

The Reluctant Veela

by sapphire_phoenix

Draco Malfoy has come into his father's Veela legacy and is fighting it at every turn.
The Fates aren't giving him an inch though, and neither is Hermione Granger, his
destined mate!

Back to Hogwarts

Chapter 1 of 13

Draco Malfoy has come into his father's Veela legacy and is fighting it at every turn. The Fates aren't giving him an inch
though, and neither is Hermione Granger, his destined mate!

As soon as Draco Malfoy and his father, Lucius, arrived at Platform Nine and Three-Quarters, Draco's nostrils flared.

"So she has been in Britain all this time..." Lucius noted quietly, his lips turning up in smug delight. His eyes began to scan the crowds of students, a hawk looking for prey.

Draco, who had tried to alert his father to this fact before the summer holidays, barely kept from rolling his eyes at him. He also managed, just barely, not to grouse about having to spend said holiday in France at a private "retreat" for Veelas who had come of age. His father had not been interested at that time...especially since Draco had been unable to identify his mate.

"She is already on the train, Father," Draco announced as he set a small cat carrier onto his trunk. He peered into the cage to check on the Asian Leopard kitten. It was curled up in a ball, sleeping soundly. "Can't I leave this at the Manor? The dorms are no place for a beast such as this." Draco had spent some time with the kitten, having selected it from the litter himself. It was playful and very sweet-natured, and he feared for its safety amongst his classmates.

"Stop being petulant, Draco, and take it to your mate," Lucius chastised impatiently.

Draco noted the excitement in his father's tone and sighed. He met his father's eye and held his gaze in a moment of challenge.

The two had a final, silent version of the debate they'd been having all summer. Lucius was not to be swayed, however, and narrowed his eyes accordingly.

Conceding, Draco nodded but kept his face blank. He already had an idea of who his mate was, and he did not want to claim her. He also did not want to tell his father who she was, and he most certainly did not want to present her with this kitten as a preliminary token of an ancient ceremony.

Lucius patted Draco on the back before Disapparating.

Alone on the platform, Draco turned to look at the train and scowled. The crowd was beginning to thin, so he could not put off his fate any longer. He pushed the cart with his trunks and the cat carrier towards the train. As soon as he entered through the doorway, he could literally smell trouble.

Once he had put his trunks away, Draco immediately left his cabin at the Slytherin end of the train. He shouldered his way through the cars, following his nose to the stench of another male touching his mate. His fangs were beginning to protrude, and they cut his tongue where it was pressed against his teeth. As he entered the last car, the stench lessened. He could see people moving about, exchanging greetings.

Gryffindors. Draco swore under his breath and shook his head. As he looked towards the heavens for assistance, he knocked shoulders with Dean Thomas, who glared back at him.

"Bloody hell, Malfoy. Watch where you're going, yeah?" Dean rolled his shoulder twice before holding his position near the doorway.

Draco did not respond; he only looked around the cabin, sneering at its occupants: Harry Potter, Neville Longbottom, Ron Weasley, Seamus Finnegan, and Hermione Granger.

When his eyes fell upon Granger, Draco couldn't help but look her over. She wasn't even looking at him; she was just standing against the window with her book propped up on her hips. She was wearing Muggle shorts with sandals and an indecently scant top. Her hair was lightened and her skin darkened by a summer clearly spent in the sun. He could practically smell the seaside on her: the saltwater and kelp and sweat from hours in the sun. He could easily imagine her curling up with a good book on the beach.

His eyes rose to hers. She was looking at him as though he were completely daft. Draco sneered at her and turned abruptly, storming back down to his cabin at the end of the train. He didn't miss when the Weasel made a snide remark about him being nuts, but he wouldn't waste any time fleeing from the siren in the cabin.

Blaise Zabini was sitting in Draco's cabin eating chocolate frogs when he returned. Draco didn't want to see Blaise. He didn't want to be on the train going to school, where he would have to look at *her* every day. Draco wanted to be a normal boy again and go back to his old life. Draco had told Blaise of his suspicions over the summer, and now that they were confirmed, there could be no denying it.

"And how's the new blood treating you today, Malfoy?" Blaise asked, tossing him an unopened chocolate frog. Blaise looked at Draco knowingly, having witnessed the boy's exit from the cabin a few minutes earlier. Blaise had followed in Draco's wake until he bumped into Dean; at that point, Blaise had beat a hasty retreat to Draco's cabin to wait for him.

"Sod off, Zabini," Draco replied, staring daggers out the window as he ripped into the paper wrapper. The way he ate the frog could be viewed as nothing less than malicious.

"Aren't you pleased that your mate is such a fine witch? And that the people who know don't care?" Blaise smirked, popping his frog's last wiggling leg into his mouth.

Draco turned his wrathful gaze to his longtime friend, his eyes telling the other boy where, exactly, he could stick his helpful questions.

"It's a new era, mate. You've got to get with the times," Blaise said as he stretched out his legs, his boots thumping heavily on the floor.

Draco snorted. Get with the times, indeed! When Draco didn't reply, Blaise shrugged and pulled a book out of his pocket. He enlarged it with a flick of his wand and quickly buried his nose in it, looking to get ahead in Potions as much as he could.

Beside him, the kitten began to scratch at the door of the cage. Draco looked over and, out of the corner of his eye, saw that Granger was coming down the corridor. She had changed into her school uniform, and he was glad of it. Draco took a long breath through his nose, enjoying the intoxicating scent of her even as he pounded his head against the wall behind him.

Always quick to act, Blaise flicked his wand at the door, and it slid open. "Oi! Granger!"

Draco's eyes shot open. He looked at his friend as if he had just invited a rabid werewolf into the cabin.

Granger, who had just walked past the door of the cabin, turned slowly and warily eyed the boys. "Yes, Zabini?"

Blaise put his most charming smile on before turning to face Hermione where she stood in the doorway. "You like cats, right? I mean, if you can count that orange wad of fur as a cat."

Hermione stuck her chin out. Her half-Kneazle, half-tomcat had died over the summer. She was embarrassed by how deeply it had affected her. However, she wasn't going to show it to two boys she thoroughly disliked.

"Yes. Why?" she replied impatiently.

"Well, you see, Draco has a kitten he doesn't want. His father made him bring it, but he's looking to give it away. Want it?" Blaise tossed his head toward the cat carrier that was on the bench next to Draco.

Hermione timidly crossed the threshold and moved to peer into the cage. A darling spotted cat was looking out at her. She couldn't help but coo at it.

"You like it, Granger? Go ahead and take it," Draco's voice finally sounded. He was trying to keep his breathing casual, but she was *so* close. Draco kept reminding himself that he didn't have to mark her. If he could only wait five years, he'd be free of her, and she of him. But she looked perfect cooing at the cat in the cage, poking her finger through the wires as the kitten thrust its paws out.

Hermione turned and looked at him, almost backing away. "Yes. Why don't you want him?"

"First, it's a her. Second, it's not that I don't want her, *per se*, more like... I can't keep her, all things considered. It would be better if you took her." Draco shrugged, his usual arrogant disinterest feeling a little forced.

Hermione's eyes narrowed.

Draco sighed; she wasn't buying it. He had wanted her to take the beast without his having to use the formal phrasing. *Damn! Damn! Damn!* Draco leaned forward and opened the carrier. The beast inside sauntered into Draco's outstretched hands. Draco stood, cradling the cat. In a last attempt, he silently offered the cat to Hermione, his arms stretched out from his body.

Hermione looked at him as though he were out of his mind. She shook her head.

Only Blaise noticed when the door of the cabin seemed to shut of its own accord. The air began to rustle gently around the two standing in the brief space between the benches.

"Bloody hell!" Draco muttered under his breath. He sighed and then pulled himself together. He looked at the witch in front of him, swaying gently as the train rolled along the tracks. Draco's senses warped and he found himself uttering the words he had tried so hard to deny.

"Hermione Granger, I offer you this beast. It would please me if you would receive it and nurture it. Do you accept?"

Hermione felt suddenly dizzy. When she spoke, it was in a voice slightly lower than her own: "I will receive the beast."

The words echoed through Draco's ears, through his mind, and down through his bloodstream to his groin. Part of him thrilled at the words and at the witch in front of him, and his erection made its presence known. A quieter part of him was struck with fear over what he'd just done. The first of three preliminary ceremonies had occurred, and they weren't even at Hogwarts yet!

"Oi! Granger!" Blaise spoke up from his seat.

Draco could tell that Hermione couldn't hear him. She was foggy from the magic of the ritual. She and Draco were surrounded by a gentle pool of white magic that hung like a mist around their knees.

The moments drew out. Draco knew that he could be instructing her and setting all his desires into her subconscious. He didn't want to. No mind should be controlled by anyone but its own. Draco was loathe to admit that he cared so much for her brain. Looking at her, he began to notice that the bushy hair of previous years was now large, cascading ringlets. He ached to stroke one.

Draco hated that he couldn't pull his eyes away from her. He didn't want Granger to be his mate. Even more, though, he didn't want a wife who would be to him as his mother was to his father. His father, a pure Veela, had ultimate control over his mother...Lucius could compel Narcissa to act on any of his whims simply by releasing pheromones, which Veelas could do as easily as a regular wizard could exhale deeply.

Now that Draco was of age, his father's blood had catalysed his own, so he was a full-blooded Veela as well. They had filed all of the necessary documents so that Draco could be registered with the Ministry. Veela status was classified, and unlike werewolves or giants, Veelas remained full citizens. In fact, they were typically coveted because of their heightened magical abilities. During the registration process, Draco had realised that this was part of what kept his father in everyone's favour.

Draco heaved a great sigh, staring at the hypnotised girl a final moment.

"Now's your chance, mate," Blaise urged.

"Bugger. Off." Draco growled as he stepped forward and gave the kitten one last scratch under the chin. He'd rather miss the little beast. Unable to help himself any longer, he swept a lock of hair away from Hermione's face and then let his fingers glide down her cheek. Finally, he traced the line of her lip and chin with the pad of his thumb.

"All right, Granger, here's the deal. You found this cat among some luggage. You've asked around. No one knew anything about it. You'll ask some more. Ultimately, though, you're keeping her.

"You're also going to start taking care in how you look. Not all at once, mind you, just little things. When you're among wizards, you'll dress like a proper witch; leave your Muggle clothes in the Muggle world.

"You will make a point of getting enough sleep. This year you won't study excessively. You'll still be a know-it-all cunt, but relax a bit, yeah?"

"Also, you'll not remember what happened here today. You will finish your patrol, and then you'll go back to your friends... That's it. Walk out the door, turn right, walk ten paces, and then wake up."

Hermione blinked a few times, as if someone had just turned the lights on. She then did as Draco had instructed, closing the door behind her.

Blaise's low chuckle filled the cabin. Once he'd seen the back of Hermione, Draco flopped down on the bench and put his head in his hands. He was exhausted but relieved. If all went well, he would be in the clear for the rest of the year.

Ten paces outside the door of Draco's cabin, Hermione stroked the cat as it rubbed against her neck and face. Draco didn't know it, but he had waited too long to start giving Hermione directions. She had kept her body loose and her face blank as his words came in to focus on a sub-conscious level, but she was in complete control by the end.

Hermione's body thrummed with residual magic. Draco Malfoy was now catalogued in her brain not as Premier Prat of Slytherin, but as Puzzling Prat of Slytherin. Hermione cooed at the cat again before finishing her prefect's patrol and going to sit with her friends. When they asked about the beautiful beast in her arms, she fed them the lines that Malfoy had given her. Then she quickly sat down with a book as she considered her plan to figure out what he was up to.

The feast was barely over, and she was already running off. Where was she going? There was no homework yet, and still Draco could see Hermione going to her eternal roost amongst the stacks.

Draco was walking with Blaise and some of their other classmates toward the dungeons when he saw Hermione diverge from her friends. They laughed at her, and she let them, but she left anyway. Draco was inclined to follow her, but Theo Nott clapped him on the back and pulled him close. They were headed to the opening party in the Slytherin common room, where they would kick out all the ickle firsties and have a grand old time with some contraband firewhisky!

Since he was dying for something, anything that was normal, Draco let his friends lead him down the stairs instead of running up after Hermione.

Draco watched his friends laugh and play around him. The only thing that was different this year was that no matter who batted her eyes at him, none of the witches in the room could get him to look twice. If he'd been even one year younger, he would have been wearing girls, and whoever clung to him last would join him in his room.

Not tonight though; tonight he was going to take his suppressant potion and go to bed. Draco swirled his drink in its glass, watching as the smoke rose up from the ice. He couldn't help but think it was an auspicious way to begin his sixth year.

In Hogsmeade

Chapter 2 of 13

Draco Malfoy has come into his father's Veela legacy and is fighting it at every turn. The Fates aren't giving him an inch though, and neither is Hermione Granger, his destined mate!

Draco wadded up the parchment and threw it into the blazing fire. "Excellent," his father had written. "Unforeseen good fortune," the letter read. "Mark her *now*," it commanded.

Draco pushed the edges of his palms into his closed eyes. He wouldn't do it. He didn't want to get married at sixteen! He didn't want to inherit his father's legacy! He didn't want to be responsible for her yet! *Ever!* He meant *ever!*

He had waited until the end of the week to write his father, much to Blaise's amusement. Draco found himself to be at the root of much of Blaise's *amusement* these days. When Draco avoided her, Blaise would laugh. When Draco stared at her, Blaise would smile and shake his head, chuckling lowly. When a seventh-year Ravenclaw had stopped her in the hallway, chatting at her and smiling, Draco had shredded a nearby tapestry without even realising it. Blaise had mended the tapestry, but he hadn't let Draco live the incident down, and it was only the first week!

Hermione had already put his orders into effect. He had seen her walking with her friends and rubbing something along her braid as they talked. Whatever it was, her hair was shinier, and the curls more defined when she let them loose. He was thrilled and horrified at the same time.

Draco heard a slow rapping on his door...the distinctive knock of his Head of House. He waved his wand at the door, and it swung open. "Professor, do come in," he said wearily, flopping down on his bed.

Severus Snape came into the room carrying two phials. "You have news from your father?" Professor Snape asked as he placed the phials in a rack and retrieved two empty ones.

"Yes, he'd have me take her now, because her *Muggle* parents would just love having a vicious creature come home with her at the Yule hols to explain that she is no longer theirs."

Professor Snape nodded. "Luckily you get your conscience from your mother."

At that, Draco groaned. Technically, his mother was the head of the Malfoy household. She wasn't a Veela. As the full human in the pairing, she had the legal authority. Still, she let her husband rule over her as the patriarch of the family. Or, rather, her husband's pheromones ruled over her.

"Have you experienced any relief?" Professor Snape asked as he walked to the door.

"None," Draco offered apologetically. Being near to her every day seemed to counter-balance the affect of the potions.

"Well, you will go to Hogsmeade tomorrow; it is possible that being away from the castle may help. However, I must let you know that the Headmaster is going to announce a Yule Ball tomorrow at breakfast. You should find a way to make sure you do not have to draw and quarter any of your school mates." With a nod, the professor left the boy alone with more experimental potions.

Draco went to breakfast as early as possible. He told himself that he did this to avoid her, but since he could smell her before he could see her, a deeper part of him knew otherwise. He ate his breakfast mindlessly, more concerned with what Hermione was eating.

Draco watched as she spooned jam into her porridge and sipped her tea. Finally, the Headmaster announced that there would indeed be a Yule Ball that year and to start preparations in advance so as not to add to the stress of the end of the term. The professors began moving toward the gates to check students out on their way to the village immediately after the Headmaster made his announcement.

Draco watched the Golden Trio gather their things and washed his breakfast down with a full goblet of pumpkin juice. He tracked the three from a distance until they had all left the school, Draco hanging back so as to go unnoticed. He watched Hermione walk between Potter and Weasley with mixed emotions. On one hand, he was grateful that they intimidated the other boys who had begun to notice her. On the other hand, they were too close to her for his comfort.

With his eyes on the Gryffindors, Draco made sure to listen to his surroundings. Everyone was chattering about the Yule Ball. Everyone but Granger, anyway. She just walked and listened to her friends as they talked and gesticulated, nodding when the time came for it. Draco thought she seemed preoccupied, but her behaviour was not too different from that of the other witches as they worked to decide what they had to do for the ball, so he wrote it off.

Draco followed the trio until the boys split off to go to the Quidditch shop. If they had been proper gentlemen, they would have seen Granger to the bookshop safely and then gone on their way. Fortunately for Draco, they were not proper gentlemen. Despite his desire to be apart from the witch, he took Professor Snape's advice to heart. Draco couldn't begin to imagine what he would do if his witch was on the arm of another bloke. With careless grace, he entered the bookshop so he could take preventative measures.

The Arithmancy section of the store was dark and dusty with lots of tall stacks of books making little grottoes along the bookshelves. Relaxing his control, Draco let his mind reach for Granger. He could practically see his pheromones travel down the stairs to where she stood in the Astronomy section.

Granger smelled of raspberries and cinnamon. He could easily imagine tasting her flesh to find the verity of his olfactory sense. Draco exhaled quickly as he tried to regain his control. He watched her saunter towards him half blind from his scent. When she was about three feet away from him, he put out his hand to keep her from coming any closer.

"Stop," Draco said softly, holding Granger at arm's length. He watched, horrified, as his nails took on a coppery quality. He'd never gotten the chance to look at his claws before, and he longed to do so now. However, he hurriedly moved his hands behind his back so she wouldn't see her affect on him.

"You will politely refuse any offers to escort you to the Yule Ball," Draco said, sounding suspiciously like his father in his own mind. "You will go alone."

Draco watched as Granger's jaw fell slack. Then her mouth formed a succulent pout; her lower lip was red as ripe raspberries, glistening from a quick flick of her tongue. Draco had to back up a half step to keep himself under control. He looked around frantically. He had wanted to get her alone to give her the directive. However, he hadn't really planned for anything after that. *Dammit! What to do now?*

"Do you have any questions?" Draco asked, starting to sweat. The bookshop seemed to be unreasonably warm.

"Will you be giving me my dress?" Granger lifted her chin hopefully.

Her voice was low and smooth. It played in his ears like a song. Shaking himself out of the spell, he tried to assert his thoughts. "No!" Draco replied, pushing his fingers roughly through his hair. His pointed claws drew blood, and he couldn't help but watch as Granger sniffed the air. He was horrified to see her scent him out, thrilled by her inclination towards him which only exacerbated his horror at himself. "No. I'm not giving you a bloody dress." Draco flinched at his coarse language. His heart broke as her chin began to wobble.

"Was I bad?" Granger asked piteously. Tears were welling up in her eyes, and her right knee was beginning to quake. Draco couldn't decide if she was frustrated or heartbroken. Whatever it was she was doing her best to hold it in.

He had to think fast. He told himself he didn't want a scene in the bookshop, but that part of himself he had come to hate had different priorities. Draco lunged for her, putting his hands around her shoulders and pulling her close. He sniffed from the opening of her shirt up her neck and to her ear. Exhaling, he declared into her ear, "You... are splendid." He turned her and pressed her against a tall stack of books.

Granger arched up into him, baring her neck. Before he knew what he was doing, Draco was licking her neck again and again, readying a spot to sink his teeth into. He dragged his tongue over his developing fangs. He couldn't help but rub his cock against her hip.

Granger whimpered his name, clutching at him.

Hearing his name fall from her tongue cleared the fog from Draco's mind, and he pushed himself away. Leaning against a nearby bookshelf, Draco watched as his witch remained as she was, panting and bare-necked, just begging to be taken.

Slowly, she came back to a neutral pose. It seemed that time had stopped. They both stood panting for a few long moments. Finally, Draco was able to speak.

"I am leaving. You will continue your shopping. Get whatever you want. Do not follow me. When you are done, find your friends. The only thing I want you to remember is that you must refuse all offers from other blokes, Granger. Got it?"

She nodded.

"Do you have any questions?" Draco asked swallowing heavily. He could see them practically written across her face.

She nodded again.

"You may ask me two questions," Draco said as he straightened his robes. He pulled some coins from his purse on his belt and slid them into hers.

"Am I really splendid?" Granger watched him avidly. Her voice was still uneven, but the light in her eye had changed.

Draco smiled and stepped forwards. Taking a long inhalation through his nose, he traced one coppery claw lightly up her neck. As she shivered, he chuckled and said, "You are the very best."

Granger blushed deeply. Draco felt his cock tighten in his pants. He had to get out of there... *soon*.

"What should I wear, if you won't give me a dress?" Granger asked him, wide-eyed. Her shoulders had rolled forward slightly, causing her bosom to heave with each breath. Her voice had taken on a sultry undertone.

Draco shook his head and looked her over slowly. She was leaning ever so slightly closer to him each second. Part of him wanted to say "nothing" just to see if she would do it. He noticed that they were slowly coming together, closer and closer every second.

Draco sighed. "I will buy you a dress." He should have felt defeated, but seeing her face light up at his words was too delightful. He knew he'd just initiated the second of the preliminary ceremonies, but he tried not to think about it. "Now, be good, and do as I instructed."

Granger nodded excitedly. Draco snorted softly and looked into her face one last time. Finally, he turned and walked through the stacks and out of the shop.

