione came perilously close to spilling her tea again.

“*Harry!* How many times do I have to tell you *not* to sneak up on me like that? I’m getting you a fucking *bell* for Christmas.”

“Grading essays? Any of my brats’ work in that pile there?” Harry ignored her and walked over to the chair opposite her, propping his feet precariously up on her desk.

“What are you doing here?”

“Just thought I’d stop by and see if you wanted to grab a bite. Ginny’s at a hen do for one of her old friends on the Harpies. I’m bored.”

“Well thank you for choosing me. Let me finish my tea and we can go.”

He rested his hands on the back of his head and smirked at her.

“What?”

His eyes narrowed and his smirk deepened.

“What?”

“Guess who I ran into today?”
“Not playing this game.”

“His name starts with ‘D’, ferret-faced prat, way too much money, son’s a horny little monster.”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “You continue to be non-funny.”

“You had dinner with him.”

“Yeah.”

“You like him.”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “Whatever happened to ‘I can’t be involved in this’? We’re trying to be __-__

“Discreet. Yeah I got that. Malfoy said the same thing. Loud and clear.”

“So why are we talking about it? In a school full of magical children who could be listening at any moment?”

“Because it’s making you uncomfortable which means you’ll drink more at dinner which means I might be able to convince you to do your Minerva impersonation.”

“You are dead set on getting me fired, aren’t you?”

“What can I say? I miss my work wife.” Harry removed his feet from her desk. “Now finish your fucking tea woman. I don’t have all evening.”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “There he is. There’s my work husband.”

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Harry and Hermione sat at the bar at the Three Broomsticks tucking into their fish and chips.

“You still coming around for dinner this weekend? Ginny’s making a roast.” Harry asked, sipping on his Firewhiskey.

Hermione nodded. “I was…kind of thinking about…maybe—“

“Asking a certain blond prat if he wants to come too?”

Hermione sighed. “Is it too soon for that do you think?”

Harry shook his head. “Not with him. You both are fully grown adults. You don’t have to pretend that you like each other less than you do. Because he certainly fancies you.”

Hermione’s eyes widened. “Really? How do you know that? Did he say something?”

Harry laughed. “Easy there, Lavender Brown.”

Hermione growled. “Never fucking mind.”

“Pretty soon you’re going to be snogging in public and calling him ‘Dray Dray.’”

“You’re an imbecile. And you don’t deserve me.” Hermione turned her attention to her own
Draco poured over the dozens of boring documents regarding management of the Malfoy estate with waning interest. It always absolutely mind-numbing to read these things his lawyer insisted he peruse before slapping his signature on them. But today it was damn near impossible.

All he could think about was Hermione Granger’s easy laugh. The way her hair contrasted with her skin making her look like a particularly enticing dessert. And the way the delicate skin of her hand felt warm under his lips.

*Fuck a duck, Blaise was right. I am besotted.*

He’d wanted to kiss her that night, but he didn’t want to scare her off. He’d wanted to owl her the moment he got home to set up another date, but he knew he’d look pathetic and desperate.

*If she wanted pathetic and desperate, she’d never have broken up with Weasley.*

It had been a few days. That wasn’t too soon, right? He could ask her out again without his bollocks shriveling in his trousers, right?

No sooner had he started his letter to her, when a tawny barn owl landed on his desk bearing a Hogwarts stamped letter. The letter read:
Draco,

I was wondering if you had plans for Saturday evening. Harry and Ginny would like to invite you over for dinner.

It’s totally fine if you can’t come. But you should know that I got Harry and Ginny to agree to tone down their pratness, which is no small feat. It’d be a shame not to take advantage of this rare opportunity.

Yours,

Hermione

Draco smiled, leaning back in his chair. While dinner with the Potters wasn’t exactly what he had in mind for their second date, he took it as a positive sign. This meant that she liked him enough to bring him round her friends…prats as they were.

And she signed it “Yours”. Draco felt his face flush hotly at the thought that he had any claim whatsoever to her. That’s not what she meant, you dolt. It’s just a letter sign off.

Draco sighed. What has his life come to that he thought an evening with the Potters sounded like the most wonderful thing in the world? He shook his head, a dopey grin plastered on his face.

Hermione,

I would be remiss if I allowed your titanic achievement of getting the Chosen Git & Company to behave themselves for an evening to go to waste. I will be there with bells on.

Yours,

Draco

Draco grinned as he buried he banged his forehead on his desk.

Prize. Fucking. Idiot.

Chapter End Notes

On the next episode of "Hot for Teacher"...the return of Harry and Ginny.
Marvel of Masculinity

Chapter Summary

Draco gives himself a pep talk. At the Potters, he encounters an artifact that makes "keeping his cool" more difficult.

Chapter Notes

Short chapter! I wanted to break up the dinner. It might actually be the next three chapters. Who knows? Stay tuned!

He was a prize fucking idiot. Why had he thought it was a good idea to go to a dinner at the Chosen Prat’s house? Their sons might have banded to form a somewhat deranged Silver Duo, but he and Potter…they weren’t there yet. Nor would they ever be. And he had the Sectumsempra scars to prove it. Why was he doing this?

Oh yeah. Hermione Granger. She’s looking mighty fine lately. And you’ve got a big stupid crush on her.

He stood in front of his full length mirror, taking stock of his appearance. He decided to wear a charcoal Muggle suit, tailor-made, and a light blue shirt. His face scrunched up as he applied hair gel to achieve an “I Woke Up Like This” sort of look, which actually took an enormous amount of effort.

Draco laughed when he remembered another Malfoy boy who not so long ago stood in front of his mirror applying hair gel with the same amount of care to impress the same woman.

He fixed his reflection with a hard glare. “Listen here, Draco. Do not fuck this up for yourself. This is the first time in a decade you’ve gotten the touchy feelsies for a girl and you will be a marvel of masculinity. She won’t be able to resist you.”

With one final hard look of approval, he grabbed an overwhelmingly expensive Cote du Rhone and made for the Floo.

Hermione sat at Number 12 Grimmauld Place sipping on a glass of wine, trying not to combust from the fuse box of nerves her body had become. She was doing a shite job of it.

“Hermione. I love you. But if you don’t stop fidgeting and spill your wine on my couch I will disembowel you,” Ginny said sweetly. “Merlin you need to get laid.”

“So you’ve said Ginny. And if it wasn’t completely fucking obvious to you, that’s kind of what I’m trying to do.”
“Sorry I’m early,” said a person who possessed a smooth, sexy drawl that Hermione sincerely hoped was not Draco Malfoy.

Ginny perked up, “Malfoy! So happy you arrived here at exactly this very second in time.”

Hermione blushed redder than she ever knew possible. That’s it. I will never speak again. My students must all learn Legilimency so I can convey the class material.

Draco joined her on the couch and greeted her with a surprise kiss on the cheek. “Hermione. You look beautiful.”

Scratch that. Now she was redder than she’d ever been before. “You look nice too.” Gods he smells good. What is that? Eau de Perfect Male Specimen?

He smirked and scooted closer to her on the couch. Ginny rolled her eyes at the exchange.

“So Malfoy…notice I’ve toned down my ‘pratness’ so I’m not calling you ‘Ferret’…is this your first time in our home?”

“I did notice. How classy of you. And yes, I’ve never been here before.”

“FILTH! PUTRID BLOOD TRAITORS CONSORTING WITH MUDBLOODS!”

Draco’s eyes shot open wide. “What the bloody fuck is that?”

“Walburga Black’s portrait.” Ginny answered dispassionately. “Mostly we ignore her.”

“THE HEIR OF A NOBLE HOUSE WOULD SULLY HIMSELF WITH A LOWLY MUDBLOOD! THANK THE GODS YOUR GRANDFATHER DOES NOT LIVE TO SEE THIS DAY!”

Draco grimaced, turning to Hermione who was biting back a laugh. He looked at her in surprise. “How does that not bother you?”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “I come here all the time. At this point all the racist shit she says is actually kind of funny.”

Draco looked surprised. “I assume she’s talking about me and you. But how would she know that?”

“I have no idea how she fixed it before she died, but I’ve got to hand it to the old crone. Girl had mad skills.”

Draco grinned and put an arm behind her on the couch. Hermione took another sip of wine for bravery and smiled at him. Draco moved his hand closer to graze her shoulder, his eyes fixed on her pink bow mouth, wet from the wine she had been drinking. Her tongue darted out to lick her lips.

Oh Merlin, would I like to---

“YOU DARE CONJURE UP PRURIENT FANTASIES OF YOUR BLOOD FILTH WHORE IN THE HOUSE OF MY ANCESTORS YOU BLOOD TRAITOR SCUM!!!”

Draco’s horror at the portrait’s absolutely spot on analysis of his mental state was evident from the look on his face. His blush gave Hermione’s a run for its money. He immediately jumped back, removing his hands from behind the couch and laying them demurely in his lap.

Ginny cackled with unsuppressed mirth. “That old bitch is a hoot isn’t she? But don’t worry. She...
doesn’t ‘read minds’ per se. She just has this *ungodly* knack for sensing blood treason taking place under her roof,” Ginny informed him with a chirp-like quality to her voice. “Excuse me, I need to go check on the roast.” Ginny exited the room with a skip in her step.

Hermione bit her lip bashfully. Draco squinted his eyes and rubbed his face before daring to turn to Hermione. “So I guess we’re even now,” he grinned at Hermione.

She laughed. “I guess we kind of like each other, huh?”

Draco smiled and tucked a loose lock of hair behind her ear. “Yes. I guess we do.” His fingers trailed to the bottom of her neck. He leaned in and fluttered his eyes closed. Their lips were so close to finally meeting. So close—

“YOU DARE TOUCH YOUR LOATHSOME LITTLE SLUT IN THE HOUSE OF BLACK! YOU DARE CALL YOURSELF OF OUR BLOOD WHEN YOU WOULD STOOP SO LOW.”

Draco pulled back in frustration and rubbed his face. “Something needs to be done about that meddlesome old bat.”

Hermione laughed. “We can use Silencing Charms but they won’t last very long. I’ll take care of it.”

As she walked towards the painting, Draco had to stop himself from staring at her bum in mid-stride, lest the late Mrs. Black announce his thoughts to Merlin and country.

The Floo roared to life and a harassed looking Harry Potter entered his living room. “Eh. Hey there Malfoy,” he managed a slight hand motion that might have been a wave, removed his jacket and plopped on the chair next to Draco.

Ginny emerged with two glasses of wine. “Thought I heard you come in. You look like boiled shite.”

“Why thank you my darling wife. Glad to see after fifteen years of marriage the fire’s still burning,” Harry deadpanned, accepting a glass of wine from Ginny.

Draco accepted the other glass and beat down the urge to throw the entire contents down his throat in one fell swoop.

“Where’s Hermione?” Harry asked.

Draco answered. “She went to perform a Silencing Charm on the portrait of my dear old auntie.”

Harry nodded. “That should do us for about an hour or so.”

Draco shook his head, marveling that anyone could live with such a vile artifact. “You’re the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, Potter. Why wouldn’t you just have someone in to remove that damn thing?”

Harry shrugged. “Honestly she’s sort of white noise at this point. It’s like…if you had a pet fish that you didn’t really care for but the worst thing you had to do was remember to feed it every day. That’s kind of the dynamic here.”

Draco rolled his eyes and muttered under his breath. “Lunatic.”

The Floo roared to life to announce the arrival of Ron and Susan Weasley nee Bones. Draco’s eyes widened at the new guests. He did *not* realize this was a full Golden Trio party he was crashing.
Just what I need. The girl I fancy’s ex-boyfriend, who hates me here to watch me crash and burn.
The two men looked at each other with disdain and confusion. Ron narrowed his eyes and cocked his head, slightly slack-jawed at the presence of the blond man. In that moment, Hermione entered from the foyer.

“That should do it for a bit. Ron! Susan!”

“Hey Hermione!” Ron’s eyes travelled to the couch and settled on Draco. “Someone care to tell me what Malfoy is do—”

“He’s here for Hermione. Let me take your coats,” Ginny responded with ease. It was from her that Albus inherited his absolute refusal to acknowledge awkwardness in social situations.

Ron and Susan seated themselves on a loveseat directly apart from Hermione and Draco. Draco found his courage and put an arm around Hermione, pulling her closer to him on the couch. Marvel of masculinity, Draco. Marvel of fucking masculinity.

“So. I didn’t know the two of you…” Ron motioned between Hermione and Draco.

“It’s new.” Hermione responded quickly, tucking herself into her wine glass.

Harry rolled his eyes. “Let’s get this over with. Ron…you don’t like Malfoy. Malfoy…you don’t like Ron. And yet here you both are seated in my home drinking my booze. Draco and Hermione are keeping it ‘discreet’,” he turned to face Malfoy who gave him a thumbs up, “because she teaches his son and his son’s got a big fat boner for her.” Draco and Hermione both made a face, ignored by Harry who turned to Draco. “Yes, Ron and Hermione dated for about two months like fifteen years ago. But we all barely remember that because it was just the most uncomfortable thing we’ve ever had to witness in our lives.”

“Thanks Harry,” Hermione said rolling her eyes.

“No I mean like you guys had no chemistry. Like none. I mean it was painful to wat—“
“Yeah, I know. I was there too. Thanks.” Hermione cut him off. “The point Harry is so flippantly trying to make is that the war is long over and there’s no reason we can’t all get along.”

Ginny took her seat. “Let’s talk about something more interesting. Isn’t it just _so interesting_ that Hermione and Draco are seeing each other?”

Hermione shook her head, fighting the urge to bury her face in her hands. Draco shifted slightly next to her and smoothed a soothing finger delicately on her shoulder, causing her to make brief eye contact with him.

He grinned at her pretty blush. Merlin, he could really get used to making her do that. And she looked completely edible tonight, wearing a red silky blouse that complemented her skin tone and a pair of cropped black cigarette trousers which hugged her figure beautifully. And she smelled _so_ good. He could make out notes of bergamot and gardenia in her perfume, which was having a rather stirring effect on his body. Thank Merlin that bloody portrait shut the hell up.

“Yeah how’d _that_ happen by the way? No offense Malfoy, but you’ve always been a prick and if you have _any_ redeeming qualities, I’ve never been made aware of them.” Ron inquired.

Draco frowned. “How exactly am I supposed to _not_ take offense to that?”

Hermione interjected. “You know Draco’s son is at Hogwarts too. Well we had a slight incident with him and Draco came up to the school—“

“Hitting on your son’s teacher? Whew, Malfoy that is some _classy_ shit there.” Ron grinned into his wine glass.

Draco longed to throw a quip back at him…or maybe just a punch. But for Hermione’s sake he bit his tongue and was privately extremely grateful to Susan, who nudged Ron in the ribs. Ron’s grimace and his muttering of “_Ow woman_” under his breathe was less than inconspicuous.

“Of course we know of Scorpius. He’s a lovely boy. I always kind of thought our Rose had a bit of a crush on him.” Susan offered politely.

Draco nodded. “I’ve got a feeling it goes both ways.”

“What kind of incident then?” Ron spoke up, having recovered.

Ginny snorted. “Scorpius is _quite_ the ladies’ man, right Hermione?”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “Didn’t I say something about ‘wanting to forget the whole thing’?”

Draco smirked and gave her shoulder a squeeze, prompting another adorable blush from the witch. Draco smiled. “My son wrote Hermione a very forward letter. Apparently he had been harboring a crush on her for some time.”

Ron scoffed. “Merlin he doesn’t waste _any_ time does he?” Turning to Susan he asked, “You said Rose fancies him? We really shouldn’t encourage that.”

Draco rolled his eyes. Ron turned back to Draco. “So then _you_ swoop in on Hermione when your kid strikes out.”

Hermione bit back, “He did not _swoop_. There was no _swooping_ involved. And can we _please_ talk about something else?”
Ginny adopted a very serious face and her accent became sharper and posher. “Of course. Shall we discuss the weather? Or perhaps we all go around in a circle and give an account of our day? Harry darling, why don’t you start?”

Harry replied with false brightness and an equally false aristocratic accent. “Well darling. I was called into the office today because there was some sort of ghastly explosion of a potions warehouse in Bristol. The Aurors were all in quite a state over it, bless them. Turns out the entire thing was a rather frightful mixup. The old chap who owns the building set off a Weasley Wizard Wheezes alarm which, it turns out, has a rather combustive effect when it comes into contact with a large amount of doxy venom. So I spent my day doing large amounts of paperwork while the real Aurors got in on the action, such as it was. Smashing day, don’t you think.” Harry took a snobbish sip of his wine.

Draco listened to the entire thing with a look of incredulity. “That’s the sort of thing you have to deal with at your job? I figured you’d be hunting down dark wizards and carrying on the sort of hero antics you lot used to get up to at school.”

Harry shrugged. “What can I say? I peaked in high school.”

“Ginny, this is delicious,” Hermione complimented the food. “It’s even better than Kreacher’s I think.”

“Yeah, he gave me his recipe just before…you know. The end.”

“Kreacher. He’s that odd old house elf you used to have here, right.” Draco inquired. “I’m sorry to hear that he died. He was…well, I suppose he was rather nice to me when I met him.”

Harry shook his head. “He didn’t die. We donated him to Hogwarts.”

Hermione’s fork dropped. “How many times…”

“Oh balls,” Ginny said under her breath.

“must I tell you, Harry James Potter?”

“Bringing out the middle name now. She’s in a right huff.” Ron whispered to his sister.

“You can not. Donate. House elves.”

Draco stared at his plate. “This really is lovely, Ginny. Did you use some sort of garlic rub?”

Harry raised his hands in faux surrender. “Again, what else would you call it? We didn’t need him. Hogwarts did. So we redistributed his talents. Why do you have to be up my arse about this tonight?”

Ginny nodded. “Yes. It um…goes very well with the wine you brought, which is excellent by the way.”

“You never even tried to pay him wages, Harry! You just treated him like he was property.”

Susan nodded. “Are those notes of cherry by chance?”

“Hermione, that old tosser was at least as old as Dumbledore! I couldn’t have even ordered him to
take wages from me.”

Draco tentatively turned to Ginny. “I take it this is a topic of contention with the two of them.”

“He is a person, Harry!”

Ginny nodded. “He might have been nice to you, but he was a right old prick to the rest of us. Harry’s still a bit sore over it.”

“A person? Hermione, he is quite literally not.”

Ron whispered across the table. “He was bloody awful to Hermione. And yet she still goes on about her spew nonsense.”

“Excuse me Ronald!”

“Oh balls” Harry muttered.

“I only meant, Hermione, that Kreacher was a creepy old git who sold us out to Death Eaters and all you care about are his bloody employee rights,” Ron said.

Harry came to Ron’s defense. “Think about it Hermione. Malfoy probably has loads of house elves at the Manor. And I’ll bet he doesn’t pay them, do you Malfoy?”

Draco nearly choked on his food at the mention of his name. “I…um. I do have a few house elves working for me, but…” He saw Hermione take a sip of her wine, obviously uncomfortable, “um… I mean of course I pay them.”

Hermione beamed at him. “You do?”

Draco gulped. In truth…no. He didn’t pay his house elves. But this was only because the house elves at the Manor had been there since he was a little boy. They ran the place seamlessly and he rarely ever saw them. As far as house elves go, the ones at the Manor were rather snobbish and stuck in their ways. They would probably murder him in his sleep if he attempted to pay them wages. Of course they’d stick their heads in the oven after, but all the same.

“Of course.” Draco took a particularly large sip of wine.

Hermione’s lips curled up into a lovely smile and she put her hand on his knee. “I had no idea. Draco that’s…so lovely of you.”

Draco couldn’t fight the smile on his lips. Here was this beautiful woman looking at him as though he were the most wonderful person in the world and putting her hand on his knee and blushing so sweetly at him…Marvel. Of fucking. Masculinity, I am.

He would speak to his house elves as soon as he got home. At least there could be a discussion. But for now he simply waved off her praise and took her hand that was on his knee in his own and rubbed his thumb across the knuckles.

Ron watched the two, rolling his eyes. “Wow Malfoy. I had no idea you were a spew advocate.”

Ginny, Harry, and Susan all grimaced in anticipation. “For the last time, Ronald. It’s not ‘spew’, it’s S.P.E.W.!”

“Yeah, sure that’s what I said. So anyway, Malfoy, back to the house elves thing.” The other three adults who were not besotted with Draco cringed.
“Hey Ron.” Harry interrupted. “Don’t you think we’ve said quite enough on the subject for tonight? I’m sure Malfoy would rather not discuss his employees while he’s on a date.”

Draco shot a subtle, grateful look at Harry, furrowing his eyebrows in confusion. Harry just shrugged and rolled his eyes.

The rest of dinner went much more smoothly. Other than having to push down the twinge of guilt he felt for the teensy white lie (he’d fix that right away) he told, Draco had a rather enjoyable evening. Susan managed to keep Ron in line. It was blatantly obvious who wore the pants in that relationship. And the food was rather excellent. But best of all were the moments when Hermione would make fleeting eye contact with him, looking away immediately and blushing when she caught her. He wasn’t sure if the blush was from him or the wine, but either way he had a difficult time keeping his eyes off of her.

He looked longingly at her mouth, wishing that he could have another moment alone with her. He had almost kissed her earlier when that revolting portrait ruined the moment. He remembered the way her hair felt on his fingertips as he lightly cradled her neck. The way her perfume seemed to invade every pore on his body. He wondered what her body would feel like against him. Soft, and willing, and—

“YOU VILE SON OF AN ANCIENT LINE! YOU HAVE BEEN CORRUPTED BY YOUR FILTHY, PUTRID, MUDBOOD WHORE AND YOUR DISGUSTING FANTASIES OF HAVING HER IN YOUR BED!!!

Draco paled. He could have fucking died right there. Right there in Harry Potter’s dining room.

So this is it then. My life is over. I guess it was alright except I would have liked to have gotten LAID FOR ONE LAST TIME THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR POINTING THAT OUT YOU INSUFFERABLE OLD COW!

Hermione darted out of her chair. “Silencing Charm must have worn off. I’ll get that, Harry don’t bother.”

The four remaining adults who weren’t mortally humiliated had tears in their eyes from biting back the laughter they so desperately wanted to release.


“Pssssssssshhhhhhaahahahahahahaha!!!” Ginny couldn’t hold it in any longer. “Merlin’s ballsack Malfoy.”

“I’m aware.” Draco retorted.

“I mean you really are as bad as your thirteen-year-old.” Ginny still hadn’t ceased laughing.

“What are the odds you’d all agree to let me Obliviate you?”

“Slim to abso-fucking-lutely never because that shit is hilarious.” Ron responded.

Hermione emerged from the foyer, blushing furiously and taking care not to make too much eye contact with Draco. “Ginny, let me do the washing up.”

Susan opened her mouth to offer to help as well but Draco spoke up first. “I’ll help you!” He pointedly ignored the impish sneers and silent laughter directed at him.
The two stood in the kitchen, pointing their wands to clear the table. Draco spoke first. “I don’t suppose there’s ever a scenario where I can just be cool and suave around you?”

Hermione laughed. “I don’t think that’s who we are.”

Draco chuckled warmly. “I don’t suppose it is.”

They worked in silence for a minute or so, casting Scourgify charms on the dishes and levitating them into a neat stack. Hermione turned to him with a coy look in her eye. “Although I must say it was rather quick thinking on your part to make up that thing about paying your house elves.”

Draco’s eyes shot up into his hairline. “You…how…?”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “If it were really true, you would have owned it with confidence. You are a Slytherin after all.” She smirked at him.

Draco chuckled. “I’ll gladly have that discussion with them. But first I want to do something and I need you to tell me with absolute certainty that Mrs. Black can’t talk right now.” Draco’s eyes trailed to Hermione’s lips.

She followed the movement, her breath hitching. “Yes,” she answered in a much huskier voice than normal.

He ran his fingers up the side of her arm, over her shoulder, her collarbone, until they found their way to her neck. His other hand held her waist. As he drew her to him, Hermione nearly lost consciousness as his scent engulfed her. He cradled her neck, running his thumb up and down. Finally, he dipped his head and claimed her lips.

Hermione saw black dots behind her eyes. She felt delirious. His lips were warm and soft but firm. She moaned lightly into the kiss and he deepened it, burying his hand in her hair and pulling her closer.

Draco opened his mouth slightly, prompting her to do the same and she complied. Oh, Merlin she tasted divine. Like sunshine and wine. As his tongue danced with hers he felt his cock twitch in his trousers, springing to life at her taste and the feel of her warm body. She was even better than he imagined. He drank her, pulling her even closer, running his hands all over her spine, her waist, her hair.

“Sorry to interrupt what I’m sure is sending Mrs. Black’s portrait into eight varieties of silent hell right now, but Ginny’s about to break out the Firewhiskey if you guys are interested.” Harry stood, leaning against the wall of his kitchen, smirking like a fool.

Draco growled. “For fuck’s sake, Potter. Am I not allowed any privacy in your home?”

“Not when you’re fornicating with my best friend on my countertop.”

Draco shook his head and muttered under his breath. “This house is full of cock blocks.”

Chapter End Notes

You guys have been soooo patient. Finally...the first kiss. Hope you guys liked it!
Draco bit his lip and huffed in frustration. He was usually a master at negotiations, but all the Slytherin cunning in the world couldn’t hold up against the wall of communication that were house elves. People, he could deal with in his sleep. People were hopelessly easy, falling easily for flattery or cool charisma. But house elves tended to talk in circles and his own were no exception.

“I’m just asking if you would consider it, Quincy. And I’m certainly not asking you to leave. I’m simply asking if it would be possible for you to allow me to give you a bit of money every week and perhaps something half-way decent to wear.”

“Master Draco tries to free us. We is being loyal and hard working for Master Draco and he is wanting to send us away,” the elderly house elf seemed torn between indignation and hurt.

“That’s not it at all. I want you to keep doing exactly what you’re doing. I want you to continue to live here and work here. Absolutely nothing will change. I only want to give you a little money for your work.”

“Master Draco is trying to give us clothes. Master Draco is trying to free us.”

“Forget the clothes, then. If you’re happy with your pillowcases, then that’s all right with me. You can even buy new pillowcases. Better pillowcases. With the money I will pay you.”

“Master Draco already gives us everything we requires. We is not needing any monies. Why is Master Draco wanting us to go away?”

Draco put his hands behind his head, closed his eyes and breathed deeply to collect his calm.

“Quincy. I don’t want to send you away. I want you to stay here and do nothing differently except allow me to give you a small amount of money every week. I am asking as a favor to you. But I could very well order you to take it. Which is absolutely daft because who in their right mind would have to be ordered to take wages?”

“Master Draco says we will not be free elves. But Master Draco talks of wages. Only free elves are paid wages.” Quincy curled his lip in disgust at the thought.

“I don’t give a bloody fuck what you call it Quincy.” Draco was truly exasperated now. “Call it a gift, alright? Every week I will give you a gift. Nothing will change. Alright?”
Quincy exhaled deeply. “The other elves will not be pleased with Quincy. Quincy will tell them Master Draco orders us to take this gift of monies.”

Draco nodded his head and held his palms together in a gesture of appreciation. “Thank you Quincy.”

Draco left the servant hall feeling drained of all energy. He leaned against the door and banged his head against the wood.

Some women liked flowers. Some liked jewelry. Draco had to go and become smitten with the one woman who would rather you made your house elves miserable by shoving money down their throats.

_The things I do to impress a girl._

Draco grinned as he recalled his conversation with Hermione in front of the Floo last night. Potter conceded to grant them some privacy as they said their goodnights.

“So...the Gryffindor/Slytherin game is tomorrow,” Draco said.

“Is it? I can never seem to remember when these things come up.”

“I’m going.”

“Are you?”

“I never miss it. Perhaps I’ll see you there too?”

Hermione bit her lip. “Isn’t that a bit...public?”

“I paid for their uniforms. It’s normal for me to show up to the games.” Draco smirked mischievously. “How about this? A friendly wager. If Gryffindor wins, I’ll buy you dinner after the game. If Slytherin wins...you allow me to buy you dinner as a gesture of inter-house unity and good sportsmanship. How does that sound, Professor Granger?”

Hermione tucked a bit of hair behind her ear and blushed. “I suppose that’s agreeable.”

Draco smiled. “I’ll see you there, then.” He bent down and kissed her lightly on the lips, using every bit of restraint he possessed to keep from turning it into a full snog. Reluctantly, he broke the kiss, allowing his thumb to graze her cheekbone.

“Good night Hermione.”

Draco sighed thinking about the kisses they had shared last night...particularly the one in the kitchen, which had been absolutely sensational. He had fallen asleep last night with her taste still on his tongue and woken this morning with his cock standing to attention after a night of dreaming about how her skin felt beneath his fingertips. His hormones hadn’t been this out of control since he was a boy. He felt positively _giddy_ that he would see her today.

_Merlin, if teenage me could see this. Giddy over Hermione Granger._
Hermione rummaged through the Quidditch section in the library, desperate to find something that would help her.

“Biographies, tactics, surely there must be a book that just explains the basics.” Hermione growled in frustration.

To say that she had never been a Quidditch fan would be an understatement. Whenever Ron, Harry, and Ginny would go on and on about this team and that broom, her eyes would glaze over. She was, in every other respect, a model student, always hungry for new information and eager to learn…except in this one thing. Quidditch bored the pants off of her.

But Draco liked Quidditch. What if he wanted to talk to her about the game? She needed to be able to say something about it. Wasn’t there some sort of manual…like a Quidditch for Dummies or something that she could read? She should ask Madam Pince, as much as the thought terrified her.

Madam Pince was often compared to a vulture, but in Hermione’s opinion that really only covered half of it. Sure, Madam Pince was dangerously protective of the books, to a degree even Hermione found excessive. She was even more of a stickler that her precious library be absolutely deathly silent at all times. In this respect…yes, she was a vulture.

But should someone actually need something in the library, something they couldn’t find on their own perhaps, Madam Pince was as useless as a panda bear during mating season. She’d lounge on her chair, her eyes never leaving the book she was reading. She wasn’t really a librarian. She was really more of a caretaker of the physical space of the library and the books within.

Hermione approached her desk and coughed to get her attention.

Nothing.

Hermione spoke up, “Madam Pince, excuse me. I was wondering if you might help me.”

Nothing. Maybe she was asleep.

“Madam Pince.”

She shuffled from her book, looking up and fixing Hermione with a deadly glare. “What?”

Hermione gulped. “I was wondering if there are any rudimentary books on Quidditch in the library.”

Madam Pince’s lips disappeared into a thin line. “You know where the Quidditch section is, don’t you? Why don’t you check yourself?”

Her uselessness was starting to annoy Hermione, who held herself up indignantly and said, “I did check, but I didn’t find anything basic enough for my purposes. I’m looking for a simple introduction to the sport.”

Madam Pince narrowed her eyes and quirked her lips into a dangerous smirk. Hermione was reminded of the witch from Hansel and Gretel. This was what she always looked like in her mind.

“Follow me,” she stated with false brightness. She led Hermione past the Restricted Section to a corner of the library she had no idea existed.

“Children’s Section?” She asked, quirking an eyebrow at the mean old witch. “Seriously?”
Madam Pince sneered with that unholy smirk once again plastered on her face. Hermione had come to rather appreciate the expression when Draco wore it so handsomely on his own face. Madam Pince, on the other hand, looked positively grotesque. She slithered over to the bottom shelf and pulled out a thin, glossy, colorful book and handed it to Hermione.

It was a Quidditch coloring book for children ages 4-7.

“Perhaps this is more up your alley, Professor Granger.”

Hermione’s brow furrowed. Oh. So she’s a bitch.

She wouldn’t be embarrassed. That’s what the wicked witch wanted. “Thank you ever so much, Madam Pince. I greatly appreciate your help.”

Hermione flipped through the pages of the book. If she was being serious, it was actually more of a toy than a book.

Meh…I can learn from this.

Chapter End Notes

I probably won't be able to update again for a few days, unfortunately. But I'm working on the next few chapters in my head. Hope you all enjoyed!

My inspiration for Draco’s interaction with Quincy the house elf was from Monty Python and the Holy Grail. The conversation between the Scottish lord and the guard, in case that wasn't obvious.

Much love!
The Not-Shagging

Chapter Summary

Draco meets Hermione in the Quidditch stands for the big game. They're not the only ones in attendance. Pst...more Scorpius/Albus/Simon (dude I invented for the sake of comedic triples).

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! I'm back! Sorry I haven't updated in a week or so. Those of you who follow my other work will notice that I've updated "High" pretty regularly. I've been taking the bar exam and tomorrow I start my new job. This means I won't be able to update every day, but I'm going to try to update at least one of the two stories most days.

Also, as I said in my notes on "High", the new job is a writing job of sorts, so even if I can't update as obsessively, I will probably at least update better stuff.

