

Unexpected Bedfellows

by *artccat621*

After waking up in bed with a former Death Eater, Hermione panics and is eager to put the ordeal from her mind. However, she just can't get him out of her mind.

Part One

Chapter 1 of 2

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Author Notes: Many thanks to *krazyredhead0317* and *Kyrie* for their beta help! I love Hermione/Rabastan, so I just couldn't resist writing this for the HP Rare_Cliche Valentine's Day fest on LJ. It's a two part story and I hope you all enjoy.

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****Part One****

Hermione stirred in her sleep. She awoke, but didn't open her eyes. She didn't want to. Her body ached all over, and she knew she was a bit hungover after last night's celebration. The Ministry gala celebrating the five-year anniversary of the end of the war at the Battle of Hogwarts had started boringly, but after a few drinks, Hermione had begun to enjoy herself. In fact, she vaguely remembered meeting a man.

She rolled over, eyes still closed. Her body was sore, but it wasn't a painful sore. In fact, she felt as if she had enjoyed a bout of rather rough sex.

But that would just be crazy, she thought to herself, silently laughing. There's no way the "Great War Heroine Hermione Granger" would get drunk and sleep with someone. That would just be absurd. She stretched her legs across the sheets....

And they touched something solid.

Her eyes flew open, and she found herself staring into a pair of blue-grey eyes.

"Good morning," he greeted her, a smirk on his face. "Sleep well?"

She abruptly sat up, not quite sure what to say. The rush of cool air alerted her to the fact that she was naked. Hermione let out a screech as she tumbled off the bed, pulling the covers with her and trying to cover her nakedness.

"Who are you?" she demanded to know, her eyes darting about the room for her wand. Blast it! Where was that stupid thing?

"Your wand is on the table," the man answered, pointing to the other side of the room. "And you can relax, kitten. I'm not gonna hurt you." He stood, stretching his arms above his head as he yawned.

Hermione tried to avert her eyes, as he was naked too, but she couldn't. Despite him being a stranger, she couldn't help the small jolt of desire that coursed through her

body. He was lean and built and his cock was, well... large.

The man smirked at her before waggling his eyebrows. "Care for another go, kitten? We had such a fun time last night."

Hermione refocused on the task at hand. She summoned her wand silently and pointed it at him. "I'll ask you again," she said, trying to sound menacing. "What is your name?" Her heart raced in her chest, and she couldn't stop herself from freaking out. Tears pricked at the corner of her eyes.

He held his hands up in mock surrender. "You can put your wand away, Hermione, you don't need it. I'm not going to hurt you. My name is Rabastan, and I'm a bit miffed that you don't remember it. You certainly didn't seem that drunk last night."

"Rabastan?" She fell silent as she processed his first name. After a moment, her eyes widened. "Rabastan Lestrangle?" Hermione asked, her voice going up an octave. "Sweet Nimue, what have I done?"

"Well, we danced and flirted at the gala, and then you invited yourself to my hotel room," he explained, looking around the room for his clothing. He found his undergarments and pulled them on. "Shall I order breakfast?"

"Breakfast?" Hermione asked. "How can you be so calm about this?"

"How can you not be?" Rabastan countered. "So we slept together; what's the big deal? I don't understand why you're freaking out."

"If sleeping around isn't bad enough, it just had to be *you*!" Hermione huffed. She, too, looked around for her bra and knickers.

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean?" Rabastan snapped angrily.

His words caused Hermione to stop her search and look at him.

"Me? What? Because I used to be a Death Eater?" When Hermione didn't respond, he let out a laugh. "Oh, that's rich! The Golden Girl who is always preaching justice and equality is being prejudiced." He shook his head. "I thought you were different from your little friends."

Hermione was miffed. "I am different! I don't hold a grudge like my friends do. I have no qualms about Death Eaters, past or present."

"Then what's the big deal?"

"I don't do this!" Hermione cried, the tears coming freely. "I'm not a slag. I don't get drunk and sleep with random men!"

Rabastan's expression softened. "Hermione, I don't think you're a slag." He walked over and hugged her. He was mindful to keep the blanket wrapped around her tightly as he didn't want to upset her more. "Don't cry... To be honest, I'm not quite sure what to do with a crying woman."

She sniffled, looking up at him. "I am a slag, though. Oh, what are the papers going to say?"

"Since when do you care what the paper says?" Rabastan asked. "What happened to the fiery girl I met last night?"

"I was drunk!" she protested. "I'm not usually so forward with men."

Rabastan looked at her. "You weren't as drunk as you think you were." He shook his head. "Are you done freaking out?"

"Not really," Hermione answered honestly, stepping away from him. "I... I need to get dressed. I have to get to work." Looking around the room, she spotted her undergarments and the dress she wore last night. She grabbed both quickly and headed into the bathroom.

Hermione tried to calm her racing thoughts as she freshened up and got dressed. She couldn't believe she had asked him to take her back to his hotel room. Her memories were coming back, and that meant she was reliving every detail.

