

# Champagne Supernova

*by PersephoneVerte*

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## One

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer:** I do not own Harry Potter and am making no money from this.

**AN:** I churned this one-shot out tonight. The plot is probably dumb and ridiculous, but I wanted to get some snarky conversation going between my OTP to relieve some frustration.

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"Simply staring at the champagne won't get you drunk, Granger. You have to drink it."

Hermione moved her scowl from her glass to the lean blond in front of her. "What do you want, Malfoy?"

He shifted to grasp the back of the chair across from her. "I was just wondering why the third part of the Golden Trio is sulking in a corner and giving a beverage death glares. It's the anniversary ball, and you're supposed to be one of the stars."

"I'm not sure why it's your business what I do," she said saucily, crossing her arms and giving Malfoy a generous view of her cleavage.

He snorted and sat down. They looked at one another for several minutes before Hermione broke the silence.

"I just don't feel like being particularly social tonight." Her eyes cut across the Great Hall. Malfoy followed her gaze.

"Ah. Not a fan of your Weasley getting on with my Greengrass, then?" he queried with a smirk.

Hermione glared harder. "Again, I have no idea why any of this is your business."

Malfoy leaned forward. "It's my business because she's my fiancée, and I don't like seeing her with Weasley any more than you do. I don't even know why she's fawning over him to begin with. Dreadful robes he's wearing, as usual. Must be the Weasley money at work. You'd figure he would have more, what with being a war hero and all."

Her hands clenched the edges of the tablecloth. If there was a point to the conversation, she wasn't seeing it, and she wasn't sure she even wanted to with the way he was speaking to her. "Ron doesn't feel the need to spend frivolously on his attire because some people, Malfoy, don't base their entire opinion on a way a person looks."

He rolled his eyes. "I'm going to cut the stimulating conversation and get right to the point. She's been doing this for weeks. I suppose she thinks it will make me jealous and attend to her more, although that's ridiculous because we're engaged, so I clearly want her. I'm tired of it. I'm sure you're tired of Weasley falling for her charms after

just a few hours and would like to get some payback."

Hermione's stomach fluttered.

"Are you saying what I think you're saying?" She raised an eyebrow.

"I'm merely making a business proposition, Granger. We're colleagues. We're both being wronged."

"Two wrongs don't make a right."

"No, but they can make us feel a bit better about what's being done to us."

Malfoy had a point, though a decidedly shady one. Hermione had never been petty, but seeing Ron laughing so raucously at the lithe figure with charms far more abundant than her own made her jealousy surface. Clearly, Greengrass was flirting, and clearly, Ron was doing nothing to deflect it. How dare he? After everything they had been through.

Malfoy clucked his tongue.

She took in his relaxed form. He was attractive; there was no denying it. The man Draco Malfoy had become was much different from the albino, pointed-featured boy of their youth. He'd grown into the sharpness of his features, and underneath his tailored robes she could tell lurked powerful limbs. It hit her like a ton of bricks how much she admired his form. Since when did a Malfoy have any sort of positive effect on her? Throwing caution to the wind in a very un-Hermione manner, she went to sit in the vacant chair beside him. He placed his arm on the back of her seat and leaned in.

"Tell me about your last case," he said.

"I-What?"

"It doesn't matter what we talk about, you twit. It just has to look like we're enjoying it."

Hermione huffed but bit her lip and falsely smiled. "Well, you could have just said! There was no need to be a wanker."

He blasted her with a perfect grin. "I'm Draco Malfoy. Being a wanker is what I'm good at."

She'd never been this close to him in recent memory. Merlin, had he always smelled so good? Why? Why was he doing this to her so suddenly?

"Dragons. There was a horde of dangerous dragons being smuggled into the country."

His eyes, which had been trained on her mouth, snapped up to hers. "Really? Fascinating."

"Yes," she laughed, "I'm sure you're very interested in illegal dragons. Remember our first year?"

Malfoy shifted a corner of his mouth up. "Of course. I was immensely excited to catch the three of you."

Had they been touching the whole time since she'd sat down? She couldn't be sure. Every muscle in her body was trained to the way his thumb was rubbing circles on her back.

"How about it?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Hmm?"

"Don't play coy."

"I'm not sure I know what you mean, Malfoy."

She did. She knew. Her whole body was burning.

"Shagging, Granger. I'm talking about shagging."

"Why would you think I want to do that?"

"Because you've been looking at me like you want to eat me alive since we started this little game."

"It's called acting, Malfoy. You wanted to make them jealous. I'm doing my part."

He chuckled under his breath. "Trust me, Granger. I had to do a lot of sucking up during the first few years after the war. I know acting, and what you're doing is no act."

Her thighs clenched. Her mouth was aching to be kissed. Her breasts were pressing against the fabric of her dress and begging to be let out.

Hermione stared into her champagne and took a giant swig. "Okay, Malfoy. You win."

She wasn't quite sure how they had managed to get into the Slytherin dorm. Then again, she wasn't quite sure how she'd managed to get roped into sex with Draco Malfoy, either.

But she didn't care.

She only cared about his lips on her neck and his fingers skimming up her thighs, pulling her dress higher and higher. Her back pressed into the cold dungeon wall and her leg wrapped around his waist. Malfoy nipped at her bottom lip and tugged. His hands were everywhere and nowhere at once, touching her in every spot but the ones she wanted most. His fingers brushed across her arms, her thighs, her stomach. Her heart was hammering against her chest and she growled, pushing him back until the pair crashed in a heap on a couch in the middle of the common room.

