

On Suffering

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Draco kidnaps Hermione, intent on revenge. What he gets is so much more—and less—than he expected. Has he suffered enough, or is he only just beginning?

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Draco Malfoy couldn't help but think that it was almost too easy to kidnap people these days.

He would have thought that...even in the peaceable and tranquil days after the defeat of the Dark Lord...people would take more care and fewer risks.

Especially little Mudbloods whose new position in society was tenuous, at best.

And *especially* little Gryffindor know-it-alls who had made it a point to exercise restraint in the types of spells that were cast against Death Eaters in the last days of the war. If only she'd known.... Surely she would have whispered the worst Unforgivable of all, rather than a silly Stupefy that did little but raise his ire at being taken out of play.

Yes, Hermione Granger should have been more careful about what sorts of objects she picked up in her travels. But Draco was as clever as he was vindictive, and he knew she could no less resist picking up the newest revised edition of *Hogwarts: A History-cum-portkey* than she had been able to resist giving him that condescending pamphlet the last time he'd seen her.

And now she was, quite delightfully, chained to the ceiling in the dungeons of his family home. Unfortunately unconscious, for now. He'd considered ~~an~~ *Renervate* to get the party started, but a slow awakening would be even more alarming to her.

Draco wasn't planning on *hurting* her. He just wanted to teach her a lesson. Show her there are worse things than being on the wrong side of the war. Prove that he wasn't a monster.

As he watched Hermione's naked body shift and shiver under the strain of being held up by her arms, Draco had the briefest thought that perhaps he was going quite mad.

But any and all thoughts of mental competency dissolved when Hermione's whisky eyes crawled open, looking bleary and uncertain.

She moaned softly, shifting in her bonds, immediately putting weight on her feet to relieve the certain ache in her shoulders. It occurred to him that he should have laid her down until she came to.

"What... where am I?" she croaked, her throat no doubt dry and sore. She'd been chained for hours, after all.

Draco remained silent, preferring to take in the sight of his erstwhile enemy contained for his pleasure. She was very slender, her body retaining almost boyish proportions, despite her being nearly twenty. Her legs were long and pleasingly shaped, lightly tanned and leading up to a dark vee of hair between her thighs. Neatly trimmed and softly curled, her pubic hair kept secrets from his prying eyes. Her hipbones protruded, half from her stretched position and half from an inability to put on any significant

amount of weight. Her waist dipped in sharply, her navel a mere slash. Her ribs were partially visible, again from the position, but Draco didn't mind. He'd seen her arse and it was more than enough to make up for the meat she lacked everywhere else. Her small breasts were jutting and valiant, thrust forward, nipples peaked from the cool dungeon air. The chains slithered halfway down her arms, binding her to her elbows. Her small wrists seemed impossibly inadequate to hold her weight, insignificant as it was.

Her throat was deliciously bared, and even from his position slightly to her side and feet away, he could see her pulse pounding wildly. Her hair had been in a tight bun, but he'd released it the moment he'd gotten her tied. It was now wild and unstructured, a seeming halo around her head, pinched by her overextended arms.

Her face... well, she was scared. Draco could see that. She was blinking rapidly, and he knew that blurred sight was a side effect of the spell he'd hit her with the moment she'd appeared in the dungeon. It would clear up in moments. He thought she could probably see a shape where he was standing, but his identity was a mystery for a few short moments more.

"What's happening?" she whispered, pulling on her restraints, only to cringe and softly cry out from the pain, ostensibly, in her shoulders.

"You are my guest," he announced in false cordiality.

"Where?" she demanded, setting her near-sightless eyes on him.

"The dungeon," he replied, shrugging, though she could not see it. He could tell her vision was returning, though she was trying to keep that fact hidden from him, as if he didn't know.

"What dungeon? *Where?*"

"Malfoy Manor," he said easily, stepping forward. He relished the dawning realization, the horror that twisted her features. It was apparent that she believed she would be tortured.

"Draco?" she asked softly, and he stopped mid-step. How could she say his name like that? Like she'd said it for years and years. Like she'd earned the right.

He hummed noncommittally and walked ever closer. He trailed a hand down her side, her soft skin pleasing him. He had to jump back when her leg kicked out wildly, causing him to chuckle.

"Tsk, ts, Granger. You seem to misunderstand your plight. You're mine now. Cause me damage, disparage me, displease me in *any* way, and you will be punished. Do as I say and you'll find yourself well taken care of."

