

When It Rains

by Hanagasume

He loved the smell of the rain on her skin.

Written for the Malfoy Manor One-Shot Weeklies: Prompt #1.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Thanks go out to Meiri for her help with beta-ing this chapter.

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Thunder and lightning rolled through the sky outside, flashing through the dark grey clouds as the rain fell heavily to the ground.

The glass of the window began to fog up as his warm breath washed over it. Pressing his forehead to the pane, he closed his eyes and allowed the sound of the rain falling against the roof to soothe him. When he opened his eyes, he could just barely make out a figure moving towards the house from down the road, a flash of a red umbrella the only thing that identified them as a person. He smiled and got up from the armchair beside the window, walking to the door and heading out into the hallway.

Walking down to the ground floor, he pressed the button beside the door, a buzzing noise sounding as the door to the outside unlocked. He opened the door just in time to receive his guest, who despite having her red umbrella, was soaked through to the skin. He smiled at her soggy appearance and reached out to pinch a damp curl between two of his fingers, pulling it down, amused to see that it didn't bounce right back up. Instead it hung limply to her shoulder, sticking to the rest of the wet mass.

She grinned and brushed his hand away, closing her umbrella and walking past him to make her way up the stairs.

Shaking his head, he followed her wordlessly to the top and took her hand to lead the way to his apartment. Touching his hand to the doorknob, he unlocked it and opened the door wide, stepping just inside and allowing her the time to get a good look around his sitting room. She turned to him and flashed him a wide smile.

'I like it,' she said softly, walking inside and pulling him along with her out of the doorway.

'I'm glad you approve,' he murmured, pulling out his wand from the back pocket of his jeans and flicking it at the door to close and lock it once more.

'Can I use your bathroom to clean up a little?' she asked, gesturing at herself vaguely.

'Come,' he said, holding out a hand to her.

She took it and let him show her to the bathroom. It was clean, just as he always liked it. He had cleaned just that morning to make sure that everything was in perfect order

for her visit. Walking inside, and without a care in the world that the door was open and he was still standing there, she pulled her sweater and the shirt beneath it over her head. His eyes widened as she tossed the sodden clothing aside.

The smooth, pale skin of her back drew his gaze. He felt his body grow warm as he looked his fill. The lacy black straps of her bra drew his eyes up to her slender shoulders and along the smooth column of her neck as she piled her wet hair atop her head and secured it with her wand. He allowed a harsh puff of breath pass his lips as she turned to face him, and he saw the outline of her hard nipples pressing against the sodden lacy cups. Her hand went to the button of her jeans, and as she drew the zip down and shimmied awkwardly out of the wet denim, he felt his knees become weak.

The squelching sound her clothes made as they hit the tile floor snapped him back out of his daze as he took her in.

'Hermione,' he choked out softly.

She smiled coquettishly and stepped towards him, pressing her front against him. 'Draco, I'm all wet and I need a hot shower,' she whispered, her lips resting momentarily against his chin in a soft kiss. 'Join me.'

He swallowed hard, trying as hard as he could to keep his hands to himself, even as she pressed her soft body into his even more. He saw her small frown at his refusal to respond and felt his arousal grow at her desire for him. She never failed to arouse him and show him how desirable she found him. Before Hermione, Draco had never once felt as though he meant something to anyone.

He was about to pry her off him when her lips pressed hard against his. At first he was too shocked to react, but soon the insistent movement of her soft lips enticed him to move his own in kind. Her tongue snaked out and traced the seam of his mouth and he accepted it readily. His breathing became hard as their passion increased, his nose filling with the sweet scent of the rain on her skin. It was perfect.

'Shower,' she moaned as she broke the kiss.

He nodded and withdrew his wand, flicking it in the direction of the shower to turn on the taps. Placing his wand beside the sink, he pulled away for just long enough to pull his shirt over his head and unbutton his jeans, kicking them off to the side. Hermione sauntered up to him, tucking her fingers into his shorts and pushing them off his hips to fall to the floor also. He smiled and reciprocated, unsnapping her bra and pushing her underwear off as well.

'You are beautiful,' he said, his eyes walking over her round breasts with her pink nipples standing proudly, down to the tight brown curls between the apex of her thighs.

'So are you,' she replied, raising a hand to run her fingers through his silky blond locks.

