

Restricted Actions

by *littledollface*

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Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione huffed. She didn't need to be led to the Restricted Section like some wet-behind-the-ears first-year student. "Madam Pince, I'm sure you're very busy. I can find my way around."

The glare she received could have cut lead. "Sit."

Hermione complied instantly, like a well-trained dog. She was at the librarian's mercy.

"And stay seated, Miss Granger. I will return in a moment with the text *you needed*." Hermione rolled her eyes at Madam Pince's back as she walked away. As if wanting a book was a crime. Then again, things had never been good between her and the crotchety old bat. And their relationship had taken a terrible decline last month when Madam Pince had overheard a naïve Hufflepuff ask Hermione and *not* Madam Pince where to find the books on Transfiguration. And right in front of the territorial librarian too! It was all downhill after that. As Hermione saw it, Pince was now out to get her.

It wasn't Hermione's fault that the other students saw the library as her domain. And here she'd thought her seventh year was going to be the best yet, with Harry having defeated Voldemort this summer. She had no idea she'd have to deal with the Dark Librarian. A giggle escaped. Okay, she really had to stop using that expression in her head; it was terribly lame.

Hermione put her head down on the desk she'd been unceremoniously placed at. Thinking about the details of her so-called life gave her a headache. She hoped Madam Pince would be back soon with *Duggart's Guide to Defensive Spells* so she could focus on that.

Noticing the initials "N + L" gouged out of the wood, she began to trace them with her finger. Her nail fit nicely in the groove. Three minutes passed. It felt like a lifetime. Waiting was boring and she just knew Madam Pince was intentionally taking longer than necessary. It was like a librarian form of torture making her sweat it out and withholding what she wanted.

She began swinging her legs a bit. It was a bad habit, one that she could usually control, but when she got restless, it was like her legs had a mind of their own. Giving in to the impulse, she let her legs swing free until they hit a hard surface and bounced back with unusual suddenness. That was weird: the desk wasn't huge, but it was far enough from the wall that there was no way her legs would ever reach it. She made a tentative exploratory kick. Whatever she hit was hard but with a slight spongy quality. Hmm...this could be so many things. A student's lost pack, filled with books, maybe? She kicked again, slightly harder this time. That really didn't give her much more information.

She paused for a moment and then slipped off her left shoe, using her other foot. It might be fun to make a little game of it to see if she could figure out what was under

her desk without looking. She chuckled to herself. Had her level of boredom really reached the pathetic stage of playing games with inanimate objects? Well, maybe it was animate. Too bad Luna wasn't here. She'd know of some imaginary creature who lived under desks. Could be it was a Nargle just waiting for a chance to take a nibble out of her tasty ankles.

Ignoring the unlikely threat, her toes began their investigation. It was definitely covered in fabric and harder in some spots than others.

For a second she thought she heard something, a strange growl-like noise. Did Nargles growl? She dragged her foot over the same spot and there it was again, only louder. That was odd. She did it a few more times and the sound got louder until she realized that it was a human noise. Gasping, she pulled her legs swiftly under the chair. She'd just been rubbing her feet all over *someone*, not *something*.

Inhaling deeply, she pushed her chair back and hesitated a moment before peeking under the desk. She really hoped it was someone she knew or, rather, maybe someone she didn't know would be less embarrassing.

Taking the plunge, she wasn't quite ready for what she saw: Draco Malfoy grinning from ear to ear under her desk.

"Come on, Granger. Why'd you stop? I was almost there," Malfoy said with a malicious smirk, laughing at her obvious embarrassment from the implication that she'd been rubbing up against certain unmentionable parts of him. Disgusting pig. She'd probably only been touching his arm or something equally innocuous. Although, rubbing any part of him seemed pretty nocuous when she really thought about it.

She reached for her wand. Damn, Madam Pince had taken it as a "precaution". It wasn't safe to let a student use magic around some of the precious and rare books of the Restricted Section, she'd said. Of course, this rule had come about *very* recently and Hermione suspected it only applied to her.

