

Reverie Under the Candelabra

by Savva

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One

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To the Ball...Toilette

On a crisp and starry January night, the world around the old Manor seemed dead as the frozen landscape offered nothing but frostbite. The only reprieve was the warmth of amber light coming from the stained glass windows.

Nothing in this frigid winter world could keep the sharp teeth of the frost from biting better than a massive old-fashioned fireplace. Nothing could hold the night's black demons at bay better than the flickering of a few dozen lit candelabras. The uneven candlelight etched a vague silhouette of the young Lord of the Manor in one of the softly lit windows of the Lord's private chamber.

There, inside the chamber, a blond man stood motionless in front of the mirror. The young Lord stood in the middle of the room, wholly engulfed in his thoughts, causing deep horizontal lines to mar his forehead. His locks, still wet after the bath, shimmered slightly in the candlelight. His proud stance, aristocratic features and especially his ice-grey eyes and platinum locks made it crystal clear whose son he was, whose proud and noble blood was flowing in his veins.

The young man in front of the mirror was half-dressed, wearing only his breeches and soft knee-high black boots. The soft wool of the breeches clung shamelessly to each and every well-defined muscle of his thighs and buttocks. His platinum locks cascaded over his broad shoulders, covering half of his pale back. Playful, amber flecks caressed and teased his impressive physique. The young Lord looked positively, utterly gorgeous and perfect. If there were some flaws, the wicked candlelight hid them, rendered them invisible and non-existent.

The frown between his eyebrows was an obvious indication that something was bothering him. The old, grand mirror reflected his state of mind with precise mercilessness,

showing him smitten, confused, and discontent. Not even the faintness of the candlelight could conceal this. His grey, icy eyes gazed at his reflection with disapproval, and a low, mocking chuckle left his mouth.

"You are a fool, my lord...a nonsensical, asinine fool. How could you allow the situation to get so out of hand? You were not supposed to fall into this distemper. You are not some love-stricken peasant, for God's sake. Father would have never approved," he scolded himself.

The appearance of the small, wrinkled creature on the threshold of his chamber interrupted his muttering. Wrinkly, an old elf, brought in the rest of his young master's clothes. A white batiste shirt with sleeves and neckline adorned with French lace was the first to cover the young man's exquisite lines. The elf's nimble fingers buttoned and tied it fast and skilfully, hiding the beautifully sculptured plains of the young man's bare chest under the thinnest and finest batiste money could buy. Next was the cravat made from rich, dark-green silk and was tied in an elegant manner into a big bow.

While dressing his master, the little elf chattered continuously. "These are lovely, lovely clothes for the young Master. They fit young Master perfectly," the old elf almost sobbed. "Wrinkly likes it. Wrinkly likes it very much."

The Lord of the Manor stood silently throughout the rest of this dressing session, once again deeply submerged in his thoughts. A heavy beige brocade waistcoat and a velvet, tailed coat of dark-green, the same hue as the cravat, completed the ensemble. His heavy, platinum locks were fixed into a loose tail and tied with the green, velvet ribbon. After the last button was fastened, the elf stepped back, extremely satisfied with himself, and gave his master a careful once over. His eyes were full of admiration.

"Lovely. Wrinkly likes it," was his conclusion.

His young master surveyed his reflection in the mirror sceptically, which caused a bit of nervous fidgeting in the old elf. However, after a minute, a rather pleased huff left his pale pink lips. He gave himself a wry smirk in the mirror and clicked his tongue. "Tell me Wrinkly, is the Lady of the Manor still here?" he asked the old elf.

"No, no. The Lady left hours ago my Lord, hours."

The young Lord fixed the loose strand of hair that had been bothering his eyes and murmured, "Very well, my humble servant. Off you go now," and with that Wrinkly disappeared with a soft pop.

The young man gave his reflection a last inspection and walked to the toilette table. There lay a neatly folded scroll, covered with elegant cursive writing. He took a moment to read through it briskly and then hid the scroll safely in the breast pocket of his coat. There was a second of hesitation, during which the young blond scolded himself once again. "This is completely and utterly absurd. You should have known better."

