

Room 213

by Moreteadk

After an argument on the fourth day of her honeymoon, Hermione stomps off to ask for a different hotel room. What she gets is both unique and unexpected.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Fine!"

"Fine!"

It was not until she was outside, having slammed the door viciously behind her, that Hermione realised she had just lost herself a place to spend the night. There was no way she was going back in there. She did not want to give him the satisfaction of watching her be angry with him. She wanted him to walk around in there, be angry all by himself and start thinking about how much of an idiot he was sometimes. Tomorrow morning she would find him and allow him to beg her for forgiveness. If he sounded sufficiently sincere, she might even grant it; but right now she did not even want to look at him.

She sighed and while walking down to the reception decided that the first part of Draco's penance could be paying for her to get a different room for the night. It was not as if he would miss the money.

A sleepy receptionist gave Hermione a stiff looking smile as she approached the front desk. Some people have a certain ability to stay service-minded through an awkward or unpleasant situation, to never let it show that anything was even remotely outside of the norm and thereby put the customer more at ease. This man was not one of those people.

"Mrs. Malfoy, isn't it?" he said, obviously pretending that he had not seen the thunderous look on her face. "How are you enjoying your honeymoon so far?"

"I'm not, as you can probably guess from the fact that I'm *down here* in the middle of the night. Turns out I married an idiot," Hermione replied irritably. She had no patience with the clerk's forced politeness. "I need a room for the night. Any room."

The receptionist's smile turned a little bit stiffer as he tried and failed to not let the awkwardness of the situation show. "Certainly, Mrs. Malfoy," he replied, reaching for his wand.

A few flicks and swishes at his books turned his smile still stiffer. It was really more of a grimace now rather than anything that could be mistaken for a smile.

"Erm, I'm afraid we don't have anything available at the moment," he told her.

Typical. "Look, there must be something. Anything!" Hermione said. "Right now I'd happily take a mattress in a cupboard."

"I'm sorry, but all our rooms are taken for the evening." At least he had stopped trying to look like he was smiling; now it looked more like pity which was nearly, but not

quite, worse. "Unless..." he added hesitantly.

Hermione caught him glancing around as if he was afraid they might be overheard.

"Unless what?" she prompted.

"Well, there is one room... But we don't normally put anybody in there. Supposedly, strange things go on in it."

"What sort of strange things?" Hermione asked.

"I don't know; they didn't tell me," the receptionist said. "I was just told there were strange things and not to put any guests in it."

"It'll do," Hermione said, making a swift decision. Strange things did not scare her. It was probably just a Boggart or something like that, and she knew how to deal with those. She just wanted a place to sleep. "You can put the room on my stupid husband's bill."

"But I can't, Mrs. Malfoy!"

"Look, it's late and I'm tired and cranky. I'll make sure there will be a generous tip for you, and *to* mean generous if you make this easy for me. I also promise not to complain about any weirdness that may or may not occur. May I just have the key, please?"

The receptionist struggled with his thoughts for a little while, obviously regretting he had mentioned the room in the first place, but eventually he opened a desk drawer and took out a key which he handed over to her. "Just... please be discreet. With a little luck nobody will notice that you went in there at all."

"Fine, I promise," Hermione said, taking the key. It all felt rather ridiculous, sneaking into a hotel room that she just booked, but if it meant she did not have to be around Draco until tomorrow morning, she could live with a little silliness.

The room was near the end of a corridor, and someone had even charmed the door to look like just another section of wall. The only things giving away its presence was the unusually long stretch between the neighbouring doors, and the fact that there did not immediately appear to be a room 213 between rooms 212 and 214. Clever, she thought, that the mysterious secret room happened to be a number thirteen. The hotel staff could easily explain that away to curious guests as sheer superstition.

As she touched the tip of the key to the place where the door ought to be, the wall shimmered and faded away to reveal a door looking considerably less worn than the neighbouring doors.

The room itself contained old-fashioned furniture, mostly brown and orange, and there was a thick layer of dust on every surface. Clearly nobody had set foot in this room since the mid-seventies.