Her breath was coming sharply now, and Draco watched, entranced, as her chest rose and fell.

"Draco... you can't do this. You have to let me go. You're... you're not well. You can get help/can help you! Just let me down..."

"No," he interrupted. "I don't think so." Wish a quick flash of his wand, the chains holding her dragged her to the wall, slackening only minutely to give her the barest range of her arms. No sense in suffocating her, after all.

He followed her languidly, finding himself momentarily confused over the wetness on her face. But he banished the strange direction of his thoughts, choosing, instead, to caress the length of her thigh. He watched her face, saw rebellion and frustration, but she did not lash out. The muscles in her leg quivered as though desperate to retreat, but he simply continued his exploration.

"Please... please, don't do this. I won't say anything. I swear. If you... if you rape me, Draco, you'll go to Azkaban." Her voice was wavering, her bravery apparently only vocal and not physical.

"I have no intention of raping you, Granger," he informed her softly, moving his hand to those secretive curls in a way that must have seemed to belie his words. "You'll love every minute of it, I promise."

Hermione was dry when Draco's fingers slipped into her folds. He heard her inhale sharply, but didn't quite expect the scream that followed. Wincing, he stepped back, crossing his arms over his chest. He could easily Silence her, but then she would know it was futile and stop screaming until he released the spell; which he would, because he wanted to hear her, to talk to her.

Instead, Draco stood back and listened to her scream. They started out piecing and strident, shattering shrieks that must have been as painful to her as they were to him. After a few minutes, they became hoarser, real screams built of terror. It continued on like that for what seemed like hours.

Eventually, she seemed to have trouble breathing, and her screams became more desperate but less effective. While she was panting in between, he casually told her that the dungeons were, of course, soundproof.

"Bastard," she uttered, her voice nearly unrecognizable.

He shrugged one shoulder slowly, approaching her again.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, clearing her throat several times.

"I haven't decided yet," he responded, returning his hand to the juncture between her thighs. Her legs clamped shut, but he lightly slapped one thigh and raised an eyebrow at her gall. Her eyes clenched shut and her thighs parted again.

"I meant... after," she said through gritted teeth.

Draco was silent for a few minutes, his attention focused on his fingers sliding through her folds, dipping inside her and spreading the wetness. He had always suspected she wouldn't be frigid, not once he got started.

"You want to know if I'm going to let you go," he guessed, sliding his long middle finger all the way inside her. Her muscles clenched and he grinned.

"Are you?"

Another finger slipped inside, slowly pumping into her tightness. "Yes," he answered truthfully. He had no intention of taking on a permanent houseguest.

"You're going to Oblivate me, then?" Her voice was shaking now, and Draco could see that she viewed Obliviation as an equal violation to what he was doing right now.

"No," he said, again, honestly.

"You... you must know I'll tell," she whispered, sounding anxious and desperate.

"I don't think you will," he said. She was quite wet now, her entire body trembling whenever his fingers lingered on her lightly protruding clit. He liked to watch her face when he did that. With her eyes shut and her jaw tight, it looked like she was half agonized, half aroused.

It seemed she wanted to say more, and Draco knew exactly what she was thinking. She wanted to threaten him, tell him she would tell everyone, but at the same time, she

was afraid that if she did say that, he'd make sure that she would be unable to.

But Draco meant what he said. He wasn't going to Oblivate her, he wasn't going to keep her here, and he certainly wasn't going to kill her. No, he just believed that once he was finished, she wouldn't say a word.

Maybe he was resting a lot on that certainty, but he didn't really have a lot to lose, anyway.

"You feel so good," he told her, watching her face carefully. She winced and turned her head away, but he drew it back with his other hand.

"It isn't your fault," he whispered, his lips close enough to hers for him to taste her breath. "You don't want this. But you can't fight, or worse things will happen. Just take it. Enjoy it. Relax, and it will be over, and I *will* let you go. I promise."

Hermione moaned, a tone so rich in despair that it made Draco's balls tighten. He kissed her lips, mouth moving over her sweetness. She tasted so new. He gave a moment's thanks to the fact that she and the Weasel had broken up. He didn't want his come and that blood-traitor's sharing the same hole.

"Open your mouth."

Hermione slowly obeyed, and Draco slipped his tongue inside. He explored every crevice, fingers moving steadily over her clit, expertly predicting her reactions: when she needed more wetness, when she needed rougher strokes, when she needed fingers filling her. Draco knew exactly what she needed.