Hope you enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Professor Granger! It is a rare treat indeed to see you in the stands.” Professor Slughorn greeted Hermione enthusiastically.

“I felt I should show support to my house. After all, we are playing Slytherin.” Hermione grinned as she joined Professor Slughorn and Neville Longbottom, who had long since taken up the post as Professor of Herbology and was currently Head of Gryffindor House.

“I thought you hated Quidditch, Hermione,” Neville inquired.

“I don’t hate Quidditch. I just don’t find it particularly stimulating. But I am a professor now, and a Gryffindor alumna. It doesn’t hurt to show some school spirit every now and then.”

Professor Slughorn agreed, “Indeed it does not m’dear. And may the best team win. Which of course will be Slytherin.”

Neville rolled his eyes. “Horace, do you really want to engage in a battle of trash talk with a Gryffindor?”

Professor Slughorn chuckled. “House rivalry aside, Slytherin has a fine team this year. Best Seeker since Draco Malfoy.”

Hermione felt her ears turn pink at the mention of Draco. Where was he, by the way? She looked around the box and was surprised to see, in addition to many Hogwarts faculty, there were many donors who had come to show their support for one of the two rival teams. Unfortunately, none of them were Draco.
“Looking for someone, Hermione?” Neville asked.

Hermione quickly turned her head to face Neville. “Not at all. I just never realized how many donors came to see the games.”

Professor Slughorn nodded his head, “There is no game that draws quite so much donor support as the Gryffindor/Slytherin match. Unless of course the two happen to be playing in the final match. And speaking of Slytherin support, Mr. Malfoy how wonderful to see you here!”

Hermione turned quickly to find the handsome blond ex-Slytherin grinning as he took Professor Slughorn’s hand to shake it. She had to pinch herself to keep from staring at him.

She had never seen him look so casual. Rather than his usual robes, he wore a pair of dark denims and a hunter green button down with the sleeves slightly rolled up. His white blond hair was so sexily disheveled Hermione couldn’t help but fantasize about running her hands through that perfect head of hair. Despite the Muggle attire, he was the most Slytherin-looking thing Hermione had ever laid eyes on.

Needless to say, she wished they could skip the game so she could take him back to her dorm and ride him until neither of them could see straight.

“Professor Longbottom,” Draco addressed Neville with cordial formality, despite the fact that he was a ruthless bully towards him in school.

“Malfoy.” Neville didn’t seem too keen on speaking with Draco at any length, considering that this was the man who used to hex his shoelaces together when they were eleven.

Draco turned to Hermione. “Professor Granger. Wonderful to see you again.” Other than the corner of his lips quirking upwards slightly at addressing Hermione, his face remained the epitome of Slytherin composure and etiquette.

Hermione however, was not so cool. She couldn’t fight the flush on her cheeks upon being greeted by the delicious man. “Mr. Malfoy. Won’t you join us?”

Draco ignored the slight grimace on Neville’s face at Hermione’s request, and accepted graciously. “I’d be delighted.”

He sat on Hermione’s other side, away from Neville. As he brushed by she could smell the clean heat of his cologne, thereby adding to the ever-growing whopper of a list of things about the man that seemed to leave an impression in her knickers. He sat close enough where she felt self-conscious of every breath she took. Surely he could hear her heart pounding in her chest.

Draco bit the inside of his jaw to keep from groaning at how much he wanted to kiss Hermione. She was so beautiful, with her snug-fitted crimson jumper that hugged those curves in the most brilliant way…just enough to tease. As he sat next to her he attempted to adjust his trousers, as he couldn’t help but catch a whiff of her erection-inducing perfume as he tucked into the seat next to her. Her skin looked so smooth, it seemed to be begging for him to stroke it. Why did he think it would be a good idea for them to go to a Quidditch game at Hogwarts together? This was their third date and he bloody well wanted to snog!

He settled for leaning in just enough to whisper so only she could hear. “Be prepared to endure my quips later. After Slytherin beats Gryffindor into the ground I’ll be absolutely impossible.”

A small grin fluttered across her face. “You’ve always been impossible. And when Gryffindor wins, I’ll be certain to return the favor.”
Draco bit his lip to push down the smirk which treacherously fought to play on his lips. His voice was a husky whisper, “I can’t wait.” He dropped his hand to the side and brushed her hand with his knuckles, sending shock waves through his body at the minor physical contact.

Hermione was fairly certain she would not live through this game. Draco Malfoy’s sexy voice and his hand touching hers would surely melt her into a puddle right there in the stands like the Wicked Witch of the West. When he ran his knuckles across her hand she felt a jolt of electricity-like sensations crawling up her spine and down her abdomen. *Get. It. Together. All he did was touch your hand and you damn near had an orgasm.*

Neville glanced out of the corner of his eye to find both Hermione and Draco wearing similar pained expressions on their flushed faces, their eyes glassy and pupils blown wide. He briefly wondered if they had been hexed, until he saw Malfoy run the back of his hand against Hermione’s. His eyes widened slightly and he shook himself. Maybe he had been hexed because there was *no way* he had really seen that.

He chanced another glance and saw that the pair were sitting with their thighs touching. Both seemed to be breathing slightly heavier than normal. Neville rolled his eyes at the two fully-grown hormonal adults each trying and failing to hide their obvious interest in the other. He chuckled slightly.

“Something funny, Neville?” Professor Slughorn asked.

Neville shook his head and addressed his colleague and fellow House Head. “I was just thinking, Horace. We teach teenagers for a living. I wonder if it’s possible for us to ever really grow up.”

__________________________________

Scorpius sat in the stands between Albus and Simon wearing a slight scowl. He didn’t really *like* Quidditch, but he’d be flayed by his housemates if he didn’t go to the Gryffindor/Slytherin game.

It was so stupid. *Quidditch.* Just another way for Gryffindors and Slytherins to bully each other. And the Gryffindors were *total* prats about all the famous witches and wizards who they’ve had in their house.

Like that Rose Weasley. Always prancing around the castle with her nose in the air because her father was a bloody war hero. What made *her* so special? Albus’s dad was *Harry Potter* and he didn’t go around bragging about it. He remembered how earlier this year when she made Chaser on the Gryffindor Quidditch team she was *absolutely* unbearable. Going on and on about how her Aunt Ginny was one of the best Chasers the Holyhead Harpies had ever had. It’s like…yeah…I know. Again…that’s Albus’s *mum.* Stupid Rose Weasley and her stupid red hair. Always raising her hand in class answering every damned question the professors throw at her.

And don’t even get him *started* on Albus’s brother. James Potter, the Gryffindor King. In Scorpius’s opinion he was the worst bully in the entire school. He never missed an opportunity to pick on the Slytherins. What made the Gryffindors so great anyway?

“Allright there, mate?” Albus turned to his scowling friend.

Scorpius shook his head. “Just don’t want to be here.”

“What does your dad say about you not liking Quidditch?” Albus asked.

“Nothing really. He doesn’t seem to care much. He taught me to fly and I like that just fine, but
Quidditch is bloody boring.”

Albus’s eyes shot up into his hairline. “You’re lucky. My dad was a right tosser when I told him I didn’t like Quidditch. Bought me a Firebolt 3000 for my birthday this year. I haven’t even taken it out of the box yet.”

Simon and Scorpius looked at him with twin expressions of incredulity. Simon spoke up, “Mate. If you don’t want the thing, give it to me. I’ll fucking ride it.”

Scorpius interjected. “Yeah, or me. I’m his best friend.”

Simon rolled his eyes. “The both of you have rich daddies. I’m a bloody peasant. You can at least throw me your scraps.”

Albus spoke evenly with an unblinking expression. “I’m contemplating using it to clean my room. It has excellent fiber distribution for picking up dust.”

Simon shook his head. “Albus, has anyone ever told you that you are the fucking weirdest person on Merlin’s green earth?”

Albus nodded. “Many times.”

“AND HERE COMES THE GRYFFINDOR TEAM WITH THEIR NEW CHASER, ROSE WEASLEY!!! SURE TO BE A PROMISING NEW TALENT FOR GRYFFINDOR. THAT GIRL’S GOT QUIDDITCH IN HER BLOOD, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!”

Scorpius rolled his eyes and brought his Omnioculars to his face. He’d bet anything that prissy little chit looked smug as hell right now. Not that he wanted to watch her or anything, but I mean…come on! Scorpius scanned the air at the Gryffindor team wearing identical unmistakably self-important sneers. So bloody typical.

He also saw… Wait. What the fuck? Scorpius brought the Omnioculars from his face.

Albus and Simon shifted their attention to him. He looked like he had been hit with a Body Binding Curse. His eyes were widened, he had ceased blinking, and he was slightly slack jawed.

Albus nudged him. “Mate, we all know you’re secretly in love with Rose and all, but there’s no fucking way she looks good in Gryffindor Quidditch robes. I mean the red hair alone—”

“No, you git. Look! Over at the Faculty and Donor stands. What do you see?”

Scorpius handed him the Omnioculars. Albus scanned the stands. “Well, let’s see. There’s Sluggy. He’s fucking drunk, as per usual. There’s Professor Longbottom with his manly eyebrows. God I wish I had ‘um. And there’s…oh hohoho! Is that your Dad? Sitting with Professor Granger? My, my, my that is interesting.”

Simon clamored to take hold of the Omnioculars. “Let me see! Hand ‘um here, Albus!” He brought the device to his face and Scorpius turned as white as a sheet as Simon’s face broke into a slow, wide grin. “Still want to tell us your dad isn’t shagging Professor Granger?”

Scorpius shook his head in disbelief, “He can’t be. There’s no way.” There wasn’t much conviction behind this postulation. He was mainly trying to convince himself.

Simon smirked. “Right. That’s why he keeps smiling at her. And just look at that blush on Professor Granger. Oh, they’ve definitely fucked.”
Albus put a hand on Scorpius’s shoulder. “Look on the bright side, Scorp. They’re not shagging right this very second.”

Scorpius turned to Albus with a very Malfoy-looking scowl on his face. “How exactly is that supposed to make me feel better?”

Albus shrugged. “I didn’t say it would make you feel better. I just said it was the bright side.”

Simon continued to observe the couple. “Oh Merlin, he’s tucking her hair behind her ear. Now he’s whispering something in her ear. Scorpius, you lucky bastard, you are going to have a very yummy new mummy.”

Scorpius punched Simon in the arm. “Shut it you prat! They’re not shagging!”

Albus narrowed his eyes and cocked his head sideways. “Exactly. They’re watching a friendly game of Quidditch together. This is part of the not-shagging.”

Scorpius quirked an eyebrow. “What do you mean by that?”

Albus rolled his eyes. “Merlin you are shite with girls, aren’t you? I guess I shouldn’t be surprised with that letter you sent to Professor Granger. You can’t just jump in and shag a girl. You’ve got to woo them. Ease into it. The ‘not-shagging’ is what you do with girls first so you can get to the shagging part. Your dad is a fucking artist at that by the looks of it. The casual touching, the whispers in her ear. Looks like he’s making her laugh a lot too.”

Scorpius narrowed his eyes. “So does that mean…?”

Albus nodded. “After the game he’s going to shag her brains out.”

Simon quirked an eyebrow at Albus. “How do you know all this stuff about girls, Al? Girls don’t like you at all.”

Albus nodded absent-mindedly. “I read a lot of erotica. My mum keeps loads of smutty books all over the house. I can tell you in great detail how to make a thirty-year-old woman come. But only in theory. In reality, I think I would faint if I even saw a girl’s bra strap.”

Scorpius had long stopped following the conversation. He couldn’t get Albus’s words out of his head. After the game he’s going to shag her brains out. He was going to be sick. He was going to call Ralph right there in the Quidditch stands. Right over the fifth year Slytherin girls. It was going to be humiliating and afterwards their boyfriends would beat the living shit out of him, but he was going to do it.

He couldn’t believe his dad. It was inconceivable that his father, the person he looked up to more than anyone else in the world, was going to steal the woman of his son’s dreams. He couldn’t believe it. He wouldn’t believe it. Not until he saw it with his own eyes.

Chapter End Notes

On the next "Hot for Teacher", the Quidditch game continues.

Also, in case you guys are confused as to why I gave Neville magnificent "manly" eyebrows...look at Matthew Lewis. Guy has some nice eyebrows.
Reducto

Chapter Summary

Draco and Hermione flirt. Draco has a near death experience.

(Parallel to the second part of the last chapter)

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! I hid a reference to a hilarious movie in this chapter. Let me know in the comments if you found it!

I can't tell you enough how delighted I am that this story has been as well received as it has! I've been writing fanfiction for less than a month so for someone like me to get such love from you all is pretty overwhelming. I wrote this story on a whim and I had no idea it would actually be funny.

Also, I'm aware that Draco and Hermione's sexual tension could probably destroy a small country at this point, but hopefully I can reward your patience soon with smut.

Since reconnecting with Hermione Granger, Draco had found himself in many situations where he felt like an awkward adolescent boy. But it had never been more true than in this moment. He hoped he looked more cool than he felt because sitting next to her, his body practically hissing with lust, and forced to do absolutely fuck all about it because he was surrounded by grownups—I mean…Hogwarts professors—it was too much. He couldn’t decide which emotion was predominant…the arousal or the frustration.

The decision was made for him as a warm breeze flowed through the stands, carrying with it Hermione’s perfume, sparking an immediate reaction in his trousers. Draco bit his lip so hard he was certain he’d drawn blood.

“AND HERE COMES THE GRYFFINDOR TEAM WITH THEIR NEW CHASER, ROSE WEASLEY!! SURE TO BE A PROMISING NEW TALENT FOR GRYFFINDOR. THAT GIRL’S GOT QUIDDITCH IN HER BLOOD, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!”

Draco noticed Hermione’s affectionate grin at the mention of her goddaughter. He couldn’t help but smile at the sight.

Leaning into her he teased, “I’d hazard a guess that she’s one of your favorites,” nudging her slightly in the ribs, prompting a low, throaty giggle from the witch.

“I haven’t the slightest clue what you’re talking about. I love all my godchildren equally. Except for Rose and Lily whom I love just a little bit more.”

Draco chuckled. “Well, no one could accuse you of being a hypocrite. What’s it like, teaching your
godchildren?”

Hermione grinned. “Lily and Rose are both model students. Lily is sweet and a tad bit shy if you can believe it coming from Harry and Ginny. Rose is…she’s…she almost reminds me of…”

Draco nudged her. “Yourself, maybe?” It was absolutely adorable how proud she was of Rose.

Hermione blushed. “Maybe a bit.”

Draco smiled. “And of course we all know that Albus is a most unique individual.”

Hermione laughed. “‘Unique’ is quite judicious. Although he’s actually not a bad student. He’s quite intelligent in many ways. And James…well, he actually kind of reminds me of what I think you would have been like had you been sorted into Gryffindor.”

Draco groaned. “I take it you don’t mean that in a good way.”

Hermione laughed. “He walks around the castle like he owns the place. I’ve even given him detention a few times for bullying the Slytherins.”

Draco’s mouth fell open in shock. “My how the tables have turned.”

Hermione turned to him, smirking and raising a cool eyebrow. “They certainly have.”

She looked good wearing a smirk. Those full lips crooked up teasingly to the corner of her pink mouth as her honey eyes twinkled. He had the sudden desire to see her wearing nothing but that smirk.

He returned the smirk and leaned in slightly. “Speaking of turning the tables, you know what I was thinking this morning before I came here?”

Hermione’s smirk softened into a grin. “What?”

“I was thinking that if teenage me could see me now…he wouldn’t believe…”

Hermione’s breath hitched. “Yes?”

Draco leaned in closer. He wanted so badly to pull her into his lap and snog her to pieces, but there were children present…somewhere around…you know…over there somewhere. He contented himself by quickly glanced around the stands to make certain no one was watching before tucking a few stray hairs behind her ear, letting his fingertips slide across her neck on the way down.

He relished that gorgeous blush on her face as he leaned in to whisper huskily in her ear, “How much I couldn’t wait to see you today.”

Hermione couldn’t help it as her eyes closed and her skin tingled at the vibrations of his voice in her ear. Holy shit, I think I just got a little bit pregnant.

Her voice came out rough and shaky. “Is that so?”

He nodded, nearing closer, his breath ghosting on her cheek. “Mm-hm. Even after I spent a very uncomfortable morning begging my poor house elves to take money from me. Poor little devils.”

Hermione giggled and turned to him shyly. “You did that for me?”

He grinned. “Impressed?”
She bit her lip, “I might have spent the morning reading up on Quidditch to impress you.”

Draco’s face broke out in a self-satisfied smirk as he released the quip he desperately wanted to throw at her their first meeting a few weeks ago (give or take a few suggestive modifications), “My, my Professor Granger. I’m so very glad to see you’re still such a little swot.”

His eyes followed the movement as her tongue flicked out to wet her lips. So mesmerized was he by that delicate pink tongue, he barely noticed when the Slytherin team was announced.

“IT LOOKS LIKE THE SLYTHERIN TEAM IS READY TO GO TO BATTLE, WITH THEIR NEW SEEKER, AIDEN THRASHER!”

Draco reluctantly leaned away from Hermione and joined the applause. As much as Draco loved a good Quidditch match, he liked flirting with the curly haired witch next to him even more.

“WEASLEY’S GOT THE QUAFFLE. OH NO! SLYTHERIN’S BACA JUST INTERCEPTED. BACA PASSES TO FLAVIN, FLAVIN LOOKS TO BE GOING FOR THE GOAL….SCORE FOR SLYTHERIN!”

Draco leaned in. “So out of curiosity, what did you learn?”

Hermione faced him with a confused expression on her face.

“You said you read up on Quidditch to impress me. Well, now’s your chance Professor. I’m all ears.” He grinned cockily looking every inch the Slytherin Prince.

Hermione bit her lip to fight her own grin. “I learned that Quidditch is about friendship and teamwork, that you should never play rough, and that Tom and Sarah think it’s the best game in the whole wide world.”

Now it was Draco’s turn to be confused. It wasn’t possible to play Quidditch without being rough. And who were these Tom and Sarah people?

Hermione laughed. “Madam Pince thought she’d be cheeky when I asked for a Quidditch reference for beginners and she gave me a children’s coloring book.”

Draco couldn’t fight the laughter that took over his body. “That is the single most wonderful thing I’ve ever heard in my life!”

“—Nice—“

“—And I’m including the birth of my son in that!”

Hermione rolled her eyes, grinning in spite of herself. “I’m so glad my humiliation is amusing to you.”

Draco shook his head, grinning impishly. “You wanted to impress me? Well I’m impressed. I’m oh so very, exceedingly impressed, Professor Granger. Ten points to Gryffindor.” He was rather proud of himself that he managed to joke and play with her after all the humiliations he’d suffered through to get to this point with her. He wondered why he had ever felt shy around her before.

Hermione narrowed her eyes at him playfully. “That’s my job Mr. Malfoy.”

Draco’s grin melted into a near moan as his cock twitched in his pants. Oh yeah. That’s why.

“SLYTHERIN BEATER FITCH APPEARS TO BE CONFUSED. OI, FITCH, THE LADS IN
THE GREEN ARE ON YOUR TEAM! YOU DON’T WANT TO KNOCK THEM OFF THEIR BROOMS.”

Hermione, Longbottom, and Slughorn all immediately began to chortle under their breath. Draco had the sudden sensation of being on the outside of an inside joke. “What’s so funny?” he asked Hermione.

She rolled her eyes. “As unprofessional as it is to admit it, Fitch is…well…he’s…”

Neville interjected. “He’s the dumbest kid in the entire bloody castle. I swear he’s part troll.”

Hermione lightly smacked him on the arm. “Neville, that’s not nice.” She blinked a few beats. “But yes.”

Slughorn chuckled. “You know he never made it past first year Potions? He’s a sixth year now, so we just agreed to allow him to drop it from his schedule, but nevertheless for five years I’m not sure the boy even registered the difference between mandrake leaves and unicorn hairs.”

Neville added. “He can’t remember my name so he calls me Professor Lickbottom…which…might actually be sexual harassment now that I think about it.”

Hermione’s face looked slightly pained. “He raised his hand in class the other day and asked me how to spell ‘orange.’”

“FITCH! WAKE UP YOU OAF! HOW ARE YOU EVEN...?” The announcer sighed. “I CAN’T. I JUST…OH FOR CRYING OUT LOUD. FITCH!!! YOU HALF-WIT SON OF A TWO-KNUT TROLL HOOKER, WAKE UP!”

The Slytherin Beater woke with a start, enthusiastically whirling his broom into the hair and knocking the Bludger backwards.

“Oh Gods no…DUCK!!!!” Hermione’s Auror reflexes rallied as the rogue Bludger came whizzing towards the Faculty/Donor stand.

“REDUCTO!”

The Bludger exploded just as it nearly made contact with Draco’s head.

All Draco could hear was a high-pitched ringing in his ears as he slumped to the ground. Just before his eyes closed he saw Hermione hovered over him, eyes wide with concern, and the sun shining behind her back making her look like a Valkyrie.

He might have been the only person to have ever passed out with a smile on their face.
“FITCH! WAKE UP YOU OAF! HOW ARE YOU EVEN…?” The announcer sighed. “I CAN’T. I JUST…OH FOR CRYING OUT LOUD. FITCH!!! YOU HALF-WIT SON OF A TWO-KNUT TROLL HOOKER, WAKE UP!”

“Remember first year when he got paired with you in Potions, Simon?” Albus asked. “I’m still not sure how he managed to vaporize your cauldron.”

Simon nodded. “I still get the hiccups every time it rains. And it’s bloody Scotland.”

Scorpius, who had been very silent for some time now, his eyes permanently glued to his Omnioculars pointed towards the Faculty/Donor stand, suddenly paled. “DAD!!!!”

Albus raised an eyebrow. “He grab her tits again? Merlin, that was fast.”

Scorpius shuffled down the bench frantically, making his way to the back exit. “No, you idiot! He’s hurt!”

Draco woke up with a pounding headache. As he opened his eyes he was greeted by the pinched glare of Madam Pomfrey. He flinched slightly, confused. Where the fuck...what happened?

Madam Pomfrey narrowed her eyes and shook her head. “Go to the matches, Poppy’ they say. ’It’s perfectly safe’ they say. Delusional, the lot of them! I will never understand this school’s preoccupation with that horrible child’s game!”

Draco’s mouth felt dry. He experimentally smacked his lips together a few times in a feeble attempt to generate some sort of lubrication. “What happened to me?” he managed to croak.

“Don’t try to move too much, Mr. Malfoy. You should be right as rain in a few hours, but I insist that while you’re in my care you take it easy. You were attacked by one of those accursed metal balls while you were watching that ridiculous game that you and every other wizard in this place is so obsessed with. Not that I expect you to learn your lesson. The amount of bones I set of yours back when you were in school just from that sport alone. Lunatics, the lot of you.”

Draco rolled his eyes. “You are an utter delight to wake up to.” Speaking of delightful things to wake up to, Hermione suddenly appeared in the doorway holding two cups of tea.

She grinned sheepishly. “Oh, good! You’re awake. I was starting to worry.”

Draco smirked…or at least tried to smirk. He felt pretty cocky to hear that Hermione was worried about him. But he was also rather weak and more than a little loopy having just awoken from a mini-
coma. “Did you start mourning me already?”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “Yeah, you’re definitely fine. I brought you some tea."

Madam Pomfrey spoke, “Miss Granger might have saved your life when she blasted that nasty thing out of the air right as it was headed for you. When she brought you here you had passed out from a busted eardrum.”

“Is that why it feels like a herd of Cornish pixies laid eggs in my head?”

“The headache should go away in a few hours. In the meantime, you” she pointed to Hermione “don’t let him exert himself. He needs to rest until he’s properly healed.” Madam Pomfrey left the two alone, muttering under her breath something about “accident prone baby-men.”

Hermione bit her lip. “I feel terrible. I got a little carried away with that *Reducto*.”

Draco shook his head, grinning. “Nonsense. You were my knight-in-shining-Granger.”

Hermione giggled. “Madam Pomfrey nearly had kittens when I brought you in. I think she’s collecting case studies so she can petition to get Quidditch banned permanently from Great Britain.”

Draco chuckled. “I feel safer already.”

“*Dad*! What happened to you?”

Draco raised his head to find his son forcing his way through Madam Pomfrey’s clutches over her protests of “Can’t possibly rest with a child worrying him.”

Hermione grinned. “I’ll leave you two alone.”

Draco grasped her hand. “You should stay.”

She blushed. “I’ll be back to check on you later.” She passed Scorpius on her way out of the infirmary, smiling shyly. Scorpius barely noticed, so focused was he on his invalid father.

“What happened, Dad?”

“Nothing to worry about. That Fitch boy’s Bludger nearly took my head off but Professor Granger casts a pretty mean *Reducto*.”

“She…she saved you?”

Draco grinned. “Having a former Auror around certainly has its uses wouldn’t you say?”

Scorpius nodded. “Did she…she brought you here didn’t she?”

“I was very lucky she was nearby.” Draco fidgeted slightly. “She’s…she’s very nice, don’t you think?”

It didn’t escape Scorpius’s notice that his father wasn’t quite looking at him, nor did he fail to notice the faint blush creeping up Draco’s neck. “Well, obviously I think so.”

Draco laughed, a rather forced, odd sort of laugh compared to his usual smooth chuckle. “Yes, of course you do. How can I forget?”

Scorpius gulped. “So you were…you were with her. When it happened?”
Draco nodded. “I was sitting next to her in the Faculty/Donor stands.”

For a moment, both Malfoy men seemed to be very interested in their feet. Neither said anything for a few seconds.

Scorpius broke the silence. “You…you like her then?”

Draco looked up into his son’s silver eyes. He tensed for a moment, seeing in those eyes which his son had inherited from him a sort of awkward apprehension. He wanted to tell him the truth. They never lied to each other. They never kept things from each other. But Scorpius was a teenager now and teenagers were volatile creatures who dealt with change very poorly. Draco mentally counted the reasons why Scorpius would require a bit of easing into the situation.

1. His and Hermione’s relationship (if you could call it that at this point) was still new.
2. Scorpius had never known his father to date before and it might take some adjustment.
3. There was the small matter that Scorpius probably wasn’t over his little schoolboy crush just yet.

Draco said, “She’s…interesting. I mean you like her, right?”

Scorpius rolled his eyes. “You know I like her.”

“Right. Of course. Again, how could I forget? I mean…why wouldn’t you? She’s a likeable gal, that Professor Granger.” He grimaced at his own statement. Where the hell did that come from grandpa?

Scorpius was wearing an identical grimace. “Did you just say—?”

“Yeah, I know Scorp.”

“That’s really—“

“Uncool, yeah. I got it.”

Scorpius quirked an eyebrow. “Dad, are you shagging Professor Granger?”

Draco’s eyebrows disappeared into his hair. “What? No, I’m not.” Not that I haven’t wanted to. “Where did you hear that?”

Scorpius shook his head. “You’re not yourself around her. And you were sitting with her today, talking and laughing. I saw you with my Omnioculars.”

Bloody great. Way to be discreet there, pops. “Scorp…” Draco rubbed his face. “She’s nice. And she’s…not exactly half bad to look at, as you obviously already know.”

“But do you like her?”

Draco sighed. “Would it bother you if I did?”

Scorpius opened his mouth to speak, but hesitated. He wanted to say, “Yes it would bloody well bother me!” But he couldn’t quite get it out for some reason. He closed his mouth and shrugged. “It’s not up to me.”
“I only mean that I understand if the idea of me courting your teacher is uncomfortable for you. I haven’t really done that since your mother. And…you know I will always love your mother don’t you?”

Scorpius nodded. “So…the two of you…you’re not shagging?”

_Not yet._ “No. We’re not.” Draco felt like he should explain the situation more fully, but everything between he and Hermione was still so young. If things were to get serious, of course he would tell Scorpius. But until then…it would just be confusing for him. There’s a reason Draco always kept this part of his life separate from his relationship with Scorpius.

Scorpius seemed to relax. He smirked slightly at his father. “I can’t believe you passed out at a Quidditch game. You getting soft in your old age?”

Draco scoffed. “I could wipe the _floor_ with you _and_ your little friends single-handedly. Don’t you ever doubt that.”

“Professor Granger practically had to carry you over here. Maybe you should keep smelling salts on your person from now on. Frail nerves and all.”

Draco scowled. “I am in _terrific_ shape. Feel my abs.”

Scorpius rolled his eyes and muttered under his breath. “Not this again.”

“Feel my abs. They’re like——”

“Like a diamond washboard. So you’ve said. About a million times.”

Draco pointed a finger at his son. “You’re _lucky_ to have my genetics.”

Scorpius rolled his eyes. “Yeah, yeah. Good luck resting with Madam Pomfrey sneering at you.”

“Good luck getting out of here without her hexing you for breaking and entering.”

“Well maybe if my dad could just sit quietly and watch a game of amateur Quidditch _without_ breaking a hip then I wouldn’t have to——”

“Breaking a hip? How old do you think I am?”

Scorpius shrugged. “I don’t know. Fifty something?”

Draco rolled his eyes. Teenagers had _no_ depth perception whatsoever when it came to guessing age. Adopting a nasally, faux-American accent he responded. “Oh, _jeepers_, sonny, that’s just _mighty_ swell of you. Say, isn’t that there Hermione Granger a _neat_ gal?”

Scorpius growled. “Good _night_ old man.”

“That’s _Father dearest_ to you.” Draco called after him as he turned to leave.

Draco tried to push down that pang of guilt he felt at lying to his son. _Was it really lying though?_

Yep. It was lying. Slytherin semantics aside, his son had asked him a direct question and received a bare minimal, only technically true answer in return. This was a tactic he had used many times in his life, but never with Scorpius. Draco had always been an open book when it came to his son. His policy had always been, ask any question, receive an honest answer. The last thing he wanted was for he and Scorpius to have a relationship built on the sort of secrets and lies that he and Lucius had
But it really was in Scorpius’s best interests that he held off on telling him about Hermione. What if things didn’t work out between them? Scorpius still had another four years of being in her class (provided he received an O.W.L. in Defense Against the Dark Arts, but come on, the kid’s basically a genius). It would be bloody awkward for him. Or worse. What if things did work out just long enough for Scorpius to get attached to her and then they crashed and burned? It would be confusing and completely unfair.

It was better to keep it secret until he and Hermione knew what they even were to each other. Better for everyone.

“Knock, knock. How are you feeling?”

Draco turned to find Hermione standing in the doorway holding a straw basket. “I brought some food from the kitchens. I figured you must be hungry.”

Draco was, in fact famished. But this was in no way how he had envisioned their evening going. “I wanted to take you out for a proper dinner.”

Hermione grinned. “I brought enough for two. I figured once Madam Pomfrey cleared you we could take a walk or something. It’s a nice night.”

Draco smiled. “Clever witch. You’re not worried someone will see?”

She shook her head. “It’s nearly curfew. Students won’t be allowed on the grounds.”

Draco raised an eyebrow. “Did that ever stop you?”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “I know it’s difficult to believe, but since Harry, Ron, and I left school, there’s actually quite a bit of actual education that goes on here.”

Draco laughed. “You mean there’s no death-glare snake living in the toilets petrifying unsuspecting students? And no secret army of children training in the Room of Requirement after hours?”

“You forgot to mention no feral dementors living on the grounds for our ‘protection.’”

Draco smirked. “How could I possibly say no to that? Especially with my fearless protector at my side to keep all the monsters at bay.”

Hermione smiled. “Monsters, rogue Bludgers…you name it. I’ll kick it’s arse if it tries to hurt you.”

Draco laughed. “My hero.”
A Date by the Lake

Chapter Summary

An extremely uneventful chapter in which absolutely nothing of consequence happens.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Scorpius made his way to the dungeons, thinking about his father’s strange behavior. He had said that he and Professor Granger weren’t shagging. But Scorpius knew that didn’t mean that his father wasn’t interested. He’d never seen him behave like that around any other woman. And it gave Scorpius pause.

“Do you like her?”

“Would it bother you if I did?”

Scorpius hadn’t been able to tell him the truth. Why? Thinking back, he had a suspicion of how the conversation could have gone.

“Would it bother you if I did?”

“Yes.”

Draco sighed. His face fell slightly though he tried to hide it from his son. “Alright then. I guess I don’t like her.”

His father did like Professor Granger. That was blatantly obvious. But he knew that if his father thought it truly bothered Scorpius, he might not make a move on her. Not because Scorpius had any sort of claim on her. He knew now that was foolish. She was old enough to be his mother and she was his teacher taboot. While knowledge of these facts didn’t quite quell the butterflies that would flutter in his stomach when he walked into her classroom, he knew those were just the stubborn leftovers that would eventually disappear. Soon, he’d begin to notice girls his own age, just like his father told him. So why did it bother him? Was it because she was his teacher? Or perhaps there were more selfish motives?