Yet, when the moment of doubt passed, he kissed the softly glowing ruby ring on his ring finger, put his top hat on over his platinum locks, drew a deep sigh and disappeared.

To The Ball...Arrival

A few minutes later, the young aristocrat found himself in front of the huge, ornate, wrought iron gates. Two iron lion's heads roared ferociously as soon as he stepped close to them. The young Lord showed the roaring beasts his ruby ring, and they quieted down immediately. At that minute, the gates opened with a metallic yet somewhat melodic sound.

A wide, brightly lit alley opened before the newest guest, leading directly to the grand marble stairs of the palace. In the bitterly cold air, shimmering carcasses of the winter-stricken trees lined the alley like skeletons. The surroundings glistened and sparkled brilliantly in the snow and ice. *Neva is certainly completely frozen by now*, thought the blond, walking hurriedly to the palace. His every breath created a small, opaque white cloud of vapour around him. With his every move, the snow crunched loudly under his black boots.

Soon, he could see the majestic, shiny windows of the palace and hear the music playing inside *Definitely something Austrian, mid-nineteenth century...Strauss*, he identified for himself, still keeping his hectic pace while the northerly Baltic wind and frost insistently and unpleasantly nibbled at his face. At last, the young man reached the palace, and the magnificent white marble building rose in front of him in all its glory. Grand marble stairs glowed in the moonlight.

The hero hesitated again as his light eyes, glistening slightly from the brisk walk through the cold, slid over the palace's windows. Hundreds of candles were lit in crystal candelabras. At least a dozen violins sounded brightly with joyful bravura. Silhouettes danced in the windows, and loud voices and peals of laughter made it clear that the ball was in full swing.

Suddenly, a familiar shadow flashed across one of the windows. The young man's heartbeat accelerated wildly. *Can it be her?* Thoughts swirled in his head, and irrational hope lit up his grey, stormy eyes. *Yes, she looks...* Was it too bizarre, too unlikely that out of the hundreds of guests, she...the lady of his heart...had come by the window at that precise moment? "No, not a chance," he muttered.

And, the next instant, as if fate were mocking him, the chocolate curls, her chocolate curls, and distinctive arch of a swan-long neck, followed by the soft line of shoulders, her shoulders, appeared in the brightly lit window. From the dark, he saw her clearly. It was her. There was no doubt this time. Yes, it was her gently flushed face, her full, pink lips, her amber eyes full of longing. *For whom did she long? Did she long for him?*

The wild thumping of the young's man heart became louder than the dozens of violins. The young Lord willed his pulse to slow and his breath to calm. His stormy grey eyes were locked on the amber orbs in the window, and he whispered, "My God! To her... I'll go, I'll go!"

"I am here, my love, and help me Merl... God if something'll go wrong!" His fingers nervously found the scroll in the breast pocket of his coat, as he continued whispering. "Forgive me, forgive me, my love, for I not know what I am doing."

The familiar silhouette in the window disappeared. Racing up the stairs, the young man was greedily swallowed by the grand, oak doors in a mere second.

Grand Ball...The Gilt

To her, to her, the young Lord's heart pounded in his ears. With desperate determination he walked through the foyer, past the servants, losing his hat in the process. At last, at last, one more step and voila, he was inside. The sparkling brilliance of a thousand flaming candles caught him by surprise, momentarily blinding the young man. The crystal chandelier had caused him to stop, astonished, on the threshold. The brilliance, the gilt, the lustre, all the splendour of the proud Northern Capital bedazzled the newcomer effortlessly. The young Lord stood frozen at the entrance, stricken by the scale of the soiree. He was no novice when it came to glamorous balls, and yet the need to shield his eyes was overwhelming. It was too bright, too grandiose.

A river of champagne splashed in hundreds of crystal flutes. A sea of women's bare shoulders, bare backs and barely covered bosoms cascaded in soft pinks. On the beguiling ocean of flesh, crystals of the candelabras on the wall sparkled and glistened playfully, lighting up the eyes of dashing men with pleasure and desire. Lace, diamonds, feathers, silk and gemstones waltzed and swirled. Blond locks, blue eyes, black curls, green eyes were highlights against pale skin. Tresses, eyes, lips, curving necks swirled and twirled, adding sensuous shapes to the artistic tableau. *Where is she?* The Lord felt dizzy, almost to the point of giddiness. His eyelids fluttered, ready to be closed.

