

Draco Dormiens Nunquam Titillandus

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Hermione tests a theory about the Hogwarts Motto.

Don't Tickle Sleeping Dracos

Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione tests a theory about the Hogwarts Motto.

Hermione could feel her orgasm coming on strong as she rode Draco. Closing her eyes, she murmured a wandless spell to release his bindings. Unfortunately, as she reached the end of the spell, the waves of pleasure began pulsing through her and she got a little carried away; the silk bindings burst into flames, hopefully not burning his wrists too badly. The feather she had used to wake him once she'd bound his wrists, now laying forgotten on the bed, burst like Muggle fireworks. She could feel sparks leaving her fingertips as well, but if Draco felt burnt by the hands clutching onto his shoulders he didn't complain. Freed of his bonds, he gripped her hips and came with her, chanting her name while she pulsed around him.

She collapsed next to him on the bed, both of them spent, and tried to catch her breath. That had been the most intense orgasm of her life. She looked at his shoulders and could see hand-shaped burn marks marring his perfect alabaster skin.

"Strange as it was, my love," Draco said, kissing her breasts and collarbone, "to be woken like that, I dare say you're welcome to do it again."

She giggled a bit and pulled his face up to hers for a long sensual kiss. When she pulled away, she explained.

"I was testing a theory, actually."

He quirked an eyebrow and kissed her forehead. "And what theory is that, exactly?"

"That not everything I learned at Hogwarts was the be all and end all of education."

He looked at her, confused.

"The school crest says Draco Dormiens Nunquam Titillandus." He nodded at that, still not understanding where she was headed. "So I decided to find out what would happen if I did choose to tickle a sleeping Draco."