"Malfoy, what are you doing!?" she asked, her curiosity getting the better of her for a moment. She put up her hand. "No, wait! I don't want to know. Just get out from under there."

She thought the devious smile on his face meant he wasn't going to obey her command but then he moved to crawl out of the confined space.

Just as he was almost clear of the desk, the distinct sound of Madam Pince's heels approached and Malfoy scrambled back. He pushed as far as he could, pressing his back against the wall. Putting his finger to his lips, he gave her the signal to be quiet. Right, as if she was going to listen to him.

Hermione whispered, "Damn you, Malfoy. Get out now or I'll tell Madam Pince that you aren't supposed to be here."

His muffled voice came from under the wood, "No, you won't. Because I'll just tell her that you snuck me in here. And that will only get both of us in trouble."

"What? Why would anyone sneak you in here?"

"You really do spend too much time in this dusty old place, don't you?"

That was not true! She had a life!

"Just get out. She's not going to believe you."

He laughed, "Oh, she will. Everyone knows she's just looking for a reason to get you kicked out of the library *permanently*. And I think sneaking another student into the Restricted Section for some restricted activity will do the trick."

Madam Pince was getting closer, and damn if he wasn't right. She was out to get her. There was little doubt of that.

"Fine. Stay. But as soon as she leaves, you will too." She was about to kick him with her shoed foot, for good measure, but he most likely had *his* wand. It was better to not provoke him.

"Who are you talking to, Miss Granger?" said Madam Pince, who was suddenly hovering over her.

"No one. I was just quoting Bernard's Rudimentary Rules of Runes to myself. It helps me remember. For NEWTs, you know." lame excuse. Madam Pince eyed her warily but seemed to buy it.

"There is no talking in the library. Need I remind you of the rules *again*?"

Noticing the book cradled to Madam Pince's chest, Hermione kept the snide comment on the tip of her tongue to herself and instead said, "No, of course not. I know the rules."

"Good. I suggest you obey them or there will be consequences." Great, she was being threatened by a librarian, and the saddest part was that it was working. Getting kicked out of the library forever was not an option Hermione Granger could live with.

"Is that *Duggart's Guide to Defensive Spells*?"

"Yes," Madam Pince answered as she gently placed the book on the desk in front of Hermione.

Hermione reached out to open the cover and was greeted with a firm whack on the back of her hand from a wand. "Be careful. The pages are delicate." Hermione rolled her eyes. The tome was old but not *that* old. She highly doubted that she'd be allowed to even walk near the truly old and rare books held here or in any section of the library.

Malfoy stifled a chuckle and Hermione gave him a warning tap. For someone who didn't want to get caught, he sure wasn't making much of an effort to avoid detection. He probably thought getting her in trouble was worth any time he'd spend in detention. And he certainly didn't care one way or another if he wasn't allowed in the library again.

Madam Pince lifted the cover open and Hermione felt the urge to just bury her head in the pages. Things were not looking good. She was caught between a librarian bent on revenge and the one wizard who thought seeing her suffer was better than a game of Quidditch.

As her eyes began scanning the page, calmness fell over her. Reading was like pure, blissful gold. She quickly pulled out a quill and parchment for note-taking. Looking up at Madam Pince, she reassured, "I'm using non-permanent ink and I just need to go over a few chapters. It won't take long." Her voice was pleading. She just wanted to be alone with the book and her notes for a few minutes to clear her head. Briefly, she caught Madam Pince giving her an understanding look that turned quickly into a hard stare.

"Fine. But I'll be watching you from there," Madam Pince warned, pointing to a cart filled with books near a half empty shelf.

It wasn't exactly close, but it certainly wasn't as far away as Hermione wanted the old nag to be; anything was better than having Pince hovering over her shoulder, however.