And damn, last night was certainly the best bout of sex she had ever gotten.

Just thinking about it was getting her all worked up.

Stop, Hermione. You need to get dressed and get out of here. There's no use in lingering.

She used her wand to tame her wild curls and sighed. This was a mess. The whole situation was a mess. And now she had to do the walk of shame.

Walking out of the bathroom, she saw Rabastan was dressed in a nice suit. She recognized it as a Muggle brand, which momentarily surprised her.

"I've left the Pureblood shite behind me," Rabastan said. "I've also ordered us breakfast."

"I can't," Hermione said, shaking her head. "I've got to get to work."

"Well, at least take something for the road," he insisted, gesturing at the platter of pastries.

Hermione hesitated before reaching forward and taking a buttery croissant. She wrapped it up in a napkin. "Rabastan, I'm sorry about last night."

"I'm not." He arched his brow at her. "We have some serious chemistry, Hermione. I'd be more than happy to see you again. I'll even take you out on a real date."

She was startled by his words. He wanted to see her again? She quickly shook her head. "No, I'm sorry, but, no... That's just completely out of the question."

Rabastan smirked. He handed her a small piece of paper. "Well, in case you ever change your mind, feel free to owl or Floo call me." He then took her hand and pressed a kiss to the back of it, which caused Hermione's stomach to flutter excitedly.

Hermione pulled away and slipped into her black pumps. "Goodbye, Rabastan." She slipped out the door before either of them could say anything else. She was more than eager to put this awkward morning out of her mind.

By noontime, Hermione was fed up. She sat at her office desk, papers scattered around her. There was plenty of work to be done, but she couldn't focus on any of it. Unfortunately, her mind was still stuck on Rabastan.

"Just write him," her co-worker, Krystle, moaned.

"What?" Hermione asked, turning a deep shade of red.

"Whomever you're thinking about, just owl him or something. I'm sick of you looking like a conflicted sap over there," Krystle said, sticking her tongue out to tease her friend.

Hermione sighed. It seemed that, despite her awkwardness and terror this morning about what had happened last night, she really did want to see Rabastan again. To be

fair, he had been a complete gentleman in the morning.

Perhaps he's not that bad after all..

Grabbing a pen, she quickly wrote him a note. She called over one of the office owls and handed the bird the letter. "Off you go."

"There," Krystle said from her desk. "Now we can focus on getting this paperwork done so Percy doesn't kill us for not finishing this report."

Hermione nodded. Percy could be a pain at times. Still, as she sat down at her desk, Hermione couldn't help the butterflies in her stomach.

She'd be having a date soon.

Rabastan opened the letter and grinned.

Rabastan,

I changed my mind, and I think that meeting for dinner would be a lovely idea. Name the time and place.

Hermione

Turns out attending the Ministry gala wasn't as big of a waste of time as he had thought it'd been. He smirked. He had a date to plan.

Part Two

Chapter 2 of 2

After waking up in bed with a former Death Eater, Hermione panics and is eager to put the ordeal from her mind. However, she just can't get him out of her mind.

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****Part Two****

Hermione,

Meet me at the Moreau's in the upper East End of London on Friday night at 7 o'clock.

I look forward to seeing you.

Rabastan

Hermione smiled as she read the letter. After a busy week at work at the Ministry, it was finally Friday night. She was certainly looking forward to her date with Rabastan. But first, she needed to shower and shave. She wanted to look her best.

After showering and shaving, Hermione dried off and rubbed her favorite lotion all over her skin, leaving it silky smooth. She then used a charm on her hair and put it in a fancy up-do. She remembered hearing her parents speak about the place once or twice when she was young, so she knew Moreau's was a fancy restaurant.

She walked towards her closet and pulled out a blue knee-length dress. It hugged her body in all the right places, accentuating the curves that she had. She slipped into her favorite pair of black pumps the same ones she had worn to the gala last weekend.

Grabbing her clutch and safely tucking her wand into it, Hermione Apparated to a location in London she knew was safe for such purposes. She then walked towards Moreau's and waited outside the doorway for Rabastan.

She didn't have to wait long. He appeared from around the corner and was holding a single red rose. "Hermione," he greeted her, handing her the flower. "I'm so glad you decided to meet me for dinner."

Hermione smiled. "My co-worker actually pushed me to it. You'll have to thank her."

"What's her name?" Rabastan asked, taking Hermione's hand as he led her into the restaurant.

"Krystle," Hermione answered. "She's a total sweetheart."

"I'll have to send her flowers in thanks, then," Rabastan said. "I have a reservation under the name Lestrangle," he told the hostess.

"Right this way, sir." The hostess led them towards a small, secluded section in the back. "Enjoy."

Hermione looked at the menu. Everything sounded so good; she wasn't quite sure how she was going to decide what to order.

"First time here?" Rabastan asked, peering at her over the top of his own menu. When Hermione nodded, he smiled. "Try the salmon. It's delicious."

