

Giving In

by luvsev

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One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A brisk October evening found Hermione sitting alone in the back of a dimly lit, seedy pub in London. She was staring down the end of another empty tumbler of whiskey, desperately trying to think of a legitimate reason not to return to the flat she shared with her fiancé, Ron Weasley. It was certain he would not accept "I don't want to be here" as an excuse, no matter how true it might be.

She had a good reason for not wanting to return to the man tonight. They had been rowing all day, and she had walked out, unable to take one more minute of his anger or accusations. Ordering another drink, she recalled their earlier fight.

'You don't love or respect me, 'Mione!' His fists were balled, and his ears had turned red...an obvious sign of his anger.

'That's a low blow, Ron... even for you. If I didn't love you, why would I have agreed to marry you?' she asked quietly, a tear slipping down her cheek.

'That's the question, isn't it?' he raged at her.

'Ron, this isn't... I need to get out of here for a bit. We'll continue when our tempers have cooled down.' Her hand had already been on the burnished-gold doorknob when she heard his last comment.

'Bloody hell, I'm not done with you yet! You're not going anywhere until I've had the chance to say what's on my mind.' He glared at her, and she disappeared into the hallway. Once in the quiet corridor, she could hear the shattering of a glass against the wall.

She had never seen him so livid, which was why she hadn't returned for nearly nine hours.

'Closing time, miss. You don't have to go home, but you can't stay here,' the balding barkeep boomed and dimmed the lights further, leaving her with the flickering light from her lone, guttering candle.

She rose from the rickety, splintered chair and extinguished the flame with a soft blow. On her way out the door, the old man leered at her, and she shivered in disgust. As much as she disliked her options at the moment, she wasn't about to accept his silent proposition. Unwilling to face the prospect of returning home, Hermione wandered the deserted street until her feet became tired, and she had to rest on a freezing bench.

Shutting her eyes for a brief moment, she took a deep, cleansing breath and then puffed it out. Someone had joined her on the cold, metal bench while her eyes were closed.

'Evening, Granger,' the easily recognisable, smug voice of Lucius Malfoy drawled.

She warily opened her eyes and glanced at him. 'Oh, Malfoy, it's you.'

'You say that as though you're not happy to see me.' He smiled wickedly and touched her cold hand. 'You're freezing. How long have you been sitting here?'

'Long enough to know I shouldn't be. And it's two in the morning; I'm not happy to see anyone right now.' She sighed and gazed at the cloudless night sky with its lambent, waxing crescent moon and stars.

'Why aren't you at home with... Oh, what the hell, I can't remember his name.'

'The redheaded fucker, you mean?'

Lucius chuckled and leaned back. 'You're friendly tonight, Granger. You never answered my question. And is that alcohol I smell on your breath?'

'Doesn't matter what you think, Malfoy. If I wanted your opinion, I'd pay you for it. The fuckwit and I were rowing again, so I left to clear my head. I aimed only to walk for a bit; instead, I wound up at a pub. Figured since he goes to one to get pissed so often, I would give it a try, too.'

'Did you find the answer you were looking for at the bottom of a cheap bottle of whiskey?' He took off his black wool cloak and draped it over them.

'Possibly. I could only think about how I wanted to throw my engagement ring in his face.'

'Things are that bad between you and the weasel, Granger? You should leave him.'

'And go where exactly, Lucius? It's not as though I have options. You know it's bad between the halfwit and I. We've discussed his behaviour nearly every Friday night for two years, and nothing has changed.' She rested her head on his strong, warm shoulder, breathing in his scent of patchouli and something else she couldn't quite place.

'So leave the brat and come home with me. Now that Narcissa has left me for a younger man, I wouldn't mind having you there; I could watch your pretty arse sashay around the manor.'

'Lucius! Any other person would have gotten the message from all the times that I've declined your propositions that I actually mean it when I say no.'

'Maybe I'm hoping I will find you in the right mood, and you'll accept.' He turned his face to hers and pushed one of her errant, honeyed curls out of her eyes. 'Like now. I'm talented, you know. I can make you feel better than Weasley ever will.'

Hermione's breath caught as she imagined all he would do if she would only give him the chance. She could almost see his silver-blond hair falling in silky curtains around his face as he knelt between her splayed legs, pleasuring her in a way she had never experienced. His pale, muscled chest and abdomen looming over her as she stroked him with a gentle, exploring touch. Him entering her slowly, and thrusting powerfully as he pushed her towards her peak. He'd swivel his hips on alternate strokes, and he'd kiss or bite her breasts, too.