Settling in, she had almost forgotten about Malfoy until she felt movement under the desk. It was then she realized she'd worn a skirt today. Instantly, she squeezed her legs together and tugged at the hem of her skirt, trying to get it to reach below her knees. Had it always been this short?

Malfoy snickered. Her embarrassment was apparently obvious.

"Shhh!" she whispered as loudly as possible.

Draco laughed to himself and switched position. It was cramped under the desk, but the opportunity to annoy Granger was worth the discomfort.

He'd really come here to meet with Megan Jones for a quick shag, but her possessive and meddlesome ex-boyfriend had followed her, ruining Draco's plans. And he wasn't in the business of fighting the ex-lovers of the girls he "dated". He left that to blokes that actually cared.

He wondered just how far away Madam Pince had gone. He knew she was watching and he didn't really want to get caught -- detention was always woefully boring -- but things would be so much more fun if he didn't have to remain silent while trapped.

He decided to test the waters.

"Granger," he whispered.

No response from Granger but none from Madam Pince either.

He tried again, a bit louder, "Oi, Granger." All he got in return was an annoyed sigh. Good, Granger heard him. He waited. And it seemed Madam Pince hadn't.

Grinning, he studied her legs. She was wearing knitted knee-high socks, which clung to her very nicely-shaped calves. Damn, Granger was in possession of a really fine set of legs. Too bad they were connected to the rest of her bossy self. He noted how her creamy skin seemed to pour out of the socks and travel up to her thighs. His eyes tried for a peek under her skirt. He would have bet his life on white cotton knickers, but her knees were pressed so close together it almost looked painful. Like Granger being a prude was such a surprise. He mentally chided himself for even wanting to see. Surely he had better things to do.

Then he noticed something odd. "Hey, Granger. Your socks are moving," he whispered.

"What?" she asked with an exasperated sigh.

"Your socks are moving," he repeated, poking the offending object.

"My socks are not moving. The embroidered griffins, however, I charmed to move according to my moods," she explained, keeping her voice low as not to alert Madam Pince.

"Why would you do that?"

"To see if I could," she whispered back.

"So you thought up this spell all on your own?"

"Yes," she whispered back proudly.

"That's possibly the stupidest spell I've ever heard of."

She stomped her foot, nearly crushing his left hand. "It is not stupid. It has a lot of possible applications in the children's clothing market. I could sell it for quite a bit of money."

Right. Sure she could. "So what kind of mood does frantic flailing of the arms and feet mean?"

She didn't answer.

The little things were somewhat amusing, he thought, as he watched the golden threads dance across the red cotton surface of Granger's sock. Maybe it wasn't the dumbest spell ever.

Extending his finger, he tried poking the griffin. "Ouch!"

Quickly he examined the damage. "Damn, your stupid thing bit me! I'm bleeding," he whispered harshly as he put his finger in his mouth to stem the flow. How the hell did yarn cause so much damage?

"He doesn't like you. Stop poking him and *me*."

Draco pouted and glared at the embroidered animal. He could have sworn it glared right back. He was sorely tempted to poke it again.

"You know, you really should put your brains to better use, Granger. I'm surprised you're not thinking up spells to save the world. Waste of your superior intelligence."

For a second her knees relaxed. "Was that a compliment?"

"No," he backtracked.

Hermione had only managed to make it through three pages so far. Between having to remember to keep her knees closed and skirt pulled down, plus having to deal with Malfoy's insults and poking, she was about to give up and just go back to her quiet room. So what if she failed her Defence Against the Dark Arts' NEWTs. She'd be embarrassed. How could the girl who helped Harry Potter defeat the greatest dark wizard of all time *not* get a top grade NEWT in Defence Against the Dark Arts?

