

# In the Light of Day

*by Hanagasume*

In the light of day, they were enemies. But in the dark of night, they were lovers.  
DM/HG, written for the Hermione Fuh-Q-Fest.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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In the light of day, they were enemies.

She was a Gryffindor, Head Girl and a model student: always prompt, respectful to all of the professors and staff members, patient with the other students and outstanding in everything she did. He was a Slytherin; enough said. From the moment she had taken her first steps into the Magical world, he had teased, taunted and insulted her very existence. And for him ever since he had entered Hogwarts, he had been taught to hate her, the Mudblood, such filth compared to the likes of him. Everything about their upbringing was very different.

Her friends hated him also, for he had taunted and attacked them on countless occasions: Malfoy and his two sidekick thugs. His father was a convicted Death Eater, locked up in Azkaban for the remainder of his pathetic life. Hermione Granger had thought for a long time that the apple never fell far from the tree. But she also knew that while Draco Malfoy was as much of a prat as they came, he was no murderer.

They had spent six and a half years of their lives hating each other so consistently that when they both discovered the similarities between them, it came as a shock. Neither had seemed to notice that their classes and interests were almost identical. It hadn't even been apparent until one day in the library during lunch. Hermione had stumbled upon Draco browsing for a book in the same aisle that she knew the book she sought was located.

She hadn't thought about his presence there for too much longer and had continued searching for her own book amongst the stacks. However, when their hands had touched as they reached for the same book, it couldn't be ignored anymore. He had glared at her and snatched the book up, striding over to where Madam Pince sat at the front desk, checked it out, and stalking out, wiping his hand on his robes as he did.

Hermione had returned to lunch in the Great Hall, empty-handed and fuming, sitting with Harry and Ron, who were still eating.

The following week Hermione had met Malfoy in the library again, this time in the Charms aisle. Hermione was faster that time and snatched the book right off of the shelf before Malfoy could even strike. She had given him a fierce look that dared him to hex her for it, to which he responded with the raising of an eyebrow as if to say 'touché'. Taken aback, she had retreated with haste and fled to the Great Hall once more, wondering what the heck was with Malfoy.

The third week they did not meet in the library. Instead, Hermione had been doing her night patrol and had stumbled across the North Tower with the wards down. She

knew something was up, so she began the long climb to the top. When she reached the top, it seemed to her like the Fates were playing a very cruel trick on her. Malfoy was casually lounging on the ledge, one leg dangling over the outside and the other cocked up onto the rail with the rest of him. The way his silver-blond hair shone in the moonlight was unlike anything she had seen before. He looked like a fallen angel in his dark clothes with the wind tousling his hair.

'You're not allowed to be up here, Malfoy,' she said sternly, crossing her arms in a no-nonsense manner. 'Get back to your dorm before I take away points.'

He looked over at her casually. 'Do you really think I care about losing stupid House points, Granger?' he said as more of a statement than a question.

'I know you don't care, Malfoy,' she replied quietly. 'You don't even realize that acting like this makes people respect you less.'

Malfoy let out a dry laugh. 'You'll be telling me I'm no better than my father next,' he sneered.

Hermione sighed heavily. 'You won't be any better than your father if you don't stop marching around the school like a spoiled, selfish brat, hexing people on sight,' she snapped. 'Go back to the dungeons and start acting like a seventh-year Prefect ought to.'

He cocked his eyebrow at her then and folded his arms across his chest. She opened her mouth to tell him off again, but before she could say another word, he swung his legs over and slid off the balustrade, planting his feet firmly on the stone floor of the tower. Hermione watched as he cockily sauntered away before finally leaving and securing the tower once more. That night, when she went to bed in her private room in Gryffindor Tower, she dreamt of a young man with silver eyes and the palest blond hair. And she had tried so hard not to find him attractive.

The next day, she unexpectedly ran into him in the Entrance Hall on the way to breakfast. He smirked at her and crossed his arms in that self-assured way of his, looking down at her.