Hearing the shop bell ring, Hermione grabbed the front of her robes and shook them to fan herself. She perched on a shelf and catalogued all the things she wanted to remember. They mainly boiled down to signs that Draco was conflicted about being mated to her.

Hermione had gotten the pertinent information about her situation on her first evening at Hogwarts. As soon as the Welcoming Feast had ended, she'd simply sought out her Head of House, showed her the cat, and recounted the events on the train. Hermione hadn't named names, but her Head of House didn't seem to need any further clues.

Hermione Granger was a Veela's fated mate. She was Draco Malfoy's *mate*. Something inside her told her that she should be offended on principle, but she just couldn't muster up the indignation. She had a magical bond with a handsome, intelligent, powerful wizard. She would be marrying into one of the oldest families in Wizarding Britain. The world was her proverbial oyster.

She did sense that Draco felt ashamed of himself. He hid himself from her, and he was clearly trying his hardest not to complete any of the rituals. He had assured her that the problem wasn't with her, and for some reason, Hermione believed him.

It's probably the pheromones making me trust him. He's certainly given me no reason to before. But wasn't that they way of boys and girls in the school yard? Draco Malfoy has changed, regardless of whether he chose to or not. The magic that comes from him now makes me weak; his mind must be at war with his body.

Fortunately for her, Hermione had a way of keeping her mind when he was around. Despite his magical radiation, she could maintain a level of conscious thought. When she knew to expect his presence, she simply had to recite the periodic table of elements in her mind. This kept her focus outside his control. Also, the things Draco said would latch on to each element. They became markers for her to remember his words by.

Palladium: "You are splendid."

Thorium: "I will buy you a dress."

Hermione jingled the coins in her purse before dumping them into her palm to count. She'd had her eye on a few books on Veelas. The coins in her hand would pay for all of those with Galleons to spare. Draco Malfoy had no idea what he had gotten himself into.

In the Library

Chapter 3 of 13

Draco Malfoy has come into his father's Veela legacy and is fighting it at every turn. The Fates aren't giving him an inch though, and neither is Hermione Granger, his destined mate!

Draco was beginning to regret having instructed Granger to sleep more, study less, and put effort into her appearance. It had been two torturous months since those fateful moments on the train, and now his budding mate had really begun to bloom.

If she didn't stop it, Draco would be spending a good deal of time in Azkaban for mass homicide.

It was Sunday, so she was holed up in the library helping other sixth years study for the History of Magic test on the coming Tuesday. She wore a long, woolen uniform skirt with shiny black lace up boots. The grey of her skirt seemed set off the Gryffindor red of her turtleneck sweater.

The colors of her sweater, eyes, and lips all seemed to radiate behind his eyes. Draco had to fight himself from getting up, storming across the library, throwing her over his shoulder, and claiming her repeatedly in the Restricted Section.

"Oi, your claws are out," Blaise's voice slowly ambled into Draco's consciousness.

Draco looked down at his hands, which were clutching a closed book. By taking a few deep breaths, he was able to relax enough that his hands turned back to normal. Draco popped his neck and turned the book over to inspect the damage. There were eight little holes, four on either side where his claws had dug in. Some of the holes were moist with venom. Draco shook his head. Another sum of galleons to be removed from his vault to replace what this vile nonsense had needlessly destroyed.

"Found that dress yet?" Blaise asked nonchalantly. The amusement of watching his old friend fight against his chronic condition had waned, and Blaise now wanted Draco to claim the wench already so the brooding could stop. Blaise had discussed the matter delicately with their Head of House, who had confirmed that once the mate was claimed, the veela blood would be satisfied, and life would be back to normal. Blaise had not shared this information yet, but if he had to put up with this much longer, he wouldn't hold himself responsible for his actions.

"No," Draco growled. When he had arrived back to his dorm after meeting Granger in the bookstore, he went straight to his potions supply. Once he'd swallowed the new and *finally* effective suppressant potion and taken a long cold shower, Draco had begun to regret his promise to give her a dress. He'd spent the rest of weekend curled up in his bed, sick with regret. He was convinced that he was leading this lamb to slaughter. She didn't need a dress; she needed someone to keep *him* away from her.

But, he was trapped by it now. Draco wished he could go back to the Veela retreat in France. Looking at his mate was torture. He would not claim her if he could help it. Even if he stumbled through the preliminary rituals, if he could hold off on the actual claiming, she'd still be free. They'd both be free. Still, he'd found himself shopping for a dress at the previous Hogsmeade visit, knowing the whole time that anything he'd found there would be insufficient.

"You promised."

"*Piss. Off.*" Draco watched as the study group surrounding Granger dissipated. A couple of blokes lingered, and Draco stood to walk to where only she could see him. Draco relaxed his mind so his pheromones would spread out. He was simultaneously disgusted and thrilled when she stood up straighter, her gaze immediately seeking his.

When she met his gaze, Draco scowled at her. His glare moved to each of the boys in turn and then back to her again. Granger blushed and muttered her excuses to the boys. She picked up a stack of books and began to walk towards Draco.

Once they were alone, Draco relieved Granger of her burden, setting the books on the nearest shelf. She stood there simply waiting for his next move. He circled her, inhaling the scent of her hair as he passed. It was spicy and sweet. Finally returning to his position in front of her, he forced himself to take a step back.

"Do you know that nearly every boy in this school has begun to notice you?" Draco queried, trying to keep any accusation as well as any pride out of his voice. He failed.

"But I am *yours*." Granger looked up, panic spreading across her face. "Have I done a bad thing?"

Draco looked her over. He could see her trying to think of anything she might have done to earn his ire, but she'd done nothing but follow his instructions. She was somehow prettier now than she had been moments ago.

It's the pheromones, you dolt! She could be a troll and you'd want her.

--But she's not a troll, now is she? She's perfect and you should mark her.

No! She's a witch who has every opportunity in front of her as long as you can keep your claws to yourself!

Draco shook his head trying to silence the battle that was waging inside of it.

"Listen, Granger, you've done a splendid job with everything, as usual."

"You like what I've done?" Granger asked, coyly dropping her chin and looking up at him with those deep brown eyes.

Draco narrowed his eyes at her. Did she just *flirt* with him? Warily, he turned his head and said, "Yes, very much. *Too* much. It is testing my control over the creature in me."

"You're not a creature!" Hermione demanded quietly, her voice more normal than usual when she was under the influence of his pheromones. She stepped towards him, longing to hold his hand and reassure him.

Draco dodged her hand and took another step back. Motioning for her to stop, he spoke softly, "I may not appear to be a creature at this time, but if you had seen me in the first days after I turned sixteen, you would know otherwise."

The look of compassion on Granger's face simultaneously drew Draco to her as it made his blood boil. He knew she couldn't understand the horrifying experience that had turned him into something to fear.

Once again, they stood there staring at each other for long, drawn-out moments. Finally, Draco took a step forward and gently ran his hand up her neck; he was delighted and horrified when she quivered under his touch. Finally, he cupped her head in his hands, grimacing as his claws extended.

"No more study groups," Draco commanded, feeling a cloud of pheromones build between them. "You will not study with any blokes who display even the slightest of interest in you. Is that clear?"

Hermione tilted her head up towards his face, exhaling unevenly. Her eyes were falling shut, her mouth was opening softly, and her face tilted up just so.... She was inviting him. It was all he could do not to notice how her thighs began to spread. "Answer me," he demanded slowly.

"Yes." Hermione's voice came out in low whisper, and she leaned her face into one of his hands.

"Good. Leave to your common room. Study until you are tired and then rest," Draco looked down at her face and touched her lower lip with his thumb. He was shocked when Hermione's eyes snapped open, and she moved her mouth to encase his thumb. Fortunately, Draco had a Seeker's reflexes and pulled his hand away before she could touch it.

Hermione pouted. She looked up at him with her mouth turned down and asked, "Don't you want my mouth on you?" She took half a step toward him.

Draco could see the hurt and anger fighting behind her eyes. "More than anything. However, we must not start what we will not finish. *Go.*" Draco dismissed her by stepping back and dropping his arms to the side. He looked away, fighting the shiver that ran through his heated flesh when the cool castle air moved across his neck. Draco watched her turn slowly and then gather her things up to leave.

He nearly jumped out of his skin when Zabini clapped him on his back. The dark boy chuckled.

"Sod off," Draco grumbled looking around to see who was about before he adjusted his raging hard-on.

"I saw it all. You are unnecessarily punishing the both of you, you know. I know I wouldn't resist if a bird wanted to suck anything of mine."

"Well you wouldn't be bloody bonded for life to the cow would you?"

Zabini followed, ambling easily. "Stop being such a pillock and claim her; then you can both get on with your life."

"No."

"Drake, c'mon!"

"I said *no*." Draco turned and thunderously left the library.

Hermione ambled her way back to Gryffindor Tower. Dragging her fingers across the stone walls she enjoyed the fire coursing through her blood. He was so possessive of her. Draco Malfoy, a very handsome, intelligent, powerful, wealthy young wizard had eyes only for *her*. If it wasn't such a cherished secret, she'd rub Lavender Brown's nose in it. Well, maybe not. Lavender didn't mean to be such a cow, she just was. Still, Hermione couldn't wait to see the look on everyone's faces when the truth came out.

Hermione touched her face and neck where Draco had caressed her. It made her shiver. Finding herself in front of the portrait door to her dormitory, she schooled her features and said the password. She went straight to the sixth year girls' dorm, noticing the curious looks her friends were giving her as she passed. She rolled her eyes at herself; she just couldn't keep the ends of her lips from curling in a smug grin

Hermione dropped her bag by her bed and crawled into it, pulling the curtains tight. Her kitten, which had grown significantly in the last two months, was already curled in the centre of the bed. Hermione pulled her close and stroked the cat as she relived the few moments in the library with her mate before she got back to schoolwork.

After Breakfast

Chapter 4 of 13

Draco Malfoy has come into his father's Veela legacy and is fighting it at every turn. The Fates aren't giving him an inch though, and neither is Hermione Granger, his destined mate!

Draco sat and ignored his breakfast as he watched anxiously for the post to come down. He had found a dress for Hermione, and it was to arrive today.

Draco was nervous. Somehow his father had heard of Draco's trouble's locating a dress and had pulled him out of school the week before to attend to "urgent family business". The moment the two men had been beyond the Apparation point, his father had shoved a Portkey into Draco's hand. They'd arrived in an elite boutique in Paris.

Draco had paid the sales witch a handsome bag of Galleons to make sure the box came wrapped in brown paper, saying it was from Granger's parents, and that it could only be delivered to her.

What he didn't know was that his father had also paid the witch to make sure that the package went to Draco. Draco would have to offer it to her instead of having it delivered, which Lucius thought was foolhardy and inefficient in the extreme.

The owls began to flood the Great Hall, and Draco's look of anticipation turned thunderous when a long thin box landed on his breakfast instead of Granger's. Disallowing any attention to his delivery from his housemates, Draco picked up the box and left the Great Hall.

Although he looked completely nonchalant to everyone else, a great storm was brewing inside of the young Veela. Only his Head of House, his best friend, and his mate knew. Each of them quickly made their exits, careful to make it look like any other morning.

Draco knew she was behind him even before he could hear her footsteps. He turned down a little-used, darkened corridor and waited for her.

When Granger finally reached him, she was nearly panting with exertion to catch up.

Draco thrust the box at her.

Granger looked at it as if it was a list of hexes he planned to hit her with.

"Take. It." Draco's tense jaw wouldn't even move to speak to her.

Granger looked at him as if she could envision something tragic was about to happen if she took the box.

Draco could feel his heart bending to her impending sadness. "Oh, Merlin's bloody ball sack!" Draco exclaimed, only barely managing to keep from stomping his foot. He tossed his hair out of his eyes and took a few calming breaths.

Finally he was able to say, "Hermione Granger, I offer you this garment. It would please me if you would receive it and wear it among society. Do you accept?"

Draco could feel the magic swelling around them as his lips moved to make the second sound of her name. He watched closely as her body reacted to the magical force. She was truly divine, and although he'd been in denial about wanting to see her in the perfect dress he'd found, now he wanted her in it more than almost anything.

"I will receive the garment," Hermione said with breathless delight. She had barely caught her breath to begin with, and now the increased power of the ritual was overwhelming her.

Draco breathed a sigh of relief when she accepted the box. He could hear people trickling into the halls, and he stepped closer to her. "You'll tell everyone that your parents sent you the dress from a Muggle store... Quickly go to the Owlery, and post the package to yourself to arrive tonight." Draco touched Hermione's cheek with the backs of his knuckles.

Leaning into his touch and into his body, Hermione looked up at him. "Won't you want to see it tonight?"

Granger's husky voice cut through the fog in Draco's brain. He tried to step back from her but found she was gripping his robes tightly. "Let go of me, Granger."

She didn't let go. Instead she pressed into him. "You said I'm a good mate. Why don't you want me?" Hermione's voice wavered as she looked him with pleading eyes.

Draco felt that something was off. Still, he stroked her hair gently and said, "It's not that simple."

"But it is that simple. We are so close..." Hermione answered in more of a natural tone than she typically spoke with when under his influence.

Draco grabbed her hair and pulled her face toward his. "You think you want this, don't you! You think you know exactly what's been happening!" Finally, he thrust her away from him, careless of her stumbles as she hit the corridor wall.

"Do you think I'm bloody daft, Malfoy?" Hermione asked from against the stones, bracing herself. "You waited too fucking long to guide me on the train. I remembered everything you said."

"And you think you want to be my mate, *Mudblood*?" Draco raged at her. This was wrong: it was all so *wrong*! Draco was pacing in front of her like a caged beast.

"Why are you being such a coward about it? We could be so brilliant together!"

"Coward? *Coward*? Excuse me from trying to save you from the agony of changing into a fucking half-human beast! Three days of pure excruciating hell, Granger, three fucking days! And they had to restrain me as the blood seeped through my bones and changed me." Draco stopped to look at her taking a few steps in her direction.

"It won't be the same for me," Hermione said softly, trying to reason with him.

"Is that what you think? Tell me, Granger, have you ever had venom seep through your body and change your magic?" Draco stalked up to her and pressed her against the wall, spreading her thighs with one of his. He turned her head and pulled the hair back so he could see her neck, which he sniffed and licked. Finally, he scraped his teeth gently along the tender flesh.

"Tell me, *Mate*," Draco growled, sneering down at her. He pulled one hand, now transformed with full claws, up into her line of sight and whispered into her ear, "Do you see these pretty copper thorns at the ends of my fingers? Do you think they won't prick you?"

"No... but I want it. I want you to use them on me." Hermione's voice came out as an impassioned moan. She couldn't stop herself from grinding on his thigh.

Draco groaned in pained lust. He punched the stone beside her head, and it crumbled a little. Setting his claws into the stonework, he could feel the venom flowing slow but steady from his claws.

Hermione turned to sniff at it, sighing contentedly.

"You like that? You want that poison in you? You want me to bind with you forever? You may be able to keep your wits about you now, but believe me, Granger, once that is in your system, you'll be mine. Totally, completely, and utterly *mine*," Draco threatened, his words gliding down from his mouth and into her ear.

Hermione arched against him; she moaned and pulled her face away from his beautiful claws so she could look at his eyes. "Yes..." Hermione hissed, desperately. "Just start it, Draco, please. I need it!"

Draco growled and punched the wall again before pushing away from her. "You do not know what you are saying! You know nothing!" He turned and stormed off down the opposite end of the hall.

Hermione whined as she lost the heat and the pressure of his body. Her knees wobbling, she slid down the wall and shouted after him, "You can't go without forever, Draco! Why put it off?"

The only answer was the sound of his heels as they clicked in the distance.

"Shite!" Blaise said softly from his hiding place a few feet from Hermione. He'd warded the hallway as students had gone by. He was hoping that Granger could have sealed the deal and that things could get back to normal. He shook his head gently as he looked at the girl. Feeling a heavy hand on his shoulder, Blaise nearly jumped out of his skin.

"A five point loss for language, Mr. Zabini," Professor Snape said. Watching the young girl writhing gently as she came down from the erotic magic she'd been exposed to, he nodded. "However, for such an astute summation of the circumstances and ensuring Slytherin business stays in house, you earn fifteen points."

Blaise heard the delight in the professor's voice and smirked.

Snape continued softly, "Go alert Professor McGonagall, and have her come here, and then find Mr. Malfoy. You and Mr. Malfoy are excused from classes today."

"Yes, sir," Blaise said and with a quick turn on his heel, he went on his way.

Meanwhile, Professor Snape conjured a blanket as he walked towards Hermione, spreading it over her where she huddled on the floor. They quietly waited for the Head of Gryffindor to relieve Professor Snape of his charge.

The Yule Ball

Chapter 5 of 13

Draco Malfoy has come into his father's Veela legacy and is fighting it at every turn. The Fates aren't giving him an inch though, and neither is Hermione Granger, his destined mate!

"Your mother would have your broom if she knew you were sitting *irthose* robes on *that* dusty window ledge," Blaise announced, his face a few inches from a Disillusioned foot.

"Fortunately, you aren't my mother, and you need me to catch the snitch so we have a chance at the House Cup." Draco's reply was pure arrogant disinterest.

"So *this* is what you are going to do all night?" Blaise asked as he leaned against the wall and looked out over the ball which was well underway.

"Clearly," Draco replied, and silence stretched between the two boys.

Eventually, Blaise decided to cut to the chase. "She *does* look radiant in that dress," he pressed gently. His friend was volatile at best and downright dangerous at worst these days.

"I would prefer not to discuss the succubus, if you please," Draco said sullenly as he turned his head away from the Yule Ball to look through the leaded glass.

"Everyone is looking for you. I heard a fourth year saying that you'd gone off to find a place to snog with her."

"Amaria Pucey," Draco replied knowingly. *Finger a girl once over a year ago, and she thinks you're engaged!* Draco snorted.

"Indeed. I wonder what your *succubus* would have to say about that," Blaise tried gently.

"She knows better," Draco said, ignoring the knot in his gut that indicated that something was not right between them. He had chosen this window as a perch so that he could watch what he had come to call the Forsaken Ball from all angles. Even now, he could see her fidgeting with a doily as she looked for him. A younger Gryffindor girl was prattling away nervously in her ear.

"Does she? You know she's telling people she doesn't have a date because the one person she wanted to come with didn't offer."

"She doesn't really want me, she wants the pheromones," Draco pouted.

"Riiiiight... Rich, intelligent blokes have such a hard time finding birds, it's a good thing you're handsome, or so I hear," Blaise reasoned.

Draco's response was silence. He'd always been fascinated by Granger, but he'd never known why, really. Now he knew, and it was so obvious that he hated that he hadn't seen it before. He also hated that he felt so out of control of his life. There had been very few real options for him in the first place, and now his father's blood as well as his money and his name would precede Draco wherever he went. He had wondered a lot in the last few months what life would be like if he was average and anonymous. His brooding was interrupted by the sound of Blaise's voice as he pushed off the wall.

"Well, if you aren't going to pull the snitch out of your arse, I'm going to go ask the loveliest bird at the ball to dance," Blaise said as he threw down the proverbial gauntlet.

"I'm not threatened by you. Just make sure no one else touches her," Draco regained the bored voice that he had started with and even turned away from the dark boy.

Blaise walked away with an evil smile across his face. He conjured a pure white rose and sauntered to where Hermione sat.

Hermione was startled by the full bloom of a white rose inches from her mouth. Looking up, she saw a look of mischief in the eyes of one Blaise Zabini, and looked around for Draco immediately.

"Would you care to dance?" Blaise asked, offering his hand in courtly fashion. He raised his eyebrows challengingly.

Never one to back down from a challenge, Hermione smiled sweetly, giving one last look around for Draco before she allowed Blaise to lead her to the dance floor for a slow song. To say Hermione was startled when she found her hip pulled snug against Blaise's would be a gross understatement.

"What are you doing?" Hermione asked fearfully. She didn't want Draco to see her like this with what she could only assume was his best friend. It's not like the tall, mysterious Slytherin holding her carefully had ever chanced more than an intense glance at her, let alone a greeting or, heaven forbid, a conversation.

"I know he'll get back to normal if he just gets over this bout of *nobility*, and I... saw what happened when he gave you the dress. All we have to do is help him to get over himself."

Hermione snorted. It would figure that her mate would choose this one time to be up-standing. She nodded and relaxed, daring to put her head gently on the shoulder of her dance partner.

"Now, in a moment, Draco's other good friend, Vincent, who is also in on this plan, is going to come and cut in. He's going to smile, and you're going to smile, and a certain someone is going to come in and stake his bloody claim already. You're going to be a brave little lion and take it, right?"

Hermione had been lulled into the rhythm of the dance and the gentle baritone that was informing her of events to come. When he stopped, she looked up at him, her features relaxed, and nodded contentedly.

Blaise smiled, moving one hand to stroke some hair away from her cheek. However his progress was stopped by a pale hand on his bicep.

"Zabini, I simply *must* cut in."

Hermione jerked her head at the unfamiliar boy who cut in. When her mind heard Vincent, she knew Blaise meant Vincent Crabbe, a roly-poly thug that Draco kept around so he wouldn't have to do anything too dirty. However, the boy cutting in to dance with her was nothing of the sort.