She sighed heavily. No, she had to stay. Returning to her book, she was having second thoughts about reading Duggart's. No wonder this was not on any of her recommended reading lists. Hermione *always* went beyond that list, but this particular selection may have been a mistake. Skimming along, she came upon the author's assumption that witches should only perform defensive spells of a certain nature. How did this even get published? Idiot! Oops! She might have said that out loud. She turned to see if Pince had noticed.

"I think I've been rather nice, considering," Malfoy chimed in from his hiding spot.

Shushing him she said, "I wasn't talking about you."

"Let me guess: Weasley. He is an idiot."

"Ron is not stupid!"

"You're the one who called him a idiot, Granger, not me."

Screw getting caught. She kicked him. Hard. "I was *not* talking about Ron."

"Ouch!" he yelled. "Don't take your problems out on me! So what, the bloke decided to go back to Hogwarts and get his rocks off with any witch who'd have him and not run off and have thousands of freakish, bushy-haired babies with *you*. People change. *War* changes people. Kicking *me* is not going to make a difference."

"First, that is *not* what happened! I wasn't even talking about Ron!" For all she knew, Ron could be shagging every witch in sight, but she doubted it. He appeared very devoted to Lavender. Sure, she was jealous and she never understood his attraction to Lavender, but he seemed happy and she tried to be happy for him. Malfoy just wanted to aggravate her. "Besides, your theory sucks. You're still an arsehole."

"True. But I'm a reformed arsehole. There's a difference."

Hermione snorted. "Yeah, and what's that?"

"It's really easy to get laid around here now."

Hermione rolled her eyes. "I, for one, don't believe those rumors. You probably have to pay girls to spread them for you."

He grabbed her ankle harshly. "I don't need to pay anyone. *For anything*. Get that straight now, Granger."

She kicked him again. Not so hard this time, but hard enough to let him know he shouldn't be grabbing her like that. Sure, she should have felt bad for kicking him, but then again, it was Draco Malfoy, and if anyone deserved to be kicked, it was him. A little last minute change of sides before the end of the war did not make him a decent human being. It just made him more obnoxious.

"Fuck! What the hell, Granger. No wonder Weasley wants to get away from you."

Hermione could feel her throat burn a little. Although things between her and Ron were pretty much settled, it still stung *thabe'd* chosen not to pursue a romantic relationship. "You don't know what you're talking about. Ron and I are friends. He doesn't want to get away from me," she whispered, trying not so much to correct Malfoy as to reassure herself.

"But he doesn't *want* you, now, does he? Probably just keeps you around because he feels bad for you. Blokes are only friends with girls if they're lousy in bed or too ugly to bother with in the first place." He peeked out from under the desk, glaring up at her as if to figure out which one she was.

She didn't even bother trying to explain her relationship with Ron to Malfoy. He'd just take her words and twist them to hurt her. In this situation, retaliation was a much better choice. And she might even enjoy hitting him a bit below the belt. "Must be so disappointing for those girls you date. No wonder they don't stick around for long. Once they realize that your alleged skills were all a lie, I mean. I almost feel bad for them," she whispered with patronizing sadness in her voice.

"Wrong. They always beg for more," he whispered back, putting her in her place.

"Of course they do, Malfoy. You're not satisfying them."

In an arrogant tone he assured her, "Oh, they're more than satisfied. Just last month, your little friend Ginny dragged me into the old Arithmancy classroom and practically threatened me with bodily harm if I didn't give her what she wanted. Do you know what she wanted, Granger?" he whispered, daring her to answer.

She gulped and replied with a disgusted 'no' even if she was slightly curious what would make Ginny do that.

"She sat me down in a chair and propped herself right in front of me. She wasn't wearing any knickers, if you catch my meaning. I gave her a little lesson. She especially enjoys the ones given orally. From the way she screamed for me to never stop, I figure Potter mustn't be doing it right. Next time I'll have to invite him to watch, so he can see what he girlfriend looks like when she isn't faking it. She's very vocal. You should hear her when I--"

"Shhhh!" she interrupted. "Shut it, Malfoy! I don't need to hear about your delusional fantasies." She had no doubt that Ginny wouldn't voluntarily come anywhere near Malfoy no matter what he claimed. Inadvertently, his delusional fantasies were conjuring pictures in her own mind. Didn't help that she just might have had a classroom fantasy (or two) herself.

