

Liquor is Quicker

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Thanks to my beta, Lady Laurelin.

"God, Ginny! Look at this place! I bet every loser on the face of the Earth is in here tonight!" The bar was crowded with half-naked, drunk women and perverted, desperate men. The music was way too loud, and it hurt her ears. Hermione turned to leave, but Ginny grabbed her arm.

"Come on, Hermione, try to have a good time for once!" She started dancing, bumping her hip into Hermione's and doing a little disco hand roll. "You don't want me to get up on the bar like last time and do the Moonwalk do you? Because I will..."

"Ginny," Hermione said, trying to be heard over the noise. "We've been out every Saturday for like two months! Give it a rest!"

"I will not rest until I've found you a lover!"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "I do not need your half-assed attempts to find a man; I'm perfectly capable of finding one on my own... not that I need one."

"Oh, you need one! You haven't been laid in like a year! You're starting to get bitchy, and no one wants to be around you. What you need is a good fuck!"

Hermione glared at her best friend. "Just because you and Harry get after it every night like a couple of dogs in heat..."

"Look!" Ginny interrupted. "A free table, over by the door!" She grabbed Hermione and pulled her through the crowd.

After sitting down, Ginny started her usual 'how about that man?' thing she always did. Hermione would barely give the creep a once over and tell her he was not for her. It was true. She always found something wrong with every guy she met; too short, too tall, way too damn skinny. Some were quite attractive, but either they were dumb as a brain-dead monkey or they tried to touch her. She hated when a guy thought he could put his hands on her like she was some bar whore or something!

"Oooh, look at him," Ginny said, smacking her on the arm. "Nice ass, big, strong muscles..."

Hermione snorted in disgust. "Honestly, Ginny, he has no neck!"

"So? A neck is not important, it's his ding-a-ling you need to worry about, and judging from the bulge in his oh-so-tight pants, it looks as though he's big enough to split you like a coconut."

"Sounds painful," Hermione said, dismissing the body builder with a wave of her hand.

"Okay, so how about that bloke over there with the surfer hair and the nice tan? He's cute."

Hermione nodded her head slightly. "He is slightly attractive, but a little young, don't you think?"

"The younger the better... more stamina. You don't want an old man who's going to have an aneurism just as he's about to shoot his load into you, do you?" Ginny moaned in ecstasy and then went into pretend convulsions and finally plopped her head on the table as if dead.

"Do you have to be so graphic?"

"Yes."

"Hold on!" Ginny said, narrowing her eyes. "I think I've found the perfect man for you!"

Hermione frowned. "Gin..."

"He's blond, rich, nicely dressed, fucking gorgeous body, and he's almost as smart as you are."

"How can you possibly know how smart he is?" Hermione asked, rolling her eyes.

"Would you just look?"

"No. I've had enough. I'm leaving." She started to get out of her chair when Ginny pulled her back down, grabbed her face and turned it.

"Would you just fucking look?"

All the air left Hermione's lungs, and her jaw fell open. "Malfoy?" she said in a whisper.

"Damn, he's fine!" Ginny said. "Is it possible that he's gotten even more sexy?"

Hermione snapped her jaw closed. "Sexy? He's a prick, and I definitely do not find him attractive whatsoever."

Ginny raised her eyebrow in a mocking manner. "You, Hermione Granger, are a big fat liar!"

"I am not!"

"Yes, you are!" Ginny leaned in. "I happen to remember a time when we were playing that Truth or Dare game with Veritaserum, and Harry asked you who it was you thought about while masturbating, and you said..."

"Shut up!" Hermione's face turned a lovely shade of crimson.

Ginny laughed. "I know you've wanted to fuck his brains out for forever, so why don't you just go over there and tell him?"

Hermione looked aghast at the very thought. "There is no way in HELL I would ever proposition Malfoy!"

"Why not? Are you afraid he might turn you down?" She looked over at him. "He's a man, isn't he? There is no way he would turn down sex."

"Well, I'm not going to find out because I'm leaving before he sees me."

"Too late, he's coming over." Ginny waved at him.

"You are such a bitch!" Hermione said, panicking as Draco drew closer. She wanted to bolt for the door, but her legs didn't seem to want to cooperate. "I'll get you for this," she said through clenched teeth.

"I'm sure you will," Ginny said, looking up at a smirking Malfoy.

"Well, well, well!" Draco said, his eyes scanning over Hermione's blushing face. "If it isn't Granger and girl-Weasley!" He tore his eyes away from Hermione's and focused on Ginny.

"We haven't seen you here before, Malfoy, and we're here all the time."

"Am I to believe that you are regulars at this fine pub? I never took you for an alcoholic, Granger."

Hermione glared at him. "Even if I were an alcoholic--which I'm not--it's none of your damn business."

"Still have that winning personality, I see."

"Still can't tell when you're not wanted, I see."

Ginny could tell this was not going to be easy. "Now play nice. We're not teenagers anymore. I'm sure we are mature enough to put aside our differences and hold a grown-up conversation."

They both looked at her like she was out of her mind.