The dust was tickling Hermione's nose and she sneezed once, but a few flicks of her wand took care of that problem. There was no heat on in the room and there was nothing around that she could use to light a fire, but the bed was made with a thick quilt, so Hermione decided she could live with it for one night.

She undressed quickly and slipped into the bed, wondering briefly if she should transfigure her shirt into a nightie or not, but eventually dismissed the thought. She simply could not be bothered to get out of bed again.

As she lay in bed waiting for sleep to come, Hermione's thoughts returned to Draco. Maybe he had not really been *that* unreasonable. Or maybe he had, but she had been equally unreasonable. Had it not been a ridiculous thing to argue about in the first place? If they had not got into a row he would probably have been snuggling up to her right now, running his hand slowly up her thigh, pushing her nightie aside as he did. After all, it *was* their honeymoon.

Hermione sighed. Married for four days and at odds already. What a stupid start to their married life. Not wanting to think about it any longer, she continued to try and imagine what Draco would be doing if they were in bed together right now.

The imagined hand on her thigh continued up to her stomach, resting there for a moment before moving further up to cup one of her breasts. He would press kisses against her skin, starting at her shoulder before trailing them down to her other breast. Another hand on her other leg, sliding between them to rest against her inner thigh.

Hermione was brought temporarily out of her fantasy when she realised that she had managed to put imaginary Draco in a physically impossible position, but it did not seem as though imaginary Draco really minded, because the sensation of his hands on her body only increased.

Oh well, why not? She smiled and closed her eyes again, deciding to just pretend that giving him a flexible body was completely possible through some creative, but harmless, charm work.

It worked excellently for a while. She even promised herself to look into what sort of spells she might need to cast on him later for the same effect in reality, and how she might be able to convince him to let her do it. If she could make him agree to it, she would have his hands and mouth in just exactly the right places.

This was actually quite an extraordinary fantasy. It seemed so real, almost as if there really were someone's hands on her body. When another hand appeared on her other thigh, gently pushing them apart, Hermione happily complied.

Wait a minute. Breast, thigh, other thigh. When did fantasy Draco grow three arms? And this really *was* a very life-like fantasy. Even at this moment of wonder, where she was not actually imagining Draco doing anything herself, it continued.

Hermione lay on her back for a while staring at the ceiling and tried to let go of the fantasy, but it was not working. Then she tried to get out of bed, thinking that if she could just walk around for a bit, she would be able to let it go and fall asleep. As she began to sit up the imaginary hands tightened their hold on her, gently pushing her back against the mattress.

Beginning to get a little scared, Hermione tried struggling against the mysterious ghostly hands, but they still did not let her up. How could non-corporeal hands be so firm and unyielding? This must be what the receptionist had meant with 'strange things happening.' She lay back again, thinking about what to do. Her wand was out of reach, and she did not have the first clue for how to fight this thing off.

She tried lifting her head, experimenting with how much the hands would allow her to move. There was no protest, and none either when she pushed the quilt off her upper body. It was a full moon night and the light shining through the window was just enough so she could make out the contours of her body.

Ghosts were something that Hermione was familiar. She had known several of them while at Hogwarts, and she had also met a couple in Draco's childhood home. She knew what a ghost looked like, but there was nothing to be seen here except her own naked body.

The hands on her body continued with their caresses, unheeding of the fact that she was no longer paying attention to what they were doing. A gentle rolling of her nipple drew her attention to that area. She could see the erect nipple's outline, and as she looked, she saw it move in response to the invisible finger playing with it.

This was no fantasy. Something really *was* touching her. On the other hand, it did not really feel like the something was going to harm her. While it was a little scary, somehow it was also very exciting. The hands pushed her thighs a little further apart, and something slid over her opening and clit, effectively silencing all thoughts of escape.

Whatever it was creating that licking sensation was very good at it. Hermione moaned softly and closed her eyes, giving in to the sensation. She could feel her body responding eagerly to the stimulation, and she spread her legs a little more.

