

Hidden Pleasures

Alice Sampaio

They carried her to a large, dark room. In the middle of it, a pair of manacles was hanged on the ceiling. Three chairs were near the door. She was barely conscious; without her knowing, they had drugged her food which left her with no strength. They could do whatever they wanted with her now, which was probably going to happen. She felt her arms being pushed up and trapped in the manacles. But as soon as she closed her eyes, she felt a sting on her arm and protested with a moan. They merely laughed at her, and her head fell in shame.

However, when she opened her eyes again, the world was no longer so blurred. She could sense everything now too and, although she had preferred not to, look at her clothes. They had dressed her in a green sexy dress. It adjusted to her body perfectly and made her prominent curves stand out. She groaned with confusion. She actually liked the dress; her cleavage was way too clear for her personal taste, though, but it fell at her feet graciously. The last time she had worn a dress that made her this gorgeous had been at the Yule Ball.

The Yule Ball made her remember the good moments at Hogwarts with her friends. How they had almost saved the world and defeated all evil. Childish thoughts, of course. No one could get rid of *all* evil. But at least they had tried.

It was with this Hogwarts moment in her mind that she recognized the young man standing in front of her, after he opened the door. The boy looked at her with a smirk and then sat at one of the chairs. He crossed his arms, actually glad he was at this position. This couldn't get any worse than being tortured by Draco Malfoy.

"What are you doing here?" she inquired politely, hiding her grief inside and already knowing the answer.

"That should be obvious, Granger." He picked up the chair and brought it closer to her. "I'm here to torture you."

She moved her head so she didn't have to look at him. "I'm not going to say anything."

"You will say much more than you think." He lifted from his chair and stood close to her.

"I won't," she blurted to his face suddenly. "And why the hell am I dressed this way?"

"You don't like it?" He then cupped her cheek with his strong hand and Hermione suppressed a gasp. "I thought that maybe a gift would make you talk."

"Do you think you can buy me?" She widened her eyes at his stupidity.

"No." He walked to behind her and touched the part of her back uncovered by the dress. His fingers slid to her hair and he pushed it to the side to whisper gently in her ear, "But I think I like how your breasts look outstanding in that dress. And I can fuck you, Granger. I can make you say where your stupid friends are while you orgasm."

Her eyes were widened and her mouth was opened in shock. He was going to rape her. She fought the tears that were starting to appear in her eyes.

“I won’t rape you.” This released some pain from her heart for a moment. “Because you’re going to like it, and that isn’t forced.”

“I’ll never!” she nearly screamed.

“You will.” He sat on his chair again, after saying these words. He looked at her meaningfully, like he knew exactly what was going to happen.

She would never like it. She would try to not cry with all her strengths. She knew that, at least, it wouldn’t hurt because she wasn’t a virgin.

He started to remove his robes. Hermione glared at a pair of black jeans and a normal black t-shirt. It contrasted with his blond hair and pale face. She wondered if the others were conscious that he was dressed like a Muggle.

“Do you like it?” He smirked at her gaze.

“No. You still look like a bastard.” It was her turn to smirk.

“Having fun? I already said I’m not going to rape you. You don’t have to worry.”

“There is no possibility that a sexual act between us can’t be rape from your part.”

He didn’t respond and her head felt dizzy. She didn’t want to look at him. She didn’t want to know what he was going to do; she just wanted it to end quickly.

He took his wand from his pocket and murmured, “It’s cold in here,” just before he cast a warming charm. Hermione felt the temperature rising and the dress was becoming uncomfortable for being so thick. The only places where she was okay were where she didn’t have any clothes.

This isn’t a very good feeling.

“Feeling hot, Granger?” He removed his shirt. She saw some muscles in his chest, but not many. She didn’t like guys with many muscles, only a few like this. She shuddered; she wasn’t supposed to think about *liking* Malfoy’s body. He bit his lip and looked at her with lust.