"Maybe not." She stood up. "I'm going to go and dance. Kill each other for all I care." She started towards the dance floor, turned and added, "Like Mark Twain said, 'Denial ain't just a river in Egypt.'" She gave them both a wink and then disappeared into the crowd.

"What the bloody hell is she talking about?" Draco asked, sitting down in Ginny's empty chair.

"Did I say you could sit down?" Hermione said, agitated. She just wanted him to go away. It was hard to sit next to the man she had been picturing for years in her very vivid fantasies. He just looked so damn fuckable sitting there with his hair falling over his forehead, his smoldering sexy eyes penetrating her very soul, and his tight, black knit shirt clinging to his every muscle. How dare he taunt her like this! Didn't he know what she wanted to rip his clothes off, throw him on the table and straddle his face?

"Granger!"

Hermione blinked. "Huh?"

"I asked you if you wanted a drink," he chuckled.

"What?" She couldn't shake the image of herself grinding her pussy into his face. "Did you say drink?"

He looked at her, concerned. "Are you feeling all right?"

"Who? Me?" She laughed lightly. "I'm fine! Sure, I'd love one. Why don't you go get them, while I use the ladies' room."

Draco paused, half-standing. "You're not going to do a runner on me, are you, Granger?"

That was the last thing on her mind right now. "No. Are you?"

Draco leaned over the table, close to her. "Wild horses couldn't drag me away, Granger." He stared into her eyes, and she stared back, blushing to the roots of her frizzy hair.

Hermione was sure the entire pub could hear her heart beating over the music. 'God, I want him to kiss me!' she thought. He leaned in ever closer, and for a fleeting moment, she was sure he was going to do it; then he pulled away, and with an arrogant smile, he walked away.

Hermione got up and made her way quickly to the bathroom where she locked herself in the nearest stall, put her foot up on the toilet, and plunged her fingers into her soaked cunt. She had to bite her bottom lip to keep from screaming as her orgasm rumbled through her. Resting her head on the wall, she decided that tonight was the night she would make her fantasies about Draco finally come true. She was tired of her fingers, tired of her vibrator; she wanted the real thing, not a substitute. Tonight she would settle for nothing but his hard cock.

Shivering once more as she pulled her sopping fingers out of her pussy, she quickly washed her hands, dried them, fixed her skirt and headed back out, determined to get what she wanted.

Draco put the drinks on the table and sat down. He had to admit that Granger was looking mighty fine tonight. This was the first time he had seen her for years... at least for real. Almost every night he thought about her. They were never nice thoughts, either. They were fantasies filled with the most vulgar sexual acts he could think of. More than once he had cum in his bed like a school boy, just thinking about fucking her.

And here she was, in the flesh--her very smooth and lickable flesh. Did she want him too, or had he imagined it? The way she had looked when he was so close to her face, like she wanted him to kiss her. The more he thought about it, the more he decided that she DID want him. It was obvious.

Hermione halted a few steps from the table, took a deep breath, put on a fake smile and sat down. "Is this a Kamikaze?" she asked, sniffing her drink. "And you're having a rum and Coke?"

"Very good, Granger! Maybe my assessment about you being an alcoholic was spot on!"

Hermione glared at him from over the top of her glass. "If you're going to be an asshole, then you can just leave."

"Sorry. I was making the observation that someone who could recognize a drink just by looking at it or smelling it has to have had quite a few drinks in their lifetime."

Hermione lifted her hand and downed the Kamikaze in one gulp. "I accept your apology. Does it bother you that I know more about alcohol than you?"

"I never said you did."

"Well, I do."

Draco smirked, taking up the challenge. "So sure, are you?" he said, picking up his rum and Coke. He swallowed it and slammed his empty glass down on the table. "How about a little wager then, Miss Smarty Knickers?"

Hermione gave him a smirk. "Fine."

"We name drinks, and the other person has to give the ingredients."

"And?"

"If I win, you come home with me tonight, and I get to do whatever I want with you."

Hermione was secretly pleased, but there was no way she was going to let him win; it just wasn't in her nature to lose. "And if I win, you have to shave your head."

Draco flinched. "What?" he asked, flabbergasted.

"You heard me; or are you too chicken-shit to go through with it?"

"You are an evil bitch, Granger."

"No denying that, Malfoy."

Draco had to win now; there was no way in hell he was going to shave off his silky blond locks.

"We need someone knowledgeable in this field. I'll be right back." Draco left and then came back with one of the bartenders. "This is Chris."

"I know," she said. "Hey, Chris."

He gave her a friendly smile--perhaps too friendly, and it made Draco seethe with anger. "Okay, shall we get started?"

"You go first, Malfoy."

Draco thought long and hard. "FEELIN' LUCKY."

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Yes, I am, and the ingredients are: 151 proof rum, lemon-lime rum and cola."

Draco was shocked. "I'm impressed."

"You ain't seen nothing yet, Malfoy!" She searched her mind for something exotic and not well known. "How about ALLIGATOR SPERM?"

