Hermione Granger Against a Wall with... a Death Eater

by quaffswinegaily

Hermione has an encounter with a Death Eater in a graveyard. Written for the
againstwall community on Live Journal.

In The Bleak Midwinter

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Ms Rowling shouldn't leave them unattended.

Carol singing drifted lightly in the cold winter air as Hermione pushed through thick snow in the graveyard. She had left Harry, hunched under his Invisibility Cloak, at his parents' graveside for some private reflection, and she walked slowly towards the kissing gate to wait for him.

"*In the bleak midwinter...*" Singing under her breath and swinging her arms for warmth, she stamped her chilling feet as she regained the icy path. "*Frosty wind made moan*. Made moan? What the hell does that mean any way?"

Veering off the path before the churchyard gate, she stopped and leaned her arms on the old stone wall, peering out through rusting iron bars at the deserted street.*Snow had fallen snow on snow, snow-o-ow on snow*. Mmff..."

A gloved hand muffled her exclamation, pushing her head down and scraping her cheek sideways on the rough capstone.

"Fuck!*" She struggled, striking backwards with a booted foot. A sharp intake of breath behind her confirmed her connecting with her assailant's shin, and the grip slackened slightly. "This is hallowed ground. You can't...*"

"And this is real life, not a vampire story or a fairytale." A Death Eater's mask appeared close to her face.

"Let me go!"

"Quiet!"

Strong hands turned Hermione, lifting her and shoving her backwards into the corner. Her back pressed hard against the iron railings, her cloak snagged on the lichen-crusted stones, her skirt rucked up and her exposed thigh scraped against the side of the ancient kissing gate as she put up a fight.

"Be still," the wizard hissed, "and Disillusion yourself."

Hermione's retort was stopped in its tracks by the scrunch of approaching footsteps. With a whispered spell, she disappeared from sight just as another Death Eater rounded the corner of the old building. Her heart thudding in her chest in expectation of imminent danger, Hermione gripped her wand tight and shuffled her bum back as

far as she could, trying to gain a small space for her wand arm in preparation for an attack.

A moaning gust of wind masked Hermione's frightened intake of breath. A second icy blast blew her assailant's cloak hood down, and she grabbed it, pulling him closer while sliding her wand up his back to settle at the nape of his neck.

The taut body of her captor leaned back against her, subduing further movement with a hand grasping her knee.

"Found anything?" a rough voice asked from behind the second man's mask.

"Nothing."

Her captor's arm slipped over Hermione's leg, his elbow pulling her thigh tight against his side and his gloved hand gripping her calf. When her muscles jumped at the brush of his cloak against her bare skin, leather-clad fingers dug into the chilled skin above her boot, stilling her. She was sure from the second man's perspective her captor would appear to be resting nonchalantly against the old churchyard wall.

Leaning her invisible body forward, she was intrigued to discover her Disillusionment Charm worked not only on herself but also on the tall wizard's clothes where he was in close proximity to her spell. Hermione watched with fascination as his garments became transparent the closer she leaned towards his body, layer after layer of winter clothing appearing to melt away until she could see exposed muscles ripple and tense as she ran a hand over the flat planes of his shoulder blade. Threading fingers up into his silky hair, she drew him back against her, his lithe form filling the space between her thighs.

Hermione brought her mouth to the wizard's ear and cast a very localised *Muffliato.* "What are you doing, Death Eater?" Her whispered words stirred his hair gently and he shivered.

"Nothing." Fingers traced the top of her boot before sneaking down the inside of her calf.

"You said that already."

Hermione's hand clenched with fright on hearing the other man's gruff rejoinder, her fingers snagging in the wizard's hair as she ducked behind him.

"Hm? Sorry, I'm a little distracted."

A firm squeeze to her leg made Hermione suck in a sharp breath and relax her grasp, her gaze dropping to the man's back again. She watched toned muscles shift under his pale skin as he tensed and released his grip. Her eyes, drawn to the sinuous tail of a tattoo curling around his side, followed the image down. If she leaned a little closer, she could see it snake right down to the dimples at the base of his spine.

"That's only to be expected with what's going on."

"Indeed."

Hermione trailed her wand down the man's back, bumping down his spine, slowly seeking a better view of her captor's torso as the concealment provided by his clothes dissipated before her magic touch.

"We're supposed to meet back at the Manor later, aren't we?" the other man queried.

Her hand smoothed down towards the wizard's buttocks, and their firm outline came into view. Biting her lip, she laid her cheek on his back and tried to steady her breathing as she ran her palm over taut flesh. The rough-wool feel of his cloak under her hand belied the vision of the smooth skin with the slightest fuzz of hair.