He smirked and pulled her with him into the shower stall and under the spray. His hands immediately went to her breasts. He palmed them and rubbed his palms over her nipples, feeling them harden even further. She moaned softly as he pinched them between his fingers softly. Trailing his hands down her body, he ran one hand over her bum, gently squeezing one of the globes before he slipped it around the front to palm her mound. Slipping his fingers between her folds, he felt the slickness that had already begun to build up between her legs.

The look on her face as she threw her head back and moaned was reminiscent of the first time they had shared with one another. He had made love to her in the Prefect's bathroom, the heat in the rooms coating the walls with moisture and fogging the mirrors, much as they were in his own bathroom. That had been just one year before, the night before their graduation from Hogwarts.

He was brought back out of his thoughts when he felt her small hand wrap around his hardened length and sucked in a deep breath.

'Hermione, please,' he pleaded, voice husky with desire. 'If you keep touching me, I won't last.'

She giggled softly and released him from her grip, but not without a quick stroke upwards, causing his hips to jerk towards her. He grit his teeth and took a deep breath before dropping to his knees before her and lifting one of her legs over his shoulder. He kissed his way up her thigh and sucked hard on her thigh, leaving a red mark that would turn purple by the next morning. Using his fingers to gently part her folds, he ran his tongue from top to bottom, suckling on her clit, causing her to squirm and squeal.

'Oh, Draco! Please!' she pleaded, grasping his blond hair and tugging upwards gently. 'Please, no more torment.'

He pushed himself up into a standing position and grasped her bum, pulling her up against him and urging her to wrap her legs around his waist. Stepping out of the shower, he grabbed his wand and turned the shower off and cast a drying charm over the both of them before walking them across the hall and into his bedroom. He eased her onto the bed and stood up straight to admire her.

'You are divine,' he said softly, climbing onto the bed beside her and running a hand down her side to cup her hip. 'Part your legs for me.'

She smiled and complied, shifting her legs apart and reaching out to pull him over her. He rested on his elbows, hovering above her with the tip of his hardness pressing against her centre. With a quick thrust, he slid into her moist channel, pausing for a moment to adjust to the sensation of being wrapped within her warmth. He covered her lips with his and kissed her softly, gently teasing her tongue as he began to move. Her small hands gripped his bum as he thrust into her as a steady pace.

It wasn't long until he felt a tingle in his lower back and his stomach tightening at his impending release. Dropping a hand between them, he rubbed his thumb in steady circles over the small bundle of nerves at the apex of her thighs. It wasn't long until he felt the muscles of her warm channel contracting around his length as she came. He thrust into her two more times and came with a shout before collapsing just to the side of her.

When their breathing returned to normal, and he was able to find the energy to open his eyes and look at her, Draco let a sated sigh escape him.

'I'm sorry that you didn't get the grand tour before this,' he said with a small chuckle.

She smiled and giggled slightly. 'I'm not,' she replied, running her hand down one of his toned arms.

They lay on their backs beside one another for a while, and it wasn't until he heard the sound of her breathing change that Draco turned to look at her again. She had fallen asleep, her dark eyelashes against her porcelain skin creating a stunning contrast. He touched the skin of her cheek, revelling in the softness. She was perfect. Laying his head on his pillow so that he was facing her, he wrapped one long arm around her and curled against her side. It wasn't long before sleep took him also.

He woke some time later to the feeling of a gentle hand travelling over his chest. Opening one eye to look over, he found Hermione was sitting up in the bed beside him with a cheerful expression on her face.

'You are so beautiful,' she murmured softly. 'Why must we hide what we have with each other? I would be so proud to be seen on your arm in front of everyone.'

'I don't want you to be shunned for having any sort of association with a Malfoy,' he replied, pulling her down so that her head rested on his chest.

'Are you ashamed of me?'

'Never think that,' he said quickly, tangling a hand in her riot of brown curls.

'I want to tell my friends about us,' she said seriously.

'I won't stop you.'

He breathed her scent in deeply as he dropped a kiss to the top of her head. She still smelled of rain and whatever perfume she usually wore. Their shower had not washed away the heady smell that drove him to distraction. She kissed him on his lips and flashed him a smile that told him more of her feelings for him than either of them had ever said aloud. He knew that he loved her and that the feeling was mutual, and between them it seemed that the words were unnecessary. After a while the pair got out of bed, dressing in fresh clothes and going to his kitchen to find something to eat. After they were full of food, she led him over to the window where he had sat before she had arrived.

He sat in the armchair, and she on his lap, and they stared out the window as they listened to the sound of the rain as it continued to fall...