'If I didn't know any better, I would think you were following me around, Granger,' he drawled with a glint of mischief lurking in his pale eyes.

She scoffed loudly at that. 'Keep dreaming, Malfoy,' she said before turning on her heel and flouncing into the Great Hall.

He stared at her back as she walked away, an uncomfortable feeling in his stomach. 'You have no idea,' he muttered under his breath before he followed her in.

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Hermione didn't speak to Malfoy outside of class again for two weeks, and when she did, it was the bare minimum. Professor Vector had paired her with him for the Arithmancy Major Project the day before, and Hermione had not bothered sticking around after class to talk to him about it, figuring he would seek her out eventually. She hoped he would, but at the same time, she didn't want to be around him. He was, after all, the same Draco Malfoy that had tormented her for so long, no matter how handsome he had become to her.

She had been doing so well avoiding him the entirety of that day, but he accosted her in the Entrance Hall when she was on her way to lunch.

'Granger,' he said, grabbing her by the top of her arm and pulling her aside.

Startled, she looked between Malfoy and Ron, whom she had been walking with. 'Go on without me. I'll be along in a moment,' she told Ron before turning to face Malfoy, jerking her arm from his grip. 'What do you want, Malfoy?'

'The project we have to do,' he said simply. 'I'll meet you in the library right after dinner is finished tonight to discuss it.'

Hermione cocked an eyebrow at him, crossing her arms in front of her. 'That's mighty presumptuous of you,' she stated baldly.

'Well, you want to get it done as soon as possible, don't you? I'm giving up my precious free time for this, so you had better show up,' he retorted before turning and walking into the Great Hall without another word.

Hermione watched him walk away from her with her mouth gaping. What an arrogant little prat he was, making demands of her and talking down to her in that manner. She frowned and stormed into the Hall, plopping herself down inelegantly right across from Harry, Ron and Ginny at the Gryffindor table. They were all looking at her curiously, as she was making herself a sandwich rather violently.

'What did Malfoy want?' Ron asked suddenly, startling her out of her angry attack on her food.

'He told me that I was to meet him in the library tonight right after dinner to discuss our project for Arithmancy,' she said angrily, shooting a look over at the Slytherin table at the blond in question. 'Stupid little prat thinks he can dictate all of the terms.'

Harry frowned at that. 'You don't have to go, Hermione,' he said seriously. 'If I were you, I would ask Vector about reassigning you a different partner. The professors love you she'd do it for you in a heartbeat.'

She shook her head forcefully. 'I'm not going to do that just because he's a prat,' she said simply, taking a bite of her sandwich. 'It'd be like running away, and that's just the kind of game he's playing at. He's trying to make me crack.'

'Whatever you think is best, Hermione,' Ginny said, cutting across Harry and Ron, who were just about to speak.

The younger girl gave the two boys a look, shutting them up. Hermione shrugged then and finished her food, leaving the Hall and heading off to collect her things for the next class. She spent the rest of the afternoon in a bit of a snit and spent the entirety of double Potions avoiding the Slytherin side of the classroom, instead sending Harry to the storage cupboard. She knew she was being petulant, but she wasn't so sure she wouldn't hex Malfoy.

By the time dinner came around, she had calmed down significantly and was sure she would be able to handle Malfoy in the library without too much trouble. She headed there straight after dinner and set up at one of the tables in the central study area, nice and visible in case Malfoy tried anything funny. Despite being more tolerant of him, she still didn't trust him. He might not have become a Death Eater, but he was the son of one, and he seemed determined to be a prick.

He sauntered into the library, chin out and looking down on everyone else as he entered, fifteen minutes later than he had "arranged" with her. She was distinctly unimpressed by his tardiness but knew she had expected too much in thinking he would be prompt. He was, after all, still Malfoy and Malfoys always liked to be fashionably late.