His back rose and fell unevenly against her ear. "Yes."

"Are you coming?" the rough voice asked.

Her captor cleared his throat. "Not yet."

"Well, I'm not hanging about getting stiff in the cold any longer. This has been a right cock-up, if you ask me."

Hermione was overwhelmed by the urge to giggle.

"I'm sure your coming early, Crabbe, will be the climax of the Dark Lord's evening."

"Are you pulling my plonker?"

Her shoulders shaking silently, Hermione stuffed her wand fist in her mouth, biting down on her knuckles in an attempt to quell the inappropriate mirth bubbling up through her chest.

"I would never do that," the man muttered, a shudder running the length of his body.

"Tosser!" A sharp crack followed the grunted response, signalling the other's disappearance.

Hermione's tensed muscles relaxed a little, and she leaned back against the churchyard railings, wiping tears from her eyes. The shift of the Death Eater's body between her legs brought her sharply back to reality. As he twisted round to face her, his clothes disappeared in front of her eyes. Revealing...

"*Finite Incantatem.*" A gloved hand was at her throat, black leather cutting into her creamy skin, as the spell dissipated and Hermione became visible again. "What do you find so amusing, Hermione Granger? Did you think I was protecting you from Crabbe?"

His voice roughened as he leaned hard against her, whispering in her ear. "Perhaps I was just saving you for my own entertainment."

Hermione's wand fell from her hand, landing point down in the snow at his feet, as her fingers scrabbled to loosen his vice-like grip.

"Not laughing now, are you, witch?"

"Fuck...*"* Her voice sounded ragged and cut off by the pressure at her throat.

"That's the second time you've used that word tonight. It sounds like an invitation to me." His hips pushed towards Hermione, pinning her thighs hard against the ancient wall. A thumb pressed firmly to her lower lip as the leather-clad fingers of his other hand trailed along the warm flesh of her inner thigh, eliciting a small gasp from the trapped witch. "Is that what you want for Christmas? A real wizard to melt the ice maiden's body?"

Attempts to wriggle away and close her legs only drew the tall man's body closer to her core. The pressure of his warm length unleashed a coil of heat within her belly, and her chilled fingers, which had been pushing his shoulders away, curled involuntarily into the wool of his cloak.

"Bastard!" Hermione's muttered response was throaty and held less conviction than she had intended.

"Are you impugning *my* lineage? That's rich coming from someone like you." The whisper from behind the Death Eater's mask stirred a wayward curl in front of her ear as

his thumb traced across her lip and up the edge of her jaw. His gloved hand pushed her hand-knitted beanie from her head, allowing her hair to tumble free in the cold breeze as his fingers speared into the tangled mass, pulling her head back to expose her throat. Warm breath ghosted over sensitive skin above her scarf, drawing out an unintentional whimper and a shiver from the witch.

Her hips twitched forwards against the pressure of his body and the firm grip on her chilled leg, where his other hand had moved under her bunched-up robes. The slide of smooth leather skimmed along the line of her underwear, slipping underneath the flimsy fabric and trailing across her tight curls. Hermione's breath hitched, and she bit her lip to prevent any sound from escaping, as long fingers curled around her hip to the curve of her buttock, encouraging her even closer.

"You shouldn't wander around by yourself unprotected. Terrible things could happen to a witch alone." His voice was a low growl against her neck, his hips grinding against her as if to emphasise her peril.

"Oh!" Her eyes widened with surprise as she felt a sharp bite, followed by soothing laving and an even gentler kiss. Hermione's head dropped forward to the wizard's shoulder, inhaling his masculine richness as she sucked in a long breath. "Yes," she murmured as nose and lips sought the soft skin at the edge of his mask below his ear, her hands drifting down the fastenings of his cloak to slip below its warm protection.

A tightening of the fingers at her hip and a soft groan roused a sense of urgency in Hermione, and her cold-numbed fingers fumbled under layers of clothes seeking warm skin hidden below. The man reacted with a hiss, pulling away from her touch as her chilled hands found their objective.

"So that's your secret weapon, is it? Who knew Hermione Granger could kill a wizard with the touch of her hand? No wonder you feel safe walking alone." His speech faltered slightly as fingers slipped under the waistband of his trousers, down the length of his shaft, sliding in a cool curl around his erection. "Perhaps you are a little less frigid than I had anticipated."

"Arrogant bastard!" Hermione accompanied her retort with a slight squeeze.

"Again, you malign me." He pushed forward into her encircling grasp as his own fingers delved into the soft warmth of her core, only to have the sensation he sought thwarted by still wearing his glove. Withdrawing his hand from under her robes, he lifted a leather-clad digit glistening with her moistness to eye level, turning it to and fro as he looked at it. "Ruined," he murmured.