Scorpius wasn’t naive. He knew his mother died before she and his father had any real time together. He wasn’t so childish that he was bothered by the idea that another woman could come in and replace his mother. But he was a little apprehensive that his father would suddenly have someone besides him to love. Maybe it wasn’t his father he was jealous of at all.
But that wasn’t really fair, was it? Thinking back he was certain his father had been lonely at times. Scorpius didn’t want that for him. If anyone deserved to be happy, it was his father. But all the same…

Did it have to be her? Professor Granger wasn’t just some woman. She was divine perfection. His father would surely fall desperately in love with her and before he knew it, it wouldn’t just be the two of them anymore. It had always been that way…he and his dad taking on the world. If Professor Granger came into the mix, would he eventually have to call her mum?

Don’t be ridiculous Scorpius. That would reach new heights of bizarre.

In his reverie, he nearly ran into a red headed figure clad in crimson robes. Luckily, the figure had hella reflexes and caught him before he made impact.

“S-Sorry.” He wasn’t sure why he always felt so odd around Rose Weasley. She was hands-down the most obnoxious person he’d ever met. But there was something about those cobalt eyes that he found rather soothing. That is if you could get past her despicable personality.

“No problem.” She drew herself up haughtily. She was still dressed in her Quidditch robes and she had a smear of dirt on her face.

Scorpius smirked at that. She’d have an absolute cow if she knew how disheveled she looked right now.

“Something funny, Malfoy?”

He sneered. “Not at all. I’m just not certain I’ve ever seen such an unflattering combination of colors on a single person in my life.” He might have inherited his father’s snooty-Malfoy voice when the occasion called for it. And when Rose Weasley was involved, it was almost always called for. “I mean really Weasley. I understand you drew the genetic short stick with that bumpkin red hair and freckles combo of yours. But you could have at least had the decency to ask the Sorting Hat to put you in Slytherin so you would be forced to wear a color that half-way made you somewhat easier to look at.” He wasn’t sure why he said that. If he was being honest, he rather thought she was alright to look at the way she was.

She grimaced. “At least I’m not writing dirty letters to my teachers. Did you honestly think my Aunt Hermione would ever look sideways at a spoiled little git like you?”

Scorpius blushed. “Oh yeah? Well at least I’m not…you’re annoying!”

She fumed. “Right back atcha, Malfoy.”

At some point during their verbal duel they had moved quite close to each other. They looked like caged animals ready to pouch. Scorpius was close enough where he could almost count the freckles on her nose. Not that he thought they were cute or that she was pretty when she was angry or anything.

Rose was close enough where she could see his silver eyes transform into a stormy charcoal. Not that she thought they were devastatingly attractive. What kind of person had silver eyes anyway?

Scorpius cleared his throat and backed away a bit. Rose did the same upon realizing their position. She was wearing a rather intense blush, which Scorpius couldn’t help but note was clashing horribly with her hair and robes. It made him chuckle a bit.

“Again, what is so funny?” She looked like a puffed up little strawberry. It would have been
adorable if it had been someone even remotely tolerable.

Scorpius shrugged arrogantly. While around most people he came across as a bit of Slytherpuff (heavy on the “puff”) he only ever seemed to find his Slytherin sea-legs around Rose Weasley. She coaxed out the snake in him...ahem...that is...in a completely non-sexual way. Because...ew. I mean, am I right?

“I’m just marveling that someone so small could play host to so much red. I know I’ve beat that horse to a pulp, but really Weasley. It is not your colour.”

She rolled her eyes. “You’re such a little priss. One would never know you were raised by a single dad.”

He crooked an eyebrow. “You say that only because you haven’t met my father. He might actually be...and I’m in no way exaggerating here...the vainest person on earth.”

She laughed under her breath, rolling her eyes and relaxing her shoulders. “I heard he got hurt during the game. Is he alright.”

Scorpius blinked, unbelievingly that Rose Weasley had just asked after the well-being of a Malfoy. “Yeah. He’s alright. Just a busted eardrum.”

Rose smirked almost bashfully. “Lucky Aunt Hermione was there. I hear she basically carried him to the hospital wing.”

Scorpius laughed. “I know. I might have made fun of him a bit for it.”

She giggled. “There’s no shame in it. Aunt Hermione’s pretty bad-arse.”

Scorpius shook his head, smiling. “You’re pretty bad arse too.”

Rose blushed again, her eyes widening. She looked at the ground, trying to fight the grin on her face. “Oh?”

Scorpius blushed back. “Yeah. I just mean...well, you know. You...I mean from what I hear you played pretty well today.”

Rose rolled her eyes. “What do you know about Quidditch?”

He smirked. “I know that the Gryffindor uniforms are total rubbish heaps and should be incinerated immediately.”

She bit her lip, smiling. “You’re incorrigible.”

He drew himself up. “I’m charming. And my fashion sense is impeccable. And I have perfect hair.”

She giggled. “You’re delusional is what you are.”

Scorpius narrowed his eyes. “Don’t act like you don’t know I’m right, princess.”

Her eyebrows shot up. “Princess? If anyone’s a princess, it’s you.”

Scorpius nearly bit his fist trying not to throw another quip back at her. It was no good. He’d never get the last word with Rose Weasley. She was just so...bloody...infuriating. “Whatever Weasley. Isn’t it about time you headed up to the lion’s den? Your royal subjects will want to kiss your feet for winning the game for them and we both know you’d sooner sacrifice your first-born than miss an
opportunity for someone to fawn over you.”

She rolled her eyes. “And shouldn’t you be getting back to the snake pit? Daddy’s armchairs must be getting awfully cold without your pampered arse to remind them whose father paid for them.”

He raised an eyebrow. “Thinking about my arse, were you Weasley?”

She huffed. “Good night Malfoy.” She stomped off in the direction of Gryffindor tower.

“Good night, Weasley.” He headed towards the Slytherin dungeons, with a slight spring in his step.

“You’re teaching my son to fist fight?”

Hermione laughed. “Hardly. I’m teaching a tiny bit of defensive combat in my class because Hogwarts’ physical education curriculum is negligible at best.”

“Not if you play Quidditch. That always helped me stay fit.” He smirked as he leaned back on the blanket Hermione conjured for them, flexing his core muscles a bit.

Hermione rolled her eyes. “Show off.”

He quirked a cheeky eyebrow at her. “You’re one to talk, Little Miss Overzealous Reducto. As if I need reminding that you could kick my arse.”

She chuckled. “How’s your headache?”

“What headache? I’m very manly and virile and I do not get headaches or pass out from busted eardrums.”

She giggled. “Or have small women carry you to the Infirmary?”

He grimaced playfully. “Yes, and that wasn’t in any way emasculating. Can we just have one date where we pretend that I’m cool and suave and I sweep you off your feet rather than the quite literal other way around?”

She grinned. “Perhaps I can arrange for us to be mauled by a rabid erumpent and you can save me.”

“Make it a somewhat disgruntled niffler and you’re on.”

She laughed loudly. She was glad they were by the lake instead of a fancy restaurant because she had been laughing a lot tonight. Who knew Draco Malfoy could be funny? And charming. And also he smelled good. And looked good. Oh, sweet Circe he looked really, really good.

She blushed. “Part of me still can’t believe that we’re doing this.”

“I know what you mean.” He shifted slightly so his arm was behind her back. “And yet I don’t know about you, but I’m quite enjoying this.”

She smiled. “Me too. And that’s just it. I can’t believe I’m on a date with Draco Malfoy and enjoying it.”

“And you…want to do it again and again, right?”
“What do you think?”

“Well, I think that you’re terribly attracted to me and you think it’s the greatest idea in the world for you to go out with me as often as possible.”

She narrowed her eyes flirtatiously. “There’s the Malfoy ego of yester-year.”

“And you wish I would kiss you because you’ve been staring at my swotty little mouth all evening and you haven’t been able to think about anything else since yesterday evening.”

She bit her lip behind a smirk. “You wouldn’t happen to be talking about yourself, would you?”

He feigned a look of innocence. “I haven’t the slightest clue what you’re talking about Professor.”

Don’t call me that. Her inner voice whined. Otherwise I’m going to jump you and do some rather unlady-like things to you. She bit her lip.

Don’t do that. His inner voice whined. Otherwise I’m going to pounce and rip that pretty little jumper off of you.

Hermione summoned her swot voice to conceal the jolt of arousal she felt in that moment. “At any rate, I don’t know what you’re talking about. I go out with all my students’ fathers, Mr. Malfoy.”

Draco groaned. “Hermione,” he sighed. “Do you have any idea what it does to me when you call me ‘Mr. Malfoy’?”

Hermione’s eyes widened. “Would it be perhaps the same thing that happens to me when you call me ‘Professor Granger’?”

Draco smirked as he leaned in. “You’re not giving me very much incentive to call you by your given name, Professor,” he all but whispered as he tipped her chin up and claimed her lips in a kiss that had been dying to happen all day.

Hermione might have been a bad-ass ex-Auror who that very afternoon saved the man kissing her from a devastating head injury, but the moment his lips touched hers she became a moaning, swooning, mess of a girly-girl.

The pretty little throaty moan she made went straight to Draco’s groin. He buried one hand in her hair and used the other to pull her closer. He couldn’t believe he ever had an objection to her “swotty little mouth” which he now found was the most delicious thing he’d ever tasted. When his lips moved to the delicate skin on her jaw, she moaned so sinfully Draco growled against her skin.

Their bodies seemed to simultaneously agree that vertical snogging was no longer an option. Draco leaned back on the blanket, taking her with him. As she rolled slightly on top of him, he snuck a hand under her jumper. This time, there was no Potter or Walburga Black to stop them from enjoying each other as much as they wanted. And sweet Circe, did they both want.

Draco nipped at her throat lightly as he caressed the skin under her bra. It was every bit as smooth and soft as he imagined. He wanted more. Hermione seemed to sense this and quickly pulled the jumper over her head. Draco nearly wept as he saw her hovering above him, topless but for her black bra, with the moon lighting her from behind. She was almost too much. “Merlin you’re gorgeous,” he breathed, pulling her down so he could feast upon the newly revealed flesh presented to him. She preened at the compliment and stealthily began to undo the buttons on his shirt as she captured his lips in another kiss.
“Mmm, Hermione,” he mumbled against her lips between kisses. “D-don’t…” but she had already pushed the shirt down his shoulders and over his arms. He shut his eyes firmly, unable to look her in the eye.

“Oh,” she said, glancing down at the faded black tattoo on his left forearm. “I’m sorry. I didn’t realize…” she ran her fingers over the mark, sending little tingles up his arm.

He smiled sadly. “I understand if you want to stop.”

She looked at him confused. “Why would I want to stop?”

He sighed. “Because you are painfully reminded that I wasn’t just a bully in school. I was an actual Death Eater.” He couldn’t quite look at her. When he had imagined getting this far with her, he always kept his shirt on in his fantasies.

Hermione smiled and pressed a kiss on his mark. Draco’s eyes widened at the unexpected contact. “This isn’t who you are.”

Draco felt in that moment a combination of desire and gratitude for the woman before him. He cupped her face and pulled her in for a searing kiss. He needed her to know how much it meant to him that she was here with him like this despite the ugly reminder of his past. He kissed her tenderly and attentively. When he felt her reach behind to undo her bra, he was reminded that they didn’t have to just snog. He helped her shove the bra off her body and pulled back from her lips to admire the view. As he gazed at her naked breasts, he tried desperately not to think about his son’s note which had started this whole thing.

I’ll bet they’re magnificent.

There wasn’t really a word for what they actually were. Magnificent didn’t cut it. Maybe it was because Draco hadn’t seen a pair of breasts in years, but he felt nearly moved to tears at the sight. He groaned as he leaned forward to take one into his mouth.

As he lapped and sucked hungrily at the sensitive bud, Hermione mewled and clutched his back. “Gods, Draco.”

It only inspired him to attack her other breast with elevated fervidity. He hummed as he gave her nipple one last hard suck before removing it from his mouth. He looked up into her heavily lidded eyes and breathed over her skin. “Forgive me if I’m a bit sentimental. It’s just been awhile and you’re so beautiful.”

She breathed heavily, still coming down from the high of his ministrations, and raked her eyes over his naked torso. “So are you.” He could have been in a museum with his pale, marble-like skin stretched tightly over a defined six pack. He was, quite simply, a work of art.

She moved her finger over his belt, grazing the bulge in his trousers as she did so. His eyes nearly rolled in the back of his head at the brief contact.

Careful, Draco. Remember what Blaise said. You can’t be going off like a loaded gun just because it’s the first time in nearly a decade that a pretty girl has touched you down there.

He shimmied out of his denims and turned his attention to her own. Though he loved the way those soft jeans seemed to hug her curves, he now found them to be the most irksome garment on the planet.

She smirked as he attacked the zipper on her jeans with the determined ire of a man possessed.
“Eager to get me naked?”

He growled. “You have no idea.” He attacked her mouth again as she raised her hips to help him ease the denims down her legs, taking her knickers with them. He roamed his hands over her thighs, allowing his fingertips to greedily acquaint themselves with the soft skin his eyes had yet to see. She bucked her hips up into him and he nearly choked on his breath. If there was ever a time in his life when he had been this hard, he couldn’t remember it.

“I need you,” she moaned into his mouth.

He ran his middle finger over her folds, finding her already wet. Where he found the self-restraint not to take her right then and there, he wasn’t sure, but he forced his sky-rocketing need to be inside her down long enough to nip at her earlobe and whisper, “How bad do you need me?” He pushed a finger into her and crooked his finger against her G-spot, causing her to gasp under him.

She whimpered as a plethora of erogenous zones sprang to life at his attentions. His voice sent shivers down her spine, his chest rubbed against her nipples, and his finger pumped slowly within her, sending her into a fevered delirium. He was proving that he was a Slytherin in bed…coaxing her inner-vixen out rather than the “take no prisoners” approach her past Auror lovers seemed to prefer. He wanted to play and to get her to play with him. Who was she to deny him? She bit her lip and looked him square in the eye as she said, “Draco Malfoy if you don’t fuck me right now I’m going to hex your cock off.”

He made a sort of wounded animal sound just before he removed his fingers from her and snapped his hips, slamming into her.

“Fuuuck.” He breathed heavily as his cock, which had grown accustomed to the imperfect friction his wand hand provided, adjusted to the tight, silky heat of her. It wasn’t used to a treat of this magnitude.

Oh my god, I’m going to come right now. Focus on something else, Draco. Quick!

He was torn between not wanting to miss a second of this and forcing himself to think about his grandparents going at it to keep from blowing his load too soon. In the end, his hormones won out as Hermione wiggled her hips under him. He withdrew and slammed into her again.

“Mmgod, Draco. Yes!”

He panted into her neck. “Oh gods, Hermione!” He rolled his hips, thrusting deeply into her.

“You’re so fucking tight.”

The two sex-starved adults thrashed against each other, moaning loudly into the night air. Thank Merlin they set up camp far away from the castle, else every child at Hogwarts would hear them. They weren’t even trying to be quiet.

Draco slipped a hand in between them and stroked her clit. He needed her to come soon because he wouldn’t be able to hold out much longer. He felt a ripple of sweat run down his back as he pounded into her. His body was demanding release, but he was determined to be a gentleman and bring her to orgasm first. He thumbed her clit faster as he picked up the pace, hoping it would be enough to bring her over the edge. When he felt her flutter around him, he felt a masculine pang of pride welling up inside him.

“Fuck Draco, I’m coming!”

Finally he could let go. He came with her, roaring at the release, and vowing in that moment that he
would take every opportunity he could to be inside her so his body would never again forget what
sex felt like.

He collapsed next to her. They both panted as they tried to catch their breath. As they turned to one
another their faces slowly broke into identical grins and their bodies shook with light laughter. Draco
threw an arm over her hip and brought her in for a long, slow kiss.

When they pulled apart Hermione spoke up first, “I can’t believe we just did that.”

Draco’s hair was sticking up at odd angles, his eyes had a glassy sheen over them, and his mouth
was contorted into a crooked smile. He looked thoroughly shagged. “Well then I guess we should do
it again until it hits home for you.”

She giggled. “You’ll find no complaints from me, Mr. Malfoy.”

He growled and pulled her to him again, earning him another giggle from the pliant, post-orgasmic
woman. “Careful, witch. You’ve awoken the basilisk.”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “That’s your weird man-name for your penis?”

Draco deadpanned, “Only if it can enter your Chamber of Secrets.”

Hermione guffawed loudly at the lame dad joke. “Wow. I seriously cannot believe that I just had sex
with you.”

Draco laughed. “If I cease with the corny pick-up lines, what are the odds of me getting into your
knickers again tonight?”

Hermione smirked and leaned in for another kiss. “I’d say they’re rather favorable, Mr. Malfoy.”

Chapter End Notes

So, remember when I said that this was an extremely uneventful chapter? Yeah, I lied.
Draco Malfoy, You Magnificent Bastard

Chapter Summary

The morning after. And a bit about Albus.

Chapter Notes

Got another chapter ready to go so I see no reason to wait! I’m also excited to publish anything that features Albus, as he’s actually my favorite character in the piece.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Draco awoke choking on a mouthful of curly brown hair. After the initial discomfort and brief terror that he was maybe dying subsided, he practically purred at the memory of last night.

Once his heart finally stopped pounding from the shock of his first shag in nearly a decade, he and Hermione retired to her dorm room for Round Two. A very naughty, athletic Round Two. Yep. No doubt about it. He had no objections to her mouth now. It was an awesome mouth. His favorite mouth. Years of bossing people around must have made it extra equipped to—

“Good morning,” Hermione murmured sleepily.

“Morning,” he whispered huskily as he placed a series of soft kisses behind her ear.

“Mmmm, that feels…FUCK!!!!”

Draco was thrown back as Hermione leapt out of bed. “Yes, well that was sort of where I was hoping the morning would go.”

“No, you prat. It’s morning!” She scrambled as she attempted to throw on a violet bra. Draco was so disheartened to see her breasts caged behind the oppressive garment, he didn’t even tell her it was twisted in the back.

“Very good, Granger. Morning is the thing that comes after night. As an involved parent, I’m glad to know my child is receiving his education from the very best.”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “Don’t you know what this means?”

“Whatsoever it means, it’s no excuse for you to put clothes back on. If mornings are so traumatic for you, why don’t you come back to bed and we can do nighttime things? I’ll make you forget all about mornings.” His eyes seemed to enlarge into…were those…?

Fuck Merlin, he’s got silver puppy dog eyes. As if he needs more tricks in his panty-dropping arsenal.

Hermione whined and stomp-tapped her foot like an actual child being forced to do something she didn’t want to. “I caaan’t. I’ve got class in half an hour.”
Draco threw the covers back (reminding Hermione of what he looked like naked) and stalked over to her. “Cancel it.” He wrapped his arms around her. “It’s Monday. Only the swotty, nerdy kids will be paying any attention anyway.”

Hermione narrowed her eyes slightly. “You do realize your son qualifies in that category? As did I back in the day.”

Draco smirked. “My son is a goddamned prodigy. Too much information and he’ll keel over in a genius-coma. And you, Miss Granger,” he slipped a hand between them and stroked her through her knickers, prompting her to gasp, “have been such a good girl, don’t you think you deserve a day to yourself?”

_Circe’s tit he’s good._ Hermione’s internal angel and demon raged on inside her overactive brain.

Angel-Hermione: “You can’t cancel class! You’re a responsible adult. Those children depend on you.”

Devil-Hermione: “Hey. Remember how before last night you hadn’t been laid in years? Remember how much you enjoyed not getting laid? Of course you don’t because it fucking sucked. That beautiful man there rubbing your clit will make you forget your own name if you just woman-up and cancel class!”

When he slipped a finger inside her knickers to touch her properly her devil’s monologue got louder. She bit her lip in frustration. Draco’s eyes widened at the sight and he slipped a digit into her wet heat, pumping languidly…just enough to tease.

“I…Draco, um…oh, I…I…no I can’t cancel class!”

Angel-Hermione: “Looks like I won this round.”

Devil-Hermione: “Just the battle, bitch. Not the war.”

Draco pouted and removed his finger. “Well fine. I had a very detailed plan of attack for how I would pleasure you this morning but I suppose I’ll just have to postpone it for this weekend when you will come to my home and spend the entire time in my bed where you will allow me reduce you to an incoherent mess.”

Hermione raised an inquisitive eyebrow. “Incoherent, you say?”

Draco leaned in and whispered, “Utterly incapable of thought.”

Hermione smirked. “Is that how you ask out a lady?”

Draco looked her up and down hungrily. “Unless I’m mistaken, after everything we did last night, you are certainly no lady.”

She lightly smacked him on the arm. “Seriously though. How are we going to get you out of here without someone seeing you?”

Draco sighed nostalgically. “Ah, Hogwarts. You never change, do you?”

She smacked him on the arm again.

“Ouch. Easy there, woman.”
“Focus.”

He pulled her in for a saucy kiss. “Don’t worry. I can sneak out the window. None of your students will know what a bad girl their DADA professor is.”

Hermione grinned. “Sorry to kick you out.”

He sighed wistfully. “I know. It is rather tragic that you wouldn’t let me seduce you this morning. But I’ll guess you’ll just have to think about everything you missed out on while you’re teaching those little brats how to cast Jelly-Legs Jinxes.”

Hermione whined. “Why did I become a teacher again?”

Draco shrugged. “Something about you being clever or whatever. I, for one, couldn’t care less about your brain. I’m only after your body, Granger.” He ran his hands down her stomach and cupped her arse. “I never knew Aurors were so bendy.” He nibbled on her neck, causing her eyelids to flutter slightly.

“W-what are you doing?”

“Testing your resolve.” He whispered against her skin.

“My resolve is iron-clad.” Despite the finality of that claim, her voice was a tad shaky, and a couple of octaves higher than normal.

Draco smirked and continued in his most velvety voice, “So you say now, but I’ll bet in a few hours when you’re sitting at your desk grading papers, thinking about me,” he gave her hair a tug, “you’re going to regret that you didn’t let me get you off.” He smirked as he gazed at her flushed skin, dilated pupils, and slack jawed countenance. When he released her, she looked momentarily disoriented and completely disheveled. Draco sighed fondly as he dressed.

She spoke in a small voice, “You’re positively evil.”

“I’m male. When denied sex I resort to cunning.” He opened her window and turned to face her, enjoying the way she bit her lip as she watched him. “Enjoy the rest of your day, Hermione,” he said brightly with false nonchalance. With one final smirk, he retreated from her room, not missing the slightly pained look in her eyes.

He smiled as he cast a Disillusionment Charm on himself. She’d get him back for the teasing of course, but he looked forward to it. He practically skipped off the grounds as he realized that later, when she was alone in her room, she’d touch herself to the thought of him.

Who’s the Slytherin Sex God? You are, Draco, you magnificent bastard!

He was so happy and distracted that he completely missed the pair of hazel eyes which spotted him just before he Disillusioned himself.

To say that Albus Potter was the black sheep of the Potter family would be an understatement.

For starters, he was in Slytherin. Fine. Okay. No big deal. House unity and all that.

He was best friends with the son of his father’s childhood nemesis. Again…fine. Everyone likes
Scorpius—mums, dads, whatever.

He didn’t like Quidditch. Okay now we’re hitting a bit of a hurdle. His mum was a professional Quidditch player before she became pregnant with Lily and his dad was apparently a great Seeker when he was in school. Then there was the weekly Quidditch game. The Potters and the Weasleys played Quidditch at the Burrow every Sunday as far back as Albus could remember. He however used to sit in the dirt and attempt to make conversation with the garden gnomes. They kept a lovely garden and he felt they should be complemented.

His favorite family member was not his Uncle Ron who ran a bloody joke shop. Nor was it his grandmother who plied him with sweets every time she saw him, insisting he was too thin. It was his father’s cousin Dudley, who was now a professional baker and introduced Albus to the wondrous delights of Star Trek.

His dad might be more cordial to Dudley than he was when they were children, but he simply couldn’t understand why his son found a kindred spirit in his (now) gentle-giant cousin. But Dudley was cool. He was a decent listener and he taught Albus to speak Klingon, *much* to his entire family’s chagrin.

When his mum would ask whether he cleaned his room he would respond coolly, “tam, qul-nach wench! rach qaStaHviS wa’ lach’eghDI’ potent loD-He’So’ DayaHmoH wa’.” (It roughly translated to “Silence fire-headed wench! This one wishes to fortify in one’s own potent man-stink.”)

His mum would grimace at the stream of gibberish streaming from her middle child’s mouth and shake her head dismissively, mouthing *Weird fucking kid* under her breath. The odd thing was, Albus enjoyed cleaning his room. It calmed him.

He enjoyed cooking as well. He had the best mark in his Muggle Studies class…the first Slytherin to hold the top spot since…well…probably since Hogwarts started offering the class. He enjoyed gardening, cleaning, and cooking the Muggle way, believing it added a certain *panache* to the overall effect. He and his cousin Dudley would spend hours debating various confectionary trade secrets. It would get very heated. When Dudley came for his dad’s birthday party Albus had slammed his fist on the coffee table. “What kind of an uncultured *Philistine* doesn’t add lemon zest to Madeleines???”

His dad merely rolled his eyes while sipping on a Firewhiskey. “Merlin save us. There are *two* of them.”

Albus didn’t mind his black sheep status. Unlike most awkward people who longed for conventional social skills, Albus armored himself with his freakish attributes. He knew he made people uncomfortable. He just didn’t care. Why should it be *his* concern that other people didn’t understand him?

When he met Scorpius on the Hogwarts Express he knew he found a friend who would understand him. Scorpius never judged him or made excuses for him. He accepted him without question. Which is why it was a *bitch* that he now had to break the news to Scorpius that his dad just emerged from Professor Granger’s dorm room window looking as giddy as…well, as a guy who’d gotten well-shagged the night before.

Albus wished he had resisted the urge to check on his Sneezing Flytraps in the Greenhouse this morning. But Professor Longbottom *insisted* that the change in weather might make them susceptible to fever. He sighed. “Nothing for it I guess.” Albus had no qualms speaking out loud to himself. “Let’s hope Scorp doesn’t *Avada* the messenger.”
I need to make this clear. I do NOT speak, read, or understand Klingon. My translation came straight out of an English to Klingon translator that I found on the Internet. So if my translation isn't perfect, I sincerely apologize. But it's the Internet's fault. I do not accept responsibility for poorly translated Klingon.

As always, thank you all SOOOOO much from the bottom of my heart for reading, commenting, showering me with Kudos, and just over all keeping with this crazy story! I'm having a blast writing it and it's good to know that others enjoy reading it too.

Will Albus confirm Scorpius's suspicions? Find out on the next "Hot for Teacher".
A Woman Worth Fighting For

Chapter Summary

Albus drops a bomb. Draco has feelings. Hermione attempts to teach class. Scorpius and Rose have a moment.

Chapter Notes

I know I'm insane with the constant updates this week, but the story is coming pretty easily so I see no reason to keep you guys hanging.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

As Scorpius entered the Great Hall, he passed Rose Weasley, catching her eye for a brief moment before she blushed and looked away. He wasn’t sure why, but he felt rather proud of himself in that moment and he couldn’t seem to fight the smirk on his face.

Simon narrowed his eyes at him as Scorpius sat down. “What’s got you in such a good mood?”

“No reason. It’s just a nice day,” Scorpius said brightly as he tucked into sausages and scrambled eggs.

Albus rolled his eyes. He didn’t miss the exchange between his cousin Rose and Scorpius. Honestly, they were absolutely ridiculous. Neither would acknowledge that they liked the other and instead they insisted on remaining pseudo-enemies. He just hoped they’d cut everyone a break and do something about it soon. Otherwise twenty years from now they’d turn out like Aunt Hermione and Scorp’s dad. Speaking of which…

“Hey Scorp. I saw something this morning I think I should probably tell you about.” Albus said in a voice low enough for only Scorpius to hear.

Scorpius straightened his posture and attempted to avoid Albus’s gaze. “Albus,” he sighed. “if it’s about those Sneezing Flytraps I guarantee you, you’re the only one who really—“

“It’s not about that. It’s about your dad and Professor Granger.”

Scorpius’s breath hitched. “I know what you’re going to say Al, but they’re not shagging. I asked Dad just last night and he told me so.”

“Then maybe you should ask him again this morning because I’ll bet he’d change his answer.”

Scorpius tried to push his agitation down. He knew Albus was only being a friend, but he had to be wrong. His dad wouldn’t lie to him. “What did you see then?”

Albus deadpanned. “Your dad climbing out of Professor Granger’s dorm room window looking like he’d been shagged within an inch of his life.”
Scorpius’s reactions to that declaration came in waves.

He felt nothing for about twenty seconds. Although he had plenty of time to ready himself for the possibility that this would happen, he was still shocked enough where his senses were somewhat numbed.

Next he felt surprise. Surprise that he wasn’t at all jealous of his dad. Perhaps his crush on Professor Granger was really over. How did that happen?, he wondered as images of red hair and deep blue eyes flashed in the background of his mind.

Finally, he felt hurt. Hurt that his father, who had always been completely honest with him, suddenly felt the need to lie. Was he lying last night? Or was this a recent enough development that it was technically true at the time? It was probably the latter, but either way, he wished his father felt like he could tell him.

“Did he look happy?” Scorpius finally asked.

Albus raised an eyebrow. “That’d be an understatement, but yes.”

Scorpius sighed. “Well I guess that’s that then. My dad really is shagging Professor Granger,” Scorpius spoke with uncharacteristically Slytherin detachment.

Simon’s eyebrows rose. “Fucking really? What does that mean Scorp? Is she your dad’s girlfriend now? Will you get special favors or something?”

Scorpius rolled his eyes. “To answer your questions, Simon: I don’t know. Maybe. And definitely not.”

Albus nudged Scorpius. “You alright, mate?”

Scorpius nodded. “Yeah. Just peeved that Dad couldn’t tell me that he fancied her. I’m not sure I would have minded.”

Simon spoke, “You’ve certainly changed your tune on that. There was a time you’d have dueled him to the death over her.”

Albus interjected. “Which is probably why he didn’t tell you, Scorp.”


Draco knew he looked like an idiot walking through Hogsmeade. People were staring at him, which was understandable considering he’d never smiled this much in his life. As a Malfoy, he was well-known and people were likely to think he was another person masquerading with Polyjuice Potion. But he couldn’t care less.

Hermione Granger.

He never expected her. She was a complete surprise—the best surprise he’d had in a long time. He just felt so…fucking happy.

He could have gladly stayed in her bed all day and just talked with her. He loved hearing her talk. No wonder her male students all had crushes on her. She knew so many things, and her curiosity
about the things she didn’t know was infectious. She was challenging and engaging. She made him laugh.

She was beautiful. So much it knocked the breath out of him.

Then there was the sex. It was probably the greatest thing to have happened anywhere ever. She was stronger and more flexible than any woman he’d been with before, yet her soft curves and breathy sighs were devastatingly feminine. The effect she had on him was undeniable. It was like his libido had laid dormant for years under layers of responsibility and the type of sexual repression the British excelled at. But after last night it was back with a vengeance and it only had eyes for Hermione Granger.

He also quite enjoyed watching her interact with her friends. Although it had been uncomfortable at the time, he couldn’t fight his grin at the recollection of her tiff with Potter about house elf rights. After all this time—after years as a hardened Auror—underneath it all she was still the same bleeding heart. His boyhood self would have sneered at her gentle-heartedness and her passion. But as a man, Draco found it completely magnetic.

Being a Slytherin, he wasn’t the type of person who wore his heart on his sleeve. Gryffindors fought, Slytherins hid. That was the dynamic. Now that he had grown up, Draco could concede that there was a time for fighting, as well as hiding, though he personally had never really needed to fight for anything. He was born to privilege and wealth. He had been raised to believe that the world was his own personal playground. When conflict arose, he took the path of self-preservation rather than facing it head on. He went with the flow, never needing to truly assert himself.

Hermione wasn’t like that. She was a warrior, through and through. Ever since she was a student back at Hogwarts, she fought for everything—be it her grades, her friendships, the rights of house elves. Not to mention the small matter of her instrumental role in defeating the most powerful dark wizard in British wizarding history. It occurred to Draco that their relationship might be the first thing in her life she ever needed to truly hide. He felt slightly bothered that he was the cause of the Great Hermione Granger being forced to slip between the shadows.

The thing is, he didn’t want to hide what was happening between them. He felt fiercely proud that she wanted anything to do with him, considering their history. As far as he was concerned, she was a prize. She was everything he could ever hope for in a woman. She made him feel like a man the way she moaned his name in the throes of passion. She made him feel like a boy the way he blushed and stammered around her.

Had she always been so perfect? He couldn’t believe that he had known this woman since he was eleven and yet in all that time he never took the time to appreciate the wealth of virtue that was Hermione Granger. He was firmly convinced, now more than ever, that his boyhood self was an absolute sod for failing to see what was right in front of him.

