

Hot Blooded

by christev

Hermione encounters a fugitive Slytherin in the oddest of places – a Muggle dance club – and finds him to be hot blooded indeed.

One

Chapter 1 of 2

Hermione encounters a fugitive Slytherin in the oddest of places – a Muggle dance club – and finds him to be hot blooded indeed.

A/N: Thanks very much to Mischievous_T, MiaMadwyn, and ApollinaV for helping me through this.

Many fics have had coincidental meetings in Muggle dance clubs. I hope I'm not blatantly stealing ideas from any one of them. And I apologize in advance for various 'wand' and 'wood' euphemisms. :)



The club was noisy, crowded and dark. Drinks were watered down and horribly overpriced, but he didn't come to get pissed. He couldn't afford that in his situation. The music was intoxicating enough on its own.

Get your motor runnin'. Head out on the highway.

Lookin' for adventure, or whatever comes our way.

Yeah, darlin' gonna make it happen, take the world in a love embrace.

Fire all of your guns at once, and explode into space... Born to be wiiiild.

Occasionally, he danced. It didn't take him long to get the hang of dancing to the Muggle beats, not that anyone here paid much attention to form. More often, though, he watched. He enjoyed how the Muggles threw themselves into it, wishing he could give in to that kind of abandon.

Tonight he was entranced by a woman dancing alone at the far side of the dance floor. Her wild mop reminded him of Granger, but a few glimpses of her face assured him she was a stranger. He snorted. As if the little swot could move with such unrestrained sexuality.

At the same time his mind scoffed at the idea of a sensuous Granger, his prick twitched with interest.

"What the hell," he thought, "indulging in a harmless fantasy won't hurt."

Well, she's a brick... house... She knows she's built and knows how to please. Sure enough to knock a man to his knees.

Feeling like liquid sex, Hermione allowed the throb of the bass to guide her body. She always Glamoured her face when she went clubbing, but refused to change her hair. Never tied it back either. The long curls swinging around her head seemed made for Muggle funk and heavy metal.

Neither did she care that she had sweated clean through her tank top. It made her feel more... earthy. Throwing her hands in the air, her torso jerked and her hips rolled to the beat.

Shake it down, shake it down, shake it down now.

Making a decision, he set down his drink and approached her. The song changed again, and the singer screeched out his thoughts.

I'm hot blooded, check it and see

'That's right,' he thought, as he neared the reason why he felt so hot tonight.

Got a fever of a hundred and three

He stopped just behind her and began dancing, following her movements. He knew she was aware of his presence, even though she hadn't actually acknowledged him. Without turning to face him, she backed up slightly so that she brushed against him as they danced.

He brought one hand to her shoulder and drew it down her body, tracing the line of her back. She shivered.

Shit! In the mirrored wall facing her, she saw his reflection. The last she'd heard, Snape and Malfoy were on the run, supposedly holed up together somewhere, totally evading the Ministry Aurors. What in Merlin's name was he doing in a Muggle club? The look in his eyes was blatantly lustful as he watched her undulate to the music.

You don't have to read my mind, to know what I have in mind...

Why hadn't she paid more attention to Moody's lectures about constant vigilance? She fought down a twinge of panic as she watched him slowly rise and begin walking in her direction, looking for all the world like a cat on the prowl, stalking its prey.

Realising that he didn't know who she was because of the Glamour, she forced herself to calm down, and hoped that in his pheromone-influenced state he wouldn't have noticed any hesitation in her dancing.

Come on, baby, do you do more than dance? I'm hot blooded, hot blooded!

Could she surprise him, take his wand? She certainly couldn't see it, and the way his tee shirt and jeans looked painted onto him, she could practically see everything they covered. She couldn't imagine him being without it – it had to be Disillusioned. She backed toward him, almost against him. Perhaps she'd be able to feel if he had his wand hidden in his clothes.

He ran a hand down her back in a manner that was so intimate, so self-assured. She tried to keep her physical reaction under control, but couldn't help shuddering under his touch. In the mirror she saw him lick his lips.

