

Watching You

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Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 1

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He was watching her. Just as he always did. She was hunched over a book, taking a bite of her toast, not paying attention to her friends which were huddled around her at the Gryffindor table, talking and joking while Hermione was reading. She would look up every so often and make a comment before going back to her book. She didn't seem interested in the conversation around her.

Blaise knew that she was often uninterested in the conversation of her friends. He knew that the conversation at the Gryffindor table often centered around Quidditch, and he, like everyone else, knew Hermione was completely indifferent to Quidditch. She had much more important things to read, to think about.

She'd left her hair down today, just the way he liked it. He always wanted to bury his fingers in her hair, no matter how messy or frizzy it looked. He wanted to play with the curls and let their softness stroke his fingers. He wanted to bury his face in it and smell the vanilla shampoo he knew she used.

Hermione was unconcerned about her appearance, but she had always been beautiful to him. He was glad that her romance with Weasley had been turbulent and short lived. He knew she was single and that this year was his chance. He just wasn't sure how to go about it. They shared all of their classes and even had Arithmancy and Ancient Runes without any of her friends in them. He was just glad that Potter and Weasley had decided to start their Auror training instead of coming back to complete their schooling. He didn't want to deal with their over protectiveness.

This year was the year to make her his.

Blaise watched her pack away the books she had laid out around her and head for her first class. Blaise watched her leave the Great Hall, his eyes staying on the doors a few minutes after she left.

"Watching Granger again?"

Blaise turned to see Malfoy smirking at him from across the table. He and Malfoy were the only two Slytherins to return. Blaise had left last year after one term to go to Italy with his mother. She hadn't wanted him to be in the middle of anything and to appear completely neutral. No matter which side won, he would be safe. Although Blaise had to admit he was glad that Potter had finally sent that half-blood bastard to his final grave.

Malfoy hadn't really known what to do with himself after everything was over. His family had barely escaped Azkaban and they would be there now if not for Potter and Granger. They had spoken up for him at their trial, and his parents were merely on house arrest and given 'community service' to show that they were adapting to the new regime.

Blaise scowled at Malfoy and looked back down at his breakfast that he'd barely touched. He wasn't really hungry.

"Not that I can blame you," Malfoy said with a smirk. "If you weren't after her, I'd be trying to get into her knickers."

Blaise nearly growled at Malfoy. Hermione was his, and Malfoy knew damn well not to touch her.

Malfoy must have seen the look on Blaise's face because he laughed and held his hands up. "Don't worry, Zabini, I won't touch her. Unless you get tired of her, then I'd be happy to give her a go."

This time Blaise did growl. Malfoy chuckled.

"Don't worry, Blaise. She's all yours. Just make sure you treat her right, or I might be tempted to steal her from you."

Blaise glared at Malfoy, but didn't say anything. It was the same thing he would have done after all. He would just have to make sure that she would have no reason to run to Malfoy or any other hot-blooded male who wanted her. There had always been talk around Hogwarts in the previous years about who would be the one to pop the bookworm's cherry, who would be the one to get under her skirt.

Blaise grabbed his back and headed to Arithmancy, his first class of the day, and one that he shared with Hermione. He knew Malfoy would be along soon, but he wanted a few moments alone with her. She was always the first to class, and Blaise hoped that he was the second.

He made his way up to the Arithmancy classroom and found that he was indeed alone with Granger now. She had books scattered around her and was furiously writing on a piece of parchment. He set his stuff down in his usual seat right behind her, where he could watch her without her being the wiser. He wondered what she would do if he sat down beside her and struck up a conversation.

He could tell that she had heard him come in as she'd paused briefly in her writing, but she kept going.

"Don't you have anything better to do than watch me write, Zabini?"

Hermione's head hadn't come up from her parchment, but he could tell that she was paying attention to where he was in the room.

"Nope," Blaise said with a smirk.

She finally turned around to look at him, her eyes suspicious as she took him in. She raised an eyebrow at him, the question clear on her face.

"As you can see, we're the only two in here, so what else do I have to look at?"

Her face seemed to fall for a second before she turned around back to her parchment. "I'm sure you can find something significantly more entertaining than watching me write."

"I assure you, I can't." Blaise was having fun needling her. He hadn't had this much fun in quite a while, and actually hearing her talk to him was music to his ears.

She stiffened for a moment before turning around again. Blaise made a show of letting his eyes drop to her breasts, which were straining against her shirt because of how she was twisted to look at him.

