

The Master's Tool

by Darkrivertempest

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"Your participation is non-negotiable, Draco," Lucius drawled, slapping a file down on his mahogany desk. "This event will allow us to regain some footing in the Wizarding world." He looked at his son pointedly. "We can't afford *not* to do this."

"Then why don't *you* do it?" the younger man snapped, his arms crossed in defiance. "Or are you worried about destroying your precious manicure?"

Lucius closed his eyes and inhaled deeply, trying to gain a hold on his irritation, only to open them and realize he'd failed. "It's for one bloody day!" he swore. "Your mother is in a delicate condition at the moment, and if she finds out that I was someone's *slave*, it might send her over the edge in a fit of conniptions."

"Oh, that's rich," Draco sneered just as well as his father. "Being a slave for a day is good enough for me, but not you." He shook his head in disgust. "Bloody hypocrite."

The patriarch of the Malfoy family appeared in front of his son so quickly that Draco didn't have time to react, finding himself bowed before his father, Lucius' hand fisted in the long locks of Draco's hair, keeping him at heel.

"I have bled, lied, manipulated, scavenged, pleaded, and murdered for this family, boy," he hissed in his son's ear. "We've lost the pride and dignity the Malfoy name once carried because I was used by a homicidal maniac to further his misguided vision. Now that he's dead, I will not see the empire I built destroyed because you didn't feel like following someone's orders for a twenty-four hour period!" He tightened his fist. "You *will* do this. End of discussion."

His father released him and returned to his desk as if nothing had happened. Rubbing the back of his head as he stood, Draco glared at him, but knew he could've received a much harsher punishment for his disobedience. Even nearing twenty, Draco was still under Lucius' influence, as one did not simply stop being a Malfoy. It was a life sentence.

Looking past his son, Lucius smiled. "Miss Parkinson, how good of you to join us."

Slowly turning his head, Draco observed his former housemate Pansy standing in the shadows. "What are you doing here?"

"She is here at my request," Lucius intoned. "I've asked her to make sure you complete the task."

Draco's eyes widened. "I don't need a keeper!" He watched as the dark-haired woman sashayed her way over to where he stood with his father. "And I don't like being

spied on."

"What you like is inconsequential in this matter, Draco." Lucius beckoned Pansy to his side. "She is my insurance that this transaction will be successful."

"Unfuckingbelievable," Draco muttered, running his hand through his blond strands.

"Language!" Lucius snarled.

"I'll say whatever the hell I want!" Draco thundered back. "I'm the one being sold off to Merlin knows who while having my ex-girlfriend breathing down my neck as you get your jollies claiming the recognition I'll be earning in an effort to fix your fuck-up!" He glowered mutinously at them. "I'd say that entitles me to a few liberties."

Without being dismissed, the younger Malfoy strode from Lucius' study, slamming the door in his wake.

"Are you sure this is a good idea, Lucius?" Pansy asked as she leaned her hip against his leather chair, draping her left arm across the back.

Snaking a hand around her wrist, Malfoy tugged her down until she kneeled at his feet. "He'll do as he's told." Spreading his legs, he wrapped his fingers around the back of her neck and pressed her face to his groin. "Just like you will."

"Yes, Master," she purred, proceeding to give him a blowjob that made his eyes cross.

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"Stop fidgeting," Pansy grouched as she tried to muss Draco's bangs, giving him a dangerous appearance instead of the glacial one he was projecting.

Shoving her hand away, he muttered, "Sod off." He might have to participate in the ludicrous charade, but he didn't have to like it.

"Slave one hundred and sixty-five!" cried the announcer past the heavily curtained area, making Draco cringe.

Stepping back, Pansy looked him up and down, satisfied with her work. "You look good enough to shag," she leered with a wink.

He frowned with a moue of repugnance. "I don't shag my father's whores."

Crossing her arms, her gaze became a bit unfocused. "It's not what you think."

"I don't think about it at all," he supplied. "That would mean I respected your opinion, which I don't, so do what you want."

A brief flash of hurt stole across her eyes. "Draco, I "

"Slave one hundred and sixty-six!" the auctioneer boomed, prompting Draco to move away and towards the slit in the curtain.

Breathing deeply, he closed his eyes and shifted the drape aside, stepping onto the stage to thunderous applause. Opening them, he observed the massive crowd, gathered for the Hogwarts Charity Slave Auction. In an effort to help rebuild the school, Minister Shackbolt came up with the brilliant scheme to auction *slaves for a day*, hoping the money used to buy such servants would be more than enough to completely restore the famed institution.