Hermione couldn't help but stare. Vincent Crabbe had matured into a surprisingly handsome young man. He was still broad, but flatter now, and muscular. His round face was endearing, and when he quirked one side of his mouth up and winked at her, Hermione couldn't help but blush.

"I think I won the bet, mate," Vincent said as Blaise passed Hermione's hand over to him with grace.

Hermione looked between the boys, confused, even as Vincent pulled her into position to begin dancing. "Bet?" she asked, feeling extremely confused.

"How long it would take Drake to come and get you. Blaise said thirty seconds, and I told him ten. That pretty blush just earned me fifty Galleons," Vincent said quietly, leaning into her. Seeing her blush again at the compliment made him chuckle. As he smiled, he turned her so she could watch the wall where he knew Draco had perched.

Hermione's expression quickly turned to shock as the glorious visage of her mate storming angrily towards her came into view.

He stared at her, furious, and wove expertly through a cluster of tables and then a few couples dancing on the fringes.

Hermione flinched and squeezed Vincent's hand where she held it in warning. It was just soon enough that the boy could duck away from the brunt of Draco's fist as it thrust across his jaw. Vincent's teeth clacked, but no real harm was done.

Snarling quietly, Draco seized Hermione by the wrist and dragged her out of the ball. He didn't look back at her but moved to the stairs that led to the nearest tower.

Hermione ran as fast as she could to keep up with his pace. As they reached the battlement, Hermione's chest was heaving, and she could already feel her wrist bruising.

"I thought you wanted me!" Draco screamed in anguish, releasing her roughly into the center of the tower.

Hermione caught herself and turned to face him. This proved to be difficult as he was now circling her like a wild beast.

His claws were out, and his flesh had an unearthly luminescence to it. Pheromones were flooding from his body, but the cold winter's breeze kept blowing them away.

Hermione swallowed heavily, fear and adrenaline coursing through her. "I do, I do! I want only you!"

"You smiled at them," Draco accused, his circle getting tighter around her.

"It was their plan to provoke you," Hermione insisted and began to reach out to him.

"Crabbe would snog you in a heartbeat. We used to take the piss out of him for it when we were firsties," Draco grumbled, mostly to himself.

Finally, Hermione caught a fist full of Draco's robes, and pulled him out of his orbit around her. "Mate," she whispered, hoping it was seductive. Finally coming close to him, she got the brunt force of his pheromones. She pressed her body against him and was practically purring when he finally came back to himself.

"Granger," Draco muttered fearfully. His conscious mind was finally overcoming the beast within. He stood perfectly still. She was pressing against him, and he was having a hard time not pushing her to the stone floor and claiming her. "Granger, stop."

Hermione ignored him, persisting on bringing their bodies as close together as possible. "I wore the garment you gave me, Mate. Am I what you hoped for?"

Hermione was practically climbing up his body, but Draco was frozen with dread. "Granger, listen to me, you have to stop." He placed his hands on her shoulders to push her away, but once his hands were on her, he found himself struck dumb by indecision.

"I'm not pretty enough." Hermione's insecurity whispered from her lips at his perceived rejection. Her face began to fall, and she pulled her body away, looking the embodiment of defeat.

Inside his mind, Draco could hear a voice screaming that none of this was real, it was all nonsense. However, his body felt the chill of her absence too greatly while they were up on the frozen battlement to pay any attention to it. Going purely on instinct, he kissed her hard, pulling her back against his body. When her arms began to snake over his shoulders and around his neck, Draco began nipping at her.

"You are the most magnificent mate," Draco panted against her skin, cradling her body as he brought her down to the stone floor, laying her on her back. He climbed over her and began licking every inch of her neck, preparing her for his bite.

Hermione was moaning and writhing beneath him, and she whimpered when his teeth grazed her neck. Her legs were tossed open wantonly, and Draco soon found himself lying between them. Her arms rested beside her, loose and ready for anything he wanted.

"You are the most beautiful vision." Draco's voice came out like velvet and wrapped around Hermione. It wasn't deeper or louder, but it felt like a strong connection had been forged between them.

Hermione arched her back and began to bunch up her skirts, revealing her naked thighs and cunt.

Draco roared his approval, and his fingers quickly squelched inside of her drenched pussy. He began to spread her juices over her thighs with his hand. Once she was coated, Draco began to lick her clean, his tongue teasing Hermione's thighs again and again. His right hand slid under her dress, holding her steady while his left hand teased her clit.

His tongue worked its way closer and closer to her core. His focus trained on sucking her clit, he failed to notice when the five claws on his right hand sunk into her flesh. She screamed, her back arching, and Draco fervently redoubled his efforts. The licking and sucking, finger-fucking, and inadvertent claiming bringing Hermione to higher peaks every second.

When her orgasm finally crested, Draco looked up to watch her face. It was divine, the way her lips trembled in ecstasy. As she came down, Draco noticed the swirling light of magic ritual behind her. Confused, he looked her body over, finding the claws of his right hand still slightly embedded in her flesh. Draco screamed in horror; seeing her blood on his fingers mixed with venom, he fell backward onto his heels and stared dazedly at his hand.

Meanwhile, Hermione began squirming before him. Her legs were bent up so that her delicious quim was exposed and inviting. Her feet slid occasionally, and she would pull them back again and again, opening herself to him.

Draco's nostrils flared at the scent. A war was waging in him, and he was petrified, unable to claim her, but also unable to look away.

"Mate," Hermione whined, her hands clutching at the dress. "Draco?" she pleaded, her back arching as she pressed her hands over her body to soothe her frenzied nerves.

"Hermione," Draco whispered, aghast at what he'd done. He'd tried so hard to keep them from this very thing, and it had all gone so *wrong*.

"Draco? Please... Please, I *need*..." Hermione whimpered, moving both her hands down to press firmly over her quim, spreading her lips even further.

Draco swallowed thickly, and his mind decided finally to flee. "I'm going for help. I've hurt you; I have to go get help." Draco turned and, after stumbling a few steps, broke through the dissipating magical field and ran to find his Head of House.

He was shocked to find not only Professor Snape at the bottom of the battlement's stairs but also Professor McGonagall. Draco almost wept in relief and fear. He refused to acknowledge the sadness that welled up inside him knowing his mate was up those stairs yearning for him.

"I didn't mean to. I didn't mean to do anything. I swear, it was an accident," Draco pleaded with them earnestly.

"Is she hurt?" Professor McGonagall pursed her lips.

"I started it. It's begun," Draco said, his body beginning to tremble. His fangs were pressing into his tongue, and he could taste the venom dripping down them.

"Then we must retrieve her," Professor McGonagall began to move up the stairs.

"No!" Draco yelled, drawing back and startling the professors. "You must keep me away from her. She still has a chance."

Draco collapsed into a ball on the stairs, missing the meaningful look exchanged between the two professors.

"I will retrieve some of the suppressant potion then, if you will tend to Miss Granger's immediate needs," Professor Snape offered.

Professor McGonagall agreed, nodding softly and starting again up the stairs. Professor Snape turned to hurry toward the dungeons where his laboratory was.

After a moment's respite, Draco stood up and hurried away, unable to think of anything but his newest quest.

Draco went straight to the Headmaster once he got his emotions and his erection under control.

Explaining his situation to the Headmaster had been surprisingly easy and difficult at the same time. Draco hated that he couldn't handle the situation himself; he hated that he had to incorporate yet another person into his own personal hell. Still, the Headmaster had nodded his head in sad understanding and reluctantly agreed to Draco's terms with essentially no argument.

Leaving the Headmaster's office, Draco found he was exhausted. He wondered about Hermione and where she was recovering. Would she be in the hospital wing? Would

they have sent her back to her room by now, bandaged, with bottles of the new, effective suppressant in tow? Would she be safe?

Draco was coming to the staircase that would swing to go to Gryffindor tower, lost in his thoughts when he bumped into the stationary form of Professor Snape.

"Mr. Malfoy, I must admit I am surprised to find you in this portion of castle after the evening's events. While I am certain you would not wish to rejoin the *merrymakers* in the Great Hall, I must admit I assumed you would retire directly to your room," Professor Snape said, looking down his nose at Draco.

Draco smirked. He was nearly as tall as the other man now, and judging by his father's height, he'd be slightly taller than the professor by the time he finished growing. "I was considering the whereabouts of Hermi-," Draco started to say but stopped himself immediately as her name began to fall from his lips.

Professor Snape's eyebrows shot up. "Do mine ears deceive me, young master Malfoy?"

Fuck! Bloody fuck! Bloody, sodding, arse-faced fuck! Draco had called her by her given name. He realised he'd been doing it since before he'd arrived at the Headmaster's office. *Fuck!*

Draco couldn't resist scrunching his eyes up in pain as he thought about what he'd done. He was half tempted to throw himself from one of the moving stairways, but didn't want to do it since his Head of House would have to clean up the mess.

He was startled to feel a warm, firm grip on his shoulder. Meeting his professor's gaze, Draco and Professor Snape had a silent conversation before the professor turned him so that they could walk back to the dungeons.

In her rooms, Hermione laid on her side, looking at the five puncture marks in her hip with a hand mirror. The one from his thumb was at the front of her hip, where he'd held her pelvis as though it were a handle. Four more were in a gentle arc where her arse just began to get meaty. The wounds were throbbing.

Hermione had declined taking all five vials of suppressant that Professor Snape offered her. It had taken two just get her to a point where she could say anything besides "please" or "Draco". She had taken a third to get close to her right mind, but after that she refused.

The venom made everything so... much more! She could see how it would be scary to see more, hear more, feel more, and how it could be overwhelming to the point of agony. However, since Hermione was not the type to take mind altering substances, she took this as her one chance to view the world through a new lens.

Professor McGonagall had shepherded Madame Pomfrey from the room when Snape had come with the potions. Under the influence of the venom, Hermione had been more creature than girl, and it was unsafe to have any unnecessary persons present.

Hermione had initially resisted the suppressant. She wanted to finish mating, not stop short. Professor Snape had had to restrain her, barely dodging her wild elbows and knees. Ultimately he had cast an *Incarcerus*, plugged her nose with his own hand and poured the contents of the first vial down her throat.

The contents of the second vial Hermione swallowed almost voluntarily. The contents of the third were welcomed, and when Professor Snape saw the light of intelligence come back into her eyes, he sighed quietly, his shoulders relaxing visibly as he cancelled the spell.

With her brain back in control, Hermione was able to process what had happened. Draco had rejected her *again*. She sniffled, not wanting to look the fool in front of the stoic wizard who was watching her cautiously.

"If you have any *pertinent* questions, Miss Granger, I *might* be of some assistance," Professor Snape offered quietly, reluctantly sitting in a wooden chair by the bed.

"He rejected me *again*." It wasn't a question, but it was all she could think of.

Professor Snape sighed. "He feels trapped."

"But we're mates!" Hermione said quietly, trying not to exasperate the professor.

"Indeed. Still, that is what he feels. I believe that he is actually trying to 'save' you," the Professor said. The way he sneered at the end made it clear what he thought of Draco's strategy.

Hermione looked at him blankly for a few moments, then nodded, smoothing out the layers of the beautiful robes Draco had bought her.

"If that is all, I will escort you to your dormitory. You will take these vials with you in the event that the effects of the venom flare up again."

Hermione nodded standing up from the bed onto bare feet. She looked down at the cold stones where she stood. "My slippers?"

"Your Head of House brought them. They are at the end of the bed." Professor Snape said, turning away to give her a moment of privacy. Then they walked to Gryffindor tower in silence, Professor Snape nodding curtly as she turned to walk through the portrait opening.

Now Hermione lay on her bed, crimson curtains drawn, with the kitten he'd given her playing on a tassel on one of her pillows. Her mind was empty, thrilling at the sensation when her fingers tickled over his claw marks. He could avoid it all he liked, but Draco Malfoy was a magical creature and the fates had bonded him to her. All she had to do now was sit back and wait for him to come for her.

At Detention

Chapter 6 of 13

Draco Malfoy has come into his father's Veela legacy and is fighting it at every turn. The Fates aren't giving him an inch though, and neither is Hermione Granger, his destined mate!

The Yule hols had been hell. With the exception of Christmas day, Draco had been under constant attack from his father. Lucius had two tactics. The first was shouting at Draco, demanding that they go immediately to the Grangers's home to resolve the matter once and for all. Draco held firm, showing the first true signs of defiance against his father. It was tough to withstand day after day, but it wasn't anything like the hell of surviving his father's other approach.

While Draco had always seen his parents' relationship dynamics, his father had never been overly demonstrative with Narcissa in front of Draco. That was, at least, until Draco came home without his own mate. After the first shouting match between Draco and Lucius, they'd sat down to a very tense dinner as a family. By pudding, the edge seemed to have softened, and Draco thought he would be able to enjoy the treacle tart in relative peace. He was most mistaken.

As Draco put his lips around his fork the first time, savouring the flavours and textures, he noticed his mother stand up in his peripheral vision. That was most unusual. He turned to watch as she delicately set her napkin on the table and sauntered, hips swishing, to his father. Lucius had pushed his chair back just slightly, and with a challenging smirk in Draco's direction, Lucius removed his napkin from his lap. All eyes were on Narcissa as she gracefully slid on to Lucius's thighs.

Draco's cheeks flamed, and he tried to take deep calming breaths as he focused on his dessert. What his new heightened senses picked up was a combination of treacle; his father's pheromones, which were now detectable to him; and both his parents' arousals. His face scrunched up in horror and disgust. Certainly his father wouldn't... wouldn't....

Draco's head jerked up, and there it was: His father's hand on her back while he fed Narcissa dessert, her sounds of delight clearly about something more than the delicate tart. Draco glared at his father.

"If only *your* mate were here, Draco, perhaps you could enjoy your pudding as thoroughly as I am enjoying mine." Lucius's challenging stare only served to make the triumphant shape of his mouth even more crude.

"You're disgusting. At the *dinner* table, Father? *Really?*" Draco threw his napkin down and pushed away from the table.

"You are not excused. Sit *down*," Lucius commanded in a voice that would normally have stopped Draco in his tracks.

However, Draco managed to exit the dining room and make it to his own chambers. As it turned out, he spent a lot of time in his chambers, only leaving for meals and to see whatever guests came by the Manor. Any time he chanced to step foot outside his rooms, he'd find his parents....

Draco shivered. He was back at school now, had been for about a month, but he couldn't stop the flashbacks. He breathed deeply. Life was better, but still rocky. He had worked out with Dumbledore how to avoid *her* that night after the ball. He would arrive to every class before anyone else did. This meant leaving his preceding class five minutes early, but the difference was made up by arriving early as well. Dumbledore had insisted that his attendance be immaculate, and Draco more than lived up to his part of the bargain. Also, professors were to allow him to sit as far across the room as could be managed, and he now had Defence with the Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws, instead of his fellow Slytherins and the Gryffindors. He also retrieved his meals directly from the kitchen and would eat by himself there. They were actually very simple concessions, and they worked fairly well.

Draco discovered the most circuitous routes to Quidditch practice, changing every time so as to be untraceable. Vincent got him books from the library. Blaise helped by looking out for signs of her, and when she was in class with them, Blaise would help Draco focus anywhere but on her. Some days were easier than others.

He couldn't quite figure out why. She seemed to get prettier every day, if such a thing were possible. Her hair was shinier, softer looking. Her skin was so clear; Draco had noticed hateful glares radiating off the other girls. The rumour mill had blown up, apparently, when he'd dragged Hermione from the ball. He'd heard all kinds of things when people thought he was out of earshot. Most of all the rumours had started with some root in what had happened, but it ultimately became Vincent, Blaise, and Draco all duelling to the death over Hermione. Seeing as no one had died, this seemed pretty far-fetched, but that was the way of rumours.

Since his friendships had withstood the test of time, the rumours died down. Hermione's reputation recovered, but only barely, and as the term wore on, the boys began to be drawn back to her. Well, sometimes, at least.

Draco had watched that seventh year Ravenclaw walk right past her on some days, while on others he made his way decisively towards her. She smiled smugly to herself each time, and Draco had to wonder what she was up to. He'd been able to continue on his not-so-merry way when he encountered their encounters. Somehow, he thought he should be prouder of himself for that than he was.

Turning his thoughts back to the conversation, he saw Blaise leaning towards Vince, talking conspiratorially. They were enjoying a little seating area in one corner of the Slytherin common room, and Draco thought it would be a good time to pay attention. He heard Blaise say, "...wasn't at dinner either."

"Who wasn't at dinner?" Draco asked innocently enough. He couldn't deny that he was a little bit jealous of the trials of having to find a witch the hard way; at least his friends had a say in the matter. Draco almost missed having his pick of the witches.

"No one," Blaise said evenly.

"Don't lie, if it was no one then...oh." Draco had figured it out. They must have been talking about Hermione. Why wouldn't she be at dinner? Wait. It wasn't his business. Yet, the words were out of his mouth before he knew it. "She was probably out with her friends."

Vince and Blaise exchanged looks. Vince sucked a breath through his teeth before closing his eyes and saying, "I heard she got caught helping them get out of the castle today. She's got detention, they got away, and like the damned Gryffindor she is, she's not going to rat out her friends. Snape said she'd scrub cauldrons until he had the full truth of the matter."

Those little pricks. Draco saw red thinking that her friends had let her suffer on their behalf while they were out gallivanting about Hogsmeade without her. Also, Draco knew that if Professor Snape had said she would scrub cauldrons until he got the truth, he meant it. There would be no meal breaks until he got what he wanted.

Draco was at the door to the kitchens when he pulled himself out of his thoughts. As the house-elf passed him a tray of food, he closed his eyes. Why was he doing this to himself? To the both of them? She'd probably eaten, and he'd been doing so well in keeping them apart. Why ruin it all now? Yet, the idea of letting his mate go hungry was impossible to endure. He had to see her. He didn't have to eat with her; he didn't have to talk to her. He could just throw the food on a table and get out of there.

"Can I help you, Mister Malfoy?" Professor Snape was standing in the doorway with his arms across his chest. Behind him, the sound of Hermione gasping as she dropped the scrub brush stole Draco's attention. Professor Snape snapped his fingers a couple times to get Draco's attention, and breathed a sigh of relief when the boy finally responded.

"I heard that... *you*... have been monitoring a detention all day, sir, so I thought I would bring you some respite." Draco thrust the tray toward the professor.

"Well, isn't that... considerate." Professor Snape sneered down at the tray, hardly convinced by the lie. "As I told the others who came bearing dinner to my door, I have eaten."

"Very well, sir." Draco stared at his professor, entirely lost as to what to do at this point. After what felt like a very long time, Draco closed his eyes. Gods, he was stuck. Clearly he'd brought the food for his witch, but he couldn't get through the door without admitting it, and it was far too late to turn back now!

Fuck!

"However," Professor Snape said, "I would like to retrieve something from the staff lounge, if only there was someone who could watch this miscreant for a few very short minutes while I am on errand?"

Draco's eyes snapped open. "I would be happy to assist you, sir." Draco stepped away from the door and Professor Snape moved out of the way, gesturing for Draco to enter.

"Granger, I would like to think that, by the time I return, you will have remembered whom exactly that you feel the need to cover for. I have plenty more hours of physical labour I could use your assistance with." He closed the door behind Draco, warding it shut and going directly to the headmaster's office.

Alone with Hermione Granger for the first time since the ball, Draco was almost overwhelmed by his desire for her. Though his mind clamoured to move back to the door and wait for the professor, his feet led him towards her. She was kneeling, motionless, her hand tightly grasping the cauldron she'd been scrubbing.

Draco stood behind her, breathing in her sweet and spicy scent and savouring it as though it were the first pleasant thing he'd smelt in his entire life.

"I bring you food," Draco whispered.

Hermione swallowed audibly, her body quaking with the effort of staying down instead of dashing into his arms like she wished to. It wouldn't be easy for him this time.

"Will you eat it?"

Hermione closed her eyes, suddenly overwhelmed by his presence. There was the heat of his body on her back. There was the smell of him and his pheromones in her nose. There was the gently glowing light of creature magic. What she was focusing on were the pulsating claw marks on her hips.

She could feel his body in her. She could feel his heartbeat, his desperation, his fear.

Hermione stood up, turning slowly toward him. With her chin level, she stared straight at his chest. Slowly she dragged her eyes up his body. He had on no robe, no tie, not even his oxford shirt. No, he was wearing a deep green tunic that looked like it was the most comfortable shirt ever made. It had a round neck with a notch cut out in the front, accentuating the lines of his neck, his Adam's apple, his jaw. His perfect mouth was shiny and pink, his nostrils flared, his grey eyes like boiling silver as they stared down at her.

Part of her wanted to do whatever he wanted just to be near him. Part of her wanted to throw his denials of her in his face, watch his face fall when she said no. He clearly hadn't planned this. Most of her, parts included in the other parts, wanted to press her body against his and eat *him*, not the thrice damned food. She said nothing and did not move.

Draco was lost. Why wasn't she answering him? Her face was so expressive, and yet he had no idea what she was expressing. Her belly gurgled loudly, so he knew she was hungry. He brought one hand up to her chin, and lifted it so he could gaze in her eyes. She whimpered, leaning to his touch. "Please?"