Granger didn't know what she was talking about. Everyone knew she was a prude that wouldn't know a good fuck if it bent her over a cauldron. Self-righteous swot. He *chose* to play the field and date lots of girls. And he knew exactly what he was doing.

He noticed her hand leave the hem of her skirt, just before he heard Madam Pince's footsteps approaching.

For a moment there, Draco could tell that he had Granger on the verge of tears, just where he always wanted her. Her griffins had been sobbing dramatically over-acting at its best and he had instinctively reached out and patted the distraught creatures before realizing he was comforting thread. Strangely it didn't feel as good as he expected. How dare she injure his pride and take the joy out of seeing her suffer!

Listening in on their tedious conversation about proper shelving techniques, he started to look around for something to do. Normally, having his head inches from between a girl's knees would provide him with nearly endless entertainment, but unfortunately these knees belonged to Granger. Well, she was still a girl, he supposed a bossy, irritating girl, but a girl nonetheless. And she did have nice looking thighs. Merlin, did all girls' skirts ride up this high when they sat down? He really needed to spend more time hiding under desks. The possibilities were endless. Assessing the angles and space available, he easily determined that he most definitely could, with the right techniques, get a girl off under here. Too bad it was Granger, not Megan, currently occupying the seat in front of him. Then again, there was something oddly appealing about making Granger squirm in the most delightful way, and in front of the librarian, no less. She was probably too much of a prude to allow such a thing, but that only made it more enticing.

Didn't matter the reason... angles, boredom, the need to prove to her that he knew exactly what to do with a witch right now he wanted to touch her.

He reached out slowly with one hand and ran the tips of his fingers across the top of her left knee. Her leg immediately stilled.

Madam Pince was there, right beside Granger's desk. He could see the worn leather of the sensible shoes. Emboldened by the fact that Granger couldn't protest too much with Pince so close by, he slipped his fingers inside the edge of her knee-high wool socks. He was careful not to get his palms too close to the nippy like creatures adorning the fabric. Slowly, he dragged his hands along the side of her leg, pulling the sock down until it stopped at her ankle. He could hear her make a small gasp, which she tried to cover up as a cough.

He made swirling patterns around her ankle and lower calf, before swiftly running both hands up the length of her leg, pushing her skirt up higher. And there it was, completely exposed for him to see: Hermione Granger's bare leg.

What the hell was Malfoy doing? His fingers were like fire on her skin. His touch was so light, it bordered on painful. All she wanted was more. What she *should* want was to kick him in the face. She should be running from the library and not contemplating opening her legs, and the possibilities that came with that. If what he said about Ginny were true, those possibilities were very, very pleasurable. Hermione had to concentrate on keeping her foot firmly planted on the ground to stop herself from extending it fully to allow him better access. It was maddening and dampened her ability to concentrate on what Madam Pince was saying, amongst other things.

She started to agree with everything that Madam Pince spouted off, just in the hopes that she would go away. Then she could either kick Malfoy in the face or beg him to never stop. Of course, she would absolutely take the first option, but the second one was becoming increasingly tempting.

Guess she shouldn't have insulted his prowess. He certainly was making every effort possible to prove her wrong.

She gripped the edge of the desk. Was that his tongue? On the inside of her ankle? It was not possible for that to feel this good. No. People did not get off on such things. She bit the inside of her lips to keep from moaning. Maybe they did? Damn, she really needed to research this stuff some more.

Fuck! Granger tasted good. And she was unbelievably responsive. All he was doing was a little sucking and kissing of her ankle, and she was turned on. He could tell. She was struggling not to give him complete access to the more sensitive parts of her legs.