Hermione blushed a very lovely shade of pink that had him wondering just how far the flush went down. The blush was very becoming on her. Blaise also thought he saw a flash of heat in her eyes, but the moment was ruined as the door banged open and two Ravenclaw students came in, followed by Malfoy.

She turned around and put her books and parchment away in her bag before taking out her Arithmancy book and some blank parchment.

Malfoy sat down next to Blaise, taking in Hermione's flushed appearance. He smirked at Blaise and leaned in.

"Making progress, I see," he said slyly.

Blaise ignored him and continued to watch Hermione throughout the class. When the bell rang, signifying the end of class, Hermione was the first out the door, her eyes glued to her shoes.

Blaise chuckled to himself and knew that he was indeed making progress.

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Hermione hurried up to the library, willing her body to cool down. She hung a left down an unused corridor and let her hot face fall against the cool stone of the castle's walls. She told herself that Blaise hadn't meant anything by his hot perusal of her body. He hadn't. He was just trying to get a rise out of her, and it didn't mean anything to him. It didn't matter that she had noticed this year how incredibly tall he was, how beautiful his mocha skin was, how pretty his slightly slanted eyes were and how much she wanted to kiss his beautiful full lips.

He was a Slytherin, and even though the war was over, animosities on both side were not. There was a lot of history between Slytherin and Gryffindor, and she knew that Blaise would never be with a muggle-born Gryffindor since he was best friends with Malfoy. He had merely been trying to get a rise out of her, and she'd let him.

Hermione picked up her bag and headed for lunch. She wasn't going to let him get the better of her, so she headed straight for the Great Hall and sat so she could see the Slytherin table. She wasn't going to let his staring get the best of her, and she'd stare right back if that was what it took. She waited for Ginny to come back from her own class and pulled one of her books out, glancing every so often at Blaise's usual seat at the Slytherin table.

Ginny sat down beside her along with a few of her friends in her own year, and Luna joined them from the Ravenclaw table. Neville sat down across from her, but not in the way. She was glad for that. They all started up a conversation, but Hermione only turned half her brain to it. She watched as Blaise sat down with Malfoy at his usual table and started to fill his plate. He hadn't looked her way yet, but Hermione had a feeling that he would. She'd felt his eyes on her on more than one occasion. She turned to her group of friends at her table and started to join in the conversation.

She laughed at something Neville said, and finally, she felt his eyes on her. She looked over at him and their eyes met. Hermione felt an instant streak of heat from his gaze, but she was determined that he would break the connection first. She was peripherally aware that the topic of conversation around her had turned to their Herbology assignment which was due in a few days. Her eyes stayed on Blaise, and his on hers.

She wasn't aware how much time passed as she looked at Blaise. It couldn't have been more than five minutes, but their connection was finally broken when Ginny nudged her, asking her to pass a few sandwiches.

Hermione did it, only to look up and find Blaise gone. Malfoy was still sitting, and he had a smirk on his face, directed straight at her. Hermione blushed, knowing that he knew exactly who she was looking for.

"Are you staring at Malfoy?" Ginny asked in a whisper, leaning towards her.

Hermione shook her head, not trusting her voice. She quickly consumed a sandwich and got up to go to her next class. Ginny stood up with her and followed her out of the Great Hall.

"Okay, Hermione," Ginny said, linking her arm with hers as she pulled her into an alcove. "Who exactly were you staring at over at the Slytherin table?"

Hermione cursed in her head. Ginny was much more observant than Harry or Ron, and she'd obviously noticed that Hermione's attention had been diverted elsewhere. Usually, with Harry and Ron she could focus only a corner of her brain on what they were doing, and let the rest of her mind wander.

Hermione didn't say anything for several moments until Ginny put her hands on her hips, a maneuver that was so like her mother, Hermione felt like she'd done something wrong.

"Blaise," Hermione said quietly.

"Zabini?"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Is there another Blaise?"

Ginny narrowed her eyes for a moment before smirking. "Zabini is rather hot, isn't he?"

Hermione nearly gaped at her.

Ginny waved a hand, dismissing Hermione's concerns. "I'm not my brother. I don't care that he's a Slytherin. He's rather brilliant and a complete dish. I say go for it."

Hermione's face broke out in a smile as she hugged Ginny. Ginny held onto her before pulling back and waving a finger in her face. "Although if anything happens, I want details. With Harry off at Auror training, I have to live vicariously through you for a while."