Draco thought it an exorbitant waste of time his and society's at large. Scanning the crowd, he looked down his nose at the mere peasants and wondered what had possessed Kingsley to think he'd ever raise enough money to reconstruct Hogwarts to its former glory with that lot. But then he remembered whose idea it really had been.

Harry fucking Potter.

Snorting mirthlessly, he stepped upon the dais and presented himself as a lamb for the slaughter to the highest bidder.

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Cursed.

There was no other word for his current situation.

Not only was he freezing his arse off, but Draco also had the overwhelming sense of dread, as he waited to be told what to do. He fidgeted with the blindfold he'd been forced to wear just before his *master* claimed him from the stage.

"We'll start the bidding at two hundred Galleons, ladies and gentlemen," the auctioneer announced.

A paddle with the number forty-two went into the air, being held aloft by none other than Luna Lovegood. Draco snorted to himself. He could only imagine what she'd want him to do to make up for her torture at his father's hands. Thank Merlin another paddle swiftly rose to counter her bid.

"Three hundred Galleons," cried Ginny Weasley from her seat next to her glowering brother, Ron.

First of all, where the hell did the Weasleys find enough Galleons to even bid on him? Second, was the Ministry seriously thinking about letting the red-headed traitors drag him out of there... unsupervised? Draco shuddered at the thought and searched the crowd for a sympathetic face.

"Three-fifty," a voice sounded out in the back, belonging to... Pansy? What the hell! She wasn't supposed to bid on him, was she?

Confusion marred his brow, but before he could speculate further as to why Pansy was submitting her offer another paddle shot up amidst the multitude of wizards and witches.

"Four hundred," Gregory Goyle bellowed off to his right.

Buggering shite, this was just getting worse.

Pansy submitted another bid of four-fifty.

"Five hundred," countered Neville Longbottom.

"Six hundred!" Pansy shouted again.

Draco was sweating profusely at this point. Almost every single person he'd wronged in his life was bidding for him, and it was only a matter of time until he heard her voice ring loud and true.

"One hundred thousand Galleons."

Gasps of shock rolled like waves over the audience as everyone turned in their seats to see the person that had placed such a high offer, only to spot a small, cloaked figure timidly holding her paddle high in the air. The cowl of the hood obscured her face, but Draco didn't need to see it he'd know that voice anywhere.

Hermione Potter, nee Granger.

Of all the people he'd victimized in his time, she'd been the one most egregiously treated, and he supposed it was some kind of poetic justice or cruel irony that she would be the one to win him. He'd heard that she'd married Potter less than six months ago and together they'd almost single-handedly rebuilt the Wizarding world after the war in a short amount of time. Everyone was indebted to them, including the Malfoy family. Figured.

"Going once," the auctioneer started. "Going twice..."

To plead for someone else to bid on him was futile, so he stood there stoically.

"Sold to number twelve!"

After confirming that number twelve would be the one to take custody of him, the auctioneer stood before him and began placing a blindfold over his eyes, from which he promptly tried to back away, but a binding spell was placed upon his body.

"It is a requirement of the purchaser, Mister Malfoy," the man told him. "And since you signed the contract to abide by your purchasers' wishes, you must comply."

On all accounts the man was right, but Draco hated it all the same. "Proceed."

Now, standing on the outside he assumed he was near the Potter's sacred abode because the sounds from behind him were buffeted against an immovable barrier he longed to take the damned thing off and face his tormentors' head on.

"Move forward into the house, Slave," she instructed in a neutral voice, neither delighting in calling him a 'slave' nor lacing the phrase with disgust. It was the first words she'd spoken to him, having Apparated with him straight to where they currently stood.

Which in and of itself was very odd. The Hermione he remembered was always passionate, regardless of the subject. Had life with the famed Potter sucked the spirit straight from her soul? Her detached tone notched up his uneasy feeling as he inched forward past a doorway, blindly reaching out to feel for objects in his way.

"It would help if I took off this bloody mask," he complained, raising his hand to do so.

"Do not remove it," she ordered, stopping his movement with a tight grip around his wrist. "And you will answer with the appropriate title of Mistress."

Trying to tug his arm within her hold, he backed away. "Get off me, you bint!"

"Incarcerous," she whispered dispassionately as silvery tendrils unfurled from her wand to wrap around Draco's struggling body, binding him.

"I'll kill you myself if I get free, Mudblood!" he shouted, shaking his head until the blindfold sat askew on his face and he could see her with one eye. "I don't care if you are married to the god-damned saviour of the universe!"