Stuttered breaths parted her lips, and she swooned forward a little. "Will you eat with me?" Hermione asked, her voice deepened by the trance state of the magic.

"No," Draco whispered. He shook his head softly, but lifted his other hand and moving to hold her gently by the neck with both palms. When a tear escaped her, he wiped it away instantly. "I must not."

"But...?" Hermione tried to interrupt but Draco was too fast for her.

"I know it is hard now, I *know*," he whispered, his body moving closer to hers, "but you'll thank me one day."

"Ma..." she tried to whisper, but he stopped her mouth with his.

Once he was there, he realised it wasn't the brightest move, but she tasted too sweet to stop. He kissed her, their tongues dancing together, for a long time, longer than it should have taken for the professor to finish his errand. Draco pulled away. Turning, he gently shoved Hermione toward the tray of food.

She tried to pull him with her, holding onto his tunic.

He simply shook his head and moved to the furthest corner of the room. "Eat until you're full." Draco had watched Hermione pick at many meals over the years, and he knew that times when she was lost in her thoughts, times like this left her weak from under-nutrition.

The magical light that had formed around them seemed to diffuse throughout the classroom.

When Professor Snape came back nearly an hour after he'd left, he could barely hide his disappointment at seeing Draco perched in the corner, watching Hermione like a hawk and Hermione barely having the grace not to clank her silverware like a recalcitrant child.

Draco stood, gave his professor a knowing look, and left.

Curling into his warm bed was divine compared to the extended cold shower that he had taken immediately upon leaving the Potions classroom.

Hermione sighed as the door shut behind him. She was positive that, even though they had not broken bread together, her meal had counted as the final ceremony before her claiming would take place. She had read about Veela rituals, and how, when Veelas were greater in number, there was more competition for mates. Occasionally two Veelas would be mated to a third, and there would be competition between the two. In these cases, the third Veela would have to be guarded all the time until mating was completed, and often the food ceremony was exacted by only one half of the pair.

Draco, of course, was as confusing as ever. He'd all but claimed her. Hermione never thought she'd hate the word 'but' before, but she did now. Not that dinner wasn't lovely, but it wasn't nearly as thrilling as the ball. Sighing again, she lifted her head to find the contemptuous glare of the Potions professor.

"Get. Out," he sneered.

And that's exactly what Hermione did. Walking back to Gryffindor tower, she couldn't even contain her thoughts; they just rolled back and forth around in her head. Once she got to her room, she went straight to bed, the physically and emotionally exhausting day finally bringing her the peace of sleep.

Chapter 7: In Hogsmeade (Again)

Chapter 7 of 13

Draco Malfoy has come into his father's Veela legacy and is fighting it at every turn. The Fates aren't giving him an inch though, and neither is Hermione Granger, his destined mate!

Draco breathed the warm spring air and walked smoothly to Hogsmeade, trailing the rest of the students. He hadn't come within ten meters of Hermi...Granger since the night of that detention, and he was beginning to feel good about most things again.

He couldn't avoid considering her, though. Draco wasn't sure what had caused it, but she seemed ever prettier. Her hair was shinier; her eyes were brighter. Her skin had a luminescent peach tone that he could look at for hours. Others had noticed as well, but they stayed away.

Possibly, this is what added to the normality of the spring term. She would spend time with Potter and Weasley, Lovegood and the Weaslette and study. He didn't have to worry about any others touching his mate. Things had smoothed out considerably. At least, this is what he'd thought until he came upon her and her friends at the Three Broomsticks.

Hermione could feel when her mate was watching her, and she'd been basking in his distant attentions since that detention. She'd been studying for NEWTs and voraciously devouring any text on Veelas she could find. Did he know that he'd extended their courtship to seven years? Did he know that his venom made her increasingly attractive and would continue to do so until he finished claiming her? Did he know that now that his venom was in her blood, she could walk into the Ministry of Magic whenever she chose and sign the marriage certificate to claim *him*?

Seeing him walk through the door of the Three Broomsticks, Hermione smirked. Given what she was wearing, she knew she'd get his attention. She wouldn't force him to take her, but she wasn't going to rest on her laurels either.

Over the Yule hols, she'd conceded to her mother's constant desire for a shopping spree. It was a girl's day, and Hermione had herself outfitted with a new wardrobe. By the end of it, her mother had begun to look at her knowingly. When Hermione opened her sock drawer the next morning, there were a variety of condoms resting under a note that read: *It's about time. Be safe.*

Hermione took a long drink of cider and smiled at the memory. She'd picked today's outfit especially to entice him. It was totally Muggle and in direct defiance of his instructions from earlier in the year. She wore dark blue denim trousers that she had modified by embroidering claw marks on the left hip. They rested over where her scars were. Her hip tingled when he was near, or when he was happy, or when he was angry, and she wanted to display them. Putting the embroidery on her trousers was the first thing she had thought of.

Her jumper was kelly green, made from fine cashmere, perfect for a spring day in Scotland. It also begged to be touched. The neckline scooped low, and with a little help from a molded bra, her bosoms peaked out over the top. Hermione's curls fell down her back, looking and feeling more manageable than ever. She had put on some mascara and lip stain, knowing that if her mate should happen upon her, as she planned him to, he would appreciate her efforts.

Hermione turned to chat with Harry, Ginny, and Ron, keeping her mate in her peripheral vision.

Draco watched her lean on the bar for a long moment, drinking in the sight of her before remembering himself. He looked around and found Blaise and Vincent at a table with an empty chair waiting for him. He weighed his options: hang out with his friends and be near her for the first time in months, or leave and not be near her. Only one of those promised that he could keep his sanity, so Draco turned around and walked out of the Three Broomsticks, deciding the day would be much better spent comparing broomsticks.

Coward. Hermione thought as she put coins on the bar and left to follow him. She barely managed to excuse her self from the company of her friends. She was too focused on one thought: he wasn't getting out of this that easily.

Draco paused inside the Quidditch shop when he felt the unmistakable sensation of someone flirting with his mate. He turned to look out the window and saw that seventh-year Ravenclaw chatting her up as she sat on a bench directly across the way from the shop. Hermione appeared to be telling him something about the text she was reading, but the Ravenclaw only had eyes for her neck and décolletage. Draco's lip curled, and a low growl left his throat.

Ripping the door open, Draco was thankful that it hadn't let out a loud bang. He stood on the steps of the shop and breathed slowly trying to rein himself in.

Hermione smirked, feeling the jealous stare directed her way as well as the irritated tingle of her marks. She distracted the boy by pointing out a passage in the book and passing it to him so that he was forced to take it. Then she flicked her wand at herself, and the boy's body began to lean away from hers. Within a few moments, he'd passed the book back to her and he was on his way.

Draco blinked. *What had she done?* Draco felt his pulse relax and he could breathe more easily. He watched as Hermione put the book on the bench beside her and stretched her arms along the backrest. She even had the gall to smirk at him as she crooked a finger, indicating that his presence was required by her side.

Before he knew it, his feet were moving, and he couldn't seem to stop them. Draco found himself perched on the bench a few inches from her. He could feel his fangs dropping into his mouth at her proximity. He was focusing very hard on controlling himself when her voice trickled into his ear.

"Help me help you," Hermione offered, daring to touch his bare hand lightly.

"There is no help. There is just me... and the blood," Draco croaked as he forced himself to pull his hand away from hers. He could feel his claws extending.

"I don't think that's true," Hermione leaned forward, pushing her lips toward his ear. Gods, how she loved his smell! It was becoming ever harder for her to keep her wits about her.

"What would you know of it?" Draco snarled. His hands were clenching the edge of the bench. He could feel his venom spreading to his fingertips from his claws. His head was bowed, and he looked everywhere but at her.

"Well... there was that night you changed me," Hermione whispered and smiled. She continued to invade his personal space, wanting him to take her, even if they were on bench in the middle of Hogsmeade. However, she'd made up her mind to only push so far. Luckily, she had magical aid.

"You aren't changed, not like me. No one approaches you anymore. It's wearing off."

"Is that what you think? That this will just wear off?" Hermione asked with complete incredulity.

Her mate had made her angry, and she wanted to scream at him. However, she knew he wouldn't listen. He'd have to be shown. Fortunately, Harry, Ron, and Ginny were walking up the way as they headed to the Quidditch shop. Hermione smiled evilly and stood up to meet her friends.

Draco noticed she flicked her wand at herself again, and then once at Weasley. Once she was within a few feet of them, Draco watched as Potter's attention immediately went to Hermione, even as his arm was wrapped around the Weaslette.

Hermione knew Draco couldn't see her wink at Ginny. This was part of her plan. After the Yule Ball, she'd been forced to out who her secret admirer was. When Hermione told them that Draco was a Veela and that she was his mate, it had gone surprisingly well. Ron looked a little disappointed but also relieved, and he quickly resigned himself to the fact. Ginny's eyes had grown round as saucers as she put all the pieces together. She'd sat up straighter and clapped her hands in excitement. Only Harry had been hard to convince.

Harry didn't like the idea of magical coercion, and who could blame him, really? He had similar, admittedly Muggle, views of how the world was supposed to work as Hermione had. However, the others had convinced him after a few days of reasoning, and he'd eventually got on board.

That's when Hermione took Ginny aside and came up with a plan. Well, several plans based on several possible scenarios. This one counted on Draco's rivalry with Harry.

Hermione couldn't shake the utter weirdness of having Harry look at her as though she was a nice steak and he was a starving man. Still, she accepted his one armed embrace and threw her arm around Harry's neck. Looking at Draco from over Harry's shoulder, Hermione waggled her eyebrows at him.

Draco was seething. Part of his mind was yelling at him, telling him *Potter is with the Weaslette, Potter has no interest in my mate, and She is just doing it to make me jealous.* The other part was yelling *it is bloody well working!* Draco had to get her away from him as expeditiously as possible.

Hermione watched the war wage on Draco's features. He was slowly becoming more creature than boy, and she marveled in it. Pheromones were pouring off of him, and she was drawn to him. However, she had a plan to execute, and she would do just that.

She pulled away from Harry and touched his face, smiling softly. She giggled softly when he whispered her name. He nuzzled his cheek on her hand. Hermione moved to touch Harry's mouth with her thumb, slowly stroking his cheek.

That was Draco's breaking point. He Stunned Harry as he charged forward off the bench. Ginny was the unlucky bearer of Harry's weight as Draco swept Hermione up into his arms and over his shoulder. He held her under her arse with one arm and hurried to the edge of the village.

Hermione waved at her friends, smiling silently as her mate carried her away.

Hermione could have done without the bump on the back of her head as Draco pushed her against the exterior wall of a business that had long since been closed.

"Never touch him again!" Draco screeched, his facial features distorted to near demonic proportions. His skin was practically clear and his irises boiled like liquid silver. Two coppery fangs protruded from his mouth.

Hermione had to admit she was afraid of her mate. She tried to control her breathing. She looked up at him with her mouth turned down in a pout as she whispered, "You wouldn't touch me." It was a petty offering, but it was true.

Draco charged the three steps between them. "You are cruel, Mate," he snarled.

"I just wanted..." Hermione started but was interrupted by the creature's hand on her throat. It didn't press at all; it wasn't uncomfortable. Still, it was threatening.

"You wanted this?" Draco's voice rang out, displaying his other-worldly appearance for her despite that he was now much more human looking than a moment ago. *What would it take for her to understand what vile thing he had become?*

Hermione blinked at him and swallowed dryly against his hand. They just breathed together for a moment. Feeling that the true danger had passed, Hermione gingerly grabbed his wrist and moved it from her neck down to her hip. Once his hand was spread open as it had been the night of the ball, Hermione allowed herself to moan in delight. Having his hand on her there made her tainted blood race.

Draco looked down at his hand, noticing for the first time what the embroidery represented. He practically purred in the delight of his revelation. He pressed his fingers in on those spots, watching as Hermione's head rolled back, a low moan loudly sounding.

Hermione pressed her chest out toward him, hoping to distract him further with her body. She looked up at him through heavily lidded eyes and gave him a coy smile. She reached for his robes and pulled him into her, saying, "I want this."

Draco could hear her voice trembling despite the brazen behavior. His cock swelled and twitched as the "s" sound dragged between her lips. Stepping into her, he kicked her feet apart and moved to stand in the gap. "You think you want it. It's a lie, Hermione."

Hermione grunted in anger and moved to open her trousers. She stuck two fingers inside her dripping pussy and pulled them out. They glistened in the afternoon light. "Is this a lie?"

Draco's face immediately dropped to her fingers as he was reminded of her perfect scent. Before either of them could blink, he had her fingers in his mouth, sucking them. Draco's eyes were closed in delight as he laved her fingers.

Hermione's nipples clenched and her breathing turned thick. His lips were tickling her knuckles and his breath was hot on her palm. She moaned quietly.

When Draco was sure that he'd gotten all of the juice from her fingers, he slowly pulled them from his mouth. His mind was split precisely in half. The creature inside wanted to claim her, and the boy wanted to fuck her swotty little brain out, but he wouldn't.

"You'll thank me later. You are destined to have a family with a nice wizard. A nice house with a nice *human*," Draco declared. However, he also moved her arms up over her head and bound them there so that he could put his attentions into pushing her denims and her knickers down to her knees.

Hermione arched as his claws gently traced down her thighs. She wanted to explain that no other had a hold on her heart now that she knew she was meant for her Mate. However, her brain was completely befuddled, and all she could do was moan Draco's name.

Draco lifted her jumper and found a shining silver bra to match the knickers he'd tried to ignore moments prior. He was purring again, delighting in the ways she had done herself up for him.

"Please," Hermione whispered, her lips trembling.

"Everything I could touch you with would poison you," Draco whispered back as he pressed her against the wall. His warm hands flamed against her skin as he stroked from her hips to her ribs.

Hermione could feel his hard cock on her belly. She wanted it in her. Still, the words wouldn't form on her tongue. Instead, she cried, "Not poison!" and looked up into his eyes.

Draco looked at Hermione's lust clouded face. He could smell her pussy getting wetter and wetter. If he had been a normal boy he would be bollocks deep in her now, but he wouldn't do it. "But it is, Granger." Still he lifted her up so he could pin her hips to the wall with his own.

Hermione had the vague awareness that her trousers were dangling from one foot and that she was pressed against a wall that was far from clean. Still, feeling his bulging trousers against her bare quim, she arched back. "Want you," she pleaded.

Draco scoffed. "I doubt that, Granger. You want me to believe that you lay awake at night frigging yourself while you think of me?" Draco laughed at the notion.

Hermione blushed for the first time at his words, closing her eyes tightly. She nodded and ground herself into his hips in desperation.

Draco was dumbstruck. And here he'd thought that he'd run out of new things to secretly wank to. Now his beautiful mate was telling him this? He couldn't believe it. "Show me." Draco unbound her wrists. He set her on the ground, and gracefully pulled his cloak from his shoulders, laying it on the ground. "Lie down and show me."

Hermione immediately obeyed. She'd never fantasized about this, but now that her mate knew, he would surely claim her wouldn't he? She peeled her jumper off and moved to take off her bra.

"Leave it," Draco quietly requested as he moved to lean against the wall where he'd just pressed her. Her scent was all over it, and he breathed deep again and again.

Hermione blushed again, but moved into her customary position.

Her feet were flat on the cloak, forcing her knees to bend.

It was the same position that Draco left her in on the battlement. He had to swallow as his mouth began to water at the thought. He watched her, two fingers on her left hand spreading her labia as she pulled delicious moisture from her opening up to her clit. Draco noticed for the first time that her nails were painted a dark silver color. All of the things she'd done to please him now added up to this moment.

One last thread of dissent flickered through his brain, and Draco had to voice it. Mostly to himself, he muttered, "Only because I scared you."

His words sunk into her thoughts after a moment, and Hermione arched her back, hoping to give him a better view. "No. Before... ever since I hit you," Hermione panted. She gazed at him as he watched her finger spinning circles over her clit. Her blood was singing through her veins and she was getting closer.

Draco watched and thought about what he was hearing. Wasn't it also after that night that he had started thinking of her in such a way? It was the first time they'd ever been in direct contact. Draco had fantasized about two alternate scenarios. The first was that she would regret it immediately, and bow over him making sure he was okay, eventually taking care of his black eye. The second fantasy involved grabbing her wrists and forcing her to turn around so he could physically dominate her as he sunk his teeth into her neck. This was before he'd known that he was a Veela, and the imagery both shocked and scared him.

Coming out of his thoughts, Draco found himself kneeling between her thighs. He couldn't remember joining her on top of his cloak, but was delighted to feel her smooth skin sliding under his palms. He didn't even mind the swirling glow of white magical light around them as it lit her body beautifully. "What did you think about before..." Draco swallowed, wondering how to phrase it.

Hermione was awash in the pheromones as they rebounded off of the magical dome that surrounded them now. "Anything. Any fantasy that might put you in my bed."

"Were you ashamed?" Draco asked as he leaned forward and batted her hand out of the way. He'd been a right prat to her all those years, and it was one of the reasons he felt so guilty about who he was now. He should have treated his mate as a prize, and he'd treated her as a something far less. Moving carefully so as not to scratch her, he pushed his thumb over her swollen clit.

Her hips bucked and she moaned. "Yes!" Hermione turned to look at him apologetically, knowing that the truth had come out as soon as the ecstasy had forced her lips open.

"Because you hate me," Draco offered quietly. He continued flicking her clit, occasionally pinching her labia with his knuckles, always careful to avoid scratching her with his dripping claws. He was memorizing the way her body rolled as she worked her quim. When she pulled down the cups of her bra and began rolling her nipples, he nearly passed out.

"No!" Hermione moaned. "I knew I should hate you, but there was just... Oh! Yes! Draco!" Hermione's fists gently beat the ground as her head thrashed. Draco had switched hands so one teased her clit while the other stroked her mark. The ecstasy was unlike anything she'd ever felt.

After a long minute when Draco felt he could keep Hermione arched in orgasm as long as he chose, he began to smooth the nerves he'd just incited, and she eventually began to lay flat.

Once she caught her breath, Hermione began to plead with him. "Mark me. I will be such a good mate, I promise! Please, Draco, please; I need you!" Hermione had sat up and was somewhat successful in pulling him on top of her.

Draco smirked. He'd been manhandled like this on occasion, but there was something about her desperation for him... Once she was on her back stroking his arms and he was on his hands and knees over her, he began nuzzling her. "You would be the most splendid mate who ever was." Draco smiled as she writhed underneath him. "I mustn't, though. We are but children..."

"I'm of age!" Hermione moaned as she smoothed one hand down the slightly moist bulge in his trousers.

Draco fought hard not to cum on the spot. Instead he grabbed her wrists and forced them above her head once again. He was shocked when she moaned and arched against him. She was his perfectly wanton little mate. "Vixen!" Draco held her down and considered what he'd just heard. "You're of age?"

Hermione tried to press her body against him, nodding silently.

"Since when?" Draco scowled down at her. How had he missed that?

"Since my birthday." Inside her mind, Hermione snorted at the obviousness of that answer. However, she used Draco's moment of confusion to pull him down on top of her, timidly licking his lips.

Draco was pulled out of his thoughts by the perfect scrape of one of her teeth on his upper lip. Finally, he pressed his lips against hers. Every cell in his body sang with the rightness of it. When at last they broke apart to begin breathing again, Draco looked down at her and smiled.

"I still can't," he whispered.

"But I need..." Hermione rubbed his calves with her feet and smiled coyly.

Draco's eyes began to look like molten silver again. He smiled down at her. "I will make you a deal, Mate. Is that acceptable?"

Hermione nodded vigorously, eager to do whatever it would take.

"You are still pure, are you not?" Draco couldn't help but growl at even the idea that his mate was not a virgin.

Hermione's eyes shone and she nodded her head again.

Draco purred in response and chanced some kisses on her neck and shoulders. "If you stay true to me, stay pure, I will claim you on your next birthday if you still wish it."

Hermione's face lit up joyfully and she nodded her instant agreement.

Draco smiled back at her, looking down into her perfect face. Then he leaned over her and pressed a chaste kiss on her forehead, trying to ignore her heels as they pressed into the back of his thighs. He Summoned her discarded clothes, quelling her protests with a stern glare. Slowly he dressed her, luxuriating in the feel of her skin as he pulled her knickers and denims back on, and smoothed the sweater over her hair, teasing her nipples through the soft woven cloth..

By the time he was finished dressing her, Hermione was a puddle of girl in his lap. Her torso pressed completely against he, he could feel her breath leave her nose and breeze across his neck and collar. It was the first truly peaceful moment of his life since his transformation.

He allowed her to doze off in his arms for a few minutes, but seeing the spring sun approach the horizon, Draco gently shook her awake. They stood, Hermione still clinging

to him gently. Draco smiled and lifted his cloak before he transfigured it into a dark green pea coat with a cinched waist which flared at the bottom.

He helped her put it on before turning her to face him one more time. Smoothing the hair back from her face he whispered, "I don't want people to know about us. It will change everything, and I don't want that to sway your decision."