"All right," Hermione murmured. She liked salmon, so salmon it was!

"Hello, my name is Claude, and I will be your server tonight. Can I start either of you off with something to drink?"

Hermione smiled. "A Pinot Noir please."

"We'll take the bottle," Rabastan said. After the waiter left, Hermione gave him a questioning look. He shrugged, giving her a smirk that made her insides squirm. "The Pinot Noir will go great with my filet mignon."

The waiter returned with the bottle of wine and poured them each a glass. The two of them then ordered their food. Once alone, Hermione looked at Rabastan.

She had realized he was handsome the other morning, but seeing him now, she was floored. He was stunning. In a way, she realized he was a mixture of both Harry and Malfoy. Rabastan carried himself with the regalness of Malfoy, but he had Harry's mischievous personality.

"So how did you come across this place?" Hermione asked him, taking a sip of her wine.

"Well, I enjoy going out to eat and trying new foods, but that's been difficult in the wizarding world due to my past as a Death Eater. I know I did a lot of wrong in the past, but what I've done pales in comparison to my brother and his insane wife. However, they both died during the war, so I've taken the brunt of the blame for anything done by a Lestranger."

Hermione frowned. "While you deserve some of the blame, because let's be honest, you were a Death Eater, you don't deserve it all. I'm so sorry about that. I had no idea."

"It's difficult for me and a lot of others, but I'll survive. Because of all that, I started to venture into the Muggle world for restaurants, and I stumbled upon this place by accident. I fell in love with the food, and the wait staff is always so nice."

She smiled as she looked around. "My dad took my mum here for an anniversary date once."

"That sounds nice," Rabastan said with a smile. He reached across the table and took her hand. "Tell me more about yourself, Hermione."

She blushed. "I'm sure you already know all about me."

"Aye, but I'd like to know the real you. I know you have a fiery passion somewhere in you, and I'd like to see more of it." She blushed even more at his words. "Not that way, Hermione, but I'd be more than happy to make that sort of passion with you."

"Well, I work in the Department of Magical Transportation. I know a lot of people expected me to end up elsewhere because of my love for house-elves, but I love my job. I mostly work with the Apparition Test Center, but I sometimes help out in the Portkey office. I usually teach Apparition lessons and am the one to give someone their license," Hermione explained.

"That's a very important job. Without the proper lessons, someone could splinch themselves and die."

"I know," Hermione said sadly. "We see it a lot. A lot of witches and wizards attempt it without the proper guidance, and they suffer from it. I'm hoping to create a method that will truly discourage people from attempting Apparition by themselves."

"If anyone can do it, you can," Rabastan said confidently. His thumb brushed over her knuckle, causing her to shiver. She glanced at his eyes and saw they were filled with desire. "Are you enjoying yourself?"

Hermione nodded, suddenly finding her throat very dry. "I am. Are you?"

Rabastan smirked. "I am, kitten."

Their food appeared at the next moment, and Hermione was grateful. The tension between the two of them was almost too much. She wasn't sure how much more she would be able to take.

They ate their dinner in silence. Hermione enjoyed the salmon. It was grilled to perfection, and she was glad that Rabastan had suggested it to her. Once they finished their meals, they shared chocolate cheesecake for dessert.

After Rabastan paid their tab, he took her hand and led her outside. Once in the alleyway, he turned to face her. "Hermione," he started, but he didn't get the chance to finish because she had thrown herself in his arms and begun to kiss him.

Rabastan wrapped his arms around her small frame and hugged her tightly. His lips moved against hers in a hurried passion as he backed them against the alley wall.

"Rabastan," Hermione moaned, breaking away. She looked at him, her chest heaving and her cheeks flushed. "I want you. Please, Rab, I need you." She bit her lip and gave him a pleading look. "Please, take me home."

He smirked before wrapping his arms around her tightly and Apparating them both to his home.

The next morning, Hermione awoke with a grin on her face. She turned over and gave Rabastan a kiss. "Good morning," she greeted him.

"Good morning," he murmured sleepily, wrapping his arms around her as he snuggled close to her. "So is this morning after better than our last?"

"Much better," Hermione agreed with a smile. She closed her eyes and smiled in contentment. This morning was so nice that she didn't mind doing it again... and again... and again.

With the way Rabastan was looking at her, Hermione had a feeling that they would be sharing a lot of mornings together.

Krystle woke up the next morning, a smile on her face. She hoped that Hermione had had a good time on her date with Rabastan. Standing, she moved into her kitchen. A small gasp of surprise escaped her lips.

On her kitchen table, there was a bouquet of mature dark pink roses. Krystle walked closer and noticed there was a small note. "To show my thanks and gratitude Rabastan." Krystle smiled. She knew from her mum, who happened to be a florist, that a bouquet of mature blooms meant gratitude. The dark pink roses were a way to say, 'thank you.'

Krystle's smile deepened. It seemed Hermione had managed to land herself a good one. She'd have to ask if he had any friends.