After getting up again from his chair, he approached her and grabbed her shoulders and looked at her cleavage while tasted his lips. She blushed and shivered a little in fear of what he could do.

“If you talk, I’ll stop,” he informed her, just before his mouth descended to her neck. He started to kiss gently her collarbone with his tongue. She felt his hands grabbing her waist and pulling her closer to him. His teeth bit her slightly and she suppressed a breath. He was really making every effort so that she would like it. But she wasn’t going to give in for him; this was Malfoy, the boy who had tortured her mentally for years. She hated him.

However, this was his attempt at pleasuring her. Of course he could just force into her and make her talk by threatening to hurt her more. Yet, somehow, this was far worse.

His mouth continued to kiss her bare skin. She felt him going down with his lips to the curve of her breast. She didn't talk when he licked the exposed upper part of her breast. Whilst one of his hands travelled to grope the breast he had just licked, the other took a knife from inside his trousers' pocket.

Her heart started to pound fearfully and she asked herself if he was going to cut her. Her horror must have spread across her face because he calmly said, "I'm not going to hurt you with this." She understood what it was for when he cut a little of the dress between her breasts. "If you talk, I won't cut more of it."

She shook her head in denial; she wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of knowing she was getting a little affected by this. And not in a bad way, as she would have thought.

He ripped the dress apart with the knife, revealing her breasts. She blushed with embarrassment and guilt. Due to the hotness in the room she was feeling the heat of her body rising.

She wondered if the charm was supposed to irradiate the heat inside her too, because the moment he rubbed his finger on her nipple, she really congratulated herself for not giving up. He was making this harder with all this caring; sometimes she wished her memories of hate for him at Hogwarts were stronger.

Still, her eyes were still fixed on him. She didn't dare to move from his gaze. He grinned with delight when he saw her pink nipples getting hard. Her mischievous body was replying eagerly to his touch. He bent and licked the other nipple, gently making her body shiver. He squeezed the other breast hard and continued to make gentle moves on the other with his tongue. He was caressing her nude torso roughly, wanting to be dominant and touching her body as if it were his.

She closed her eyes, so to not look at Malfoy. She felt ashamed, to be giving up to the enemy like this. Before she could help it, a tear dropped from her left eye.

"Thought you were stronger than that." She heard some disappointment in his voice. "Now it's going to get worse."

Her eyes widened and met his. . A frown appeared on his face and he didn't seem quite happy. She wondered why her suffering...

"I always wanted to make you plead for me, Granger. I dreamed about making you mine," he blurted out, "you're below me, Granger, and you will surrender to me."

"You're pathetic!" she screamed before spitting on his face.

He turned his back on her and sat on the chair again, without cleaning her saliva. He then unbuttoned his trousers and removed them. He wasn't wearing any underwear so his member was all of a sudden bare to Hermione. Her cheeks turned crimson when he

wetted his fingers on her spit and rubbed the tip of his cock with his wet finger. She could perfectly see he was aroused and speculated for how long he had been like this. Maybe seeing her in this dress – now half ripped – was a fantasy of his..

She rolled her eyes, trying to not pay attention to his hand pleasuring himself. He was looking at her with a lustful face. “I’m glad you’re no longer crying.”

“It’s entirely your fault.” She was trying to look him in the eye but his arousal was tempting her; he looked so flushed like this. His naked body wasn’t as bad as Hermione imagined it would have been. He looked quite fine for someone so thin. .

“I know. But I want you to cry of happiness when I give you pleasure, not because you’re hurt.”

“Do you actually care about me, Malfoy?”

“No!” And he lifted himself from the chair and grabbed the knife again. He ripped the lower part of the dress and it fell to the floor, leaving her naked. He grabbed her arse to bring her closer to him. She felt his hand grabbing her tight and going up between her legs.

She scowled when he saw his smirk. She knew he could feel she was wet, which was not a sign of unpleasantness from her part. “I’m going to make you scream for me.”