She stared at him, though her gaze focused on nothing. "Potter," she corrected automatically in response to him calling her a Mudblood. "It's Hermione Potter now."

"I don't fucking care!" he spat, trying to wriggle free. "If I don't kill you, my father definitely will!"

This seemed to have an effect on her as she raised her eyes to his and blinked rapidly. "Draco?"

He sneered and tried to throw his rigid body at her, hoping to hurt her in the process, but all he accomplished was landing face first on the hard wooden floorboards. Turning his head, he spied her shoes, unmoving, and he wondered what she was waiting for.

It wasn't very long, though, before she grabbed the back of his hand-tailored shirt and started dragging him towards a door. He heard her dismantle several Muggle padlocks and at least five wards before he observed the bottom of the door swing open to reveal a deep staircase leading down into a darkened area.

Taking hold of his shirt once more, she proceeded to pull him down the stairs, uncaring of how his feet hit every step along the way. He cursed and thrashed about, as much as he could within his bounds, but became increasingly aware of one fact that sent him reeling.

Hermione Potter had the strength of several men at her disposal, for there was no possible way with her frame as slight as it was that she would be able to carry his upper body down the stairs if she didn't.

Contemplating the possible nature of the source of her newly acquired power, Draco didn't take note of his surroundings until he was propped upright and his mask completely removed. He suddenly wished to be insensible.

They stood in the middle of a chamber that rivaled one of Voldemort's pleasure palaces.

A set of hooks hung from the stone ceiling, suspended over a circular object built into the floor and dotted with holes, surrounded by blotches of red. Off to the side, a gurney of sorts lay waiting for its next victim.

Draco had the sinking feeling that would be him.

Panicked, he searched Hermione's face, only to find her staring at a massive mirror on the other side of the room. "Granger? What is this?"

"Potter," she reminded him again. "It's Hermione Potter."

Darting his gaze between her and the mirror, he frowned. "I'm just supposed to be a slave for a day, Granger, Potter."

Ignoring him, she made her way over to stand in front of the glass, nodding her head once and then turning towards him, an odd light in her eyes. She swayed back and forth, as if she were caught in a tug-of-war, until she stumbled forward and stopped in front of him.

"You are magically bound to obey me, Slave," she advised. Reaching behind him, she plucked two leather wrist cuffs off the metal tray standing next to the gurney. "I am going to release you and you will put these on."

"Like hell I will!" he snapped. He fixed his most hardened stare on the mirror, having figured out that someone was behind it, watching her... them. "Listen, you sick fuck!" he shouted. "Find someone else to sate your twisted needs."

"Finite Incantatem," she said, dissolving the bands around his arms and chest.

The loss of the binds caused Draco to fall to the ground where the circular hole in the floor came into closer view. A drain; that was what it was. A Muggle drain. Glancing up, he realized that the hooks he'd seen earlier were positioned right above it, and the red spots were...

"Put on the wrist cuffs, Slave," she instructed again, though no inflection entered her voice.

He tried to fight the compulsion, he really did, but the contract was requisite, and any divergence from his *master's* wishes was met with excruciating pain. Standing, he took one of the leather bands and studied it, scowling.

"How do I put these on?"

Taking it from him, Hermione unbuckled the cuff and waited for him to place his wrist within, tightening the strap once he did. She proceeded to do the same to the other one. Then, without warning, she backhanded him, the crack creating a vivid purple bruise just below his left eye almost immediately.

"You will call me Mistress."

The blow caused him to stagger backwards, but he recovered and held his cheek, his eyes watering from the sting. "Yes, Mistress," he seethed.

"Attach your cuffs to the hooks, Slave," she commanded, indicating the restraints hanging above him.

Doing as he was ordered, his arms now dangled overhead, his body vulnerable to anything she might wish to subject him to. He'd never hated her more in his life than he did right now.

She then stood there, as if awaiting instructions. After several minutes, she moved towards a small oak bureau that had twelve drawers, opening the middle top one and retrieving an item. Returning, she laid the leather and metal device on the tray table.

His eyes widened. "What is that, Gran Potter, erm, Mistress?" He stumbled over what to call her in his haste to figure out what type of torture was in store for him.

Instead of answering him, she left the piece on the tray and stood before him, slowly unbuttoning his shirt. Once she was done, she pushed the fabric to the sides and ran her hands over his nearly hairless chest, her nails scraping his pecs until she reached his nipples, flicking them into peaks.