Hermione simply nodded, feeling adrift on a sea of pheromones and nearly achieved fantasies.

"Walk back to the castle, and I'll follow you." Draco caressed the bridge of her nose down to her lips and chin before turning her and gently shoving her away. Once she was a few dozen meters away, he began his own trek back to the school.

Around Hogwarts

Chapter 8 of 13

Draco Malfoy has come into his father's Veela legacy and is fighting it at every turn. The Fates aren't giving him an inch though, and neither is Hermione Granger, his destined mate!

Draco had never felt better in his whole life. He was sweaty and out of breath, the adrenaline from flying high and fast coursing through his body, not to mention it was his birthday. This was a tradition that he'd started his second year at Hogwarts; he would wake before dawn and spend the first part of the day on his broom. He was relieved that at least something was the same as last year.

However, the end of school and promise of summer hols also buoyed his spirit. Not to mention the long looks he'd been sharing with *her* for the last few weeks. After their... agreement outside Hogsmeade, Draco had been able to think about the opportunities afforded to him in being rich, intelligent, and bonded to the brightest witch at Hogwarts. He still maintained his distance, but there seemed to be a level of knowing delight that radiated from her. It pleased Draco greatly, and he was really looking forward to this birthday as he got in the shower.

Draco had just finished when he heard the first few Ravenclaws straggle in. They were cramming in a few last practices before they had the final match of the year against Gryffindor. Draco was on the opposite side of the locker room quietly getting dressed when the usual shower room talk drifted into his ears.

"--I don't believe you. She's not interested," the first one challenged, his voice tinged with scepticism.

"That's because you don't see us in the hallways, or my room. Trust me, that tongue is as good with kissing as it is answering questions. If she were a Ravenclaw, which she should be, she'd be in my bed every night."

Draco shook his head. Whoever this girl was, her reputation was in the wrong hands.

"How would you know what the know-it-all is like in class? You aren't even in her year," the first countered.

Draco's ears perked up as he heard the muffled retort. The second voice sounded oddly familiar. Where had he heard it?

"She's the same when we study. How do you think she's so good at sixth year stuff. She sucks the knowledge right out of me." Both boys chuckled.

Draco gathered his shoes, his clothes haphazardly done up. His locker slammed shut, as Draco failed to keep his temper under control. Storming out of the locker rooms, Draco turned to look at the two boys who were only half dressed. There stood the seventh year who had been scenting Hermione out all year. Draco stopped his tracks, trying to make his decision.

Hermione had *promised* him she'd stay pure. He knew he could trust her, but he still felt the vicious territorialism rising in his blood. Deciding it was too close to the end of the year to risk Azkaban, Draco sneered at the two boys and stormed off to catch Hermione before she entered the Great Hall for breakfast.

Hermione had been taking her time getting ready for Draco this morning; she knew it was his birthday and had a gift for him. She was up at dawn, enjoying the bliss that was radiating from his mark on her hip as she soaked in a bath. She was only half done when the delight turned to irritation. Always one to worry and always quick to act, Hermione didn't wait for Harry and Ron to walk her to breakfast. She finished her preparations in a rush and made her way to the Great Hall.

Alarms were still clanging in Draco's head as he felt her approach. Once he could see her, he noticed the look of utter worry and fear on Hermione's face. He wasn't sure if this was a look of guilt or not, so he tossed his head toward the Room of Requirement. Hermione nodded and they both made their way down separate corridors to the magical room.

Before Hermione could even close the door, Draco had her tight in his grasp and pressed up against the wall. He was smelling her thoroughly, holding her wrists with one hand as he bent over her, getting closer and closer to her increasingly wet quim.

Finally, when he smelled no stench of another on her, he loosened his grip.

Hermione watched as he shook his head, becoming simultaneously more relaxed as he clearly chastised himself.

"Draco?" Hermione tried gently.

"I'm sorry, I never should have..." Draco scowled at the floor.

"What?" She kept turning to try to catch his eye.

"I heard that Ravenclaw saying things about you, and I knew, I knew, I swear *knew*, but I just couldn't stand the thought..." Draco visibly drew into himself. How could he doubt his *mate*?

Hermione clutched at his robe, taking in his dishevelled appearance. She smiled softly at him and pulled him close. "You thought I was sleeping with a *Ravenclaw*? When I have such a handsome, intelligent, *perfect* mate?" Hermione pressed her body against Draco. She pulled his hands around her, her breathing deepening all the while.

Slowly she spun herself around in his arms until she was facing him again.

What Hermione was confronted with was a very aroused Veela, fangs peaking between thin but perfect cupid's bow lips, grey eyes smouldering down at her. Draco glowed softly, and that quiet agreement they'd been building since that day in Hogsmeade shown through as he looked down at her.

"*Mate*," Draco growled playfully.

Hermione began unbuttoning her shirt, and Draco couldn't help but watch as her breasts became exposed. They were encased in nearly transparent blue mesh, and Hermione knew that her nipples and areolae were visible. In between the two swells of her breasts lay a long chain with a crystal phial on it. "I have a gift for you," Hermione whispered.

Draco traced his finger down the delicate copper chain, swallowing dryly. "Is this...?" Draco exhaled heavily.

"I've already cast the spells to collect my maidenhead when you break it."

The words drew out the creature in Draco, and the skin tightened on his flesh for a moment. His muscles seemed more rippled under his shirt, and his high cheekbones, smooth jaw, and Adam's apple became prominent. Hermione stood on her toes and licked his neck delicately before stepping away. She reached down and pulled the phial and chain over her head before offering it to Draco.

He took it, before closing his eyes, squeezing them shut. A small table and a velvet lined box appeared. Draco reverently placed the phial in the box, which quickly moulded itself to the shape of the phial.

"Are you *absolutely* sure, Hermione?" Draco asked in a slightly screeching voice. He looked the young aristocrat except for his fangs and claws.

Hermione only nodded and continued undressing for him slowly.

Draco watched as Hermione bared her body for him of her own free will, something he never would have thought could happen. She had sheer blue under-things on beneath her uniform and Draco was struck by her conscientiousness. His favourite colour was deep navy blue, and now she was teasing him with her sweet plump arse shrouded in it as she removed her uniform.

With a shy smile, Hermione removed her bra, opening the front clasp and exposing her breasts to Draco for the first time. She shrugged the garment off her shoulders, her smile growing wider. She dropped her chin, staring at his shoes, one of which was untied in his haste. Hermione waited for him to start the ritual.

Draco's pheromones were surrounding them, swirling around them faster and faster and weaving a bright white magical shell. He stepped forward and placed his fingertips under her chin, lifting it so he could look in her eyes. When their gaze connected, Draco asked the question he'd been dreading all year.

"Hermione Granger, you are my one true mate. Do you give yourself to me so that we may be bonded for all our lives?"

Hermione couldn't even speak at first, joyful tears streamed down her face as she nodded vigorously at him.

With his other hand, he wiped away her tears. He leaned closer, his voice a growl full of promises. "Answer me."

Hermione's eyes clouded over, and she was pushed fully into the magical trance that the ritual demanded. She finally found her voice, speaking the words, "I give myself to you so that we may be bonded for all of our lives."

Once the final word had tumbled from her lips, Draco pushed her head to the side and began licking and sucking her neck. Ignoring Hermione's moans of delight, Draco sunk his teeth into her where her neck and shoulder met. As the first drops of her blood bloomed from bite, Draco began caressing her body, easily disposing of her knickers with two little rips and a tug away from her body.

Hermione moaned, feeling the same rush that she'd felt on the battlement that frozen night. It was a familiar amplification of... everything: Draco's rough, barely calloused fingers on her breasts; his hot breath burning the back of her neck as his mouth caressed the new mark he'd made; his smell.

At her neck, Draco could feel his venom reserves emptying for the first time in a whole year. Gods, it was such a relief. It was like the weight of the world was lifted from his shoulders. He moaned loudly. Pulling away from Hermione, he closed his eyes tightly, asking the room for a large pillow, one large enough for the both of them to lay upon. When he opened his eyes he could see a luxurious mattress on the floor covered in fine satin. The dark blue shone in the light beaming in from the windows.

Hermione stepped towards him, her eyes gleaming. He pushed her backward playfully, enjoying her delicate 'oomph' when she fell onto the smooth blue satin.

"It's time." Draco began pulling off his clothes. His hands worked slowly, seeming to be drawing out his disrobing, turning it more into a striptease.

Hermione slid back on the impromptu bed, making room for him. Her feet were spread casually, and she was sitting up with her hands propping her up so she was not quite sitting. She was staring at him as his body came into view.

Normally such scrutiny might have given Draco pause, but he could smell her increasing arousal. She was leering at his broad shoulders, his flat chest and how it tapered smoothly into his trousers. Pushing his hands through his hair, he smiled at her. Her eyes were travelling up and down his body greedily.

Finally, his hands began working the buttons of his trousers. As they dropped to the floor, Hermione whimpered. Draco was aroused physically, magically, and emotionally. Already his cock was dripping for her, and seeing her staring at his prick with blatant lust only turned him on more.

He moved to crawl onto the bed. Hermione's legs spread for him, and the beast inside purred with delight. She was on her back, and he hadn't even had to ask. Draco smiled. He hadn't realised how much he'd missed the curve of her calf or her thighs for all these months. As his eyes moved up her body, he saw her back arch up as her small hands massaged her breasts. Draco almost lost himself at the sight.

After climbing over her body and bracing his hands just above her shoulders, Draco looked down at Hermione's face. She was flushed, her lips glistening. She looked up at him expectantly. Slowly, he lowered his lips to hers, pressing them together and building the kiss from timid and chaste to burning probing with his tongue as slowly as he could stand.

When he felt her hands on his shoulders, Draco pulled back. Balancing on his left hand, he pulled his right hand down her cheek to her neck, shoulder, and breast, then to the curve of her waist and down her hip until he tickled his marks. Feeling her body shiver below him, he pressed his fingertips into those points, his claws grazing her flesh. Draco watched with delight as her body arched, her hips leaving the blue satin beneath her and pressing her core over his prick.

"Beautiful."

Hermione flushed, before whinging, "Draco, please, please finish. I want to feel you."

Her heels moved against Draco's thighs, and he couldn't ignore his own need any more. Positioning himself at her entrance, he teased her hip marks, hoping to have her distracted enough with pleasure that she wouldn't mind the pain he was about to cause. Then he sealed his mouth onto her neck over her new mark and sucked until she screamed. Her body shook under him as she scratched at his arms. She cried his name as he teased her first orgasm from her using only the marks on her neck and hip.

After her hoarse cries stopped, he pulled back. Draco could feel her body relax underneath him. Her body melted into the mattress, loose and pliable after her orgasm. He held himself over her, listening and watching and waiting, until her hands smoothed over his shoulders and into his hair.

He pressed his lips to hers for a moment, then gazed into her eyes. Draco's hand began tickling her hip marks again, and he delighted in the immediate joy and arousal playing on her face. Smiling, he moved his mouth back to the mark on her neck and pressed his cock deep into her slowly. He felt her body stretch to take him, her spine stiffening at the painful intrusion even as she bared her neck for him, begging for more. He didn't pause when he felt her barrier. He simply pushed through it, slow and smooth.

She screamed, although it was low and guttural, almost like a moan. Draco kept teasing her marks, and soon he felt her walls flutter around him. Her body spasmed gently below him and she exhaled a shuttering breath. He hesitated to move, he wasn't even all the way in her, and he could feel her body resisting, but he wanted to look in her eyes.

Turning his head away from her neck, he saw a tear escaping from the corner of her eyes. He kissed her temple before sliding out of her, his tongue gliding up to catch her tear. When he was over her again, he saw that there were tears on the other side, too. He kissed her faced before giving her a quick lick, removing the tears.

Draco brought his hands up to push through her hair. Her body was still trembling, her eyes flashing desire.

"Are you well?" Draco asked, unable to keep his prick from teasing at her entrance, sliding again and again through her wetness.

Below him, Hermione nodded, her mouth trying to form words but it seemed she was unable to.

Draco leaned down and pressed his lips over hers and blocked her tongue with his when she tried to deepen the kiss. When she groaned in frustration, he pulled back, a teasing look on his face. "Speak your mind, Hermione,"

It was his first suggestion to her since the beginning of the year at the bookshop in Hogsmeade. Draco pulled back a little to watch her reaction.

A broad smile grew across Hermione's face. Then, in a timid voice, as a blush bloomed across her face, she whispered, "Did the enchantments work on the phial?"

It took Draco a moment to realise what she was talking about. Then, he turned around to look at box the room had provided. Even from his angle he could see the once clear, empty phial was now full of her crimson blood. He turned back to her, dropping his mouth to the ear on her unmarked side, and whispered back, "Of course it did."

Then he began kissing her, peppering her neck... her shoulder... her breast. His hand remained on her hip as he pulled away to observe her once again.

"Are you in pain, Hermione?" He leaned down and took her nipple between his lips. He suckled her gently, then switch sides, allowing his still-protruding fangs to just barely scratch across her chest as he went.

She whimpered, and her hands clutched his arms tightly.

Draco smirked--he had a fair idea that she was not, but he couldn't keep himself from teasing her. Pulling slowly away from her breast, he enjoyed the feeling of her nipple as it was drawn away from his tongue, through his teeth, and over his lips. She was arching towards him, trying to preserve the connection.

"Answer me." Draco made his tone firm and breathed deep of her scent.

Hermione opened her eyes fully, and met his gaze. Behind him, the white shell of magic swirled, and his body was shaded and lit beautifully. He had moved to kneel between her thighs again, his prick hard against his belly. His torso was artfully chiselled, partly due to the magic coursing around them, but also due to the hours he spent on his broom. As he looked down at her, concern showing in his face, she sighed and said, "I've never felt better."

Draco smirked. From the goofy grin, he could tell that it was the truth. However, there was a beast inside of him that was clamouring to spill his seed. With his fingers pressing into her marks, he set his other palm flat on her tummy, and whispered, "And here?"

The rolling of her body distracted him a minute, but as they held the other's gaze, she knew that he would not be put off.

"Sore, but I want you," Hermione relented, fearing that he would depart as he had last time, just because she was in a little pain.

However, the thought hadn't even occurred to him. Draco whispered something, and cool magic seeped into her skin, her womb tingling gently. Then he slid his hands up her body to her arms, drawing them up by her ears, and finally, interlacing their fingers.

His prick was pressing into her again, and Hermione worked to encourage it back into her, shivering when her actions brought that delightful purr from his throat.

"I can't promise to be gentle, but I will make it up to you, I swear," Draco whispered and pressed his tongue into her mouth, pulling out to nip her lips.

And then he was in her. She was still too tight to take him fully, but he pushed further this time, and the next. He wanted deeper and deeper still. He revelled in every pant and whimper, every moan that became a scream. He worked her harder and harder. As her voice rasped, he squeezed her hands in his, but he never stopped having her.

She was under him. She was taking him in. She was screaming for him. She was his. His name was falling brokenly from her flushed lips. Gods, he could do this all day. Her body was so perfectly tight, quivering under him. When her nipples brushed his chest, she would get tighter and slicker around him.

And then he shattered. Against his will, Draco felt his body give up, and he drove into her one final time before spilling inside of her. He felt light-headed, and nearly lost his balance.

Catching himself, he rolled away from her, but was able to keep her body flush against his. He wasn't ready for the moment to end yet.

Hermione burrowed into his arms, mindless of the sweat pooling between them. She knew she would be sore soon, very sore indeed, but he'd given in, finally, and she wanted to bask in the afterglow as much as possible.

Above them, a sheet appeared and fell down over them. Both were asleep within moments.

Draco's Birthday... At Lunch

Chapter 9 of 13

Draco Malfoy has come into his father's Veela legacy and is fighting it at every turn. The Fates aren't giving him an inch though, and neither is Hermione Granger, his destined mate!

Draco was roused by the distinctive knock of his Head of House on the door. He didn't move to answer it, but made sure that Hermione was covered from chin to toe by the sheet they were under. As he worked to conceal her body, he heard Professor Snape's boots clicking on the floor as he came towards them. Turning to look at Professor Snape, Draco was shocked to find folding screens surrounding them on all sides. He heaved a sigh of relief: their privacy was protected, at least marginally.

"Mister Malfoy?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Do you happen to know the whereabouts of Miss Granger? Neither of you attended your morning classes."

Draco hated the smug tone as it passed through the screen, the professor's silhouette hiding the crooked smile Draco knew would be present. "Yes, sir. She is here with me."

"Very good. The Headmaster asked that I inform you that you have been excused from your classes for today, but that your presence would be appreciated in the Great Hall for lunch, followed immediately by a meeting with the Headmaster."

"Yes, sir."

"Lunch begins in thirty minutes. Good morning."

Draco listened as the professor retired from the room before turning back toward Hermione. He looked down at her and memorised the way her hair fanned out. He wished the sheet away and smiled. As she was laying on her left side he could see her new mark on her neck. Also, in her sleep, she had pressed closer to him for warmth when the sheet disappeared.

Her body was warm and soft next to his, and he curled up against her. He was in heaven. A strange peace settled over him; he didn't have the nagging anxiety he'd felt for the last year. He remembered last year's birthday, being secreted away from school, completely unaware of what was about to occur. Then the change, followed by his return to school, confused and disoriented. He'd done passably well on the O.W.L.s, but not as well as he would have liked. He'd have to prove himself next year at the N.E.W.T.s.

Hermione twisted in his arms, turning to embrace him. Her breasts pressed against his chest; her thigh crossed over his, dangerously close to his now very alert prick. Her cheek brushed back and forth near his shoulder before she settled with a contented sigh.

Draco realised how lucky he was. Having Hermione to shag and to study with was his greatest fortune of all. He knew deep in his heart that even if he weren't already one of the richest wizards in Britain, he could quickly and easily build a life with Hermione that would be enviable. He pressed his hand down her back, his mind on the N.E.W.T.s and their future.

Her breathing changed the instant his fingers grazed the mark on her hip. She was awake and trembling under his touch. He could smell her wetness, and it made him hard. She looked up at him, and they stared at each other a moment. Both were clearly shocked by the suddenness of their intense arousal.

Swallowing, Draco tried to play it off. "We don't have to..."

But she was already climbing on top of him, and before he could finish his thought, she was sliding her tight quim over his prick, moaning in delighted pain. Once he was all the way in her, she opened her eyes and looked down at him.

Looking up at her, Draco thought she looked like Aphrodite herself, hair a rumpled mess, eyes flashing with desire, her lips flushed and open. He was unable to keep his hips from rolling up into her, but he gritted his teeth and asked, "You aren't sore?"

She nodded, her lower lip caught between her teeth. Yet, her hips rolled down into his, and she began taking her pleasure from him. She leaned forward a little to brace her hands on his chest, mindless of how it made her tits press together, and used his prick to get off. Each thrust she made down pushed a wave of heat through Draco's body, and all he could think of was getting shagged by her.

He pulled his arms away from their bodies, his elbows bent so he could put his palms flat on the blue satin below him. He didn't want to interfere with this in the least.

"Don't stop. Please, don't stop," he whispered, his eyes wide as he watched her.

She opened her mouth a little wider, as if to respond, but the only thing that came out was a lazy moan, quite the contrast to her increasingly frantic movements. Hermione sat up and palmed her breasts, squeezing them as she bounced on Draco's prick. It was her undoing. She arched back, shaking as her orgasm ripped through her.

Coming down, she looked at him and blushed completely red.

Her head dropped, and she swallowed. That poor lower lip once again being subjected to the wrath of her teeth. Draco didn't want that, as sweet as she was being. Still seeking his own release, he pushed up into her. She moaned for him, and his hands returned to her body. They were firm and fast, working to possess every inch of her, but they never went near her marks.

Draco wanted to shag her, but he wanted it to be just between them, and not the venom. Sliding his hands up her ribs, he pulled her down, feeling her slide up as their lips met. He kissed her, licking and sucking her lips until she demanded more by sucking his tongue into her mouth. He rolled them over and kept at her, bowing his body so he could press into her perfect quim while they kissed.

When he pulled away she was panting, her eyes closed and her hands teasing at his sides. Draco knelt between her legs, pulling her arse up his thighs. She was still so, so tight around him, but she didn't seem to care.

"You like it when we fuck, Hermione?" Draco asked as he push his hands over her belly to her breasts. He squeezed. She moaned. "Would I make your knickers wet even if you weren't mine?"

Hermione smiled, looking at his perfect skin and his broad shoulders. "Yes!"

"Because I would fuck you, with your thighs, your arse, and your tight quim." Draco moved his hands to grip her thighs and began pounding into her. Every push deep into her sounded with her moans, and Draco was muttering about her tits, and her hair, and her perfect little mouth.

Once again, his orgasm came against his will. What did she do to him that he couldn't control himself? Holding her thighs against his belly, he spilled inside of her. It seemed to last forever, as if his whole existence was rushing into hers. Soon enough though, he could hear his own panting breath and feel the sticky sweat pooling where their bodies met.

Separating them, Draco slid to lay next to her. She was sated and smiling. She moved to curl around him, and he saw that she intended to go back to sleep.

"We must appear at lunch."

Hermione scowled at him. "But we just..."

"And then we must meet with the Headmaster."