If it feels alright, maybe you can stay all night...

Damn, she was hot, inviting him to grind against her like that! He was getting uncomfortably hard, and with her arse rubbing up against his groin, she had to be completely aware of the effect she had on him.

She spun around to face him, snaking one arm around his neck, the other hand moving up and down his chest and back. He instinctively wrapped one arm around her, pulling her tight against him as they continued to thrust against each other in the dance. All he needed to do was Vanish their clothes, and they'd be having sex right there on the dance floor.

Now it's up to you, we can make a secret rendezvous

Just me and you, Ill show you lovin' like you never knew

Oh, Merlin, he felt good pressed up against her. She briefly wondered where or when he learned to dance like this, but was completely unsurprised by the grace with which he moved.

Hermione struggled to keep her head. "Think!" she chided herself, "Where could he hide his wand?" A fugitive wanted in connection with the murder of Albus Dumbledore wouldn't be without it.

She turned so they were dancing face to face, groin to groin. She figured he'd be distracted enough by her feeling him up that he wouldn't realize she was searching for an indication he was armed. One hand caressed his neck while the other roamed the solid muscles of his chest, side and back. He was packing wood, all right, but so far she couldn't find a wand.

But you've got to give me a sign, come on girl, some kind of sign

Tell me, are you hot mama? You sure look that way to me

He wasn't kidding himself. He realized a large part of his arousal was the thought of Hermione Granger acting like this wanton slut. But she'd never give him the time of day, much less pour herself all over him like this, especially not after... everything.

He couldn't stand it any longer – he had to have her. Staring into her eyes, he began steering them toward the relative privacy of the hallway that led to the lavs.

NOTES:

I was listening to the oldies station, and "Hot Blooded" came on. It interested me as a fic possibility, especially with the line about You Know Who! "Brick House" came on next, and I thought it would be fun to apply those lyrics to Hermione. A couple of songs later, they played "Born to be Wild," and I thought of our hero, or anti-hero.

Speaking of our hero, who do you think he is? Leave me a comment here with your opinion. I'll tell the answer to the question at the end. :)

Lastly, thank you so much to TalesofSnape, who made this fabulous banner!

"Born to be Wild," Steppenwolf, Words and music by Mars Bonfire.

"Brick House," The Commodores, Words and music by Rob Zombie.

"Hot Blooded," Foreigner, Words and music by Lou Gramm and Mick Jones.

Two

Chapter 2 of 2

Hermione encounters a fugitive Slytherin in the oddest of places – a Muggle dance club – and finds him to be hot blooded indeed.

A/N: Thanks very much to Mischievous_T, MiaMadwyn, and ApollinaV for helping me through this.

Many fics have had coincidental meetings in Muggle dance clubs. I hope I'm not blatantly stealing ideas from any one of them. And I apologize in advance for various 'wand' and 'wood' euphemisms. :)



Yeah, I'm hot blooded, check it and see

Gods, he was maneuvering her toward the hallway to the loo!

The beginnings of a plan were coming together in Hermione's lust-addled brain, and she allowed herself to be danced into the smelly hallway. The club regulars knew to avoid the disgusting loos, so she should be able to make her move without Muggle witnesses.

Feel the fever burning inside of me

"Yes," he thought, "just a few steps further and..." He had her against the wall, still grinding to the beat. She closed her eyes and leaned her head on the wall, exposing a lovely neck to him. Her mouth was slightly open and he could hear her small grunts as he thrust against her.

"God, you are so hot, woman," he breathed into her ear.

She moaned, "Not here," and pulled him by his belt into the girls' lav.

Now! While his head was turned as he latched the door, she grabbed her wand from its hidden holster on the inside of her thigh.

"Stupef—

"Protego!"

His reflexes were bloody fast.

The two of them circled each other slowly in the small room, wands pointed at each other's chests.

"Shit. It is you, Granger, isn't it? You can drop the Glamour now," he snarled.