Malfoy sat up in the middle but before he could push her under him she swung herself up and straddled his lap. He arched an eyebrow and smirked, but he kept his mouth shut. Her fingers fumbled on the buttons of his shirt as she quickly tried to achieve more contact with his skin. Malfoy's chest was pale but had all the firm, hard lines of a grown man, something Ron's homely shape lacked.

As her hands traced over his chest and to his back, he pulled the top of her dress down and took a breast in his mouth. Hermione threw her head back and shuddered at the jolt that went through her body. He firmly gripped her waist as she rocked herself against him. She was desperate for release.

"Malfoy, I want you. Now."

"Draco," he whispered, grazing his teeth across her chest.

"Draco," she gasped back. "I need to feel you inside me. Please."

He obliged by leaning back to unzip his trousers, and as soon as his cock sprang free Hermione brought her hips down with a moan. She rocked forward, grinding her pelvis against his. Hermione braced her hands against the back of the couch and lifted herself up and down swiftly as the tension inside her built. Malfoy's hands were everywhere as she rode him, squeezing her bottom, lightly pulling her hair, pinching and rolling her nipples between his fingers.

He slipped out of her and she thought she would die, but he rubbed his throbbing erection against her clit and her eyes rolled back in her head. Then he was inside her again, his hands guiding her hips in circles. He was thick, just as she liked, and she felt deliciously full.

"I'm not going to last much longer, Granger. You're so warm and tight."

Hermione whimpered and picked up her pace. Malfoy's body rippled and his fingers slid to rub her sensitive nub as she ground herself against him. She felt her legs start to tremble, and as he flicked his thumb over her clit one last time, she spiraled down into bliss. Her cunt pulsed as a kaleidoscope of stars exploded inside her and a cry escaped her mouth. She barely heard Malfoy's strangled curse before her brain shut down.

When she finally lifted her head from Malfoy's shoulder he was looking at her crossly.

"What?" she inquired.

"You weren't supposed to be so delectable, Granger. Now I'm going to want to do this again."

Hermione scowled. "This was a one-time thing, ferret. You're getting married and I'm... whatever it is Ron and I are doing. Actually, this wasn't even necessary. We could have just gone off for a bit and come back giggling. Sweet Merlin, I can't believe I..."

"Do stop with the theatrics. It happened. You can't change it. Now, let's go back to the celebration. I'm eager to see how the Weasel reacts when he sees his precious Gryffindor Queen looking like she's been thoroughly ravished by the enemy."

Hermione glared as she pulled her dress back up and got to her feet. Not waiting for Malfoy, she strode out of the Slytherin common room. He jogged to catch up to her just in time for the pair to enter the Great Hall together. Unfortunately...or fortunately, depending on how she looked at it...Ron had his back to the room, so her return was unnoticed. Astoria Greengrass, however, was in plain sight.

"Draco, where have you been? I've been looking all over. What are you doing with Granger?"

Hermione blushed as Greengrass' eyes took in her appearance.

"What exactly is going on here? Have you... Have you been shagging my fiancé?"

Hermione didn't know what to say. She hadn't really thought this far. Malfoy, however, had.

"Astoria, darling, how many men have you thrown yourself at lately? Hmm? Four? Eight? Thirty?"

Greengrass' eyes bulged out of her pretty head. That was apparently the wrong thing to say, but Hermione suspected Malfoy didn't care.

"You stupid fucking cow! You Mudblood bitch!" Greengrass launched herself at Hermione, but Malfoy's Seeker reflexes kicked in.

"Now, now, love. We can't have you causing a scene in public. You're a pureblood, and you have manners."

"I don't bloody care about manners, Draco. I care about ripping that slag's eyes out!" Greengrass was struggling against Malfoy, and the threesome was beginning to draw a small crowd. A young man passed by with a tray of champagne flutes, and Greengrass, unable to enact physical revenge with her bare hands, tipped the lot, sending the liquid flying onto Hermione. She sputtered as the sticky substance coated her skin.

"Astoria!" Malfoy roared. With a wave of his wand, he immobilized her hostile form. "Utterly stupid. Did your parents teach you nothing about decorum?" he muttered, floating her along the crowd to the exit.

Hermione was still staring after them, shocked, when Ron grabbed her elbow. She shrugged and let him bring her over to the table they had shared with Harry, Ginny, and Luna, all of whom were properly smashed.

"What the bloody hell was that?" Ron asked.

Hermione had recovered her wits. "Ridiculous, is what it was. Malfoy pulled me into the corridor to ask me if you would consider discouraging his fiancée from throwing herself so flagrantly at you because he knew you would have a huge blowup if he confronted you about it. Rather mature of him, actually. But Astoria Greengrass obviously has so little faith in her relationship that she presumed we had been performing other tasks."

Ron laughed. "You? With Malfoy? Barking mad, she is."

Hermione nodded, blotting her wet dress with a napkin. "Indeed."

The table had another laugh about how absurd the idea was, and that was that. Hermione shoved the memory in the back of her mind and resolved herself to never think of Draco Malfoy in an inappropriate manner again.