She practically huffed.

Apparently she wasn't interested in rejoining the world. Neither was he, but there were arrangements to make. He smiled down at her and silently asked the room for a bathtub full of water. It appeared on the other side of the room, and the smell of bath salts and raspberry-scented oil filled the room. He knelt beside her, smiling. "Bath time." Then he scooped her up and carried her to the tub.

On the way she wrapped her arms around his neck, clearly enjoying the proceedings.

When Draco arrived at the tub, he climbed into it, careful not to lose balance. Once they were in the tub, it expanded, growing wide enough for both of them. Draco dropped Hermione's legs and they sunk into the water.

He watched her body, loose as it already was, melt into the water. She moved to the end of the tub, but was unable to keep against the side. Draco took hold of her feet and propped them on his knees so she could brace herself. Once she was settled, he kept his hands on her feet, his face blank, his eyes possessive.

"How often do you wash your hair?" he asked as a flannel dropped from above them. He took it up and began to press it all over her.

"Once a week, although the venom somehow manages to make me look good without even trying, no matter what I do," Hermione replied, trying to be as placid as he was but having less success. She even closed her eyes, laying her head back and letting him do whatever he wanted.

He was rubbing the flannel between her toes and letting it tickle her. Then he switched sides. He would inch his way up her legs, switching regularly. By the time he'd made it up her thighs, she was so relaxed that she didn't notice when he spelled her still in the tub so that he could move between her legs.

Draco smiled as he pressed the flannel gently over her quim, raising an eyebrow when one of her eyes open. She just closed it back up, though, and he washed her quick but thorough, never letting the flannel rub her harshly.

When he was done, he resumed his place at the other end of the tub, even putting her feet back on his knees. He did, however, spell the water so that her side remained smooth and calm, just as she was, while his side splashed as he moved about. He also silently requested that it smell not of berries but of eucalyptus. He'd never live it down if he sat at lunch smelling like a girl.

Finishing his quick scrub, he paused to look at Hermione as she dozed. Her breasts peeked above the surface of the water; her knees did too. Draco climbed out of the tub, and towelled off. Then, he watch the water drain; where to, he had no idea. By the time Hermione's bum pressed against the bottom of the tub, she'd woken up again. Her body was pink from the water, and he couldn't stop looking her over.

Of her own volition, she stood and stepped into the spread towel. His hands automatically worked in drying her off. He'd forgotten to avoid her marks, lost in his own lack of thought, distracted by his task.

Hermione pulled him to her, kissing his bare chest.

"No, no, no." Draco chuckled, restraining her body with the towel, although her hands were free to roam. He held her at arms length, unable to hide his mirth at her frustration.

"I want you." Hermione looked at him, her chin dropping coyly. When had she turned into this? Not that he was complaining. She was adorable.

"Lunch. Headmaster," he replied, teasing with simple words.

"Sod lunch, you touched my marks." Hermione began caressing her body through the towel.

It was very seductive, although Draco couldn't quite pin down why. Acquiring his wand, he cast Impervius on her neck mark, just on a hunch. Then he touched it. Her reaction was perfectly normal, no flare of lust in her eyes.

She pulled a face. "I don't like that at all." Hermione quickly became distracted by the lack of sensation.

"Well, it's better than you mounting me in the Great Hall." Draco used her distraction to cast the spell on her hip.

"I don't know about that," she muttered, curiously touching her marks.

Her words fuelled the lust that Draco had been denying, but he knew that lunch had already started, and they really couldn't go another round. Draco touched her belly, casting the same spell from earlier.

"What is that?" she whispered, breathing in as her body shivered.

"Contraceptive. Should help with soreness too." Draco couldn't pull his eyes or hand away from her belly. His heirs would come from there one day. It was a heady realisation. He shook his head. "Clothes."

They dressed, their clothes in separated piles since their play had been fairly stationary. Hermione was tying her tie when Draco finished with his shoes.

"I want to see it...the mark. I hate your tie. I want to rip it from your body. Your shirt, too." Draco stepped away as the words fell from his mouth. Gods, he still had a crazy beast inside of him.

"It's just a few more days, and then school's out," Hermione replied compassionately. "I don't like the Impervius either. It feels horrible knowing you are touching me, and not getting the..." She swallowed.

Draco nodded and then moved to finish her tie for her. He was trying to keep panic out of his voice. "Can I put your hair up? If I could see your neck, know that I can just pull on your collar and I'd have it back?"

Hermione nodded, excited by the suggestion. A brush and hair band appeared, and Draco made quick work of twisting her hair around until it was in a ponytail at the back of her head. He relished every second his hands moved through her hair, drawing her closer when he finished.

"When we are done with the Headmaster, I am going to lick your marks until you scream."

Hermione shivered, her head bobbing softly.

Draco reached down and grabbed her hand, tugging her toward the door. In a rush to get back to more pleasant pursuits, they hurried to the Great Hall.

The smells coming from the Great Hall set their bellies rumbling. Last night's dinner had been more than spent in the last few hours. They looked at each other as they pushed through the crowd.

No one seemed to notice them as they moved, joined at the hands. When they got to the hall, Draco turned toward the Slytherin table, and Hermione to Gryffindor, neither realising the new paths until their hands pulled them back together, Hermione having to step forward because Draco's force was greater.

They stood in the doorway, other students beginning to notice while others just rushed by. Draco looked at the Gryffindor table, and then his own table, and then at her. He had no idea what to do.

Hermione looked at her table, where her friends were already tucking in and smiled. Then she began walking toward the Slytherin table. She stopped when Draco tugged her back to where they were standing.

"We can say hello to your friends first."

His reward was a brilliant smile and the obvious desire to kiss him flashing across her face. He made a note to try to do more thoughtful things in the future.

By now, about half the student body had noticed them, and the usual raucous din was turning to a murmur. Draco let her guide them down the row with their fingers still entwined. The hall seemed to get quieter with every step he took, but she was on a mission.

She stopped next to Potter and the Weaslette; Weasel and Longbottom and the others were sitting on the other side.

He was looking at them as they looked at him, and Draco fought to keep his usual sneer at bay. This became very difficult when her hand let go of his, and he looked to find her giving the Weaslette a tight hug. When it was done, she took his hand back, and he felt safe again.

"So, it's real then?" Potter asked, looking dead at him. Apparently, he'd been hoping that it was all a mistake; Draco could tell by the resigned tone of his voice.

"Quite," Hermione looked back at him and nodded. There was a strange expression on her face.

"You'll tell us if there's ever a problem." Potter's tone turned threatening.

Draco smirked. Potter clearly didn't know about Veelas. Once they were bonded, nothing would cause him to hurt his mate. Draco stepped up and put his hand on Hermione's back. He considered cancelling the spells on her marks, but kept them going. Their debut was no place for a scene.

Hermione touched Potter's shoulder and nodded. Draco saw her squeeze it before she turned back to him, the smile growing as she looked at him. "I'm famished."

He fought the reflex to just reach over to the food on the table and present it to her. Instead, he nodded and guided her over to the Slytherin table. Blaise and Vince were making room for them. As they got closer, Draco felt Hermione tense under his hand, her back going straight as a rod and her chin rising. She was dining with her enemies, and he could appreciate her preemptive move.

Somehow in the two dozen feet between the Gryffindor table, she'd also managed to seize his free hand in hers. Draco felt almost as though he were a dancer executing a graceful move.

The hall was dead quiet as he helped Hermione over the bench to sit next to Blaise, who had attempted to stand. As Draco set their bags under the bench, he noticed that Vince also stood. Draco climbed over the bench, and the four of them sank down nearly in unison.

Hermione spread her napkin over her lap and smiled as Draco filled her goblet with water. Blaise passed her a roll as he asked, "Veg, Granger?"

"Please, Zabini." Hermione nodded, reaching for a nearby bowl of potatoes.

Draco was relieved that Hermione picked up on the subtle clue...no one in Slytherin called anyone else by their first name.

She ate efficiently, listening to the subdued conversation but not bothering to contribute. She was a stranger and unwanted by most of the students there. To their right, in fact, Draco could see the seventh-year witches, all primed to perfection, were advancing on them from the other end of the table.

The leader of the witches tapped Hermione rudely on the shoulder with her wand. Draco wanted to rip her limb from limb, but Hermione's nails digging into his thigh stopped him. He put a bite of food into his mouth and chewed very deliberately.

Hermione, meanwhile, ignored the witch. It caused the whole of the student body to inhale, it seemed. It was like waiting for a cauldron to blow.

"Granger," the other witch spoke loudly, her saccharine sweet voice carried through the Great Hall.

Hermione set her knife and fork on her plate, wiped her mouth, and then turned to look at the witch. "Ellsworth."

"The Gryffindor table is over there."

Hermione turned to look. Her friends waved at her, and she smiled. "So it is."

"That's where Gryffindors sit to eat their meals." The tone of the words dripped with disgust.

Hermione nodded. "Typically."

Ellsworth was having trouble containing her temper. "Not just typically; it's a rule."

"No, it's not."

"It's in the rulebook."

"No, it's not."

"Yes, it is."

Hermione reached into her bag and pulled out the rulebook. Blaise choked on the drink of pumpkin juice he'd just taken. Draco smiled; of course, she had the rulebook in her bag.

She quickly opened to the correct page and read, "Meals are taken in the Great Hall, where tables are arranged by house."

Ellsworth smiled victoriously.

Hermione smiled as well. "It doesn't say that we are required to eat with our house."

"That is implied." Ellsworth looked murderous.

"There is no prohibition on eating elsewhere," Hermione said simply.

The two witches stared at each other for a long moment before Hermione moved to turn back to her lunch. Ellsworth grabbed her shoulder. Hermione looked at her hand and then up at her face.

"There is, however, a prohibition that says no student may harass another student, especially one who is younger than she is."

Ellsworth immediately pulled her hand off Hermione's shoulder. Conceding defeat, Ellsworth and the others turned and stormed out of the Great Hall.

Hermione turned back to her plate and tried to keep the smug victory off her face. She went back to eating quietly and efficiently, until Draco reached across her, using his body position to whisper into her ear, "*Finite Incantantum.*"

Hermione swallowed. He watched as the sensations coursing through her marks took her breath away. She stole a glance at him, and he was smiling at his plate. On his other side, Vince asked, "Wasn't that informative?"

Draco nodded his head, agreeing. "Very informative. Eat up, Granger." Hermione nodded from behind her goblet, the icy water cooling her off but not nearly enough.

After they left lunch, Draco took the first opportunity to press Hermione into an alcove. It had taken twelve seconds, which was about eleven seconds too long for him. Hermione had, however, worked her tie loose and undone her top button in those brief moments, and Draco found her marks by instinct. His mouth was on her shoulder, and his hand was up her skirt.

"Bloody brilliant!" he praised before taking one deep breath and reattaching his lips to her.

He was sucking and licking her, pressing the tips of his fingers into her hip as he squeezed rhythmically. Draco felt wonderful and out of control, and his pheromones poured out from him.

She was moaning, pleading incoherently for a quick fuck in the corner. It wasn't such a bad idea, but the headmaster was waiting. He nipped at her mark until she came, careless of the noise she was making.

When he pulled away from her, they were surrounded by the white shell of magic their union always brought on. Draco held her trembling body close, breathing in her release.

The seconds ticked by, and eventually they pulled apart. Hermione cast the spells on herself this time, acknowledging that they were needed if she was going to have her wits about her in the headmaster's office. She did it wordlessly, and Draco quirked his eyebrow at her before attending to his erection. It had to be tucked carefully in his waistband.

"It's how I got through after the Yule Ball: full-body Impervius and a strong Notice-Me-Not spell."

He nodded slowly, realisation dawning on him. *All those months!* She hadn't been losing her appeal with the others, she'd magicked it away. He looked at her as though seeing her for the first time. He'd never be worthy of her, but he was resolved to do his damndest and try.

Draco pulled her body against his, giving her a searing kiss, pouring all of his passion into it. He held her arms by her sides, wanting her helpless for just this moment so he could give her everything that he was feeling in this one kiss.

When he was done, he set her down and released her. She wobbled a little, and he helped steady her. Hermione moved her fingers to her lips, staring dumbly into space. Draco prowled around her, moving to press his chest against her back. He fisted the bulk of her ponytail and turned her ear toward his lips. He heard her swallow.

"I'm going to learn how to make you come without even looking at my marks, witch. I'm going to worship you, give you everything you need and everything you want, and I am going to start the minute we are finished with this bloody meeting with the headmaster." He nearly devoured her ear, pulling her arse against his hard prick when she lost balance again. She moaned, her body opening to every place he touched. Draco pulled back, helped her to be steady on her feet, and then pushed her to walk ahead of him.

Hermione turned back and took his hand, and together they walked to the stairs behind the gargoyle statue.

Meeting the Headmaster

Chapter 10 of 13

Draco Malfoy has come into his father's Veela legacy and is fighting it at every turn. The Fates aren't giving him an inch though, and neither is Hermione Granger, his destined mate!

Hermione stopped short when they were granted entry to the Headmaster's office. Looking over her shoulder, Draco saw why. Instead of the usual chairs opposite the Headmaster's desk, there was a love seat. He rolled his eyes, begrudgingly grateful that he wouldn't have to separate from Hermione by sitting in separate chairs. She smiled and pulled him by the hand to sit.

"Mister Malfoy, Miss Granger, may I offer you some tea, or a congratulatory biscuit?" Dumbledore leaned back into his chair, a gentle smile turning his lips up.

Draco hated the smug look on Dumbledore's face. Hermione thanked him and grabbed a couple of biscuits, passing one to Draco. In a daze, Draco bit into it. He wasn't quite sure what was happening here...he hadn't known what to expect from the Headmaster, but tea and biscuits hadn't been it. Draco had figured this meeting would include being chastised for missing class, a stern warning to be good to Hermione, and clearly, the need for discretion.

He watched the headmaster take a long, slow swallow from his tea cup and set it on his desk. "I won't keep you long, I know that these first twenty-four hours are integral to your bonding, and you have much more important things to be attending to. To begin...because this year's Head Boy is from Hufflepuff, and the Head Girl is from Gryffindor, you both have been moved into the Head's suite in Slytherin. Your things are there now."

In the corner of his eye, Draco could see Hermione nodding, but Draco couldn't believe what he was hearing. "You're letting us stay together?"

"Of course. It has been the policy of Hogwarts to try to accommodate half-breeds whenever possible." Dumbledore turned his gaze directly towards Draco.

Ah, there was the stern rebuke Draco had been waiting for. Perhaps he should have been better to Professors Hagrid and Lupin, but he'd had no idea that he would become a half-breed at the time, and his father had taught him to be an arrogant prat. Still, Draco dropped his chin, shamefully looking away.

Hermione pulled his arm closer and rested her head on his shoulder. The smell of her eased his heart somewhat, and Draco finished his biscuit.

"Secondly, I have your assignments from the classes that you missed today. Be sure to be in class tomorrow, as well as breakfast. The students will know of these arrangements by dinner, I'm sure, and I must impress upon you that unseemly behaviour around the campus will be frowned upon."

"Does this mean I'm not longer allowed to go to the Gryffindor common room?" Hermione asked, her voice staying very even, perhaps too even.

Dumbledore smiled. "Of course not. In fact you are both free to come and go as you please between the houses. I am excited to see what this marriage of houses will bring forth."

Hermione smiled and sat up a little bit. Draco turned to follow her scent as she leaned just barely away from him. Breathing deeply, he felt his heart accelerate. His nose drifted to her collar, and the shiver his breath on her neck caused made him reach to loosen her tie.

The Headmaster cleared his throat loudly, chuckling softly as the two students jerked apart.

"And most fortunately I think, my final point is upon us. My deepest heartfelt congratulations to both of you. If you'd like, you may use my fireplace to Floo to your rooms, just this once." The headmaster stood and gestured toward the roaring fire.

Being summarily dismissed, Draco grabbed Hermione's hand and led her to the fireplace, and once through, out into a sitting room. He didn't really take time to look around though, instead pulling her body against his and smelling her shirt over where her mark was.

"End the spell," he commanded softly. He was sure that if he'd been listening hard enough he could have heard her obey him, but his mind was fogged with lust. Draco knew the instant the Impervius Charm was lifted from her by the way her body pressed into his. It had been, at the most, an hour since he'd had her last, but he had to have her this instant. Claws extended, his hands ruthlessly shredded her clothes while he smelled her again and again.

She was rubbing her breasts against his chest, whimpering when the rough wool of his school robes chafed, and yet she didn't stop. He could smell her getting wetter, and once the tatters of her shirt fell from her shoulders, he sealed his lips over her mark, biting into her once again.

She screamed and the tenor of it tormented him. She was in pain again, as his fangs punctured the muscles just below her flesh, but he couldn't loosen the hold of his jaw.

He frantically undid his trousers, and when he was free, he guided her to lie on her back. She wasn't even settled when he felt himself buried deep inside of her. Now her tone was less pained, and as he continued to pound into her, his teeth embedded into her, he could hear her orgasm building. The harder he pounded into her, the louder she moaned. Draco couldn't stop himself; as much as he wanted to soothe her body, his own was out of his control.

Then he felt her walls fluttering around him, and her whole body tensed under him as she arched in crescendo. The frequency of her moans sent him spiralling out of control. He emptied into her, his jaw tightening still into her neck, but he was deaf to her screams. A second round of venom was pouring from his hollowed teeth into her, the venom from his claws wasted on the carpet where his hands supported his weight.

Once he was completely emptied, he bent his knees and pulled his torso down her body, his cheek pillowed against her breast. He closed his eyes, barely aware of the low purr emanating from his chest as he fell asleep.

When Draco woke up, he was completely dumbfounded as to where he was. He was underneath the soft blanket his mother had sent him for his birthday last year. He was laying face down, and when he smoothed his cheek against his pillow, he realised that it wasn't a pillow, but the soft flesh of Hermione's belly. He jerked into full consciousness, kneeling between Hermione's legs to find her holding a book, her head propped on a pillow on the floor, and looking at him curiously.

She opened her mouth to speak, but nothing came out. Instead she just smiled at him, blushing softly.

Slowly, it all came back to him. He'd taken her brutally the moment they'd stepped out of the fireplace. He glanced behind him. He was just a short distance away from the hearth. A lead ball seemed to drop into his gut. He looked back at her, she was sitting up now, and he could see the dried blood on her neck. Draco felt sick at the sight of it, but also proud. That pride sickened him further.

He opened his mouth to beg forgiveness, but Hermione found her voice first.

"You'll continue to claim me until twenty-four hours have passed from the first time you...," Hermione explained, blushing as she trailed off.

"The first time I what?"

Hermione blushed deeper, averting her eyes. "The first time you... sunk your teeth into me."

Gods, when she put it like that, like it was her sexy little secret, Draco felt himself stirring again. He took a deep breath through his nose, picking up the smells of sex and blood and once again, their joint arousal.

Her head jerked up, like a deer sensing a predator, and she smiled. The next thing he knew, Draco was chasing her as she scampered into the bedroom. He caught her up in his arms as she slowed to climb into the bed. They tumbled together onto the large soft mattress, rolling until Draco was over her on his hands and knees, and she was wriggling beneath him.

Returning her smile, he whispered, "How do you know all this?"

"I read books." Hermione rolled her eyes as if this was the most absurd question she'd ever heard.

"What books? There aren't any detailed books on Veelas in the library."

Looking up at him, Draco noticed the smug look in her eye. "I ordered some."

"Sounds awfully expensive." Draco frowned. He was missing something, some important clue. He sat on her hips, his hands mindlessly tracing up her curves on the sides, and down over her breasts and tummy. Then they went up the opposite way, pressing up, over her nipples and down her sides.

"You gave me almost two hundred galleons at the first Hogsmeade trip. Really now, who carries around that much money?" Hermione arched into his hands.

Draco couldn't believe what he was hearing. She'd used the money he'd given her to find books on Veelas. Then, knowing what would happen to her, she had still persisted. It didn't make any sense.

"We are magically bound, fated mates, Draco." Hermione took up his hands, pulling him down to her.

He shook one of his hands free, and caressed her face, smiling softly when she leaned into his touch. Then, his hand slid down her jaw to her neck and to her unmarked shoulder.

"I've mutilated you." He gently squeezed her muscles and tried to keep from sighing.

Hermione shook her head softly, trying to think of what to say next. It was very hard when he was astride her, rubbing her so sweetly.

Freeing his other hand, he gingerly touched the new scabs on Hermione's neck. Draco's belly roiled while the beast inside purred. He had to work to keep his throat from mimicking the sound.

"It will heal, and then we'll just be together," Hermione whimpered, the skin of her breasts tightening as blood rushed into her nipples and down to her core.

"Together," Draco agreed. Then he moved back onto his hands and knees, his mouth moving over to her nipple. He sucked it between his lips and Hermione mewled in pleasure. "I'll make it good for you this time." Draco switched sides, his mouth going over her breast as he sucked her nipple in. Feeling the texture of her nipple against his tongue made his blood race, and he moved to kneel between her thighs.

"Last time was... good!" Hermione arched up when Draco's teeth scraped her nipples, her breast falling heavily from his mouth.