When she opened her eyes, he was but a breath away from her lips. Lucius's icy-grey eyes were glittering with arousal, and he was looking at her as if he would devour her right there on the bench.

'If... If I let you, will it change things between us?'

'I can't promise that it won't change things. Let me kiss you; we'll find out together, Hermione.' He didn't wait for her to respond before he closed the gap between them and kissed her.

Lucius's lips barely touched Hermione's, and in a moment, she was lost. He nipped at her lip before gently sliding his tongue into her mouth, licking the edges of her teeth as she moaned and thrust her tongue against his.

Just as his hands began to inch under her soft, black jumper, she pulled away.

'Not here, Lucius. It's too...'

'Public?' he offered.

'I was going to say it's too cold.'

'So, the thought of having sex in public doesn't bother you?' He slid his hand around her slim waist and pulled her closer to him.

'That's not what I said. It is, however, a conversation for another time.'

'There's more to you than what you've shown.'

'Well, if you keep talking, Lucius, you won't see anything else.' Hermione put her hand in his lap and gently squeezed his erection. 'Judging by this, you're eager to see more, aren't you?'

Lucius swallowed thickly. 'I thought you weren't interested in public displays. If you persist in massaging me like that, I'll be taking you right here on this bench where anyone can see.'

Hermione reluctantly removed her hand from his lap. 'No show. Not tonight at least. I want you all to myself.'

'I'm glad; I'm not exactly the sharing type.'

'That isn't anything I didn't already know, Lucius. We have been friends of a sort for a couple years. Now, are we leaving or not?'

'Anxious to get me into bed, are you?' He snatched up his cloak, threw it over his shoulders, and disappeared with Hermione before she could protest further.

The night had indeed progressed as she had thought it would: Lucius was every bit as brilliant and unselfish a lover as he had promised, and he had made sure she enjoyed things as much as he did.

She awoke before him and cuddled into the crook of his arm, watching him sleep with his hair fanned out on his fluffy, down-feather pillows. The forest-green duvet had slipped just past his hips, revealing his half-erect cock. She licked her lips as she remembered how he had teased her with it the previous night.

'Ready for the next round, Hermione?' he asked in a barely audible whisper, and he turned over to lightly cup her breasts.

Startled, she squealed. 'I didn't know you were awake.'

'Mmm, well, now you do.' He tweaked her pebbled nipple.

'I should... I need to...'

'Need to what? Go back to the menace? I should think not.' Lucius moved down the bed a little so he could tease her nipples with his tongue and teeth.

'Mmnh... I was going to...' Her body arched as he took her nipple into his hot mouth.

'Am I distracting you?' As he removed her nipple from his mouth, he licked his lips and pinned her with a hungry stare.

'Yes, you are. I want to send Ron a note.'

Lucius grunted. 'Did you have to mention his name? We were having so much fun.'

'Were? I thought we could continue... unless you'd rather not.' Hermione kissed him and lightly raked her nails down his chest.

'But you said you were going to write him.'

'Oh, I still am. I just thought you might put your mouth to good use while I do so.' She winked at him and rose from the bed, wrapping the sheet around her body.

'If I am to be occupied, this sheet will not be in my way.' He gripped the edge of the crisp, white cotton sheet and yanked hard, pulling it off of her in one swift motion.

She walked over to the desk in the corner and pulled out the leather swivel chair. 'Well, are you coming?'

'Yes, and you will be soon, if I have anything to do with it.' He watched her sit down, and then he knelt between her legs as she began to write.

With every scratch of the quill upon the parchment, he licked or suckled her clit. Within a few minutes, she was not only finished with the letter but she had also come with his name on her lips.

'Mind if I read what you wrote?'

'Go for it.'

He walked behind her to read the letter, which said:

Ron,

I'm sorry. I can't marry you.

Hermione

Her tiny, silver-and-diamond ring was attached to the parchment below her name.

'I can't believe three short lines took you so long to write.' He licked a hot trail from her neck to her earlobe, which he took between his sharp teeth.

'It didn't. I was prolonging it so you would continue.'

'All you had to do was ask. Now, let's return to bed and drown the weasel's memory.'

Hermione sealed the letter and sent it with an eagle owl. Ron would no doubt see the letter and pitch a fit after he read what she wrote, but she didn't care. She had finally had enough and wasn't going back no matter what.

A/N: This was written for the LMHG Exchange. Also, thanks to kittylefish for betaing. She's seriously amazing!