

Diving In

by Melenka

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Her body cut through the water, leaving a wake. Delicate white arms lifted and fell. Her hair, sleek for once, trailed behind her. As she turned for a breath, it formed the only covering for her breast.

Draco stood, transfixed. He'd come to the lake to escape the stifling air of the Slytherin common room and the rampant idiocy of his supposed friends. He snorted. He had no real friends. He settled down in the shadow of a boulder and for the first time cursed his pale hair. If she turned her head, she would see him. He didn't relish the drubbing he'd get for watching her. It would be worth it.

She launched herself out of the water, back curved, legs kicking together. The moonlight made her seem a mermaid, though he far preferred her well-rounded bum and sleek thighs to iridescent scales. Her bloodline ceased to matter. She was a woman, and quite a beautiful one. His body cared not a whit for pedigree. Shifting position did not lessen his reaction to her. He wanted to make her arch like that, wanted her to lift her arms to encircle him. Wanted desperately to plunge into her with the same ferocity she was displaying. She would flay him alive if he tried.

And yet.

He had never been particularly brave. It had not been required of him. A knot formed in his stomach as he shed the last of his clothes. He slipped into the water before she turned. He was tired of doing only what was expected of him.

If she'd seen him, she would have stopped. He was sure of it. He swam at an angle to her, better to make the argument that he'd not noticed her at all. Lying was something at which he excelled. The water caressed his skin, hardly what he'd wanted, but pleasant for all that.

She drew closer, lost in the rhythm of a gentler stroke, gliding now, the water barely taking note of her passing. He did not realize she'd changed direction to intercept him until her hand slid over his side. They stopped when their eyes met, treading water, each waiting for the other to speak. She broke first, as he'd known she would. He braced himself for a scathing comment.

"I'd not taken you for the sort to indulge in a moonlight swim."

His ready retort fled with his shock. "I needed to get away."

She nodded. "It gets to be too much, doesn't it? Living with the same people, listening to the same stories, the same sniping." She looked across the lake. "I like the quiet here."

He moved closer to her. "I was watching you. You seemed so happy, I thought I'd give it a try." Two honest statements in a row. He really was slipping.

"I saw you. Rather expected you'd steal my clothes."

He sighed. "It would be like me."

"But you didn't." She smiled at him. "If it wasn't such an absurd notion, I'd think you were giving in to your better nature."

"You assume I have one," he said darkly.

She swam closer. "I'd hoped you didn't." Her leg brushed his.

He swallowed. The cold water had taken care of his earlier arousal. It came roaring back. She pressed herself against him, put her hands on his shoulders, and – dunked him under the water. He came up sputtering and looked around. She was headed for shore.

"Oh, no you don't, Granger." He struck out after her. She was the better swimmer, but he had the reach on her.

He caught her ankle as she reached the shore. She twisted and fell back into the water. He pulled her toward him. She freed her foot with a kick and scrambled onto the grass. He lunged after her, wrapped his arms around her waist and bore her to the ground more gently than she deserved. He rolled away from her, breath coming in gasps, and waited for her to run away.

A small hand, soft on his chest. The tickle of wet hair against his nipple. She gazed down at him and shook her head, sending drops of water flying. The moonlight turned them into jewels as they fell on his body.

"You really are an idiot, Malfoy."

There it was, the start of the expected tirade. "I know."

"I didn't expect to have to school you in this, after all." She straddled him and leaned in to claim his mouth.

No reply was possible. He explored her pearly skin, reveling in the warmth wherever their bodies met. She plundered his mouth, her small sounds of pleasure humming through him. Her ferocity belied her tiny form. He rolled her under him and searched her eyes, too wide, impossibly deep. If the only thing he took away from Hogwarts was the smile she gave him, he would count himself blessed.

But that was not all she offered. He kissed her neck, traced her collarbone with his tongue, then dipped his head to take her already taut nipple into his mouth. He wanted to go slowly, to explore her, tease her, make her beg. She wriggled in the grass, pressing her hips up to rub against him. He seized her mouth, tongues dancing, desperate.

"Oh, hell." His resolve broke. He slid into her divine warmth and was rewarded with a sound that was half gasp and half growl. She raised her arms and wrapped them around his neck. She arched against him as he drove into her, twisted, gasped for breath. Warmth trailed down his back as she clutched at him. She met each thrust with her own until the world dissolved. There was only this moment, her touch, their rhythm. She convulsed around him and he rode her orgasm to his own.

The moon wrapped itself in dark clouds, modest at last. He watched her dress as he pulled on his own clothes. "I wanted to take more time."

She turned her head, her eyes nearly hidden in a curtain of hair. "It's not always about what you want."

He closed his eyes. The kiss-off was coming.

"If you speak of this to anyone, I will hex you until you're a drooling idiot."

He met her gaze. "I know."

"Good." She straightened her jumper. "I'm heading back. Best not to be seen together."

"No, that wouldn't do." He shouldn't be sad. He'd gotten what he wanted from her, after all.

"I come down here to swim on a regular basis."

His head shot up. He was afraid to speak.

"I find it quite relaxing, don't you?" She smiled, a secret invitation.

"More than I would have thought possible."

"Anything is possible, Draco. You should know that." She turned and walked away, hips swaying.

"So it is."

Prompt from SW: Draco sees Hermione swimming - naked, of course. What happens?