"Kiss me," he muttered against her lips, eyes open to express the severity of the command. Her brown eyes were wide and staring back. Her mouth contorted in hate, but he pressed his lips to her again, moaning approvingly when her tongue tentatively darted against his. It was inelegant, but her obedience deserved a reward.

Thrusting three fingers into her now-dripping cunt, Draco mercilessly circled her clit with his thumb, tongue flicking against hers in a crude pantomime. She began to pant against his lips, making wonderful whimpering noises. Her body was shivering, the chains overhead quivering with her movement. She broke the kiss to drop her head back and cry out, her body throbbing around his fingers. He helped her ride out the storm, whispering comforting noises in her ear. His fingers slipped out, slick with her arousal, and he waited until her head dropped back down to lick them clean.

She watched him with a sort of horrified awe. Draco wasn't sure what had made him do that, what had made him taste the essence of a Mudblood he despised, but the taste was tart and all the more pleasing because it was forced from her.

"Good girl," he told her, smiling softly. Hermione screamed again, surprising him. He thought she'd have been worn out from that nonsense, but he let her express what displeasure she might be experiencing, and as he predicted, it was done soon enough.

Hermione was panting by the time her outburst came to a close. Her eyes were red but any wetness on her cheeks was from exertion, not tears. That pleased Draco, and he told her so.

"Draco, listen to me for a minute, okay?"

Draco nodded slowly, running his fingers over her cheek, smudging away the tearstains.

"Let me down. Let me down and I'll do what you want, okay? I'll... make it good for you. I don't have to be chained up. You... *my* gods, Draco, you absolute bastard!" Her voice was beginning to get hysterical, and Draco tsked. She gasped in deep breathes and closed her eyes before continuing. "I would have... if you'd only asked me, I would have...."

"Would have what?" he asked, curious. His fingers traced the chains encircling her wrists, wondering if he could let her down.

"I *liked* you. Couldn't you... didn't you...? And I defended you. To everyone! People said you'd... changed, and I said, no, he's just scared, he's just grieving, he's just *lost*. *would have found you!* And you fucking *kidnap* me? Why? Why?"

Draco was smiling. It was good to be wanted. He'd suspected she might have feelings for him, though he'd seen her only fleetingly after the war. But so many women did want him. It was really of no interest to him that another Mudblood wanted Malfoy come to purify their bodies, or to get pregnant with a child purer than they were. But Draco had thought Hermione was different. He didn't think she wanted him just for his bloodline. She'd even said she wanted to *save* him. As if he needed saving.

As if he wanted it.

"Remember that pamphlet you gave me last year?" Draco chuckled in reminiscence. "On Muggle Buddhism?" He could see he had her attention now. Her eyes had widened slightly, and she went very still.

"Everything is suffering!" he announced dramatically. "Everything good is fleeting. Everything we love will die. Happiness is transient and impermanent. And you thought that would make me *feel better*? Oh, blessed is the Noble Eightfold Path, right, Hermione? Have you ever *tried* that shit? Do you know how *impossible* it is?" Now Draco was panting, anger that he'd thought he'd dealt with rising to the surface with surprising rapidity. He so hated it when they tried to heal him.

Hermione was shaking her head slowly. "Draco... you're looking at it the wrong way. Happiness is achievable... it *is*. I didn't give you that pamphlet because I thought you'd make a good Buddhist. Hell, I wouldn't even make a good Buddhist. I wanted to show you that there was another way. I wanted to show you that... everyone suffers, Draco. Everyone hurts, everyone loses people they love. But you can still find happiness despite all the ugliness in the world. I just..." Hermione broke off with a sob, but she immediately steeled her features, and Draco found himself admiring her control. "I just wanted to show you that you deserved happiness. Obviously, I couldn't have been more wrong."

Draco pulled away slowly. He felt like he was on the verge of something important, but it was just out of his reach. "You didn't... want to hurt me?" Immediately something inside him screamed that no filthy Mudblood could possibly hurt a noble and pure Malfoy, but something else, something even deeper pulled that thought into a swirling abyss, and suddenly Draco didn't want to hurt anymore. He didn't want to hurt himself, and he didn't want to hurt her.

Confused, Draco covered his face with his hands.

"Never," Hermione asserted. "Never."

Draco wished he could think. He'd been wrong about a lot of things in his life, but he never thought he'd be wrong like this. Thinking Hermione was trying to torment him had been the first major belief he'd supported since the fall of the Dark Lord. It was something he'd held on to when his rage tried to sink him down into a dark place. He'd felt proud and right in his belief that he was meant to teach her a lesson.