Hermione laughed and linked her arm with Ginny's as they headed down to Transfiguration. They were the last ones in class, and Hermione sat in her usual seat, right in front of Blaise. She threw him a small smile before sitting down and taking out her book a second before the bell rang. She felt more than saw Blaise's startled countenance and tried to her best to keep her attention on Professor McGonagall when all she wanted to do was turn around and stare at Blaise some more, or maybe strike up a conversation with him.

She finally made it through Transfiguration, and she put her books in her bag before heading for the library before dinner. Everyone knew that was her favorite haunt, so Blaise would find her if he wanted to. She sat her stuff down at her usual table before heading into the stacks.

She felt him behind her a split second before she was crushed up against the stack, his tight body flush against hers.

"You were watching me," Blaise said into her ear, and Hermione could feel his erection against the small of her back. Her hands were braced on the shelves in front of her, and she wondered for a moment how he'd followed her so fast before the thick pulse of his erection against her made all those thoughts melt away.

Hermione nodded her head. "As you've been watching me."

One of his hands came up to tangle in her hair, and he brought a lock of it to his nose and breathed in the scent of it. "I think I've always been watching you. In class, when you chew on the end of your quill, I always wonder what it would feel like to have your luscious pink lips wrapped around my cock."

Hermione knew she shouldn't be turned on by his crude words, but Merlin help her, she was. She whimpered and instinctively rubbed herself against him.

Blaise let out a groan at her wanton behavior and wanted nothing more than to lift her skirt up, tear her panties away, and bury himself inside her. She deserved a soft bed for their first time together, so his fantasy of taking her up against one of the stacks would have to wait until a later date. He grabbed her hips and turned her until she was facing him. Her face was flushed, and her mouth was open. Her pink lips were drawing gasps into her lungs, and her pretty whiskey-colored eyes were glazed with lust. He couldn't stop himself from dropping his lips to hers, drawing his tongue across the seam of her lips. She opened for him, and he groaned as her tongue came out to meet his. She tasted magnificent, and one of his hands came up to tangle in her curls while the other pulled her against him. Her arms came up to wrap around his neck, and she seemed to be pulling him towards her.

Their tongues dueled back and forth for several minutes before Hermione broke it off to gasp air into her lungs. She was looking at him with lust-glazed eyes, and Blaise could barely stop himself from leaning down to taste her lips again.

"Come with me, mia cara," Blaise said as he grabbed her hand and dragged her out of the library. Hermione gave no thought to her book bag that she was leaving behind or the book she was going to check out for some light reading.

He dragged her to the tower that the eighth-years had been given, not giving any thought to the people who were staring at them as they made their way. He led her up to the boys' side of the tower, and Hermione was glad for the moment that their common room was empty as they glided past it at a brisk walk. He led her into his room and had her up against the door as soon as it closed behind him.

Hermione moaned and immediately wrapped her legs around him, letting her feel the most intimate part of him against her. She didn't stop to think that she shouldn't be doing this. She wanted to do this, so she would. She didn't know what would happen when they finished, but she did know that she wanted Blaise with every fiber of her being. She had enough of his watching her, now she wanted to feel his hands on her.

Blaise couldn't stop himself from running his hands up the smooth skin of her thigh to rest on her bum. His hand kneaded her bum through the soft cotton of her panties and she moaned and writhed against him. Blaise left her lips to travel down to her neck where he kissed and licked along her elegant throat. Her hands had started to undo his tie and she finally pulled it loose and threw it to the floor. Her hands started on his shirt, undoing the buttons as fast as her hands would let her while he was working on her neck.

Blaise pulled away from the door, his hand still on her bum, and walked slowly to the bed before depositing her on it. She lay across his bed, her face flushed, breathing hard, with her hair fanned out all over his pillow. Blaise was sure he'd never seen a more erotic sight. She was breathtaking.

Blaise kicked his shoes off before finishing the buttons on his shirt. Hermione kicked her shoes off as well and started to go for her own tie before Blaise stopped her.

"Allow me," Blaise said with a smile. He'd been dreaming about this moment for years, and he didn't want to let a moment of it pass him by.

Hermione nodded and her hands fell to her sides. He was beautiful. He was muscular, and his dark mocha skin was perfection that she couldn't wait to get her hands on.

He threw her tie to the floor, not caring where it landed. Then he started to work on her buttons, and Hermione felt a stab of anxiety for a moment. He got it all the way undone and pulled both sides apart to show her simple cotton bra. She hadn't thought when she dressed that morning that she would be naked with anyone or she would have put on one of her lacier bras.

