

Last Call

by pokeystar

Sometimes, when you're done, you're done.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Why did I let Ginny talk me into this?" *Literally and figuratively.* Hermione surreptitiously tugged up her deeply v-necked top.

"Because moping isn't a viable lifestyle choice?" guessed Lavender.

Ginny returned with their drinks. "He's here."

"We know," chorused Parvarti and Padma.

They sipped from their glasses, emphatically **not** looking at the ex-crown Prince of Slytherin holding court in the pub's corner booth. Surrounded by toadying strangers. And buxom wenches with lots of cleavage. *The prick.*

Hermione gulped down her Firewhiskey and got unsteadily to her feet.

"I need another one. You lot okay?"

The other girls blinked down at their full glasses and back up at her wordlessly.

"Right."

She squared her shoulders and marched—no, tottered—off toward the bar.

Luna played idly with her umbrella and asked dreamily, "Do lions eat ferrets?"

The others snortled in response.

Hermione was waiting impatiently for her Firewhiskey—*Honestly, did they Apparate to Siberia for the ice?*—when she felt his breath on her neck.

"The she-devil Weaselette must've dressed you tonight," he slurred slightly.

"Ginny helped, yes. However did you guess?"

"I can see my freckles, Granger. The ones that trail across your curves like breadcrumbs to your—"

"MALFOY!" she whirled around to face him, stumbling a little on impossibly high heels. He caught her, and they both froze when his palms met the bare silky skin of her upper arms.

He circled his thumbs against her shoulders and drawled, "I'm starting to miss you, boobies, sometimes."

"I... I... WHAT?"

He blinked. "*Baby...* miss you, *baby*, sometimes."

"*Sometimes?*" Her eyebrow shot up and her hands went to her hips.

"All the times..."

"Except when you're playing Quidditch."

"Ummm..."

"Or out boozing with the lads. Unless there's a Bruce Lee movie to watch." She held up fingers for each item recited. "Not during Sunday dinner with your parents. Well, that might be boring enough that you'd spare time to think of me. I wouldn't know"—her voice went up an octave—"as I've never *been*. Or while you're poring over the latest *Broom & Flyer*. Perusing the latest issue of *Playwizard*." Here she made a crude jerky side to side motion with her loosely fisted hand. "Certainly *not* while you were kissing Pugface Pansy at Neville's birthday party." This statement drew gasps of outrage from a nearby table of eavesdropping witches. "Really, I can't imagine when you'd have the time to miss me with such a busy sched—"

He pressed his lips against hers and thrust his tongue in her mouth, drawing her close and arcing her backwards in his eagerness to taste her. She was shocked into compliance for a few heavenly seconds and then started struggling viciously. He let her go when she bit his lip hard.

"What was that for?" he asked angrily as he wiped blood from his lower lip.

"I think I'm going to throw up!"

"LAST CALL!" the bouncer cried and the bar bell rang.

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Originally written for round 1 of [dramione\\_idws](#), a Live Journal community.

Prompt:

*Summer in the city means cleavage cleavage cleavage*

*and I start to miss you, baby, sometimes*

*I've been staying up and drinking in a late night establishment*

*telling strangers personal things*

~ Summer in the City by Regina Spektor