The licking continued without pause. The tip of an invisible tongue darted briefly inside her at one moment and flicked over her clit the next. Now and then it was replaced by the nibbling of soft lips, or the flat of the tongue sliding over her sensitive pussy, until she came with a moan and a violent shudder.

Only when she tried desperately to writhe away from the tongue, far too sensitive for another touch, did it stop. The hands remained on her inner thighs, however, gently rubbing them up and down.

The mouth and hand on her breasts had been quietly continuing with their own business as Hermione had come, but now this other mouth was removed from her breast, releasing the nipple with a final hard suck. The touch of a fourth hand appeared in its place, and the angle of it and its counterpart changed as if whoever they belonged to shifted position next to her.

They twisted around until the fingers pointed towards her toes then moved slowly down her body and into the damp curls between her legs. Hermione cried out at the ever so slight touch of them sliding over her sensitive clit, and two fingers on one hand slid inside her.

Hermione knew for an absolute fact that there was nobody else in the room with her, and that, unless they were her own fingers, there could not possibly be a pair of fingers sliding slowly in and out of her. She did nevertheless have a very clear sensation of two fingers doing exactly that, and equally certain that both her own hands were currently each grabbing a handful of sheet.

There were hands and mouths all over her body; the fingers inside her and the three other hands sliding all over her, squeezing a thigh here, skirting around a nipple there. Little kisses and nibbles peppered her skin, driving her crazy.

This must be what it was like to be with two men at the same time, she thought. Of course she had no way of knowing if the hands and mouths on her body actually were male, as far as strangely real ghostly sensations could have genders, but in her mind they were. Hermione thought she could easily get used to this and wondered if the sensations came with more than just hands and lips.

She did not have to wonder for long. The two fingers inside her slid out, trailing wetness in their wake down her inner thigh. Curiously she reached down to touch her thigh, surprised to find that there actually was moisture on it from her core.

Hermione was too distracted to even try to work out what was going on beyond the fact that it was very odd indeed. There was nobody in the bed but her, but *something* was definitely physically touching her, manipulating her body. Probingly, she reached out towards where arms and bodies should be connected to the invisible hands, but she found only thin air. Whatever it was affecting her only seemed to exist as a touch.

At first she thought it was more fingers returning to her core, a thumb pressing gently against the entrance, but there were already four hands in different positions elsewhere on her body. As the pressure increased, she realised what it was. It was definitely not a finger. It was bigger and thicker, and it filled her in an entirely different way than fingers ever could.

She moaned softly at first as the invisible cock inside her moved in tiny, but deep, probing thrusts and louder as the strokes lengthened. It was a steady pace and not very fast, almost as if the invisible entity was actually trying to make love to her. It made her think of Draco again, how she really ought to have been in their room right now, and how he ought to have been the one making her feel this way.

This was amazing, yes, but it was really not the same thing, not even with the extra pair of hands and lips on her body. This was more like a toy, only it was invisible and seemed to have a mind of its own.

Enough of a mind, apparently, that her momentary lapse of concentration was noticed. A mouth attached itself to the side of her neck, just where it met her shoulder, and sucked hard on the skin. The hardened tip of a tongue wriggled over one of her nipples, and all four hands grabbed and squeezed whichever part of her they were holding. It was all punctuated by a single hard thrust by the invisible cock, making her gasp loudly. Falling right back into the sea of pleasure, Draco was once again all but forgotten save for providing faces in her imagination for her invisible lovers.

She no longer had the brain capacity to even begin to wonder about what was going on. Here was only pleasure, touch, and the slow building towards climax.

Now that it had her attention again, the cock inside her was keeping the same maddening pace that it had set from the beginning. She wished it would go a little faster, a little harder. Just a little bit. She was right on the verge of coming and just needed that final little push.

The hands were everywhere, moving everywhere, touching everywhere, and seemingly without bothering with details such as what would have been physically possible, had they been real hands, attached to real bodies. Instead they just seemed to move wherever on her body she wanted them the most, except for that one little touch to her clit that would take her over the edge.