Hermione's gaze drifted to the tip of his finger, then upwards to the eyes behind the mask and, maintaining eye contact, she leaned forward to delicately lick the moisture from the leather. Then, nipping the end of the finger, she pulled gently with her teeth, watching his pupils dilate, wide and black, as she eased the glove from his hand, exposing pale flesh. It felt like she could fall forever into the darkest depths of this man's soul through his open, lustful gaze, which did not waver when she dropped his glove to the ground.

"Are you challenging me by throwing down the gauntlet?" His now naked hand slid back under her robes, pushing them higher and exposing her knickers, his warm skin scorching a line of desire up Hermione's thigh as he encouraged her legs apart. Her hands scrabbled for a grip on the rough wall, and her breathing quickened as skilled fingers slipped along the line of her underwear and skimmed the heat of her folds. His mask rasped slightly against her skin as he followed the smooth touch of his fingers with the rough of his tongue until he reached the flimsy barrier of material. "I do so enjoy a challenge."

He breathed in deeply, absorbing her unique musk, and exhaled a soft plume of breath against her crotch. The warmth of it seeping through to her skin melted Hermione's natural sense of caution and fanned the flames of desire. Hands grasping his silken hair pulled him closer as he inhaled again, whispering a soft spell and vanishing the impeding underwear. The soft groan which rose from her depths was echoed by his as slim fingers slid deeper into her velvety heat.

Under her heavy robes, the wizard's free hand followed the softness of her belly up, curving around the edge of her ribs, rising and falling with each panting breath. There was a brief pause in her breathing as one thumb rubbed over her needy clit and the other skimmed the swell of her breast, feeling the skin of her nipple dimple in response to the tightening inside her.

"Fuck!"

His mouth smirked against sensitive skin as he watched the arching of her body and the steamy puffs of Hermione's breath as she shivered in ripples of lust.

A tug on his hair pulled him up, and as her cool hands reached for the fastening of his trousers, the fire in his groin flared. He could taste her muskiness on his lips as he licked them in anticipation, and he wanted her with an increasing sense of urgency. His hands eased hers aside to hasten the unfastening, releasing his straining cock. As the cold, winter air hit his freed erection, he grunted slightly. His desire burned for this witch who had always appeared so unapproachable and cold, but whose core he had found to be molten.

As he closed the distance between them, Hermione's hand went to the Death Eater's mask as if to remove it, but he twitched his head away. "No! Leave it. You know who I am."

"I've known you ever since I joined the wizarding world, but I want to see you properly."

Catching her fingers in his ungloved hand, he pressed her palm to his masked cheek and pinned her with the weight of his steady, dark gaze. "This isn't a romantic novel. Hermione Granger, I am going to take you against a graveyard wall in the depths of winter: half-clothed, half-frozen and completely fucking hot."

As he stepped in closer, the tip of his cock pressed at her entrance with insistence, emphasising his point. Stretching her arm out, he curled his fingers around a rusted railing, trapping her hand against the cold metal.

Hermione's fingers entwined with his as she nodded her acceptance, and she gasped when his length pushed into her, grazing her bared buttocks against the rough stone of the wall. Her other hand grasped his hip, her grip tightening on naked flesh.

As his pace quickened, his gaze sought hers when he withdrew, relishing the velvet sensation and delighting in the short bursts of breath he forced from her in smoky huffs each time he drove in deeper. A moan escaped Hermione's lips, followed by a rising litany of encouragements, and the masked man covered her mouth with his gloved hand, quietening the increasing volume of her surprising ardour.

The cold wind clutched at his exposed balls in stark contrast to Hermione's enveloping warmth, a rush of heat overtaking him as he came in shuddering spurts. Dropping his head, he touched his sweat-beaded forehead to hers for a brief moment before withdrawing completely and murmuring a cleansing charm as he tucked his spent member back into his trousers. "Our time has run out."

He was already walking away before Hermione had managed to pull her robes down and jump down to the snowy ground to snatch up her wand. As he reached the hard-packed path, he erased his footprints with a nonchalant wave of his hand and a fluff of white snow crystals, leaving the flushed witch standing on shaking legs.

"The ice maiden appears to have melted." His voice held a trace of a smirk when she glared at him. "Compliments of the season to you," he said as he turned and strode from the churchyard.

"Merry Christmas to you, too, Death Eater."

A/N: This was written as a seasonal gift for sunny33, my friend, co-conspirator, writer extraordinaire and general good egg, who then had to do the beta work on it. Thanks, chook!