'Had to deal with some third years messing around in the dungeons on the way,' he said by way of explanation, sliding casually into the chair across from her.

Hermione looked up at him in surprise. Did Malfoy just admit to performing one of his Prefect duties to keep order in the castle? 'It's fine,' she murmured, looking down at her journal notes. 'Let's just get started.'

They worked for over two hours on the project before Madam Pince had to finally ask them to pack up their belongings for the evening because she was closing up. Hermione knew Malfoy was smart, but she had been surprised to find that he was truly passionate about the subject and the assignment. In his own twisted way, Malfoy was showing a little courage and acting a lot more his own age. This made her respect him just that little bit more. She was impressed but decided to walk on the side of caution. After all, she could not erase six years in only a few hours.

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Three weeks later, they were well and truly getting into their project, with the beginning theory stages almost completed. Nobody knew what it was that they were working

on except for Professors Vector and Snape and only then because the project happened to be pertinent to both of them. Hermione had tried to explain the project once to Harry and Ron to no avail and ended up just getting frustrated and stalking off. Her patience had been wearing thinner as a consequence of spending more time in Malfoy's presence.

But somehow, at the same time, the more time she spent with him, the more she found that he wasn't quite as dislikeable as he once had been. At times, it was even as though he was actually making an effort to be pleasant, and even nice, to her. Their project progressed slowly, so they were forced into each others' presence far more than Harry and Ron were happy enough to ignore, and Hermione soon found herself with two very protective and unwanted chaperones to their study meetings in the library. After a week of this, she finally got sick of their hostile behaviour.

'Honestly, you two are the limit!' she said as they made to follow her from Gryffindor Tower that night. 'Go back to the common room and do your own study.'

'But 'Mione, we're just trying to make sure that Malfoy doesn't try anything funny,' Ron tried to explain, sounding whiney and put-out.

She frowned. 'I can take care of myself,' she snapped, jerking her arm away as Harry made to reach for her. 'I'm sick of you two following me around everywhere, making it seem like I need you to take care of me. I can assure you, I am just as capable, if not more so than you two, of handling my own safety.'

Harry looked a little sheepish. 'I'm sorry you feel that way, 'Hermione,' he said quietly. 'If it will make you happy, we'll back off, but if he so much as touches you in a way that makes you uncomfortable and we hear about it, we'll hex him into next week.'

Hermione rolled her eyes at that threat. 'You two are good,' she said, holding her arms out to them and hugging them both. 'But go do your study, and Harry, you spend some time with Ginny. I'll be fine.'

After Harry and Ron had gone back to the common room and she was sure that they weren't following her anymore, Hermione continued on her way to the library. She arrived to find Malfoy already at their usual table with all of their books and work things set up around him. He already had his head down working, which had become a familiar sight to Hermione but still made her feel like this was a different person than the Draco Malfoy she thought she knew. She plopped into the chair across from him.

'Sorry I'm late; the boys were trying to "escort" me here again, and I've finally managed to shake the pair of them,' she said, pulling out her work journal.

'Those two are idiots,' Malfoy said with a sneer.

Hermione crooked her eyebrow at him. 'You do realize that those two idiots are my best friends, right?' she questioned.

'That doesn't seem to have stopped them from being idiots,' he said, grinning.

She shook her head, a faint smile hovering over her lips. 'Well, let's get started,' she announced with finality.

They worked for a solid three hours before Madam Pince finally announced her retirement for the night and sent them out of the library. Malfoy told Hermione that he would walk her back to Gryffindor Tower, taking her by surprise; he had never made such an offer before. She had hardly noticed when he stopped calling her Mudblood and Granger and started calling her Hermione.

They arrived in front of the portrait of the Fat Lady, and Hermione turned to thank him and bid him goodnight. Instead of making a quick exit as she had intended, she found herself staring into his silver eyes. Her stomach did a flip, and her legs turned to jelly. She opened her mouth to try to tell him goodbye and nearly fell over when he leaned in and placed his lips over hers, silencing anything she had to say. Her breath caught in her throat. He pulled back and looked at her intently.