Two of the hands slid down her sides to her inner thighs, encouraging her with little nudges to lift her knees up towards her body. Hermione complied, feeling completely open and vulnerable in this position in spite of already having had a ghostly cock inside her for some time.

There were hands on her buttocks now, holding them apart, and then a fingertip circling her anus with a feather-light touch. It moved in a tiny spiral until it ended up right in the middle where it pressed gently.

Hermione was distracted once again, not sure she really wanted anybody's fingers in there, ghostly or not. She knew Draco was curious about anal sex, but she had never been able to make herself agree to it. For the first time since she had lain down, she really tried to bat the probing hands away, but as before, when she had felt around for the signs of other beings occupying the bed, she found only air.

Nevertheless, the offending finger did seem to get the message, and it removed itself from her rear. Hermione sighed in relief, turning her attention back to the cock still thrusting evenly inside her, and she felt the pressure rising again, taking her back to the moment just before climax.

There were hands on both her breasts and on her buttocks, gently squeezing and massaging in time with the steady thrusts of the invisible cock. She heard someone gasping, almost whimpering, again and again, and realised with some surprise that it was her. While she was normally not silent during sex, she had never really been particularly loud before.

Without giving her any type of warning, a mouth attached itself to her inner thigh, sucking hard at the thin skin there. A split second later the other mouth was on her clit, the tip of a tongue wriggling hard against it. She bucked and screamed, not caring if any of the other hotel guests could hear her. It only lasted a few seconds, but it felt like several minutes before the tongue disappeared from her clit; even longer before the invisible cock withdrew, leaving her with an empty feeling of something missing.

Hermione relaxed into the pillows, focused on calming her breath, and on the heavy feeling that was spreading through her limbs. It felt as if she was sinking right into the mattress, drowsy and fully relaxed.

The invisible hands were not entirely finished with her though, and the insistent nudges of all four of them against her hip and shoulder brought her back to awareness.

She rolled easily with the little pushes until she was lying on her stomach. The hands moved up to her back, all four hands massaging every single knot they could find. Hermione moaned into the pillow, feeling more relaxed now than she had in years.

She lay quietly for a moment, catching her breath and basking in the attention of several gentle hands stroking her body soothingly. She had lost track of how many hands there were now, not sure if it was still just the original four. Her mind was occupied with thoughts of Draco. This bed was fantastic, and she wanted to show it to him. She had forgotten why they had been arguing in the first place.

With the very last of the energy she possessed she rolled out of the bed and waddled to the bathroom where she found an ancient dressing gown. Then she left the room, running quickly through the corridors of the hotel back to the suite she was supposed to be sharing with Draco and knocked on the door.

Draco looked tousled when he answered the door, and still rather irritated with her, but Hermione ignored it.

"You won't believe what just happened to me," she said, picking up his dressing gown and throwing it at him. "Put this on, I'll show you."

"What the fuck is wrong with you? It's the middle of the night. Where have you been?" he asked angrily, tossing the gown back on the bed.

"Got a different room. Come on, put it on," she said, giving him the dressing gown back.

"A different room," he repeated coldly. "Great. Fantastic. Just what I wanted for my honeymoon, separate bedrooms."

"We can talk about it later," Hermione said, tossing the gown back at him for the third time. "Just come on."

"Hermione, no. Don't you think it's important that we talk about you storming off and getting a new bloody room?" Draco said angrily, taking hold of her arm and holding her in place.

"Ow, yes. But later," she said, wrenching herself free, a little irritated that he insisted on going on about it like this. "Right now I really need to show you something. Now. Please."

Draco flung the robe on and stalked towards the door. "Fine! Let's just get it over with."

Hermione grinned and, taking his hand, she led him back to the new room she had been given. The look of deep irritation on his face finally receded a little when they stood outside the stretch of seemingly empty wall, and Hermione called the door forwards with a tap of her wand.