When in reality, she'd been trying to teach him.

Draco took another few steps backward, picking up his wand and waving it at the chains. Slowly, the links loosened and the chains crept over her arms until they disappeared into the ceiling. Once released, Hermione fell hard to her knees, crying out. He didn't make a move toward her, but she scrambled against the wall anyway.

"You were beautiful," he told her, wondering if he'd be placed in a cell near his father and mother.

Hermione pulled her knees against her body and hugged them, dropping her head down. Draco felt a surge of anger that she dare feel safe enough to close her eyes in his presence, but as soon as it came, it disappeared. Conflict was burning inside him, making him want to fuck her and free her and free himself by fucking her.

Draco stood watching her for a long time. He wanted her to leave, but at the same time, he wanted to stay in this place where time seemed to be standing still. He walked slowly over to the wall and sat beside her. She froze, raising her head to look at him.

"Draco... you're sick. You know that, don't you?" she whispered, looking into his eyes as though the answer were written there. And maybe it was.

He nodded. He was sick. It seemed right. He certainly didn't *feel* normal, like he used to. His hate and anger ate him whole, feeding on people like Hermione for sustenance when it seemed as though there'd be nothing left of him.

He abruptly pulled Hermione into his arms, her naked body acting like a salve against skin that suddenly seemed too tight for his body. She held herself perfectly still, but eventually relaxed into the hold. He was glad for that.

"Will you get help?" she asked, her arms slowly going around his neck.

He decided to allow the familiarity, both with her request and her actions. "I think I should," he answered truthfully, avoiding the direct response she obviously wanted.

She nodded. "I think you should as well. I...I know someone who might be able to help. I saw her often when... when things were hard."

Draco didn't answer. Instead, he lowered his mouth to Hermione's and kissed her. She seemed so soft now, so malleable. Not at all cruel. She wanted to help him.

She made a squeaking noise, but didn't push him away. Draco was glad of that, since he doubted very much he would have allowed that. Hermione's lips parted, maybe to whimper, and Draco immediately slipped his tongue inside. She was delicious, even better now than before. Saltier. Draco thought that was likely from the tears and pulled back to lick them away. When he met Hermione's eyes, they were wide and uncertain, but her kiss-swollen lips and flushed cheeks make her look promisingly debauched.

"Want you," he murmured, nuzzling her neck. He felt overdressed and began to pull off his shirt, forgoing buttons for expediency. Her naked chest against his felt wondrous. Her skin was burning hot despite the damp air, and her breasts flattened exquisitely against him as he pushed Hermione to the stone floor, settling atop her.

"I don't think..." she began, looking half wild.

"It's okay," he assured her. "You want me, remember? You said so yourself. And I want you. And after, you can make me an appointment for that person you saw that helped you. Everything will be okay." Draco himself was uncertain of how much of his words were coercion and how much were honest. "You do want me, right?" Draco asked, telling himself that the answer mattered.

Hermione's eyes clenched shut. He could practically hear her brain working. He wondered if she would have to convince herself.

"I do want you, but..."

"Perfect," he interrupted, settling himself between her obediently parting thighs. He ground his still-clothed lower half against her crotch, and she bit her lip before he relieved her of the duty and bit it himself.

Her arms went around his neck again, fingers digging into his shoulders. He felt the sharp bite of fingernails, but he didn't mind.

"Take me out," he ordered, looking down at himself for clarity. Her nails entrenched deeper for a split second before she moved one arm to his trousers.

"Damn you," she whispered, fingers hesitating. Draco only raised an eyebrow, defying her to try to stop. She seemed to understand that she only had two choices of how this could go, and neither included escape. She'd had her chance when his defences were down. Now he wouldn't be contained, not until he got what he wanted, what he'd somehow always wanted.

Her trembling hand lowered his pants and pulled out his heavy cock. He felt desperately aroused, as though he'd been hard for days. Her small, hot hand on his erection made him feel more powerful than he had since he'd actually believed in the Dark Lord's mission. He felt human again, like a man, virile and important. He wondered at the fact that Hermione Granger made him feel thus.

"Put your legs around my waist," he commanded, getting another rush of that power.

"No," she moaned, looking indecisive, scared, and aroused all at once.

"Damn it, Granger, do it!"

"Fuck you!" she screamed in his face, trying to scratch at him while still holding his straining cock in her other hand.