Gritting his teeth against the irritating sensation, he stared over her head at the mirror and sneered, knowing whoever was watching this little scenario being played out was enjoying it fully. His attention was diverted back to Hermione when she began unbuckling his belt and then unzipping his dress slacks, letting them drop to expose his black silk boxers.

"You have a nice body, Slave," she murmured before tugging on the waistband and pulling the boxers down.

Closing his eyes and gulping heavily, Draco drew in a deep breath as she lightly touched his sagging cock, which was quickly becoming turgid under her ministrations. He was only a man, after all.

A punishing grip, however, caused him to open his eyes and yelp, "Bloody hell!" Looking down, he nearly jumped out of his skin at the sight.

Wrapped around his semi-erect cock was a contraption he'd never imagined, even in his most lust-frenzied state. A long, thick strip of black leather lay along the top of his penis as four metal rings fit snugly around his thick shaft. At the base, another strip of leather with snaps held his balls away from his body and his cock.

"It's called *The Gates of Hell*," she responded to his unasked question. "The more engorged you become, the more constraint is placed on the penis, making you feel as if you are being squeezed to death."

"Get. It. Off!" he roared, struggling to break his cuffs.

Paying his demands no heed, Hermione laid her hand over his left pec, scratching her nails down until she reached his nipple. She then gave it a violent twist. "You will call me Mistress."

His back arched from the intense pain and the increasing pressure on his cock. "Get. It. Off. Now... Mistress!" he snarled, his look positively lethal.

"No, Slave," was all she would say before she moved away from him once more.

While she was off, probably finding another instrument to torment him with, he returned his focus to the seemingly innocuous glass spanning more than half the width of the room. If this was their home, why in Merlin's name did the Potters have a chamber like this in their house? Did the Boy-Who-Wouldn't-Fucking-Die-No-Matter-How-Many-Times-You-Tried-To-End-Him have a secret kink he didn't want the Wizarding world to know about? He'd not seen the last of the battle, and he wondered if Potter had truly killed Voldemort... or was there a piece left behind that just refused to depart?

"You getting off on this?" he taunted the occupant. He thrust his hips forward. "You like what you see, you miserable sod?"

His tirade was interrupted as she stood before him yet again. "If you do not cease with the insults, I will be forced to gag you, Slave."

"I'd like to see you try "

Before he could finish his sentence, two metal bars appeared in his mouth spreading his jaw open as a strap tightened behind his head. He watched as her fingers twisted a fan-shaped screw on the right side of his face, ratcheting the metal bars further apart and making it impossible to speak.

That was it. Since his ability to hurl invectives was removed, he pulled himself up and landed a wild kick to her chest, sending her across the room and nearly emasculating himself in the process.

A loud crash sounded somewhere within the house, though he couldn't tell where it came from. Seeing his opportunity for escape, he tugged as hard as he could on his restraints, rubbing his wrists raw with the effort.

"Draco?" a feeble voice called from a corner near the mirror.

He narrowed his eyes and stared at the stumbling woman that had been making his life a living hell ever since he'd met her so many years ago. He couldn't articulate any words, so he just grunted at her, hoping she would comprehend the urgency in his voice.

"Oh my God!" she sobbed, taking in his appearance, her hand covering her mouth in shock.

Taking a brief moment to study her, he realized she had no clue as to what was going on, the horror in her eyes plainly evident. At that moment, he felt something totally uncharacteristic when returning her frightened stare. Pity. He'd bet a hefty fortune that she was being Imperiused, and if that were the case, then she was just as much a slave as he was.

He prompted her to come closer with a nod of his head.

Blinking back tears, she crawled towards him, releasing the device now constricting his cock past endurance. Free of the hated thing, however, his balls began to ache severely.

Unfortunately, as soon as Hermione was able to stand, her momentarily lucid gaze became unfocused again, her eyes clouding in a misty dream state. Angling her head to observe him, she struck him across the other cheek a twin bruise blossoming near the bridge of his nose as he shouted in agony.

"You must not strike me again, Slave," she stated in that detached voice, making him shiver.

And because she ordered this of her slave, he was compelled to obey.

Slowly, she pulled the hem of her skirt high until she reached her waist, hooking her thumbs in the waistband of her knickers and dragging them down her body, kicking them to the side.

Draco's eyebrows rose to his hairline as he tried to back away from her advancement. It seemed all too likely that the main goal of this little façade was for him to shag the Mudblood, and he wanted no part of it whatsoever.

"You will let your Mistress fuck you," she instructed, running her hands under his shirt and along his tense biceps.