But wait. A sudden flash of chocolate curls in the middle of the ballroom drew his attention *Is it her? Is she dancing?! Is it she swirling unbidden in the arms of some Duke in the middle of the ballroom?* The young man's eyes flew wide open. His heated, steely stare followed the waltzing couple. He felt how simmering hot tongues of jealousy touched his heart. "Fool, you came too late," muttered the young blond to himself. "Mother always said...such a nasty habit, always to be late," he chuckled bitterly. And with this, his slim, aristocratic fingers gestured to the servant. *That's right, champagne would do the trick*, he thought.

He needed to quench the fire in his heart, to saturate his jealousy and anger, and champagne would do the job. First one glass, then a second, even a third, but to no effect...the young Lord's heart was still boiling with resentment. Interested glances, sympathetic smiles, lovely faces blended in a champagne-induced haze. Completely uncaring of all the others, the young aristocrat's eyes were still glued to the waltzing couple. He drank in their every move, seething even more with every whispery movement of the girl's curls and every brief glint of her silk, pearly slippers. This hated Duke, *some ...ensky or ...tskoy for certain*, spun her around way too fast.

When a particularly rapid pirouette forced the silk of her dress to creep too high, exposing her little feet and slim ankles in silk, transparent stockings, the young man frowned and growled dangerously under his breath. And if that was not enough, suddenly, the Lord noticed with apprehension how utterly improperly the Duke's hand was positioned on his lady's waist. *No!* He scowled, thinking violently, *not on her wais...right on the small of her back! This is too much! The impudence! How dare he? Duel! Where is my glove?*

Thoughts of a duel and pistols had filled the hero's mind. He almost acted upon his impulse but two rounds of waltz were over and the Duke had ventured onto another pretty face, leaving the lady of the young Lord's heart to stand alone. The Lord had darted urgently to her, leaving behind fantasies of violence. Ten seconds, fifteen hurried steps, and he was near her. He bowed. The young woman flashed him a fiery glance and looked away, raising her chin quite stubbornly. The young man's arm encircled her waist insistently; he had been waiting long enough, and they began to freely swirl under his direction. The lady's little hand reluctantly lay on his shoulder and her tiny feet began to glide over the parquet floor, as if they didn't even touch it in the strength of his arm and the power of his lead.

The silk of her off-white gown draped fluidly, hugging every divine curve. The untamed, chocolate mane curled wildly around her lovely, rosy face. Her neck was gently arched, her shoulders were held with grace, and her daringly bare bosom rose and fell in rapid swells. The feeble silk was barely covering the outline of her pale rose areolas. Damn or bless these French with their audacity and their revealing, indecent fashions. All these bedazzled the Lord. He sank irrevocably into the sea of his partner's beauty as he locked his steel-grey eyes on her. Twirling and spinning her around the ballroom, he did not care an iota about the world that was around them.

The amber-eyed beauty, however, was not so easily distracted. The minute the music changed to a slow waltz she asked, a little out of breath, "Why did you come? You said..."

The young Lord, dragged back to this world unwillingly from his reverie by her question, interrupted, "I know precisely what I said." His eyes began to smoulder.

"Then why," the young woman kept pressing her line, "do you pursue me now?" Her full, bright, berry-pink lips began to tremble, so she bit the lower lip. She drew a ragged breath and continued, "Oh God, you said it all with your icy look, your stern dissuasion. Yet, you're here. Why?" The lady gave her partner a penetrating, disapproving glance with this question.

Filled with emotions, caught up completely in her speech and accusations, she didn't notice that her young knight had gently waltzed them away from the dubious and prying eyes. Expertly he had spun her away from the candelabra's brazen brightness and the loud violins to a dim, quiet alcove behind the marble column. And only when his muscled chest had pressed her against unyielding, cold, smooth marble had she noticed.