"You really wanted to make sure I couldn't find you, didn't you?" he commented, a touch of curiosity mixed with the anger in his voice.

"It was all they had. They're totally booked up. I wasn't actually supposed to get this room either, but I may have promised the receptionist a healthy tip."

"Hermione!"

"Shush!" She pulled him inside and shut the door behind them. "I'm hoping I didn't get the poor man fired as well."

"What, for this?" Draco asked in exasperation. "The 60s reject room?"

"Never mind that," she said, untying the belt of his dressing gown. "Just try the bed."

"I'm bloody well not sleeping in this crap!"

"Who said anything about sleeping?" Hermione asked with a smile, succeeding in getting the robe off him and proceeded to tug his boxers down.

"I'm not in the mood!" he said angrily, batting her hands away.

"Just lie on the bed. Please. Just for a moment. Just try it. Then I'll do whatever you want."

Draco suddenly looked very alert. He looked at Hermione, then at the bed and then back at Hermione again.

"Whatever I want?"

"Whatever you want."

"That's not like you. What's the catch?"

"There isn't any. Just try it for me, please."

Draco sighed and turned around. He climbed into the middle of the bed and flopped down on his back with his arms stretched out to his sides. "And now what?"

Hermione bit her lip, beginning to wonder if it might not work for him. What if it was one time thing? Or only worked for women? How angry would he get? How much of an idiot would she look?

On the bed Draco still waited. He sighed deeply. "Look, Hermione," he said with a certain kind of calm resignation that finally took the last hope out of her. "It wasn't working. I don't know what you thought was going to happen here, but hey, what the hell was that?"

She watched as he tried to sit up but struggled against invisible hands. It was working! Hermione grinned.

"Just relax, Draco," she said gently, dropping her own dressing gown as well. Desire crossed his face at the fact that she was completely naked. She sat down on the edge of the bed, sideways so that she could watch him. Immediately invisible hands started roaming her back and shoulders. "Tell me what's happening."

"Something touched... is touching me," Draco replied. There was a little alarm in his voice, but mostly wonder at the unknown phenomenon. "But there are only us here. Did you charm the bed?"

"No, that's how I found it. That's what I wanted to show you." She smiled cheekily. "Do you still want to argue?"

Draco gave no answer. He had closed his eyes, relaxing into the mattress as his body began to show clear signs of something very interesting going on. She had not managed to get him to remove his boxers before lying down, which was a shame as she would have liked to have been able to watch his penis as arousal took hold of him.

"Can I remove these now?" she asked, skimming her fingertips along the waistband of his boxers. It made him gasp. How many hands were already touching him? Did he even know that she had touched him as well? She took it as acceptance, and he did not protest when she tugged the boxers off him and discarded them.

His cock was already fully erect when his boxers landed on the floor, and he gasped again a little louder.

"What's happening now?" she asked curiously. She thought she saw his left nipple move slightly.

"It's touching me. There's more than one..."

"Where is it touching?"

"My chest. Legs... Balls. Fuck, that's a tongue!"

She looked towards his crotch, and sure enough something was definitely gently manipulating his balls. It was easier to see it going on there than it was with his nipples.

"Where's the tongue?"

"Chest..."

Hermione leaned back a little as the hands on her own back moved around to cup her breasts, lightly rolling her nipples. After a moment there was the sensation of a wet mouth on her nipple and hands rubbing her thighs as well.

She looked down his body, the way his nipples were definitely being manipulated by something or other, and the subtle shifting of the hairs on his chest as something moved over them. Strange that something so utterly insubstantial could still create visible movement and not just the sensation of it.

"Your tits," Draco mumbled, his gaze locked on her chest. "They're jiggling."

She nodded with a smile. "What is it doing now?" she asked, already knowing the answer when looking down at his cock. She could see the slight movement, and the way the skin near the head was being manipulated.

Draco did not answer. He had closed his eyes and leaned his head back, completely focused on the sensations of his body. She did not think he had even heard her question. All she got from him were small sounds of pleasure.

