

The Office

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He was right in front of her office door, watching the plaque.

Hermione Granger - Dept. of Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures.

He stood at the door, thinking for several everlasting minutes before he went in. It wasn't a surprise she worked there, after all those years defending the hopeless house-elves. He didn't care at all about the creatures, but the Malfoy name still represented some power in the magical world, so for about a year now, he had had a cosy job.

He knocked on the door and heard a brief "Come in", not that he needed it to turn the knob and enter her office. He had entered that office several times now, and was perfectly comfortable to just go in if he damn well wanted to. It was work, the longer it took to finish it, the longer he had to deal with her insatiable talking about the rights and wrongs of creatures he didn't have any concern at all about.

Granger was seated behind her desk, as always, going through such large amounts of paper he was even afraid to ask what they were about.

Her office was simple and mostly black. As you entered, if you turned left, you could see some water machine she had brought from the Muggle world. It seemed that you grabbed a plastic cup and placed it under a plug and water fell from the flagon. In front of her desk, two chairs were turned to her, and behind her a small window showed a view to a village he didn't know. Probably a special request from her; after all, not everyone could say they had a window with any view you wanted. He didn't care either way; he was only working to keep his mind off his troubles. Well, that and to keep gossips from nattering on about what he did with all his time, and, truth be told, to have a back-up in case his family heritage turned out not to have such deep pockets as everyone expected.

He sat in the left-hand chair and waited for her response. She looked up at him and smiled. She was different today. It wasn't like she hadn't smiled at him before, – eventually, after they had worked together for a year, they agreed to be civil to each other – but today it was a smile of happiness, not sympathy like it usually was.

"We just need to review the plan again, Malfoy," she said, in her usual boring tone. "Then you can go home like you want."

To his surprise she was joking, not provoking him for his insensitivity towards her favourite creatures. As they started to talk about the papers in front of her, which he was supposed to be staring at, he started to notice her figure. Her bushy hair was caught up in a ponytail at the back of her head, and her facial features were more defined than usual. Her brown eyes were shining over the papers like they were gold, and her full lips formed words he wasn't listening to right now. Her torso was clad in a plain white blouse; its small buttons held the front neatly together, allowing a tantalizing hint of cleavage to show. And since it was almost see-through he could distinguish a white bra.

Matching the bra with the shirt, typical Granger.

Now that he thought of it, why was he thinking about her figure at all? Was it because she seemed content today? What was she glad about after all? Surely it wasn't because of him; he always turned things worse for her.

It wasn't like he didn't like to see her infuriated once in a while. It kept the old spirit of school alive inside them, and it relieved his stress from work sometimes. School... He could remember the first time he had noticed that Granger wasn't a simple bookworm. The Yule Ball in fourth year. Seeing her there, he had reckoned she was all right in terms of looks. Her hair had been tamed from its usual savage appearance, and the dress robes had had fit her perfectly.

No, he couldn't lie to himself, she was beautiful. Especially with Victor Krum, since Draco was astonished how she had even got to be his partner in the first place. Now that he thought of it, she had been smiling like she was now, not caring about anything besides her happiness. Was there some reason for her being so happy now? Had she found another guy to snog?

He contemplated her non-stop talking about the stupid plan he didn't care anything about; he was more intrigued now why she was in this gleeful state. The paper seemed to excite her though, her chest was going up and down while she talked; and he couldn't help but notice her breasts rising.

He remembered a time when she was sobbing and weeping all over the place about Weasley, only because they had dated for more than three years and he had left her because of her dedication to work. From what Draco had heard in the Ministry the stupid git couldn't handle an absent girl.

But now she seemed all right, so maybe she had forgotten about the Weasel or found another guy. He didn't know why, but he wanted to know. He had never been interested in gossip before, but her new-found happiness was intriguing to say the least.

"Are you through with him?" he asked, interrupting her, and getting a glance of surprise.

"What?" she asked, confused.

"If you're through with Weasley. For someone who was crying in the Ministry corners last month you seem pretty happy."

"It's none of your business." Of course, he had expected that wonderful answer, but if she wasn't angry at his question it meant he was right. "Are you actually listening to what I'm saying? If you don't, then I'll need to start over."

"Please don't." He smirked. "I can't hear you bragging any more about the plan we've reviewed a thousand times and that I don't simply care about."

"You're so immature." She leaned to the back of her chair and crossed her arms in annoyance, making her breasts rise. Draco couldn't help licking his lips, and she appeared to notice, but didn't have the response he expected.

“Are you thirsty?” she asked innocently, and he couldn’t help but smile at her for being so naive.

“Maybe,” he answered. “Are you going to use the water-Muggle-thing?”