He shook his head, but his body refused to move, having been bound to her orders.

Seeing that as his only resistance, she lifted her arms and waited as two chains lowered and snaked leather straps around her own wrists, tugging her body higher until her pussy was flush with his cock. Raising her left leg, she wrapped it around his waist, the right following soon after. Elevating her hips, she maneuvered her center over his still rigid length and tried to impale herself on his shaft.

It would've worked... had she been wet. As it was, she'd had no stimulation, and while his cock glistened with pre-cum, it was not nearly enough allow for an easy entry. Instead, as if she were a mechanical gadget, she kept trying to force his member inside her body.

During her efforts, something more than pity welled up inside him as he watched her slack face never alter while trying to, in essence, rape them both. He knew she was being controlled by the person watching behind the mirror, which meant the whole ordeal had not been her idea, although it didn't make him hate her any less. It just meant that she was a victim as well, a victim that'd been careless enough to be trapped by whoever wanted to put her through this.

After several failed attempts, Hermione stilled her movement, but did not remove herself from his body. He found out the reason why as a hidden door opened near the edge of the mirror, and Harry Potter himself stepped through and into the room.

"She can never get this part right, you know?" he said conversationally, walking towards them.

Draco was too dumbfounded to acknowledge him, not that he could verbally do so, anyways.

Harry moved behind her and whispered in her ear. "Raise your hips."

She complied, and as she did, Draco felt Potter wrap his fingers around the base of his cock and position it at her entrance. "*Fluidus*," Harry muttered, and her core became moist, almost drenching Draco's member.

"Lower yourself."

Hermione did as she was told, lowering her sodden pussy onto Draco's throbbing shaft, halting once she was fully seated. Harry let go of the blond's penis and shifted to the side, watching them.

Dear Merlin! Was this really happening? Were they both insane? Draco's jaw ached abominably as he tried to form coherent words, being that his tongue was now dry and the metal bits were digging into the sides of his mouth.

"What was that, Malfoy?" Harry asked with feigned interest. "Did you want to say something?"

Nodding, Draco was surprised to feel the blessed relief that came from the gag being removed, though he had to smack his lips several times before any moisture was produced. "Why are you doing this?"

Potter smirked, and Draco noted that it wasn't the humorous type either. It was actually more along the lines of Voldemort's evil glinting smile. Guess the Dark Lord really wasn't gone after all.

"Fuck him," Potter demanded when nothing occurred.

In response, Hermione began lifting and lowering herself upon his cock, her grasping warmth so very enticing that it was hard for Draco not to react with a slight moan as he closed his eyes.

"Like it, do you?"

Raising his eyelids, he watched Potter slowly circle the undulating pair, a mixture of disgust, comeuppance, and malice playing over his features. "She's your wife!" Draco hissed as he gritted his teeth against the sensation she was creating in him.

"Really?" Harry posed. "Not according to the last time I used *Legilimens* on her." He stopped near Draco's right ear. "Seems Snape was good for something besides lusting after my mother for all that he taught me."

"You're a bastard!" Draco snarled, his body tense as Hermione's movements became more frantic.

"Imagine my surprise when, as I'm fucking my wife, she calls out your name as she climaxed," Potter supplied, ignoring the blond's slur. "It was only natural that I should want to take a look."

Despite the situation, Draco glanced at Hermione, looking for any signs of awareness, but there was only a blank stare, focused on his left shoulder. She'd screamed his name in the throes of passion? A slight bit of pride threaded its way through his being.

"What I find, however," Harry intoned in a threatening manner, "is that *mywife* has been harbouring feelings for the Slytherin Prince for years, only settling for me when she realized that loving you was an exercise in futility."

Hermione's clutching womb was driving Draco insane as he tried to stave off his climax. "So she fancied me," he spat. "Get over it."

"But don't you see?" Harry said, now beginning to pace. "I can't have a wife that lusts after a Malfoy, especially Draco Malfoy, bane of my existence." He stopped and stood straight. "I'm Harry Potter, saviour of the Wizarding world! She should fancy me and only me!"

At this point, with Hermione bouncing so fast on his cock, Draco couldn't resist the pull of her fluttering walls, milking an explosive orgasm from him that had him yelling. He'd honestly never felt more depraved in his life.

"Remove yourself from his body and stand in the corner," Harry ordered his wife as he released the straps holding her wrists.

With Draco's seed smeared on her inner thighs, she backed away and stood facing the corner near the steps. Seeing her still form, Draco's heart lurched, and for the first time in his life, he worried about another human being.