'Don't tell the two idiots that I did that,' he whispered, turning on his heel and walking away, down the hall and into the shadows.

Hermione touched her hand to her lips faintly, turning to face the portrait of the Fat Lady once more. 'Poinsettia,' she said softly.

The Fat Lady put her hands on her hips and gave a loud sniff. 'You certainly know how to choose your company,' she said sarcastically. 'Kissing with a Slytherin...'

Hermione shot a look at the Lady before the portrait opened, and she walked inside, still in a bit of a daze. She made it back to her room without running into Harry or Ron and collapsed onto her bed, that funny feeling in her stomach and her mind spinning from what had just occurred out in the hall. Malfoy had kissed her. Malfoy had kissed her. He had looked at her so strangely. She knew that she was attracted to him. She knew that she might even like him a little bit. What she had no idea about was why Malfoy had kissed her in the hall just a few short minutes ago.

She turned over onto her back and stared at the ceiling, moonlight filtering through the windows. She pulled out her wand, cast a quick charm to shut the curtains, and closed her eyes.

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A week later, Dumbledore announced that all students who would be going home for the week of Easter break needed to write their name on the list pinned to the student notice board. Hermione was excited to be going home to see her parents during this time but, at the same time, was somehow dreading it. It had been a crazy week since Malfoy had kissed her in front of the entrance to the Gryffindor common room. Even though she saw him every night in the library to do their project, he didn't treat her any differently, and he never mentioned the kiss to her at all. It was as though he was pretending it had never happened, which suited her just fine.

Or so she kept trying to tell herself.

If she was honest, Hermione found that she was more than upset about it. She wanted him to acknowledge what he had done. She wanted him to talk to her about it, and most of all, she wanted him to kiss her again. His kiss, albeit brief as it was, had stirred her more than any kiss that she had received before. The last time she had been kissed by anyone had been in her fourth year by Viktor Krum, and back then, she had felt awkward, and it had very nearly repulsed her. It was for that reason that she had avoided kissing anyone else for the past two and a half years.

As she left the Great Hall that night, she wrote her name down on the list for those who were leaving. Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted Malfoy heading towards her. She wanted so badly to avoid him, but he would be right in front of her in a second. He picked up a quill and marked his name on the holiday leave list.

'I thought you said that your mother wasn't in the country,' Hermione pointed out.

'I'll be leaving with Professor Snape,' he replied, stuffing his hands into his pockets. 'Are you going to Hogsmeade today?'

'I think I'm going to stay and study for a while so that I can go home and spend time with my family without having work to do,' she answered.

He nodded and then gave her a small smirk before walking towards the dungeons and disappearing down the stairs. Hermione shook her head and walked away, wondering at the blond wizard. He had been acting so strangely. Sometimes she felt as though he was avoiding her, and other times she felt like he was genuinely interested in her. He was blowing hot and cold so often she didn't know what to think at all.

The few days before the Easter holidays passed quickly.

Everyone who was leaving gathered in the Entrance Hall with the few belongings they were taking home with them. Hermione was standing near the Gryffindors, eyes darting around the hall. She knew she was looking to see if Malfoy was there, but he was nowhere in sight. She was just about to give up on seeing him before she left when she felt a hand come down on her shoulder and turned around to see Malfoy standing there, an unreadable expression on his face. He took her hand and led her away from everyone.

Hermione immediately wondered how it was that no one was seeing any of this but then remembered that Malfoy was no idiot. He would have cast some sort of Disillusionment Charm on them so that they would be masked from the view of others. He led her into the Trophy Room and took her just to the side of the hall. She looked up at him and once again saw the intense look in his eyes that had been there the last time he had kissed her. He leaned in, and this time she didn't just stand there numbly.

