

Spinster

by chivalric

Draco Malfoy thought he could hide in a Muggle place – but he was wrong.

One-shot story

Chapter 1 of 1

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Warning: If you are really fond of Draco Malfoy, don't read this story.

Many thanks to my beta, potionmastersmistress, for crosschecking and putting the stray commas where they belong.

Occasionally, Draco Malfoy couldn't resist the temptation of spending a lazy afternoon in a Muggle café. It was a tiny yet cosy place in one of the more quiet alleys of Camden Town, one where no wizard and no witch would ever set foot in. He would consume tea in abundance, accompanied by too many cakes and the occasional whiskey. He would linger until sunset thinking about his miserable life, his non-existent career, his disappointed father and frustrated mother. And he would brood about his so-called wife, the nasty dragon in his ridiculously small household, and a way to get rid of her without raising suspicions.

Most times, he didn't bother to even disguise himself, would only sit and stare and drink; today, however, he had changed his appearance enough to be sure no one would recognize him even if someone he knew happened to sit at the next table. So when the wind swept in the woman, he could openly gaze at her in disbelief, completely sure she would never ever know that it was him staring at her.

But she didn't look too closely round anyway. A brief glance, then she turned and chose a small table in the corner, only dropping her heavy coat across the back of her chair when already occupying it. A big handbag was placed on the seat beside her, her cap was removed and revealed hair that was as unruly as ever; gloves followed and a scarf at last.

Granger. Hermione Granger. In a Muggle café. *His* café.

He would have sworn, but his mouth hung agape.

She was still so damn beautiful! How dare she look like that, whilst his own wife resembled the outlines of a small walrus since two weeks after their forced marriage! And her clothing it was lovely, exquisite, expensive, as Draco could see even from the distance. The dress seemed to be tailored from thick, warm velvet, held the shade of a deep, rich emerald green, and it went perfectly with the chestnut colour of her hair and her slightly lighter, amber eyes.

Hell, how much he would like to fuck her. How much he had always wanted to fuck her, since their third year, when she had punched him hard enough to send him flying. Back then he had, for the first time, seen her beauty, hidden still under her lanky teenage body, her bony corners, her freckles, her ever babbling mouth and her inability to show respect. But it had been there, the beauty, and it was very obvious that she had outgrown the most noticeable flaws in her appearance. She still had freckles, but her skin was of a soft golden colour even in the middle of winter. Her body had filled out nicely, no bones anymore, just curves at the right places, and quite admirable tits. She was not tall, but seemed perfectly shaped, although he hadn't seen that much under her heavy clothing.

Gulping, he ordered a double whiskey, downed it, and continued staring.

She was unaware not only of him being in the same room with her, but of anyone else in the café. The waiter had taken a pot of steaming hot tea to her table without even having bothered to take her order. Draco could only assume that she came here frequently, and that, until today, he had always just missed her.

For a moment, he allowed himself the dream of getting up, of going over to her, of seeing a smile upon her face when recognizing him. But he very soon snapped back to reality. She hated him, he knew that for sure, and he had no wish to take her with force. That was something he had to do regularly in his own bedroom, and by now he despised the necessity of it. Granger wouldn't come willingly, he wouldn't want her any other way; so all he could do was to sit and spy on her for a little while longer.

His mood grew nastier every minute. She had taken out a book and was reading. Well, what a surprise that was, she being the know-it-all and the smartest girl who had graduated from Hogwarts in a century. She would possibly die, having no books around.

Now she even took a pocketbook out of her bag and a pencil. She was here, in his café, and studied? Blast her, that was simply outrageous! She should be surrounded by men, by admirers, by someone who loved her. Yet she was here alone, abandoned, lost. *Serves the bitch right*, Draco Malfoy thought in self-pity, being alone, abandoned, and lost himself.

Not being entirely sober anymore, he took a closer look, muttering a silent charm whilst waving his wand underneath the table. It allowed him to expand his eyesight as if he were sitting opposite of her, not several tables away.

Right then, let's see. Her nails were too short. Now that was odd, as her hands were so elegant that only long, red nails would have suited them properly. On thumb and index finger he could observe ink stains; still devoted to work, what a shame. *She would be better off on all fours*, he smirked.

There were shadows under her eyes. Actually, she looked tired. Yes, there, she had to stifle a yawn. Great, she obviously had been working late, and the most possible reason for that was that she had a demanding boss. A nasty grin crossed Draco's lips. It soothed him immensely to find out that not everything went well for the former head girl. A shitty job she has, even is forced to do some work in her free time; that's good, that's excellent!

And then he looked into her face again. No make-up. No lipstick. No earrings. And in her hair. Was that a quill? Really? Yes, it was! Wonderful. She might look slightly good, but obviously she still hasn't managed to marry herself off, otherwise her husband would forbid her to be seen thus in public. *She'll end up as an old spinster, unloved, unwanted, unwed*, Draco cheered silently. She possibly didn't even find anyone willing enough to shag her, given the unsatisfied look in her face.