His hot mouth whispered in her ear, "Forgive me, but I had to see you," and placed light kisses on her neck. The blond's daring mouth continued its exploration as his hands moved sensually along her sides.

The girl felt trapped and tried to push the young man off, spitting and demanding, "Let go of me. Free me. Now." With the strength of anger, she pressed her delicate wrists against his broad chest. However, the young hunter didn't move or waver. He kept his prey trapped between his body and the stone. His lips didn't leave the young woman's bare skin even for a millisecond, continuing their caressing, luring, tempting motions. "I cannot, I cannot, forgive me, forgive me," he muttered again and again, kissing her now hot skin.

The amber eyes betrayed their young mistress when flecks of hope began to glow in them. Her resolve began to crumble, and she uttered, breathlessly, "Why, why do you pursue me, why?"

"Because I love you," was his reply. With one last shift of his insistent, possessive mouth, their lips moulded into a fierce and burning kiss at last. Her little mewls and his low moans filled the alcove. And all was well for a long and lovely moment until the girl came to her senses, gathered her strength and kicked the Lord right in his groin. She pushed him off and fled. Down, down the dark and deep passageway she went.

There was a momentary hesitation and then, with a disgruntled groan, "Oh no, my love, this just won't do!" the young hunter went after her.

Grand Ball...The Pursuit

Be damned this palace with all its marble and countless number of long and twisted halls. Where is she now? Damn it, damn it... It was clear that the owners didn't want to waste candles, choosing instead to light the palace's corridors with lonely, dimly flickering gas lamps. *Not so majestic after all*, thought the young Lord. The poor young hunter was at a loss, his burning fervour almost gone. For too long he had had to run in circles through the maze of dark, cold, creepy passageways. For too long his only greeting had been the echoes of his own steps, resounding throughout the hollow emptiness of marbled rooms. Far too long... The boy just couldn't endure this torture any longer. "Oh, help me Merlin! Where is she?" His disgruntled cry cut the marbled silence.

All of a sudden, a soft, faint whimper reached the young man's ears, coming from behind the gilded, ornamented door. He froze, his nostrils flared, all his senses sharpened. *Oh, yes!* No doubt about it, he had heard a soft sigh and a tiny whimper. Once again, the young Lord's heartbeat accelerated wildly. Carefully, in order not to frighten his delicious prey, he opened the door, and there his princess sat, wan and alone. She looked so lonely with all that cold and soulless glory surrounding her...gold, marble, silk, velvet. The picture made his heart skip a beat. The girl was crying softly as tears continuously streamed down her cheeks.

Repentance, devotion, love...a throng of emotions filled the Lord's burning soul. Not a second had passed and he was kneeling by her side. His thirsty, eager mouth devoured her little hands. Each delicate finger, each knuckle, every crease of her little palms and every pulsing spot on her slender wrists received a kiss, a flick of his hot tongue and a nibble. She gasped and leaned a little closer to the young man's blond locks, allowing him to continue his enticing seduction.

"Why are you crying, love? Don't cry, don't cry," he whispered, his voice hoarse and urgent. His hands, his deft fingers, then sought her tiny feet through the folds of her silk dress. He found them and a pleased and passionate grunt left his lips. The slippers, adorned with embroidery and beads, were taken off impatiently. Ah, the young man held ultimate perfection in his hands...small, perfect feet with tiny, rosy, silk-encased toes and thin, aristocratic ankles. With a growl rumbling in his throat, the Lord leaned forward to nuzzle, kiss, consume and relish this newly found treasure.

He grunted and she moaned at the same time. His burning fingers slowly, but insistently, crept higher, gliding over long and perfectly sculptured calves, round knees, forcing both of them to gasp for air. The young lover's nostrils flared...he had sensed the sweet scent of the girl's arousal. His own excitement began to rouse, choking him with steel-melting, flaming waves.

Mm, then, *ah*. Then, *oh*. And then *mm* again. His masterful, gentle fingers ran upward, now fluttering over the forbidden softness between his lady's thighs. He coaxed them open, caressing sensually and intimately stroking.

"Enough! Stand up." The girl's voice quivered slightly. She tried to push him off again.