The tension between them was thick. Danger, fear and old hatred intermingled with strong currents of sexual attraction.

Now it's up to you, can we make a secret rendezvous?

Oh, before we do, you'll have to get away from you know who

"What are you doing here? And where's your partner in crime? Does Vol— You Know Who know you're off slumming with Muggles?"

The growl in Hermione's voice said more than the words she uttered, although she saw him flinch when he mentioned his transgression. She let the Glamour slip from her face, but the look in her eyes was so unlike the woman he knew, she may as well have left it in place.

"What's your game, girl? You'll never best me in a fight. You know that."

"Maybe not, but you won't get away unmarked."

Hot blooded, every night

"You want to hex me now? Hmmm... a moment ago you were practically shagging me. Naughty, naughty, Granger."

Hot blooded, you're looking so tight

"Yes, well let's not forget who approached whom. I could read your intentions clear across the dance floor."

The circles described by their footsteps were getting gradually smaller, their wands almost touching. Their rough breathing echoed in the small room.

"True, but for all I knew, you were some Muggle stranger. You, on the other hand, knew exactly on whose cock you were getting yourself off. That excited you, didn't it?"

His voice was low and smooth, his customary drawl sounding more like a purr.

"Or how about when you were molesting my nipples? You looked like you enjoyed that quite a lot. I sure did."

"Molesting you— Did I— I was searching for your *wand*, you egotistical git!" She hated that he always seemed to be able to push her buttons.

"Umhmm. If it's my wand you were looking for, you should have felt—" He locked eyes with her again.

"just a little—" He stepped closer.

"Lower." He closed the distance between their hips, pinning her against the wall again.

Their wands now crossed in an X between their chests, any ability to aim destroyed by the closeness of their bodies. They had a stalemate. For either of them to point and hex, they'd have to let up the pressure on the other's weapon, giving an opening for the other to strike.

Hot blooded, now you're driving me wild

Hot blooded, I'm so hot for you, child

The lyrics, though muffled, made their way into her consciousness. He began thrusting against her again as one hand stroked her and came to rest just under her breast.

"Hear that, Granger?" he panted. "Am I driving you wild? You look a little wild tonight. And you're making me..."

His words were lost as he dove in to capture her mouth. His thumb brushed lightly over her nipple. She moaned in response and greedily returned the kiss.

"I can Apparate us to Grimmauld Place," she thought through the haze. Her hips joined his in the dance.

Three D's, she told herself. Deepening the kiss, she wrapped her free hand around his back, grasping the tight tee shirt and pulling him closer.

Hot blooded, you're making me sing

Destination... unnh.

Hot blooded, for your sweet sweet thing

Determination... ohhh.

Deliberation. She held him close and pushed off the wall, turning slightly as she did. The tight squeeze of Apparition forced out what little breath she had in her body.

She landed perfectly on the lintel of Order Headquarters. Alone.

She looked at her free hand, now an empty fist.

Bloody fast reflexes, that one had. Taking a deep breath to calm her pounding heart, she reached for the doorknob to go inside, but hesitated.

Where had he gone? Would he come back to that club? If she went back tomorrow... would she see him there? Would she ever see him again? Why had he... Oh, Gods, why had he kissed her like that?

She shook her head in an attempt to rid it of the fog and then turned to go in, the stirring echos of the music still ringing in her ears.

Hot blooded, I'm hot blooded

fin

NOTES:

So who is it: Severus or Draco? My lovely beta readers all seemed to think I was writing Severus, but I *totally* had Draco in mind as my hot blooded bad boy. However, I left out names and any distinguishing characteristics such as light, dark, pointy, fallow, etc, so you could picture the bumping and grinding Dark Wizard of your choice. :)

Thanks to TalesofSnape for the beautiful banner with the perfect Hermione – and which keeps the wizard ambiguous as well! :D

"Hot Blooded," Foreigner, Words and music by Lou Gramm and Mick Jones.