She frowned, and he smirked at her impatience with him. It was good to revive her fierce look from the old days. It showed a side Draco had always appreciated, her being the only person who dared to always have good comebacks to his insults. But he was way past those years as a kid; he knew what he wanted and knew that Granger was a woman who appreciated power as much as he did. Not in the same way, but still... it pleased him to know that she too had changed from their school years and stopped being an insufferable know-it-all.

She rose from her chair and walked to the water machine. To his absolute surprise she was wearing a mini-skirt. His eyes widened and his mouth fell at the sight of a grey, pleated skirt that ended at the middle of her thigh. Was the girl that desperate? Well, maybe he was the one desperate enough to even notice a simple mini-skirt and actually like how it suited her curvy legs. He didn’t allow himself to think of what he was doing, or he would regret it.

He got up and she asked him if he wanted natural or fresh, still with her back to him. He answered, "Natural," not thinking at all about anything besides her exposed legs, which he had never seen before.

While she was bent over a little, filling the cup with water, he started to walk in her direction. Stopping right behind her, he wondered what to do with her. She probably hadn't shagged anyone in a long time, and now she was wearing a mini-skirt in front of him. A stupid thought since the Granger he knew wouldn't do that. But the Granger he knew wasn't thinking that she might get screwed; it wasn't a very good idea for someone who didn't want a guy to be turned on by her, to reach for the water like that.

He closed the door with his wand and she looked startled at it. He grabbed her arms and pulled her against him. He could feel her round bottom against his groin and that almost made him groan. It was her fault for wearing that skirt, it was her fault they now were civil and he could forget that she was bossy and all the things he couldn't quite remember right now when the scent of her hair filled his nostrils.

“What are you doing, Malfoy?” Her voice was shaking, but she didn’t move away.

“You mean you didn't think this might happen when you put on that mini-skirt this morning?” he asked, pulling the blouse a little ways down her shoulder.

“What? No! I want you to stop!” she demanded, but he wasn’t listening and kissed the curve of her neck, while grabbing her arms firmly so she wouldn’t escape.

“Why are you doing this?” she asked, confused, and he noticed she was still trying to get out of his grip while her eyes searched the room for her wand.

“Please stop, I’m not going to force you into anything, I promise.” Her arms seemed to relax a little and her eyes were now frozen and waiting for his answer. “And I won’t hurt you,” he assured her. “Unless you want me to, of course.” He smirked.

He whispered in her ear, “I’m doing this because I want to and I need something and so do you.” He saw her cheeks turn crimson. “I can see you tense up every time a boy comes near you. I’ve noticed.” It was true. Ever since she had gotten over her depression because of Weasley, her eyes seemed to shine at every average-looking guy in the Ministry. It wasn’t her fault, though, sex was addictive and he knew it very well.

He rubbed his cock against her bottom and she froze. “See how I am because of you?” He heard her swallow hard. He released her arms and lifted his hands to her shoulders. He knew the moment he had kissed her neck again and she had sighed deeply she was lost to him. He didn’t worry that it was her, that it was Granger he wanted to shag. She was looking hot today and that was all that mattered.

By pulling the shirt back over her shoulder, he caused the top button to pop open and gained a better view of her cleavage. He licked behind her ear and down her neck to make her moan and convince her once more she wanted this too. Her scent was intoxicating him in ways he hadn’t thought it would be, but it was too late now. Hermione Granger was going to be his.

He was kissing and biting her neck slowly, while his hands moved down to her waist and one of them went to touch the part of her breast that was showing. She sighed harder and he saw her close her eyes. While that hand grabbed her breast fully, the other one moved down to her thigh and slid up underneath her skirt to grab one of her bottom cheeks firmly. He heard her gasp, but she didn’t move away from him.

He knew he was abusing his luck, but he also knew how to seduce her and what girls wanted. They weren’t very different from guys when they wanted a good shag, so he knew just how to convince her. He slid two fingers further between her legs, until he reached that spot. Before she could even react, he started to stroke her panties at her entrance. Her moan wasn’t needed because he felt how wet she was, and it pleased him.

He removed his hand from her breast to unbutton his trousers, causing her to lose his support. She leaned against the water cooler to keep her balance. He continued to stroke her panties, but couldn’t help now lifting her skirt and starting to rub his cock, which was still hidden inside his boxers, against her bottom.

It took all his strength to not take her right there, from the position she was in. He tucked his fingers inside her panties and slid one finger inside her, wishing it were his cock feeling her tight walls.

“Why...you?” she asked, between moans. Why did she have to know everything?