He dug two fingers inside her and started to stroke. She did her best to not scream but it was useless; the movements were making her body react in a way she wasn’t used to. And to make things worse – or better, depending on the perspective – he licked her nipple again fiercely.

She closed her eyes to see if she could concentrate on something unpleasant. Bad idea. It gave him the hint she was giving in because he lowered himself to his knees and, before Hermione could think clearly what was happening, he started to lick her cunt.

She felt his tongue going inside her, and his hand still teasing her nipple. All the moans she had been suppressing were released with one growl. She could feel the pleasure erupting inside her when he deepened his tongue and she shivered in pleasure. His tongue was travelling deeper and faster, licking her in all the places he knew it would make her moan. Before she came, her body trembled with pleasure and all her memories of all the horrible things he had done to her in the past disappeared. The waves of heat were still in her after it.

When she returned to herself, he was already seated in his chair, a grin spread across his lips. She lowered her head, ashamed of herself. She had given in for him; she had let her emotions take over her. Yet, she knew it everything wasn’t lost. She didn’t give the answers he wanted. The least she could do was to keep them, at least do not betray herself like that. Her mind was stronger than her body, she knew that.

She finally got the courage to look at him defiantly. She knew she was just testing her luck, but she wanted to fight him. She wouldn't give in anymore. And if she should, she wouldn't talk.

He turned to the wall and reached a chain that was hanging. Hermione felt the manacles lowering. Was he releasing her, or what?

Definitively not, because when he approached again from behind he spread her legs. Her arms were now more released but still she couldn't reach him. He grabbed his cock and rubbed against her moist entrance, lowering her back with the other hand. He was going to fuck her from behind.

She knew this was a feeling of power to him, not having to confront his victim and making her bend for him. She didn't complain or say anything, that way he would see her expression since her face was turned to the wall.

He continued to rub the tip of his cock against her. She was trying to close herself to block him from inside her. He stroked two fingers inside her without warning, and continued to try to please her, and it was working. She was trying to suppress everything again. Her body was shivering and contradicting her silence while his fingers touched her labias' lips and fondled her clit.

"I will stop if you want to." The tip of his cock approached her entrance and dug in a little. "Actually, I want to stop too. The desire of my master is to know where your friends are."

"And what is your desire?"

He shoved his all cock inside her with one single stroke. He didn't remove it or move and slapped her arse once.

"Thought you were having a vote of silence." He bent a little and kissed her back. She could feel his cock twisting inside her. "I want you to scream for me, I already told you."

"I won't talk."

He slapped her arse once more.

"Stop that!" she screamed.

"As you wish." He started to move inside her slowly. She could feel his length going inside her and almost coming out until he dug it again. He slapped her again while increasing speed.

"Talk to me, Granger," he said between her whimpers.

She forgot about the pleasure and her vote of silence. However, when she tried to say no, a mewling sound came out instead. He grabbed her arse firmly when she showed

her interest. He made his thrust harder and deeper inside her, making her body shiver and low moans come from her.

However she noticed he was groaning hard and that some whispers came from under his breath. She couldn't identify them but they were getting louder and his was almost coming as she. The only thing she was thinking now it was how he was losing control because of her.

And, in his final thrust, she understood what his whispers formed.

Hermione.

She came with him, the waves of pleasure spreading again from inside her, leaving unclear thoughts and undefined moans of pleasure like she had never felt before.

When she came to herself again, he still was inside her. She was surprised by this because he seemed to be trying to delay the moment they would be apart from each other. But no more than two seconds after, he left from her with a scowl across his face. When he looked at her he smirked gleefully.

"I told you were going to scream for me."

"I wasn't the one spelling your name."

His face seemed a little pale hearing this but his expression didn't flinch. "That was part of the act."

"Of course." She smirked.

"Think I got any pleasure with this, Granger?" he muttered. "I only did this to make you talk."

"But I didn't." He started to move to the door's direction, his already dressed in his clothes.

"You will, next time."

And he closed the door, the promise still ringing in Hermione's head.