"Bella," Blaise said reverently. He laid on the bed next to her and let the top of his body cover hers. He kissed her a moment before traveling down to her collarbone and laving it with his tongue. Her skin was silky and tasted faintly of her lotion. He pushed her shirt off, and she leaned up to get it all the way off. Blaise slid his hands around to undo the clasp on her bra and had it unhooked in seconds. He slid the straps down the shoulder and pulled it away from her.

Hermione felt a little nervous at his perusal of her breasts, but she saw the heat in his eyes as they traveled over her torso.

"You're exquisite."

Blaise meant it. She was perfect. Her breasts were round globes topped by pretty pink nipples that were hardened by the cool air of the room. There was a scar across her stomach, and he let a hand travel down to it, and he looked at her with a question in his eyes.

"Department of Mysteries," Hermione said with a small shrug. After the time she'd spent in the hospital wing, she had been happy to leave alive, so the scar had never

bothered her. Now she wished she'd went to bigger lengths to make it not so noticeable.

Blaise felt a stab of anger at Potter for taking her with him and getting her hurt. He pushed it aside though and let his mouth fall to one of her breasts, his hand taking the other. He made sure to pay special attention to the sides and underside of her breasts, before taking a nipple in his mouth.

Hermione gasped as she felt a jolt of lust shoot through her and settle between her legs. She was sure that she soaking her panties already, and she couldn't wait to feel him inside her.

Blaise paid special attention to each breast before moving down to her stomach and laving her scar with his tongue, loving the gasps and small moans that were coming out of her mouth. He felt a swell of pride that it was him she was making the sounds for. He'd wanted this since at least fifth year, and now he had her exactly where he wanted her: in his bed.

Blaise slipped his hands around the zip of her skirt and pulled it down, his fingers catching in the sides of her panties and pulling those down as well. He took a second to pull her socks off as well and stayed on his knees to take her in. Her hips flared out at exactly the right angle, and her legs were perfectly shaped. In between her legs was what caught his gaze, a thatch of dark curls perfectly trimmed at the edges and wafting the delicious scent of her arousal.

Hermione felt the heat in his eyes as they traveled over her, but she wasn't one to be intimidated. She wanted to touch him as well.

"I think you're over dressed for the occasion."

Blaise smirked at her as her hands went to the button of his trousers. Hermione could feel the tent he was making in his pants and she let her hands brush his erection as she undid the zip, glad when it wiped the smirk off his face. She realized that he wasn't wearing anything underneath his trousers, and she smirked at him and reached inside to pull him out.

Blaise gave a small jerk as her small hand enclosed his cock and pulled it out of his trousers.

Hermione's eyes widened. When she'd seen the bulge in his trousers, she'd known he was slightly larger than normal, but she wasn't prepared for the size of him. He was long and thick enough her hand wouldn't close around him. He was beautiful.

Blaise felt a swell of pride come on as her eyes landed on him and widened. She pushed him down on the bed and pulled his trousers the rest of the way off, taking his socks with her along the way.

Hermione let her eyes travel over Blaise, from his muscled chest, his washboard abs, the trail of dark hair that led to his cock. He was exquisite. Hermione watched a small drop of pre-come travel down the side of his shaft, and she had the urge to lick it away. She let her hands travel all over his chest, stopping to flick his nipples with her thumbs, giddy when that earned her a gasp. She let her lips travel over his abs, her tongue tracing each line, earning guttural moans from her lover. She took him in her hand and let her hand travel from base to tip, the other going beneath to weigh his heavy sac. He was straining beneath her, his eyes half-lidded as they watched her, what she were sure were endearments and curses in Italian softly leaving his mouth.

Hermione licked her lips as she came eye level with his straining erection. He was leaking more pre-come now, and she could stop herself from licking the head and tasting him. He was slightly bitter, but she found she didn't mind the taste. She let her hand travel to the base of him, and she opened her mouth to take more of him in, applying suction.

Blaise groaned out loud, and his head hit the pillow behind him, but he quickly picked it back up. He didn't want to miss a second of her pretty pink lips around his cock. He'd fantasized about this too many times to let this visual go. This was something he never thought he'd get to watch her do.

"Merlin, Hermione."

Hermione hummed around his cock, the vibrations traveling straight to his sac, and he let out another hiss of pleasure. He couldn't let her keep doing that. He wanted to be inside her when he came, and he had many more things in mind before that happened. He wanted his own mouth on her, feeling her come undone beneath his tongue.