He turned her and kissed her mouth without warning, feeling her soft lips brushing his in need. He grabbed her bottom and pulled her close to thrust his tongue inside her wet mouth. For some time, he got lost in the kiss and thought about staying like that forever. The way she pushed her body against him harder and caressed his hair, trying to get

closer to deepen the kiss, was mind-blowing. He wanted to touch her everywhere, but at the same time he wanted to see her. She didn't argue at any of this, but he wasn't surprised. He knew what they both wanted, and he couldn't take too much time or someone might get suspicious over their delay in reviewing the plan.

He grabbed her waist and, without stopping kissing her for fear she would look into his eyes and regret it, pushed her against the table. To his surprise she hopped up to sit on the table by herself.

His right hand travelled up her thigh, whilst the other was grabbing her full breast, caressing so he could hear mewling sounds inside his mouth. He wanted to make it faster, he was becoming impatient and needed things to go faster, so he broke the kiss. She looked at him and bit her lip with lust. He pulled her to him and felt his hardness rub between her legs and released a moan.

He decided to accomplish his desire to make things rough and pushed her torso a little backwards, until her arms were steadying her and making her breasts point at him. He watched her eyes running over his naked chest, placed his hands at the opening of her shirt and ripped it open, exposing her bra. She closed her eyes, probably so that he wouldn't be able to tell what she was thinking about all of this.

The bra opened at the front, which was a plus for him. Once her breasts were in full view he didn't take long to lick his fingers and tease one nipple, making her breathe harder. With one hand, he played with one breast, whilst he leaned in to lick the other, making her whimper in pleasure. With the other hand, he reached under her skirt, where two fingers entered her panties and rubbed her clit gently.

It was enough to make her growl and make him remove her panties and lower his boxers to his knees. He continued to tease her clit and watched her place her hands on the table. She wasn't opposed to this, so he grabbed his cock and rubbed it against her moist entrance; this time he heard himself groan at what was waiting for him.

"Stop teasing," she said between her moans.

"I thought you didn't want this." he whispered, watching her lick her lips in lust again.

"Draco." He wasn't surprised that she spoke his name; of course she would never fuck anyone she wasn't on a first-name basis with. He didn't care at all; his name pronounced by her lips while she was wet like this was enough to make him thrust inside her, feeling all her arousal around his cock. He squeezed her nipple with practiced fingers and thrust once more inside her, craving the time he would be able to come harder than he had in months.

He licked her breast, making her call his name more times; her body panting for more under him almost made him come. He felt her body tense underneath him, and knew she was close to orgasm. His pace increased, and it took all his willpower not to come right then, as he felt her walls tighten around him.

He slowed down when he saw her relax a bit, but thought that he couldn't last much longer.

"There is one position I like the most," she said shakily through her deep breaths.

Without warning, she opened her eyes and pushed him away from her. Before he could complain about the sudden lack of contact, she climbed down and then turned her back to him, bending over the table. He could hardly believe his good fortune: The scenario he'd imagined back at the water cooler was coming true. He didn't stop to think about it, though, and instead shoved his cock back into her pink and swollen sex, grabbed her arse cheeks and caressed them greedily.

He reached underneath and rubbed one finger against her clit; it was enough to make her cry out. He grabbed her hips and fucked her harder until he could feel her walls tightening around his cock again. He pushed further into her; his mind was already going white with the pleasure that spread through him with waves of heat.

"Harder, Draco!" she moaned loudly.

Hearing his name coming from her with such desire was enough to make him lose control.

"Hermione!" he groaned.

After pronouncing her name, he released himself inside her with one last hard thrust; and his body arched over her, revelling in the pleasure that was now coursing through him.

He didn't quite remove himself from her right away since he was exhausted. However, when she started to move under him, he withdrew from her and she turned around, still not facing him.

Whilst pulling his trousers and boxers up, he watched her buttoning her shirt and searching for her panties. She stared at him, defying him to humiliate her now. But that was the last thing on his mind.

He approached her slowly and she didn't move. He kissed her gently while he savoured her taste more carefully than. He wanted to let her know that she didn't need to worry. He would never judge her, since they had both done the same thing. And it had been too good to be a bad thing.

He thought that maybe he had transferred enough of his thoughts to her through the kiss, since she was now looking at him with the most bewildered expression ever.

"We did nothing wrong." He smirked as he watched her blush.

"*We*, wasn't supposed to happen," she said, her eyes trying to decipher his expression.

"Do you regret it?"

"I..." But her words seemed to get lost as his face got close to hers.

"Bring that mini-skirt again someday," he whispered next to her lips.

He turned around and approached the door. Before he turned the knob and left the office, he glanced back at her. She was smirking, and he couldn't help but smirk back.