

Silence

by Punkindoodle

Draco wants Hermione to be silent during sex because he's afraid of what she wants to say. Based on the song Enjoy the Silence by Depeche Mode.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Thanks to my Beta, Lady Laurelin

Words like violence

Break the silence

Come crashing in

Into my little world

Painful to me

Pierce right through me

Can't you understand

Oh my little girl

All I ever wanted

All I ever needed

Is here in my arms

Words are very unnecessary

They can only do harm

Vows are spoken

To be broken

Feelings are intense

Words are trivial

Pleasures remain

So does the pain

Words are meaningless

And forgettable

All I ever wanted

All I ever needed

Is here in my arms

Words are very unnecessary

They can only do harm

Enjoy the silence

"Shhhh..." he said, taking away his hand.

"Mal..."

"I said shhhh, Granger..." He stroked her cheek, her bare shoulders, loving how soft he found her skin. Her body was quivering, and he smiled to himself, knowing soon she would be quivering with desire instead of anticipation. "There is no need for words, my love. Words are meaningless. My touch is all that matters."

His wet, warm mouth descended on hers, and she sighed into it, her body melting against his. She loved the way his smooth, naked back felt under her finger tips and how he kissed her with total abandonment. She longed to tell him how much she loved this—how much she loved him, but he was right, words would just ruin everything.

Better to make love in silence than speak of promises that would never be kept, or feelings that would no doubt cause pain. Yes, when passion was this intense, words were unnecessary. She raked her finger nails down his back, until they came in contact with his backside. She grasped his cheeks, roughly pushing him even closer. Her finger was pushing into his asshole, almost making him moan out loud.

Her tongue was sliding luxuriously over his, making his head swim. He could kiss her all day, and fuck her all night. Her finger moved in and out slowly, driving him mad with pleasure. He wanted to throw her to the ground and fuck her until she screamed that she would be his forever. He knew she would say it, but would never mean it because what people said in the height of pleasure wasn't always the truth. He would rather her not say anything...

He knew if he let her speak, she would talk of broken vows and intense guilt and regrets, and they would only end up hurting one another with violent words. It was so much nicer to be quiet, to leave things unspoken. He deepened the kiss, walking her over to the bed at the same time, and laid her gently down. He could feel the heat emanating from her body, and combined with his, it felt as if they would burst into flames at any second.

She felt his lips now on her neck, gently sucking and licking that spot that made her toes curl and her eyes roll back in her head. He was pinching her nipples hard—just the way she liked it—and grinding into her fiercely. Every time his rigid cock rubbed up against her, she wanted to cry out, but she knew it would break the silence, and it was so much better when it was silent.

She slid her hands in between their bodies and grasped his cock, stroking it slowly and rubbing it over her pussy teasingly. She could tell by his sudden rapid breathing that he was about to lose control—something she looked forward to. She loved when he was rough, when he forced her to get on her knees and suck his cock like a good little slut. She liked when fucked her mouth hard until the cum was pouring down her throat and she was gagging, but still loving every minute of it.

He suddenly reached under her and flipped her onto her stomach, and without warning, he lifted her by the hips and slammed into her from behind until he was buried to the hilt. He wanted more than anything to talk dirty to her, to tell her she looked like a beautiful whore with his cock rammed into her filthy, Mudblood pussy—she liked that, but it was he who had asked for quiet, and so he had to settle for only thinking it.

With one hand, he held onto her, and with the other, he rubbed her clit as he pounded relentlessly into her over and over.

She was clawing at the bed sheets, saying, 'MMM... Fuck me, fuck me. Oh, yes!' in her mind as she met each thrust with her own.

He could sense that she was about to climax, and he worried that she would cry out, breaking the silence and send them crashing back into reality. He didn't want that, so he slapped his hand back over her mouth.

She bit painfully into it as an extremely violent orgasm wracked her body. Draco pulled out and quickly flipped her over, stroking himself over her face. She opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue as he exploded, sending his cum spraying onto her face and hair. She licked her lips, savoring the thick salty taste, already wanting to feel him inside of her again. He was an addiction, a habit she would soon have to break.

Draco collapsed next to her on the bed, barely able to breathe. It was quiet except for the sound of his heart pounding in his ears. He wished he had the strength to get up and leave right now before she opened her mouth and ruined everything. He was so afraid of what she was going to say that he wished for the moment he was deaf. He loved her! Couldn't she see that? Why did he have to say it?

Hermione took the sheet and wiped the sticky ejaculate from her hair. She knew he was waiting to see if she would say something. They both knew there were things they needed to talk about—her marriage to Ron the next day being the main one.

He would rather keep silent and just ignore reality, choosing instead to think that this affair was going to continue even after she was married—even though he had never once said he loved her. If only he wanted her to speak! She would tell him how much she loved him, how much she would rather be with him than Ron—but if it was silence he wanted—then that's what he would get!

He thought for sure she would have said something by now. It was killing him that she was going to walk out of his life forever. All she had to do was say the word, and he would make her his forever. He turned his head and saw her staring back at him, looking defiant. She wasn't going to say anything! She was going to leave him and marry Weasley! 'Say something, dammit!' he thought, but she just turned away and stared straight at the ceiling.

After a few minutes, she got up, got dressed, and left the room, closing the door behind her—leaving him alone.

For once, Draco Malfoy did not enjoy the silence...