"No," he refused, his hands remaining firmly on her thighs. Apparently, he wasn't going to give up that easily.

The young woman's voice climbed higher. Angered by his disobedience, she exclaimed, "What brought you to my feet? What do you think you see? What did you expect to find, to gain? The moment of triumph, a brief scandal, a short affair? Why is this sudden change? What has won me your attention? Is it my rank, the riches, the fact that I am noble now?" The lady's lips began to tremble with this litany of questions. Fresh streams of tears moistened her face. Her pale hand flew to her lips to stifle a soft sob that had escaped from her exquisite mouth.

"No, no! Please hear me," mumbled the young hero whose heart was burning in deepest hell. He could not bear to see his love in so much pain. "I love you, come away with me, please, please." His hot mouth found her small feet again. His hungry mouth was tempting her senses with his burning kisses. His steel eyes gazed into her amber ones. "Look at me, my love, and tell me now that you don't love me. Tell me now, that you feel nothing." At this, his open-mouthed kisses had crept up to her knees. The silk of her dress was thrown from out of the young Lord's way, impatiently. "Tell me, tell me. Do you feel nothing?" He ravished her, muttering his pleas.

The young lady shuddered in his arms, unable to summon any more resistance to his renewed onslaught. His passionate, persistent hands and lips drove her into a cauldron of fire.

"Do you love me? Answer me. Do... you... love... me?" The young aristocrat was going mad. His soul, his body, all of him was suffering badly. "Please, please, save me!" he pleaded.

"I cannot!" the young woman shouted. "I cannot save you. You are too late. I love you. What's the use of hiding behind deceit or double-dealing. I love you; I loved you then and I love you now. But, you are too late... I cannot... I love you but I've become another's wif..." This time she was interrupted.

"No! Oh, no! You would not deny me!" The Lord stood up abruptly. At that moment, he looked positively mad, so frightening with eyes burning, blond locks dishevelled, clothes rumpled. His arms circled the lady's waist.

Unceremoniously, he pulled her up and drew her into the tight, possessive prison of his arms. The elegantly carved oak chair on which she was sitting tipped over and met the floor with a sickening sound. "You'll go with me." His lips attacked her bare shoulder. His fingers were coaxing her dress down, away and down again. "We'll run away." His lips were on her uncovered bosoms, sucking hard.

"I love you. You are mine. I am taking you away. Do you hear me?" His orders vibrated against her now completely bare breasts. At last, a defeated sigh left the bright, berry-pink lips and she whispered softly, relaxing into his embrace. "Yes, Draco. Yes, take me; take me. You won. I'm yours. Take me away, my Lord Malfoy."

Confusion flashed in the young Lord's eyes, and then he moaned. "Hermione..." Their lips met, and at that instant fireworks screeched, and everything around them...the room, the halls, the palace, even the alley began to swirl and twirl and then disappeared.

The Bliss, Reality and Malfoy Manor

About a few seconds later, the young couple landed at the Manor, in his private chambers. To be honest, fate could have sent them to hell itself and the lovers wouldn't have noticed. They were so thoroughly, utterly engrossed in their preparation for the dance of love that the place just didn't matter. They stood directly in the centre of the room. Hands and lips greedily sought bare flesh. Low moans, soft whimpers, gasps, growls, grunts reverberated, bouncing from the walls.

The sound of tearing was an indecorous farewell to Hermione's silk dress, exposing her milky, luscious bare flesh. Draco growled, launching himself onto her skin, kissing, sucking, nipping, tasting. His mouth and hands drove them into the white-hot madness of passion and desire. The lioness chose not to stand and wait and quickly; her little, aching fingers removed his tailed coat, waistcoat, and cravat. Then, with an annoyed huff, she tore the white batiste of his shirt. Obviously, the last shreds of restraint had vanished with the young Lord's lips closing on her bare nipples. He walked them to the bed, where they tumbled into a breathless heap.