There was a pushing sensation against the inside of her thighs, encouraging her to spread them further again, and compliance was immediately rewarded with probing fingers. In spite of having already been brought to climax in this bed several times tonight, she still sighed in pleasure as a couple of long fingers slowly slid inside her.

She wanted more and shifted around on the bed, crawling up to lie on her side next to Draco, one leg bent at the knee, foot resting flat on the mattress, as if she actually needed to make space for the ghostly fingers. The fingers inside her continued their slow steady rhythm in and out of her body, unhindered by her movement.

She watched Draco's face as he focused on what was happening to his body. It was an extremely erotic experience in combination with the fingers inside her. Usually, when he looked like that, her face was otherwise occupied, and she did not get to actually see it that well. She certainly never got to see it while being fingered.

Draco took a few deep breaths as if he was trying to delay climax.

"You?" he asked, opening his eyes to look at her.

She was just about to answer, when a tongue licked her clit, teasing it with rapid flicks of a pointed tip. All she managed was a sharp cry as once again she was sent over the edge of climax. She had no idea any more how many times she had come this night. She had quite lost count.

Draco closed his eyes again, his brow furrowing for a moment, before he too came with a shout.

He swore hoarsely as they both calmed down again. Hermione found herself wondering what had happened to the semen, as there was nothing to be seen. Had it been engulfed by the invisible mouth?

The fingers inside her finally retreated, giving her a moment to relax against Draco's shoulder.

"Tongue for you too there?" he asked softly, shifting his arm so he could bury his fingers in her hair.

Hermione nodded against his shoulder. "I think it makes us follow the same pace," she said. "It seemed like everything that happened to you would happen to me also a moment later. Or an equivalent thereof, anyway."

"I'm still hard," Draco said with some surprise. "I came. But I'm still hard..."

"Must be part of the bed's magic. It's not done with you yet."

A small sigh from Draco and the tightening of his fingers in her hair told her she was correct in that theory, and she wasn't at all surprised when several hands once again started roaming her body. Then his fingers tightened a little further in her hair, and he stiffened with a groan.

"That is *not* a mouth!" he panted. "It's... It's..." He groaned again, shifting his hips upwards as if he was trying to thrust upwards into an invisible woman. Hermione got all the confirmation she needed when she felt an erect cock sliding slowly inside her again.

Draco seemed to fall into a more steady rhythm, giving up on trying to influence anything with his thrusts.

"It's riding you? Is it hard?" Hermione asked. After the number of times she had already been made to come in this bed, she was quite grateful for the slow, deep strokes of the cock inside her. She was not certain she could have taken another pounding at this point.

Draco did not answer, but his breathing was laboured, and beads of sweat were forming on his forehead. Then he panted loudly a few times before once again being swept away on the waves of orgasm. Looking down at his crotch as he started to calm down again, Hermione saw that there was still no sign of him having ejaculated, although he had definitely climaxed twice now. On the contrary, he was still fully erect, and his cock was moving slowly back and forth as if something was still slowly riding him.

"Can't believe I'm being shagged by a bed," she heard him mumble.

"That was quick," Hermione commented, looking at his face again.

"Never been shagged so hard in my life," Draco said. "I thought my brains would start leaking out of my ears at any moment."

"Did that to me too the first time," Hermione said with a small smile. "It's going all slow now. Like I've just been set to simmer."

"I'd rather be shagging you, though," Draco continued, looking at her face, "rather than something created by a charmed bed."

"What do you think it would do if you did?" Hermione asked, leaning in for a kiss. The first kiss, she realised suddenly that they had shared the entire evening. "Shall we find out?"

Draco smiled and kissed her again as he rolled them over so that Hermione was on her back and he was on top.

He paused for a moment. "It's still going," he said in amazement.

Hermione nodded. "Yes, it doesn't seem to matter if we move around."