Her arms went around his neck, pulling him in closer as she returned the kiss. It was all soft lips, traces of mint from what must have been toothpaste, and sliding tongues. He was gentle with her. His right hand rested firmly on the middle of her back while his left twined in her soft brown curls. They stayed that way until the need to breathe became paramount, and they broke apart, panting slightly. He brushed some of the hair out of her eyes and tucked it behind her ear in a gesture that was at odds with all of his past actions against her.

'Can I come see you over the break?' he asked quietly.

She blinked up at him. She wanted to yell at him and demand that he tell her what he was playing at, but all that came out was, 'I would really like that.'

'Good,' he replied, leaning in and pecking her on the lips lightly.

He led her back out to the Great Hall and left her with her friends, gently rubbing her shoulder. She stared after him as he walked over to where Snape was standing across the hall. The train ride back to London had never been so long. At King's Cross station, she greeted her parents cheerfully, hugging them both tightly. They had dinner out that night before returning home. She went up to her room with her travel bags that contained the few things she would need over the holidays and unpacked the belongings.

After taking a long, hot shower, she dressed in her pyjamas and headed to her room for an early night's sleep. She started to pull down the covers when two strong arms went around her waist. She gasped and spun around, finding herself face-to-face with Draco Malfoy, who was dressed casually in jeans and a sweater with a smirk poised on his lips and a glint in his eyes.

'What are you doing here?' she hissed as quietly as she could.

'You said I could come to see you over the break,' he murmured in reply, nuzzling his face into her hair and letting his lips slide down her neck.

She stifled a soft moan, as his mouth brushed over the juncture where her neck and shoulder met. 'I didn't know that you meant tonight,' she whispered, sliding her fingers through his soft blond hair.

'I didn't want to wait to see you any longer,' he told her, kissing his way to her mouth.

He captured her lips with his, kissing her with a passion that shocked her. His hands slid down her back and over her bum, pulling her tighter to him. She was so startled when she felt a hardness pressing insistently against her stomach that she pulled away from the kiss and stared wildly at his face. He looked apologetic and moved his hands back up to her shoulders, rubbing them comfortingly.

'Sorry about that,' he muttered, looking a little sheepish. 'Whenever I'm around you, I just can't seem to control myself.'

Hermione offered him a small, hesitant smile, reaching her arms up to twine around his neck. She was a virgin. She knew that having sex would hurt the first few times, but there was just something about Malfoy that she couldn't resist. He was attractive, intelligent, witty, and when his cruel tendencies were overlooked, he wasn't a half bad person. He was nice to her, he had feelings of some description for her, and he was definitely aroused by her. Throwing caution to the wind, she pulled his head down for another kiss and pressed herself against him boldly.

He pulled her against him with a force that left her breathless. His hands were everywhere, rubbing her back and shoulders and reaching down to squeeze her bum. She gasped into his mouth and arched into him. His arousal pressed into her stomach, and it was very hard. Her mind kept screaming that what they were doing was wrong and that things were moving too fast. But her body was filled with a strange craving. Certainly, she had been aroused before, and had even touched herself to relieve it, but it was nothing compared to Malfoy's touch on her.

His hands moved over her breasts, gently rubbing them through the satin of her pajama top, and over her stomach. He moved his hands back up, pulling her shirt up with them and tugging it over her head before tossing it aside. She wanted to fold her arms over her naked chest, but the look in his eyes stalled her. They were dilated with desire as they raked over the small globes, the pert pink nipples standing at attention in the slight chill that pervaded the room.

He cast a locking and silencing charm on the door so that her parents wouldn't hear any unwanted noises. He pulled his sweater off over his head and tossed it to the floor to join her top. She stared at his chest, all muscle and pale smooth skin. He was perfect. He opened his arms to her, and she slid into them shyly. He kissed her forehead and slid his hands to her hips, tucking his thumbs into the elastic of both her pants and knickers.

'May I?' he asked huskily.