For minutes, in vain, the young lover tried to remove his breeches. Then, he cursed under his breath and muttered a few spells. A minute later, he was free, at last. His steel-grey gaze slid over the witch's nude form. Only her silk stockings and frail silk chemise crinkled around her waist remained. She was all flushed, all ready, waiting. Her half-hooded, lust-filled amber eyes were locked on him. Her plump, swollen, lips, which had been bitten so thoroughly by him, were slightly parted, exposing the pearls of perfect teeth. The marks that his lips and teeth had left began to bloom on the pale, creamy flesh. She was exquisite. And she was his. The wizard tore off her silk chemise. She gasped and moaned and whispered, "Draco, please."

The young Lord obeyed this time. His broad, lean, muscled body covered hers...soft, hot, responsive and so very, very wet in one particularly noteworthy place. The next instant he plunged himself deep between his lady's thighs. The roars, the moans, the thrusts, the dance of love began. The night was filled with every style...waltz, mazurka, polka...until two sated and exhausted bodies were lulled to sleep by their heartbeats drumming in unison.

Vertex...The Manor, the Bed, the Lord and the Lady

"... but I've become another's wife and I'll be true to him, for life. (Alexander Sergeivich Pushkin/ Eugene Onegin)

The icily bright January dawn made its way to the Malfoy Manor. Shards of slanting light came through the stained-glass windows, just to be split into a rainbow. There, after they were transformed into a predominantly amber colour, they streamed into the Lord's private chamber, filling it with a warm, morning glow.

Those early morning rays quickly found the bed where two young people slept peacefully on the mass of ruffled silk sheets. Two nude bodies were intertwined with each other like lacy knots. Unfortunately, only the morning light was lucky enough to witness the breathtaking beauty of this union. The female's peach-coloured skin warmed the coolness of the male's alabaster. His long, lean, muscled limbs were wound possessively around her soft, pliant forms, moulding her into him, covering her almost entirely. Her wild, chocolate curls braided themselves into his platinum locks. Nature itself would have held its breath at the sight of this perfection.

Mercilessly, the sunrays disturbed the chamber's inhabitants in their slumber. Hermione was the first to stir, an unwavering amber glow having awakened her. She sighed softly and reluctantly opened her eyes. Pleasant, mellow tiredness after the long night of lovemaking still lingered in her body. It flowed through her bones and tingled teasingly in the pit of her stomach. After a few minutes of basking in the comfort of the bed, she carefully unwound herself from him and turned to look at her partner.

He was still sleeping, completely oblivious to the sun, his face relaxed and his breathing calm. The delicate flutters of his blond eyelashes and slight flaring of his nostrils caught Hermione's attention. Unable to stop herself, she touched his cheek and traced the line from his cheekbone to his lips. Of course, the moment her fingertips lightly touched the contour of Draco's lips, strong, long fingers encircled her delicate wrist and her small fingers were sucked into his warm mouth. Light, grey eyes opened and gazed at her. A joy laced with lust shimmered in them.

"Good morning, darling." In one swift movement he rolled over, covering her. Hermione was trapped under him again. "Did you sleep well, wife? Have you recovered after last night? I wasn't too intense, was I?" he asked as a smug smile appeared on her husband's lips.

Hermione couldn't hold back her desire for him, and her hands made their way into his silky-soft hair, "I love your intensity, husband, and you know it quite well. Did you enjoy our adventure in St Petersburg, Draco? Did you like to play Onegin?"

Draco gave her a long and lingering kiss and murmured, "Surprisingly, I did. It was," his lips found their way to her neck, "interesting, weird, new and emotional."

"Ha, I knew you would." This time, Hermione allowed a smug smile to curve her plum, well-kissed lips. Her triumph was short-lived, however; Draco's next phrase made her frown.

"He was an idiot, though, this Eugene. Didn't recognize true love. An idiot and a snob," muttered her husband against her soft, round shoulder.

The Idiot, thought Hermione. *Hmm, it could be entertaining.*

The literary musings of Lady Malfoy were interrupted by the close attention he was paying to her nude, milky flesh, which was conveniently trapped beneath him. With maddening slowness, Draco's lips began their journey, moving southward, lower and lower. He nuzzled her nude form insistently, occasionally humming in appreciation. The tingling in the pit of Hermione's stomach intensified. Lust, desire, passion...everything was there again. She moaned and gasped for air, like a little goldfish thrown out of water.