Not that he could completely regret his decisions. He met and fell in love with Astoria Greengrass after the war. He could never regret that, even if they did have so little time together. He was young and damaged; she was sweet and lovely and she forgave every flaw. It was everything his eighteen-year-old self could have hoped for. So he dove in head first and married her the second her parents consented to the match.

Their marriage felt like a lifetime away. He no longer remembered little things about her such as the precise color of her eyes or what her hair smelled like. The two of them were denied the chance to build lasting memories—to have a life together. But they did have Scorpius. Draco would always love Astoria for giving him that.
Scorpius had to come first. He was the only family Draco had now. His father died in Azkaban shortly after the war, Astoria died three years later, and his mother followed not long after that. But he had his son. And Merlin himself couldn’t have hoped for a better one. This was the reason for the secrecy. Draco would need to be certain that what he felt for Hermione was real—that it was something that could last—before he brought her into his son’s life as a permanent fixture.

Draco Malfoy wasn’t eighteen anymore. He wouldn’t fly by the seat of his pants, especially where a beautiful woman was concerned. But Hermione meant something to him and he wanted to do this right. Truly right.

Fight or hide? Those were the choices for everything when you broke it down. He’d spent his entire life in hiding and had been just fine. But maybe “just fine” wasn’t enough anymore.

Hermione Granger.

He sighed serenely as he reached the Apparition point. There’s a woman worth fighting for.

Hermione readied herself for her first class—Gryffindor and Slytherin third years. She needed to gain composure so she wouldn’t accidentally look Scorpius Malfoy dead in the eye and yell, “I SHAGGED YOUR FATHER LAST NIGHT!" It would probably be bad form.

But she couldn’t stop thinking about all the delicious things he did to her body. And he was so fucking cute. It wasn’t fair.

You can do this, Hermione. You took down the Sullivan cartel. You trained a freaking army of Aurors to replace dementors in Azkaban. You took down Lord. Fucking. Voldemort. Surely you can get through this class without thinking about Draco and his...goddamn treasure of a tongue and his huge...

The arrival of a whole mess of thirteen-year-old bodies in her classroom interrupted her thoughts. She shot them a somewhat forced smile. “Good morning.”

Good morning you little brats. If it weren’t for you all I would be writhing in pleasure under a beautiful blond man with an almost preternatural understanding of my body right now.

She perked up as her goddaughter, Rose Weasley, waived at her. She waived back. “Congrats on yesterday’s win, Rose.”

Rose beamed. “Did you see the Wronski Feint I pulled on Flavin? I could have maybe let up a little sooner, but I think it worked pretty well because…”

Hermione let her talk. She hadn’t the slightest clue what a "Ronski Feat" was, but it sounded a bit beyond her comprehension level. Whatever it was, Rose seemed excited about it.

“Right?”

Hermione blinked. Rose just asked her a question. Speak, woman! “Um…you were marvelous.”

Rose smiled. “Thanks Aunt Hermione. I hear you were a sort of a hero of the hour yourself. You saved Malfoy’s dad.”
Hermione turned bright red at the mention of Draco. She didn’t miss the way Scorpius sat in his usual seat in the front row, trying and failing to seem as though he wasn’t listening to the conversation. “It was nothing.” She fidgeted with her robes and smoothed her hair. *Girl, get a hold of yourself! He’s not even in the bloody room and you’re going full on Scarlet O’Hara just thinking about him.*

“If everyone will take their seats, I will pair you for today’s lesson, which will be practical. We will be picking up from Friday when we practiced defensive physical techniques.”

Scorpius wrote Albus and Simon a note on a parchment he charmed to communicate three ways. This was out of character for him, as he normally couldn’t be persuaded to engage in such pedestrian antics during class. If he was to be distracted during DADA, he’d typically prefer to stare at Professor Granger’s marvelous T and/or A. But today he made an exception.

*She seems flustered, doesn’t she?*

Albus wrote back. *There’s no way she knows you know. But I’ve never seen her like this. She almost seems girly. I have to say, it’s not a bad look for her.*

Simon added. *Think about it, mate. We’ve all wondered what she looks like under her robes for ages now. And your dad actually knows. He’s seen it all, man. I’d be bloody proud of him if he was my dad.*

Scorpius scowled. *Great. Introduce your dad to her then and maybe she’ll shag him too.*

Professor Granger’s gaze fell on the Slytherin trio. Luckily, they were Slytherins and not Hufflepuffs or Gryffindors. Which meant they were clever enough to use charmed parchment instead of actually passing notes. The three quickly adjusted their faces into the studious, “super-duper interested in what the professor is saying” faces. They played their part well. Her suspicion seemed pacified.

“Today I believe I will pair Mr. Malfoy with…”

*Don’t say Weasley. Don’t say Weasley. Don’t say Weasley.*

“Miss Weasley.”

*Bugger.*

Scorpius couldn’t stand being paired in class with Rose Weasley. She spoke down to him as though he wasn’t right there with her at the top of the class. And she was such a bloody know-it-all. It almost cancelled out the fact that her hair smelled of cinnamon.

Scorpius rolled his eyes as Rose straightened her posture and shot him an indignant look. She made no move to relocate. She bloody expected him to come to her. Such a princess.

He sauntered over to her with a bored expression on his face. “Well, Your Highness. Where would you prefer to beat the shit out of me?”

She snorted. “We’re not supposed to ‘beat the shit’ out of each other, Malfoy. We’re supposed to be practicing defensive techniques.”

Scorpius huffed. This was icing on his spectacular shit-cake of a day. He looked over at Albus paired with Monica Flint. He grinned as he noted the faux-swot demeanor Albus adopted as he “instructed” Monica.
He had her pulled flush against his chest and seemed to be wagging her arm back and forth. “The first thing you want to do is get proper wrist-control. You feel that? That’s me taking control over your wrist. And I can do whatever I want at this point, right? It’s because I have wrist-control. You gotta always have that wrist-control.”

Monica looked confused. “Professor Granger didn’t say anything about this. Are you sure you’re doing it right?”

Albus raised an eyebrow. “Do you really want to be questioning the person who has control over your wrist right now?”

Scorpius chuckled. Albus was such a foghorn of bullshit. He got that crap off a derrickcomedy.com skit he found on the Internet. Scorpius suspected he just wanted a chance to get closer to Monica.

“Well? Are you ready to get started?” Rose had her hands on her hips in a perfect imitation of Professor Granger. Scorpius smirked at the sight.

Rose straightened and narrowed her eyes dangerously. “What is funny now? Is it my Gryffindor tie? I know it’s red. And I know red isn’t my color. So you can just wipe that smirk off your face right now because you will not interfere with my grade just because you can’t help but go fully fabulous and insult my coloring every time you’re near me.”

Scorpius’s eyebrows raised. “Easy there Weasley. I wasn’t thinking about your heinous red tie. I was thinking that you remind me of Professor Granger.”

Rose gulped as a blush crept up her neck. “Really?”

Scorpius grinned. “Yeah. Except, you know…without the tits.”

Rose slapped him on the arm. “Ow. I was only joking. I’m sure in a few years you’ll have great tits.”

Another slap.

“Ow. Seriously, Weasley. Cut that shit out. Weren’t you supposed to besting me physically or something?”

Rose raised an eyebrow. “I best you always, Malfoy.”

He narrowed his eyes and moved in on her personal space. “Not always, Princess.” It had the desired effect. She blushed at his proximity. He smirked, realizing that before he left his dorm this morning he remembered to put on cologne. The way her nostrils flared ever so slightly, he’d bet anything she noticed.

She stepped back and reassumed her swot-stance. “Why don’t I come at you first, and you can practice defending?”

He nodded. She lunged at him and he quickly grabbed her wrist and spun her around where her back was pressed against him. He could smell her cinnamon hair and the lemony scent of her soap. He grinned as he noted that she wore the expression of a mouse cornered by a cat. Or a snake.

“G-good. You really seem to have the hang of that.” She wouldn’t look him in the eye as she rushed to put distance between the two of them. Scorpius, whose inner Slytherin was awoken by the mere presence of the girl, noticed the change in her body language.
She’s flustered. You should be nice to her.

“Thanks. My turn now?” He shot her the special Malfoy smirk—less sneer, more smile—that he’d seen his father use countless times with women.

She smiled shyly. “Come and get me, Malfoy.”

Chapter End Notes

If you guys would like to see where Albus got the "wrist control" thing, check out this link:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tsN2sMM1qmA

Also, I kind of feel like the title of this chapter, "A Woman Worth Fighting For," works for both Hermione AND Rose.
Chapter Summary

Obligatory "talking about blossoming relationship with friends" scene.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Hermione sent identical letters via owl to Ginny and Susan.

Hey,

I have feelings. Girls’ Night?

--Hermione

Ginny regarded the note appraisingly. Harry handed her a cup of coffee. “Something interesting?”

Ginny nodded. “Hermione wants a Girls’ Night. Apparently, she has feelings.”

Harry looked surprised. “Since when?”

Ginny shrugged. “How much do you want to bet it has something to do with the Ferret?”

Harry smirked. “It probably does so I can’t take that bet. Full report?”

Ginny set her coffee down and wrapped her arms around Harry’s neck. “You know I can’t betray the sanctity of Girls’ Night.”

Harry stuck his bottom lip out in an exaggerated pout. “But Gin, Hermione has feelings. When has this ever happened before?”

Ginny patted him on the cheek. “Nice try, Potter.” She suddenly gasped. “Oh my god, what she loves him?”

Harry snorted. “Doubt it. First of all, too soon. Second of all, why?”

Ginny rolled her eyes. “When are you finally going to admit that you kinda sorta don’t hate Malfoy?”

“Tell you what. If Hermione marries him and it becomes evident that there’s absolutely no escaping him, I’ll shake his hand and say, ‘Malfoy, you’re alright.’”

Ginny’s eyes narrowed. “You only say that because you don’t think it’s going to happen.”

“I’m positive it won’t.”
Ginny sipped her coffee thoughtfully. “Wanna bet?”

Harry laughed. “Are you actually suggesting that there is a snowflake’s chance in the seven hells Hermione would join the Ferret in holy matrimony?”

“If you win, I’ll have another baby.”

Harry paused. *Dammit Gin, you treacherous vixen!*

Ginny smirked in triumph. She knew he wanted another daughter. He dropped hints every now and then about how Lily was growing up *so fast* and “Remember when she was just a little thing and the little pigtails and the little dolls.” Ginny remained unmoved. Harry was born to be a daughter’s daddy. And Lily was more than happy to play the “daddy’s little girl” card.

Ginny, on the other hand, understood raising boys. Quidditch, fart jokes, playing in the dirt. Simple. Girls were hard. I mean, Lily was an absolute *angel,* and Ginny loved her like the devil, but girls were fucking *hard.* The clothes, the grooming, the mind-games—and that was just from raising *Albus.* As much as she didn’t relish the idea of having another baby, she’d do it with a relatively low amount of grumbling if she lost. And if she won…. Yeah. It would definitely be worth it.

Harry folded his arms. “Another daughter?”

Ginny nodded. “You got it, babe. And if I win, you will *finally* quit that horrible job that is obviously sucking the life out of you.”

Harry snorted. “Where is this coming from? I love my job.”

Ginny wagged a finger at him. “Uh-uh-uh. You loved being an *Auror.* Your current job is mostly paperwork and you know it.”

Harry sighed. He didn’t mean to complain so much about his job. But hot *damn* it was fucking boring. “Meh. What the hell? You’ve got yourself a bargain.”

They shook on it. Ginny smirked at her husband. “Shall we seal the deal with a shag?”

Harry pursed his lips in faux-consideration. “I believe that would be wise. But this time, *I* get to be on top.”

Ginny grinned. “We’ll see.”

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Blaise Zabini’s fresh-out-of-Hogwarts, tits-for-brains assistant knocked on the door to his office. “Mr. Zabini, this letter just arrived for you. What should I do with it?”

Blaise barely looked up from the proposal he was writing. “Thanks, Angela. Just put it on my desk.”

As she walked away he allowed himself a glance up to stare at her arse in mid-stride as he reached for the note. It read:

*Blaise,*
I need a chat. Fancy a drink later?

--Draco

Blaise chuckled as he wrote his affirmative reply. Granger must have either dumped him or shagged him. Considering the non-weepy tone of the note, it was probably the latter.

Draco,

Congratulations on finding out your cock does still work after all these years. See you later.

--Blaise

The three women met in a cutesy little cocktail lounge in Diagon Alley. Not the sort of place Hermione usually frequented, but it was Girls’ Night. A pub wouldn’t do.

Ginny sipped her martini with gusto and gestured to Hermione. “So. You have feelings?”

Blaise met Draco at a bar in Greenwich, just across the street from Blaise’s office. Blaise wasn’t sure why he preferred Muggle London. Perhaps because the London society of pureblooded wizards looked down on him for his nouveau riche background and his unconventional upbringing.

“How’s work?” Draco asked.

“Fine. I just finished a proposal for Potter’s department to distribute our new stock to the Aurors.” Blaise’s company developed wizarding sportswear and training gear…sort of like a magical Nike.

“Why are you asking about work? That’s not really what you want to talk about.”

Draco shrugged. “As an investor I’m interested in knowing.”

“Stop bullshitting. You shagged Granger, didn’t you?”

“I had sex with Draco and now I really like him.”


Susan waived her off and turned her attention to Hermione. “You already really liked him.”

Hermione whinged, bouncing her leg under the table. “Yeah, but now I really, really like him and it’s turned me into ‘that girl.’ I’ve never been ‘that girl’ before.”

Ginny shrugged. “Speaking as someone who was ‘that girl’ for Harry since I was eleven, it’s not so bad.” She smirked. “Well, well, well. It appears that Malfoy has a magical, feelings-inducing penis.”

Hermione grimaced. “Please don’t say it like that.”
“Which took down the *infamously* stoic Hermione Granger…”, Ginny continued.

“This is a crap story,” Hermione said with narrowed slits for eyes.

“How was it?” Ginny asked.

Hermione raised her eyebrows indignantly. “Are we doing this?”

“Yes,” Susan and Ginny deadpanned together.

“I am *not* dishing out details about my *private* sex-life to two women with perfect marriages who have had sex on tap for years.”

Ginny leaned in and whispered. “Come on, Hermione. All the cool kids are doing it.”

Susan took a different approach. “It probably wasn’t that great, anyway. Otherwise she’d be *dying* to tell us.”

Hermione snorted and smirked to herself.

Ginny’s eyes widened and she pointed an accusatory finger at Hermione. “AHA!”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “Why do you even need to know?”

Susan and Ginny laughed. “Really?” Susan asked.

“Hermione,” Ginny said. “I realize you spent your entire teenage years in the library and that books were your boyfriend, but the rest of us heard rumors.”

“*Wonderful* rumors,” Susan offered.

“I love Harry with all my heart and I’ve never been even *remotely* tempted to shag another bloke. However, I’m not dead or blind or frigid. Draco Malfoy is a fucking stud and if you took a ride on him, you owe some bloody *details* to your two married friends.”

Susan smiled sweetly. “Go on, Hermione. Tell us a story.”

Hermione narrowed her eyes. “You two are harpies.”

Ginny pretended like she didn’t hear her. “Do it. Objectify the *shit* out of him, Hermione.”

“*Why* did you owl me to get drinks if you aren’t even going to tell me what she was like in the sack?”

Draco sipped his scotch dismissively. “I wouldn’t expect you to understand Blaise, because you chase barely legal skirts, all of whom are after your money, but I happen to *really like* Hermione.”

Blaise narrowed his eyes. “You’ve said enough. I get the picture.” Draco rolled his eyes. “So how does your son feel about you partaking in the sweet nectar of his favorite professor’s loins?”

Draco grimaced. “*Gods*, you have a way of talking that just *destroys* all semblances of sanctity in life.”

Blaise smirked. “He doesn’t know, does he?”
“Why would I run and tell my child about this? How would that discussion even go? ‘Scorp, Daddy has some wonderful news. I had fantastic, mind-blowing sex with Professor Granger and I thought you should be the first to hear about it.’ Hard pass on that one. I’d like to think I’ve done a pretty good job with him so far and I’d rather keep the therapy-inducing anecdotes to a minimum.”

“Does he know you’re seeing her?”

Hermione bit her lip thoughtfully. “I don’t think so. We’re still trying to be discreet so I’m fairly certain he hasn’t told Scorpius yet.”

Ginny snorted. “Yeah, but you two are doing a shit job of being discreet. He slept over at the castle. The same one his son sleeps in. Like…you guys were doing it while his child was sleeping in the dungeons below you.”

Hermione grimaced. “Merlin, you have a gift of phrasing things in such a way that makes me want to walk slowly into the ocean.”

Susan interjected. “So when is he going to tell him?”

Hermione sighed. “We haven’t talked about it. We’re still…I mean we haven’t even discussed what we are to each other yet.”

“Well yeah, but he’s got to tell him eventually. Scorpius is a mature kid. A unicorn if I ever saw one. He can handle it,” Ginny said.

Hermione shook her head. “I’m not going to push it. It’s not my place. I’m sure Draco will tell him soon.”

“I’ll tell him soon. Hermione and I just…we need some time to just be together, you know?”

“So is she your girlfriend now?”

Draco raised an eyebrow. “We haven’t discussed labels yet. However—“

“Fucking knew it,” Blaise chuckled.

“—I have no intention of seeing anyone else, and I’m certain she feels the same. I’m seeing her this weekend. She’s coming to the Manor.”

“You do realize that unlike most birds, she’s unlikely to get wet from your address. Didn’t she get tortured there or something back in the war?”

Draco groaned. “For the love of Merlin you had to bring that up, didn’t you? And for your information, right after the war, Mother and I had that room demolished. We remodeled around it. It was too…” he sighed. “Too many awful things happened in that room. We needed to put it behind us.”

Blaise nodded. His friend didn’t often talk about the war. It went against the Slytherin way to dig up past hurts. Compartmentalization was the way their kind dealt with things. It might not be the healthiest method, but it sure as hell worked.

“I really do care about her.”
Blaise regarded his friend with rare sincerity. “That must be nice. Caring about someone.”

Draco smiled. “She’s amazing. She’s…gods, she’s the total package.”

Blaise shook his head, grinning. “I haven’t seen you like this since Astoria.”

Ginny nearly choked on her drink. “You’re going to his house this weekend? For sex?”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “I assume we’ll do other things too, Gin.”

Ginny muttered under her breath. “Doubtful.”

“Are you alright going to that house again?” Susan asked.

Hermione sipped her negroni. “Why wouldn’t I be?”

“Because of what that demented bitch did to you there?”

Hermione sighed. “I buried that a long time ago. I’m not going to let an ugly memory ruin this…whatever this is with Draco.”

Ginny batted her eyelashes and adopted a Valley Girl-esque accent. “So are you guys like boyfriend and girlfriend now?”

Hermione blushed. “Those specific words have not been used. However—“

“Oh my god, so adorable,” Susan muttered.

“—I have no intention of dating anyone else and I’m pretty sure he and I are on the same page.”

Susan nodded. “For sure. He’s a notorious bachelor and not the fun type either. He doesn’t date. So if he’s pursuing something with you, you can bet your sweet arse he means it.”

Hermione smiled. “I mean it too. He’s so…he’s different than I imagined. He’s funny, and kind, and he’s such a good father.”

Ginny practically squealed with laughter. “Listen to you. I am so winning that bet.”

Hermione quirked an eyebrow. “What bet?”

“Don’t worry about it. The important thing is that the Great Hermione Granger, poster child for feminine independence, has got her ovaries in a knot over Draco Malfoy. I mean, it’s simultaneously hilarious and adorable.” Ginny proceeded to make kissy sounds at Hermione.

Hermione glared. “You seem to forget that I can actually kick your arse.”

“Oh, ignore her. She’s just happy for you. You’ve never been like this with anyone else before.” Susan commented.

Hermione sighed. “Believe me, I am acutely aware that I am ridiculous.”

Susan shook her head. “It’s not ridiculous to care for someone. And he seems to adore you. You both have feelings. Just go with it.”

Hermione smiled. “Susan, how is it you have more emotional intelligence than anyone I’ve ever met
and you ended up with Ron?’’

Susan grinned and rolled her eyes. “I guess we sort of balance each other out. He makes me laugh and I make sure he chews with his mouth closed. And I prevent him from being too much of a helicopter parent where it comes to Rose. Honestly you should have seen the way he handled her turning thirteen this year.”

“Probably as well as Harry handled Lily starting Hogwarts.” Ginny said. She lowered her voice a couple of octaves in an oddly accurate impersonation of Harry. “I just can’t believe they’re actually making me send her away! It’s cruel! She’s just a baby!”

Hermione laughed. “You both have amazing daughters. And Susan, I feel I should warn you, Scorpius has definitely got his eye on Rose.”

Susan smiled. “Scorpius is a lovely young man. He and Rose would be so sweet together.”

Hermione grinned. “You’ll have to handle Ron, which I’m sure you’ll do flawlessly.”

Susan rolled her eyes. “I’m not going to lie and say he’s not going to be in a right snit about it, but I think it’s less to do with Scorpius and more to do with Rose becoming a teenager.”

Ginny sighed. “I couldn’t believe it when James started dating last year. He’s apparently quite popular with the Gryffindor girls.”

Hermione intoned, “And the Hufflepuff girls. And the Ravenclaw girls. And the Slytherin girls even though he won’t look twice at them.”

Ginny rolled her eyes. “You’re always giving James such a hard time.”

“He’s a bully, Gin.”

“Malfoy was a bully. Now he’s your boo-boo.”

Hermione made a face. “Okay well don’t ever say that again.”

Susan asked, “Does it ever bother you that he was so awful to you back in school?”

“I think it probably bothers me worse than it does her,” Draco answered Blaise.

“Probably bothers him more than it bothers me,” Hermione said.

Blaise smirked. “What are you planning on getting up to, having her at your house the entire weekend?”

Draco grinned. He was a gentleman, but the alcohol had just hit him and he was no longer capable of pretending like shagging Hermione Granger wasn’t his favorite thing he’d done this decade. “I imagine we’ll eventually leave the bed.”
Hermione was feeling rather drunk now. She rarely ever drank hard liquor so two negronis in, she dropped the demure pretense that she wasn’t counting the minutes until she could shag Draco again. She smirked. “I’m quite looking forward to this weekend. He really is—“

“—just unbe-fucking-lievable, Blaise. I mean I’ve never seen a woman so responsive. And she loves giving—“

“Seriously? You love doing that? I don’t mind it, but I don’t exactly seek it out, either.” Susan asked incredulously.

Hermione bit her lip. “It helps that he’s so appreciative.” She groaned at the memory, “And the reciprocation. I intend to get thoroughly—“

“—fucked. You’re fucked. You’ve got to marry her now,” Blaise said.

Draco laughed. “For the moment, I’m just happy she likes me. I'm not really sure why, but I'm not going to argue. She makes me happy, Blaise. And I think we could really have something.”

Blaise smiled. "I'm glad for you, mate. But if it's headed somewhere serious you're going to have to tell Scorpius about her. The longer you wait, the harder it will get. He's a great kid. He'll be glad you've found someone.”

Draco swirled his drink in his glass. Blaise wasn't saying anything he didn't already know, but it still wasn't easy hearing it from someone that wasn't his own inner voice. "I know. But we'll cross that bridge when we come to it."

For now they were blissfully suspended in that wonderful little bubble that forms at the beginning of relationships.

_Just a little longer. Then I'll tell him._

Chapter End Notes

Naughty, naughty.

Also, I am well aware that Harry and Ginny are weirdly flippant about gambling with EXTREMELY high stakes regarding Hermione's love life. But they're a couple. And couples exist in a universe of their own where they have their own ideas about propriety. Shall we stay in tonight and shove our faces in a giant pizza, ignoring all messages from friends and create weird names for our cats? Why YES darling. What a great idea.
Chapter Summary

Scorpius studies with his friends. Hermione visits Malfoy Manor.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You’re mental.”

“Not the point,” Albus said. “Just admit you like Rose.”

“I will not admit it because it isn’t true. And while we’re on the subject, why don’t you admit that you like Monica?”

Albus raised his eyebrows slightly. “Okay, sure. I admit that. See? And I’m not busting into flames. The difference is, Rose probably likes you too. Mon finds me off-putting and I have learned to live with that.”

Simon rolled his eyes. “Al, your father is Harry Potter. You could get a girl easy if you would just blink every now and then and learn to breathe through your nose.”

Albus rolled his eyes. “Oh sure. Let’s rely on my dad to help me get a girlfriend. That’s not at all pathetic. While I’m at it why don’t I just cut a lightning bolt into my forehead and transfer to Gryffindor?”

Scorpius lightly shoved Albus. “Don’t bother, Simon. He’s happy perving on Mon from afar.”

Albus nodded. “You see this is why we’re friends. You get me.”

The three boys settled into a large table in the library, spreading their belongings across the area. Albus sighed, glaring at Scorpius. “Why did I ever allow you to talk me into taking Arithmancy?”

Scorpius shook his head. “It’s easy. You just don’t read the text carefully enough.”

Albus scowled. “I read the text just fucking fine thank you very much. But it’s completely different than the rubbish we learn in class. When am I ever even going to use this stuff?”

“Basic Arithmancy?” Scorpius drawled.

“There’s nothing basic about it. You’ve heard the hypos Professor Vector dreams up. She’ll ask shite like ‘If you throw a Chocolate Frog from a ten meter drop on a broomstick going fifteen miles an hour made in a tiny village in Russia, and wind resistance is a thing that exists, and you’ve recently lost about four stone, then how many cupcakes can Pedro purchase with one human soul?’ It makes no fucking sense.”

Scorpius sighed. “I’d love to complain with you, but I can’t really talk. I need to concentrate on Transfiguration.”
After several moments Simon sighed and set his quill down with great ceremony. “I’m rubbish at Potions. Scorp, you think you could—?”

“No.”

“But I didn’t even—“

“No,” he responded with near boredom. He was used to this. Scorpius what’d you get for answers 2 and 3? And also 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10? Scorpius I’m rubbish at (insert subject). Think you can read my essay and correct everything I did wrong? Normally he’d be willing to at least help, but right now he was in the zone. Nothing could distract him.

“Um…Malfoy?” A small, feminine, ever-so-swotty voice broke through his concentration.

He looked up. “Weasley! Um…hi.” He did something with his hand that might have been a waive. Albus and Simon bit their lips to keep from laughing.

“Hi.” She was blushing and fidgeting with her hands. “Have you started that DADA essay yet?”

“No. Have you?” Scorpius had not been prepared for Weasley and he was having a hard time accessing his inner-Slytherin. Merlin have my hands always been so big and floppy? What do I do with them?

She shook her head. “I was wondering…would you want to work on it together? Since…you know…we already had to do the physical part. Together. I mean…” She blushed at the accidental innuendo. Albus and Simon were trying not to laugh at her discomfort, but were sporting extremely impressive smirks.

Scorpius, on the other hand, jumped to her rescue. “Yes. I mean…if you want to? Do the essay, that is.”

“Didn’t you just say you needed to work on Transfiguration?” Simon asked. Albus sniggered under his breath.

Scorpius’s cheeks flamed. “I do, but I can always do it after. And anyway, I really should get started on that DADA essay.” He shot covert glares to his two friends warning them that they’d best shut the fuck up.

“Great!” Rose beamed. “I guess I’ll just…” She motioned at the table, covered in the three boys’ book litter.

Scorpius moved quickly to clear a spot for her. “Please, sit down. Join us.”

“Thanks.” She sat in front of him, next to Albus and retrieved her DADA book from her bag. Though she wasn’t thrilled about having to share a space with her least favorite cousin, she felt she could make an exception if it meant she could spend time with...strike that... work on her essay with Malfroy. Since, you know, he was the one she was partnered with in DADA. No other reason.

“Hello Rose,” Albus intoned.

She rolled her eyes. “You’re such a freak.”

Albus stared at her mercilessly. Though it was but a subtle act of mild malice, it drove her spare every time. “Why? Am I making you uncomfortable?”
“Stop it!”

“I’m not doing anything.” He had not stopped staring at her since she sat down. He also had not blinked.

“I’m ignoring you.” She attempted to be nonchalant and engage Scorpius in conversation regarding the various Muggle schools of thought in defensive combat. “I’m not certain Muay Thai is always superior. I mean think about it, Malfoy. If many fights end up on the ground, surely grappling would be preferable in some instances.”

Scorpius nodded. “I see your point. Al cut that shit out.”

Rose turned to face her cousin who was still staring at her. “How do you manage to go so long without blinking?”

Albus shrugged. “Mind over body. Put that in your essay.”

Both Scorpius and Rose rolled their eyes. The two continued to chat about the importance of footwork for what seemed like hours. Simon and Albus looked on, confused.

Simon whispered under his breath. “What do you call this? Some sort of weird, nerd courtship ritual?” Scorpius and Rose were so engaged in a debate regarding the ethics of pre-emptive defense they didn’t notice the two boys.

Albus nodded. “See how the male nerd leans forward slightly when making his point? He’s signaling to the other male nerds that this female nerd is taken.”

Simon chuckled. “Notice the female nerd touching her hair when the male nerd speaks? She’s sending secret woman signals to the male nerd that she’s available for mating.”

Scorpius and Rose remained oblivious to the commentary. They worked on their essays alternating between somewhat flirtatious discussion and amicable silence. An hour or so later, Rose stood up. “I should get back to my Common Room. Maybe…if you want to…we could study again? Sometime? You’re actually a pretty good—“

“Yes,” Scorpius said without an ounce of hesitation.

Rose smiled. “Oh good. Well I guess…I’ll see you around.”

“Yeah, see you.” Scorpius watched her walk away.

“Ahem.”

Scorpius was brought back to his two friends who had been sitting at the table the entire time. “Hm? You say something?”

Albus smirked. “Nope. Not a damn thing. Just enjoying the show. Clearing my throat.” Albus smiled an overly enthusiastic, caricature-of-a-grin which showed nearly every one of his teeth. “TOTALLY NORMAL.”

Simon sniggered. “You two are made for each other. I’ve never seen so much sexual tension in a conversation about safety hazards before.”

Scorpius blushed. “I’ll give you five Galleons to drop this right now.”
Draco’s feeble attempts to read his book were failing. He couldn’t stop glancing at the Floo. She’d be here soon. Why was he so nervous? They had already been intimate with one another. He hadn’t been at all nervous about that. He’d been bloody ecstatic and eager beyond measure, but not nervous.

She was coming to his house. This house. The house she’d been tortured in as a teenaged girl. The house in which Lord Voldemort set up headquarters during the war. Where he had been born. Where he had lived with his family. Where his wife died.

He nearly choked. Was this a bad idea? What if it’s too soon?

The moment he tore his eyes from the fireplace so he could panic in peace, he heard the familiar whoosh announcing Hermione’s arrival. His nerves were a bit frayed so he sent the book he had been holding flying across the couch as he stood up to greet her. She’s here! Okay, Draco. Be calm. Be normal. “I see you found the place alright,” he said as he sauntered over to her, planting a soft kiss on her cheek.

Hermione smiled. “Your house is nice.” She blushed, hoping it didn’t sound too generic or disingenuous. Good going there, Hermione. It’s a big ass mansion. Obviously it’s nice.

He smiled at her flushed expression. “If you brought a bag, I can have Whimsy take it up to my room for you.” He flushed suddenly, realizing the implication of his offer. He didn’t have Whimsy prepare a guest room for Hermione because he assumed she’d be sleeping in his bed. Suddenly it seemed extremely forward.

She saved him with a reassuring smile. “No need. I just brought this.” She motioned to a small beaded bag which he doubted could hold more than a lipstick, much less a change of clothes. “Undetectable Extension Charm.”

He raised an eyebrow. “Very impressive, Professor.”

She narrowed her eyes at him and fought a grin. “So it’s ‘Professor’ already, is it? I’ve only just arrived, Mr. Malfoy.”

He grinned flirtatiously. “Keep that up and I’ll forget my manners. Whimsy?”

A small, female house elf wearing the fanciest, silkiest, prettiest pillowcase Hermione had ever seen materialized in the room. Oh my god. That is the equivalent of house elf formalwear.

“Master Draco is calling Whimsy?”

“Please take Ms. Granger’s bag up to my room.”

Whimsy’s eyes widened. “Up to…Master Draco’s room? Ms. Granger will not be needing her own room?”

Draco groaned internally. Why did she feel the need to drag this out? He spoke in a low voice, loud enough just for Whimsy to hear. “Ms. Granger will be staying with me in my room.”

Whimsy nodded slowly, a look of disbelief on her face. Draco realized this would be the topic of gossip in the servant’s hall. None of the house elves had ever known this to happen before. “Whimsy will bring Ms. Granger’s bag to Master Draco’s room.” She disappeared with a pop.
Hermione watched the exchange with slight embarrassment. She bit her lip as Draco directed his attention back to her. “Hopefully I haven’t scandalized you too much with your staff.”