But he could break her prudish will. He was sure of that. Under the right circumstances, he thought maybe he could get Hermione Granger to do anything he wanted.

Slowly, he began trailing kisses and little licks up the inside of her leg, each time going slightly higher, only to return once again to her ankle. He made his touch painfully light, his fingers just grazing her skin. Eventually, the soft touches coaxed her body forward and her legs fell ever so slightly apart.

They weren't white, but they were cotton, a light peach color that almost matched her skin perfectly. He had to control himself from diving right into what surely was a little slice of, what he assumed to be, untouched heaven. Placing a tiny peck on the top of her knee, he eyed his goal. His hands moved to hold her steady. She seemed skittish, so he began making calming circles with the pad of his thumbs, hoping to keep her from swatting him away. He had to be slow and steady if he ever hoped to reach his goal.

His lips were traveling so close to where he wanted to be that he could feel moist heat on his cheek. He was going to make her eat her words.

Madam Pince continued to lecture her on the importance of proper book handling, but Hermione's mind was solely focused on what Malfoy was doing. What she was allowing him to do!

His lips felt like they were everywhere, teasing her skin and tempting her to provide him with more surface to torture. For a brief moment, her stomach clenched when his hand finally reached under her skirt. The idea of him touching her there made her dizzy with lust, need and confusion. She should not want Malfoy anywhere near there, but her body kept telling her mind that even though something certainly shouldn't feel this good, apparently it did.

She thought she might scream if he tried to breach the fabric of her knickers, but he never did. Seemed he didn't really need to. Suppressing a moan, she tried to think of a way to get Madam Pince to go away. Fortunately, dazed staring and nods of her head seemed to do the trick.

Madam Pince eyed her strangely. "Very well, Miss Granger, I'll give you thirty more minutes to finish." Hermione was positive she didn't need that long. "Then I'm closing the Restricted Section for the evening. Just leave the book here when you're done." Oh, she was talking about the book.

"Oh, yes! I mean yes, okay. I'll hurry," Hermione stuttered in response.

With that, Madam Pince disappeared deep into the stacks. Hermione began to push Malfoy away, but it was too late. His fingers hit a spot that made her grip the side of the chair for support. A wave of pleasure coursed through her with inescapable force. Clasping a hand over her mouth, she successfully stifled a low moan. Malfoy had proven his point and regretfully she'd enjoyed it far too much. That must never happen again, she thought to herself, once she could form coherent thoughts again.

Hermione took in a deep breath, allowing herself a few more seconds to compose herself, before pushing her chair fully away from the desk.

Placing a palm on her face, she noted that her cheeks were probably flushed. She hoped it wasn't too obvious. Without looking down she really had no desire to look Malfoy in the eyes right now she said, "She's gone. You can come out now." Ignoring things made them go away. At least she hoped they might.

With some hesitation, Malfoy finally crawled out from under the desk. He dusted himself off as she watched. Avoiding direct eye contact, she bent down and pulled up her sock, taking as much time as possible to make sure the edge lined up perfectly with its mate. Then she took a few moments to examine her little embroidered griffin, hoping Malfoy would take the hint and leave.

Apparently, Malfoy was shit at taking hints.

Looking up she said, "Oh, you're still here."

With a lascivious smirk, Malfoy said, "Need any help getting dressed there, Granger."

"I'm not getting dressed. I'm just fixing my sock, that's all. It slipped," she said, crossing her arms. She wanted to give him a hard stare, but looking him in the eyes was still a problem.

He stepped closer.

"You'd better leave. Madam Pince could come back any minute," she said with as much command in her voice as she could muster. Her suggestion didn't seem to deter him as he pressed even closer.

Bending down, he whispered, "I'm leaving, don't worry about that. But I have every intention of finishing what we started here." His lips brushed the shell of her ear, and the heat of his breath sent shivers down her spine. "Every intention, Granger."