"Seriously?" Draco palmed her breasts, kneeling back so he could look at her, his disbelief evident on his face.

Hermione blushed and squeezed her eyes shut. "Like you were... consuming me."

Draco wasn't buying it. "Is that so?" he asked.

She nodded. Her mouth was open, her lips flushed with the hot blood coursing through her veins.

He sighed and felt his pheromones escape from him. Hermione's body stilled beneath him and she looked up at him with that horrible glazed look in her eye. "Tell the truth. Explain why you liked it."

"Most blokes think of me as one of the blokes," she said softly. "Or worse, not a bloke, but not a girl either. No one looked twice at me before this year. Before you."

Draco frowned.

Hermione's voice grew more normal as she continued, "What did you call me last year?"

His brow creased while he tried to remember a singular time he'd said something unpleasant to her during their fifth year. He couldn't think of a single thing. Oh, wait. "Was it something about an encyclopaedia in a wig shop?"

She smirked. "Not one of your more clever remarks, but still." Hermione turned her neck to expose the scabbed-over bite mark. "Now you can't resist me. You're mine."

Draco looked her over, seeing that twinkle in her eye that was always present when she performed a spell in class well before anyone else. His eyes moved down her delicate neck and his mark, her collar and her breasts with nipples swollen from his attentions. "So you're saying you like it when I'm an utter beast?" He moved his fingers down her body, making them circle around her hip marks without touching them.

Hermione hesitated, worrying her lip as she started to writhe under his touch. The conflict was written across her face. The moments drew together, seemingly endless.

Finally, Draco put his cards on the table. He leaned over her and put his mouth to her left ear, hoping his breath would flow past her mark. "I think I shall have you in all of the most primitive positions before our bonding period is over. Roll. Over."

And then she was on her belly, moaning as her nipples brushed against the sheets. Draco stared at her back side: her meaty thighs, her slightly rounded arse, hips that tapered in at a perfect angle. He pressed his hands up the backs of her thighs, squeezing firmly and revelling in her moans. He opened her thighs and began squeezing her arse, pulling her cheeks apart.

"Yes, I could fuck this pretty cunt all night. Arse up, love."

And she did it perfectly, shoulders down on the mattress with her arse up high. Draco stuck his thumb inside of her quim and pumped it slowly. Her hips rolled back, and she worked to pump herself on his digit, her moans muffled by the bed.

"So needy. So ready to be fucked." And then he pulled his hand away, putting his thumb in his mouth as he moved his other hand to the back of her hip bone. Once he'd sucked all her juices from his hand, he moved it to her waist, and pushed himself deep inside of her. "Still so tight." Draco began pumping slowly. "I can really fuck you from this angle, pet." He buried himself inside of her slowly and moved back and forth several times before stopping completely inside of her.

"Your arse is...," Draco pulled his hands down her sides, over her hips to her arse., "delicious." He pumped into her again, mindful of how his fingers were grazing over the marks on her hip. She shuddered, practically screaming with pleasure. Just as she was about to come, he slid his hands back up to her waist. "So tiny." His thrusts quickened and while the magic receded from her nerves back into her blood, the way he rolled his pelvis made her arch her back, moving to push herself up onto her hands and knees.

Draco took the opportunity to grab her breasts, having to stretch his arms almost straight to feel those hard nipples in his palms. "These tits, Granger."

This made her moans turn to a hard grunt. Hermione thrust her hips back into his, wanting to take faster than Draco was giving her.

"Granger?" he asked. He moved his hands away from her and watched as she worked herself against him. She was rolling her hips faster and faster, working to making him lose control, but he wouldn't yet. Draco put his hands back on her hips and stopped her, making sure his cock was buried deep inside. "Hermione?"

"So close," she cried, panting.

Draco relented. He had wanted to see what dirty thoughts lived inside her mind, but it was hard to tease and lure them out of her when she was so adamant about being fucked. So instead, he sat back on his heels and pulled her into his lap, her knees outside his thighs, spreading her wide. Then he pulled her back against his chest as she started to bounce on his prick, his hands gripping and squeezing her breasts. When she threw her head back against his shoulder and shouted her release, Draco took over and did all of the thrusting himself.

He fucked her for what seemed like forever, her body loose and pliable, bouncing in his hands. Finally, feeling his finish approaching he lifted her arms to fall behind her head, delighting when she loosely gripped his hair. Draco pressed his hands down her belly to her core, watching her tits bounce as he increased his pace. Then he spread her labia and found her swollen clit. "Come with me," he said as he began strumming her clit with his thumb. Within moments, he heard them both screaming. He wrapped his arms around her and clung to her well after they'd both finished.

Hermione sat up on his lap before moving her knees next to his so she would slide off of him. "Nap time," she muttered dreamily.

"Mmm. Sadly, no. Time for you to meet your new neighbours." Draco ran his nose up her neck and kissed her ear. He felt himself slide out of her, and then gently tugged her off the bed.

Hermione stumbled but managed to follow behind him, rubbing her eyes. After a couple steps, she felt something trickle down her thighs.

Draco turned back to look at her and noticed. She looked beautiful and debauched, and he almost hated that they had to get cleaned up. However, he wouldn't stand of any more trouble like there had been at lunch, so he wanted to make an announcement in the common room before dinner. "Bath or shower?"

The bathroom was large, and Draco let go of her hand to pluck some towels from the cupboard. Hermione leaned against the wall and looked around in a daze. "If you want me up? Shower."

The shower was stand-alone and large for one person but... cosy for two. Draco helped Hermione in and set about gently washing her again. When she reached for the soap, his hand instantly wrapped around her wrist.

She turned to look at him. "What?"

"I don't know. I just... want to wash you myself." Draco looked confused, but didn't let go of her until her hand moved away from the soap.

"Chalk that one up to the beast?" Hermione asked, turning to rest her head against the cool tiles.

Draco began working conditioner into her hair. "Yes."

"And the pheromones?"

Busted. He hadn't thought about what he was doing when he couldn't believe that she would want to be fucked like an animal; he'd just acted. Was that the beast? Wouldn't the creature inside know that's what she wanted? So, no. Apparently, that was his weak, spoiled humanity taking what it wanted by hook or by crook.

"Sorry."

Hermione turned to smile at him, but winced when the spray hit her fresh wound.

"I won't do it again," Draco insisted. He'd twisted up her hair to be out of the way while it conditioned, and was beginning the trickiest part of the wash...her sweet arse and quim, which he had just fucked so thoroughly. She was swollen and tender and whimpered delightfully when he pressed the flannel between her legs.

Hermione swallowed, and said, "Yes, you will."

"No," Draco said sternly. "I won't."

"Yes, Draco, you will."

"No, Hermione, I won't."

"Fine. You won't. And I won't be a bossy nag anymore."

She was smiling at him.

Oh.

Draco shook his head before smiling back at her.

"How did you get so...?"

"Mature? Insightful? Brilliant?" Hermione turned around completely and pulled the flannel away from him. She smoothed it over his chest and down his belly before circling it around his prick and rubbing it between his legs. When she was done, he was perfectly clean.

Draco gasped. Holy mother of Merlin. He closed his eyes slowly and took a deep breath. Then he heard the flannel fall to the floor of the shower. When he opened his eyes again, Hermione was rinsing out her hair, water was streaming down her body and off her breasts like waterfalls. Her eyes were closed softly and her mouth open. She was stretching her neck and craning to keep the water out of her eyes.

He had her up against the tile wall in an instant. The next found her lifted up and impaled on his prick with her legs around his hips. Draco heard her whining moans as he thrust into her, and realised she wasn't actually ready for this. He'd just spent time making sure she was clean, not ready.

"Sorry. Creature," he managed to grunt before pressing his lips over her mark, licking it until the blood flowed again. Then he felt her get wet for him, and the difference was astonishing. This was followed by her raspy grunts reverberating off the shower walls. Leveraging her against the wall, his hand fell to her hip, and he worked her into a frenzy almost instantly.

Draco's own orgasm was brief but intense, and left barely a trace behind. Panting, he moved to lean back, carefully moving Hermione back to the floor.

Her hand raised up, and the spray of water turned icy cold. She took a final rinse for as long as she could stand the bitter temperatures, and then slipped out of the stall. Draco followed suit. Towelling off, he moved back to the bedroom. Hermione sat on the bed, naked except for the towel, brushing out her hair before pulling it up like they'd done for lunch. A massive yawn bubbled up from inside her.

"We'll be quick. We'll just go to dinner and come right back."

She nodded sleepily, moving toward the wardrobe. Hermione pulled out a uniform, socks, and some underclothes. After setting them on the bed, she summoned her wand from the other room, and cast the spells on her marks. She was too sleepy to hide the grimace that the lack of sensation caused, but moved to pull her knickers on anyway.

Draco cleared his throat, his hands holding his bunched-up towel. He'd stopped in his tracks to watch her. She looked at him curiously. He smirked, directed his gaze to her knickers, and then shook his head.

Her eyes widened.

He smiled at her, and it was full of all sorts of lascivious promises.

Shrugging her shoulders, she dropped the knickers back on the bed and moved to put on the rest of her clothes. Draco could tell that she knew he was watching her now. She had a little smile on her face, and put her things on in seemingly the opposite order. Knee-high socks were pulled up while standing with her back to him, accentuating the curve of her calves, thighs, and arse. Then came her bra, another one with a front clasp, which she did up with rather more stroking than usual. Then her shirt, buttoned from the bottom up. Next came the tie as she stood there, her shirt teasingly hiding her quim, skimming along her hips. Finally, her skirt was pulled, ruthlessly slow, up her legs. She went back to her wardrobe and pulled out another set of school robes, one that had the Gryffindor emblem on them and a pair of shoes.

Draco decided this would be a good time to get his own clothes on. He was dressed in less than a minute, still looking perfectly pressed.

He turned around to see Hermione pulling on the school robe, and smiled. "Not yet."

She looked at him and shrugged out of them. "Any special reason?"

Draco nodded, and turned to pull out one of his robes with the Slytherin crest on it. "We have to stop in the common room and make a point first."

Simple enough, if a little vague. Draco watched Hermione gather her cloak up and drape it over her arm. Then, he followed her into the sitting room, eventually putting his hand on the small of her back and guiding her to a door beside the tapestry of Salazar Slytherin. He opened it for her and she stepped through, finding a bustling common room full of students who were ready for the term to end already. Draco let the door slam shut behind him.

Every head in the room turned towards them. Draco pulled off his cloak, and shook it out gently. Then he put in Hermione's shoulders, pointing his wand at it until it became

short enough for her to walk in. With a final look around the room, Draco wrapped his arm around her shoulder and led her out of the common room to dinner.

After They Bond

Chapter 11 of 13

Draco Malfoy has come into his father's Veela legacy and is fighting it at every turn. The Fates aren't giving him an inch though, and neither is Hermione Granger, his destined mate!

Dinner turned out to be a complete fiasco. Draco had pushed through the doors of the Great Hall with his witch on his arm and basked in the curious and sometimes jealous looks that the other students sent their way. However, this feeling evaporated when he began to see other blokes eyeing his mate. Her appeal was now completely undeniable. He immediately began to guard her jealously, sitting at the very end of the Slytherin table and as close as possible to the door. Even sitting down had posed a problem. He didn't want her at the end of the table, open to just anyone who walked by, but he also didn't want her sitting next to anyone but him.

The beast told him to put her in his lap to feed her.

It was an instinct that he fought hard to suppress, but he managed. Instead, Hermione stayed nestled close to him as he sat on the outer side of the table. A level of her own anxiety showed on her face as she picked at her food. After a few eternal minutes, Draco shoved some food from the table into his pockets. Disregarding the new stares coming their way, he helped Hermione off the bench, and they fled to the safety of their room.

Once there, they clung to each other. They moved to the sofa by the fireplace, and Hermione voluntarily climbed into his lap and took him inside of her. They coupled slowly, tasting and kissing each other until neither could take any more.

After, they slept curled together. Then, they dined properly, efficiently devouring the strange blend of foods from Draco's pockets: the end of a roast nine, roast potatoes, bread, and the raw carrots that most students thought were on the table as garnish. When their bellies were full, they began to work on their missed class work, Hermione in Draco's satin sleep shirt, Draco in the coordinating trousers.

When they were compelled they mated, and the cycle began again. Around midnight, a basket of fruits and chocolates appeared on the table in front of their sofa. By morning, they were halfway through it.

Draco lay half awake in bed with Hermione securely in his arms. They had finished another round of slow exploratory sex a while ago, and she was now sleeping. The one window in the bedroom showed the morning light as it came through a shallow section of the lake and bathed them in a cool aquatic glow.

He hoped that they might be able to go out into public today without him turning into raving maniac. Hermione had shown nothing but devotion to him; he had nothing to worry about.

And then he felt it. The tightness in his muscles evaporated, and while he was still holding her, the tension in his arms was gone.

She sighed and smiled and stretched against him.

"Is it time for breakfast then? Do we have to?" Hermione turned on her side and curled up against his body. She nuzzled his chest before dozing a little longer.

The twenty-four hours had passed. It was almost as relieving as emptying his fangs into her this time yesterday. He traced his thumb down her cheek and lifted her chin so he could kiss her lips.

They seemed fuller. Pulling back, he looked at her. They *were* swollen. He looked her over. Her scabby mark pleased him, as did the numerous hickeys on her neck, chest, and breasts. Her belly was obscured, but he knew her navel, hips, and arse would all have love bites as well. Just looking at them reminded him of how she had moaned each time.

Her hand on his prick brought him back to reality.

"Let's skive off," Hermione whispered as she kissed his chest and began to pump him with her hand.

Then, there was that purring noise in his throat.

Draco swallowed and licked his lips. "No. We must get to breakfast and go to class."

She looked up at him with a little pout on her face even as her thumb spread his pre-cum over the tip of his cock.

Part of him wanted to push her hand away...this was no way to start their first day, especially after the Headmaster had been so generous.

It was a very small part though. Ultimately, Draco just rolled to his back and put his hands behind his head. She'd started it; he wanted to see her finish it.

Hermione looked up at him questioningly.

He curled his lip and smirked at her teasingly, wagging his eyebrows at her.

She narrowed her eyes at his challenge.

Then he realised his mistake. Just like the day before, she had mounted him. Her hair was wild and seeing her body extend up from his as she took her pleasure was mesmerising. Her skin was beginning to shine with sweat.

Draco smiled and began to set the pace himself. It was faster and harder, and she began to bounce on him.

"Come."

Hermione's head dropped so she could look him in the eye.

Draco slid his hands up her thighs, his right hand going to her hip marks.

It was over within moments, but it was beautiful! Her back arched as her mouth opened, her chin pointing to the ceiling and her hair swinging behind her back.

Catching his breath, Draco watched her slide off of him and out of bed. "Where're you off to then?"

"The loo!" Hermione spun and stuck her tongue out at him before staggering through the door.

Feeling especially elated, Draco stretched. It was truly a glorious morning.

Soon enough, though, Draco found himself climbing out of bed as well, vanishing all signs of their mess when his feet were on the floor. He walked to the sitting room to look at the clock...they still had about an hour before breakfast even started. Maybe it wasn't as late as he had thought.

The sound of water running in the bathroom pulled Draco back into the room, and then he watched as Hermione carefully came out. She was walking very gingerly.

He was by her side in three long strides. "Are you all right?"

"Just a little sore; it's nothing."

He watched her hobble over to the bed and glowered when she sighed her relief at lying down again. Luckily, Draco had several balms and potions for sore muscles, bruising, and shallow cuts...Quidditch could be a very harrowing experience. He retrieved everything he thought he would need from the bathroom and set up a small table beside the bed.

He began with a potion for cuts and scrapes, pouring liberal amounts on a flannel before gingerly dabbing her neck. It bubbled up foamy and pink, but Hermione sighed in relief. As he wiped away the foam with a clean cloth he smiled at the new silvery scar on her neck. It was smaller than he would have thought based on the scab and how many times he'd dug his teeth into her over the previous twenty-four hours. It was a little bigger than a whole almond in its shell and there were four larger spots, presumably from his fangs. He touched it gently, spellbound.

"Draco!" Hermione whined and squirmed beside him.

Her scent perfumed the air. He smirked at her. Then her hands began to press over his body. It was quite distracting. When he finally got a hold of them, he put her hands on her belly. Leaning over her Draco whispered, "I have to tend to your body, or you'll never make it through the day."

"Then tend to my body!" Hermione pulled her arms away from her chest and teased him with her bosom. She smiled broadly when his eyes darkened with lust.

"You naughty little..." Draco whispered as he kissed her. When her arms moved around his shoulders, he caught them and pushed them above her head. "You'll keep still, or I'll keep you still, darling."

"But Draco..."

"Hermione."

They stared at each other; it was a battle of wills. Draco was the underdog by far. Hermione was delectable, and he wanted to go again as much as she did. However the more he looked at her, the more he could see she needed care. They had to be at breakfast and in class and he couldn't just...

"Fine!" Hermione relented pouting a little, but she stopped moving beneath him.

Draco smiled; he was victorious! That didn't happen very often when it came down to him and Hermione. He picked up the sore muscle salve and put some in his hands. He began with her thighs, rubbing it all in very firmly and massaging her muscles before moving to her arse, back, everywhere. Luckily he remembered to cast *Impervius* on her hip marks before his hand pressed over them. He chuckled softly when Hermione huffed about losing the sensitivity there, but she remained still and quiet otherwise. Only her heavy breathing and the occasional grunt as he worked out any stubborn knots gave her away.

When he was done, she had practically melted into the bed. This was a salve that he normally only used at night before he went to sleep, but it was the best he had so he risked using it before her long day. Draco was glad that Hermione was so relaxed; it would make removing her numerous love bites that much easier. Picking up another flannel, he folded it and dipped it in the bruise cream. Then he proceeded to dab it all over her body. It took every ounce of control to ignore the way her body responded to him, but they were done soon enough.

As he was cleaning up all of his supplies Hermione asked "What about you? Surely, you must be sore too."

Draco stopped and thought about how he felt. All he could think of was 'never better'. There wasn't a sore muscle in his body. He shrugged and smiled answering back, "I'm fine. Wonderful, actually."

She pulled a face and maybe mumbled something about the inequalities of this arrangement, but he missed it as he took himself into the bathroom for a shower. He turned it on nice and cold, trying to get himself ready for the cold reality of being a student again. Dipping his head back into the spray, he turned. Through the shower door, he could see Hermione leaning in the doorway and looking at him. Draco turned the heat up just a few degrees before opening the door and extending his hand to her.

Hermione took it, sauntering naked into the shower stall with a smug glint in her eye. This only made her shriek funnier when cool water hit her. Every hair on her body stood up, and her nipples were hard in the blink of an eye. She was smacking his chest and cursing him for the frosty shower she'd wandered into.

Despite the attack, Draco was able to get to the taps and make the water warmer before tossing a flannel her way and ducking out to dry off.

He dressed quickly and was barely able to contain his mirth when Hermione came out of the shower scowling at him. She dressed; Draco noticed that she put on as much as was reasonable for a June day and gathered her things without looking at him. Still, she lingered in the doorway to the sitting room, waiting for him. Her jaw was set stubbornly, and she was very keen on examining her shoes.

Finally, Draco met her by the door and relieved her of her school bag. He nuzzled her bare neck, delighting in her scent and how she'd automatically put her hair in a high ponytail for him.

"Saturday, we will do as you please," he whispered in her ear, and she shivered as his breath moved over her.

Still she didn't look at him, and he could see that she was trying very hard to stick to her guns.

"You don't really want to miss another day's classes, do you? Not when it's Potions, and Runes, and *Arithmancy*." Draco stroked her cheek with the backs of his knuckles. He watched her eyes flutter before she looked up at him.

"That's my stubborn, little swot." Draco smiled.

Hermione huffed, her hair flying as she turned her head and moved to cross the threshold, but he caught her hand and pulled her back. His arms wrapped around her waist so he was holding her back against his chest. His lips moved to the bare side of her neck; he didn't want to tempt either of them by getting near his mark. "Brains of the Golden Trio." Nip. Kiss. "Future Head Girl." Lick. Suck. "Top in her class." Kiss. Lick. "Brightest witch in a generation." Gods she was rutting against him, and he was so ready for her. "Fucking hell, Granger, you're going to make me come in my pants."

And then he had her pressed into the wall, their school bags falling to the floor. His prick rubbed her arse through their complete uniforms.

"Just do it, Malfoy." Hermione pushed back into him, and that alone was very arousing. However, what set him off was not her lovely arse, but the tone of her voice. It was as if they'd been trading insults in the halls. This was one of his secret fantasies he'd had since third year: Granger, against a wall and desperate for his cock. Her voice was raspy and thick, and it sent him over.

He was leaning on her, panting, and he was embarrassed at the quick end but also ready for more. After a moment, he stepped away and cleaned himself up using a couple of spells every wizard past puberty knew. Then he leaned over her. On her neck was a new love bite, and he was thrilled.

"Draco-o!" Hermione whined, and he could smell her need.

"I think *that* will be your burden for tempting me all morning long." She turned, sucking in a deep breath so she could begin her rant, but he put a finger to her lips and said, "Imagine how wet your knickers will be by the end of the day, darling."