He grinned. “Not at all. I’m afraid I’m a bit of a disappointment for them. Most house elves live for this sort of thing. Intrigue, secret-keeping. I don’t provide them with enough to talk about. This will be a welcome development for them.”

She laughed. “So…what shall we do?”

He smirked as he made his way over to her. “I’ve got some ideas.”

“Oh my god, it’s huge!” Hermione was near tears at the beautiful sight before her.

“Glad you like it.” He smirked. “Go crazy. I can tell you want to.”

Just to be clear, they were talking about the library.

Hermione was like a hyper little squirrel, bouncing around from section to section, rare book to rare book. She was currently examining a first edition of *Dead Souls*. “I can’t believe you have this.”

“Why is that?” He came closer behind her to examine the book with her.

“Gogol was a Muggle. And I figured…your family wouldn’t…” She looked slightly apologetic and couldn’t quite finish her thought.

Draco smiled affectionately. “It was my grandmother’s. She had an affinity for Russian Muggle literature and my grandfather couldn’t deny her anything.”

Hermione grinned. “What about you? What do you like to read?”

He shrugged. “Pretty much anything. I’ve been reading a lot of Gertrude Stein recently, if you can believe it.” His eyes held a cheeky twinkle.

“You’re not just saying that to impress me?”

“Oh I’m definitely trying to impress you. Nevertheless, I’m quite enjoying *Three Lives*.”

She snickered. “You’re full of surprises, Draco Malfoy.”

“Good ones, I hope.”

She bit her lip. “I’m actually starting to question the accuracy of my perception. Were you actually an arsehole when we were children or were you always kind of like this?”

He laughed. “No, I was definitely an arsehole. To you, especially. And you know…I’m sorry for that. In case I’ve never said it before.”

She looked at him questioningly. “You really don’t need—“

“Hermione, I like you. A lot. And…I don’t want there to be anything unsaid between us that might crop up later and ruin everything.”
She smiled. “I like you too. And you don’t need to apologize for being rude to me when you were a child.”

He relaxed, taking her hand. “I never thought I’d meet someone like you. After Astoria died…” he grimaced. “Never mind.” Lesson one in courting a woman, Draco. Don’t bring up the dead wife!

Hermione smiled reassuringly. “Go on.”

He felt a flutter in his chest. “Um…well I was just going to say that after Astoria died, I thought this part of my life was over. And I was fine with that. Scorpius…he always came first and I didn’t think I needed…” He shook himself slightly. “I’m sorry. I really didn’t mean to start spewing emotional word vomit at you just now.”

She giggled. “I like this side of you.”

Draco smiled and motioned around the room. “So, is it fair to say that my plot to impress you by showing you my rare book collection is working?”

She nodded. “Very much so. But you do realize now that I’m only dating you so I can be closer to your books?”

He nodded. “Fair enough. Although are you sure it’s not just a little bit because I’m such a stallion in the sack?”

She fixed her face with a look of contemplation. “I will concede that may play a small part.”

He smirked. “There’s nothing small about it.”

She rolled her eyes. “Ten seconds ago you were baring your soul to me. Now you’re boasting about your sexual prowess.”

He held out his hand to her. “Oh, hello there. I don’t believe we’ve met. I’m Draco Malfoy and I’ve been known to brag from time to time.”

She laughed. “You’re such a brat.”

They were interrupted by a small knock on the library door. “Come in,” Draco said. An elderly house elf with the best posture Hermione had ever seen opened the door. She instinctively straightened her back. “Quincy thought Master Draco would like to know dinner will be served in an hour.”

“Thank you Quincy” With a nod, the house elf disappeared. Draco turned to Hermione. “Well, I suppose that’s our cue.”

“For what?”

“To get dressed.”

Hermione raised an eyebrow. “Are we not already?”

Draco laughed. “We can hardly wear denims in the dining room.”

Hermione was truly confused now. “Why not?”

Draco raised an eyebrow. “Well for one, Quincy would throw a fit. Secondly, my mother would rise from her grave and drag me from the table by my ear if she saw I wasn’t dressed properly for dinner.
It’s just the way we’ve always done things around here.”

Hermione looked at him with a mixture of amusement and incredulity. “Yes, because I’m certain that’s the first thing your mother would notice. Your wardrobe. Not the fact that you’re wining and dining a muggleborn witch.”

“My mother wouldn’t care if you were Salazar Slytherin’s long-lost cousin if she saw us wearing jeans in the dining room.”

She sighed. “Ah purebloods. Such a strange group of people you are.”

“It’s the inbreeding. After generations of cousin-marrying they bred out that gene most people have that allows them to set their priorities straight. In its stead, we all have impeccable fashion sense and pretty table manners.”

They made their way up to Draco’s bedroom to change. Hermione was startled how easy it was, being this way with him. “I’ll have to transfigure something to wear. I’m not sure I brought anything posh enough for Quincy.”

“You see, you make fun. But that’s only because you have no idea how terrifying he can actually be.”

Hermione snorted. “Are you suggesting that you’re scared of your butler?”

“No, I’m not suggesting anything. I’m telling you straight up that I’m bloody petrified of him. It’s a testament to how much I fancy you that I found the courage to talk with him about paying the house elves. Honestly, I should fire my lawyer and send Quincy in to handle all my negotiations.”

She laughed. “How did he take it?”

“Well…he was torn. On the one hand, I’m his Master, so he’s obligated to do what I ask. On the other hand, I could tell he desperately wanted to shank me with a kitchen knife.” He opened the door to his room. “Ladies first.” He shot her a charming smile.

“Holy shit! This is your room?” It was larger than her flat had been back when she was an Auror. Everything about it reeked of excess. “Draco, this is ridiculous.”

“I can’t tell if you like it, or if you find it personally insulting.”

“Honestly, I don’t know myself. I’ve always known you were rich, but seriously?”

“You haven’t even seen the bathroom yet.”

She sauntered, somewhat timidly, into the bathroom. Draco knew she had found the bathtub when he heard her cry, “HOLY. MOTHER. OF GOD.” He smirked. His bathtub was his personal favorite body of water in the entirety of Great Britain. It was actually more of a shallow swimming pool than a tub. The black marble was charmed to keep the water at the perfect temperature. And there were about a thousand little knobs around the faucet which contained every type of bubble bath and scented oil known to man. Draco was secure enough in his masculinity to admit that a good bubble bath was what separated humans from the animals.

“Want to try it out?” He asked as he stalked behind her.

She smirked. “Do we have time?”
“For an innocent bath? Yes. For all the other things I’ve been wanting to do ever since you kicked me out of your bed Monday morning?” He smirked. “Absolutely.” He pulled her in for a kiss.

Hermione smiled into the kiss and slipped a hand between them to undo the buttons on Draco’s shirt. “I think a demonstration is in order. Show me what you want to do to me.”

He groaned as his hands slipped around her, gliding down her body to cup her arse. He walked them backwards until they hit the wall. His lips never left hers as his hands moved deftly to undo her denims. Her back arched as he rolled her jeans and her knickers down her legs, caressing the flesh of her thighs as he did so. She hummed appreciatively. He leaned back just long enough to pull her jumper over her head and quickly returned his lips to hers.

She realized he was still mostly dressed and she dropped her hands to his belt to undo the fastenings. He shrugged out of his shirt and shimmied out of the trousers to help her. Then he reached behind her back to unhook her bra and broke their kiss so he could lean back and gaze at her. He sighed affectionately. “I don’t think I’ll ever be able to see you topless and not feel as though I might weep.”

She giggled. “Are you just going to look?”

He scooped her up with a growl, sparking a playful squeal from the witch. He walked them into the tub, never letting her out of his arms as it filled magically with hot water. He nipped at her earlobe and dropped one hand to her slit. “I haven’t been able to get this out of my head all week.”

“Fuck,” she hissed as he added a second finger. She bucked against his hand.

He chuckled. “So greedy.” He slowed the movement of his fingers and dipped his head to capture one of her breasts with his mouth. She moaned loudly as he sucked on a pert nipple. He hummed against her breast, licking the lavender scented water dripping from her. *Merlin,* he loved breasts. Especially hers. How had he gone so long without breasts in his life? He nuzzled them adoringly. “You know, if you’d had these when we were back at Hogwarts I would have followed you around like a puppy.”

She chuckled. “Is that why you’re so nice to me now?”

He grinned as he thumbed her clit, causing her to shiver and cling to him. “Amongst other things.”

She reached down and stroked his length and he stiffened at the contact. “What sort of things?”

His eyes rolled in the back of his head as she swiped her thumb over his head. “Um…your…*Merlin,* Hermione.” He moaned as she pumped him along his foreskin. “Your hands.”

She increased her speed. “What else?”

His breath hitched. “Your mouth.”

She took a deep breath and sank under the water. Draco thought he was going to pass out when he felt her mouth on him, sucking him underwater. Her tongue flicked along his head just before she swallowed him. “*Fuck,* Hermione. You’re going to make me come.” Her tongue ran along the length of him as she removed her mouth. She emerged from the water looking very pleased with herself. “You’re unbelievable,” he rasped, gaping down at her.

She practically climbed up his body, hitching a leg over his hip and impaling herself on him. Draco tightened his grip on her hips and pushed her down on him as far as she would go. “*Gods,* Draco,” she tried to wiggle her hips, but Draco held her firmly.
He smirked at her. “You need to give me a minute to savor this.” His breathing was heavy and labored. She felt so good around him he felt like if he didn’t take a moment to catch himself he would do something insane like ask her to have his children.

“Move, Draco. Please.” She mewed so prettily he couldn’t deny her anything.

He rammed into her. “Jesus Christ,” he prayed. “You’re perfect.” He erratically rubbed her clitoris as he fucked her.

It was an overload of sensations. So much pleasure she felt like she might combust. “Yes-Draco-gods-Draco,” she chanted.

He couldn’t remember the last time he felt this good. As cocky as he had always been, he was certain he’d never been as proud of himself as he was in that moment, watching Hermione Granger writhe against him, her eyelids fluttering and spurting language so filthy it was a wonder he hadn’t come just from hearing her talk.

“Fucking hells. Fuck me,” she commanded. He complied enthusiastically. Backing them against the wall of the tub, he pounded into her slippery heat. “Please, don’t stop.”

He wouldn’t dare. He probably couldn’t even if he tried. “Whatever you want, love.” He drove into her harder and faster, rubbing her clitoris in rhythm with his body’s movements. When he felt her clamp down on him and howl his name, he came deeply inside her with a roar. “Hermione.”

They struggled to catch their breaths. Their foreheads rubbed against each other in their post-orgasmic daze. Draco tucked a wet lock of hair behind her ear and gazed at her fondly. “Granger,” he said. “You’re a truly amazing fuck.”

She smiled. “So are you.”

He pulled out of her reluctantly. He would never be able to take a bath again without thinking of this. Getting clean never felt so dirty. “I’m tempted to say to hell with dinner and just keep you up here until we both waste away from starvation and exhaustion. But I think my house elves would come after me with pitchforks if I deprived them of the opportunity to show off.”

Hermione laughed. She felt so…content. Aside from the fact that not two minutes ago she had just come harder than she ever had in her life, she was having fun just being with him. “We should get dressed. I don’t want to start out in Quincy’s bad graces by being late to dinner.”

“Good point. Now that I’ve dazzled you with books and sex I suppose I should feed you.” He stepped out of the tub and grabbed a towel.

“It’s customary, I believe.”

He grinned, extending his hand to help her out of the tub. He wrapped a towel around her to make sure she was warm and cupped her face. “You know, I…” he bit his lip, looking rather unsure. Something inside him won out and he said, “I think I’m crazy about you.”

She smiled. “You are?”

He nodded.

“I think I’m right there with you.”

He smiled, dipping down and claiming her lips in a sweet kiss.
She sighed as he wrapped his arms around her. “Who are you?”

He bit his lip tentatively. “Your new boyfriend?”

She blushed as her eyes widened. “You want to be my boyfriend?”

The tips of his ears turned pink. “Yes, please.”

She smiled. “I like the sound of that.”

Chapter End Notes

Oh yeah. There were lemons. Probably should have mentioned that before.
The Malfoy Men Stand Up to Bullies

Chapter Summary

Draco participates in an awkward conversation. Scorpius and Albus go to a party.

Chapter Notes

Hope you guys like this! It's one of my favorite chapters so far.

Also, THANK YOU ALL sooo much for the support you have given this story. I mentioned it a couple of times in the comments, but I suppose I should tell you all officially that I have begun outlining and making notes for a sequel to this story. I'm optimistic about it.

Hermione awoke feeling warm and happy. Draco’s arms enveloped her possessively and his body felt so good against her naked skin. She felt him stir, tightening his grip on her. She snuggled closer to him and sighed when she felt warm lips on her shoulder.

“Sleep well?” he asked, his voice croaky with sleep.

“Very.” She arched her neck to make it more accessible for his attentions. His teeth lightly grazed the hollow where her neck met her shoulder. She moaned at the sensation of his tongue flicking across her freshly awakened skin.

“So did I,” he whispered into her ear, nibbling the lobe. “You exhausted me.”

She giggled. “You were the one who—hmmm.” He silenced her with a sensual kiss. She melted into it and relaxed her body as he moved above her and massaged her left breast. His lips left trails across her cheekbones, her jaw, her neck. She bit her lip as he moved south towards her breasts and rolled her hips into his, eliciting a groan from the blond man.

“Sweet Merlin,” she heard him faintly whisper against her collarbone. Her eyelids fluttered at the pleasure of the skin-to-skin contact and the expertise of his lips, nipping and sucking the sensitive flesh. She almost didn’t register the gaggle of house elves gathered around the crack in Draco’s bedroom door.

“Oh my god, Draco!”

“Mmmm, Hermione,” he groaned, sucking a nipple into his mouth.

“Get off!”

“You first, love.” The horny man didn’t realize Hermione’s distress.

Hermione adopted her classroom voice. “Draco. Your house elves are watching us.”
Draco went slack jawed. “Merlin’s tit, are you serious...?” He turned towards the door and the house elves scattered as his eyes fell on them. He sighed deeply and pinched the bridge of his nose, squinting his eyes shut. “I don’t even know how to begin to apologize for this.”

Hermione chuckled. “It’s fine.”

“No, it’s not.” Was it too much to ask that the Fates, those vindictive bitches, just leave him alone long enough to have morning sex with Hermione? Without classes of brats to teach and nosy house elves ruining everything? He sighed. “I’ll go have a talk with them.” Hermione stifled a giggle as he pouted, throwing on a pair of trousers and a robe. He turned to her, smirking slightly at the sight of her disheveled state.

She was a fucking vision. Her wild, curly hair was rumpled all over the place in a pattern that screamed “freshly-shagged”. She held a thin sheet over her breasts to cover her nudity. And she was wearing a crooked smile that beckoned for him to just say “fuck it” and jump back into bed so he could have his wicked way with her. “Don’t you go anywhere. We’re not finished,” he quipped as he made for the door.

Merlin’s ballsack this is awkward. How do I say, “I’d like to fuck my girlfriend in peace without you lot perving on us” and not offend them?

The house elves were gathered, per Quincy’s instruction, in the servant hall. Draco did not enjoy addressing them as a group. Looking down at about twenty or so pairs of enormous, unblinking eyes simply reminded him how outnumbered he was. He cleared his throat. “As you all know, I have a guest staying with me in my room. A female guest. And she…we require privacy.”

No reaction.

“I realize this is somewhat unprecedented, but I ask you all to try not to gawk at her too much. Give her some space. But treat her as you would any distinguished guest of mine.”

Whimsy, the elegant pillow-case clad elf, was always a bit bolder than the rest. “Will Master Draco be bringing Ms. Hermione here lots more?”

Merlin, yes, I hope so. “Most likely, Whimsy. Now, as I was saying—“

“Is Ms. Hermione as pretty as they says?” This time the question came from a younger house elf.

Draco flushed. “She…she’s lovely, yes. And I understand that most of you are not accustomed to having a young woman in this home. But please respect our boundaries.”

The house elves continued to gape at their master. He was half tempted to yell And you’re all set free, just to provoke a reaction from them. He wasn’t comfortable with the whole children-of-the-corn tone they were giving off.

“Thank you. You can all…go about your regular business.”

As they bustled through the hall, Draco turned to leave only to find Quincy with his arms folded in front of the door. “Might Master Draco spare a moment to speak with Quincy?”

Draco didn’t dare turn him down. Quincy had been at the Manor longer than he had and, house elf
or not, Draco was raised to respect his elders. Especially intimidating elders like Quincy. “Of course.”

“Quincy is concerned that Master Draco keeps a mistress in the house of Master Draco’s fathers. Where does this Ms. Hermione come from? Who is she?”

Draco was a bit taken aback. He hoped Quincy didn’t mean what he thought he meant. The last thing he needed was a racist butler sneering down his nose at his girlfriend. “Hermione is hardly my ‘mistress’, Quincy. I haven’t brought a woman to this house since Astoria, if you’ll remember. So it should hardly come as a shock to you that Hermione is important to me. As for where she ‘comes from’, I don’t know exactly what you mean by that but I hope you do not mean her parentage. She’s considered by many to be the brightest witch of her age. She’s also a war heroine and I can say with utter conviction that there is no one more worthy—“

“Quincy hears that Ms. Hermione is the reason Master Draco wishes to ‘pay’ us monies.”

No other house elf would dare interrupt their master. But standing here with Quincy now, Draco had a fleeting impression that this conversation was a toned-down version of the one he would have had with his father if he were alive today. There was only ever one way to earn that man’s respect. “Quincy, I am your master. I realize you’ve been here at the Manor since my grandfather Abraxas was a boy, but that does not give you the right to question who I choose to spend my time with. Hermione is a charming person who I am proud to know, and I will bring her here as often as I wish. This is my home and you will treat her with the respect she deserves.”

Quincy seemed rather surprised that the young Malfoy was speaking to him like this. But he appeared to soften somewhat. “Master Draco is right, of course. Quincy will speak to the others and make certain Ms. Hermione has everything she requires—including Ms. Hermione’s privacy.”

Draco nodded and turned to leave the servant hall. The initial high of his newfound courage had subsided and now he just felt as though he would vomit into the nearest vase. Merlin, he never even heard his father speak to Quincy like that. He somehow made his way to his room and his heart lightened at the sight of the naked beauty in his bed.

She quirked an eyebrow. “That took a while. Everything alright? You look a bit ill.”

He collapsed onto the bed and answered her, his voice muffled by the sheets. “I think your Gryffindor is rubbing off on me.”

The three Slytherin boys left the Great Hall, noting once again that Professor Granger was absent from the faculty table.

“What d’you reckon Professor Granger’s getting shagged by your dad right now, Scorp?” Simon asked, tactlessly.

Scorpius shrugged. “Don’t care.”

Albus clapped him on the shoulder. “You know what would cheer you up?”

“I’m not proofreading your Star Trek fan fiction again, Al.”

Albus rolled his eyes. “Fine. But I was going to say, my cousin…you know my cousin, Rose, right?
Red hair, bossy, broomstick permanently lodged up her arse? Anyway, my cousin is standing right over there staring at you and she looks like she’s either thinking about coming over to talk to you, or she’s about to piss her pants.”

Scorpius turned to find a very anxious Rose Weasley leaning against a column. Both teens instantly straightened their posture the instant they made eye contact. Something in Rose won out and she approached Scorpius.

“Hi Scor—um, I mean, Malfoy.”

Scorpius lowered his voice. “Hey, Weasley.” He ran his fingers through his hair to draw attention to his disheveled blond locks. “What’s up?”

“Um…nothing. Just…there’s sort of a party? In Gryffindor tower? Tonight? Aaaand…I thought you might want to come?” Rose was not normally an uptalker. But something about the blond Slytherin boy tripped up her usually perfectly articulate tongue.

Scorpius’s heart stopped beating for approximately two seconds. Rose Weasley just asked him to go to a party in Gryffindor tower. What does this mean?

“Um…yeah. Sure. That sounds good.”

Rose released a breath she seemed to have been holding in. “Alright. Good. Nine o’clock.” She turned and walked away so fast she nearly ran into a Ravenclaw second year.

Scorpius didn’t notice. He stood there, manically staring at the wall, contemplating whether the interaction had only happened in his head.

Albus came up behind him. “Look, it’s perfectly acceptable to stare at the wall. I do it all the time. But it seems rather out of character for you.”

“Rose Weasley just asked me to go to a party tonight,” he said evenly, eyes still staring at a spot on the wall.

Albus raised his eyebrows. “Well it’s nice to see one of you has the gonads to make a move.”

Scorpius finally blinked. He turned to Albus with a wild look in his eye. “You’ve got to go with me.”

Albus narrowed his eyes slightly. “Um…generic excuse.”

Scorpius grimaced. “Did you just say ‘generic excuse’ to get out of going to a party?”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t realize you expected something more elaborate.”

“Al. You’re going.”

“Or, OR—now hear me out—“ Albus waited a beat. “I could take a long, relaxing nap and not interact with people I don’t know or like.”

“Come on, Al. I don’t know any of the Gryffindors that well. I’ll look like a freak.”

Albus was unmoved. “If she really loves you, she’ll accept you for who you are.”

“How are you ever going to make any new friends if you don’t put yourself out there?”

“I don’t need another friend. I’ve already got two.”
“I would do it for you.”

“And I appreciate that. But luckily for you, I don’t make eyes at prissy little Gryffindor swots. Your services would not be needed.”

“Al. You’re my best friend. I’m asking you to do this for me. Please.”

Albus huffed. Scorpius just invoked the “best friend card.” Shit was sacred. “Well you’ve got me there. I will go with you.”

Scorpius fist pumped the air. “YES!”

“On one condition.”

“Name it.”

“I want you to admit you like Rose.”

Scorpius’s face fell. “Is that really necessary?”

“Just say the words Scorp. I already know. You already know. Maybe you’ve never actually said it out loud before. But if you want me to party in the big ass lion tower with the Gryffindorks so you can chat up my cousin, you will say those words.”


Albus smirked at him. “Twenty thousand points to Slytherin.”

Scorpius glared at his friend. “It’s at nine. Shall we leave at ten to?”

Albus raised an eyebrow. “Oh, look at the little posh boy with his impeccable manners. ‘Shall we leave at ten to?’ You can leave at ten to if you wish. I, on the other hand, will continue to not be a nerd and arrive fashionably late.”

“You’re going to make me show up alone?”

“Think about it, mate. Do you really want to show up with a bloke? Don’t you think my brother bullies you enough?”

Scorpius narrowed his eyes. “Just don’t be too late.”

______________________________

Albus was late.

But surprisingly, things were actually going pretty well so far. Scorpius arrived precisely at 9 p.m. and found Rose immediately, as they were the only two people obsessive enough about punctuality to arrive on time. The two had been chatting easily for the past three quarters of an hour about schoolwork and what books they were reading now. It was surprisingly easy to talk to her (although part of that might have been the butterbeer). And she looked so pretty with her hunter green jumper and her red hair falling down her shoulders. He wondered if she wore green for him and smirked at the thought.

“What?” Rose blushed at Scorpius’s sudden smirk.
“Nothing.” He shrugged. “I like your jumper.”

She bit back a grin. “I never thought I’d see the day Scorpius Malfoy liked something I wore.”

“Green looks good you.” He surprised himself when he reached out to brush a lock of hair from her shoulder and graze the soft fabric of her jumper. Where the bloody fuck did that come from? Did I inherit my dad’s ability to seduce women? Am I actually good at this and just didn’t know it?

It took Rose by surprise too. “Th-thanks, Malfoy. Um…it…looks good on you too.” She took a long sip of her butterbeer to hide her blush.

“Oi, is that my baby brother? What are you doing here Albus? Come to join your poncy little blond boyfriend? Well, go on, let him in for fuck’s sake.”

Scorpius flinched at the grating voice of James Potter. He’d never understand how he fit into Al’s family. The Potters were such a nice couple and Lily seemed alright. Albus of course was like a brother to him. How James Potter, the most obnoxious person in the whole of wizarding Britain, was born into such a loving and cool family was beyond him.

Rose spoke up. “Is Albus here? Why? He doesn’t know anyone in Gryffindor.”

Scorpius raised an eyebrow. “He knows you. You’re his cousin. And his brother, James. And his sister. And what about me? I don’t know anyone here either, except you.” He didn’t mean to sound so irritated, but he never liked it when people tried to oust Albus.

“I didn’t mean…” She sighed. “Albus is just…you know. He’s not like you. He sort of…I mean he’s a social vacuum. He brings every conversation to a screeching halt.”

“He’s my best mate,” Scorpius said with a note of finality, perhaps a bit more hostile than he meant to.

As if on cue, Albus arrived to the scene, wearing a white tee shirt that appeared to have large amounts of dried blood up and down the left side. The shirt read in neat black text, “I’m Fine”.

“Sorry I’m late,” he said as he stood next to Scorpius.

“What happened?”

Albus raised an eyebrow. “Nothing. I just really didn’t want to come.”

Scorpius motioned to the entrance. “Did you have some trouble getting in?”

Albus rolled his eyes with casual boredom. “Haven’t you heard? My brother’s the Gryffindor King. His little minions had to let me in once they realized who I was.”

Rose nodded. “James can be a bit of a shit.”

Scorpius and Albus regarded her with interest. Scorpius smirked. “Did you just say something bad about someone else?”

Albus put a hand to his chest in mock surprise. “And such language from a young lady of good family.”

She rolled her eyes. “If the two of you are going to stand here, then please don’t embarrass me. After all, I’m the one who invited you.”
Albus smirked. “Yeah, *about* that. Why exactly did you…*ouch*, Scorp, what the fuck?”

Scorpius pinched Albus in the ribs to keep him from pointing to the elephant in the room—namely, that he and Rose liked each other but neither had addressed it.

“So what *are* you doing here, baby brother?” The intoxicated slur of the Gryffindor King joined their group.

*Saved by the Git,* Scorpius thought.

“Oh, you know me. I just *love* to party. Party hardy, I say.”

James snorted. “Nice, shirt by the way. I guess I should just be glad you didn’t wear a black hoodie and stand over there in the corner jerking off while you watch everyone.”

Albus rolled his eyes. “Do I *look* like I would own a hoodie?”

Scorpius raised his eyebrows. “Right now, mate? Yeah, kind of.” Rose giggled.

*This shirt is a conversation piece. It keeps me from having to make actual conversation.*

James laughed. “Why not just resort to your old stand by and start screaming as loud as you can until people go away?”

“One time. I did that one time and I was seven.”

“And what are you doing here, Malfoy?” James turned his attention to Scorpius.

He learned a long time ago not to engage James when he was at his most git-ish. “Rose invited me.”

James smirked. “*Daw!* Did you *really*? That’s just fucking *precious*.”

Rose narrowed her eyes. “Shut *up,* James.”

He ignored her and sipped from a red Solo cup that, from the smell of it, probably contained Firewhiskey. “I knew it was only a matter of time before you and that *freak* got together.”

Rose screeched. “We’re not *together.* We’re just friends.”

Scorpius felt useless and more than a little awkward standing there in between the two bickering cousins.

“And he’s *not* a freak.” Rose added. Scorpius shot her a grateful smile.

James cackled. “Maybe compared to my brother, but really, that’s *hardly* even fair.”

Scorpius looked around for Albus, who had long since tried to extradite himself from the whole lotta “Nope” that this conversation had become. He now stood next to a fourth year Gryffindor girl, attempting to make conversation. “Hello. There is weather.” The girl rolled her eyes and walked away, leaving Albus alone. He shrugged and muttered, “Pssh. Gryffindor girls are so basic.”

James continued rounding on Scorpius. “But you can’t tell me *this one’s* not a freak too. I mean his *dad’s* a piece of Death Eater scum who should probably be in *Azkaban* and his *mum* snuffed it because her inbred family didn’t have the sense to stop having children who would just die anyway from some stupid curse.”
Scorpius saw red. And not the good kind like when Rose would blush at something he said and it clashed with her hair. He turned on James. “Don’t you ever” he punctuated the word with a shove to James, “talk about my family that way, you fucking douchebag.”

James got in his face. “I’ll talk about them any way I want, Malfoy. What are you going to do about it? Get Daddy to come down here and crawl up the Headmistress's skirt? Oh no wait. That’s what he does to my godmother, isn’t it?”

Scorpius’s lips thinned. Rose spoke up in his defense. “Leave him alone, James. And you’re wrong about his dad and Aunt Hermione.”

James scoffed. “Wake the fuck up, Rose. Everybody saw them at the Quidditch match. Pretty boy’s pony daddy couldn’t keep it together and had to be saved by a Gryffindor. As per fucking usual. I heard some people saw him in Hogsmeade the next morning. I’ll bet anything Aunt Hermione fucked him. She always did have a soft spot for lesser—“

Scorpius's fist pounded him in the jaw before he could finish that sentence. He immediately had two thoughts. One…fucking ow! Nobody ever told you when you punched someone that it bloody well hurt. And two…get the fuck out of Gryffindor Tower before he got his arse handed to him.

“I got your back bro,” Albus assured him as they charged their way through the Gryffindors.

Albus was not a fighter. Well…at least not in the traditional sense. He preferred to outsmart his opponents. So he let loose in a blood-curdling wail like a banshee in hell. It rang through the Common Room and seemed to go on forever. The half-drunk Gryffindors were all so startled by the sound, they darted out of his way to avoid the mentally unstable boy.

By the sheer force of his personality, Albus had parted the Red Sea.

Before opening the door leading out into the castle, Albus turned to the Gryffindors, all clad in their ugly red robes, and gave them the Vulcan salute. “**WOO!!!** Live long and prosper, motherfuckers!”

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When the two boys were safely back in the Slytherin dungeon, Scorpius turned to his friend.

“Thanks for that.”

Albus waived him off. “Any time.”

Scorpius shook his head forcefully. “Al, you…you don’t get it. What you did back there… and you showing up tonight at the party…I know you didn’t want to, and…” he sighed. “You really are the best friend a bloke could ask for.”

Albus clapped him on the shoulder. “Right back at you.”

The two boys hugged it out—one and a half-seconds worth of hug. Any more would have been overkill.

Scorpius smirked. “Sorry for socking your brother in the face, by the way.”

Albus rolled his eyes. “Bitch please. I’ve been dying to do it for years, myself. And what the fuck are you talking about? You’re my brother, mate.”
There was a moment of silence between the two boys. They each nodded in understanding, releasing as much emotion as their fragile, thirteen-year-old masculinities would allow.

Scorpius exhaled. “You’re my brother too.” He smirked. “Just so long as that doesn’t make Rose my cousin.”

Albus grimaced. “You two are painful to behold.”

Chapter End Notes

As always, Albus is everything.

My inspiration for Quincy is Carson from Downton Abbey in case any of you are interested.
“So you finally lived up to your namesake?” Madam Pomfrey glared daggers at Scorpius as he presented his bruised knuckles for inspection. “Fighting was it?”

“A wall,” he answered glumly. He wasn’t about to admit that he hit one of the most popular guys in school in the face, regardless of how much he deserved it.

“Hmph. Interesting. It just so happens that a ‘wall’ came in here earlier today with a swollen jaw.”

Scorpius blushed.

Madam Pomfrey smirked. “I am not officially saying this because as the school nurse I am impartial to school children’s drama, but I’ve noticed the way Mr. Potter bullies the people in your house.”

Scorpius said nothing.

“You know I’m required to report any injuries which are the result of an altercation.”

Scorpius nodded.

“So of course, you’ll understand when I tell you to refrain from hitting walls in the future.” She winked.

Scorpius smiled. “Thank you Madam Pomfrey.”

As he left the Infirmary, he turned a corner and nearly ran into a small-ish figure.

“So… Scorpius?”

“Rose!” He felt like his stomach was sweating. He left rather abruptly the previous evening and they hadn’t had the chance to speak since. What if she was angry with him?

Wait. Did she just say…?

He smirked. “You called me ‘Scorpius.’”
She drew herself up haughtily. “So? You called me ‘Rose.’”

“It’s your name.”

“Yes, well…Scorpius is your name.” She brushed off invisible dust from her skirt.

He stared at his shoes. “I hope no one gave you a hard time. For inviting us.”

She grinned. “Technically I only invited you.”

He blushed. “I…I um… I had a nice time. Before James… well, you know.”

She smiled. “I did too. And don’t worry. I spoke to pretty much everyone who was there about what James said to you. They all agree it was rather uncouth of him.”

Scorpius grinned. “You did that?”

She nodded, blushing. “He…he really shouldn’t have drank that much. I’m sure he wouldn’t have said such awful things otherwise.”

Scorpius chuckled. “Do you always believe the best in people?”

She smiled, biting her lip and motioning towards his hand. “Are you alright?”