"Trying to!" he shouted, feeling the beginnings of hysterical laughter welling up.

Hermione made a noise halfway through a shriek and a groan, but whatever it was, it sounded like capitulation. Her legs came up around his waist, and as soon as they locked behind him, he thrust into her.

When she cried out this time, it didn't sound like hate. He crashed his mouth onto hers, mashing her lips against her teeth and invading her mouth. She was kissing back this time, just as hard and twice as angry. Her thighs were clamped around him so tightly he could barely thrust, her tight heat overwhelming him to the point of distraction.

Draco made sure the base of his cock abused her clit with every stroke, and Hermione looked both grateful and horrified. He sank deeper into her, and one of her arms flew up to brace herself against the wall behind her. His pounding was moving her, and he suspected her back would be bruised and scraped from the rough treatment.

Halfway through, Hermione stopped greeting his cock with, "Fuck you!" and started welcoming it with, "Fuck me!"

Despite resenting taking orders from anyone, Draco kindly obliged. With one hand he held her wrists over her head, letting her brace against the wall, and with the other he held her hip to force her to meet his thrusts.

The slick heat of her was almost enough to set him off like a virgin, but Draco managed to contain himself long enough to remember that it was better for both of them if she managed to come as well. Draco couldn't exactly say why it would be better for him if she found pleasure, but when her eyes squeezed shut and her breath became short and desperate, Draco knew he was doing the right thing.

Even if she looked like her orgasm was wholly against her will.

She cried out his name, tearing him away from the act for a moment. He couldn't remember the last time someone had said his name and meant it. He knew she meant it because it seemed like she hadn't wanted to say it at all. Or like she'd wanted to say something entirely different.

It didn't matter, not when her body was clenching all around him, holding him, worshipping him. He thrust *betwixt* more times, grinding into her body as his climax rocked through him. He didn't say her name, didn't say anything, but he grunted through gritted teeth, hating even that minuscule exclamation of pleasure.

He slowly withdrew from her even as his body was still reeling from his orgasm. Falling onto his back on the unforgiving stone floor garnered Hermione a new respect, since he'd fucked her across said floor with nary a whimper from her. None that he'd heard, anyway.

"Damn you, Draco," Hermione whispered. Draco was having déjà vu.

"I'm sorry for kidnapping you," he said, not apologizing for the rest as that would be a lie. She seemed to understand what ~~he~~*wasn't* saying better than what he *was*. She looked resigned; it was a good look on her.

"Where are my clothes?"

Draco thought a moment. Then he reached for his wand without getting up and with a quick and easy wave, she was dressed. But even fully clothed, there was no disguising the just-fucked look she had about her. Her cheeks were flushed, lips swollen, eyes somewhat glazed and half-haunted, hair an absolute disaster. Yes, Hermione was well and truly marked, and Draco wasn't stupid enough to lie to himself and say he didn't like that.

Draco stood up slowly, letting blood rush back into where it was needed in order for him to think. His knees ached something fierce, but it was, after all, a dungeon. Creature comforts were not exactly on the offing.

He dressed with a pace that contradicted his anxiety, watching Hermione cautiously from the corner of his eye. She stepped up to him once he was clothed, reaching into the pocket of her robe. Draco gripped his wand tightly in one fist, wondering how far he would go to protect himself, if he would even raise his wand at all against a deserved green light.

He needn't have worried. She pulled out a pocketbook and rummaged inside. Upon finding her quarry, she held out to him a rectangular card.

"My Mind-Healer," she explained, gesturing for him to take the card. "She's quite good, Draco. She understands. And she won't judge you."

"Are you going to tell her what we did?" He didn't say, 'What I did,' because she had come, too. That alleviated some of his responsibility in his eyes.

"No. Not if you promise to see her."

He nodded slowly. She looked sincere. Draco wondered if she tasted as good after as she did before. He stepped in to find out, lowering his head to meet her lips.

Hermione jumped back and held her hands up. "You can't," she whispered insistently. "You can't ever again."

Draco's eyes narrowed. The business card in his hand felt strangely heavy.

He pointed to the stairs that had been previously Disillusioned, and Hermione, without a glance back at him, tore up them. He watched her go with a sort of detached resignation.

After he heard the front door slam, and moments later, a crack of Apparition, Draco knew she was gone. He wondered if she would shower right away.

Draco put the business card in his pocket. He'd look at it later.

Right now, he had a Portkey to make.

Fin.