Hermione nodded, and he dropped to his knees, skimming her pants and knickers down her legs. She kicked them aside, her legs squeezed together tightly. What would he think of her now that she was fully exposed to him? What was she supposed to do now? He looked up at her from his place on her floor, adoration in his silver eyes as he took in the sight of her body. He leaned in and placed a daring kiss on her jutting hipbone before standing. He unbuttoned his jeans and dropped both them and his boxers to the floor, exposing his cock. It was a pinkish hue and was slender and perfectly formed with a weeping tip.

He smiled at her then, easing her nervousness at seeing his need for her. He scooped her up in his arms and carried her over to her bed, placing her on the covers gently and sliding to lie on his side next to her. One of his hands drifted from her shoulder to her breast, grazing her nipple as he went and letting it rest on her hip. She let her own hands rest on his chest and rub over his pectorals for a moment before she became slightly more daring and tried to reach for his penis.

'I won't last,' he whispered, gently guiding her hands back up to his chest.

He slid his own hands down her body and weaved his fingers through her nether curls, stroking her clit, and down further to the source of the dampness there. She gasped loudly, making a whimpering noise as he rubbed with more urgency. His sucked on the fingers he used on her and made a growling noise in the back of his throat, flipping her onto her back and kissing down her body. He licked her clit, causing her to buck her hips up into his face. From there, it was just a matter of licking, sucking and plunging his fingers into her until she came, moaning and whimpering.

Once back down from the high, she realized he was hovering over her, his cock resting between her legs, the tip brushing against her damp nether regions. He looked into her eyes, asking for her permission. She nodded, trying to relax despite her nervousness. He eased himself into her, slowly pressing forward. She clenched her teeth, feeling the stretching and a slight sting. It was not as painful as she had expected, even though he was fully seated within her.

'Are you alright?' he asked, looking at her with concern in his eyes.

'Yes,' she said softly. 'Just keep moving, please!'

He kissed her forehead and pulled out a little before sliding back into her slowly. It hurt a little, but with each rocking movement, the pain eased, and they soon established a steady rhythm. Her nails scratched his back and down to his bum, urging him to move faster, which he did without protest. Soon, his pace quickened even further, and he was breathing hard and moaning before coming apart and spilling himself inside her.

'Oh, Hermione,' he whispered into her hair, and he collapsed on her.

It was ten minutes before he rolled off her and Summoned his wand to him. He cast a cleaning charm and then pressed the tip to her stomach, casting a charm on her to

protect her from conceiving from their coupling. Even though she hadn't come again through the intercourse, she knew that having sex would get better with time. And that was when it hit her: she wanted to continue doing this with him. He pulled her close to him and kissed all over her face in a way that made her melt.

'Thank you,' he murmured softly.

'Thank you too,' she replied, shifting so that she could kiss him lightly on the mouth.

He smiled and closed his eyes. 'I know what you're thinking,' he said softly.

'What?' she asked in confusion.

'You're wondering if this was just for tonight,' he stated baldly. 'The answer to that is, no, Hermione. I am attracted to you. I feel something for you; I'm not sure what it is yet, but I do know that I care about you, and I want to be with you.'

She smiled at that and snuggled close to him, wandlessly and wordlessly casting the charm to put the bedcovers over them. 'I want to be with you as well,' she whispered, knowing that despite her natural hesitation, she truly meant what she was saying.

That night, they went to sleep in each others' arms. When the holidays were over and everyone had returned to Hogwarts, everything appeared to go back to the way it was. She went back to pretending to hate Malfoy for the sake of Harry and Ron. He returned to being an arse to her in front of everyone else. They would meet, in the darkness as the world fell around them, but when they were alone, he would love and worship her and her body, treating her the way he wanted to be able to in front of everyone else as well.

In the light of day, they were enemies. But in the dark of night, they were lovers.

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A/N - Written for the Granger Enchanted Fuh-Q-Fest, the prompt: They would meet, in the darkness as the world fell around them.