Hermione felt Blaise's hands grab her arms and haul her up next to him where he swiftly covered her body with his. He kissed her passionately before traveling down her body so his face was level with her pussy. He pushed her legs apart and let his eyes feast on her. She was perfect and pink, the little nub at the top engorged with blood and waiting for him.

The tips of his fingers traveled along her outer lips, and she twitched and let out a small whimper. Blaise smiled at her, but he didn't want to rush this. He held her open with two of his fingers and dropped his face down to lick her from top to bottom. Hermione whimpered and her hips twitched towards his face. She tasted delicious. Perfect. He attacked her clit with his tongue, sucking it in between his lips while one of his fingers slid inside her. She was tight and warm and wet. Perfect.

Hermione let out a cry of his name and bucked her hips against him. Ron had been her only other lover, and he had never done this. They had only been together once, and she had figured soon after that they just weren't compatible with each other.

Hermione pushed thoughts of Ron out of her mind as she felt herself spiraling higher into an orgasm. She felt the heat pool between her legs and the delicious pressure in her stomach. He was taking her to orgasm at an embarrassingly fast rate, and she didn't want to stop him.

Blaise pushed another finger inside her and curled them up find that spongy bundle of nerves inside her. She was writhing underneath him and her hands had come up to rest on the sides of his head. Blaise knew she was close and his fingers pistoned in and out faster, and he sucked her clit into his mouth.

Hermione fell apart as her orgasm hit and Blaise's name tumbled off her lips. A wash of pleasure ran through her and she could do nothing but let it take her over.

Blaise felt Hermione go completely boneless and he let her go as her eyes fluttered. She was still breathing hard from her orgasm as Blaise covered her body with his, his rock hard erection nudging the juncture between her thighs. He leaned down to kiss her again, slowly and languidly.

Hermione's body was sated from her orgasm, but she wanted more. She wanted to feel him inside her, feel him stretching her. She bucked against him, letting the head of his cock slide against her opening.

Blaise groaned and looked down at her. "Are you sure, Hermione? Because after this, I won't be able to let you go."

Hermione smiled at him and kissed him, her fears long forgotten. She wanted nothing more than to be his right at that moment.

"God yes, Blaise. Make me yours."

Blaise growled at her before aligning himself up with her opening and pushing in slowly until he was fully sheathed inside her.

"You're so tight," Blaise grunted out. Her pussy was milking him for all it was worth, and it was taking a lot of self-restraint not to pull out and slam back into her. He had a feeling he was the biggest lover she'd ever had.

Hermione had never felt so full in her entire life. He was a lot larger than Ron, and he felt incredible inside her. She pushed her hips against Blaise's trying to get him to move. She needed him to move.

Blaise groaned as he pulled out and then pushed back in. Her legs came up to wrap around his waist and her arms were around his neck. He knew he wouldn't be able to last long this first time with her, but he wanted to make sure she went over the edge with him. He kissed her before moving down to her neck, biting and sucking, proud

when he left a visible mark. He wanted everyone to know that she was his from now on.

Hermione felt him hit that spot inside her and pleasure radiated through her. He kept hitting it, and Hermione mewled, unable to stop the noise from coming out of her mouth.

Blaise felt his balls tightening and knew he wouldn't last much longer, so one of his hands slid down her body, and found her clit and started rubbing on it.

"Come for me, Hermione," Blaise growled in her ear.

Merlin help her, she did. She tightened around him, pleasure exploding through her as her inner muscles clamped down around him and his name left her lips again. She felt him stiffen and then empty inside her as he said something beautiful in Italian.

He rolled to the side so as not to squish her and pulled her so she was laying on his slightly sweaty chest. Hermione didn't mind and let her hand travel along his chest as she caught her breath.

Blaise dropped a kiss to the top of her head, where her hair was a complete mess. Blaise knew it looked like she'd been thoroughly shagged, and he couldn't help the swell of possessiveness that went through him. She was his now.

"I'm not letting you go now," Blaise said.

Hermione looked up at him a thoroughly Slytherin smirk on her face. "Is that so?"

Blaise narrowed his eyes at her. "It is."

"Then you better show me."

Blaise threw back his head and laughed, a deep belly chuckle that was utterly entrancing. Hermione giggled as he rolled back over on top of her and nipped at her lips.

She had a feeling that he wouldn't be merely watching her from now on. Now he would be touching her whenever he could as well.

She also realized that she wanted exactly that.