“This?” he held up his hand. “It was nothing. I’ve just… never thrown a punch before. I didn’t expect that it would hurt.”

She nodded. “Well I’m glad you’re alright.”

He raised an eyebrow in inquiry. “Did you…come here to check on me?”

She blushed. “I just felt badly. I was the one who invited you and you never would have gotten hurt if not for me and—”

“Rose.”

“Yeah?”

He smiled. “Thank you.”

She blushed sweetly. “You’re welcome. Um… do you want to get together later and study for the Arithmancy mid-term?”

He nodded. “I’d really like that.”

“Good. See you later, then.”

As she disappeared down the corridor Scorpius grinned stupidly. Scorpius Malfoy, you magnificent bastard.

Draco sat with his arms around Hermione’s middle refusing to release her. She was dressed, fully packed and ready to return to Hogwarts. Or at least she was until Draco playfully tackled her to the bed.
She giggled, “You know I can’t stay here. I have to go back eventually.”

He tightened his grip around her. “…No.”

She laughed and thrashed against him. “You can’t just keep me here.”

“Sure I can.” He pinned her underneath him and flopped bonelessly on top of her.

“Oh my god, you weigh a ton. Get up!”

Draco pretended to snore. “You are not asleep Draco Malfoy. Get off of me!”

He sighed as he obeyed. “Pity. You look so good in my bed.”

She smirked. “And how do you imagine this playing out? I never go back to Hogwarts and you and I just stay in your bed until we expire?”

“I’d die a happy man.”

She giggled. “Have I mentioned today what a prat you are?”

“Have I mentioned today…I don’t care?”

“Are you going to walk me to the Floo or are you going to continue with your giant baby routine?”

Draco smiled. “Come on then. I suppose you have to get back to being a productive member of society.”

Hermione beamed as she took his hand. This weekend had been wonderful. She couldn’t ever remember being so thoroughly wooed in her life. Last night he took her on a stroll through the grounds, which she was fairly certain rivaled the gardens at Versailles, and charmed a colchicum to plant itself in her hair. It was beyond corny and not at all the sort of thing Hermione ever thought she would go for, but goddammit if she didn’t blush harder than a prostitute during church.

When they reached the Floo, he tugged her against him and placed a soft, but sensuous kiss on her lips. “So you like my house?” he whispered against her lips.

Her eyelids fluttered at the feel of his breath and the vibration of his voice on her skin. Despite the jolt of arousal she felt in her abdomen, she knew what he was doing. He was plying her with seduction so she’d think about him nonstop until she saw him again. Not that he needed any more help in that department.

She nodded. “Yes.”

“And did I make good on my promise to pleasure you until you were incapable of thought?”

Swoon. He made very good on that promise. She smirked. “I return to Hogwarts a less intelligent woman.”

He chuckled and took her hand in his, running his thumb across her knuckles. “I can’t remember the last time I had such a good weekend.”

She smiled. “Me too.”

He cupped her cheek and captured her lips in a final kiss. As they said their goodbyes Draco felt a twinge of regret that she had to go, and a rush of happiness at the prospect of seeing her again soon.
He hadn’t felt like this since…

*Oh, no you don’t Draco. Not this time. You will *not* rush into this. Try it and you’ll scare her away faster than you can say “Forever Alone”.*

After she left the house felt empty. Quiet. Had it always been so quiet?

Whimsy appeared next to the Floo, yielding a tray of tea, porridge, and an assortment of berries. “Whimsy thought Master Draco would want to eat in here today.”

“Thank you, Whimsy.” He stared at the Floo as he sat down on the couch and began to doctor his tea.

“Is Ms. Hermione not staying for breakfast?” Whimsy asked.

“I tried to persuade her, but she insisted she had to return to Hogwarts before her morning class.”

Whimsy nodded. “We all likes Ms. Hermione very much. She has such pretty hair, and she complimented Whimsy on her pillowcase.”

Draco chuckled. “She does have pretty hair.” Funny, how he used to make fun of it. He’d been such an idiot when he was a boy.

“Whimsy is thinking that Ms. Hermione makes Master Draco very happy.”

Draco grinned as he took a sip of his tea. “I think so too.”

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The Scottish Highlands in November were really something to behold—if by “something” if you mean that a dire lack of deciduous trees made for a season that looked exactly like every other month of the year, only colder. It was basically a glorified tundra, but that didn’t stop Draco from enjoying himself as he sat with his hand on Hermione’s knee in the corner of a cute little café in Hogsmeade. The past month and a half since Hermione had officially agreed to be his girlfriend had been wonderful. And today wasn’t a scheduled Hogsmeade weekend so he and Hermione didn’t have to hide as they walked hand-in-hand around the shops and streets of the village.

“So I was thinking…” Hermione started.

“Please let the next words out of your mouth be ‘That we head back to the castle so I can put on that little green thing you like.’ Because that’s what I was thinking.” His hand on her knee snaked slowly up her skirt. He smirked at the memory of her surprising him two weeks ago by wearing an olive green lace bustier under her dress that made her skin look like sweet cream. Draco didn’t even manage to get the thing off of her before burying himself deep inside her.

She glanced at him sideways. “I’m not saying no. But Harry and Ginny invited us over to theirs for a movie night tomorrow.”

Draco narrowed his eyes. “The last time I went to that house I got cock blocked by a portrait of my dead aunt.”

“The last time you were at that house, we snogged for the first time. Why don’t you think about that?”
“Because we’re running out of firsts and I’m not sure Potter’s house is the best way to explore the ones we have left.”

She lightly smacked him on the arm. “Come on. You had fun last time, all things considered.”

“Did I ever say that? I’m fairly certain any niceties on my part were just me trying to sneak into your knickers.”

Hermione smirked mischievously. “You were trying to...Slytherin my knickers?”

Draco affected a pained expression. “I thought I was the dad here. Dad jokes are reserved for me. You’re just lucky you’re so pretty.”

Hermione ignored him. “You like Harry and Ginny, admit it.”

“I tolerate them because our sons are mates and because their best friend is my girlfriend. They are ancillary. But of course I will go to their house tomorrow for...whatever a ‘movie’ is...because I suspect...and correct me if I’m wrong...that you aren’t wearing any knickers right now.”

She smirked. “Ten points to Slytherin, Mr. Malfoy.”

He closed his eyes and drew in a deep breath. “Hermione, you know what it does to me when you slip into your professor mode.”

She sipped her coffee haughtily. “To modify the words of a wise man, I do believe your Slytherin is rubbing off on me.”

He cocked an eyebrow and smirked. “If you agree that we can get out of here right now, I can arrange for it to rub off on you some more.”

Hermione, Draco, Ron, and Susan gathered at Number 12 Grimmauld Place the following evening for takeout Chinese and The Princess Bride—two of Harry and Hermione’s favorite artifacts from the Muggle world and the latter of which was the apparent bane of Ginny’s existence.

“Every time the two of you watch that movie, you talk the whole way through it and spend the next few hours quoting from it. I’ve seen it like five times and I still have no idea what it’s about,” Ginny huffed.

“What’s a movie?” Draco asked innocently.

The five adults chuckled at Draco’s ignorance. Hermione sighed and muttered. “So adorable.”

Susan came to the rescue. “It’s like a play, but you can watch it in your home on a telev—I mean, a sort of box that shows moving pictures.”

Draco scowled. “Why would anyone want to do that? The whole fun of going to the theater is so you can dress up.”

“Next time, I pick the movie,” Ginny insisted.

Harry chuckled. “No way. You always insist on horror films which you refuse to admit terrify the pants off you. Then you have nightmares for the next few days and that always puts you in a right
state because you don’t get enough sleep. Then I don’t get enough sleep. And that’s unacceptable.”

Ginny glared. “Fine. *Sharknato 3* it is then.”

Draco examined the television with interest. “This is the thing we watch the…*movie*…” he turned to Hermione for confirmation and received an affirmative wink, “on?”

They all nodded. Draco narrowed his eyes. “And you’re *sure* it’s not magic?”

More hushed chuckles. Hermione answered. “Positive. People make movies and record them, and then put onto little discs for other people to watch at home.”

Draco cocked a haughty eyebrow. “That sounds fake, but fine.”

Hermione narrowed her eyes at Harry and Ginny. “How do you guys even *have* this? And the Internet too? I always get full signals on my mobile when I come here. Usually magical houses aren’t compatible with technology.”

Harry and Ginny exchanged a smirk. Harry shrugged. “Well…let’s just say I know a guy.”

Ginny rolled her eyes. “You make it sound so sinister. There’s a Squib Harry met through work who figured out how to get technology and magic to work together. He did some work in Harry’s department and…we sort of…asked him if he’d do the same for us.”

Ron, Susan, and Hermione guffawed in mixed awe and jealousy. “Have him come round to *ours* and do it,” Ron said.

Harry nodded, reaching into his wallet. He fished out a card. “Owl him. Tell him I sent you.”

Ginny rolled her eyes and turned to her husband. “You fucking *love* saying that, don’t you?”

Ron examined the card and handed it to Susan. “Put this in your cleavage so it doesn’t get lost.”

Susan grimaced. “Put it in *yours*.”

Draco spoke up. “I don’t get it. You’ll use your influence to get the Ether-net—“

“*Internet,*” Hermione corrected.

“Whatever. But you won’t have someone come over and unhinge that old bat’s portrait from your foyer?”

“I *HEARD* THAT YOU UNGRATEFUL LITTLE BLOOD TRAITOR SWINE!!!!!”

“Aw. She remembers me,” Draco said, rolling his eyes.

Harry and Ginny each shrugged noncommittally.

Draco’s eyes widened. “Merlin, you lot are *attached* to that goddamn thing, aren’t you?”

“You don’t understand,” Ginny said. “She’s awful, yes. But we’re also just sort of…*used* to her. You know?”

The doorbell rang.

“MUGGLES!!!!!!!!!!!!!! MUGGLES AT THE MOST ANCIENT HOUSE OF BLACK!!!!!”
“That’ll be the food, then.” Ginny went to the door to retrieve it as Harry jumped up to inflict another Silencing Charm on Mrs. Black.

Draco turned to Hermione with a question in his eyes. “Not to sound completely unsophisticated, but what exactly does ‘Chinese food’ entail?”

Ron jumped in just as Hermione opened her mouth to speak. “Chicken covered in a bunch of different sauces served over rice.”

Susan and Hermione rolled their eyes. “Ron isn’t the biggest fan of anything that isn’t covered in gravy,” Hermione explained.

Ron scoffed. “That’s not true. I like all kinds of food. I just get irritated with those little stick things you’re supposed to eat the stuff with.”

Draco threw an arm around Hermione’s shoulders. “Stick things?”

“I’ll teach you.”

“Who’s going to teach me? I think it’s time I finally learned,” Ron declared as Harry re-entered the room.

“No,” Harry said.

“I’ve got to teach Draco. It’s not fair if I have to do both.”

“You know, I’m not starting to feel at all like a liability here,” Ron huffed.

Susan rolled her eyes. “For Merlin’s sake. I’ll teach you. But you’d better bloody well pay attention. And no getting angry with me and throwing them.”

Ron scoffed. “I do not do that.”

Harry snorted. “Right. Because the last time we all went to get sushi together you didn’t throw a fit because you kept dropping ‘those little fish things’ in your lap.”

Hermione crossed her arms and glared at him. “You nearly took my eye out that night. We still aren’t allowed back at that place.”

Ron shrugged. “I apologized.”

“You made the waiter cry.”

Ginny appeared bearing bags of unusual smelling food. “I’m going to set everything on this table and we can just sort of go around and help ourselves.”

Draco eyed the food skeptically. “What sort of things do they put in the chicken?”

Hermione laughed. “Well there’s…um…” she looked to her friends for help but they too were wearing expressions of bemusement on their faces. “Well actually there’s…um. Heh.” She snapped her fingers. “Soy sauce. That’s a thing. And um…” She gave up. “it doesn’t matter. You’ll like it.”

She surveyed the buffet before them. “Do you like spicy food?”
Draco shrugged. “I don’t know. I can’t say I’ve ever really had it.”

Hermione chuckled. *Oh my god, he’s like a baby.* “You seem like the type who would like it,” she decided as she plucked a couple of chilis from a dish of kung pao chicken and plopped them on Draco’s plate.

Harry rolled his eyes. “You only say that because you’re a freak who prefers her food in the ‘hell and damnation’ scale of flavor.”

“That’s a slight exaggeration.”

Ginny shook her head. “I’ve seen you pop *entire* habanero chilis in your mouth. That shit ain’t natural.”

“And you add ungodly amounts of Tabasco to things before you even try them,” Ron added.

“Are you quite finished criticizing my food preferences?”

Draco sat down at the table and immediately all heads turned on him. “We’re eating in the living room. Come on,” Hermione said.


“Because it’s fun.”

Draco grumbled as he followed his girlfriend and sat next to her on the couch. “This is totally barbaric.”

Hermione giggled and handed him a pair of chopsticks. “Here. You’ll use these instead of a knife and fork.”

Draco examined the strange new dining tools with a bit of hesitation. But Hermione explained in great detail how to use them, and to both of their surprises he actually turned out to be quite an easy pupil. It was the only time she had seen him exhibit less than perfect table manners, but all things considered he wasn’t doing half bad.

Susan on the other hand, was not having the same level of success with Ron. “F**k’s sake, Ron. I told you not to get all pissy.”

“Why do we even need to eat with these anyway? This is England. We eat with a knife and fork here. Like proper folk.”

Draco snorted. “No. We, as in…the *rest* of us, eat with a knife and fork. I’ve seen your table manners, Weasley. And there’s hardly anything *proper* about them.”

“She’s a thought. How ‘bout you *not* be a poshy little twat for two minutes, Malfoy?” Ron retorted.

“Shut it, both of you. It’s starting,” Harry said.

Malfoy regarded the odd moving pictures with interest. It was rather fascinating.

Hermione sighed faintly as Cary Elwes came on the screen. Ginny and Harry rolled their eyes. “*Please* keep your swooning to a minimum,” Harry requested.

“I didn’t say anything.”
Harry addressed Draco. “She’s always had a crush on Westley.”

Draco grimaced. “Who’s Westley?”

“The blond guy.”

Ginny’s eyes widened. “Oh my god I just got why Hermione likes Draco. Because he looks like Westley.”

Draco smirked at Hermione’s flushed cheeks while her “friends” laughed at her expense. He kissed her temple. “You’ve got excellent taste, love.” He placed a feather light kiss on her lips, thinking that no one was looking.

“PUKE.” Ron intoned loudly. “Could you not do that in front of us?”

Draco rolled his eyes. “Why? Are we putting you off your food? Because I think I can speak for all of us when I say that watching you eat that pile of eggrolls was nothing short of nauseating.”

“Will you both, yet again, kindly shut the fuck up?” Harry asked.

Draco wasn’t entirely sure what was going on in the film. Was it supposed to be funny? It was rather low brow for his tastes. But Hermione seemed to oddly enjoy it.

“Inconceivable!” she exclaimed.

Harry responded in a poor imitation of a Spanish accent. “You keep using that word. I do not think it means what you think it means.” The two giggled and high fived.

Ginny rolled her eyes. “You could just let the actors say the lines. It is their job.”

Harry threw an arm around his wife. “Ginny, you’re falling victim to one of the classic blunders.”

Hermione smirked. “Never go against a Sicilian—“

“When death is on the line!” Harry and Hermione exclaimed simultaneously.

Ginny snorted. “You two are idiots.”

“We’re awesome,” Hermione retorted.

“I wish I understood the strange power this movie has over the two of you. But unfortunately I’ll never understand, because I’ll never be able to hear the movie adequately enough to know what’s going on.”

“You do realize that you’re the one talking through the movie now, right?” Hermione pointed out.

Ginny rolled her eyes. “I wish I was still super athletic so I could kick your arse. But then you had to go and become an Auror and now you’re not scared of me anymore.”

Hermione chuckled. “Only when I think you’re going to ask me to watch your innumerable children.”

A pillow came flying from Ginny’s general direction to hit Hermione in the head. “Ouch,” she said dully.

“Malfoy, will you please pinch your girlfriend for me?” Ginny asked.
“No fucking way, Potterette. She could *easily* kick my arse. And I’d still like to get lucky tonight thank you very much.”

Ron and Harry pretended to vomit into their plates. Ginny and Susan exchanged smirks.

“I will never get used to the fact that you and Hermione are shagging,” Ron said.

Draco smirked and opened his mouth to retort.

“Neh-eh-eh! You two will not continue to ruin this *masterpiece* with your bickering,” Harry scolded.

Draco shrugged and leaned back on the couch, dragging Hermione to lay between his legs so he could wrap his arms around her while he watched the movie.

The girl, Buttercup, struck him as being the most useless character ever recorded in art or literature. Not his kind of woman at all. The writers might have replaced her with a bunny rabbit and it would have had a similar effect.

The Westley character was alright, but he was so flighty. So quick to mistrust the woman he purported to love. He did have nice hair though.

Draco’s favorite character was the giant. He seemed to be the only one who really ever knew what was going on. Why couldn’t the movie just be about him?

But Draco’s favorite part of the movie had nothing to do with the movie at all. It was the warmth and ease of having Hermione in his arms. Every now and then he’d covertly place a sweet kiss on her cheek or her neck, making certain no one was looking, as neither one of them was very big on PDA. It amused him how every so often Hermione would jump up and she and Potter would spout some ridiculous line from the film. They went extra insane during the bit with the old man and his wife who brought Westley back to life. “How many times have you seen this?” Draco asked.

“Shush. No talking during the movie.”

He rolled his eyes at his silly girlfriend. “Hypocrite,” he said, kissing her ear.

“PUKE,” Ron said.

“That’s it.” Harry picked up an odd black rectangle and the television shut off, sparking a chorus of “Hey” and “Oi”.

“Either shut the fuck up, or get out of my house.”

“I can’t *believe* he kicked us out.” Hermione hissed as she and Draco walked down the street.

“I can’t believe you let me put one of those angry red devil peppers in my mouth.”

“I fixed it, didn’t I? I cast a Cooling Charm.”

“How do you eat those things? They fucking *hurt*.”

“They’re delicious,” she waived off his comment.
“I’m not sure what you mean by ‘delicious.’ I’m not even sure what I’m supposed to taste besides pain.”

“You’re a baby.”

“No. You’re just a bad-ass. Compared to you, we’re all babies.”

She rolled her eyes. “All things considered, how was your first movie?”

He shrugged. “Meh. It was alright. I quite liked the part where you and I made Weasley uncomfortable by cuddling on Potter’s couch.”

“You don’t have to antagonize him like that.”

“I don’t antagonize him. I just don’t like him.”

She rolled her eyes. “Well you have to at least try to be nice. Just like I try with Zabini.”

“Blaise is a quality gentleman.”

“He’s a snake.”

“I’m a snake.”

She grinned and bumped him with her hip. “You’re a snake who’s going to be nice to my friends.”

He smiled and wrapped an arm around her shoulders “As you wish.”

Hermione burst into a fit of giggles. “Okay Dread Pirate Draco, let’s get you home. You just earned yourself the green thing.”

Chapter End Notes

Those things I said about Scotland...I mean them. I used to live there and I concede that it’s an absolutely breathtaking country. I miss it sometimes. But I also maintain that it’s inhospitable to human lives and the only way to cope with the weather is with Scotch.
Fighting

Chapter Summary

Scorpius and James engage in an altercation. Again. Fathers are owled. Hermione and Draco argue. Madam Pomfrey questions her life choices.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Okay there’s no way that’s a coincidence, Hermione thought.

She had noticed over the past couple of months how Scorpius Malfoy no longer looked at her. It wasn’t a big deal on its own. Except the way he did it—he pointedly didn’t look at her. In class, he kept his eyes on the blackboard, even when answering a question. He was absolutely doing it on purpose because every now and then she’d catch him looking at her and he’d swiftly avert his gaze elsewhere—continuing his efforts to not look at her.

Since today’s class started, Hermione had caught Scorpius looking at her four times already. Each time he looked away immediately. But instead of the flush that would crawl up his face back when he was besotted with her, his countenance was full of tension. She’d bet anything it had to do with her and Draco.

So he knows.

She tried to fight the smile on her face. Yes, it complicated matters because she was his teacher and Scorpius no doubt felt a tad awkward at being taught by his father’s girlfriend. But on the other hand, it meant that Draco told him.

He’s serious about me.

She remembered the conversation the two of them had a month ago while laying in bed.

“So…I’ve been wondering. Are we still ‘discreet’? Or will you tell your son about us?”

Draco shifted and pulled her closer to him. “Of course I’ll tell him. But not just yet, if that’s alright with you.”

Hermione worried her bottom lip a bit. “He’s your son. You decide when.”

He looked at her curiously. “Does it bother you that he doesn’t know?”

She shrugged. “It’s not really my place to be bothered.”

He kissed her shoulder. “That’s not fair. It’s your relationship as much as mine. Of course you don’t want to hide.”

She beamed at him. “You’re right. I don’t like hiding.”
He tucked a lock of hair behind her ear and kissed her lightly on the lips. “I just would prefer to wait until...you and I are...you know?”

“Serious.”

He nodded. “Not that I’m not serious in my intentions. I don’t take this lightly, Hermione. But you and I need some time to settle into each other and be a couple.”

“I understand.”

He kissed her cheek. “When you and I reach that threshold, I won’t be able to tell him fast enough. I promise.”

She tried to suppress the part of her that wanted to squeal with glee.

Angel-Hermione: No need to get carried away. Better to focus on the task at hand—educating the future of wizarding Britain. Scorpius is obviously uncomfortable. Don’t make it worse.

Devil-Hermione: (scoff) Fuck. That. Your boyfriend finally told his son about you. Don’t you think this means he lo—

Hermione shut that down quick. She was not “that girl.” She was the cool girlfriend who backed off and let Draco handle telling his son about their relationship on his own terms. She trusted him and it paid off. She refused to entertain notions that a certain four letter word wasn’t far off now.

Be cool. Everything’s going so well.

She smiled. He told Scorpius. That meant something.

Ever since Scorpius hit James Potter in the face, he had obtained a level of mild celebrity with many of the Slytherin girls. In the two hours since he sat down in the library to crack into his Arithmancy homework, no less than four girls shot him flirtatious looks or smiles. This sort of thing was new to him. He wasn’t interested in any of these girls who suddenly realized he existed, but the attention was working wonders for his ego—which was helpful when dealing with the girl he actually liked. He desperately wanted to owl his dad and tell him about this new development, but he couldn’t shake the spite he felt over being slighted when his dad neglected to tell him about his own news in the girl department.

“Hello. Are you even listening to me?”

Scorpius was shaken from his reverie. “Sorry, what did you say?”

Rose frowned. “Nothing.” She wasn’t exactly thrilled about Scorpius’s little fan club over in the corner of the library.

Scorpius was confused. She seemed a little short with him today. What could he have done? “Um... Rose?”

“What?” She all but bit at him.
“Something’s bothering you. Did I do something wrong?”

She sighed. “Maybe I’d just prefer if my study partner was a little more focused. If you’d rather join your Slytherin groupies than study with me, then that’s what you should do.”

Scorpius’s eyes widened. “What are you talking about?”

She huffed. “I get it. You’re popular now. Why would you want to spend your extra time studying with a Gryffindor?”

*Jesus H. Christ, is she serious?* “Rose, are you talking about the Slyther-slags that have been following me around for the past few weeks? Because I sincerely would rather study with you than hang out with them.”

Rose fought the smile on her face as she kept her head down to hide her blush. “Okay then.”

Jesus H. Christ, is she serious? “Rose, are you talking about the Slyther-slags that have been following me around for the past few weeks? Because I sincerely would rather study with you than hang out with them.”

Rose fought the smile on her face as she kept her head down to hide her blush. “Okay then.”

Scorpius smirked. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were jealous.” Their studying had grown steadily more flirtatious over the past couple of months. He felt much more confident around her now. Almost confident enough to invite her to come with him to Hogsmeade the next trip, but he wanted to make sure he wasn’t misreading things.

Rose snorted. “Don’t be ridiculous.”

“I don’t know, Weasley. You look a bit green. Which is, if my memory serves me right, a pretty good color on you.”

Rose bit her lip in a vain effort to hide her grin. “Are you saying you’d like for me to be jealous?”

Scorpius blushed. Say it. *Do it for Albus, for Simon, for every bloke who’s ever gotten tongue-tied around a girl they like.* “Maybe.” *Score point for Scorpius Malfoy. You are a god amongst men!*

Rose smiled. “Is that a Slytherin way of telling me that you like me?”

Scorpius gulped. *How could I have been more clear? I said ‘maybe’ didn’t I?* He opened his mouth to answer her when a paper airplane came whizzing by his ear and landed smoothly in front of him.

*Open Me*—it read.

Rose rolled her eyes. “Seriously? I’ll bet it’s from your fans.”

Scorpius chuckled at how cute she was when she was jealous as he opened the airplane. His good mood fell when he saw what it contained.

It was an extremely lewd drawing of Professor Granger doing some *very* naughty things to his dad.

Scorpius balled the paper in his fist and whipped his head wildly around to find the perpetrator. His eyes fell on James Potter sneering at him and receiving several high fives from some of the more brainless members of his entourage.

“Cock-sucking Gryffindor scum,” Scorpius muttered.

“What?” Rose shrieked.

“No, Rose not you! James Potter.” His eyes narrowed as he watched James saunter out of the library. “I’ll be right back.”

“*What*?” Rose shrieked.

“No, Rose not you! James Potter.” His eyes narrowed as he watched James saunter out of the library. “I’ll be right back.”
“Scorpius, no! You’ll get in trouble.”

He was already up and walking towards the exit. It didn’t take long to catch up to the Gryffindor gang. This wasn’t the most prudent thing he had ever done, but he was too angry to care.

“Think you’re funny?” He threw the drawing at James.

“You don’t like my drawing, Malfoy? I’m hurt.”

One of James’s cronies leaned in. “Want us to teach him a lesson in art appreciation?”

James chuckled. “Go back to the Common Room. I can handle this toothless little grass snake on my own.”

Scorpius fumed. “What’s your problem? Why are you always such a dick?”

“Maybe I just don’t trust you and your kind, Malfoy. I don’t care what people say, people like your dad don’t deserve to breathe the same air as the rest of us.”

Scorpius narrowed his eyes dangerously. “I told you not to talk about my family.”

James scoffed. “I thought you had a chubby for Professor Granger. Aren’t you at least a little pissed off at your dad for sneaking in and sticking it to her?” He snickered.

Scorpius flushed. Potter sure as fuck knew how to push buttons. Scorpius wasn’t sure how he found out about his previous crush on Professor Granger, but he’d bet that if James Potter knew, the whole school had probably heard about it.

“You should see yourself, Malfoy. Pathetic. Your dad might be Death Eater scum, but at least he knows how to get what he wants. But you? You can’t even ask my cousin out on a fucking date when she clearly likes you for some stupid reason.”

*Say what?* Scorpius wasn’t expecting that. It wasn’t just that Potter was taunting him. It was the fact that Scorpius knew he was right. *Fuck.* He hated that. He preferred to think of James Potter as a beefcake who could barely tie his shoes.

“What’s the matter Malfoy? Touched a nerve have I?” He laughed. “You want to hit me again, Sunshine? Go ahead. This time you won’t be able to just walk away.” He shoved him.

“Don’t fucking touch me.” Scorpius shoved back.

“What are you going to do about it? Or are you too much of a pussy to hit me without my brother there to back you up?”

Scorpius knew he just wanted to provoke him so he would throw a punch at him and he could claim that he fought back in self-defense. He refused to play into his hands. He turned around to walk back towards the library.

“Hey Malfoy?” He turned back just long enough to see James Potter’s fist come pounding towards his eye.

*Merlin* it hurt, but more than that it awakened something within him. He lunged at the older boy and took them both to the ground.

Scorpius thrashed and threw punches indiscriminately, some of which stuck. The adrenaline was surging through his body and he was only vaguely aware of James getting a few good ones in on
“What is this? Both of you get off the floor this instant!” It was Professor Granger.

James looked up at his godmother, adopting an innocent tone of voice. “Aunt Hermione, thank Merlin you’re here. This Slytherin tried to—“

“You can’t possibly think I’d believe that Mr. Malfoy would start this, James Sirius Potter. I’m not as naïve as your mother.” She glared at the two teenage boys. “I can’t even think clearly enough right now to calculate how many points from Slytherin and Gryffindor you both are going to lose for this. Not to mention the extremely imaginative detentions I’m tempted to allow Filch to dream up for the two of you. For now, you both are coming with me to my office while I write to your fathers.” She spotted a paper on the floor next to where the two boys were fighting only moments before. “What is this?”

Scorpius groaned as Professor Granger opened the paper to find the drawing.

Her eyes widened as a blush spread across her face. She cleared her throat and looked Scorpius in the eye. “Did you draw this?”

He shook his head. “No, Professor. I swear I didn’t.”

James interjected. “He’s lying of course. He’s sick, Aunt Hermione. And he threw a punch at me when I told him he shouldn’t—“

“So you drew this then?” Of course he did. This picture was rude and uncouth and obviously she was going to try that one thing later with Draco, but still the nerve of him. “Why? What possessed you to draw this crude rendering of me and Mr. Malfoy’s father?”

James was silent. He stared at a spot on the floor as he replied in a diminished voice. “I was just teasing him, Aunt Hermione. I didn’t mean anything by it.”

She turned to Scorpius who was, once again, pointedly not making eye contact with her. “Both of you come with me.”

James turned to sneer at Scorpius while they walked behind her. He made a kissy face. “Don’t worry, Malfoy. I’m sure Daddy can find a way to earn those points back for you.”

Scorpius glared. Just fucking great.

______________________________

The door to Hermione’s office swung open and in bounded a livid Draco Malfoy. “Where is he?”

Scorpius turned around to find his father wearing an expression he had never seen before. Had he really never seen his father’s anger directed at him before? Add that to the list of firsts between them.

“So you’re getting into fights now? What is wrong with you? This isn’t you!”

Scorpius wouldn’t look at him. “Yeah. I’m getting into fights and you’re keeping secrets.”

Draco raised an eyebrow and glanced at Hermione for a split second. It was enough.

“I knew it,” Scorpius muttered under his breath.
The door opened again and Harry Potter entered, decked out in his full Auror uniform. He looked quite intimidating as he rounded on his eldest son. “What the fuck were you thinking?” He smacked him on the back of the head. “You started this didn’t you?”

James gaped incredulously. “Why does everyone assume it was me who started it? He’s a bloody Slytherin!”

Harry rolled his eyes and smacked his son on the back of the head again.

“Ow!”

“You’re not an idiot so stop acting like one. And if I hear about you bullying Scorpius anymore I swear to all that is holy I will disinherit you.”

“I don’t—“

Another smack.

“Ow!”

“Why do you assume I’m an idiot? You really shouldn’t. It’d make your life a lot easier.” He turned to Hermione. “Did my kid start this?”

She nodded.

Harry sneered at his son and deposited another smack to the back of his head.

“Ow, Dad stop.”

“You first. You stop acting like you were raised by wolves and I’ll stop trying to knock some sense into that thick skull of yours.”

Draco shook his head. “Potter, you don’t need to pretend that my son participated against his will in this. He is just as responsible.”

Scorpius rolled his eyes. “You only say that because when you were my age, you were the one bullying people about their dead parents and starting fights.”

Draco was taken aback. “Scorp, I was an idiot when I was your age. You’re not. This isn’t you.”

“Maybe it is now! I don’t know. Maybe you only thought you knew me. Since that’s apparently how this works now.” He grabbed the drawing from Hermione’s desk and shoved it in his father’s hands. “Everyone knows, Dad. I know you think you’re clever but you’ve done a shit job covering up the fact that you’re shagging my teacher.”

The three adults in the room blushed and averted their gazes. Harry’s eye caught James’s smirk and he took the opportunity to hit him on the back of the head again.

“Ow!”

“Did you draw that?”

James nodded.

Harry shook his head. “I swear to God, if there was a military-school version of Hogwarts, James, I’d send you there in a heartbeat.”
Draco crumpled the drawing in his hands and sighed deeply. “I never lied to you, Scorp. Professor Granger and I had only just started seeing each other when you asked, so technically—“

“Don’t do that! That Slytherin fuckery you use on everyone else won’t work on me! You lied, Dad. You should have told me.” Scorpius stormed out of the room.

Harry stood there, holding James by the scruff of his shirt. He squinted and backed the two of them to the exit. “I’m just going to…” his voice trailed off “reprimand my son over here.” The two disappeared, leaving Draco and Hermione alone.

Draco sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. “Hermione, I’m so sorry you had to see that.”

Hermione, who had been quiet this whole time, found her voice. It came out shaky. “Why didn’t you tell him?”