Hermione swallowed and blushed.

Draco knew it was the idea of walking around school all day with sopping knickers and the knowledge that he *her* wanted her ready all day long such a naughty idea that had her so embarrassed. "Do you think it's the venom that makes you so... amenable to such an idea?" He picked up her hand and kissed her fingertips.

She frowned thoughtfully and shrugged. "I don't know."

"Is any part of you bothered by it? Any tiny part?"

Hermione closed her eyes to consider it. Ultimately, she shook her head softly although she still looked very pensive.

Draco nodded. "I want you to tell me if you have even the slightest hesitation or revulsion at any point, Hermione."

Her big brown eyes opened, and she nodded. They were both aware of the seriousness of this moment.

"I could make you do anything, Hermione; you have no idea. I don't want to do anything that you don't want; we both have to be very careful. I will make it my life's work to keep your will yours."

A shy smile spread across her lips, and she nodded.

Finally, Draco stepped back and held her hand with their fingers interlaced. They managed to finally leave their rooms and make it to the Great Hall for breakfast.

12:With Lucius

Chapter 12 of 13

Draco Malfoy has come into his father's Veela legacy and is fighting it at every turn. The Fates aren't giving him an inch though, and neither is Hermione Granger, his destined mate!

The Great Hall went completely silent when Draco and Hermione walked through the doorway. Every head turned to look, and then they just sat there, watching. It was as if a stalemate had been declared...Hermione and Draco standing frozen in the doorway and all of the students staring back at them, some occasionally remembering to blink.

Finally, the Headmaster cleared his throat loudly, and the hall came back to life.

Draco stepped forward, moving decisively to the Gryffindor table, where the sixth-years were all sitting together. He could still feel eyes on him as he led Hermione to her friends.

"Potter. Weasley. Finnegan," he greeted with polite disinterest, as he helped Hermione take a seat on the bench.

"M-Malfoy." Potter was the only one quick enough on the take to realise what was happening. By that point, Draco was already kissing Hermione's palm. He turned away without another word to the Gryffindors, walking to the Slytherin table with as much arrogant purpose as he could manage in the hundred feet from where he left Hermione to where he took his own seat.

He had to send four third-year Slytherin boys scattering from the table, but soon he was holding Hermione's gaze as she chatted with her friends. Occasionally, she would blush and drop her chin, side-stepping questions or comments that her friends sent her way. He laughed out loud when Lavender Brown all but shoved Finnigan out of the way, instantly barraging Hermione with muted questions. Hermione just rolled her eyes and laughed.

"Well, they aren't joined at the hip any more, Crabbe, do you think we've got our mate back?" Zabini asked in a hushed voice as they moved to sit across from Draco, careful not to obstruct his view of Hermione.

Hearing the word 'mate' made Draco sit up, his back arching slightly as he sucked a deep breath through his nose. Oh! He could smell her from here! He could smell her on him, and he loved it. However, the hall smelt of porridge and tea and *Hermione*.

"Oi! Malfoy!" Crabbe snapped his fingers, reaching over the table just slightly.

Coming out of the fog, Draco smirked at his friends and tucked into breakfast as his friends filled him in on the latest news around the school.

They spent the rest of the day together, Hermione joining him at the Slytherin table for lunch where she ate quietly except for the one zinger she sent in Crabbe's direction. She did it with such nonchalance that, while Draco and Blaise got it right away, no one else did. When they finally figured it out, they chuckled softly. She sat with such pleased satisfaction on her features that all of the blokes warmed to her immediately and all the witches' stares turned icy cold.

Classes were a breeze. They shared tables now, and their collective attentions were directed on their work.

Draco was called to meet with the Headmaster after his classes to confirm that he would go back to normal Slytherin scheduling next year, and that he no longer needed additional accommodations from the school besides a place to stay with Hermione. The headmaster even shook his hand, again congratulating him on the fine accomplishments he'd achieved over the year. Draco wasn't certain what those achievements were exactly, but he thanked the headmaster and went on his way.

Everything seemed so right with the world as he walked back from the meeting that he found himself whistling, the echoes merrily bouncing off the dungeon walls. That was until he smelled his father's pheromones drifting up the hallway to meet him. He quickened his pace to his suite.

Opening the door, he found his father dressing down Hermione. She held their half-grown kitten in her arms, and her head was bowed so he couldn't see her expression. His father's expression was familiar...he was lecturing her, condescension and ridicule turning his features towards cruel beauty.

"What is the meaning of this?" Draco demanded, barely keeping his voice from snarling. His pheromones were responding to his father's now, trying to reclaim the room. He also felt his skin tighten on his muscles as he approached the centre of the room. It was useless territorialism.

"Draco, good. I was awaiting your arrival when, to my surprise, Miss Granger walked through the door with *Zabini*."

The way he sneered the final words told Draco all that he needed to know. "I had a meeting with the Headmaster directly after Arithmancy. Blaise and Hermione left without me. I knew all about it." His father was acting like a jealous fool, and Draco didn't want to hear it.

"You haven't even had her for twenty-four hours. What kind of a... *man* lets his witch walk with other men unchaperoned. He will steal her from you."

Draco could see his father's flesh tightening in that way that meant he was barely reigning in his own internal beast. He was the patriarch of the family, and Draco was nothing but a young buck, so to speak. These were choppy waters to navigate.

Out of the corner of his eye, Draco saw Hermione swoon and dashed to catch her. The kitten fell gracefully to the ground, and Draco picked up Hermione and took her to the couch, where he laid her against the armrest, her knees over his lap.

"Don't be bloody daft, Father! Blaise is the one person who has been pushing me towards her since I confirmed her identity as the one."

Lucius didn't respond to Draco's claim, only turned and began pacing away a few steps. "What about her mark? Why has it been healed? Why is she even out of bed, Draco? She'll never get pregnant this way!" He moved to loom over them, as Draco comforted Hermione and smoothed some loose curls away from her face.

"We aren't trying for heirs at this point, Father. We haven't had a chance to discuss the future yet," Draco said as he ground his teeth together, anything he could do to keep his temper in check.

His father didn't hear a word he was saying, apparently, as he continued to rant. "Have you any idea how long your mother and I tried for you? Since she was fourteen! It took years to conceive!"

This was nothing that Draco felt he could respond to. It had been a hit on his father's pride...mostly because of his Veela nature...that he hadn't brought forth an heir earlier, and that there had been only him.

"Pack your things; I'm taking you both home," Lucius announced as he sank into a chair, making it look like a throne.

"Rhenium...We'll do no such thing," Hermione spoke with a strong but quiet tone. Opening one eye, she glared at her would-be father-in-law.

"Control her," Lucius instructed.

"Not for all the gold in Gringotts." Draco smirked.

Hermione sat forward, rolling her neck, before turning to Lucius and saying, "Bismuth...I'll have no babies until my parents...." She closed her eyes, breathing deep breaths, before she continued, "Seaborgium...until my parents approve!"

"What is she babbling about, Draco?"

However, Draco's attention was focused on Hermione's rump, as she was now standing right in front of him, facing down his father.

"Ununocium...Muggle chemistry, Mister Malfoy. It's how...Samarium...I beat the pheromones." Hermione pulled her shoulders back triumphantly.

Lucius frowned up at her, a puzzled look on his face. Slowly he stood, sliding his fingers from both hands up under her jaw, carefully looking over Hermione's face. "What else is off about you?"

The gentle caress of his voice and the earnest expression of his face had Hermione's mouth opening to answer. However, Draco stood and wrapped arms around her waist, pulling her against him and out of his father's hand.

"She's perfection, everything that I want, and nothing else." He paused as a subtle clacking, a threatening rhythm tumbling from high in his chest. "We are staying for the rest of the term. When we go to King's Cross, we will hide her marks from her parents and meet them at the train station, and you'll behave. You'll do better than behave, actually, you'll make friends with those Muggles, at least so they like me enough to... approve. I won't separate her from her birthright any more than she let me separate from mine." Draco looked meaningfully at his father.

Lucius ignored what his son was saying and looked at them suspiciously. "She should be finding you irresistible, Draco. I demand evidence that you've done this properly. I am not leaving without it. Stop this nonsense and prove to me that you've claimed her."

Draco felt Hermione back into his body. She was nodding softly, giving him consent to show this vulnerable, intimate side of her to his father. Draco grit his teeth before pressing his lips to her mark and ending the charms on her as quietly as possible so his father couldn't hear him. Immediately, Hermione arched against his body, sighing in delight before turning to press her body against his. For Hermione, Lucius was totally forgotten. When her arms wrapped around his neck so she could pull herself up for a kiss, Draco's hands moved to her hips, holding her down so she stood on the ground.

When he looked at his father, Draco saw his eyes full of more pride than he'd ever seen from him. His heart swelled, and he forgot for the moment all of the qualms he had.

Lucius tilted his head to the bedroom door, and Draco took the hint to get rid of Hermione. She pouted as she pulled away from him but managed to make it through the bedroom door, shutting it softly behind her. Draco was dying to follow, but his father wanted a word in private. However, he did watch as she walked out of the room, her skirt flouncing with every step.

Once the door was closed, Lucius picked up his travelling cloak, and walked to the door. He turned to Draco, and said, "She is remarkable. You have given our family a bright future with her."

Draco nodded, silently accepting the praise.

"She must not, however, be so impertinent for the ritual. Be ready at the solstice, Draco."

"Father, must we?"

"Why do you resist so?" Lucius asked with great impatience.

Draco sighed.

"You must present her. She must be welcomed, and the knots tied."

"Fine. You can make the ritual arrangements, but we'll decide the public ones. Be ready for a long courtship, Father." Lucius opened his mouth to protest, but Draco opened the door, and said, "If you'll excuse me, there is a beautiful girl waiting for me in the bedroom."

Lucius closed his mouth and smiled, quickly advancing through the door. Once the door was shut, Draco warded it, not wanting any interruptions as he hurried to his room, loosening his tie and trying to forget what his father had told him. He would have to figure out a way to protect Hermione without tipping his father off. What that way was, he had no idea.

Back to Hogwarts

Chapter 13 of 13

Draco Malfoy has come into his father's Veela legacy and is fighting it at every turn. The Fates aren't giving him an inch though, and neither is Hermione Granger, his destined mate!

After Lucius left, Draco and Hermione spent their time before dinner... well, shagging. As they hurried over to the Slytherin table, they were clean but ruffled, pulling on the day's clothes after quick, cold showers. Luckily, the Great Hall was mostly empty by the time they got there; dinner was almost over and very few Slytherins remained to notice their very late arrival.

Only Blaise dared to snicker at them, especially as Hermione ravaged a turkey leg covered with gravy, followed by mashed potatoes, and some winter berries for dessert. She maintained her manners, glaring at Blaise even as her cheeks flamed.

Draco, sitting beside her, kept his left hand on her back. He was quite amused, and he liked that his friends felt comfortable with Hermione.

When they were finished, the three meandered to the common room, Draco standing between Blaise and Hermione, his fingertips knotted with hers. Draco and Blaise were talking about the Quidditch match the next day, weighing the odds and trying to lure Hermione into a row by picking on the Gryffindor team.

As they passed through the door, Hermione looked at Blaise and said, "Ron will guard the posts and Harry will catch the snitch, and we'll be up by two hundred when he does."

"That sounds like a bet, that does," Blaise tested as he imagined what he could bet the naive Gryffindor for.

Hermione smiled, turning her head toward Draco, who had slid his fingers down to her Imperviused hip marks. "I don't make bets with Slytherins."

"Besides, you'd lose, Zabini," Draco drawled as he led Hermione to a short sofa in a darker corner of the room.

Blaise feigned hurt, clutching his chest. Then he turned to sit across from Vince, who had set up a game of Wizard's Chess. All the furniture was low, modern looking, black leather couches and arm chairs. Hermione sighed.

Claiming the match against the winner, Draco pulled Hermione into the crook of his arm. Then he dropped his lips to her ear and whispered, "When Potter gets the snitch tomorrow, we can go up to the party."

Hermione smiled up at him before her brow furrowed. "You don't have to, I mean, I can just go up for a little while in the morning or something."

"We'll call it my apology for not suspecting my father would come at the first possible moment. I'm surprised he wasn't here before breakfast," Draco grumbled. His father held fast to traditions that should have stopped long ago. The more Draco had learned about them over the summer, the less he liked. He'd have to figure something out for the ritual, but he wasn't quite sure of anything yet.

"Why are some of the clusters in the corners of the room, and some in the centre?" Hermione whispered, pulling him out of his thoughts.

Draco smiled. How had he ever thought her questions were annoying? "For the most part, we stick with our year, and only first, second, or third years sit in the centre of the room."

Hermione nodded. "When a class graduates, the new fourth years take their spots."

"Unless they are ousted. This is the best corner, we took it our fourth year from the fifth years."

Vince added quietly, "They've never gotten over it, three years later and all." He chuckled softly, as he put Blaise into checkmate.

Hermione watched the king beg for mercy from the newly placed rook and nodded.

Draco gave Hermione's hip a squeeze as he moved to sit in Blaise's vacated chair. From the corner of his eye, he saw Hermione frown, then stand. She climbed over the back of the chair, it being broad enough to perch on, especially with Draco at the front of the cushion, sorting out chess pieces.

Scanning the room, he saw more than a few sideways looks. They were under serious surveillance, most notably from Elsworth and her coven. She must be ready to have kittens by now, watching Hermione be so uncouth as to climb over the back of a chair. Draco turned and pulled Hermione into his lap, chuckling at her surprised 'oomph'. He began to play with her hair as it hung down from her pony tail.

"Merlin, get a room, you two," Vincent muttered as he planned his first move.

Draco gazed around the room for anyone who was still so foolish as to be watching them. After staring down a couple of seventh years and a fifth year, he focused on the game. He absently pointed the wand at the chair so that it grew wider, wide enough that he could sit with Hermione and not be distracted by having her in his lap.

"Draco, who's that?" Hermione whispered, trying not to draw too much attention to a chubby little girl sitting by herself.

"A runt."

"What do you mean 'a runt'."

"Someone of no importance whatsoever."

"But why is she all alone?"

Draco looked up at the girl as if seeing her for the first time. She was so plain, with a terrible haircut that looked like she'd seen more than one badly perform sheering charm. He knew all about the younger boys in his house, but nothing about the girls. That's what the older girls were for. He simply shrugged and turned back to his game.

Hermione stood up and went to their room. Draco was more than confused, feeling suddenly cold now that she wasn't near him. He couldn't believe that she was daft enough to walk through the common room without him near her, but it wouldn't do to chase after her at this point. She disappeared behind the door to the Head's suite and came back a moment later with a stack of messy notes in her hand.

Draco watched, his face calm, and even made his next move of the game. However, everyone turned to look when Hermione started talking.

"Oi! You there. You a second year?"

The little girl startled. The other girls in her year tittered maliciously. Hermione gave a long suffering sigh before looking at the other girls impatiently. They immediately clammed up, barely keeping the fear from their little faces. The girl squeaked and said, "N-no. I'm a third year."

Hermione's face softened, and she said, "I need someone to organise these notes; they got mixed up when the elves moved my things into the Head's suite. Bring your things over to our corner and do this, and you can study there too."

Hermione walked behind the young girl back to the cluster where Draco and Blaise were playing chess. Hissing whispers began to flicker as students watched the proceedings, although they went dead quiet when Hermione walked passed Draco.

He stole a caress off the side of her hip, and she smiled at him. Then, she sat at the opposite end of the couch from the girl who was busily working her task and began to read. It only took a few minutes to straighten things out.

"Where's your homework?" Hermione demanded as the girl passed back Hermione's notes.

Still stricken with awe and fear, the girl dug out her homework and passed it to Hermione with trembling hands.

"You have Potions, Transfiguration, and Charms tomorrow?"

The little girl barely nodded, and whispered, "Yes, Missus Malfoy."

Her words rippled through the room, and Draco felt his heart race. What had petrified him a few months ago seemed like the most natural thing in the world now. Hermione Malfoy. He liked it. A lot.

Hermione smiled down at her. "Then let's check your work." Hermione looked over the Potions assignment, one that she had helped a couple third year Gryffindors with already, and pointed out the ones that were entirely wrong.

Draco barely noticed when Vince put him in checkmate; his mind was focused on Hermione and the girl, as well as actually marrying her. The tiny protests of his king went unheard. Instead, like most everyone else in the room, he was watching Hermione. He couldn't believe that she was just helping this girl who had never said two words to her before. When she passed back the Potions assignment, she did the same review of the Transfiguration and Charms assignments.

Finally she finished and looked up at Draco. He raised his eyebrows at her and shook his head.

Suddenly nervous, Hermione looked at Vince and said, "Let everyone know that she's allowed to sit here when she needs to study." Then Hermione looked down at the girl and smiled. "I don't want to see any of your little friends over here when you study. This does not mean that third years are allowed to sit with us. Just you."

"Hermione," Draco interrupted trying to keep his impatience out of his voice. He hadn't really meant to stay in the common room as long as they had, and he really wanted to be alone with her again, as of at least thirty minutes ago. All of these thoughts of everyone knowing she was his and his alone made him want to take her to bed as soon as possible.

She smiled up at him and held her hands up so he could lift her off the couch. Without another word to anyone else, they walked to the Head's suite. Once the door clicked shut, Draco had her body pressed against his, ending the spells on her body. They barely made it to the couch before Draco's mouth was on her neck, and they were lost in each other.

Draco was listening to Hermione's slow breathing as he was curled behind her on the couch, staring into the fire. She was dozing, and a large part of him felt at peace. His father's plans worried him, though. He couldn't think of anything short of fleeing that would get them out of it. A life on the run from his father and their Veela clan was not what he wanted.

A laboured sigh passed through his lips, not that he noticed. There just had to be another way.

"Are you going to just sigh all night long, or are you going to tell me what's wrong. Is it because I helped that girl?" Hermione asked sleepily, startling Draco out of his thoughts. She tried to turn around and look at him, but Draco stopped her with his hand on her ribs.

"Of course not," Draco whispered as he began to play with her hair. Steeling himself to brave her answer, he asked, "What was it like for you when you were alone with my father?"

"It was...," Hermione trailed off. She hesitated a minute and then said, "It was like with you, the tingling and the smell, but... wrong. Well...not wrong, just... not right."

"It's because he's my father, the closest male to me in the clan. Did you read about bonding rituals?" Draco brushed the hair away from her shoulder and kissed her there.

"We have to do a bonding ritual? I thought those became really unpopular at the turn of the nineteenth century."

Draco closed his eyes and smelled her skin. "They did. However, my father, as you know, likes to hold fast to tradition, however abhorrent." He continued to trail his nose across the top of her back. She wasn't relaxed anymore. This time, when she tried to turn, he didn't stop her.

"Your father wants to make *me* part of his clan?" she asked incredulously. "Lucius Malfoy wants to make *me*, a Muggle-born, part of his clan. Forever."

"I'm going to figure something out, Hermione, I swear. I'm not going to let him do that to us, to you." Draco looked her straight in the eye.

She looked back at him, her eyes covering every millimetre of his skin...his nose, his mouth, his eyes. "When?"

Draco swallowed. They didn't have much time. "The summer solstice." They looked at each other, each blinking slowly, as the date loomed between them. He thought for a moment that he could see her calculating.

Then, Hermione shrugged her shoulders and said, "Fine."

He couldn't believe his ears. She obviously didn't understand what was happening here. "Hermione, if anything happens to me, you'll be his. He wouldn't let you go back to your parents. You'd have to do as the clan wants, what my father wants. He'd use his pheromones on you like he tried to earlier, and he wouldn't think twice about making you do what he wants. This is absolutely not *'fine'*."

"Well, not fine, but totally handleable." She was smiling at him. Then she rolled off the couch and walked to a bookshelf. What was she up to?

He watched her standing there, naked as the day she was born, looking over the shelves. She was beautiful, and Draco's bewilderment was lessened as he looked at the curves of her calves, thighs, arse, and waist until she was hidden by her hair. He was tempted to just walk up behind her and press against her. He had just convinced himself to do it when she pulled a thin book off the shelf and turned to walk back to the couch.

Draco sat up, and made room for her to sit. "What's that?"

"A gift from Fleur Weasley. Ginny told her about us, and she sent it by owl months ago."

Draco didn't know why it even mattered. What could a *Weasley* send her that might help them now? "So?"

"So, I just need to confirm what I read."

Draco was confused and losing his patience. "Hermione, what are you talking about?"

"You don't remember Fleur, *Fleur Delacour*, from Beauxbatons?"

"The 'half-Veela'?" Draco snorted. "There aren't half-Veelas. I asked my father about that. He said they weren't really Veela; it was just their shoddy claim to fame."

"What, like Muggles can't have *magical* children? Or children of Muggles can't do magic like children with *magical* parents." Hermione gave him a pointed look.

Draco felt his guts clench a little.

"The *voie de la femme*, Draco. It's the answer," she replied, still focused on her book.

"Fine, what's the *voie de la femme*?"

"It's the answer." Hermione asserted and smiled, and then she began reading.

"This is the story, told to me by my grandmother, as her grandmother had told it to her, as it had been told by matrons for hundreds of years..."
