

# Pressure Point

*by slytherinlaurel*

Draco, Hermione and a lift. Stir until well blended.

## Pressure Point

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Draco, Hermione and a lift. Stir until well blended.

"Shut it, Malfoy," Hermione snapped as she firmly grasped the paper plane in one hand. The stupid things kept dive-bombing her head, and one had gotten itself tangled. Its struggling only fed the growing knot. Under Draco's amused gaze, Hermione used her free hand to carefully unwind her hair from about the paper missive.

"You can stop looking at me like that, Granger. It's not my fault they like your hair. Merlin only knows why."

Wresting the last of her hair free, she whipped out her wand and said, "Immobulus!"

That would at least take care of one irritating problem.

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"You can stop checking your watch, Granger. It's been an hour."

Hermione groaned. How many wizards did it take to fix one blasted lift? They had made their excuses, something about a Department of Mysteries experiment gone awry. Of all people to be stranded with, it had to be the sexiest prat in the wizarding world. The cramped quarters certainly didn't help.

"By their estimates that leaves us another hour. Given they're Ministry employees, I'd say we have at least two."

"Bite me, Malfoy."

Based on the quirk of his lip, that might have been a poor choice of words.

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"Stop staring, Malfoy. Didn't Mummy tell you it's impolite?" All told it was more of a leer.

"It's a pity Weasley couldn't make the reception the other day. I suppose your receiving a commendation from the Minister escaped his attention," Draco said nonchalantly.

"He had to work," Hermione replied testily, squirming ever so slightly.

"Saint Potter couldn't manage a day off for his best mate?" Draco scoffed. At her obvious discomfort he forged ahead, "Weasley was plenty ready for you to celebrate his promotion, I'd imagine."

Hermione's body tensed, though whether Ron or Draco was the cause she couldn't say.

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"It was the way you held yourself that night, Granger, your body so perfectly and tightly wound. I never figured you for a firewhiskey drinker, but I couldn't help notice the white knuckles wrapped around your glass."

Hermione bristled. The fucking bastard had stalked her like prey.

"I wanted those hands on me, those fingers bruising my skin."

"You're sick, Malfoy," Hermione tried to spit out, but it emerged a hoarse whisper.

"We see our own kind more clearly."

"I was pissed. Drop it," Hermione shot back, making a point to calmly start counting the frozen planes floating above them.

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"You liked it, Granger, when I took you home." His mouth molded into that goddamned roguish grin.

Hermione didn't give him the satisfaction of a response.

Draco dropped his tone to a purr. "You're always on bottom, aren't you? Lying there, moaning his name, until he gets what he needs."

Hermione was across the elevator. Soundlessly she drew her wand, blasting him against the wall and tucking her wand beneath his chin.

"That's it, Granger. Hit me. You know you want to." Hermione pressed her eyes shut, willing herself to forget the satisfying feel of his flesh beneath her hands.

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"You can't do it, Malfoy," Hermione hissed, slowly backing away. He would not get the rise out of her, would not drive her to the maddening point of needing to uncoil.

"I believe I already have. Hit a sore spot, have I?" Draco's eyes glowed with delight. "The *Daily Prophet* says you two haven't been seen together in awhile. Had a bit of a falling out?"

Hermione tried not to flinch. Her fury, as her blood rose to a boil, pushed her just as before. Draco paused, his eyes now drilling into hers. Hermione fought to control her racing heart.

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"You like to hear me scream, don't you, Granger?"

Hermione matched Draco's stare as she felt his chest rise and fall against her own. When had he gotten so close?

"We're two of a kind. You know it." Draco smirked.

"I loathe you."

"The feeling's mutual."

His breath bore down on her neck as he tormented her with his tongue. "Makes you want to fuck me, doesn't it?"

Hermione thrust him against the wall, her body crashing into his. Draco grabbed her hair, snapping her head back as he held her eyes in a captive stare before assaulting her mouth.

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