Confirming his last thought, Draco stared hard. *Unsatisfied, definitely*, he decided. And her hair was not unruly; it was simply unkempt, as if she didn't care how she looked. And there was not only ink on her fingers, but on her cheek as well.

Had he really thought her clothing exquisite? No, not really, as further inspections revealed. Alright, the dress was of a nice green, but it wasn't new, not even from this season's fashion. The sleeves were slightly worn-out, and the cap, as Draco only saw now, was clearly hand-knitted. And that handbag! It was more of a rucksack, really, and not only simply old, but ancient. *Fleamarket*, Draco thought in disgust. *She's alone, she's poor, and she's worse off than me. Great!*

Slumping back in his chair, Draco's erection subsided into nothingness as he slowly and deliberately convinced himself that her beauty and attractiveness was only there at first sight and vanished into thin air when getting looked at too closely. "Fuck you, bitch," he murmured. "Wouldn't take you if you were offered on a silver plate."

Happier than he had been all afternoon, he waved to the waitress. He wanted to pay and leave, as he couldn't avoid anyway getting back to his horrific so-called home and his horrific so-called wife, who refused to share his bed willingly and denied him his right of an heir, although he had promised to pay her if she finally conceived.

He cast another look at Granger. Her obvious misery, sitting alone in a café with nothing but a few dull books around her, had certainly raised his spirits. He was massively glad that he had taken the time to look past his first impression and had revealed her as what she was: a sad woman on the wrong side of her twenties, growing older with every breath she took and not at all the beauty he had had in his head for the past twelve years.

Just when he was about to get up, the door opened and a new customer stepped in. This time, Draco paled to the roots of his usually white blonde hair, and he sat again, hiding behind a newspaper. Now that one was someone he would try to avoid at all costs. That one was dangerous, and he had made it ever so clear after the war that he would never ever set foot in Malfoy Manor or talk to any of its inhabitants.

Snape.

Then a thought crossed Draco's mind, and he lowered the paper enough to peek over it. He was here in disguise, no fear needed that Hogwarts' headmaster would recognise him. But Granger, she was unaware of the man standing only a few feet away from her, and as far as Draco knew, he hated her as much as he hated the other two parts of the former Golden Trio. It should be quite a sight to observe her facing him. Maybe he would even make her cry with a few well set, nasty remarks.

There! Snape had seen Granger. He went over to her table! Still, Granger didn't seem to notice him, scribbled something down and ignored the world around her. One more moment, and. Yes! She had seen him; his shadow had fallen on her books. And...

...what was that? She smiled? At him? She smiled at him a smile more beautiful than anything he had seen in the past few years? Such a smile for Snape? But...

... And now she reached out her hand? And why for fuck's sake he didn't growl at her? How... No! He smiled back! At her, at Granger, he took her hand, pulled it up, and kissed her fingertips!

Draco considered himself in a nightmare when realisation finally kicked in: she had been waiting for him. And he hadn't found his way in here out of coincidence, but was meeting with her, with Granger, with the girl he himself had never had the guts to ask out, and Snape was now not kissing Granger's fingers anymore, but had taken the chair next to hers, had leaned over, and now kissed her marvellous mouth, with her hands round his neck, right in front of absolutely everyone. Snape didn't care that someone could see him like that. Gods, the man had really changed!

And then Snape smiled again and reached out his hand, caressed Granger's cheek, and made a remark that made her blush.

Draco couldn't stand that any longer. He waggled his wand again.

"... Shouldn't have kept you up so late last night, love. You look a little tired."

"Hmmm, but it was worth it, Severus. So don't even dare apologizing for making love to me, as I can't just get enough of it!"

"Greedy woman," Snape smiled. "Shall we leave, then?"

"Please. I want to go home, and although it was lovely to warm up in here and edit your new book, I desperately need you to take care of me for the rest of the evening."

"At your service, Madame Snape."

Getting up, Snape didn't even bother to wait for the waitress, just left a few quid on the table and helped his wife, *she was his damn wife!* out of the chair. She was quite a bit smaller than him, Draco saw, whilst his heart threatened to burst from his chest out of sheer, naked jealousy.

Had he thought her dress tailored well? But certainly the green velvet was a bit too wide for her slender. Hang on! What was that? That was absolutely and utterly impossible!

Snape had stepped closer to brush a loose strand of hair out of her face, then his hands wandered from her shoulders down to her hips. And with the movement he pressed the velvet close to her body and revealed that she wasn't that slender anymore. Quite at the contrary. Her belly was not huge jet, but considerably round.

She was pregnant. Very pregnant. And Snape, that lousy traitor, after having stolen another kiss, was now gently pressing a careful hand to this roundness, protecting it, and clearly enjoying the feeling of the kicking treasure inside.

No surprise she looked tired. She had a husband who desired her, an unborn child that kept her awake when he didn't, and a future to look forward to. She obviously was very, very happy, and Draco had been wrong about absolutely everything, he could see that now, and nothing he told himself could betray that fact.

Slipping a hand round his wife's waist, Snape opened the door for Granger. The couple left the café without another look back.

Draco, for the first, but certainly not for the last time in his life, honestly considered committing suicide.