The sensation of a cock sliding slowly in and out of her was unchanged as she felt the tip of Draco's erection against her folds, seeking entrance. Suddenly she wondered if she was about to find out what it would feel like to have two cocks inside her vagina at the same time, and if that would be enormously painful. As Draco entered her, however, it seemed as if he completely replaced the sensation of the ghostly cock. She did not really feel it pull out, it was simply absorbed by Draco's own.

"Yes, much better," Draco sighed, thrusting slowly a few times. Hermione wondered if it was a coincidence that he seemed to match the slow pace the bed had set just a moment before quite accurately.

He was right, though. It was much better this way. The sensation of Draco inside her was more or less the same, but it was enhanced by all the things that had been missing before. The feel of his skin against hers. His weight. His smell. Just having something she could wrap her arms around.

"Hands," she murmured, "hands all over."

While the bed now seemed to allow them to seek their own pleasure at their own pace, the sensation of several hands on her body remained. Stroking her skin, occasionally massaging gently here and there, but otherwise not interfering with the actual love making. And that, she thought, was the main difference between before and now. No matter how slow and gentle the charms on the bed were, it could not make love to her. Only Draco could.

"Yes," he whispered, but Hermione was unable to tell whether it was in response to her, or simply an expression of pleasure; nor did she really care at this point.

Hermione closed her eyes and focused on all the little things that had not been there before, and it made the entire thing all the more intense now. She did not know how long it took this time to reach climax, but she did not think it was very long until, once again, the pressure was building inside her.

It felt different this time though; somehow it was more real. This time, when they came, they both collapsed in a heap of exhaustion. Hermione was already tired from the number of times the charmed bed had brought her to orgasm, but this time she could barely keep her eyes open.

"Went soft now," Draco mumbled in her ear. He too sounded completely drained. Where previously she had moaned in pleasure at the multitude of hands on her body, this time she moaned in tired protest as something squeezed her breast, and something else slid down her stomach and into the moist curls between her legs.

"Where are you going?" Draco asked when she extricated herself from his embrace, and rolled out of bed with a rather limited degree of gracefulness.

"I can't again," she replied as she tried to work out the correct way of putting on her dressing gown through a sex-addled haze. "It's not going to stop as long as there's someone on the bed, is it?"

Draco opened his mouth as if to say something, but nothing came out. Glancing down at his body she saw that his cock had indeed gone flaccid, and that something seemed to be manipulating it, trying to coax him back to hardness. He looked torn, as if he was unable to decide whether or not to follow Hermione back to the suite to sleep, or to stay for another invisible shag. Finally he came to a decision and rose from the bed as well.

"That was some bed," Draco said when they were finally back in their own suite and snuggled under the covers of a far more normal bed.

"I can't think of any spells that could do that," Hermione mused. "Have you ever heard of something like that before?"

"Why? Do you want to charm our bed at home?" he teased.

"It wasn't quite the same, though," she continued, ignoring the question.

"No, not at all. But it was fun."

"Yes. Fun." Hermione grinned and cuddled up to his shoulder. Any moment now she knew he was going to want some space around him, so she took advantage of his cuddlier moods for as long as she could. "Do you still want to discuss that argument?"

"In the morning," he decided. "Can't think right now."

The woman at the reception desk looked more than a little nervous when Draco and Hermione came down to check out the next morning. She kept looking at Hermione as if she was expecting her to blow up at a moment's notice. Hermione guessed that the receptionist probably knew about the fact that she had been given access to room 213 last night, and now she was just waiting for complaints about the nature of the furniture in it.

Hermione had no intention of complaining about anything at all, and Draco paid the bill in full without even blinking. The receptionist visibly relaxed, a relieved look on her face which made her smile seem rather less stiff, she even only to blushed when Draco winked at her.

"That wasn't very nice," Hermione admonished as they left the hotel hand in hand.

"Maybe not, but at that price I thought I'd earned the right. I can't believe they would still charge us for that room when, technically, the furniture is defective." He grinned at her, an evil glint in his eyes. "Besides, when have you ever known me to be nice?"

The End.

A/N: Thank you, Drcjsnider, for betaing for me.