Hermione shifted slightly under the welcomed heaviness of her husband's body. Her fingers clutched to his broad shoulders desperately ah, his mouth found her bare

breasts. Darn, her husband was too good. But, this did not stop her from issuing a question. "By the way, why were you so late? I was waiting more than an hour for you."

Draco didn't even lift his head since he was wholly consumed by his explorations of her nudity. "You chose the book, you wrote the script, and you should have known that it required half a day to acquire all these regency clothes. The breeches alone took me hours to fit into. I honestly cannot comprehend how my great grandfather could endure this torture," was his muffled reply. His tongue was quite busy licking, leaving wet, intricate paths between her breasts.

"Right, but I was alone, with dashing Russian Dukes and Princes waltzing all around me."

Abruptly, Draco withdrew from her heated flesh. Unpleasantly surprised by the break, she tilted her head up and met his grey and stormy gaze. He hovered over her dangerously, resembling a dark snow cloud...the sign of a powerful winter storm. "Who was that peacock you were dancing with when I arrived? Don't play with me, witch. Answer." Young Malfoy's glance had darkened even more.

At this display of foolish jealousy, the young Lady of the Manor bit her lips, suppressing a silly giggle that rose in her throat, "Some Russian prince, I guess. Why, are you jealous?" Unable to hold it any longer, she laughed aloud and said, "You are a fool, my Lord. It was a dream, illusion, game, a theatre, a reverie, not real. You know it as well as I."

The dark stormy cloud by the name of Draco deflated a little, and murmured gruntingly, "Well, I know that, and still his hand on your bum looked rather real to me." He spent a few seconds more thoroughly studying the amber depth of his witch's eyes, and then, with a sigh of relief, the young Lord returned to his prior ministrations. As his mouth return to his wife's bosoms, her breath hitched, and Hermione uttered a long and breathy moan. Draco's deft fingers found her already sodden core and now played her like a violin. "You, my Lady, however, as I noticed yesterday, didn't even trouble yourself with knickers...little minx." His fingers increased the tempo.

"I..." Hermione struggled to catch her thought under the intense attack on all her senses by her dear husband. "It was correct^{ah}, historically, *oh*...my dress and undergarments and..." The thought had left her mind for good...Lord Malfoy positioned himself between her thighs and entered her with one powerful and urgent thrust.

Nestled deeply inside her, he halted all his movements and whispered, "You do remember that I won, I hope." Draco nudged her teasingly, and then stayed still, "You were the first who said the name. I wonder why, we almost finished the whole scene. Mm, Hermione?"

The only thing Hermione was concerned about at that moment was how to get her bloody husband to move again. She needed friction. Badly! Now! Alas, she knew he would not resume until she answered, so the witch braced herself, focused and breathed out, "I guess I got caught up in the moment. You drove me completely mad yesterday. You were quite an actor. You won. You'll choose the next book. Happy? Now move, for Merlin's sake!"

And he obliged. He always did. Somewhere in between the thrusts and strokes, her husband growled, "I want to hear that last line, which you didn't say yesterday. Say it for me. I like it."

And with all the willpower that was left in her, summoning the last shreds of reason, already sensing the trembling and tingling of the upcoming ecstasy rising from the tips of her toes, engulfing her, Hermione muttered in a husky voice, "I've become your wife, and I'll be true to you, for life!" She genuinely hoped that Alexander Pushkin, being quite a passionate man himself, would forgive her for the slight changes into his line.

All right, my darlings, as you probably already guessed, in this piece I tried to merge a well-known piece of classical Russian literature. *Eugene Onegin* by A.S. Pushkin...with Harry Potter. It is up to you, now, to tell me if the union was successful. (Ouch! Hey!) And please, stop throwing things at me. I, by the way, still have a few romantic stories to write.

Other Russian books mentioned and used are *Anna Karenina* by L.N. Tolstoy, used as an inspiration for the ball scene, and *The Idiot* by F.M. Dostoevsky, mentioned by Hermione.