He looked at her quizzically. “We’ve talked about this. Scorpius couldn’t handle—“

“I am so sick of everybody underestimating that kid. He’s the most mature thirteen-year-old I’ve ever met in my life, barring myself at that age. He could have handled it. You should have told him.”

Draco gaped. “Are you seriously upset about this?”

“Yes, I’m upset because you tell your son everything but you neglected to mention the fact that you have a girlfriend. And he apparently knew the entire time.”

Draco scoffed. “James Potter really is a little shithead. And he’s a terrible artist. This picture doesn’t capture my beauty at all.”

Hermione shot him a scathing look. “Don’t be cute. I’m mad at you.”

He couldn’t fight the indignation in his voice. “Why?”

“Honestly, Draco? I assumed you would have told him about us a while ago—at least once you and I were official. He’s been treating me oddly for a while now. I figured it was because he knew. And you know what? I was right! I just thought maybe you would have thought that this relationship was significant enough to mention it to your son.”

“Of course it’s significant.”

“Obviously it’s not.”

“Hermione, how can you say that? I brought you to my home. I have never done that with any witch except Astoria. Of course I’m serious about you.”

Hermione scoffed and began walking towards the entrance of her office.

“What are you doing? This conversation isn’t over.”

“Isn’t it?”

He followed her into the corridor. “Hermione do not walk away from me.”

“Leave me alone, Draco.”

“Hermione—“, he touched her shoulder.
“Don’t. We’ve been together nearly two months. This is the point where people make a choice. Are they just having fun, or do they see it going somewhere?”

“I agree, Hermione. And this is real. I’m serious about you.”

She softened. “Look at it from my perspective. I know, going into this, that Scorpius is the most important thing in your life. I’m not a shrew, so of course I think that’s great. But two months in, the most important thing in my boyfriend’s life, doesn’t know about me. How am I supposed to take that?”

Draco sighed. She was right. He had royally fucked up. Now, not only was his son angry with him, but so was the woman he—

“Draco,” she looked pained. “I’m not sure you’ve really thought…this through.”

His heart stopped beating momentarily. “What are you doing?”

“I’m just saying, that obviously you’re not as ready as you thought you were for a real relationship.”

Draco gaped. “Are you actually trying to break up with me over this? No. I won’t let you.”

She sighed. “If I were, I’m not sure you’d get a say in the matter.”

“Yes, I absolutely do. And I say that you and I are far from over. I’m fighting for you, Hermione.”

“If you want to fight for me, then why hide me? I trusted that you would tell him in your own time and way. But you just didn’t.”

“Why is this bothering you so much?”

She sighed, remembering his promise. When you and I reach that threshold, I won’t be able to tell him fast enough. I promise.

There it was. He wasn’t serious about her. She assured herself she wouldn’t be that pushy girlfriend, but she’d like to think that after two months, Draco had an idea of where they stood. “You once told me you would tell Scorpius when you and I were serious about each other. I assumed when Scorpius started acting strange around me in class that it meant you told him. And I guess I just…I’m disappointed.”

Draco felt about three inches tall right then. How could he explain it to her? “Hermione, our relationship is so young. I didn’t want to complicate it before we were ready.”

“So you daddied our relationship the same way you daddied your son. You tried to ‘protect us’ until we were ready? Newsflash, Draco. I’m a grown-ass woman. I’m not going to get skittish and run away at the first sign of a complication because I actually know where you stand with me. I care about you.”

“I fucked up, okay? I know that. But doesn’t the fact that I was worried about ruining our relationship demonstrate to you that I care? Granted, it was misguided—“

“Draco…I’m going to stop you right there. Just…take a few days. Think about what you really want.”

“I don’t need a few days. I know right now that I want you.”

“Draco. Take the damn days. I’m being generous here.” She turned away to walk towards her dorm.
Her Auror senses were finely tuned and when he made to follow her she barked. “Take. The damn. Days, Draco.”

He was left standing in the middle of the corridor gaping after her. Luckily there were no children about. Only Madam Pomfrey on her way to the Potions Supply Closet for more valerian root.

“FUCK!” Draco threw the first punch of his life at the wall.

“FUCK!” he cried as he cradled the fractured bones in his hand in pain.

Madam Pomfrey rolled her eyes. “That’s it. I’m retiring.”

Chapter End Notes

Those of you who also follow my story "High" might notice that this week's updates for both stories ended with Draco punching a wall and yelling "FUCK!". This was not intentional. With "High", it just happened. "High" Draco often punches walls when angered. It's actually something of a character foible. "Hot for Teacher" Draco has never thrown a punch in his life. The reason I ended it and chanced the weird parallel is because I couldn't resist the opportunity for Madam Pomfrey to catch Malfoy Sr. ACTUALLY punching a wall after tending to his son's hand when he allegedly "punched a wall."
Scorpius has a heart-to-heart with Hermione. Blaise Zabini gives Hermione some perspective. Harry and Draco have a talk.

Chapter Notes

For those of you who are interested, my inspiration for the scene in the previous chapter where Harry slaps James repeatedly in the head was this:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=k-SdNHq9RZc

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Scorpius could tell by the look on her face the day of the fight that Professor Granger was just as upset as he was that his dad didn’t tell him about their relationship. He felt bad for her. It wasn’t her fault.

He hoped they hadn’t broken up over it. As displeased as he still was at him, he wanted his dad to be happy. He thought about it all during DADA, searching Professor Granger’s face for signs of broken-heartedness. She looked a bit tired, and she wasn’t speaking with her usual easy charisma. She seemed a little sad too.

After class Scorpius made his way over to Professor Granger’s desk. There was a glimmer of something hesitant in her eyes as she smiled warmly at him.

“Mr. Malfoy. Do you need something?”

“Um…” he swallowed loudly. “I just wanted to let you know that… I wasn’t angry with my dad for dating you. I was just angry he didn’t tell me.”

She smiled sadly. “So was I.”

Scorpius nodded. “You didn’t break up with him for it did you?”

She widened her eyes and shook her head. “No. We’re just…taking a bit of space.”

“Yeah.” He bit his lip, carefully considering how he would craft his next question. It could come across tactless if he didn’t do it right. “May I ask you something personal, Professor Granger?”

She chuckled warmly. “Given the circumstances I don’t see why not.”

“Do you love my father?”

She tried and failed to mask the surprise on her face. “Well…we haven’t said it.”
“But…do you?” He noticed the hesitation in her eyes as she bit her lip and he realized what an enormous ask he was making of her. “I’m sorry, I know it’s probably rude to ask, especially since you haven’t said it to him yet. But I just…I think you should know that I don’t think my dad would have gone through so much trouble to keep this from me if he wasn’t really keen on you—that is, if he thought it would bother me, but he wanted to date you anyway. And I’ve…I don’t really remember my mother…” his voice trailed. “So I’ve never seen him like this before. So I guess what I’m asking is…do I need to be worried about him? Because if you don’t love him then you might break his heart and…I just don’t want to see that happen.”

Hermione’s eyes burned with the early stages of tears she fought to keep down. This was one hell of an endorsement. “Mr. Malf—that is… Scorpisus. Is it alright if I call you that?”

He nodded. “Given the circumstances I don’t see why not.”

She chuckled. “Scorpisus, I’m still working out how I feel about your dad. Just like he’s working out how he feels about me. But I promise you that the last thing I’d ever want to do is hurt him. He…” she swallowed. “He means a great deal to me. Does that answer your question?”

Scorpisus nodded. “I think it does. Thank you.” He turned to leave the classroom, but stopped himself just before he got to the door. “And Professor Granger?”

“Yes, Scorpisus?”

“Don’t be too hard on my dad. I mean I know I’m one to talk because I’m not exactly thrilled with him myself right now, but…just…maybe hear him out.”

She smiled. “I’ll take that into consideration.”

After her and Scorpisus’s conversation, Hermione felt the need to get out of the castle for some fresh air. So she did what many emotional adults do when they need to clear their head—she self-medicated with alcohol to cloud it up even more. Hermione sighed as she sipped her butterbeer.

Draco had been relentless the past few days, sending her flowers and chocolates and various other apology-gifts. It was sweet, but it wasn’t what she wanted. All these gifts did was prove that he was happy in their relationship and he wanted it to continue. But they didn’t show her the one thing she needed from him—that he was willing to commit to her. She hoped Scorpisus was right about his dad’s feelings for her. But she wanted to hear it from Draco himself.

She groaned into her bottle. “Ugh, gross. I sound like such a girl.”

“Well unless m’boy Draco has been secretly batting for the other team, I do believe that’s what you are, Granger.” The smooth drawl of Blaise Zabini announced his arrival to the pub.

“Zabini? What are you doing here?”

“I was hoping to find you at the castle, but a house elf told me you popped into the village for a drink.”

“Hmph. Nice to see Hogwarts’s security is just as air tight as ever.” She sipped her butterbeer with casual vitriol.
“Don’t you want to know why I came to see you?”

“I imagine it has something to do with a certain blond man-baby I’m dating.”

“Your intellect is truly awe-inspiring.” He sat next to her on a barstool.

“I didn’t say you could sit.”

“You know it’s moments like this when I question Draco’s taste. You don’t have a monopoly on this chair.”

She rolled her eyes. “What do you want, Zabini?”

“Talk to Draco.”

She took a long swig of her drink. “Why?”

“Granger, I don’t know what sort of game you think you’re playing with him, but you need to stop.”

She narrowed her eyes at him. “Game? What makes you think I’m playing a game with him? I’m not the one who strung him along for the past couple of months with no intention to make our relationship public.”

Blaise rolled his eyes. “Enough with the dramatics, already. You make it sound like he’s been hiding you in the attic. All he did was hold back on telling his son, which is hardly a crime.”

Hermione narrowed her eyes. “It’s the principle of the—“

“—Before you start on some mind-numbing tirade about ‘principles’ and a load of other undoubtedly naïve Gryffindor tripe, let me just say that I don’t entirely think he was in the right here. I told him a long time ago that he needed to tell his son about you. That said, I’m concerned that you won’t even hear him out.”

Hermione ignored the quip. “Did he send you to mediate?”

“Draco doesn’t know I’m here, and I’d appreciate it if you didn’t say anything to him about it. I’m here because he’s my best friend and I don’t like seeing him sulk around like a kicked Crup.”

“Well maybe he should have thought of that before—“

“—Granger, with all due respect…please just cut the diva shit, shut the fuck up, and hear me out.”

Hermione was not used to being talked to like that. A diva? I’m not a diva. How dare he? Doesn’t he know who I am?

“Look, Granger…Draco’s crazy about you.”

“I know that. I’m crazy about him too. That’s not the issue.”

“The issue is that you’re worried he’s content to stay in this cutsie little limbo without ever actually committing to you.”

Hermione raised her eyebrows in surprise. Who ever knew that Blaise Zabini possessed an iota of emotional intelligence? “Yeah, that’s basically it.”

“You do recall that he got married to Astoria when he was nineteen? He’s not exactly afraid of
commitment.”

“That was different.”

“I agree. Now he’s older, wiser, and even more intense. Jesus Granger, you should hear the way he talks about you. Believe me, the bloke’s in love with you.”

Hermione blushed and bit down the urge to ask for specifics regarding exactly what Draco had been saying about her. “Well this is the first I’m hearing of it.”

“Probably because he’s bloody terrified of you. And intimidated. He might seem like he has it all, but he’s lost almost everything that means anything to him. Except Scorpius. So maybe he’s a bit overprotective of that kid. Doesn’t change the fact that when Draco loves someone, they become his entire world. You’ll never be loved by anyone the way you’ll be loved by Draco Malfoy.”

Hermione remained silent during Blaise’s speech. She gulped.

Blaise continued. “He’s given you the power to hurt him and you’re bloody well doing it. So either put him out of his misery, or talk to him. But stop playing the pissy girlfriend card because we both know that’s not who you are.”

Hermione couldn’t hide the smile that crept up on her face. “Thanks, Zabini.”

“For what?”

“For caring enough to talk about him behind his back.”

Blaise rolled his eyes. “Maybe I’m just sick of seeing him transformed into a mopey, pussy-whipped little bitch-boy. You ruined a good man, Granger.”

“I haven’t ruined him yet.”

“Right, well try not to, yeah?”

Hermione chuckled. “I don’t believe it. You’re actually a good person, Blaise Zabini.”

Blaise gave her a polite nod. “Thank you. And please don’t think I’m in any way exaggerating when I say that if you tell anyone, I will have trained assassins on your doorstep faster than you can say ‘time-to-call-in-a-favor-from-my-dodgy-mob-uncles.’”

“’Take the damn days, Draco,’ she says. Bloody infuriating woman.” Draco was testy. He didn’t want any more space. Space was overrated. He’d had nothing but space his entire life. Just look at his bloody house, for Chrissake.

He wanted her. And she hadn’t responded to any of his messages or gifts. Maybe he should send another one.

He heard the Floo go off in the living room and he dragged himself up from his chair to inspect the situation. He was surprised to find Harry Potter standing in the fireplace.

“Get in, bitch. We’re going shopping.”
“What?”

Harry shrugged. “I’ve just always wanted to say that. By the way, please don’t tell Hermione I like that movie.”

“What movie?”

“Never mind. I’ve come to collect you and take you to get drinks because I hear that you’ve become a danger to yourself.”

Draco scoffed. “Hardly. I just miss her.”

“Great. So let’s go.”

“What makes you think I’m free right now or that I even want to go?”

Harry rolled his eyes. “I’ll bet that if I went back in that study right now I’d find a half-written letter to Hermione on your desk, positively dripping with emasculating desperation.”

Draco narrowed his eyes at Harry and opened his mouth several times before finally speaking. “Fine, let’s go.”

The two former rivals sat together in the Leaky Cauldron, each nursing a double neat Firewhiskey.

Draco sighed. “So what can I say to her that—“

“—Nope. All wrong. Not here to talk about Hermione.” Harry took a healthy swig of his beverage.

Draco eyed him curiously. “You’re her best friend. You could at least give me a little advice.”

“Mmm. But then that would mean getting involved wouldn’t it? I promised myself ever since that night at the Three Broomsticks, when the two of you wouldn’t stop eye-fucking each other, that I would have no part in this.”

“So what is this if not you getting involved? Why did you drag me out of my comfortable home to come here and drink shitty bottom-shelf Firewhiskey if not to talk to me about Hermione?”

Harry closed his eyes and rubbed his temples. “Malfoy…listen up, because I’m only going to say this once.” He inhaled deeply. “There is a slight possibility that I might not think that you’re the worst person on earth.”

Draco raised his eyebrows. “Wow…Potter. That’s…” Draco was moved. “I don’t know what to say.”

“Just hush up and drink your drink. No need to get all gushy about it.” Harry rolled his eyes and took another sip of his Firewhiskey.

Draco nodded. “So this is you…what? Feeling sorry for me?”

Harry shrugged. “Maybe I just couldn’t stomach the idea of you morphing into a human tissue and blubbing all over that big, tacky house of yours.”
“I was hardly—“

“—Eh-eh-eh. That wasn’t a question.”

Draco opened his mouth to retort, but realized it was futile. He had been utterly miserable the last few days. There was no need lying about it to a guy trained in detecting falsehoods. “Thanks, I guess,” Draco said.

Harry nodded. “You’re welcome. I guess.”

The two men sat in silence for a time before ordering another round. Draco sipped his Firewhiskey morosely. He sighed as he stared into the glass.

“Oh my god, you are the worst drinking buddy I’ve ever had. Stop pouting into your drink.”

“You know, I’m beginning to see where that deviant son of yours gets it.” Draco retorted.

Harry scowled. “Hey now. I can say it. You can’t. James is my son and he’s—“

“—An arsehole, Potter. Your son’s an arsehole.”

Harry sighed. “Eh, who am I kidding? He’s a bully. Ginny and I are thinking about sending him to his Cousin Dudley’s for the summer. Put him to work in the kitchen. Maybe try to spark some…moral fiber or something in him.” Harry sipped his drink. “And hey, for what it’s worth… I’m sorry about all the shite James pulled with Scorpius. I’m pretty ashamed of him.”

Draco waived it off. “Don’t apologize, Potter. Scorp’s made of stronger stuff than I give him credit for.”

Harry chuckled. “Yeah he did beat the stuffing out of James. Which…I have to say…was exactly what he had coming to him.”

Draco grinned. “I’d prefer he didn’t fight at all, but still…” He snickered. “You know…Hermione taught them ‘defensive combat’ in her DADA class. I teased her about it.” He shook his head fondly. “Not teaching him to fist-fight, my arse.” He threw back the contents of his drink.

Harry raised a questioning eyebrow. “How do you do it?”

Draco narrowed his eyes. “What? Drink this swill? Easy. Just hold your breath and don’t think about it.”

Harry rolled his eyes. “Not the Firewhiskey, you inevitable prat. You and Scorpius are so close. You seem to just get each other. How do you do it?”

“I’m not exactly sure that I’m the best person to ask right now. My son won’t even talk to me.” He motioned the bartender for another round.

Harry snorted. “Yeah, I don’t feel sorry for you. Your son won’t talk to you because he practically worships you and considers you to be his best friend. And when you up and got a girlfriend without telling him about it you hurt his feelings. Yeah, Malfoy. Sounds bloody awful to have a relationship like that with your son.”

Draco sighed. “I really bollocksed things up. With Scorpius, with Hermione—I didn’t want to hurt either of them. I just wanted to wait until…. .” He shook his head.

“Until…things were serious. And you’re not there yet. It’s not a crime, Malfoy.”
Draco shook his head. “But you see Potter, that’s just the thing. I am serious about her. Fucking serious.”

Harry shifted uncomfortably in his seat. “This almost sounds like we’re entering into the dangerous territory of talking about Hermione.”

Draco nodded. “Yeah, I guess so.”

“To move onto a safer topic, I know you hear this all the time, but you should be proud of Scorpius. He’s a great kid. Ginny and I really like having him over.”

Draco nodded. “Thanks, Potter. And the same goes for Albus. He’s a funny little bloke, isn’t he?”

Harry chuckled. “I didn’t know they came like that before Ginny and I had him. I just wish I was…I don’t know…a better father to him. And to James too.” He sighed. “Sometimes I just don’t understand my sons.”

Draco shrugged. “Well, I only met James the once so I’m probably not in any position to make comments on his character. But I can tell you this about Albus—he’s going places in life. He actually knows who he is. Gods I would have given anything to have known that when I was thirteen.”

Harry laughed. “Merlin, you’re right. My thirteen-year-old is wiser than I am.”

“Join the club. Scorpius is a hell of a lot smarter than me.”

“Yeah, that kid is nothing like you, Malfoy.”

Draco grinned. “That’s not true at all. We’re very much alike. It’s just not the sort of thing you see right away. But if you pay attention, you can really notice the parallels between us.”

Harry sucked in a breath through his teeth. “This is going to sound really bad, so please don’t judge me for it. Like…I’m invoking a Brotherhood of the Fathers or some sort of equivalent shit on this.”

Harry exhaled deeply. “Sometimes I wish Albus and James were just a little bit more like me. Or just…more relatable so I could understand them. Albus especially. I feel like he’s so…isolated.”

Draco shook his head. “That’s not so bad. You want a real relationship with your sons. Nothing wrong with that. But you’ve got to let them be them.” He grimaced slightly. “Well…Albus at least. He’s cool. James…I mean maybe hope he’ll meet a sweet girl like I did and do a total one-eighty on his personality—“

“—Fingers crossed on that one—“

“—But they just need to know that you accept them. I was like that at their age. I would have done anything to get my father to notice me.”

Harry guffawed. “Yeah, like get a creepy, Deathy tattoo on your forearm and conduct feeble assassination attempts on a senile old man.”

Draco narrowed his eyes. “Rude.”

Harry grimaced. “Yeah, sorry.”

“The point is, you can have a relationship with them, but it’s got to be with them. Not some other version of them.”

Harry sighed. “I bought Albus a Firebolt 3000 for his birthday this year.”
Draco’s eyes widened. “And Father of the Year goes to…?”

“He hates Quidditch.”

Draco snorted. “Okay.”

“And flying.”

“Well bloody hell, Potter. How much money did you throw away on an professional racing broom for a thirteen-year-old who doesn’t even like flying?”

“Says Richie Rich.”

“Who’s that?”

“Don’t worry about it. My point is, I tried to make my kid into somebody else. I’m a bad father.”

Draco rolled his eyes. “If you’re expecting me to rub your back and tell you what a darling, wonderful parent you are, you’ve come to the wrong place. Don’t you have a wife to do that sort of thing?”

Harry chuckled. “You know sometimes I forget that you’re a widower.”

Draco sighed, staring off into the distance. “Sometimes… it’s not bloody fair to her.”

Harry chuckled. “You know sometimes I forget that you’re a widower.”

Draco sighed, staring off into the distance. “Sometimes… it’s not bloody fair to her.”

Draco shook his head. “No, Astoria wouldn’t want me to be alone forever. It’s just that… Hermione makes me so happy and sometimes… there are these glimmers of moments where… where I can hardly remember a time when she wasn’t in my life.”

Harry grimaced slightly, eyes widenening in disbelief. “Oh fuck. You love her don’t you?”

Draco swirled his Firewhiskey contemplatively. “…I think so.”

“Well what the fuck, Malfoy? Why haven’t you told her that? You realize that all your troubles with her would go away if you did, right?”

“I don’t want to scare her off, Potter. I told myself I wouldn’t rush this. I mean, I got married at nineteen! Who does that?”

Harry shook his head incredulously and began holding up fingers. “Ron. Susan. I got married at eighteen. Ginny was seventeen because I was a big, fat lecher and I knocked her up before she even graduated—“

“—I get it Potter. We were all a bunch of sappy children. But things were different then. The war had ended. We were all just happy to be alive. But Hermione wasn’t like that. She was fierce and independent. She wouldn’t want some simpering ponce of a boyfriend who pushes her into things she’s not ready for.”
“Yeah because Hermione just loves when people decide for her what she wants and doesn’t want.”

Draco sighed. “You’re right, Potter. I should just man up.”

Harry rubbed his face irritably. “I swore that I wouldn’t get involved in this. Just when I thought I was out, they pull me back in.”

“What’s they?”

Harry rolled his eyes. “Okay look here Romeo, if you are going to be with my best friend for an indefinite amount of forever, then we seriously need to catch you up on your cinematic education because you need to be able to keep up with our references.”

Draco rolled his eyes. “Fair enough.” He sipped his Firewhiskey, grimacing at its aftertaste. “And if I’m going to be stuck with you, Potter, then you need to learn how to drink, because this really is god-awful stuff.”

“Just drink it and stop complaining, you fastidious fucker. Cheap liquor is the only thing for girl-troubles.”

Draco snorted. “Why couldn’t I have fallen in love with a woman who doesn’t come with a load of gits attached at her hip?” He sighed, smiling stupidly. “She’s worth it, though.”

Harry gaped at the twitterpated wizard. “Oh my god, I’m going to have to quit my fucking job.”

Chapter End Notes

On the next chapter of "Hot for Teacher"...there be Albus.

Movie references from: Mean Girls; Richie Rich; The Godfather Pt. III

Also, the title references the Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring soundtrack, where there is a tract called "Many Meetings"--because I am a multifaceted nerd.
Get It

Chapter Summary

Albus gets it. Scorpius gets it. Rose gets it. Hermione gets it. Draco gets it.

Chapter Notes

Okay so I know I'm later than usual, but Easter weekend was exhausting! There will probably be two more chapters after this and then the story will be complete. THEN the sequel, of which I'm still trying to figure out the logistics.

THANK YOU ALL FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART for sticking with this story. Just over two months ago we started this crazy thing together and it's so hard to believe it's become this big. It never would have gotten to this point had I not had the support of you guys, egging me on and enabling me.

“It’s fucking cold.”

Scorpius rolled his eyes. Albus never was one to stand for even a moment of physical discomfort. Honestly, people thought he was spoiled. “So go back to the castle and take the carriages with the first and second years.”

“Absolutely not. What if I accidentally exercised? I don’t think the female population of Hogwarts is ready for that.”

It was the last day of term, and all the students from the third year up were waiting for the Hogwarts Express in Hogsmeade. Some browsed the shops and did a bit of last minute shopping. Some snuggled inside Madam Puddifoot’s Tea Shop for some last cozy moments with their significant other. Some piled inside the Hog’s Head to get good and pissed before spending the next few weeks at home with their families.

“Should we pop over to the Three Broomsticks?” Albus asked.

“Meh. I don’t know. I'm sort of bored with it. And I think we should at least make an attempt to patron other—“

“Scorpius!”

He turned to find a red-headed figure bounding towards him. He flushed pink.

“We were just about to go to the Three Broomsticks,” Rose motioned to her friend—an ash blond Gryffindor girl whose name Scorpius had never mustered the energy to remember. “Would you two like to join us?”

Scorpius’s heart pounded in his chest. “That’s so funny. I was just saying to Albus how much I’d like to go there.”
Rose beamed. “It’s my favorite place in Hogsmeade.”

“Mine too. I love the Three Broomsticks. Albus, tell her how much I love the Three Broomsticks.”

Albus rolled his eyes and inspected the cleanliness of his fingernails. “He loves the Three Broomsticks,” he droned dully.

Rose grinned. “Great. Well…shall we?”

As Scorpius smiled after Rose, he felt a hard smack to the back of his head. “Ow! What the bloody hell was that for?”

“As precious as the two of you are to watch, I never agreed to be your wing man—”

“—I know—.”

“—But of course I’m going to do it anyway because I made a bet with Simon as to which of you would finally win this game of will they/won’t they chicken you’re playing with each other—”

“—You’re a treasure. Truly you are—.”

“—And you’re insane if you think you can keep dragging this out. My Galleons might be on her—“

“—Oi, mate. Really?—“

“—but if I have to sit through an hour of watching you two blush behind your hands at each other so help me God I will puke so profusely Madam Rosmerta’s floors will never be the same again.”

Scorpius huffed. “You done?”

“Quite.”

“I owe you one.”

Albus scoffed as he followed Scorpius into the pub. “I’ve lost count of all the ‘ones’ you owe me at this point.”

The pub was warm and packed with students. Scorpius and Albus made their way to a table where Rose and…Scorpius wanted to say Gemma (?)…were waiting.

Rose beamed at him. “I already ordered us some drinks. Both of you know Jenny, right?”

Close enough.

“Of course we remember her, don’t we Albus?” He turned to his sulky friend who slid into the chair next to him, ignoring the question.

Albus leaned back in the chair casually, reached into his back, and retrieved a book. Jenny rolled her eyes at the cover, which read You’re Not Alone: How to Live With A Huge Penis.

Scorpius nudged his friend. “Al, do you really think now’s the right time to catch up on your reading?”

Albus licked a finger as he turned a page. “Absolutely, it is.” He coughed and nudged his head to the left. Scorpius followed the gesture to find Monica standing at the bar, looking at the four of them with narrowed eyes. She disguised a laugh as her eyes fell on Albus.
“You should go talk to her.”

Albus’s attention would not be diverted from his book. “Nah.” He turned another page. “Don’t you need me here?”

Scorpius flushed red and chanced a glance at Rose, who observed the two boys with confusion. He dropped his voice to a whisper. “If I strike out, it’ll be on me. It shouldn’t keep you from chatting up the girl you like.”

Albus sighed as he shut his book. “K.” He sauntered over to Monica, grinning as he took in her lace up leather boots and black nail polish. Like many Slytherin girls, she experimented with a slightly punkish look. Unlike many Slytherin girls, she actually pulled it off. With her flared skirt and large green eyes she reminded him of one of those portraits of a punk fairy propped up on a giant mushroom.

“Hey,” he said.

“Hey.”

The two stood in comfortable silence for a few moments. Albus pointed to her feet. “I like your boots.”

“Thanks.”

Another stretch of non-awkward silence passed. This is why Albus liked Monica—she never gave the impression that he made her uncomfortable. Sure she might act like she didn’t like him, but he’d rather have that any day than yet another person who looked at him like he was the Unabomber.

“That book you were reading looked hilarious.”

He shrugged. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. It’s a serious self-help manual for men who suffer in silence.”

Monica smirked. “You’re the weirdest person I’ve ever met.”

He nodded. “I get that a lot.”

She rolled her eyes. “You came over here to talk to me because you like me, right?”

Albus’s eyes widened. This was quite new. What was this…odd sensation he felt? Hmm. Very interesting. Was it…could it be…social tension? Huh. So this is what most people felt when they spoke to him?

It wasn’t really that bad. People can be such wimps.

He pursed his lips. “Well, this social interaction really isn’t going the way I rehearsed in the shower.”

________________________________________

Rose and Scorpius smiled shyly at one another from across the table, each tucking into their butterbeers in an attempt to hide their blushing faces. Jenny rolled her eyes and began looking around the room for other people she knew.

“So,” Rose said. “We haven’t studied together in a while.”
Scorpius bit his lip. “Yeah, I’m sorry about that. I’ve had detention every day for the past couple of weeks.”

“Oh, right. Because of the fight.”

“Yeah.”

There was a moment of awkward silence between them. They each attempted to quell the tension by taking a quick sip of their beverage.

“You know,” Rose said, wiping the foam from her mouth (the motion of which did not go undetected by Scorpius), “I did tell you not to go after him that day.”

“I know,” he said with a laugh. “You were right, as usual.”

She grinned. “You should remember that.”

“Oh, I will,” he said with a smirk.

Jenny made an audible “Ugh” sound and retreated from the table to join a pair of Hufflepuffs she barely knew, but who had the advantage in that they were not combustively flirting with one another.

“Are you going back to the Manor for Christmas?” Rose asked.

“Um,” Scorpius looked guiltily into his mug. “No. Actually I’m going to the Potters’.”

Rose narrowed her eyes. “You do know James lives there too, right?”

Scorpius rolled his eyes. “Yeah, I know. But he’ll spend most of his time in his room. And he won’t try anything in front of his Mum and Dad.”

Rose nodded. “And your dad is alright with that? That you’re not spending Christmas with him?”

Scorpius sighed. If he was being honest with himself he hated that he was leaving his dad alone on Christmas. It was admittedly a shitty thing to do. But things had been so tense between them this year. He just wasn’t ready to face it yet. This romantic rival dynamic that had happened between them had brought out parts of each of them that, while Scorpius knew it wasn’t who they really were, had shifted their relationship. Either way, his dad had gone from never, ever, ever lying to him or withholding anything from him, to covertly sneaking around and making Scorpius’s former crush his girlfriend. Despite all this, the guilt Scorpius felt at leaving his dad high and dry during the Christmas hols left a bitter taste in his mouth.

“Are you alright?” Rose asked. “You look a bit pale. I mean…more so than usual.”

Scorpius attempted to smile at her quip. “Yeah, I’m fine. Um…could you excuse me for a moment?” He stood up and walked quickly in the direction of the loo. Maybe he was going to be sick. He turned the knob on the door and…HOLY SHIT, REALLY????

What he saw on the other side of the door immediately dissolved any thought he might have had of vomiting up his butterbeer.

“Albus? What the fuck are you two doing?”

Albus and Monica were wrapped rather tightly around each other, their lips swollen from the rigorous snog session Scorpius had just interrupted. Neither seemed too bothered at being discovered.
Albus turned to Monica. “I’ll be right back.”

She nodded, inspecting the state of her hair in the mirror.

Albus directed Scorpius out of the loo. “What’s up?”

Scorpius gaped at his friend. “Wwwh—? What was that? How...how did that even happen?”

Albus shrugged. “I don’t really know. I complimented her boots, because they’re awesome. And she complimented my choice in literature, because it’s awesome. And...” he pursed his lips in contemplation. “Then we had a bit of a chat. And it seemed to be going alright. It didn’t seem like she was too anxious to run away or anything. So I just asked her if she wanted to make out. And she said yes. And then we did that for a bit, which was good until you came in and interrupted us.” He shot his friend a reproachful look.

Scorpius gaped at his friend. “That’s it? You just asked her if she would snog you?”

“Well, I might not be wizard aristocracy like you, mate. But I’m not so crass as to just snog a bird without asking her nicely first.”

Scorpius did a serious of double takes, his mouth agape. “How? How did you just ask her?”

Albus shrugged. “In English, I think. Unless she speaks Klingon. Or Hungarian, which is something I picked up a bit over the summer—”

“—No. No, no, that’s not what I meant. I mean how did you ask her? Did you just say, ‘Hey, Mon. Fancy a snog?’ And she just went for it?”

Albus nodded. “I mean I did it a bit smoother than that, but yeah, pretty much. I just thought she looked pretty today, so I told her. She seemed pleased, and I thought ‘Hey. Maybe she likes me more than I thought.’ So I went for it. And it worked.”

Scorpius felt he had been punched in the gut. Here Albus was, snogging a girl who not one hour ago he would have sworn hated his guts, and he couldn’t even tell the girl he had been steadily studying and flirting with for the past two months that he liked her. It was unbelievable. “I need to sit down for a second to process this,” Scorpius said, headed for the loo.

