

Sensitive

by Arabella Bloodgood

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I do not own the Harry Potter world, that would be J.K.R., and will not make any money from any of this.

A/N: My sister sent me a joke, called 'The Sensitive Man,' to my email address. Once I read it, a plot bunny attacked. One of my friends told me to put a twist on it, and make the story about a woman, instead of a man. This is what became of the plot bunny. Hugs and chocolates go to my amazing and wonderful betas: pookah, rdholmantx, and last but not most definitely not least, annietalbot.

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The music was pounding loudly, and people were dancing in the middle of the dance floor. All around them the tables were full with people mingling. Hermione was sitting off to the left, at the bar, facing the bartender. Draco sat next to her. He gave her one of his nastiest smirks and asked, "Now why would one third of the Golden Trio be doing sitting all alone? Where's Potty and the Weasel? Have they finally realized just how boring it is to hang out with an annoying, prudish know-it-all?"

Hermione turned towards the voice that had spoken to her. With hurt in her voice, she asked, "How is it, Malfoy, that you are at this bar, in this town? I wouldn't think this would be your type of place. It's run by Muggles, after all. Aren't you afraid you will bump into a Muggle and catch some Muggle disease?"

She downed the rest of her brandy and ordered another.

"You know, Draco, most people changed after all we went through in that horrible war we lived through. I guess some things never change. It's been five years. Can't we move beyond our past differences?" Hermione implored.

Draco acted as if he didn't hear her. He got the bartender's attention and ordered himself a scotch on the rocks. Paying for his drink with Muggle money, he turned towards her. As he did so, his knees touched hers, sending a jolt straight to his loins that caused him to grow hard.

Shocked from the sensation of the touch, he looked into her eyes and snarled, "Did you just call me by my first name? I didn't even think you knew what it was. What game is this? You don't want to play with me, you might get hurt."

Hermione swallowed more of her drink, then set down her glass. Glaring at him, she waited for him to say something else nasty.

She was about to respond when a gorgeous blonde walked up between them and faced Draco, smiling flirtatiously. Hermione watched to see if he would hit on the leggy blonde. The girl leaned closer to him so he could see more of her cleavage and spoke into his ear, "Why don't you lose the loser and hang with a winner?" She took her hand and rubbed up the front of his silk shirt, towards his neck.

Draco immediately shoved her hand away. "Don't touch me! I don't know you, and I don't want to. I was having a conversation with my friend before you so rudely interrupted us. Now if you could excuse us and move out of our way, we can continue our chat. Thank you very much." He gave the bleached blonde his best snarl yet.

"Well, I never!" The blonde turned up her nose and stormed off, flipping her hair as she left.

Draco smiled at Hermione and said, "And you never will, either."

Hermione giggled and smiled at him. "Aren't we full of surprises!"

"This doesn't mean I want to be played with by you. Do I make myself clear, mister?" She poked his chest with her index finger. She tried not smiling but failed miserably. Hermione looked sheepishly at him.

Draco looked around the bar, then at her. "Now will you tell me why you are here by yourself? Where are your friends?" he asked with a confused look on his face.

Hermione looked down at her glass. "They have families of their own to keep them occupied, now. They don't have time for old friends anymore."

He wanted to cheer her up, so he smiled at her and said, "Their loss is my gain, it seems. Would you like to go somewhere not so loud and talk about what we have been up to or something? We could get tea or whatever you like."

"That is a brilliant idea. I know just the place," she said with a gleam in her eyes. They got up and left the bar.

When they got to her place, she opened the door, turned to him and said, "This is where I live. Would you like a tour?"

"Sure. I would love to see where you have been keeping yourself," he said, looking at the simple but impressive decor of her living room. She showed him around her apartment. They went to each room, finally arriving at her bedroom. He noticed that one wall of her bedroom was completely filled with teddy bears. There were three shelves in the bedroom, with hundreds and hundreds of cute, cuddly teddy bears carefully placed in rows, covering the entire wall! It was obvious that she had taken quite some time to lovingly arrange them, and he was immediately reminded of the amount of thought she always used in everything she did. There were small bears all along the bottom shelf, medium-sized bears covering the length of the middle shelf, and huge, enormous bears running all the way along the top shelf. He found it strange that an obviously mature, educated woman had such a large collection of teddy bears. He was quite impressed that she still had a sensitive side, but didn't mention this to her.

As they came out of her bedroom, she asked, "So, tea? Or would you like something stronger? I have firewhiskey or wine. What's your poison?" She grinned at him with that remark.

"Wine will be great. As for poison, I am positive you will not want to give me any after tonight's performance. You will probably want me around, in fact for a repeat performance on a regular basis." He looked very smug and gave her a stunning smile that made her stomach quiver. They continued to talk and, after awhile, he found himself thinking, 'I can't believe it! After all we have been through together, all the terrible things we have said to each other in the past, maybe she could be the one I have been waiting for! Maybe she could be the future mother of my children?' He leant towards her and kissed her lightly on the lips, pulling back a little to see how she reacted. She responded warmly and closed the space between them.

They continued to kiss, the passion building, and he romantically lifted her in his arms and carried her into her bedroom where they began to rip off each other's clothes. Once they were both out of their clothes, their hands were all over each other. Hermione grabbed hold of the back of his neck and pulled his head back, kissing and nibbling down his neck, while Draco held on to her arse, squeezing ever so softly. She moved on to his collarbone, running her tongue over his nipple, causing it to become erect, sending goosebumps over his skin. Draco lifted his head and wrapped her legs around his waist. She could feel his pulsing member hit her arse as he walked them to her bed. He laid her down, moved over her, and looked over every bit of her. His eyes showed how he lusted and desired to devour her body and soul. He put both of her wrists into one of his hands and moved them above her head. Looking her straight in the eye, he warned, "Don't move them from that spot, or you won't get any release. You don't want that, do you?" She just shook her head and lay still.

Draco moved down her body, kissing every spot that he came to. He paid special attention to each of her breasts. Licking, rubbing, and tasting each one. It caused her to moan and lift her hips towards him. He just grinned and moved down to her bellybutton. This made her wiggle and she giggled, "That tickles!"

He couldn't take anymore, so he slowly worked his way back up to her lips, kissing her passionately while entering her soaked, wet core. She groaned at how amazing it felt to be filled so completely. He worked in and out of her at every angle he could possibility achieve. They continued having sweaty, vigorous sex until they each reached climax.

He was so overwhelmed at the intensity of passion they had shared. It was more than he had ever known before. After an explosive couple of hours of raw passion with this amazing woman, they lay there together in the afterglow. Draco rolled over, gently stroked her hair from her face and asked coyly, "So, what do you think of that?"

Hermione gently smiled at him, stroked his chest, looked deeply into his eyes, and said, "Help yourself to any prize from the middle shelf." She smiled and laid back against the pillows.

"Well, I am not done with you yet, woman. Let's see if I can't work my way to the top shelf." He grabbed her and pulled her atop him to begin anew.