"You've only humiliated her, you sadistic git," he hissed. A sense of responsibility for her welfare crept into his conscious, though he tried to disregard it.

"Oh, I've done far more than that," Harry assured him. "I've just made sure that she will never have you and you will never have her."

"I never wanted her in the first place, you arse!"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "Well, now I know for sure that nothing will happen."

"How?" Draco muttered, not liking the confidence in Potter's attitude.

"It was so very easy to *Imperio* a certain Slytherin into approaching Lucius with the means for him to regain his fame and fortune."

Pansy. Fucking Pansy. She'd been under Potter's control the whole time. But what hurt the most, above everything else, was that his father had sold him out to the enemy for his own personal gain.

"Then," Potter continued, "I just had to make sure the bidding never stopped until my mark was reached."

Draco should have realized something was wrong when Pansy had kept anteing up the price with her bids. And everyone knew it was Hermione that had purchased him. So what was the catch?

"How easy it was for Lucius to sell his son to regain his footing in society. What great delight I'll take in raising your child to hate you."

"What?" Draco whispered, glancing towards the still unmoving woman in the corner.

"*Finite Incantatem*," Potter said, pointing his wand at Hermione, allowing her body to slump to the floor.

She lay there for a moment before rousing herself, shaking like a leaf as she stood. Her gaze darted between the two men; taking in Draco's half-nude state and Harry's fully clothed one. Shifting, she reached between her thighs and touched the stickiness there, withdrawing her hand to stare at the milky fluid coating her fingertips.

"What have you done, Harry?" she asked in a soft voice laced with dread.

"Come here."

Dutifully, she came to her husband, saying nothing when he grabbed her roughly and turned her to face Draco. Grasping her chin, he held it aloft so that she was made to look Malfoy in the eye.

"You wanted him," Harry taunted her. "And now, you've had him, but you'll never remember it."

She said nothing, her eyes filling with tears as she looked at the man she'd truly loved for the longest time, the two bruises on his high cheekbones making her cringe. "I'm so sorry," she apologized, sobbing silently.

"You're not sorry, witch," Harry snarled, twisting his fist in her riotous curls until she grimaced in pain. "But you will be."

"Leave her alone!" Draco shouted, struggling within his bindings once more. "If you don't want her, then let her go." The earlier feeling of responsibility for Hermione grew to a now steady flame, his heart constricting with an unfamiliar longing to protect her from the evil standing next to her, even though she'd meant nothing to him until that day.

"No." Harry tightened his grip until she whimpered. "She will bear your spawn in nine months time, and I will be far richer for it."

Draco snorted. "How? Everyone will know the child is a Malfoy by its hair alone."

There was that evil smile again, the one that sent shivers up Draco's spine. "In public, I'll glamour the child to have black hair, but in private it'll remind her of you. And if you try to claim the child, she'll cry rape and you'll be thrown in Azkaban. Of course we'll receive a hefty sum to care for Draco Malfoy's careless mistake of raping another man's wife," Harry surmised.

"My God," Draco breathed in disbelief. "You *are* insane."

Shaking his head, Harry laughed. "Haven't you ever heard the saying, 'Revenge is a dish best served cold'?" Lowering his hand to caress Hermione's flat belly, he leered at his foe. "What better revenge than to have your own child hate you?"

Breathing deeply, Draco focused his attention on the woman who'd unwittingly become a pawn in her husband's game of manipulation. He saw sorrow, guilt, and resignation flood her eyes as she returned his gaze. But he also glimpsed something else... something so elusive he would have thought it an idle thought if not for her facial gestures as it flitted across her countenance.

Hope that most fragile of things.

In retrospect, Draco admitted that Potter knew enough about him to know how to wound him. Family was sacred to the Malfoys, though his relationship with Lucius was tenuous at best. If he had a child that was his, no matter the mother, then it would destroy him not to have contact with it.

Gazing at the woman who barely resembled the strong person he'd known long ago, he communicated as best he could with his eyes that this was not over, not by a long shot.

So Potter wanted revenge, eh?

Gracing the pair with a smile to rival Potter's nasty smirk, Draco knew he would bide his time until he was in a position to crush the Boy-With-A-God-Complex, and he would take the child *and* Hermione in the process.

Yes, he would serve more than a dish of cold revenge. After he was done with Potter, he'd force-feed him an entire banquet full of the stuff.

The game was now afoot and Draco planned to win.

After he got free of the damned leather cuffs, that is.