Chris the Bartender had only made one of these in all his years and was sure Draco would never know the answer. He was dead wrong.

"Melon liqueur, pineapple juice and cream."

Hermione's jaw dropped. "How the bloody hell could you have known that?"

"I'm going to give you a RUN FOR YOUR MONEY, Granger."

"I'm sure you will, and you make that drink with apple and strawberry Schnapps."

"Very good, Hermione!" Chris said.

"What are you? Her cheerleader?" Draco asked, annoyed.

"Draco, just SHUT THE HELL UP and play the game."

Draco grinned at her. "That's an easy one, Granger. 151 proof Rum, whiskey, herbal liqueur, Everclear and Grenadine syrup."

"There is no way you could have known that! You're cheating or something!" Hermione crossed her arms, sulking like a child.

"Oh, yes, Granger. I'm playing a MIND GAME with you. You know, I can read your thoughts, and I'm picking the answers from your brain. They're all right there..."

"Game on now, Malfoy!" she snapped. "Ricard, blue Curacao liqueur, and milk." She sat back in her chair. "Take that! You're going to lose BIG TIME, Malfoy!"

"You're delusional if you think I'll lose to you. Cognac and licorice liqueur."

"You know, I hate you. You're such a JACKASS!"

"I might be a Jackass, but I still know how to make one: whiskey and 151 proof rum." He winked suggestively at her. "All this heated arguing is great FOREPLAY, wouldn't you agree?"

Hermione laughed like what he just said was not true. "To make a FOREPLAY you need almond liqueur and pineapple juice." She reached over and ran her fingernail gently across his cheek. "Did it hurt when I gave you a BITCH SLAP back in third year, or did it turn you on?"

Draco reached up and grabbed her hand, holding it rather tightly. "Raspberry Vodka and Irish cream, and yes, it did hurt, you COCK TEASER."

"Triple Sec, peach Schnapps and melon liqueur. Do you want to hear a PLEASANT SURPRISE?" she asked, licking her lips.

"Raspberry liqueur and orange juice. Is it that you're a PORN STAR?" he asked, pulling her into his lap.

"Blue Curacao and raspberry liqueur. No, that's not it, even though I've thought about it. My surprise is that I'm a NYMPHOMANIAC." She put her hand in his lap. "I see you've a surprise of your own," she said, finding him hard as a rock.

Draco was finding it increasingly difficult to concentrate. "Um... Spiced Rum... mmmm, god," he moaned; she was driving him crazy! "Coconut Rum and peach Schnapps." He buried his face in her fragrant hair. "'HOLY FUCK, Hermione!"

"Herbal liqueur and cinnamon Schnapps." Her head fell back as he kissed her throat, her hand pressing and rubbing harder on his erection. "Am I going to make you CUM IN YOUR PANTS?"

Draco picked up her hand from his lap and kissed it. "Vodka, peach Schnapps, raspberry liqueur, heavy cream and whipped cream." He slid his hand up her soft thigh, making circles with his fingertips right below her knickers. "What would you say to a ONE NIGHT STAND?"

Hermione spread her legs wider as he slipped a finger in her knickers and played with her clit. "Vodka, coffee liqueur, Irish cream and milk. I'd say HELL NO, I want way more than that."

"Really?" He pushed another finger inside her dripping pussy. "Everclear." He kissed her. "Peach Schnapps." He kissed her again. "Lime juice, Grenadine Syrup," he said, removing his fingers and positioning her so that she was straddling his lap, and they were face to face. "Sweet and sour mix."

Hermione could barely breathe as she stared into his lust-filled eyes. "What if I were to tell you that for years I've wanted you to tear off all my clothes and THROW ME DOWN AND FUCK ME?" She locked her arms around his neck and ground her cunt into him, making him groan.

"Peach Schnapps, whiskey, Grenadine syrup and pineapple juice." He put his hands under her skirt, palming her ass and kissed her hot lips with such passion that the forgotten bartender, Chris, let out a small moan of desire and jealousy. "I've wanted to rip your knickers off, bend you over, smack your BARE ASS, and ram my cock so far up inside you that you scream for mercy." He squeezed her ass hard as he arched his hips and pushed her down hard onto the cock.

Hermione grabbed the back of his head. "You win," she said, smashing her lips down on his. "Now let's get the hell out of here."

After they quickly left the pub, Chris made his way into the men's loo and had the best orgasm of his life.

Later that night...

There was a loud crack as someone Apparated into Ginny's flat. "Who's there?" she called, reaching over and turning on the light. Draco Malfoy stepped into her bedroom.

"So? How did it go?" she asked with a wicked smile.

"It was better than I ever imagined!" He reached in and took something out of his cloak pocket. "I just wanted to thank you and to return this." He handed her a book of mixed drink recipes. "You were so right about us, you know that?"

She put the book on her nightstand and smiled knowingly up at Draco. "Like the old saying goes, 'Candy is dandy but liquor is quicker.'" They smirked at one another, she reached over, turned the light back off, and he Apparated back to his flat and into the warm arms of his sleeping lover.

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