“Nupe. Not happening.” Albus put an arm around his shoulders and turned him in the opposite direction. “You need to go back out there and tell Rose you like her already so I can go back in there and snog the living daylights out of Mon.” He clapped him on the back. “I believe in you, mate.” He turned to go back inside the loo.

“No, Al, wait!” Scorpius grabbed Albus’s arm and spun him around. “I can’t do it. I know I should because I like her and she likes me, but I just can’t bloody do it.”

“What are you talking about? You blatantly propositioned Professor Granger for sex. Surely you can tell a thirteen-year-old girl you fancy her.”

“Yeah, and that worked out just fucking great for me, didn’t it? Forgive me if my confidence is a bit frayed from that experience.”

Albus sighed. “Scorp. You’re my best mate in the whole world. And I love you like a brother. But I swear to fucking Merlin if you don’t go out there and proclaim your undying love to my irritating relative then by God I will mess up your hair.” He narrowed his eyes at Scorpius, who subconsciously brought a hand up to his impeccably mussed hair which he had spent an
embarrassing amount of time on that morning. “I will mess it up so much that you’ll have to wash it again.” Scorpius gasped. “Exactly,” Albus continued. “You’ll have to wash it twice in one day like a bloody barbarian. The texture will be all wrong and it’ll take you several days to get it back on a schedule.”

“Okay, okay, okay!” Scorpius held up his hands in surrender. “I’ll do it.”

“Good man,” Albus clapped him on the back and returned to the loo.

Scorpius gulped. Albus had to be joking. This was impossible. How did people do this? Now, more than ever, he wished he could talk to his dad. He would know exactly what to say. I mean just look at the woman he bagged as his girlfriend. He exhaled. “I can do this. I’m a Malfoy. Malfoys are studs.”

He sauntered over to her, smirking with a confidence he didn’t remotely feel. When she looked up at him with those large blue eyes he felt his smirk melt.

Yeah, I can’t.

“Are you sure you’re alright? You look ill.”

Scorpius scoffed. “I’m brilliant. Are you sure you’re alright?”

Rose eyed him. “Is this because I asked about your dad? I heard about him and Aunt Hermione.” She sighed. “You…you don’t still fancy her do you? Because you know that’s—“

“Rose, will you be my girlfriend?”

Her eyes widened into saucers. “What?”

“What?” He couldn’t believe he just said that.

“You…you want me to be your girlfriend?”

They each were flushing so hotly they might have been able to heat the entire pub between the two of them.

Scorpius stared unblinkingly at a spot on the table. “Um…yeah?” He sighed, shutting his eyes. Great job there, Casanova. Have you gone temporarily insane?

He glanced up at her hesitantly, his breath hitching at the sight of her lips twitching up into a sweet smile.

Fuck it.

“I don’t fancy Professor Granger, Rose. I fancy you. I have done for some time now.”

She smiled brightly. “I fancy you too.”

You DOG, you!

“Oh. Good. Brilliant.” A dopey grin spread across his face. “So…do you want to be—“

“Yes.”

He blinked. Once, twice, three times at his new girlfriend. He then glanced at the loo, where Albus
and Monica were still, undoubtedly, sucking the life out of each other’s faces. He looked back at Rose, who was smiling shyly at him. “I can’t believe that bloody worked,” he murmured under his breath.

Rose giggled and stood up from her seat.

*Where is she going? Don’t go!*

She walked over to his side of the table and sat next to him. “Hi.”

He gulped. “Hi,” he responded, his voice croaky.

She leaned into him and he instinctively felt his eyelids close as he met her in the middle. The cinnamon scent of her hair engulfed his senses, drugging him. When their lips met he dropped a hand to his thigh to pinch himself just to make certain he wasn’t dreaming this.

He was kissing *Rose Weasley* and she was kissing him back!

His whole world was cinnamon and soft lips and the sweet taste of the butterbeer she had been drinking. He’d never kissed anyone before and hoped he was doing it right because he couldn’t remember the last time he felt this good. When he felt her nibble on his bottom lip he moaned in the back of his throat. He couldn’t give a rat’s arse that they were in the middle of the Three Broomsticks and pretty much every student there was watching them.

When they broke apart he felt disoriented, like he had just woken up from an afternoon nap in the middle of an unusual place. He stared at her through glassy eyes, smiling stupidly. “That was…really nice,” he said bashfully.

She nodded. “*Really nice.*”

He blinked slowly, still feeling drunk. “What kind of shampoo do you use?”

She raised her eyebrows questioningly. “What?”

“Your hair. It smells really good—like cinnamon. And I only wondered—“

“—*My god* you’re such a poncey prat,” she said as she leaned forward and kissed him again.

When he felt her hands move to his hair, messing it up slightly, he couldn’t care less.

Draco stared at the Floo.

*Maybe I should go pick him up anyway.*

But he knew that would backfire. He had always respected his son in the past when he needed space.

*Merlin, what is it with the people I love needing space from me?*

When Draco received an owl a few days ago from Scorpius informing him that he would be spending the Christmas hols with the Potters, he bit down the urge to play the parent card (which he had never needed to do before) and send a Howler to the boy, informing him that he was expected at
the Manor for Christmas because he was the father and he said so. But of course, he knew that it would only make for the most awkward, tense holiday in the history of the Manor.

Well…except maybe that one where Lord Voldemort played house guest and just never fucking left, but it would definitely be a close second.

At least top five.

Possibly top ten.

He sighed. Scorpius needed space. Hermione needed space. Scorpius would forgive him eventually because he had to. He was his son and no amount of space could ever change that. He was effectively stuck with him for a father.

But Hermione was another matter. She could end it any time she wanted. Not that Draco would make it easy for her if she did. His conversation with Potter gave him a lot to think about. But one thing was for certain—he loved Hermione Granger.

Just tell her you wanker! Stop stalling.

No more stalling. No more cowardice. He couldn't afford anymore miscommunications with the people in his life.

He grabbed his pen…

Hermione balled up yet another sheet of paper and threw it behind her desk. She lost count of how many letters she began to Draco, only to find that for once in her life, words failed her.

Dear Draco,

I suck at apologizing, so please don’t make me.

Okay, that was absolute garbage. How about…

Dear Draco,

My vibrator just isn’t the same—

Scratch that. The last thing she needed him to think is that she doesn’t take their relationship seriously—like she accused Draco of. Draco, the perfect boyfriend who sat patiently and listened to her and Harry prattle on with their Princess Bride quotes, never complaining…wait.

Draco didn’t know anything about Muggle culture? He wouldn’t know if she just…
Dear Draco,

To me, you are perfect.

She was interrupted as a sleek eagle owl flew into her window bearing a small envelope. She immediately recognized it as Draco’s owl. “Thank you,” she said to the owl, gently stroking it behind the ears. She opened the envelope to read the note. It read:

I took the days. I know what I want. And I know I don’t want any more of them without you.

--Draco

It was better than Love Actually. It was better than anything because it was for her. She felt a sting behind her eyes, signaling the tears that threatened to spill.

Fuck it.

She stormed over to the Floo, heavy with resolve.

When she emerged from the Floo in the Manor’s living room, she bumped heads with Draco, who was attempting to step in the moment she appeared.

“Ow—“

“—Ow!”

They both took a moment to recover, then looked at each other openly. They each wore identical expressions of honesty and vulnerability.

Draco gulped. “I was just coming to see you.”

“I beat you to it.”

He nodded, breathing heavily. “I fucking love you, Hermione.”

She nodded, feeling as though she would combust.

They lunged for each other, desperate to claim the other’s lips. There they stood, smoldering in the Floo, wrapped so tightly around each other they could have melted into one being. Hermione lost track of how long they stood like that. She forgot her name. She forgot the speech she prepared in the twenty seconds between reading the note and stepping into the Floo.

When they broke apart, he looked at her with so much love, his pewter eyes burning into her amber ones.

She smiled brightly. “I love you too.”

He sighed with relief, running his thumb over her cheekbone. “Fuck discreet. We suck at it anyway.”
The Prodigal Son Returns

Chapter Summary

Smut. Scorpius goes to the Potters. He comes to a decision.

Chapter Notes

There's a Mean Girls quote buried in here because why not?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Fuck discreet. We suck at it anyway.”

The resolve in his eyes was borderline animalistic and it sent a jolt of warmth straight to Hermione’s lower region, reminding her of the price her sex life paid for this tiff with Draco. Her breathing picked up. “Does this mean—“

“—Oh, I’m shouting this from the rooftops.”

Her mouth formed an “O” just before he grabbed the back of her neck and smashed their mouths together. He swallowed the squeal of surprise and smirked as he plundered her willing mouth.

“I’ve missed you—“, kiss, “—so much,” he whispered into her lips.

She moaned in response and her clever fingers began undoing the buttons on his shirt.

He growled in the back of this throat in recognition and his hands practically vibrated as he moved them all over her. “Mmm, mmm, mmm, not here;“ he reluctantly pulled back. “Hold onto me.”

She narrowed her eyes questioningly, as her heart pounded far too hard for her to form words at the moment. She felt the familiar jolt in her naval as her fingers dug into Draco’s arms. She looked around the palatial room. “You Apparated us to your bedroom?”

“Couldn’t wait,” he said as he pulled her flush against him and devoured her mouth again.

Hermione was in a daze as she and Draco divested one another of their clothes. When he picked her up and threw her on the bed, she momentarily found herself wondering if they actually ripped each other’s clothes off because she had no real memory of the last minute and a half. Devil Hermione had taken over and right now the only thing that mattered was that she was about to shag the living daylights out of the blond man crawling over her right now.

He wasted no time and attacked her lips, grabbing handfuls of her, gliding his hands over the expanse of her body. He couldn’t even think. His body was acting of its own accord with one goal in mind: fuck this witch’s brains out.

He couldn’t even stop to play with her like he usually did. There would be none of the usual methods of foreplay. Her body language told him everything he needed to know. She was ready for
him.

“Please,” she keened.

That one word rang in his ears like a prayer. *Fuck my life, I love this witch so much.*

He positioned himself at her entrance and pushed. Their simultaneous moan could have brought the house down.

“Oh-my-god-I-love-you-so-much-Hermione—“

“—Fuck-yes-Draco-please-God-fuck-me!”

He would have given her anything she asked for—the sky, the moon, her own private island—but all she asked for was that he fuck her into oblivion. So that’s what he did.

He was out-of-his-mind, crazy with love and lust for this woman. He’d never felt so needy in his life. The compulsion to bury himself so deep inside her that she’d never not feel him there was driving him insane.

“Oh god, Draco, yes!”, she screamed.

He growled as he snapped his hips even harder and faster. “That’s right, Hermione,” he locked eyes with hers. “You’re mine. You’re the brightest,” thrust, “witch,” thrust, “of your age,” thrust, “and you’re getting fucked into the mattress by Draco Malfoy.”

She moaned like a well-paid whore at that. *Gods,* who knew she liked being talked to like this?

He ground his pelvis against her clit, sending shock waves of pleasure all throughout her body. Even her elbows seemed to rejoice at the primitive pounding she was receiving.

“I want you to come,” he growled. “I want you to scream my name.”

His words penetrated a part of her she didn’t know existed and her whole body seemed to hum. It only took a few more moments of this rhythmic grinding and thrusting and she came like a freight train. “Fuck, fuck, oh fuuuck, Draco!” she screamed as wave after wave of her orgasm ripped through her body. She felt like she would disintegrate into nothing.

She clamped down so hard on him he felt it from all sides. “Aaaaggghhhh!” he moaned as he exploded inside her. He saw stars and colors he never knew existed. He needed more of her, so he claimed her lips in a fierce kiss, taking everything he could from her.

They stayed like that for many moments after, kissing and panting and catching their breaths after the best sex either of them had ever had. Draco finally pulled back and looked into her eyes. He licked his lips.

“I…Hermione, that was—“

“I know.”

He smiled widely and stroked her face. They said nothing more. There was no need.
Whimsy, along with three other house elves dusted the library with pained expressions on their face. They wanted to give their Master privacy and they might have been able to ignore the faint thumping of his bed in the distance, and even the echo of his and Miss Hermione’s combined grunts and moans, if not for the sound that came next.

“Oh, god, Draco, yes!”

Whimsy sighed deeply. “Miss Hermione is loud. Whimsy goes to get earplugs.”

One of the younger house elves snorted. “Master Draco is not much quieter.”

The other house elves giggled just before wincing with the realization that they had just criticized, albeit lightly, their master.

Whimsy rounded on them, “No. Master Draco does not like it when we punishes ourselves. We is not going to hurt ourselves. Master Draco is loud, and we just needs to plug up our ears so we can give him the privacy he is needing with his Miss Hermione.” She passed out the earplugs.

“Will Miss Hermione become our mistress do you thinks?”, one of the house elves asked as he inserted his ear plugs.

Whimsy chuckled. “Miss Hermione is nice. And Master Draco pines for her all week when she is not speaking with him.” She smirked in an odd characterization of her master. “Whimsy is thinking we will be needing to use ear plugs lots more in the future.”

Scorpius and Albus stepped through the fireplace into Number 12 Grimmauld Place. James pointedly ignored the boys while he bounded up the stairs to his room without even sparing his mother a glance.

“Well, hello to you too,” Ginny rolled her eyes. She smiled brightly as she hugged Albus. “You’re taller.”

“Yup,” he said.

“And you smell like a girl,” she kissed the side of his head, catching his smirk. “So who is Little Miss Viva La Juicy?”

“Monica Flint.”


Albus shrugged. “I like her eyeliner.”

Ginny grinned. “Of course you do, my son.” She turned to Scorpius and smiled warmly. “Welcome to our home, Scorpius.”

“Thank you for having me, Mrs. Potter.”

“It’s our pleasure. You boys hungry?”

From the moment he had stepped through the Floo, Scorpius smelled the wonderful aroma of Ginny
Weasley’s roast. His stomach rumbled in acknowledgement.

“Yes—“

“—Yes,” both boys chanted simultaneously.

Ginny chuckled at the predictable dual-mindedness of teenage boys. Food and sex. Sex and food. Most of their young brains was preoccupied with these two topics. “Dinner will be ready soon. Run upstairs and wash up.”

On the way to Albus’s room, Scorpius encountered James in the corridor. They narrowed their eyes at one another. “Nice wig there, Malfoy,” he sneered at Scorpius’s blond hair. “What’s it made of?”

“Your mum’s chest hair!”

James scoffed and headed down the stairs. Scorpius turned to Albus and said, “No actual offense to your mum, Albus. You know she’s fit as hell.”

Albus winced as if he were in pain. “What is it with you and red-headed women?”

Scorpius chuckled. “She makes a good roast. And she has nice ti—“

“Do not finish that sentence,” Albus warned.

“She does though,” a deep male voice offered.

The two boys turned around to find Albus’s dad standing in the doorway to the room.

Scorpius flushed deeply. “Mr. Potter! I didn’t mean—“

Harry waived it off. “—Don’t worry about it, Scorpius. My wife’s got a nice rack. You’re not saying anything I don’t already know.”

Albus made a gagging sound and began unpacking his suitcase. Scorpius chuckled, “Thanks, Mr. Potter.”

“The loo’s just around the corner if you want to wash up before dinner,” Harry offered.

“I would like to. Thank you, Mr. Potter.”

As Scorpius disappeared around the corner Albus snickered, realizing that his friend would now monopolize the loo with his frivolous, unnecessarily lengthy freshening-up routine which consisted largely of his attention to his hair.

“I have something for you,” his father said to Albus.

Albus quirked an eyebrow. “Christmas isn’t for a few more weeks.”

Harry grinned. “I know. But if you’re going to be here for the entirety of the Christmas hols, you’re going to need this particular present early.”

“Let me guess. A broom-care kit.” Harry rolled his eyes. “No, no, wait. I’ve got it,” Albus continued. “My very own Gryffindor jumper to wear in my sleep so I can will the Slytherin out of me.”

“You’re hilarious,” Harry responded as he handed Albus a package. “Open it.”
Albus took the gift and began unwrapping it. His eyebrows disappeared into his hairline when he unearthed the treasure within. “Dad,” he said, quite moved by the thoughtfulness of the gift. “This is…,” he choked, too emotional to continue.

“I understand we can all be a little much sometimes. And I just wanted you to know that I respect your need for privacy.”

Albus nodded, cradling the noise-canceling headphones in his arms as if they were the most precious thing on earth. “Does this mean I don’t have to talk if I don’t want to?”

Harry nodded. “If we see you wearing those, we’ll also know not to talk to you.”

Albus teared up. “This is the part in the movie where the prodigal son gives his dad a big-ass hug.”

Harry grinned. “You don’t have to if you don’t want to.”

Albus sighed. “You’re the best dad in the whole world.”

On the way out of Albus’s room, Harry ran into Scorpius. “Alright there, Scorpius?”

Scorpius smiled. “Thanks again for letting me stay here, Mr. Potter.”

Harry nodded. “Any time. Ginny and I are always thrilled to have you here.” As Scorpius walked ahead to Albus’s room, Harry blurted out, “Maybe it’s none of my business…” Scorpius turned around to face him. “But are things alright with you and your dad?”

Scorpius wasn’t expecting that. “Um…” he sighed. “Not exactly.”

“You’re still angry with him for not telling you about Hermione.”

Scorpius bit his lip. “Did…did you know about it, Mr. Potter?”

Harry nodded. “She’s my best friend. I’ve known for a while now.”

Scorpius sighed. “I’m not upset that they’re together.”

“I know.”

“I just…” he shook his head. “I just wish he could have been honest with me.”

“You and your dad are quite close aren’t you?”

Scorpius nodded. “I thought we were.”

“You are. You should hear the things he says about you. He’s bloody proud of you, pardon my language.”

Scorpius quirked an eyebrow at him. “I apologize if this is out of turn, but I thought you didn’t get along with my dad.”

Harry chuckled. “I didn’t. Not for years. But recently, we’ve developed a sort of understanding. After all he is dating my best friend.”
“I suppose so.” Scorpius opened his mouth to say something more but thought better of it. He started again, before deciding against it once more.

“Something on your mind?”

“Um…have you spoken to him? About all this?”

Harry sighed. “To my chagrin, yes. Your dad might be all big, bad Slytherin on the outside, but let me tell you that man sounded like a bloody Hufflepuff when neither you or Hermione were speaking to him, pardon my language.”

Scorpius raised an eyebrow. “So the two of them really are…serious?”

“It isn’t my place to say, but your dad really wanted to tell you. He was pretty torn up that you found out the way you did.”

Scorpius nodded. “Have they made up yet?”

“I honestly don’t know.”

Scorpius thought about his father all alone for the Christmas hols and felt a surge of guilt wash over him. This wasn’t who he was. He didn’t avoid talking about the important stuff—not with his father. Slytherin compartmentalization was never something he excelled at. “Mr. Potter…I’m sorry to do this…but I wonder if I might use your Floo.”

Scorpius arrived in the living room of the Manor and was immediately greeted by an enthusiastic Quincy, wearing what appeared to cotton balls in his ears. “Ah, young Master has returned. Master Draco said you would not be home these next few weeks. He will be pleased to hear of your arrival…uh…when he is no longer…detained.”

Scorpius looked at Quincy curiously. “What do you mean de—”

There was a faint thump-thump-thump sound in the distance. And there was…something else. What was that? It sounded like…oh balls.

“Oh, god, Draco, yes!”

The color immediately drained from Scorpius’s face. His eyes widened. He tried and failed to will his existence away in that moment as he heard a sound, that no doubt came from his father, follow in acknowledgement.

Quincy winced in sympathy. “Perhaps young Master would like to come with Quincy to the kitchens…where it is quiet?”

Scorpius nodded, silently cursing the fact the he wouldn’t learn Memory Charms until his seventh year.

Chapter End Notes
On the next "Hot for Teacher"...the finale and epilogue.

Then...the sequel!
I can’t believe this is the end of this fic! I’m in even further disbelief that this story has the following it has. I’m beyond touched by it. Thank you all for reading and sharing your thoughts and love with me.

This weekend I start hard core writing the sequel! I’m very fortunate to have the unbelievably talented Maloreiy as a beta for the sequel. You all should totally check out her stuff because she’s a MUCH better writer than I am.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Hermione smiled contentedly as she caught her breath. She and Draco stroked each other’s skin and exchanged comfortable silence peppered with sweet sighs and smiles.

Draco smirked as he examined Hermione’s disheveled state against the deep emerald of his sheets. “You look good in green.”

She rolled her eyes. “Is that supposed to be some sort of Slytherin innuendo?”

“After what we just did, why would I need to use innuendo?”

“Because you’re a prat.”

“Be nice, or I’ll take back my declaration of love.”

She narrowed her eyes. “No you won’t.”

He chuckled. “No I won’t.” He dipped his head to kiss her. “So I take it you got my note?” he asked, his lips touching hers with every syllable.

She giggled. “I did. Very smooth Mr. Malfoy.”

He hummed as he kissed up her neck. “I was going to send another bouquet of flowers along with it, but that’s been done to death. A woman like you deserves a bouquet of orgasms.”

Hermione laughed loudly at his turn of phrase. “That is oddly one of the sweetest things you’ve ever said to me.”

“Then I suppose I’d better get on with delivering them,” he said with a sexy smirk. “Although, I’m going to need you to keep your energy up. Have you eaten?” She shook her head. “I’ll pop down to the kitchens and get us something. I’d call one of the house elves to bring it up here themselves, but I know how you are about my staff seeing you naked,” he sneered.

She laughed. “There is a history, yes.”

He smiled. “I’ll be right back.” He kissed her lightly and got up to put on a robe and a pair of boxer shorts. “You just…” he motioned his hands in a circular position at her, “stay right there. Don’t move.”
She cocked an eyebrow. “Hurry up, or I’ll start without you.”

He laughed as he opened the door and called loudly out to her from the hallway outside the expanse of his room. “When I get back, I’m going to have to punish you for even suggesting that!”

With a smile on his face and a skip in his step, he made his way down the stairs, through the living room, and into the dining room when he damn near had a heart attack at the sight of his son sitting at the table staring into space as though he had just seen a ghost.

“Scorp?”

“Dad,” he replied.

“Uhhh…” Shit! He was supposed to be at the Potters! Draco hoped this meant that Scorpius had forgiven him, but he couldn’t help but muse at his god-awful timing. He hoped it didn’t make him a bad parent that he was slightly regretful that his son had arrived precisely at the moment he happened to have a naked and very horny witch in his bed waiting for him to come up there and spank her. “Just give me…two minutes. I wasn’t exactly expecting—“

“—Dad, you’re good at magic, yes?”

Draco quirked an eyebrow. “What?”

“Spells. You can perform them?”

“Yes…? I’d quite like to think so.”

“Then why can’t you perform a Silencing Charm on your room? Honestly, the house elves don’t need to hear you two going at it.”

Draco stopped breathing for a moment. This was a joke. It had to be a fucking joke. Because otherwise it would mean that his son had overheard…

“Are you fucking kidding me?” he asked, knowing that he wasn’t kidding.

“No.”

“Please be kidding me.”

“I’m not.”

Draco sighed. “How much did you hear?”

Scorpius shrugged. “Enough to know that Professor Granger’s a screamer.”

Draco closed his eyes in horror. “Salazar’s rod,” he whispered.

“And you said something about ‘punishing her’?”

Draco’s eyes flew open. “You heard that?”

Scorpius nodded.

Suddenly the door to the dining room swung open. “Draco, I’ve got an idea about…oh Jesus!” Hermione had just come into the room wearing nothing but one of Draco’s shirts. Scorpius’s eyes widened as he took in her form in the thigh skimming garment.
“Professor Granger. Nice to see you,” Scorpius said as he averted his gaze.

“Scorpius!” She bunched the shirt collar closer together over her chest to better hide herself. “I was just um…” She looked at Draco. “I’m just going to go…scream into a pillow.” She swiftly left the two Malfoy men alone as she scampered out of sight.

Draco closed his eyes and folded his hands behind his head. “So Hermione and I made up.”

Scorpius smirked. “Did you now?”

Draco chuckled. “Yes, and on a completely unrelated note, how would you like to go talk to a Mind Healer before going back to Hogwarts?”

Scorpius put a finger up to his mouth in contemplation. “I think I’d settle for an old-fashioned Obliviate.”

Draco shook his head. “I’m so, so sorry you overheard all that.”

Scorpius shrugged. “It was educational.”

Draco scratched the back of his neck. “So would this be a good time to tell you that Professor Granger is my girlfriend and that I’m serious about her?”

Scorpius chuckled. “Thanks for telling me.”

“I should have done it a lot sooner.”

Scorpius grinned. “It’s interesting to see you like this.”

Draco quirked an eyebrow. “Like what?”

“I don’t know. Like…happy? I mean I know you’re not an unhappy person. But you just seem so…giddy.”

Draco smiled. “I suppose I am.” He sobered slightly. “Is this weird for you? I’d understand if it was.”

Scorpius shrugged. “I thought it would be, but I guess I’ve gotten used to the idea. In fact the only thing that’s weird is that now I know what she sounds like when she—“

“—Okay you little perv, I get the picture. From now on, I will make certain to pause and cast the proper privacy charms before…you know.”


Draco rolled his eyes. “I guess I can’t begrudge you for taking the piss a bit.”

“I mean, I’m just saying, Dad. It’s a very big house. Do you realize how loud you both were that Quincy and I could hear you from here?”

Draco’s lips thinned. “I’ll give you 50 galleons to drop this right now.”

The following summer...
“Daaad! We’ve got to go!” Scorpius banged on his father’s door. “I told Rose I’d meet her at precisely half ten.”

Draco emerged from his room with a giant smirk plastered across his face. “I don’t know if you realize just how lucky the two of you are to have found each other because nobody else on earth cares that much about punctuality.” Draco took in his son’s appearance. He had grown significantly taller the past few months and his jaw was starting to sharpen just like Draco’s. “Now I know you’re anxious to get back to your little girlfriend, but now that you’re growing into your Malfoy looks my son…I must tell you. With great power comes great responsibility.”

Scorpius rolled his eyes before appraising his father’s pristine appearance as well. He wore that Muggle suit Hermione liked seeing him in and his hair was on point. “You look good. Date with Professor Granger tonight?”

Draco raised an eyebrow. “So it’s back to Professor Granger is it? I thought you had finally gotten comfortable calling her ‘Hermione’.”

“Only when class isn’t in session. I’m going back to Hogwarts today. That means she is, officially, Professor Granger again.”

Draco smirked. “Not until Monday when classes start she’s not. She got permission from McGonagall to skip the Welcome Feast and Orientation. I’m taking her away for the weekend.”

Scorpius raised his eyebrows. “Getting some last minute shags in while you two are finally alone? I can always go away more often. Just give me the signal.”

Draco rolled his eyes. “You are entirely too comfortable discussing my sex life.”


Draco scoffed. “Maybe then I’d get one that wasn’t so mouthy.”

Scorpius ignored him and continued in his teasing voice. “You want to be all ‘Oh, Hermione. Please don’t go back to Hogwarts! I’ll miss you ever so much!’” Scorpius made a kissy face at his father.

Draco narrowed his eyes. “You know what?” He then mussed up Scorpius's hair.

“Ow! Daaad! Stop! You know it took forever to get it like this!”

Draco smirked. “And it was perfect too.”

Scorpius glared. “You are officially no longer the cool dad.”

Draco shrugged. “Keep it up my son and I’ll send you over to Edward and Jean’s again.”

Scorpius’s eyes widened. “You wouldn’t”

“Hermione’s parents just adore you. I wouldn’t want to deprive them of a bonding opportunity.”

Scorpius narrowed his eyes. “Jean calls me ‘Scorpy.’ Scorpy, Dad.”

Draco rolled his eyes. “I know.”

“It’s a ridiculous nickname.”
Draco snorted. “Believe me, I know. Take it from someone who’s been ‘Drakey’ for a while now. It’ll be so much worse with that woman if you don’t just go with it.”

Scorpius cringed. “Am I going to have to deal with this forever?”

“Hopefully.” Draco fingered the little velvet box in his trouser pocket which held a five carat, halo cut diamond ring.

“Are you doing it this weekend then?”

Draco bit his lip and nodded.

Scorpius smiled at his father. “You don’t have to be nervous. She’ll say ‘yes.’”

Draco nodded. “You won’t have to call her ‘Mum’ you know.”

Scorpius rolled his eyes. “As if there was ever a chance in the hell on earth I would do that.”

Draco chuckled. “Glad that’s settled.” He sighed. “I want you to be my best man.”

Scorpius smiled. “I’d expect to be.”

The two Malfoy men hugged. After they broke apart Scorpius clapped his father on the shoulder. “Now that the sappy part of the day is over, can we please get to the station?”

________________________________

The moment they arrived through the Floo, Scorpius was off.

“Hey!” Draco cried, as Scorpius accidentally bumped into him when he spotted Rose. “Real nice. I’m not at all insulted.” he cried out to him.

Draco recovered quickly and fought a smirk when he noticed the pained expression Weasley wore at seeing his only daughter greet Scorpius with a kiss. Draco would dearly have loved to tease him about this, but Hermione had asked him not to antagonize Weasley too much. And no matter what Blaise said it was perfectly normal for boyfriends to want to do nice things for their girlfriends. That didn’t make him pussy whipped. He straightened himself up. He was definitely not pussy whipped.

He felt a tap on his shoulder and turned around to find a lovely, smiling, curly-haired witch beaming up at him.

He internally sighed. I am sooo pussy whipped. “You came,” he said as he curled an arm around her waist.

“Yes, well even though I will see them all Monday morning in class, I couldn’t miss this opportunity to watch Ron and Harry ugly cry over sending their daughters back to school.”

They both glanced in the direction of the platform and sure enough there were Potty and Weasel, both holding their daughters in iron grip hugs, wearing similar expressions of denial and stubborn refusal to release them.

Draco snickered. “If we ever have a daughter, I will not be like that.”

Hermione’s eyes widened. “We?”
“What?”

“You said…’if we ever have a daughter.’”

*Fuck, fuck, fuckety FUCK!* “Um…” he felt his face heat into a rosy blush as he scratched the back of his neck. “Well… I think it’s probably pretty obvious that I’m not opposed to children.”

She smirked. “Um-hmm.”

He drew himself up and affected a haughty demeanor. “Shut up.”

She giggled. “How ‘bout we put a pin in that for now?”

“Agreed,” he said, smirking.

“Hey Dad!” Draco looked up to find Scorpius waiving him over. “Mr. Potter wants to take a picture of us.”

“It’s a new passion of mine,” Harry said. “Ginny bought me this camera for my birthday. It’s a real beaut isn’t it? Look at it. Perfect lens sharpness, precise autofocus, black-out free—“

“Hey Dad,” Albus interrupted.

“Yes?”

Albus clapped a hand on his father’s shoulder. “Take it from someone who also has a lot of weird hobbies and interests. Absolutely nobody cares.”

“Right, sorry. I guess I was doing it again.”

Malfoy shot a grateful look at Albus and put his arm around his son’s shoulder. As Harry fiddled with the various buttons on his camera (he clearly had no idea what all of them did), Draco realized something wasn’t quite right. He stepped out of the frame momentarily to grab Hermione.

“No, I can’t. This should just be about you and Scorpius,” she protested.

Draco rolled his eyes. “Just put your arm around me and smile for the picture, you bint,” he quipped.

Hermione blushed as she settled in on Draco’s right side. After several more moments of Harry tinkering with the settings on his camera (Ginny eventually took pity on him and helped him because he was, as she put it, “an embarrassment to his family”), Harry looked up at the trio. “Alright. Are you all ready?”

“We’ve been ready, Potter. We’re just waiting on you to figure out how to operate that bloody machine,” Draco growled.

“I’m just making sure you’re ready.”

“Oh just take the damn picture of my family already before I hex that thing down your throat.”

Hermione’s stomach fluttered at his words. *Family. My family* he had said. She smiled brightly for the camera.

Everyone else heard it too. At that very moment a tidal wave of smirks spread across the faces of their friends.
Scorpius’s eyes momentarily rounded before his face settled into a contented smile. *Family.* He liked the sound of it.

Draco didn’t even realize what he had said. As he stood between the two most important people in his life, with a very expensive diamond ring in his pocket he planned to present that evening to the woman on his right, he was so caught up in the *rightness* of it all.

*This is my family,* he thought, not realizing that he had voiced the sentiment aloud. He smiled as he held everything he loved most in the world in his arms.

*This is everything.*

**THE END**

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed it! Thank you, thank you, thank you from the bottom of my heart for reading this story.

Also, for those of you who have followed my other fic, you may know that I'm new to the whole fan fiction thing. I'm thinking about submitting this story for an award or something but I have no idea how to go about doing it. Advice from seasoned fan fiction writers would be appreciated. THANK YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Stay tuned for the sequel!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!